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MARCH, 1972

GIDRA

MONTHLY OF THE ASIAN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE



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MONTHLY OF THE ASIAN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

- 3 MANZANAR PILGRIMAGE – March 25. In commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of one of America's concentration camps, Asian Americans from throughout the state will gather in Manzanar Relocation Center.
- 4-5 COMMUNIQUE – Letters from our readers in Bloomington, Indiana; Chicago, Illinois; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Washington, D.C.; Evanston, Illinois and Ontario, Canada.
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Gidra Staff: Doug Aihara, Linda Fujikawa, Jeff Furumura, Ken Hamada, Clyde Higa, Tomu Hisamoto, Adrienne Hokoda, Bruce Iwasaki, Minako Kawahira, Colin Kurata, Duane Kubo, Russell Kubota, Mitchell Matsumura, Mark Matsushita, Bob Miyamoto, Jane Morimoto, Amy Murakami, Mike Murase, Scott Nagatani, Jeanne Nishimura, Teri Nitta, Tom Okabe, Tracy Okida, Alan Ota, Kyoko Shibasaki, Steve Tatsukawa, Richard Tokunaga, Mike Yamamoto, Evelyn Yoshimura, and others.

Self-discipline has not exactly made our paper's name a household word. It's a very easy pattern to let things slide until that week before going to press—the only time we see the sunrise. Subscriptions, distribution, and promotion are also tasks easily neglected; only lately have we systematically attended to the responsibilities of our business office.

These inadequacies might reflect what is no excess of self-discipline in our daily lives. That our inability to promptly turn in articles could be tied up with, say, our interpersonal dilemmas is a depressing prospect. But at least both our achievements and mistakes are public property—an indirect way *Gidra* is an edu-

cational tool.

The paper's diversity of perspectives stems from our varied attempts at defining ourselves. We try to extend the role *Gidra* plays in the ongoing revolution both through collective policy decisions and our personal interactions. Therefore there is much more freedom than consistency in our pages. As we continue to try and generate alternatives, make choices, and learn from the past, our practice will inevitably be more "free" than consistent. But we hope, as a result, more disciplined too.

Gidra is published once a month by *Gidra, Inc.* Our mailing address is P.O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, Ca. 90018. Give us a call at (213) 734-7838. Subscriptions are \$2.50 a year. Additional postage of \$2.00 is needed for Canada, Spain and Latin America; \$4.00 extra for all other countries. Libraries and institutions pay \$5.00. They might also investigate procuring back volumes; information on this may be found on page 22. "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul," said Othello. We were just wondering what caused the sudden and rather gratifying

flurry of both new subscriptions and renewals last month. Do keep it up, and continue to tell your friends about us. But if you haven't been getting your monthly copy, by any means necessary, tell us. And if you move, let us know by trying to include the old address label. By the way, if you don't receive a notice of expiration, the top line of your label is the date you should receive your last copy—but of course, please renew. Direct any such mail to *Gidra*, Subscription Department, P.O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, CA 90018. If you have any comments or criticisms of what you've read, or ideas about what you'd like to read, please write us. Maybe even better, feel free to send anything you'd like to share with others—photographs, sketches, interviews, cartoons, articles, fiction, poetry, graphics, announcements, and certainly letters. Try to get things in before the third Tuesday of the previous month since we do have our deadlines. Printed in the U.S.A. © Copyright 1972 by *Gidra, Inc.* All rights reserved.

Cover by Richard Tokunaga
March, 1972 Volume IV, No. 3

MANZANAR PILGRIMAGE

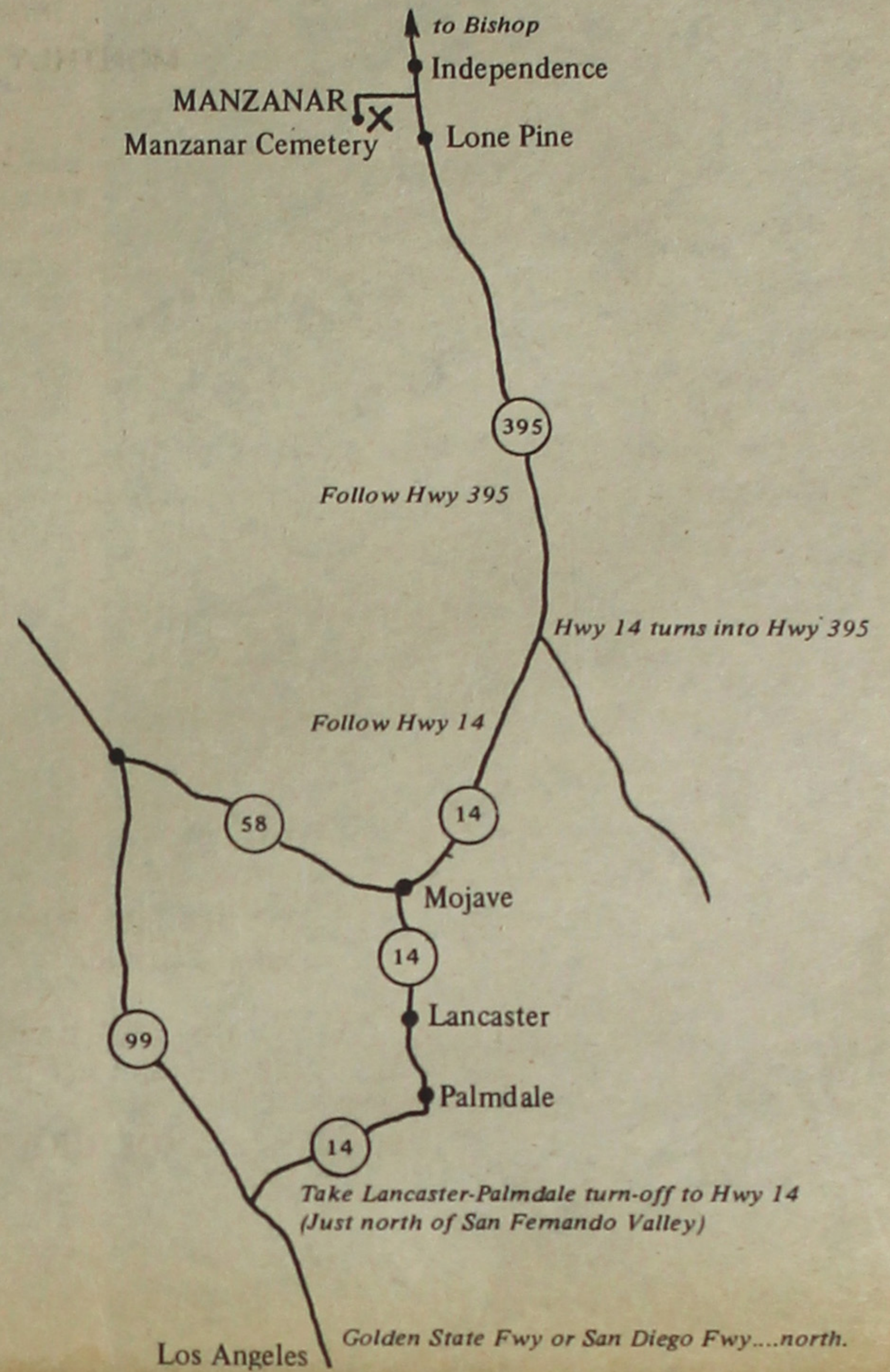
THE PURPOSE of the pilgrimage is to provide people with an opportunity to share the Manzanar Experience—an experience which is directly related to the history of Asians in America, and the future of everyone.

March 25

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| 10:30 - 12:30 | Clean and prepare area for activities |
| 12:30 - 1:30 pm | Community pot luck lunch |
| 1:30 - 3:30 | Pilgrimage walk (small groups will walk grounds with Manzanar internee. Discussion and questions and answers. |
| 3:30 - 4:30 | Speeches |
| 4:30 - 5:00 | Dedications and service |

The individual is responsible for their transportation, water, food (pot luck) and tools (make sure name is on them). We will provide the guides, program, sanitation and other necessities.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 626-4471



FROM A FORMER STAFFER

All the *Gidra* people (I hesitate to name such a Protean mass of individuals, but in any case, to all staff, whatever the face and name—hello! from Bloomington, Indiana.)

Got your letter about the cross-country survey... Sounds like an ambitious project, but a significant one. However, I don't think I qualify to write, since I am, after all, a stranger in these here parts and am just passing through (which is not the same as "passing.") Anyway, I can recommend another writer for you. Jeff Chung has grown up in Chicago Chinatown and in (yes! it's true) Indianapolis. By some freak chance, he's into the Asian American mind and will contribute something far out. He's really active in the experimental course at I.U. called *Chinese in America*, which is run by another graduate student here from New York, Ruby Tsang. You may already know about the course since Ruby's been in touch with Frank Odo and others and is using *The Roots* book as a text.

By the way, she's asked if you can send back issues of *Gidra* to the class (I think she's written to you and has subscribed to *Gidra*). I'm pretty sure some others in the seminar will also decide to subscribe if they get some idea of what the paper's like. They get *I Wor Kuen* from Ruby. I think *Gidra* is a different kind of experience, one they should discover, too. Back issues that you can contribute are fine, but if you have any sets available, the library has funds to buy them, something Ruby will negotiate.

Someone named Jerry Saito is doing PhD work on Asian Americans; perhaps he can contribute some ideas. But he's also a West Coast person. The possibilities of that up-coming issue are tremendous, especially in the realm of personal identification and assimilation. One of my friends here is Sansei, whose parents (due to camp experiences) brought them up to reject all the Japanese in them. But Peggy's taking Japanese and Chinese courses and is totally rejecting the all-white (all-wasp) background of her small town. Aside from the issues of economics, poverty, ghetto conditions, the human condition is a common ground for Asians in America to meet on, maybe (dare I be so bold) for all people to meet on.

Anyway, good to hear from you and best wishes on your project. I'm glad you found the story on the family in Chinatown [Ed. note: A story about a family in Chinatown by Suzi Wong was featured in the February issue of *Gidra*] and could use it in *Gidra* (but damn it, how about a copy of that issue?) Please?

Take care and WRITE ON!
Suzi Wong
Bloomington, Indiana

QUALITY SLIPPING?

Dear *Gidra* Staff,

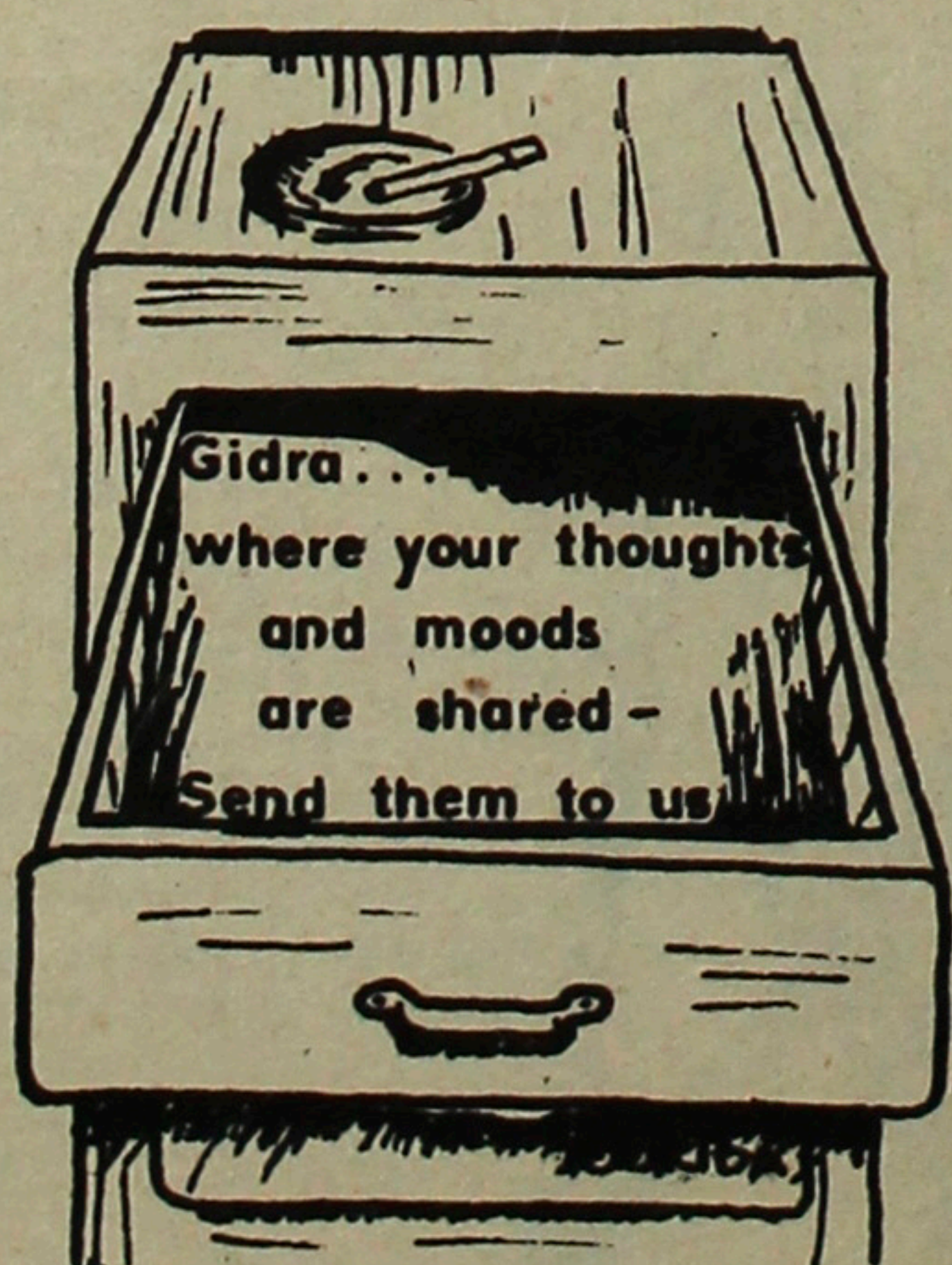
I've enjoyed your paper over the years; some articles were interesting, analytical, and incisive. For example, July 1971—Marjorie Lee's "Asian American Studies, What's in a Name?" The "Cold Draft" column provides timely and valuable advice to those who want to get out of the service.

The quality and character of *Gidra* has seemed to me to have slipped a little however in the last couple of issues. I would like to see more articles on some of the problems (historical or contemporary) of Asians, and how fellow brothers and sisters in Southern California have been trying to alleviate them. (i.e., articles on the bi-weekly free film festival in L.A. Chinatown.)

I realize it's not easy to maintain a vibrant or dynamic paper every issue, but keep on trying. I'm enclosing a check for a two year renewal.

Fraternally,

Dean Lan
Berkeley, Calif.



FROM "ME TO YOU..."

Dear People on *Gidra*,

This is the first time I've read *Gidra*. The person who sold it to me encouraged letters or just thoughts from me to you. It's funny but the pronouns "me to you" came naturally as if this were a meaningful person-to-person exchange, not an impersonal reader-to-newspaper or person-to-social institution type of thing. This is a unique experience for me to have especially at a school like UCLA.

I have a calendar with quotations in Corita Kent type layouts on my desk now. This week's quote:

INDEPENDENCE?

That's middle-class blasphemy.

We are all dependent on one

another, every soul of us on earth.

—george bernard shaw

Your paper and my random thoughts on many things here at my desk, when I should be writing a paper for an English class, prompted me to write to you. Partly this is because I want someone to hear me, to share with me, partly because you are there as a receptive listener.

About your paper, the thing that bothers me most are the things on drugs. I am totally alienated from the drug scene. I have never been directly exposed. I don't know what it's about. Your articles "Handwriting on the Wall" and "Runaround" make me feel left out in the cold. My problems seem very much less important in proportion. I feel I have been sheltered, pampered, therefore isolated. I don't know what I'm trying to say except maybe thank you for your care and for helping me see things in new perspectives.

Sincerely,

Linda Yuko Yamamoto
Westwood, California

[Ed. note: From "all of us to you, Linda" thanks for writing in. We're always here as a "receptive listener."]

MINI-PRINT CONVEYS MAXI-MESSAGE

Dear *Gidra* People!

Sorry that this ribbon is so shitty; I usually type at work (an OEO Migrant Div. program), but that wouldn't be until Monday, and time is of the essence.

I can see what you are trying to do, compiling all the people's info but, I can't help but wonder... a little bit, anyway. It just sits a little uneasily. I got it all rationalized out, so no problem, but still a big question mark in my mind. First, after some thought, got sorta uptight (paranoid) with the idea that there it would be all together, in black and white, right on the desk tops of Mitchey-baby, Dickey-baby, and good ol' J. Edgar-baby.

Then, of course, I realized that they have all that stuff anyway, so we'd actually be saving their offices "tax payer's" money, by short-cutting the filing and cataloging for them.

Besides, as C.J. says, measure priorities, and the service it renders to the people, the Asian American community, weighs more heavily at this level...power!

Re: (that's bourgie talk for "regarding") the m.p.m. (EVERYthing meaning ANYthing has a Zappo-cool initialed nickname!) "mini-print message." [Ed. note: "m.p.m." refers to the fine print message which appears with the staff box on page two each month.] Reading the m.p.m. always makes me wonder. You said it all: "The alienation (and safety) of being asleep to our human potential is both the source and object of our hassles." Everytime I'd see the pleas for feedback there'd be a stirring in the gut (that WASN'T heart-burn!) But even a *hakuin* creative writing course experience didn't help. It seems that the m.p.m. defined the situation, now to deal with it.

Hello, Duane Kubo. I think perhaps we might have met at JCYC in Frisco, summer of seventy. Is Kubo a common name? The only others I've run across are all my cousins!

1976 will be the 200th year celebration of the American you-know-what!

"Sheriff" JoAnn Kubo
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FROM OUR READERS

...AND A FORMER READER

Keep up the good work.

Reverend Michael Yasutake
Evanston, Illinois

Keep up the good work but would like a story on the pioneer center.

Paul S. Yamashita
San Francisco, California

Dear Sir,

Please discontinue the paper *Gidra* to us. We do not wish to receive it any more at this time. We will contact you if we do decide.

Elizabeth Morriveau
Ontario, Canada

FROM A PROUD NISEI

Hey,

You know something? You young ones don't know how lucky you all are. Man, if I had some parents like you have (Nisei and Issei grandparents) who worked hard to give you all the things you need. Yes, I'm a Nisei but a poor one, and would gladly exchange places with you all. And I believe almost all the other nationalities would too, but they won't say it and they'll try to keep you down from moving up in politics, etc. But we are moving up now, and I'm sure we will continue to, then our voices will be heard. Right now, you are all trying to be accepted into the white man's ways and you are all acting like a bunch of monkeys following the leader. Hell, why follow when you all have the brains to be leaders in schools, etc. Speak softly, but with lots of action. The others will listen and follow you instead. Anyway, get up there, man, no matter how, then you can do what you want to. Sure, it takes time but like some of you said, "it is for yourself and for your children."

I visited Japan last summer for six weeks and met lots of *hakuins* (Americans, Germans, etc.) and they all told me that we should be very proud to be Japanese with such a beautiful culture, etc. Some even told me that they wished they had been born Japanese. Yep! You all should visit Japan and see for yourself. Oh! My trip cost me about \$800—plane fare and all, and no relatives in Japan either. If you are interested, I'll tell you how I did it.

Anyway, be proud! No chip on the shoulder. One can be *great* and *proud* with some *humility*.

About your parents—man, work with them. Try to talk to them like friends with respect. Listen, because they know a lot more than you think.

Me—my stepfather used to kick the hell out of me so I left when I was fifteen years old and I'm sorry now. I wasn't smart enough to continue school, instead I horsed around and learned nothing. No, I won't say nothing—I learned a lot of plain common horse sense and that ain't much use in this world, huh? Well, maybe....

Like they say everyone is good for something, even though I'm a bad example to follow. Right?

Anyway, I sure would be glad to exchange places with you young ones anytime. You got it made and don't know it.

Yep! I'm proud to be a Japanese American, even a poor one.

Aloha,
Fumio Yoshida
Gardena, California

NIQUE

THAT TODDLIN' TOWN

Gidra People,

Not being from Chicago, and having been here for only five months, I am just passing on figures and historical data about the composition of the Asian American Community in this city. As to what is happening in Chicago in terms of raising Asian American awareness, Diane Kayano will be writing something about the newly formed Asian American Studies Group Chicago. There is also in this city a youth monthly which has been guided by Paul Hashiguchi.

The information which follows in this paragraph is taken from *Chicago* magazine (November-December, 1971). According to this magazine, this city is the home of 17,000 Chinese, 20,000 Filipinos, 14,000 Japanese (for the entire state of Illinois, U.S. Census reports 17,299 Japanese), and 10,000 Koreans. The first Asian known to have settled here is T.C. Moy, 101 years ago. That was at Clark and Van Buren Streets which is located in what we today call the Chicago "Loop." The Chinese Community began there, but about 1912 it shifted to the Cermak-Wentworth area in the Near Southside of Chicago, and has continued to be the location of Chicago Chinatown since that time. Koreans are said to have first moved to Chicago in large numbers in the 1950's. The Korean consulate estimates that 95% of the adult population is college educated. The twenty-six Filipino American Council of Chicago. Its president, Carmelito Llapitan, says that most of the Filipinos living in this city are either doctors, nurses, medical technicians, engineers, or accountants.

The following is what I have gathered about the Japanese Community since my arrival here last September. The Japanese Community is largely the result of World War II relocation. At its peak, the Japanese are said to have numbered about 20,000, but large numbers have since moved back to the West Coast. (I am not sure of the accuracy of that 20,000 figure.) Generally, it appears that those now living in Chicago intend to stay, meaning that the large migrations back to the coast are over. Originally settling in the Chicago Southside in the middle 1940's into the early 1950's, the Japanese have generally moved to the Northside (5000 N. Clark area). Now there seems to be a drift further North into the suburbs outside of the city. Chicago undeniably sets its unique mark on the people of this city, but the broader experiences and the resultant ways in which people come to live, create similarities indistinguishable from Japanese in Los Angeles.

Rex Takahashi
Chicago, Illinois

HUMAN ENERGY BACKS WORDS AND IDEAS

Dear Gidra Staff:

I realize that this is late in coming to you for your next issue. However, I thought that you would like to be informed of the activities of at least one of the Asian American groups in Chicago.

Certainly there is nothing so extraordinary about the gathering of various groups of Asian Americans. The volleying of words and ideas has been going on since time immemorial. But it is extraordinary when such gatherings determine the moment in time to put forth human energy behind those very words and ideas.

Out of one gathering of minds has arisen the Asian American Studies Group Chicago. We are still in the embryonic stage hopefully, not for long. The questions we have raised among ourselves are not new. "What is our heritage? Where are we at today in relationship to our heritage?" These questions, in turn, point to a future which challenges all Asian Americans to take an active role in the world community.

Whether the Asian Studies program will have its base within a private or State University, or is affiliated with a college consortium remains to be seen.

Presently one of our major concerns is to contact Asian professors and other interested Asians in Chicago. However, our primary concern is to raise the level of consciousness among young Asian Americans, and to create an environment in which they will be encouraged to think about themselves with historical, as well as cultural pride.

With peace,
Diane Kayano

P.S. I've enjoyed reading what issues I have of *Gidra*. Good luck to all of you in your dedication and efforts to the liberation of all peoples!

PLAYBOY BOO BOO?

Dear friends,

I would like to call your attention to an advertisement in the February issue of *Playboy* magazine which I feel is highly insulting to the Asian community. I am referring to the ad opposite page 184 placed by Yes Art Posters of New York. The ad offers a caricature poster of President Nixon with slant eyes, an obvious racial slur of the meanest level. The accompanying caption reads: "Trickee Dicked. Nixon with Oriental eyes." Of course, the writing is in fake bamboo style.

I feel that such crude and thoughtless insults such as tastelessly displayed in *Playboy* should not go unchallenged by the members of the Asian community. Asians in this country, probably due to their relative numerical insignificance, are seemingly fair game for all ignorant, racist institutions in our racist society. I appeal to the readership of *Gidra* to act to bring an end to this anti-Asian racism. If a larger minority such as our Black brothers were the targets of blatant racism in such an international publication as *Playboy*, the NAACP and other brotherhood-type organizations would bring an avalanche of legal actions against Hugh Hefner, et. al. that would threaten to bring down the Hefner empire. The Chicanos, bless their hearts, got the Frito Bandito knocked off TV and the Italians got "Momma Mia, dats uh ssspppiieccyy meata ball" commercial banned. Where are all the Asian attorneys? Like the American Indians who are no longer going to tolerate negative caricatures of their culture to be perpetrated against their characters, the Asians are going to have to stand and fight. The self-hate of assimilation cannot be allowed to render this generation of Asians timid and impotent.

Peace,
Lance A. Ito
Los Angeles, California

[Ed. note: Upon investigating the ad for a poster of Nixon with slanted eyes, we noticed another poster in the same ad just a few inches away entitled 'Miss Japan.' Racism cannot be separated from sexism (the belief that one sex is superior to another, that women are mere objects for display and sexual gratification) because they have a common root: in a society where material profit for a few is held above the value of human beings, we are taught to look at each other in terms of stereotypes and images, rather than as fellow human beings. This helps to keep us apart, and keeps us from understanding that we are all oppressed. Third World people and whites, women and men, and must fight back together. We must remember that no one is free until everyone is free.]

I SAW A GUY. HE DANCED WITH HIS WIFE.

Say Gidra!!

Aside from the formality of the heading which has been engrained into my mind as a child in the great American educational system, a question is proposed. Like, I have been awaiting words from you (collectively-speaking) since August, 1971, regarding monthly issues of *Gidra*. Man, what happened? One month, good ol' *Gidra* was in my mailbox; the next month it was gone. If it is a matter of capital, let me know the going rate, disregarding Nixon's Phase II, and clue me in.

I realize with relevance the discrepancy in ideology among Asian Americans. Like too, there are social, economic, and ethnic variances. But I sure enjoyed reading *Gidra* and really miss it like a groovy female human on a cold Chicago winter night. I know that phrase alone may echo "male chauvenism" and partially I guess I am a "pig" when it comes to many concerns. Nevertheless, how about sending the word to affirm or negate?

Not everybody is community-oriented. Not everybody is a radical or, shall we say, militant. Some of us are anything but everything or something. Anyway, say hello to Sam Yorty for me and tell him George Wallace loves him. It's bad enough Yorty wants to be a travelling mayor let alone president. Hell, four years of Spiro is enough to shatter any dude's brain.

Oh, yeah! King Richard is alive and well here. So is corruptions and scandal. Peace.

A man in exile,
John K. Yanagisawa
Chicago, Illinois

THE JERKWATER INCIDENT

Gidra,

Three things come to mind: first, I think my subscription expired last October. If so, send me a bill. Second, Rising Sun, Maryland is not quite news-worthy.

Third, an interesting incident occurred last December 1 or so. I was with a group of government investigators at a small naval munitions factory in Jerkwater, Maryland investigating Black complaints of racial discrimination. One white investigator asked another when his birthday was, as he was about to turn thirty. Though he's not a racist himself, he has an odd sense of humor. He replied, looking at me, "Well, I was born when somebody bombed Pearl Harbor and I've never lived down the embarrassment to this day." Everyone waited for my comeback. I wasn't sure what to say so I put on a straight face and relied on my soul to come out with something. Solemnly, I replied, "Well, whenever December 7 comes around, I grab whatever's handy (pantomime holding a baseball bat) and beat the shit out of the first white I see!" As the group exploded in laughter at the young white man's "genuine expression of shock, horror, and disbelief, he realized that the tables had been turned and grinned sheepishly. No more shit from him after that!

Something else comes to mind. About six years ago during Christmas break, I was walking in downtown Washington near the Capitol around noon when a car-load of drunken white high school jocks pulled up at a red light a few yards away. I had just done some researching at the Library of Congress and Archives about the Evacuation, so I was kind of "up" and in no mood for the crap that they were shouting. Angrily, I threw down my briefcase, waved my fist, and said, "Come here!" Out came six drunken racist jocks. The most sober of them paused to ask, "What are ya gonna do?" and in the same spirit as before I replied, "Come here and find out!" Six drunken racist jocks piled back into the car and sped off. This episode could be titled either "How to not know karate and get away with it," or "Stereotypes: how to make them work for you."

Incidentally, I recently became editor of the Washington, D.C. JACL News Notes. Should the occasion ever arise, I'd like to introduce some fresh air into JACL minds. May I have permission to take interesting articles from current or past *Gidras* and insert them as either features or fillers for *News Notes*? Distribution is mainly to chapter members and national JACL officers.

Norman Ishimoto
Washington, D.C.

ON BEING A FIG NEWTON SANDWICH BAR in the
PICNIC BASKET of LIFE

it's sad
sometimes.

even if you know
even if you understand
"why."

it's never easy
either.
it's never easy
to get where you
have to be.
but, it sure as hell
is an "experience."

here,
in this park,
concrete nucleus
of the urban-academic community
we are indeed
at a "point deep in the interior"

asians at
this campus may constitute a little
less than one percent....

a few lemons
a few bananas
a few hostess twinkies
= the people
inside
the ingredients
are still the same
the "process" continues

afro am studies.
latin outreach institute.
the natives are still struggling,
and bernie raps about
"interest in"
an asian studies curriculum.
t. c. b.?
b. s.!
the old story of pitting one against
each other.

do they think that the true
solidarity
of the peoples, red brown, black, yellow
will be "contained" here
at a "point deep in the interior?"

factionalism here
and a
factionalism there
here, there, everywhere
everywhere a factionalism
the whole "process" has a factionalism,
eeeeeeee, iiiiiii, eeeeeeee, iiiiiii, oooooooooo!

"i'd rather have factionalism,
than any mother's phase III!"

here we are
all together now,
at the last page!!!!

left lots of margin space,
so y'll scribble,
make good notes,
jot down tele numbers,
t. c. b.
"save a tree"
re-cycle for the you-know-what!

ladedadaeda..
we are marching to pretoria
pretoria. pretoria.
we are marching to pretoria
pretoria. hurah!

now is the time for all good men (and women,
now that you've got your own
cigarette, baby
you get your own cliches! ooooouuu
wow!)
to come to the aid of the _____

SHOWDOWN AT TULE LAKE

If you ever want to put
anyone anywhere
this is the place—
a few tules, certainly no lake,
just a high flat valley
full of thin wind and thick weeds.

If you ever need
some lava beds, a game refuge,
or a concentration camp,
this is the place
I said to myself
stalking into the valley,
mad mustache sneer
and trusty carbine by my side;
the hollow
back side of Shasta to the west,
standing there like the American Sham
my people were confronted with—
the whole damn structure about to collapse,
struts and braces sagging...

This is the place
I said to myself singing
"Ah'm backing kicking asses agin,
Back where a friend's not a friend..."

This is what I been
planning my life around,
practicing up my aim
on the outskirts of town—
cut a few lines,
get the bad
dudes in authoritative places
and ride off laughing.

This is the plan—
Tule Lake, Manzanar, and maybe Topaz
before they get wise,
and I'll probably get mine
outside of Heart Mountain...

So I mosey on into this crossroad town
singing, kicking up dust
and a few dogs at my heels.

"Ah'm back kicking asses agin..."

This is for real, Jack.
The sun at my back
for that old showdown action—
bullets skipping in the troughs,
bodies flopping on boardwalks,
the curtains flapping...

But here the Chief of Police
is the Deputy
Sheriff who's the Fire Department
who's the Mayor
who's the Town
Drunk slumped in the lone
'61 Squad Car
at the crossroads
sucking a cigar and reading the paper.

And as I stroll up loaded
he jerks up and fires
off directions to the refuge at me
as I back off and stumble
smack into a bunch of kids
who sure are hell can't know what's happening.

And I suddenly realize
that even if I did it
no one would understand anyway.
They'd just say
"Who the hell was that crazy Chinaman hunter?"
and "Aw, he was just one a them
plumb bee-serk fellas
like they git in cities."

And in order for me to make
these people really pay
I'd have to wipe out
the whole damn town
and then some

and by then the kids are
toying with my gun
and rubbing the stock and muzzle

so rather than
open up a restaurant
I just saddle up

and get blown like a tumbleweed
back to where I really belong.

© Lawson Fusao Inada, 1972
Ashland, Oregon

PEOPLE'S
PAGE

*Author's note: Hope you all saw the humor in this: Sure, the struggle is depressin', tense,
bitter, frustratin', more and more of more and more...keep on! brothers,
and sisters, for you have managed to keep us all keepin on

JoAnn Kubo
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"Remember When...."

I remember
Children's laughter
And bells ringing.
Echoes
Of times long ago.
Good times.
Kick-ball,
Tether ball.
The Junior Traffic Police....
Semaphores atten-SHUN!
Willie Mays was boss;
John Wayne movies were keen, too.

Me and Jerry.
Very close.
Very young.
Innocent
And equal.
He could kick the ball clear over the fence
And across the street.
I couldn't.
But he didn't care.
He was my best friend.

We'd make ships
From empty cardboard boxes
And conquer the world.
And explore the jungles
Of vacant lots.
And climb the tallest trees.
Once he found a quarter;
Pixie stix,
Sour grapes and sour cherries,
And baseball cards.
Willie Mays!
Wow.
He gave me Willie Mays.
My best friend.

We'd go to his house
After school
Almost every day.
His mom (she was keen) would always
Have something for us
To eat.
But I would have to leave
Before five o'clock.
I didn't know why.
But I didn't care.
Pretty red hair,
Real nice lady—
My best friend's mother.

But one day
She wasn't home.
So
I stayed.
We ate cookies
And drank Bireley's orange.
Spoiled our dinner,
And read comics.
Journey Into Mystery.
Tales to Astonish.
And then
CLICK....
SLAM!
Who?
Hearts pounding
So fast
So fast.
And then it began.
I won't forget.
Ever.
"Who's that?"
"What's he doing here?"
"What IS he?"
"Out...."
"OUT!"
"Keep those people out of my house!"
Those people?
Me?
Jerry....
Me?

I didn't understand then,
But now....
And I won't forget.
Ever,
The tone
Of the voice,
Or the look
In the eyes....
Of my best friend's father.

I never went back to that house.
No more voyages.
No more adventures.

Jerry and me.
Once very close.
Once very young.
Once very innocent.
Equal?
Always
We knew.
Even after he
Moved away.
We knew.
My best friend.

I may never see Jerry
Again.
But his father....
Oh, I see his father every day,
Everywhere I go.
And I remember....
Children's laughter
And bells ringing.

Echoes
Of times long ago.

Bruce Tsutsui
Berkeley, California

On this land
where each blade of grass is human hair
each foot of soil is human flesh
where it rains blood
hails bones
life must flower

Ngo Vinh Long
Vietnam

A Story

Sometimes, I get so tired and weary
Of always having to prove myself
Of showing people I'm capable of accomplishments
Other than just gardening or doing laundry.

I get tired of being called "Jap" or "Chink" or "Gook."
I get tired of reaching out with my hand
And getting change slapped onto the counter.
I get tired of being refused a room because "We're full."

After awhile you get so low,
You get to feel like a piece of shit.
So you laugh and joke constantly
Trying to forget life.

As you grow older problems start.
You just can't seem to fit in.
Who am I and what am I?
Questions constantly bugging you.

Eventually you realize you're being screwed
By everybody working for the Man.
It's at that point the Oriental dies
But it marks the birth of the Amerasian.

Then the answers come to you.
Your identity lies in the Third World.

Larry Osaki
Denver, Colorado

chanson america

chanson
america
in which only
from fear
yellow peril
her foster children
emerged
breach
born
to mass abortion
at Tule Lake
chanson
america
lullaby
turned
dirge

jayne nishizaki
sacramento, california

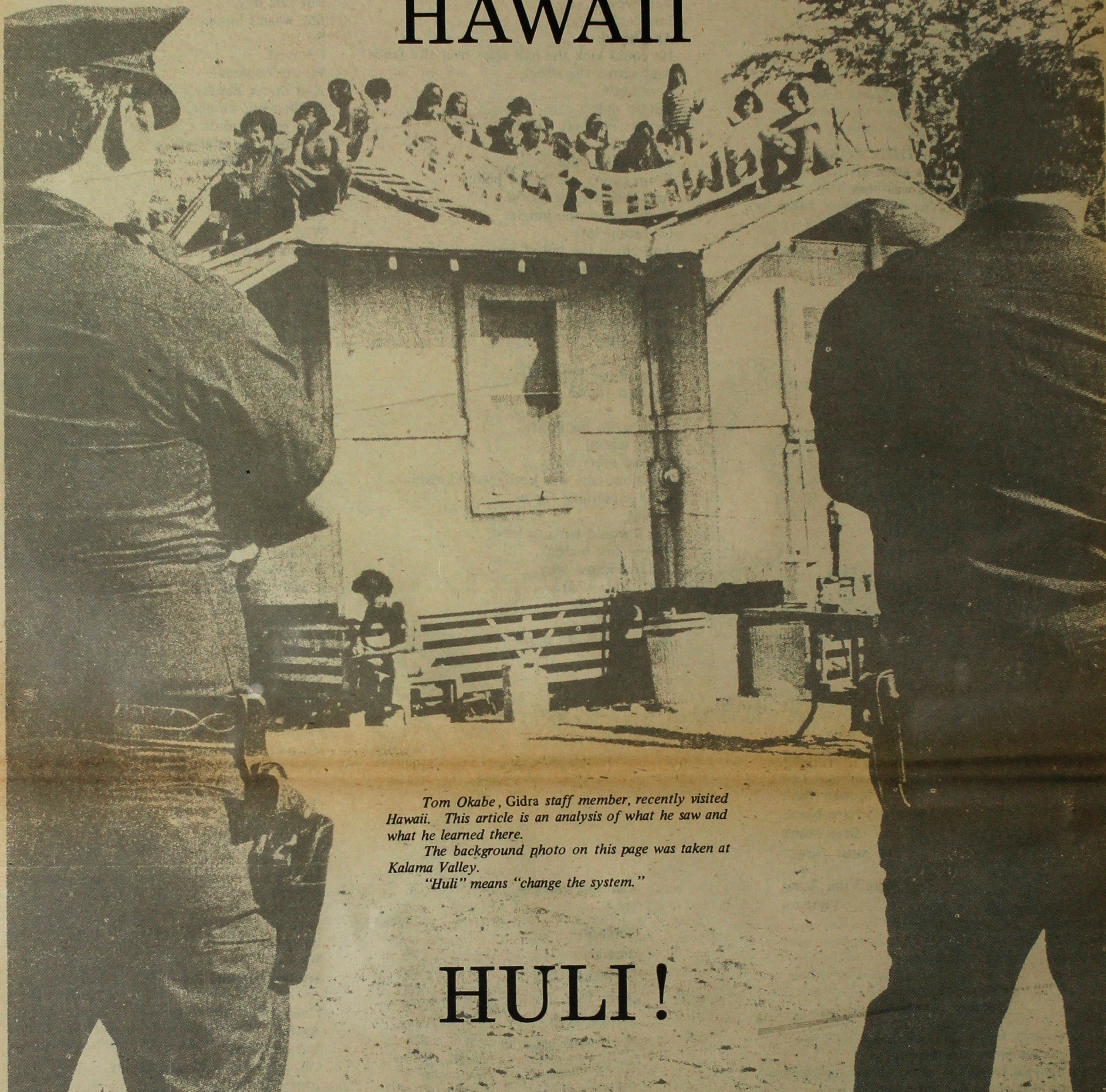
moonlight through the night
in a vacuum bottle: one side dark, one side light

villages beneath the bomber's sights
one view death, one view life

sleepers sleep in America
skin sleeps soft, mind is lost

-Han-hua Chang
New York, New York
[written in Vietnam]

HAWAII



Tom Okabe, Gidra staff member, recently visited Hawaii. This article is an analysis of what he saw and what he learned there.

The background photo on this page was taken at Kalama Valley.

"Huli" means "change the system."

HULI!

Hawaii. Dreams of paradise are conjured up in the mind. Giant surf, blue, clear water, palm trees, beautiful scenery...a vacation land. Looking forward to surfing, bathing in the sun, drinking Primo, and just relaxing. Being, as much as you hate to say it, a tourist.

But you are only one of thousands of other tourists arriving in Hawaii every day. Tourism has become the biggest and most profitable industry in Hawaii. (There were 1.6 million tourists in 1970.) Waikiki, once a lovely beach, has become the center for skyscraping hotels. Every year 7 or 8 new hotels spring up here to accommodate the ever increasing number of visitors. Things have reached the point where Waikiki, a tiny tract of land with an area of seven-tenths of a square mile, actually contains more hotel rooms than any city in the United States except New York. And there is no end in sight. Plans are already being made to increase hotel production throughout the islands with no thought given to the land or the people who live on the land. Capitalist pigs like Chinn Ho, Dillingham, C. Brewer, Rockefeller (Olomana Corporation), Richard Lyman, Del Webb, are all working on vast hotel complexes which promise to destroy the land and remove local people from their own homes and their own land. Also, many mainland corporations like International Telephone and Telegraph (IT&T), Boise Cascade, Signal Oil, and Eastern Airlines are coming to rip-off land for their capitalist ventures and to promote industry detrimental to the local people and their land. Capitalism is not only destroying the land but it is also attempting to make the Hawaiian culture very "plastic" with the commercial-

ization of hula, the "aloha spirit," Hawaiian dress, and Asian and Hawaiian foods.

But there is at least fifty-three percent of the land which will not be touched by the capitalists. This is the part which is controlled by the military and the state government. The 116 American bases on the islands are built on the best farming land, which otherwise could be used for growing much needed vegetables for the local people. But of course, imperialist Amerika needs Hawaii as a base in its Pacific Rim Strategy—so they remain. It's really sickening when a person cannot drive more than ten miles on Oahu without coming across a military base.

On Oahu and all the other islands, Hawaii, Maui, Kauai, even Molokai, the countryside is gradually diminishing as hotels and new tracts of homes are being constructed where beauty was. The city of Honolulu is being expanded into the outlying "country" towns like Aiea and Pearl City. Looking at Oahu from a plane, one sees the whole coast from Diamond Head to Kaena Point covered with hotels, buildings and homes. The natural beauty of Hawaii is being transformed into concrete by the man's technology and "progress."

THE PEOPLE

One morning recently, one Hawaiian resident remarked to another that the one-millionth tourist of the year would arrive in Honolulu by air that afternoon. "Let's go out to the airport with a shotgun," was the response. (*Honolulu Advertiser*, 1968).

The local people realize their land is being raped by the construction of high-rise buildings and freeways and they hate it. Most of the locals living in the city, resigned to that fact, often talk about moving to the valleys or to the outer islands to escape the tourists. But the poor people and the country people (most of the poor people live in the country) cannot be passive because it is their land and their homes that are being endangered. They are starting to unite and fight back, as in the cases of Kalama Valley and Halawa Valley. All the local people love their land, Hawaii, and don't want to leave. And, as in the revolutionary struggles in Cuba and Puerto Rico, I think the people of Hawaii will unite to drive out the capitalists and save their land.

I found the local people very warm and hospitable. If you are a local, or even look like one (i.e., Hawaiian, Samoan, Portuguese, or Asian) then you are automatically considered a brother or sister by other locals. This is an amazing and very beautiful kinship which is an integral part of Hawaiian culture. Yet, among the locals, there is a bitter dislike for "haoles" (white people, who comprise 39 percent of the population). The people feel that the haoles are invaders trying to take over Hawaii, because a lot of businesses in Honolulu are run by haole capitalists, while the workers are peoples of color.

Most of the locals, both young and old, are working five-day-a-week jobs. Youths usually start working as soon as they get into high school; it is not a case of their wanting to, but (because Hawaii is one of the most expensive places in the world to live), a case of necessity. The cost of living is 20 to 30 percent higher than on the

mainland. The government statistics list \$8,169 (1970) as an income level necessary to support a minimum standard of living in Hawaii for a family of four. But, with the exception of the hotel industry, there is a scarcity of jobs. The average income of a hotel worker is only \$4,660, a little more than half what is adequate to meet the minimum standard of living. Since one of these jobs is not enough to live on, many find themselves holding down two full-time jobs. Also, as workers in the tourist industry, many locals find themselves subjected to the role of servants for these visitors. It seems that "the local people are becoming a service class whose livelihood is increasingly dependent upon the primarily haole-owned and run tourist industry." (*Hawaii Pono Journal*.) Thus, there is an urgent need for strong unions to defend and uphold the rights of the working-class people in their struggle to maintain their lives and also

The natural beauty of Hawaii is being transformed into concrete by the man's technology and "progress."

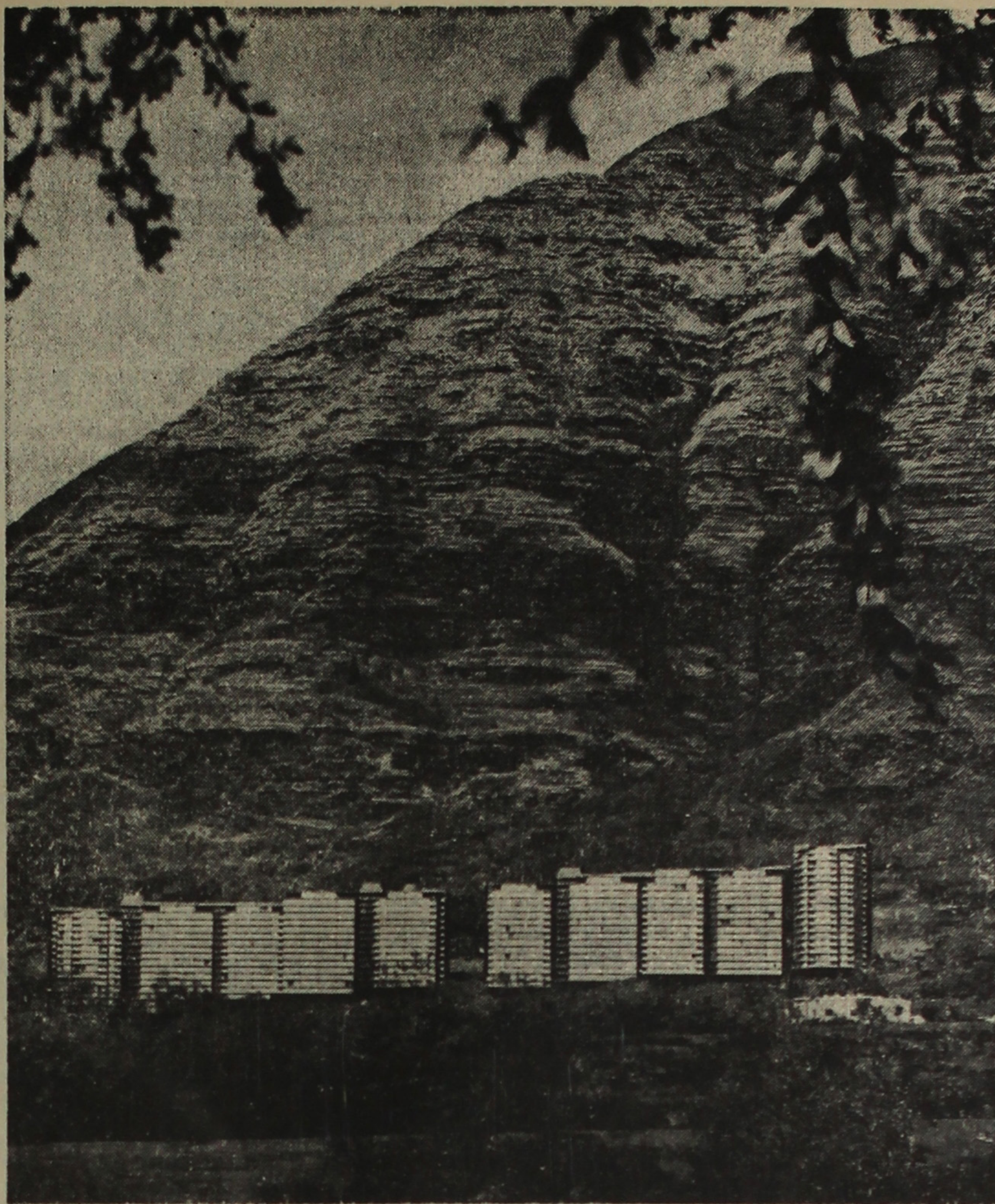
to cut the profits of their rich capitalist employers.

I found that a lot of the brothers in Hawaii (non-movement) believe in the military. Almost all of the ones I rapped with joined some military service with their friends right after graduating from high school. I attribute this attitude to the large number of bases on the island and also to the "442nd mentality." (The 442nd was a highly decorated regiment during World War II which was comprised mainly of Japanese Americans. The locals share the veterans' pride in the unit and what they accomplished during the war. And they still believe in the military and that young men should go in. This is the "442nd mentality.") But also, there is a general feeling among the youth that the service is a good way to travel and to get away from the problems of Hawaii for a while, though most of them return to find that the problems have grown and intensified. I see the oppression of U.S. imperialism (many military bases) and capitalism (high cost of living, tourism) as contributing to the alienation of many of the local youths. These youths, in turn, look for an escape and they see the service as a way to get out. This cycle seems to be a typical American scheme to conquer Third World people.

The Movement

I see Hawaii as a colony, a base, of Amerika—not as a state. Because the Hawaiian culture, the history, and the tropical island atmosphere are different from the mainland, the struggle there is not the same. Their movement is to liberate Hawaii: the people and the land. As Third World people, all the locals are united to fight for this cause. There are no separate ethnic organizations, but rather, the organizations are comprised of locals of any ethnic group.

The big issue that the people are rallying around is the struggle to keep their homes and their land. The people lost one battle at Kalama Valley last May. This was the site of a long struggle by the locals for their homes, land, and livelihood (hog farming) against the Bishop Estate and Hawaii Kai corporations who want to build high priced houses, hotels, and golf courses for rich people and mainland haoles. The corporations just came in and tried to evict the residents off land that they



had worked and used for themselves and their families. The residents lost their fight, but during the struggle, the organization Kokua Hawaii was formed by a group of locals who came into Kalama Valley to help the residents. Thirty-two people, mostly from Kokua Hawaii, were busted for trespassing on May 11, 1971. There was no violence because they were there not to battle the police, but to protest the eviction of the residents. Many of the local people protested this injustice and picketed during the trial. Late last year the Kalama 32 were acquitted, long after the residents had been evicted. The three week holdout in Kalama did prove some things however. It proved that the locals could live and work together regardless of race, and it proved to the local people that they were dedicated and determined to fight together for the right to live in their own way.

The same thing happened in Halawa where families were being displaced by the State for a \$27 million stadium. The local people stood up for their rights and their rightful land, but they lost. Kona on the Big Island (Hawaii) is the future site for hotels and other new high-rise buildings. Again the locals are rising up and fighting for their land. Land will be an issue until the capitalists are driven out. Until then there is a need for organizations like Kokua Hawaii and their six-point land program:

1. We must save our farm lands to grow food on. We must stop the developers who want to pour concrete on everything. The present push towards buying Hawaii must be stopped. Hotels and high-priced housing and condominiums are for mainland haoles and make money for a few developers and landowners. Our people are evicted and homeless. We get stuck with the problems and bills of

There is an urgent need for strong unions to defend and uphold the rights of the working class people.

highways, pollution and high taxes. We must stop this and begin to plan and work out new ways to meet the needs of our people and our land.

2. We must stop people from moving here until we can first take care of our own local people's needs. The rising number of tourists, U.S. military troops and dependents, and all the high-priced professionals from the mainland have pushed us to the ledges of our islands. The best of our islands is given to these other people. We live only to struggle for the needs of our families and people. The welfare and needs of our people, whose labor, life and love are part of this land, must be taken care of now.

3. We must take care of our air, land and water. If we kill nature, nature will kill us. In order to breathe, eat and live healthfully, we must stop any action or business poisoning the air we breathe, the land we depend on for food, the water we need for life, and the ocean we need for food and sport.

4. We must get back our land from the few big landholders that have almost all of it. It was stolen

from us in the first place. Forty-one landholders own and control 95 percent of our land. The big estates, the State, the military and a handful of private landlords control these islands. It is because of them and for their profits that agricultural land is rezoned and cemented under. They are responsible for the destructive direction of today's Hawaii. This stranglehold on our land must be busted and the land used to meet the needs and wants of our people.

5. We must use our land to house and feed people and learn to rely on ourselves to do it—not on the mainland. We must stop the destruction of our islands by acting on the first four points of this program. We must look at our needs and then plan and develop our own self-sufficient Hawaiian economy. We have the people, the know-how and the spirit. Our lives and future are at stake. We must seize the time now and do it.

6. As a start, we demand that Kalama Valley be saved for the local people and that the tourist and high-income development planned by Bishop Estate and Hawaii-Kai be stopped. We want that land returned to the Local People. Those evicted families have the right to return. Any changes made on the Valley will be done by decision of the residents of Kalama Valley.

The local people are also trying to organize the workers because they are being paid slave wages in industries (tourism-service, pineapple, and sugar cane) where profits are extremely high. The unions and workers are starting to develop a consciousness that the government and the rich are ripping them off. This spring, all of the major unions are planning to strike.

There is also a lot of youth counseling and youth organizing being done in Hawaii. A lot of brothers and sisters are starting to organize their high schools. There are organizations, such as the Kahaluu project, which are working with high school dropouts. The movement brothers and sisters are making a righteous effort to raise the political consciousness of high school students.

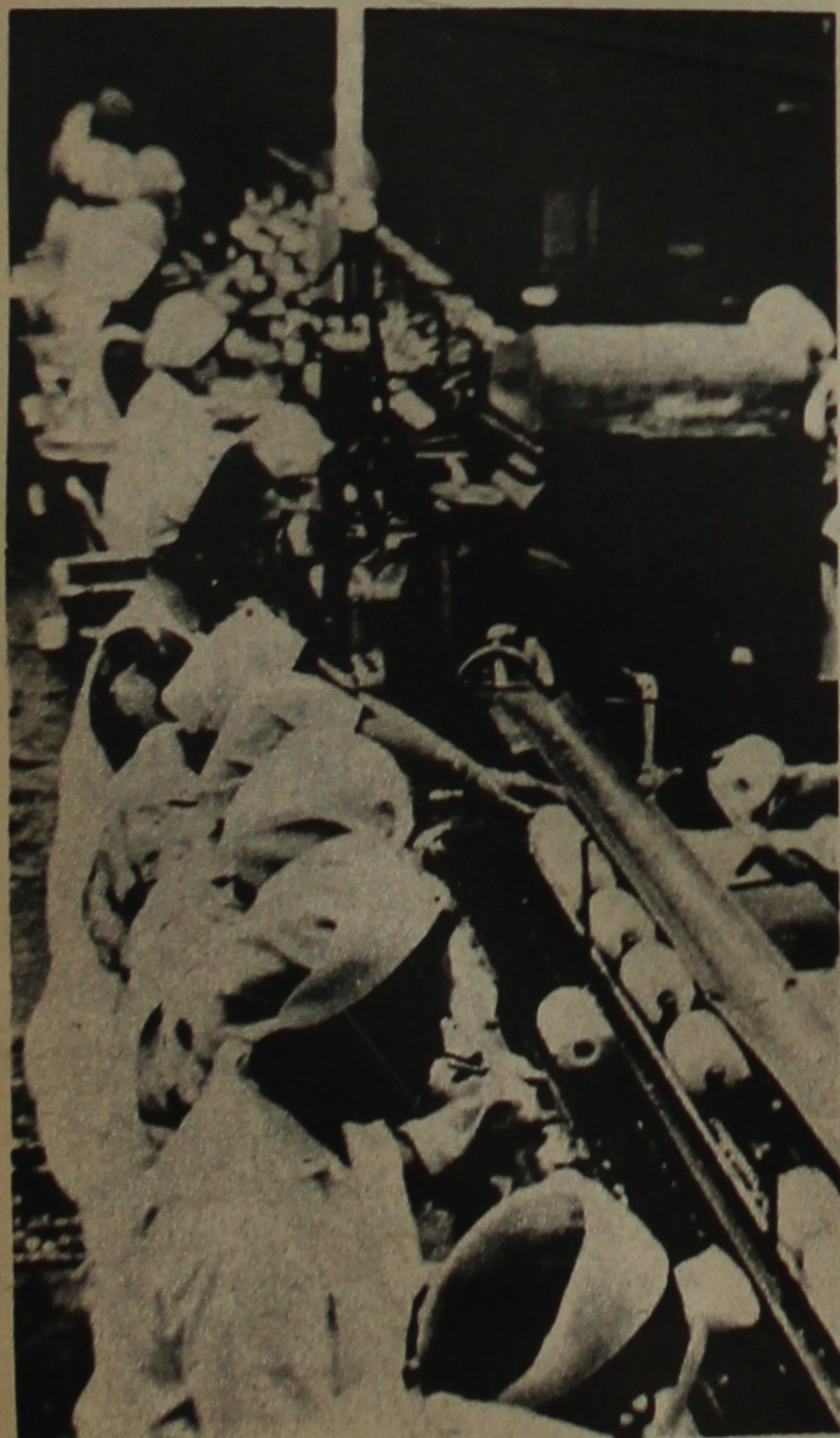
The brothers and sisters in Hawaii asked me to make a plea to all locals living or going to school on the mainland: They want you to come back to work for your people and your land. They need you, for the struggle is only beginning.

All power to the brothers and sisters of Hawaii in their struggle for their land and freedom!

Huli!

—Tom Okabe

Author's note: Thanks to the movement newspapers *Huli* and *Palo* and to the *Hawaii Pono Journal* for information and photographs.



ASIANS IN THE MIDWEST

Basically, the Asian experience in the Midwest is not much different from elsewhere in the country because the same stereotypes of Asians exist. However, the experiences differ according to the type of environment: whether growing up in a basically black, Chicano or white community.

First, I want to stress that I feel unqualified to write on the Asian experience in the Midwest as a whole, since this can also be a form of stereotyping. I can write on my own experiences and self-image, and hopefully others will be able to relate to these experiences.

To understand my experience in the Midwest, you must first understand the environment. The town I grew up in was a university town near Detroit. I grew up in a white neighborhood which changed as whites moved out and blacks moved in during the later part of my elementary school years. When I look back, I have to sort out all the confusion that seems to have taken place—my past life makes no kind of sense to me.

As a child, my parents stressed the fact that I'm an American and yet, others looked at me as a Jap. When I was a kid and I played army, I always played the enemy. Sometimes my friends would let me slide and play a "Nazi."

Junior high school years—when things don't look too good. One thing I can remember distinctly was this "growing period" for whites. Too bad I wasn't going through this same thing because those dudes scared the piss out of me just being bigger than me. Then came a time of inhibition, creating a non-verbal shell for protection. One outlet for my frustrations was vandalism—no personal contact—just destroying without getting caught. Junior high school years—Good times. Bad times. All I can remember is bad times.

High school—things started looking a little better, got more sociable. Assimilation started taking place and I started to learn its value. I forgot about being called Jap, forgot about being different, tried to survive by keeping up a good image of myself. Don't be aggressive, don't push your feelings onto other people, remain in good rapport with as many people as you can.

College years—same bullshit. The contradictions became greater: just going to school, not digging it, trying to create something outside of school, joining a fraternity for that need for a social life at the big university. Didn't help much but I met some people I dug on, yet still I had that defensive shell around myself. All this time I was scared of white women, and I never found anyone who truly related to my feelings. So I decided to start taking hold of my life, resolving the first contradiction by dropping out of school. Of course, then the contradiction arose between parents and myself—"fuck it, it's my life, and has to be satisfying to me." No one talked me into going back.

Started traveling. Down South. Paranoid while I was down there and I split back north as soon as I could. Related to the so-called "hippie culture" most of this time, and got some ego satisfaction in being a "hip" Asian. I thought that I was the only one around, but for me just fucking around didn't make it either. Decided to come out west, hopefully to settle on some land near Seattle—on a nature trip. Somehow I ended up in Los Angeles, met some "crazy" Asians, dug it, and felt like my life was just about to begin.

Experiencing life here compared to the feelings in Michigan's Asian community, I came to realize what subtle racism is all about. It is not something you can

easily place your finger on, but a lot is based on "vibrations" and interactions with people. How do you fight it? It's not something you can organize a demonstration around, but it still exists everywhere you look. Living in a Japanese American community, all you can see are manifestations of subtle racism: Drug abuse, escapism, isolation, not digging on yourself as a person because you haven't got a he-man physique or a "Miss America" figure, not digging on other Asians because Asians are somehow fucked up—you don't really know why—all you know is that they aren't like those Black, Chicano, or white people that you look up to. Subtle racism. How do you fight it?

The system gives you two choices, assimilation or isolation within the Asian community. Either one is a matter of survival within this country, within this system, but there's not much pride in either one: a "model minority," or a "banana."

What other alternatives do we have as Asian people? Whether in the movement or not, we all face the same problem, creating something that relates to our experiences as Asians and our history as a people in this country. Today people are getting together to organize Asian American studies courses, study groups and community orientated projects to fulfill basic needs of Asians. In order to survive as a people and a culture, we must understand what our history and present reality are about. We could start by seeking out others who have similar ideas and share them, so we all might have a better picture of what our experience is all about—"feel" our reality. Understand our enemy. And, eventually, take control of our own lives.

—by Mike Yanagita

ASIANS ON THE BAY & IN L.A.

The following population figures are derived from the 1970 U.S. Census Report. The Census Report broke down the population in various "racial" groups which included Japanese, Chinese and Filipino. Other Asian groups were classed together into a category labeled "Other" therefore figures on Koreans, Southeast Asians, etc., were not available. The cities listed correspond to those on the map on the next page.

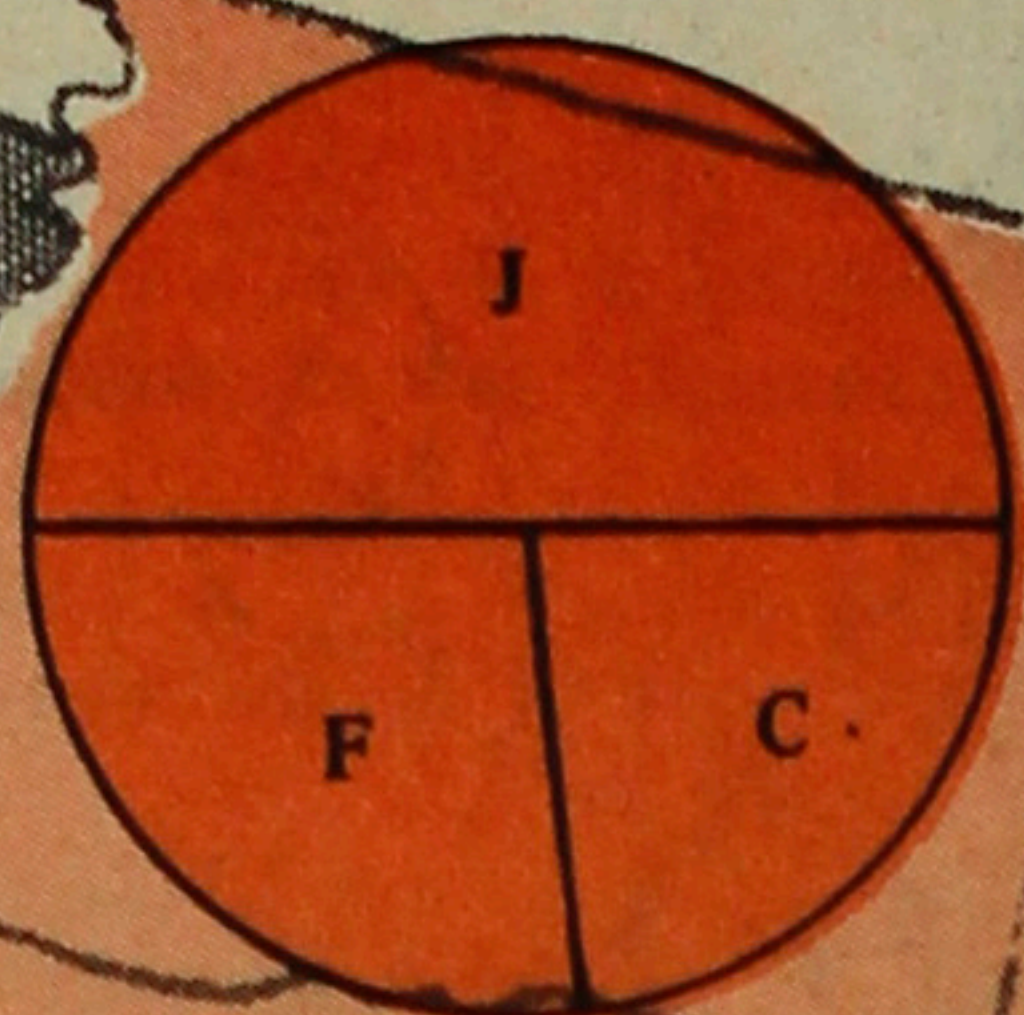
CITY:	Japanese	Chinese	Filipino	Total
ANAHEIM	1395	317	192	1904
ALAMEDA	683	1021	2249	3953
ALTADENA	983	178	111	1272
ALHAMBRA	484	327	143	954
AZUSA	125	9	69	203
ALBANY	364	305	99	768
BALDWIN PARK	281	52	264	597
BELLFLOWER	228	76	55	359
BEVERLY HILLS	79	130	31	240
BERKELEY	3417	4035	1126	8578
BURLINGAME	71	117	47	235
BURBANK	174	150	113	437
BUENA PARK	748	93	157	998
CARSON	2399	555	1919	4873
CASTRO VALLEY	167	319	61	547
COMPTON	108	65	147	320
CONCORD	410	281	259	950
CULVER CITY	793	122	57	972
DALY CITY	424	1108	2677	4209
DOWNEY	329	112	149	590
FREMONT	598	555	780	1933
FULLERTON	599	282	300	1181
GARDEN GROVE	1026	128	235	1389
GARDENA	8412	499	387	9298
GLENDALE	466	251	389	1106
EMERYVILLE	1	28	4	33
EL CERRITO	959	761	78	1798
HAWTHORNE	686	264	222	1172
HOLLYWOOD	126	52	27	205
HAYWARD	679	790	728	2197
HUNTINGTON BEACH	917	345	221	1483

CITY:	Japanese	Chinese	Filipino	Total
INGLEWOOD	702	412	225	1339
LAKEWOOD	195	106	372	673
LONG BEACH	3223	712	3012	6947
MENLO PARK	211	190	96	497
MOUNTAIN VIEW	1437	541	825	2803
MONTEBELLO	1548	530	93	2171
MONTEREY PARK	4609	2200	481	7290
MONROVIA	141	32	25	198
MILL VALLEY	120	106	15	241
NORWALK	475	121	195	791
ORANGE	556	146	88	787
OAKLAND	2405	11335	3633	17373
PASADENA	2038	796	474	3308
POMONA	285	142	92	519
PALO ALTO	949	1001	213	2163
PIEDMONT	74	208	28	310
REDONDO BEACH	288	116	117	521
REDWOOD CITY	447	194	124	765
RICHMOND	999	635	472	2106
SANTA ANA	918	220	402	1540
SAUSALITO	10	17	2	29
SAN FRANCISCO	11705	58696	24694	95095
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	362	548	642	1552
SAN BRUNO	185	210	334	729
SAN MATEO	2281	1143	310	3734
SUNNYVALE	1492	1273	734	3499
SANTA CLARA	971	479	766	2216
SAN JOSE	16644	7817	6728	31189
SAN LEANDRO	473	464	330	1267
SAN FERNANDO	106	1	68	175
SAN GABRIEL	403	50	45	498
SANTA MONICA	835	285	198	1318
TORRANCE	3578	499	357	4434
WEST COVINA	377	117	94	588
WHITTIER	356	184	33	573
WALNUT CREEK	263	232	49	544
LOS ANGELES	54877	27345	19392	101614
SOUTH GATE	79	79	93	251
WESTMINSTER	745	121	177	1043

ASIANS THROUGH

WASHINGTON

J- 20,335
C- 9,201
F- 11,462
T-3,409,169



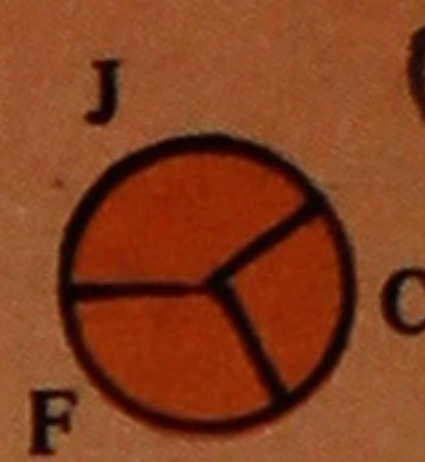
MONTANA

J- 574
C- 289
F- 236
T-694,409



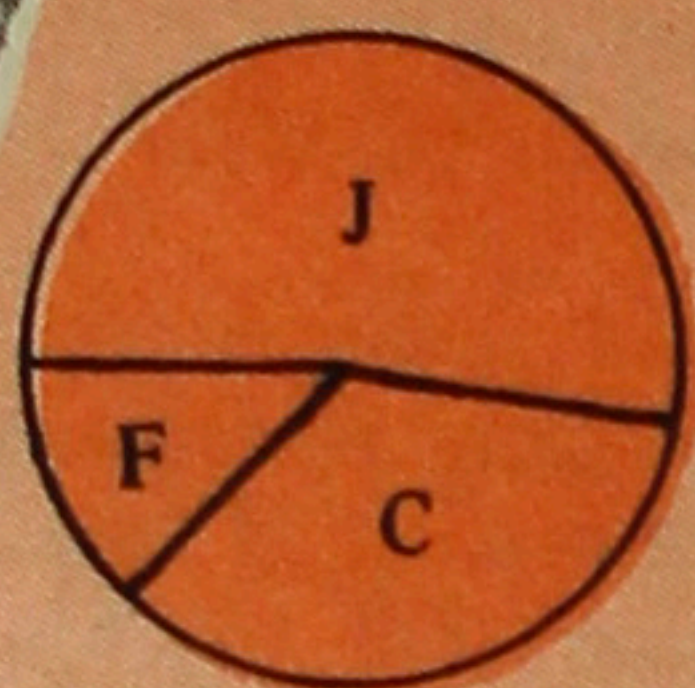
NORTH DAKOTA

J- 239
C- 165
F- 204
T-617,761



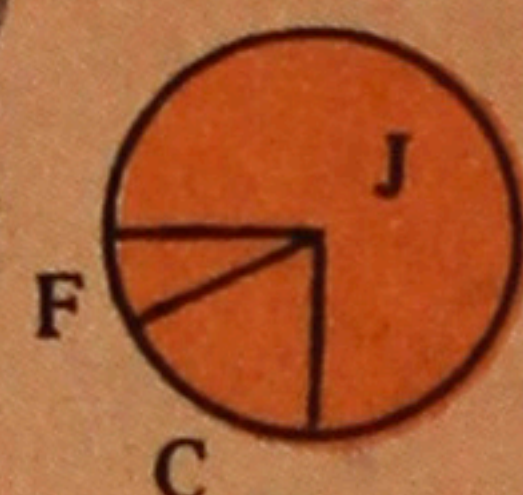
OREGON

J- 6,843
C- 4,814
F- 1,633
T-2,091,385



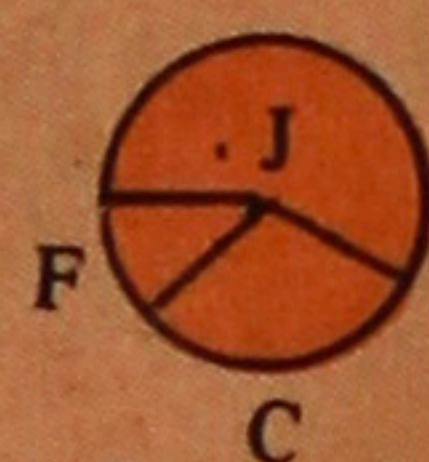
IDAHO

J- 2,255
C- 498
F- 206
T-712,567



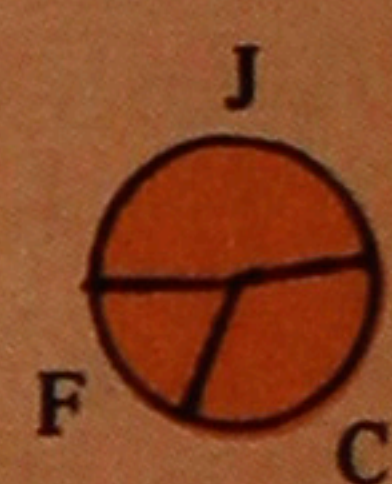
WYOMING

J- 566
C- 292
F- 108
T-332,416



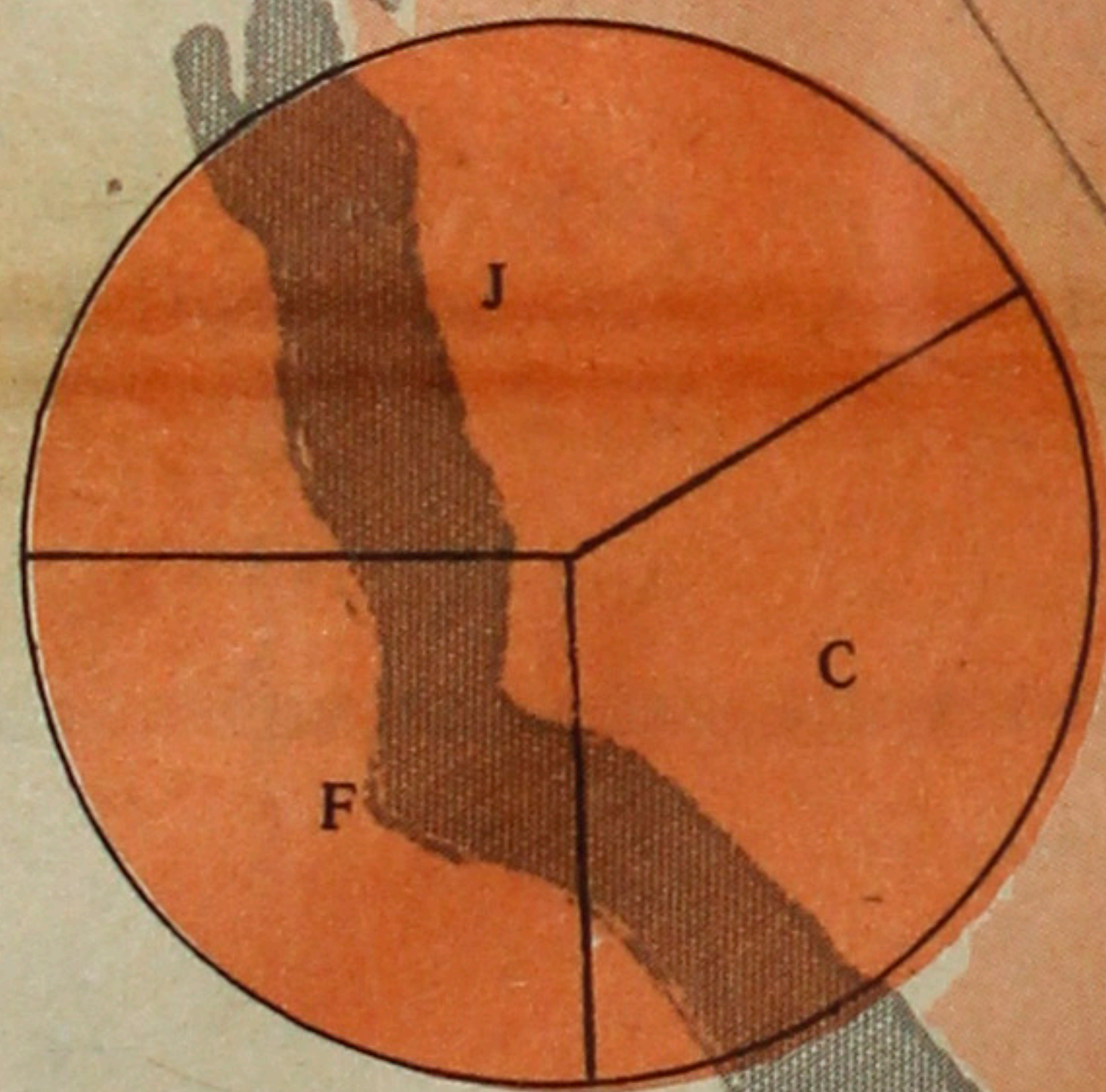
SOUTH DAKOTA

J- 221
C- 163
F- 83
T-665,507



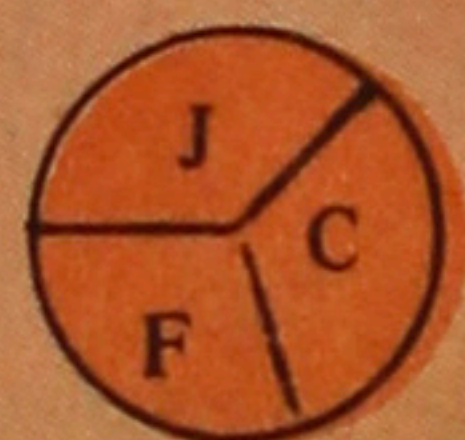
CALIFORNIA

J- 213,280
C- 170,131
F- 138,859
T-19,953,134



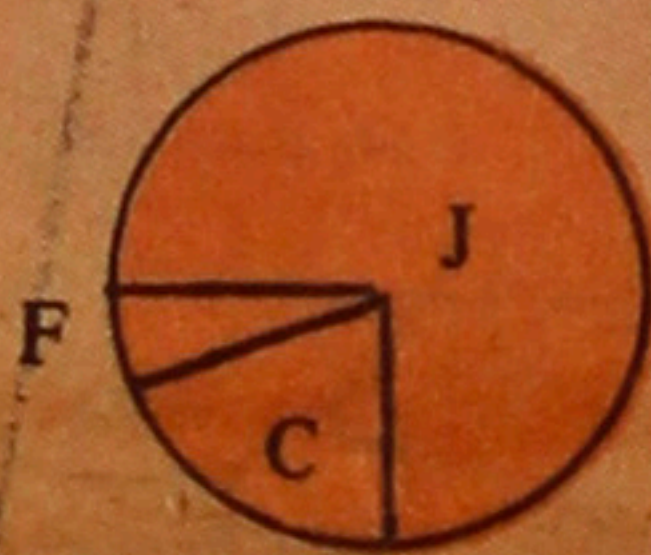
NEVADA

J- 1,087
C- 955
F- 817
T-488,738



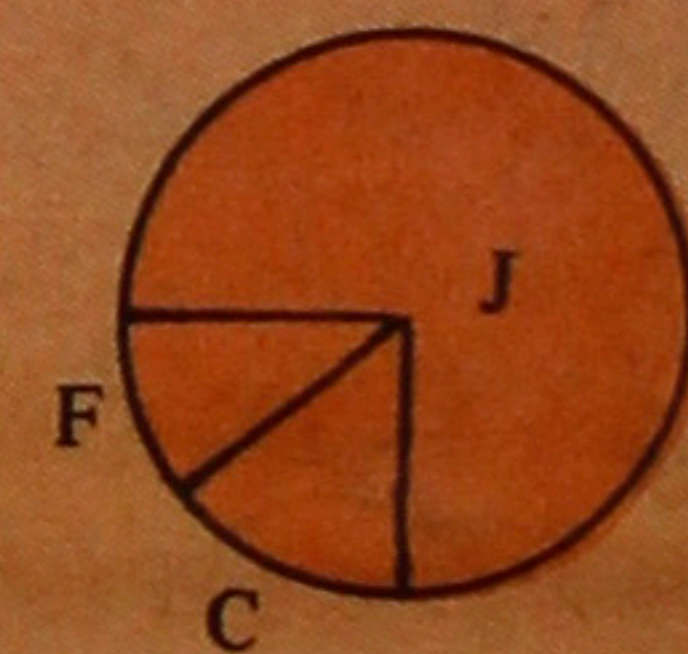
UTAH

J- 4,713
C- 1,281
F- 392
T-1,059,273



COLORADO

J- 7,831
C- 1,489
F- 1,068
T-2,207,259



KANSAS

J- 1,584
C- 1,233
F- 758
T-2,246,578



ARIZONA

J- 2,394
C- 3,878
F- 1,253
T-1,770,900



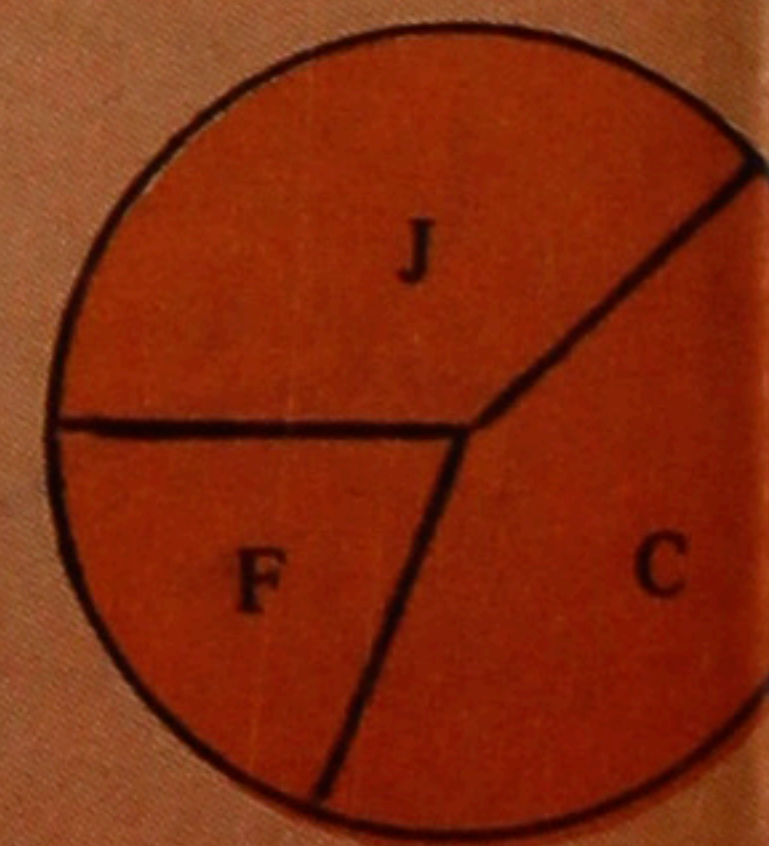
NEW MEXICO

J- 940
C- 563
F- 386
T-1,016,000



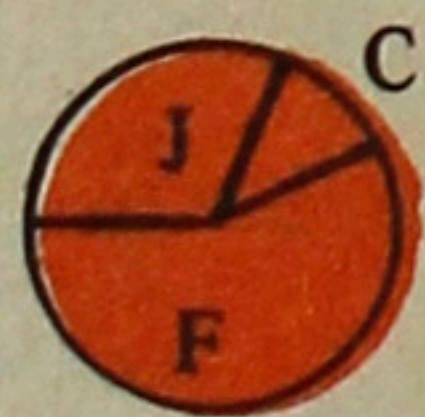
TEXAS

J- 6,537
C- 7,635
F- 3,442
T-11,196,730



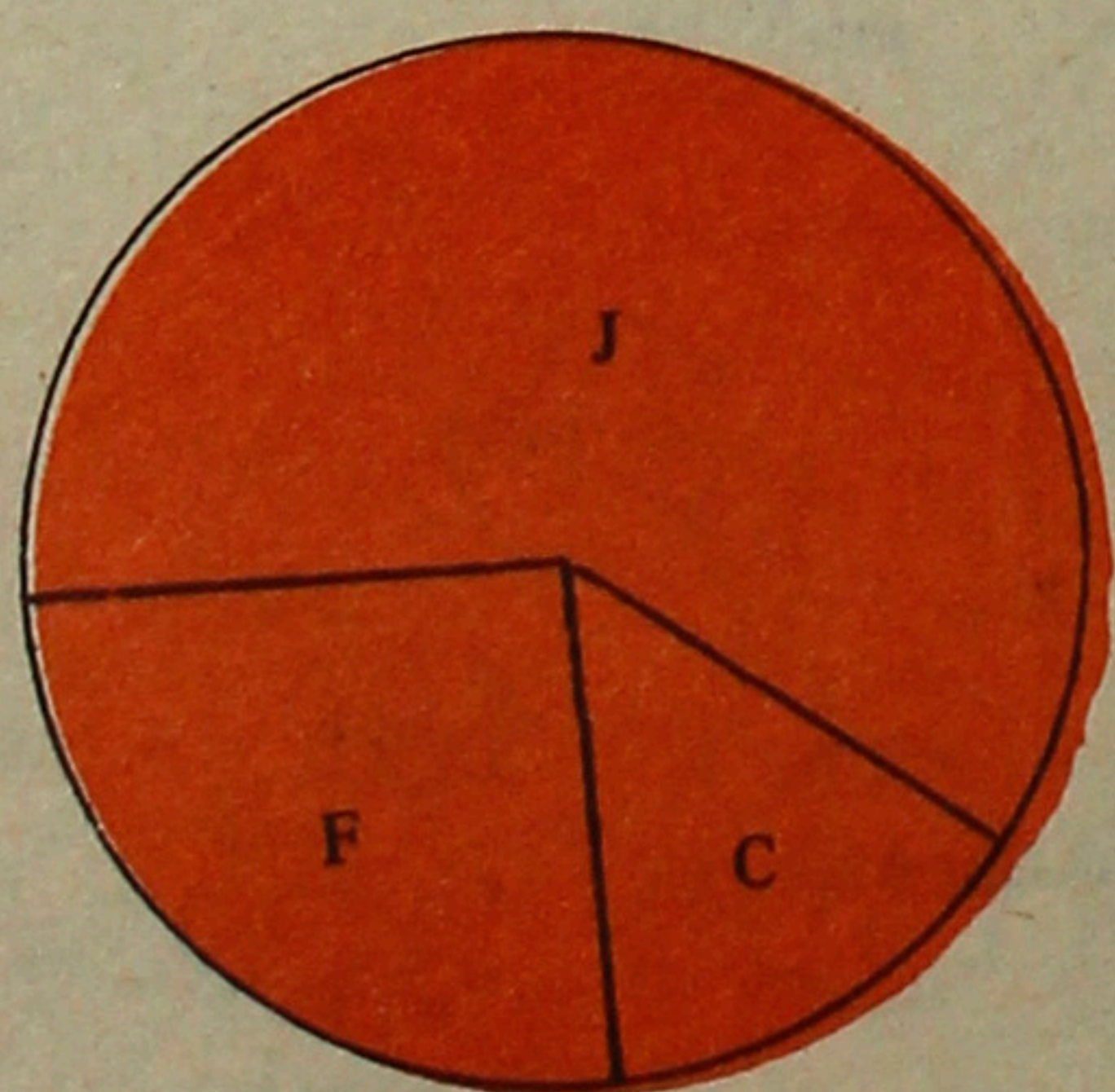
ALASKA

J- 916
C- 228
F- 1,498
T-300,382



HAWAII

J-217,307
C- 52,039
F- 93,915
T-768,561

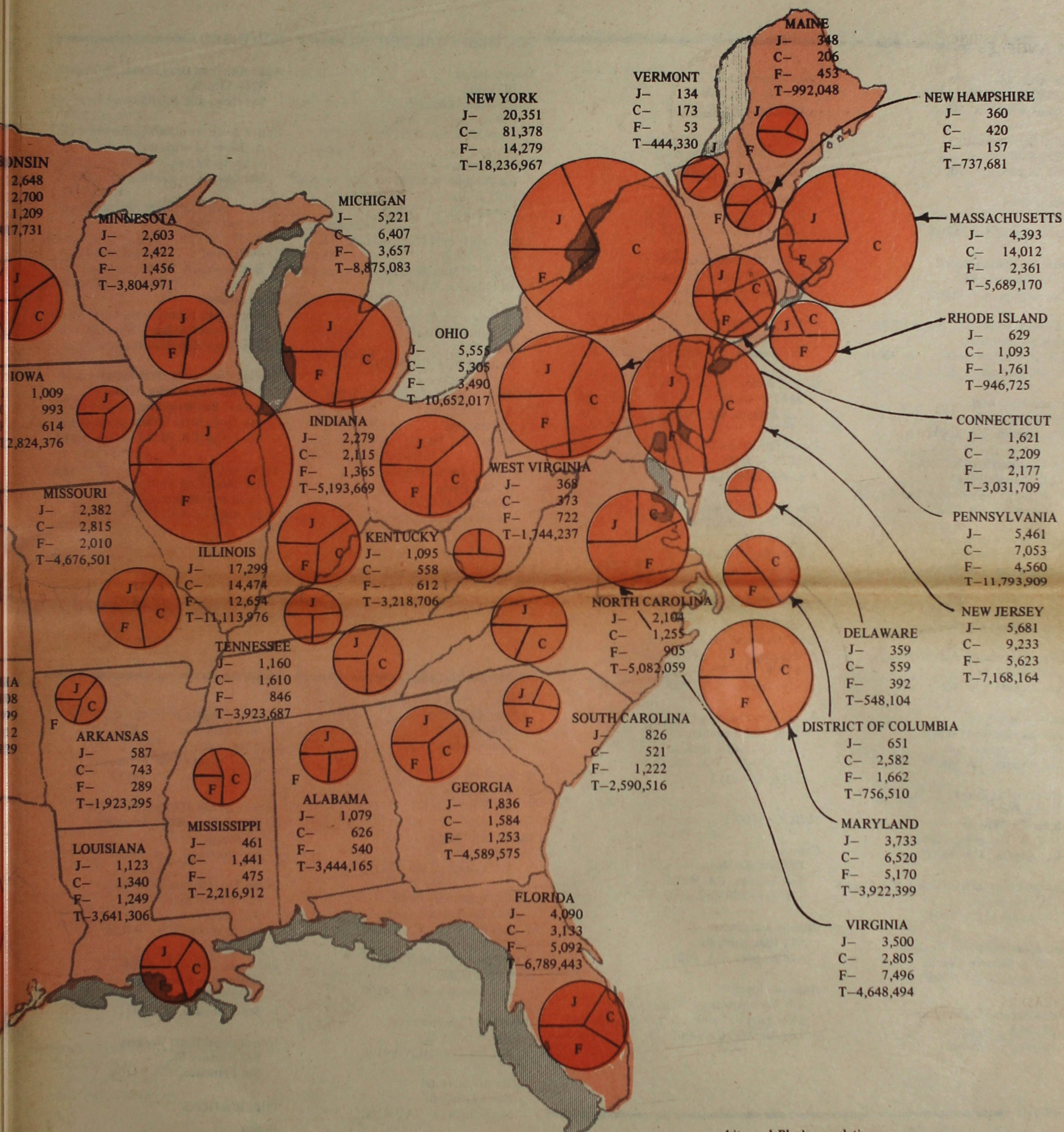


UNITED STATES, total

Japanese- 591,290
Chinese- 435,062
Filipino- 343,060
Total- 203,211,926

Source: 1970 Census of Population, U.S. Dept. of Commerce, Bureau of the Census.

THOUT AMERICA



J- indicates the total number of Japanese Americans for each state.

C- indicates the total number of Chinese Americans for each state.

F- indicates the total number of Filipino Americans for each state.

T- indicates the total number of people in the general population (not the total number of Asians.)

The full circles signify the Asian population, and the pie-shaped figures indicate the proportional breakdown of Japanese, Chinese, and Filipinos. The circles which represent various states are not in linear proportion to each other.

The census totals show that the West has the largest proportion of each racial group with the exception of

white and Black populations.

Of the Japanese Americans, 479,041 lived in the West, with 217,307 in Hawaii (the state with the largest Japanese total) and 213,280 in California. The total for the Chinese in the West is 245,658, with 170,131 in California. New York has the second largest Chinese population among states (81,378). Of the Filipino total, 251,833 live in the West, with 138,859 in California and 93,915 in Hawaii.

Not without significance is the fact that the United States Department of Commerce includes Koreans, Hawaiians, Samoans, Aleuts, Eskimos, Malaysians, Polynesians and all others in a category called "all other." We believe that America must begin to recognize all Asians and other peoples in America.... not so much as census figures, but as real human beings.

ASIAN ORGANIZATIONS

LOS ANGELES

JACS-Asian Involvement
125 Weller St., Room 305
Los Angeles, CA 90012

Oriental Service Center
1215 S. Flower St.
Los Angeles, CA 90012

The Storefront
2826 W. Jefferson Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90018

Chinatown Youth Council
971 Chungking Rd.
Los Angeles, CA 90012

SIPA-Search to Involve
Pilipino-Americans
c/o 2959 Somers Dr., L.A. 90016
or 642 N. Lucerne Blvd., L.A. 90004

Amerasia Bookstore
313½ E. First St.
Los Angeles, CA 90012

Asian American Studies Center
3232 Campbell Hall
University of California, Los Angeles
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Ethno-Communications
3232 Campbell Hall, UCLA
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Visual Communications
3222 W. Jefferson Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90018

Filipino Community Action Services
3120 W. 6th St.
Los Angeles, CA 90020

Filipino Youth Circle
Los Angeles City College
855 N. Vermont Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90029

SULU (Pilipino Teatro, Arts)
c/o Lu Pree
Inner City Theater
1615 W. Washington Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90007

Asian American Affirmative Action Comm
1215 Flower St.
Los Angeles, CA 90012

Asian American Social Workers
2400 S. Western Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90018

United Samoan Organization
21224 S. Figueroa
Carson, CA 90745

Asian Americans for Peace
c/o P.O. Box 18046
Los Angeles, CA 90018

Asian Social Services Task Force
c/o 5329 Dockweiler Place
Los Angeles, CA 90019

Los Angeles Pioneer Center
125 Weller St., Room 100
Los Angeles, CA 90012

Southbay Asian Involvement
16408 S. Western Avenue
Gardena, CA 90247

Involve Together Asians
c/o 2110 Barry Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90025

Go For Broke
2420 E. 4th St.
Los Angeles, CA 90033

Storefront Draft Counseling
2826 W. Jefferson Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90018

Pasadena Asian Community Involvement
c/o 595 Lincoln Ave.
Room 203
Pasadena, CA 91103

Asian American Student Alliance
3232 Campbell Hall, UCLA
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Asian American Student Alliance
University of Southern California
681 W. 34th St.
Los Angeles, CA 90007

Asian American Legal Services
Legal Aid Foundation
1112 W. Santa Barbara
Los Angeles, CA 90037
(213) 294-6122

PUBLICATIONS

GIDRA
P.O. Box 18046
Los Angeles, CA 90018
(213) 734-7838

Chinese Awareness
971 Chungking Rd.
Los Angeles, CA 90012

Amerasia Journal
c/o Asian American Studies Center
University of California, Los Angeles
Los Angeles, CA 90024

HAWAII

Kahaluu Project
47-536 Kam Highway
Kahaluu, Hawaii 96734

Ethnic Studies Department
University of Hawaii
Wist Hall 208
1776 University Ave.
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822

PUBLICATIONS

Huli
P.O. Box 963
Kaneohe, Hawaii 96744

Paio
P.O. Box 7146
Honolulu, Hawaii 96821

Hawaii Pono Journal
1020 Kuapohahu Dr.
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

Hawaiian Ethos
P.O. Box 10591
Honolulu, Hawaii 96816

Hawaii Free People's Press
P.O. Box 10591
Haliewa, Hawaii 96712

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

United Asians
UC Irvine
c/o Nancy Kikuchi
370 Avocado St. Apt. 1
Costa Mesa, CA 92627

Asian American Student Center
Cal State Long Beach
6101 E. 7th
Long Beach, CA 90801

Asian American Student Alliance
UC San Diego
Bldg. 250 Matthews Campus
La Jolla, CA 92037

Asian American Alliance
UC Santa Barbara
Box 13462
Santa Barbara, CA 93107

Mafila
c/o Art Bigornia
145 Pacheco
Vallejo, CA 94590

Apolonario Midini Chapter
UC San Diego
La Jolla, CA 92037

SAN DIEGO

Asian American Drug Education Project
3260 53rd St.
San Diego, CA 92105

United Asian American Community
c/o Minoru Furuyama
5716 Hardy Ave.
San Diego, CA 92115

Asian American Student Alliance
UC San Diego
c/o Phyllis Chu
4450 Bond
San Diego, CA 92109

Asian Students
Morse High School
281 Flowerdale Lane
San Diego, CA 92114

Ad Hoc Committee on Pilipinos
Student Community Affairs
Andres Bonifacio Chapter
San Diego State College
San Diego, CA 92115

Katiunan Chapter
San Diego City College
1425 Russ Blvd.
San Diego, CA 92101

SAN FRANCISCO

J-Town Collective
1516 A Post
San Francisco, CA 94109

I Wor Kuen
850 Kearney St.
San Francisco, CA 94108

Asian Legal Services
850 Kearney St.
San Francisco, CA 94108

Asian Community Center
846 Kearney St.
San Francisco, CA 94108

Chinatown Garment Co-op
55½ Columbus
San Francisco, CA 94108

Everybody's Bookstore
840 Kearney St.
San Francisco, CA 94108

International Hotel
848 Kearney St.
San Francisco, CA 94108

Japanese Community Youth Council
1808 A Sutter St.
San Francisco, CA 94118

Kimochi
22 Peace Plaza
San Francisco, CA 94115

Filipino Action Coalition
311 Minna
San Francisco, CA 94103

Philippine American Community Endeavor
4118 24th St
San Francisco, CA 94114

Filipino Coalition of City Coll. of S.F.
50 Phelan Ave.
Bungalow B-4
City College of San Francisco
San Francisco, CA 94112

Bagong Buhay of City Coll. of S.F.
City College of San Francisco
50 Phelan Ave.
San Francisco, CA 94112

Ating Tao (Pilipino Teatro)
Oscar Penarando
422 27th Ave
San Francisco, CA 94121

Philippine Club of U. of S.F.
University of San Francisco
2130 Fulton
San Francisco, CA 94117

International Hotel Workers
832 Kearney St.
San Francisco, CA 94108

PUBLICATIONS

Rodan
1808 A Sutter St.
San Francisco, CA 94115

New Dawn
P.O. Box 26310
San Francisco, CA 94126

Kalayan International
P.O. Box 2919
San Francisco, CA 94126

Wei Min
846 Kearney St.
San Francisco, CA 94108

IN AMERIKA

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

BERKELEY

East Bay Japanese for Action
2439 Grove St.
Berkeley, CA 94704

Asian Communication Project
509 Eshelman Hall
UC Berkeley
Berkeley, CA 94720

Asian Health Caucas
509 Eshelman Hall
UC Berkeley
Berkeley, CA 94720

Filipino American Student Trend of
S.F. State, UCB, City Coll. of S.F.
Asian American Studies
UC Berkeley
Berkeley, CA 94720

Filipino American Alliance
UC Berkeley
Berkeley, CA 94720

OAKLAND

East Bay Chinatown Youth Council
5527 Shattuck no. 202 or 106
Oakland, CA 94606

STOCKTON

Yellow Seed
728 Barrymore
Stockton, CA 95204

Asian American Concern
University of the Pacific
Stockton, CA 95204

Associated Filipino Youth Organizations
c/o Luna Jamero
732-A S. California
Stockton, CA 95202

Information Referral Center, Pilipino
c/o Luna Jamero
732-A South California
Stockton, CA 95202

SAN JOSE

Asians for Community Action
565 N. 5th Street
San Jose, CA 95112

Asian American Studies Office
San Jose State College
Barracks No. 9
195 S. 7th Street
San Jose, CA 95114

Filipino-American Student Association
San Jose State College
Washington Square
San Jose, CA 95114

DAVIS

Asian American Studies
Walker Hall, Room 214
U.C. Davis
Davis, CA 95616

SACRAMENTO

Asian American Legal Services Sacramento
Asian Community Service Center
1118 V Street
Sacramento, CA

Filipino Community Supporting Change
Sacramento, CA

Asian Americans For Action
ASSSC Sacramento State College
6000 Jay Street
Sacramento, CA 95819

People's Bookstore
2127 10th
Sacramento, CA 95818

SANTA CRUZ

Asian American Political Alliance
U.C. Santa Cruz
c/o Shelley Wong
6015 Box 150
Santa Cruz, CA 95060

DELANO

Filipino American Political Association
Larry Itliong (Pres.)
129 West 19th Place
Delano, CA 93215

SALINAS

Filipino Youth of
Hartnell Community College
Salinas, CA 93901

Filipino Youth for Community Development
c/o Susan Aremas
1761 East Alisal Street
Salinas, CA 93901

HAYWARD

Asian American Cultural Center
California State College, Hayward
25400 Hillary Avenue
Hayward, CA 94542

Asian American Studies Program
Cal State College at Hayward
Hayward, CA 94542

CUPERTINO

Asian American Studies Program
De Anza College
21250 Stevens
Cupertino, CA 95014

CHINO

Director of Asian and Pacific Studies
Thomas Johnson
Dept. of Anthropology
Chico State College
Chico, CA 95926

STANFORD

AASA
Stanford University
552 Alvarado Row
Stanford, CA 94305

NEW YORK

Asian Women's Coalition
c/o Rose Eng
Barnard College
New York, NY 10027

The Basement Workshop, Inc. (*Bridge; Yellow Pearl; etc.*)
54 Elizabeth St.
New York, NY 10013

Chinese Students Council
c/o Harry Leong
481 McDonald Ave.
Brooklyn, NY 11218

I Wor Kuen
24 Market St.
New York, NY 10002

Asian Americans for Action
c/o Mary Kochiyama
545 W. 126th St. Apt. 3-B
New York, NY 10027

Asian Students Organization at Vassar College
c/o Lesley Yu
Strong 211
Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, NY 12602

Two Bridges Neighborhood Council
c/o Corky Lee
99 Madison St.
New York, NY 10002

City College of New York
Asian American Studies
Department of Urban and Ethnic Studies
137 St. and Convent Ave.
New York, NY 10031

PUBLICATIONS

Getting Together
I Wor Kuen
30 Market St.
New York, NY 10002

Yellow Pearl
Basement Workshop
54 Elizabeth St.
New York, NY 10013

Harmony; The Writing on the Wall
c/o Chor Lee
8320 Bay Parkway
Brooklyn, NY 11214

COLORADO

Asian American EOP
Elaine Takahashi, Director
University of Colorado
Temporary Building 1
Boulder, Colorado 80302

ARIZONA

People's Center
412 4th Ave
Tucson, Arizona 85705

EAST COAST

Asian American Student Alliance
Princeton
c/o Yang Sheng Liu
51 Little Hall
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

Asian American Student Alliance
c/o Eric Zen
Box 2117
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island 02912

Asian American Student Alliance
Pennsylvania U.
c/o Nelson Chan
East 41 3901 Sprouce
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Penn. 19104

Asian American Student Alliance
Yale
3374 Yale Station
New Haven, Conn. 06520

Asian American Law Students Association
c/o Nelson Dong; Denis Oyokawa
2515 Yale Station
New Haven, Conn. 06520

WASHINGTON

Asian Drop-In Center
2524 Beacon Avenue
Seattle, Washington 98144

Asian Studies Research Division
Seattle University
Seattle, WA 98122

Office of Minority Affairs, Asian Division
University of Washington
394 Schmitz
1400 N.E. Campus Parkway
Seattle, WA 98105

Filipino Youth Activities of Seattle, Inc.
507 11th St. Suite 1
Seattle, WA 98122

Children of Imperialism

Editor's Note

The following article appeared in the January, 1972 issue of the *Liberated Guardian*. After reading it, many people on our staff realized that, although it is directed at white youth culture, some of the criticisms that are raised in it are applicable to our own lives as young Asian people having grown up in the American experience. In further discussion, we realized that we see other unique contradictions within white youth culture that affect us as Asian Americans.

In our experiments with collective living, making music and art, in trying to create a more human way of life, we find that we have identified with and tried to relate to white youth culture at different times in our lives. We still consider these experiments valid and necessary in building the new society that will replace the crumbling American empire. But it doesn't take long before one begins to realize that because this youth culture exists within racist, sexist, capitalist America, and does not consciously and systematically struggle against American institutions and values, that white youth culture is not yet a real alternative for us as Third World people.

An example of the racist, sexist influence of America can be seen in rock music, which is sometimes considered the spokes-piece of white youth culture. When we hear Rod Stewart sing about "a slant-eyed lady knocked me off my feet (from 'Every Picture Tells A Story')," the sexism and racism become very real. When we walk into a hip health food store, and are told by the long-haired owner, "You have such nice hair; you must be Japanese. I eat miso and seaweed, too," it becomes pretty clear that young hip whites have progressed in form, but not really in content from the traditional white American society against which they rebel.

For the hip white youth, digging on Zen philosophy, eating sukiyaki and chow mein, and going to Samurai movies does not confront the reality of Asian people here in America, or across the Pacific. These things are a part of our historical reality, but so is the genocide against our Indochinese sisters and brothers; so is the greed of U.S. imperialism that raped most Asian countries, forcing the people to immigrate to America; and upon arriving, being greeted by lynchings, rocks and angry white mobs. And for those of us who are Japanese Americans, we see that 1972 marks the thirtieth anniversary of America's Concentration Camps, where 110,000 Japanese children, women and men were forcibly held for nearly the duration of World War II.

A very real part of our history and culture as Asians in America includes these realities. In order for white youth culture to be a real alternative to American society, it must confront its own racism towards Third World people within America, and toward colonial people throughout the Third World.

**We feel the need, also, to point out to the author of the article that white youth culture is not alone in acting out subtle and unconscious racism. In the first paragraph of the article, the author is correct in stating that "It [youth culture] must alter its relationship to colonial peoples abroad and to black and Latin people at home." But Asian and Native Americans are also National Minorities of America, who have played a significant role in American history as a peoples.*

Youth culture has transformed America and transmitted vibrations to all corners of the earth. But before it can rock America again it must change in fundamental ways. It must alter its relationship to colonial peoples abroad and to black and Latin people at home. The children of America have inherited a large portion of the imperialist consciousness of their parents. Young whites are not as racist, as materialistic, as sexist, or as conformist as the teachers who lecture them in classrooms; the judges who sentence them in courtrooms; the sergeants who drill them in the army, and the cops who bust them on the street corners. But they flaunt their white skin privileges, their culture of rock and grass, and their comparative affluence and freedom before the Vietnamese, the Chinese, the Cubans, the Chileans, the Palestinians, the Algerians, the Congolese. Youth culture parts company from Guy Lombardo, John Wayne, Madison Avenue ad-men, Martha Mitchell, and Spiro Agnew, but it doesn't undermine them or resist them completely or consistently.

In that sense, youth culture isn't the counter-culture it's often made out to be. It isn't yet qualitatively different from mainstream American life. Freaks in communes join co-ops and food conspiracies, but American youth would not eat if it were not for supermarkets from coast to coast. Free schools and alternative universities have sprung up from Ann Arbor to Isla Vista, but high school seniors and undergraduates from Maine to California still aspire to Harvard, Yale, Stanford.

go to rock festivals, and fuck in the streets is to lose sight of historical and social conditions. It involves a degradation of youth culture itself. When we focus on long hair, acid, birth control pills, and guitars, we are taking the relics and artifacts, not the substance of the culture, to be most important.

In order to build a true counter-culture, a revolutionary culture, American youth needs to discard the imperialist legacy inherited from its ancestors. It ought to school itself in the college of the colonial world; the black world. It ought to step outside its privileged quarters, its narrow realm of consciousness, and enter George Jackson's San Quentin, the village of the Chinese peasant, the army unit of the Vietnamese guerilla, and the field of the Cuban sugar cane cutter.

Youth culture has romanticised the colonial world. It has idealized the peasant tilling the soil; the Buddhist monk at prayer, the Indian contemplating the full moon. In its rebellion from imperialist America, it found an affinity with colonial peoples who had been attacked and conquered, but who also resisted White Western Man. Youth culture created romantic images of the Sioux living with the Buffalo before the coming of the cruel hunters; of the black hipster from the ghetto who is high, sexy, and a poet; of the barefooted East Indian playing his flute. Those images emasculated the real Indians, blacks and Asians. They avoided the real images of genocide, exploitation, and oppression; they neglected the role of imperialism. They also made active, fighting



Long hairs boast of their outlaw culture and their rip-offs, but those that work pay their income tax to the United States government. When their induction notice comes it is not from their people's army, but from Nixon's army. There are underground newspapers from Berkeley to Atlanta, but hippies and freaks rely on CBS, NBC, the New York Times, and the Daily News for information.

Since it is a new and unstable culture, frequently shifting direction, and because it is constantly under attack, youth culture advocates have often found it necessary to proclaim and defend the sovereign integrity, and superiority of their culture against all rivals. In the process, chauvinistic attitudes and an ethnocentric perspective have crept into the pamphlets, broadcasts, and decrees of many freaks, hippies, yuppies, and radicals. In this view, American youth are culture pioneers on planet earth, leading the world's two-and-one-half billion people into the Twenty-first century. Because of the leisure and freedom available to them, and because of the relative absence of material hardship, it is believed that on the cultural front youth in the U.S. can expand into unknown areas, can take the creative spirit to new heights, and lead the human consciousness into new depths.

Where America's youth has rebelled against callous exploitation, commercial culture, commodity sex, stultifying and elitist education, racism, and outmoded social traditions, the peoples all around the world can locate in the West, exemplary actions. In part, they may be able to adopt American experiences to their own conditions. They can learn about women's liberation, about the organization and function of our collectives, about guerilla actions of the Weatherpeople, and about the underground press. But all the world seen through psychedelic glasses produces a distorted view. Freaks who have lived in the youth ghetto for two or three years—who have dropped out, turned on, and tuned in, and who preach to the Chinese and the Vietnamese—whose culture is several thousands of years old, and who have created a far more thoroughgoing cultural revolution than any witnessed here—are guilty of intellectual and political crimes. To rate colonial cultures low because their young people do not smoke dope, wear long hair, become gay,

peoples who are combating material hardships and their oppressors into quiet, docile, spiritual creatures. American youth seeks peace, harmony, and a life without alienation; it caught a glimpse of that world in the life of truth here, but mostly this is distortion. American youth understands that industrial and commercial society destroyed people and nature in its rise to power, but rather than seeking to control destructive social forces, it wants to escape from them, in time into the past, and through space to a world more primitive. American youth recognized that it was alienated from society, but it assumed that alienation was an eternal, almost admirable condition. So far youth culture has used the ideal colonial world to support its alienated vision. But it ought to see the peoples of the colonial world not as stick figures, but as they are—people with ancient histories and cultures, complex lives, great leaders, highly developed technologies, long national liberation struggles against Western empires, and people who are creating new men and women—finer human beings than bourgeois men and women.

This does not mean that freaks should imitate the Chinese Red Guards, the Tupamaros of Uruguay, or the Peoples' Liberation Army of Vietnam. We cannot live and act like the Chinese, the Chileans, the Vietnamese or the Cubans, because our history is not theirs, our society is not theirs; because we have developed in different ways at different rates of growth. But we can broaden our struggle and our culture here by tracing the course of their cultural revolutions, and by adopting their experiences to our own unique conditions.

In its original upsurge, anti-establishment youth sought an escape from and an end to the alienation, oppression, and despair of the society. It wanted collective existence, joy, laughter, hope, music, and love—close, equal relationships between men and women. In part, we can find those values, ideas, and feelings in ourselves and in our friends. They have taken root here and now. We can also find them clearly articulated in Vietnam, China, and Cuba today. It is in the colonial world that the new society, the antithesis of western Capitalism, is beginning to take shape.

By Jomo, reprinted from *Liberated Guardian*

Author's note: *As people with a deep concern for our community, we are often confronted with the enigma of drugs. Around us we see young brothers and sisters being brought off of reds by other people who smoke grass. We condemn heroin, while dropping acid. Then, we introspectively question ourselves about the prospect of hypocrisy in our lifestyles, but we are unable to stabilize any conclusions. Shades of gray persist in areas begging for black and/or white. Yet, we continue. We do what we do, perhaps hoping 'the answer' will make itself evident, someday.*

The following article is focused on the category known as hallucinogens or psychedelics. It offers neither the answer, nor the alternative to the question. But hopefully, the research and opinions in the article will lend themselves to giving some perspective to hallucinogenic drugs and that crazy world of dropping.

"How long does it take to feel it?"

"Oh, about 20-30 minutes."

"What's it really like?"

"That depends. It depends on what you're really like, because acid just magnifies your own 'self' and maybe uncovers a part of you that you've kept hidden."

"What does it do to you?"

"That depends on how strong the acid you drop is."

"You mean there's different kinds?"

"Oh yeah, they even have different names for different types of acid. Like, Orange Sunshine, Purple Haze, White Lightning, Window Pane, Clearlite, Microdot, and Graph-paper and all kinds of bullshit like that."

"Wow...what kind did I take?"

"Window Pane. It's really mellow stuff, you'll dig it."

The main factor in the difference in quality between "types" of acid is whether or not the drug has been "cut" or mixed with another drug. This is very common practice on the part of street dealers in order to increase their stock and in turn make more money. In a Canadian Government Commission Interim Report on the Non-Medical Use of Drugs it was stated that only 48% of the LSD bought on the street was actually relatively pure LSD. The remaining 52% was either impure acid, "unsuccessfully synthesized acid," or some other drug altogether. "Unsuccessfully synthesized acid" is the by-product of failed attempts to produce LSD." This junk may have the same effects as clean acid but may also have many bad side effects and serious physical reactions. 29% of all LSD analyzed falls into this category. When it comes to "cut acid" the most common adulterants found are PCP and atropine. Common belief often attributes "speedy" sensations, bummers, and unpleasant physical symptoms to speed, strychnine, or arsenic. In actuality, these adulterants are rarely found in acid due to their rising cost. In recent months PCP has been the most common mixer. PCP is a cheap, mild animal tranquilizer which in small doses may produce sensations similar to psychedelics but may also produce negative physical symptoms such as headaches and dizzy spells.

As for acid itself, Window Pane and Clearlite acid are among the most pure in LSD content. These two forms are sold in very small 1/8 sq.- inch transparent sheets. Usually each pane is equal to two hits or doses. The "cruise" on this acid is about the best around, with a half-pane good for at least ten to twelve hours of good, clean, all-american fun. All other acid, Orange Sunshine, Purple Haze, Graph-paper, etc., differ only in the concentration of LSD per dose and the drug, if any, it's been cut with. Orange Sunshine in tablet form is usually a good bet. Tabbing down can send a person up for over twelve hours if the sunshine is doing what it's supposed to do. The other types of acid are around at unpredictable times and have a wide range of effects. Two people recently commented on Purple Haze, one saying, "It was really speedy stuff," and the other saying, "That was the best stuff I've ever had."

Acid on the street sells anywhere from 75 cents to three dollars a hit with the price usually hovering around two dollars. A higher price does not guarantee better acid—there are rip-off capitalists in the counter-culture too. But if the price drops too low, be suspicious of what you are buying. One note to street buyers is, if you are buying acid in capsule form you can almost be assured that it has been cut with another drug.

"What about other stuff?"

"I don't know too much about any other acid."

"No, I mean stuff like mescaline, psilocybin, cocaine and heroin."

"Wait a minute, dude. Coke and smack aren't hallucinogens. They're a completely different animal. As

for the other two, I'm really kind of confused nowadays because of the rumors going around."

In a UCLA study carried out in 1970, 14% of the students reported having taken "mescaline." 3.9% reported having tried "psilocybin" ...or at least this is what they thought.

Mescaline and psilocybin are derivatives of cacti and mushrooms, respectively. They have been used for centuries by Native Americans in religious rituals. Because of this, many people believe these drugs to be milder and somehow vaguely "better" than good-old LSD which, by the way, has received much scare-tactic anti-drug propaganda. Therefore, a person who is an infrequent or inexperienced user of hallucinogens is more likely to take what he thinks is mescaline or psilocybin rather than LSD. Yet, three independent drug research programs—the Canadian Government Commission of Inquiry on the Non-Medical Use of Drugs, UCLA's Analysis Anonymous and the L.A. Do It Now Foundation—have said that no drug in the last two years which they have analyzed and which has allegedly been either mescaline or psilocybin was in fact either. In fact, 91% of the mescaline/psilocybin samples were analyzed to be LSD, either in pure or adulterated form. Recently, Analysis Anonymous analyzed 18 samples of "LSD", 17 samples of "mescaline" and 3 of "psilocybin". Of the 38 total samples 23 were relatively pure LSD and the remaining 15 samples were various "something else" drugs but none were mescaline or psilocybin. Obviously what this means is that the psychedelics on the street today being sold as mescaline or psilocybin are probably cut or pure LSD.

Your best bet if you've been bummed out by hallucinogens is to get your stash analyzed to see what

LAND OF ACID

you've actually been dropping. In the L.A. area, two "no strings attached" groups are operating just for that purpose. The Analysis Anonymous at UCLA (825-0293) and the Do It Now Foundation (463-6851). Both of these groups will ask no questions except for what the drug you are bringing in is alleged to be. Unfortunately, their service is slow to very slow, taking from ten days to one month depending on their workload. And believe me, in L.A. ('Land of Acid') their workload is anything but light.

"Well, what does it feel like?"

"It feels like energy from the cosmos has come to rest in your body."

"You're putting me on."

"Well, it's hard to explain. At first you feel a tingling sensation all over your body and especially in your head. It hits people differently though. Sometimes you feel close to nature, sometimes you feel like there is rock music coming out of you...but like I said, it's hard to explain, you just gotta try it for yourself."

"But what is it for?"

"What do you mean, 'what is it for?' It's for getting stoned."

"Is that all?"

"Well, people use it for different reasons. It's almost like a religious experience to some. It doesn't really provide any answers but it does help clarify a lot of questions."

"But isn't it an escape from reality?"

"What's reality? Everyone has their own reality. The fact that these drugs exist make them a part of reality. The fact that these drugs do what they do makes that a reality also and you can't just shine that on."

"I don't know about that."

"Look, the effects that these drugs have on the body is not imagined. It is real. It's a reality. The reality of getting stoned. In fact, I would say that the use of hallucinogenic drugs is an extension of reality rather than an escape. But that's not necessarily good or evil."

Hallucinogens are not called that for no reason. They do strange and unusual things to your head. Most of the time hallucinogens come on as a positive creature, an ally. Once in a great while, acid will come on as a monster. This may never happen to most people, but to those that it does happen to, it is a serious thing. Most of the injuries attributed to LSD have resulted at times when people were unable to maintain control of their thoughts and actions. A person may not be able to contend with what is happening under his skull. So he tries to run away...but have you ever tried to run away from your own brain? This is freaking out, the bad trip, the maximum bummer. Of course, the press and other media plays up this part of dropping even though it is rare. In the event of a freak out it is good to have a few "downers" handy to act as a tranquilizer. A couple of stiff shots of booze or a few cups of coffee is also a good start for bringing people off of bad trips. The important thing is to keep a conversation going with the person who is bumming out. Talk about rock music, basketball or a good experience you've had, or anything to keep the person's mind occupied.

Hopefully, it is now evident that, at least in L.A., "dropping" means taking LSD and not much else and the purity of the acid is an unknown variable. So the main question is, "Should I drop or shouldn't I?"

Let's deal with some obvious fears. First of all, O.D.s (overdoses) and deaths or injuries resulting from acid are extremely rare. Bad side or after effects are not overly common or serious but do happen with some regularity, mostly in the form of headaches, mental depression, dizzy spells and disorientation. However, it is totally within the realm of possibility and probability that dropping will produce nothing but a "clean cruise" with no bad effects or bummers. Yet, in the end, it depends upon the person who is doing the dropping and how he or she approaches the whole scene of hallucinogens.

Here's a few hints to guide you in your dropping. First, don't "over-think" the action of dropping. Spontaneity will help the "flow to go."

Don't drop more than you can handle. In other words, don't try to be a macho and drop two tabs of double hit sunshine if you aren't prepared to flow with it for at least a couple of days.

Try to stay active either physically or mentally. Acid creates a lot of energy and unless there is a release for this energy, frustration can set in. An energy "release valve" will also help produce a better trip. With experience you can learn what you can and can't do under acid and after time you will be able to channel your energy into constructive areas.

Another way to expend energy is to rap with good friends. This is one of the more enjoyable actions of an acid cruise. You'll be surprised at how deep your conversations get. What all this means is—get a lot of rest if you're planning a drop; build up an energy supply because you're going to need it.

I guess I don't have to tell you to stay away from the pigs. No use bumming yourself out by getting busted. Sitting in a jail cell straight is bad enough, but on acid—bummer. As for acid itself, if you aren't sure about a batch of acid you might have scored, drop a half or quarter hit the first time, so you can "see" how it is. If you like it, you can drop a full hit the next time you go up. If you get bummed out, have the junk analyzed or throw it away...no use keeping poison around.

Lastly, LSD is a powerful drug and that fact should never be forgotten, if you don't think you can handle it, don't do it.

"Wow, that cat is really far out."

"Yeah, I know...it's really a crack up watching him."

"I'm Captain Nemo of the Space Brigade."

"Say, man, what are you on?"

"I'm on the planet Saturn 'cause I'm Captain Nemo of the Space Brigade."

"That dude must be on some strong acid."

"I'm hip. He's really up there."

"Wow man, look at all the squares. Hiya squares! What ya got in your lunch boxes? Don't try to deny the whole thing because I saw it and I'm Captain Nemo of the Space Brigade and I see everything."

"The lucky dog. . ."

—Steve Tatsukawa

JOINT COMMUNICATIONS

This letter is being written to inform the people of the community that the Youth Authority system is not what some of the state officials say it is. You may ask how I know this: well, you see, I'm an inmate at one of those institutions.

I am presently incarcerated at the Youth Training School located at Chino, California. I have been here since the first part of November, 1971, and will be here until November of '73 or longer. You see, it is up to the staff here to determine if they think you are ready to make it in society. They still must send me to the Youth Authority Board once a year, as required by state and federal law, but they can recommend to the board that a person be given more time and the board will usually go along with it. This has happened to me in the past, and I think that it might happen again.

You see, a person's life inside of an institution isn't all fun and games as some state officials would like the community to think. It is hard for a young man to go through a day without running into a situation that would get him a lot of time. We are forced to live with people that under any other circumstance we would never associate with. If we refuse to mix with these people, we are considered to be bucking the program, or not conforming to institutional policy. If you associate with just your friends or the people that you get along with well, you are considered grouping, and consequently, not conforming.

But this is not the hardest part for the person to put up with. Probably the hardest part of obtaining a police record is the man's eventual release from the institution. About 75% of the wards that leave an institution have nothing to look forward to once they are released from custody, and the eventual outcome is that it will just be a matter of weeks or months before he is back in again. You see what I am talking about is the man that goes out on the self-parole. Nine times out of ten this man has no home to go to, no job to go to, and the parole officer gives him a certain amount of time to set him-

self up or he will go back.

For a young man that is getting out on self-parole this is usually why he comes back. He spends days and weeks looking for a job but because he is on parole an employer is reluctant to hire him. It makes no difference that the man is on a Youth Authority parole, the employer only sees the word "parole" and suddenly there isn't a job for him. Well, after a man has gone through about a week of this he just about gives up hope of ever being able to obtain employment anywhere. So he goes back to the only thing he knows how to do: it may be doing armed robberies, or selling dope, but whatever it is, he still must do something to survive, and it is usually illegal.

I'm not very good at writing my feelings, I usually like to say it to the person's face, but seeing how that isn't possible at this time, this will have to do. I hope that this letter will at least make a few people sit up and take notice. If only one person does it, then this will have served a purpose. If not, it will have all been in vain, and I will have to keep on trying.

So, people of the community, please for the sake of all of us in these places look into it. All that the people in here want and ask is for a chance to live like normal human beings. For those of you who have sons or daughters in one of these places this is especially directed to you. Help your kids, they may seem reluctant at first because they have learned through trial and error to be careful. And eventually they even start to become leary of their own family even though they don't want to. This is just their way of protecting themselves. Try for their sake to break that wall down. It is the only thing that will save your children from a life of heartbreak and anguish.

Thank you for letting me take part of your time. I only hope and pray that it might have done some good for someone somewhere.

An inmate who is still trying to make it,
Robert Turco

My name is Julius Lopez and I'm here doing time in Y.T.S., a state institution. I'm one of the brothers of the Asian Academic Group.

While I'm here, I realize that the Black and Chicano generation in here and outside, are getting themselves together finding out their true backgrounds and how it has been taken from them and how it really was.

As for the Whitey, "I don't give a damn!" They're still trying to keep themselves together. "But it's going to end."

But the main thing I want to tell you is that there is one more group of non-white people that I know is left out and that I know, will get it together also, and that's us the third world people.

We share a common history—one of oppression, degradation and poverty. We share a common enemy. And we share a common goal—liberation.

I know my generation has been used and that things have been taken from us or destroyed. When I get out I'm going to try and get something started in here and outside to get my peoples, Brothers and Sisters, together. So that we'll all know the truth about what has happened in the past and now.

Also so that the young Brothers and Sisters of my generation of today, will not make the mistake like my older generation that has been brainwashed, by who we know as the enemy. I also know that it is the time and it is necessary for us to learn the true things that have been hidden from us for years.

The things I've just said should be studied by my generation also in here and outside.

So I'll end here by saying:

We'll get things together,
"One way or another"
All Power—Julius Lopez

To All My Asian Family,

You young folk, especially, are truly tomorrow's leaders—but how can the blind lead the blind? If you don't prepare yourselves for your future it will be difficult to do so when your future catches up with you. Believe me, as I sit here in this cell writing you this note, I know what I'm saying.

Look only in your hearts for something to identify with. Identifying yourself with others is cheap. Surely you value yourself above all things. Treat yourself so.

This is no life for any human being. If you are up to doing anything that will put you into this life, stop, and ask yourself if your benefits are worth the investment you're making. By all means "if you're diggin' what you're doing, go right on doing what you're diggin'."

All Power,
Brudde Cecil

Asian Joint Communications will be raffling off a \$300 waterbed for one buck a shot, plus other assorted prizes. The waterbed is elevated, Spanish styled, custom designed by David Takashima of "Magic Mushroom Waterbeds," and has a life-time guarantee mattress. Considering this is a combination raffle, pot-luck, and jam-session—you can't lose for just a buck!

The Waterbed raffle, pot-luck, and jam session will be held at the Long Beach Community Center (1766 Seabright, in Long Beach) on March 11, 1972, from 5 p.m. until who knows when?!

Proceeds of this raffle will go into the Joint Communications fund to continue our programs, and toward the attainment of an Asian Halfway House.

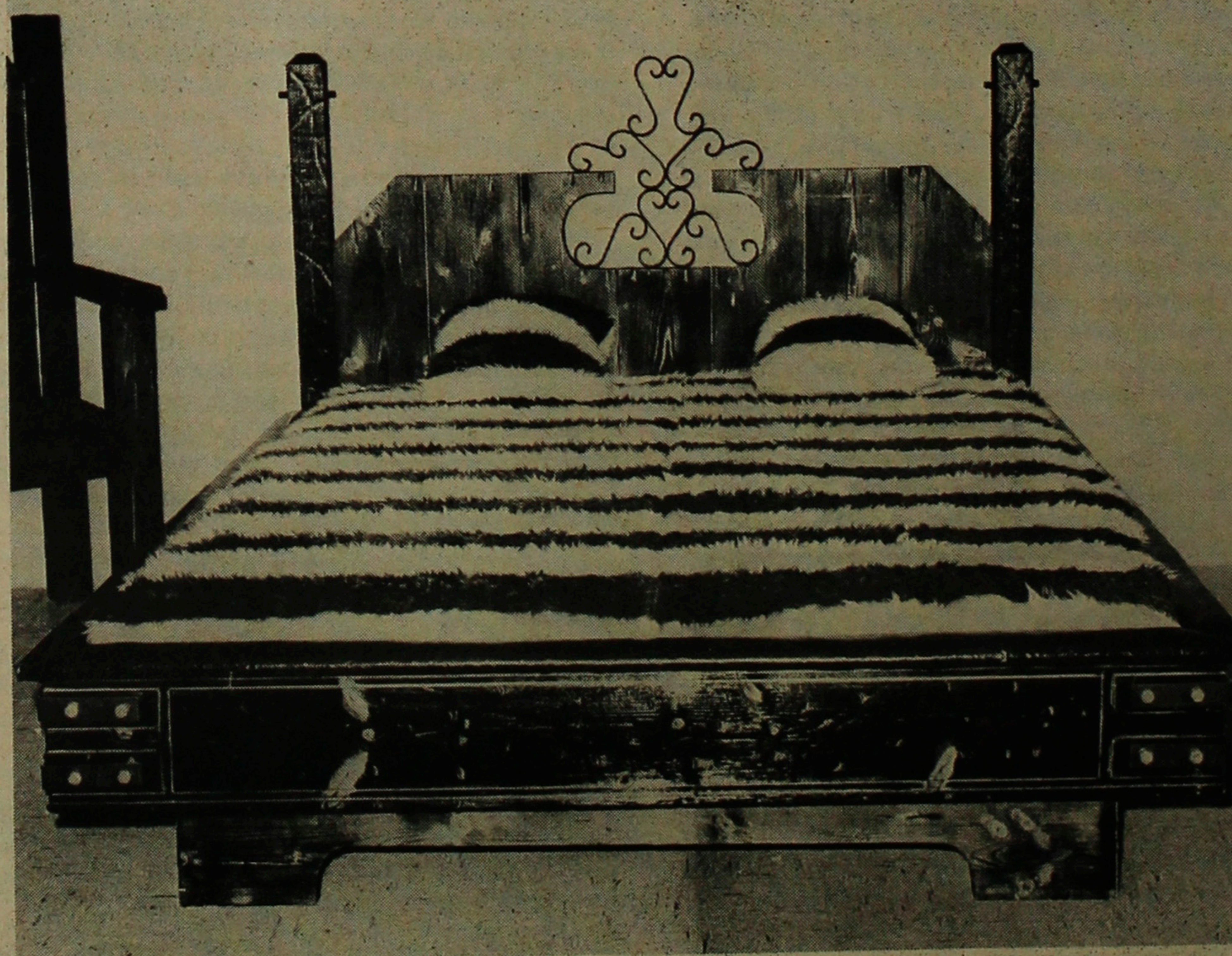
Recently, Joint Communications (Los Angeles) and the group from Long Beach (Cal State LB—Asian Studies) have united to collectivize our struggle and work. The brothers and sisters from Long Beach have been working with the brothers at C.R.C. (California Rehabilitation Center). By this union we will be able to have further out-reach. This out-reach is extended in two directions, the institutions and the community. We are making efforts to link up with other Asian groups working within the penal system throughout California.

Joint Communications will continue our policy to keep the community informed about our programs, etc.

This fun-filled event will be our first joint effort since we have linked up. We hope you will come out and mingle with old friends, make new ones and help create the fun. Oh yeah—don't forget to bring your instruments too!

To obtain a raffle ticket or for further information contact Joint Communications L.A., JACS-AI, at 689-4413, or J.C. Long Beach at 498-4228 (Naomi Uyeda, EOP office), or 692-8127 (Arleen Kawagoye, LB Studies).

The immaculate, originally designed \$300 waterbed is being donated by David Takashima of, "Magic Mushroom Waterbeds," located at 2319 Garfield Avenue, Monterey Park (phone 728-0705).



\$300 waterbed to be raffled off by Asian Joint Communications to benefit Asians in the penal institutions.

Big Facts About

SMALL CLAIMS COURT

Small Claims is a special court where you may quickly enforce certain of your small but important legal rights. It was created to keep costs low and save time in thousands of cases involving small sums.

In the Small Claims Court a judge hears and decides your case. Neither you nor the person you sue may have a lawyer to help you in this court. If you want or need the services of a lawyer, you may elect to file suit in a municipal court. The person who sues is the plaintiff; the one who is sued is the defendant.

You may bring one basic kind of case to a Small Claims Court, this for the recovery of money not exceeding \$500. You may seek money from someone who owes you for the infliction of a personal injury, property damage, goods sold, money loaned, a bad check, a dented fender, and other similar monetary claims. You may not sue for the return of specific property or the performance of services.

If your claim is substantially more than \$500, you may want to speak to a lawyer about taking it to a municipal or superior court where larger claims may be tried. If you wish to remain in Small Claims Court, you may only do so by foregoing that part of your claim over \$500.

You must sue in the Small Claims Court in the judicial district where the defendant, or any one of the persons you are suing, lives. If you are suing a business firm, the suit must be filed in the court for the judicial district where the firm is located.

If, however, the claim is on a contract (a promise to pay money for work done) you may bring suit in the judicial district where the defendant originally agreed to pay you. Or, if it is a claim for injuries to you, or for damage to your personal property, then you may sue him in the judicial district where the accident or damage took place.

You start an action in the Small Claims Court by filling out a form and paying the clerk a fee of \$2.00. The clerk there will help you. In this form you are the plaintiff, and the person you are suing is the defendant.

Bring the following to the clerk's office to fill out the form:

- The full name and address of each defendant.
- If you are suing a firm owned by one person then have his name, the name of his business, and the business address.
- If you are suing a partnership, then have the names of all the partners as well as the firm name and address.
- If you are suing a corporation, have the correct name of the firm, such as "Porky Pig Company, a Corporation." Get the full corporate name and address of its main office if it is a California corporation. In order to find out if it is a corporation, call the office of the County Clerk. If you cannot get the necessary information, you should call or write to the Secretary of State in Sacramento, 111 Capitol Mall, Sacramento 95814, (916) 445-2900.
- If a claim arises out of a car accident, name the driver of the other car as well as its registered owner and their addresses. If you do not already have this information, you may acquire it by obtaining a copy or looking at the police report which was compiled as a result of the accident. If there was no police report, you can get the name of the registered owner of the other vehicle by either writing to the Department of Motor Vehicles in Sacramento or visiting your local DMV office. When inquiring of the DMV, all you need is the license number of the car in question. You have to reimburse the local office of the DMV the price of the phone call to Sacramento, but if you

write, you must send 75 cents and a self-addressed envelope to D.M.V., Box 1319, Sacramento, California 95206, asking them the name of the registered owner.

f. State how much money you seek to recover, report that you have demanded payment and that it has been refused.

g. When you sign your name to the form, be sure of your statements because you state under penalty of perjury that the facts given are correct.

The form also contains a court order which the clerk signs, directing the defendant to come for trial on a certain day and time. A copy of this must be served on the defendant. The law does not permit you to serve it yourself, but it may be served in any of the following ways:

- By a marshal, sheriff, or anyone 18 years of age or over who is not a party to the action. He must personally hand the paper to the defendant. Your process server signs a "declaration of service" and delivers it to the court clerk before the trial. You must advance the server's fee if it is a peace officer whom you are having serve the paper—the clerk will tell you whom to see regarding what the advance fee is. (Normally \$3.00 and \$.70 per mile.)
- By the clerk through certified mail, but effective service requires the signature of defendant (a corporation cannot be served by mail). The fee for this mailing is \$1.50 for each person served.

In some cases, the defendant may want to file a "counter-claim" against you, stating that you owe him

a certain sum of money. The Small Claims Court will retain jurisdiction to hear the case upon the filing of the counter-claim by the defendant if it does not exceed \$500.

If the defendant has a counter-claim against the plaintiff for more than \$500, he may elect to sue the plaintiff in the Civil Court. Upon the filing of a proper affidavit of the facts involved by the defendant, and an order of the Court, the Small Claims Court will transfer the original case to the other court in which the defendant has filed his complaint.

At the trial, both plaintiff and defendant should be prepared to present all books, papers, receipts, repair estimates, and witnesses to prove their side of the case.

The clerk, upon request will issue subpoenas for both you and the defendant ordering any witnesses you desire to come to court, or ordering persons in possession of evidence to bring them to court.

A subpoenaed person is entitled to a fee and money for mileage. This fee must be demanded by the person subpoenaed at the time of service. The fee is \$12.00 a day and 20 cents per mile one way to the courthouse. The process server must pay it if requested and may recover the fee from the person who had the subpoena issued. You are allowed to make the service of these subpoenas yourself.

When the judge calls the case, the plaintiff will first tell the facts he knows and call his witnesses. Then he will present any papers or other evidence he or his witnesses have. The defendant then gets his turn to put on his evidence in a similar manner. Both sides may cross examine the other's witnesses.

The judge's main job is to determine what the facts are. Tell the judge and don't argue with him or with the other side. When the judge asks you a question, make your answer direct and to the point. When the other side is presenting his facts, remain silent until he has finished unless the judge asks you a specific question.

After hearing the case, the judge sometimes gives

a judgment at once. But he may want to think it over or review points of law. He may then take the case under "submission." If so, the Court will notify the parties in writing of the decision later.

If the judge decides in favor of the plaintiff, the clerk will enter a judgment against the defendant. It may be deferred for a brief period of time (a "stay").

The payments go to the winning party directly. Neither the judge nor the clerk collects the money for you. Demand payment yourself by letter, telephone, or in person.

If the losing party neglects or refuses to pay the judgment, then you may ask the clerk to issue a "writ of execution." (fee, \$1.50) The writ which you get from the clerk orders the Marshal to seize and sell certain of the losing party's property and pay the money to "satisfy the judgment." To use such a writ effectively, the Marshal needs to know the name and address of the debtor's place of work, or the location of his bank account or other assets. An abstract of judgment, which the clerk will supply (fee, \$1.50), is used to attach or garnish the wages of any person employed by a state, county or city government. The abstract is then filed with the payroll agency or auditor of the particular government office. You pay this auditor a fee of \$2.50 for his services when you file the abstract and the declaration.

A different kind of abstract of judgment is also used to place a "lien" (a judicial attachment) on the judgment debtor's real property by filing it with the recorder of the county where the real property is located. The judgment debtor cannot sell his real property with-

out paying the lien.

If, after demand, the judgment has not been paid in full, you may get an "order of examination" to question the debtor about his place of employment and other assets. This will require the judgment debtor to come into court and be placed under oath before being questioned by you.

All the forms necessary for any of the above procedures are available at the Small Claims Court.

If the defendant wins on a counter-claim against you, he has the same rights to enforce his judgment against you.

The winning party is also entitled to recover from the losing party his court costs and the costs of issuing the writ of execution as well as the fees of the Marshal, witness fees, and mileage and filing fees. A memorandum of such costs must be filed with the court clerk to be added to the amount of such judgment. It must be accompanied by proof of service of a copy of the memorandum on the losing party, to show that he has notice of these additional costs.

Win or lose, the plaintiff cannot appeal a Small Claims Court Judgment to a higher court, but a losing defendant may appeal to the Superior Court within 20 days after judgment. To do so, he must file written notice of appeal, serve you with a copy, post an appeal bond, and deposit a fee with the Small Claims clerk to be sent to the Superior Court.

The case will be retried by a department of the Superior Court. In this procedure, nothing of what took place in the Small Claims Court will be known to the Superior Court Judge trying the case anew, so you must be prepared to present all of your facts and have all of your necessary witnesses present again.

If the case is tried anew in the Superior Court, either party may have the services of an attorney to present or defend his or her case.

—Asian American Legal Services

INSIDE COOK COUNTY JAIL

30 Aug. 1970 Cook County Jail—Chicago, Ill. 2:30 p.m.

Yesterday afternoon, we all went to the large prison yard and participated in the weekly Saturday show. It was my first; it was mindblowing in some ways.

When you see 2,000 black brothers in one place, you *feel* their power. It feels like a regiment, even without any weapons or other fancy military ware. We march in a line of two's, all strong brothers. (I never cease being amazed at the physical fitness of the black brothers.) When G-3 walked out of the jail structure into the large, grassy yard, it felt like a platoon of elite soldiers marching into a huge stadium for a review. I shared in that powerful atmosphere. Proudly, I was walking that Japanese walk, shoulders naturally down, chest forward, my gait wide and precise. All the brothers every one of them, are taller and heavier than me, but let me tell you, I felt mighty proud, strong—and very Japanese. I dug it!

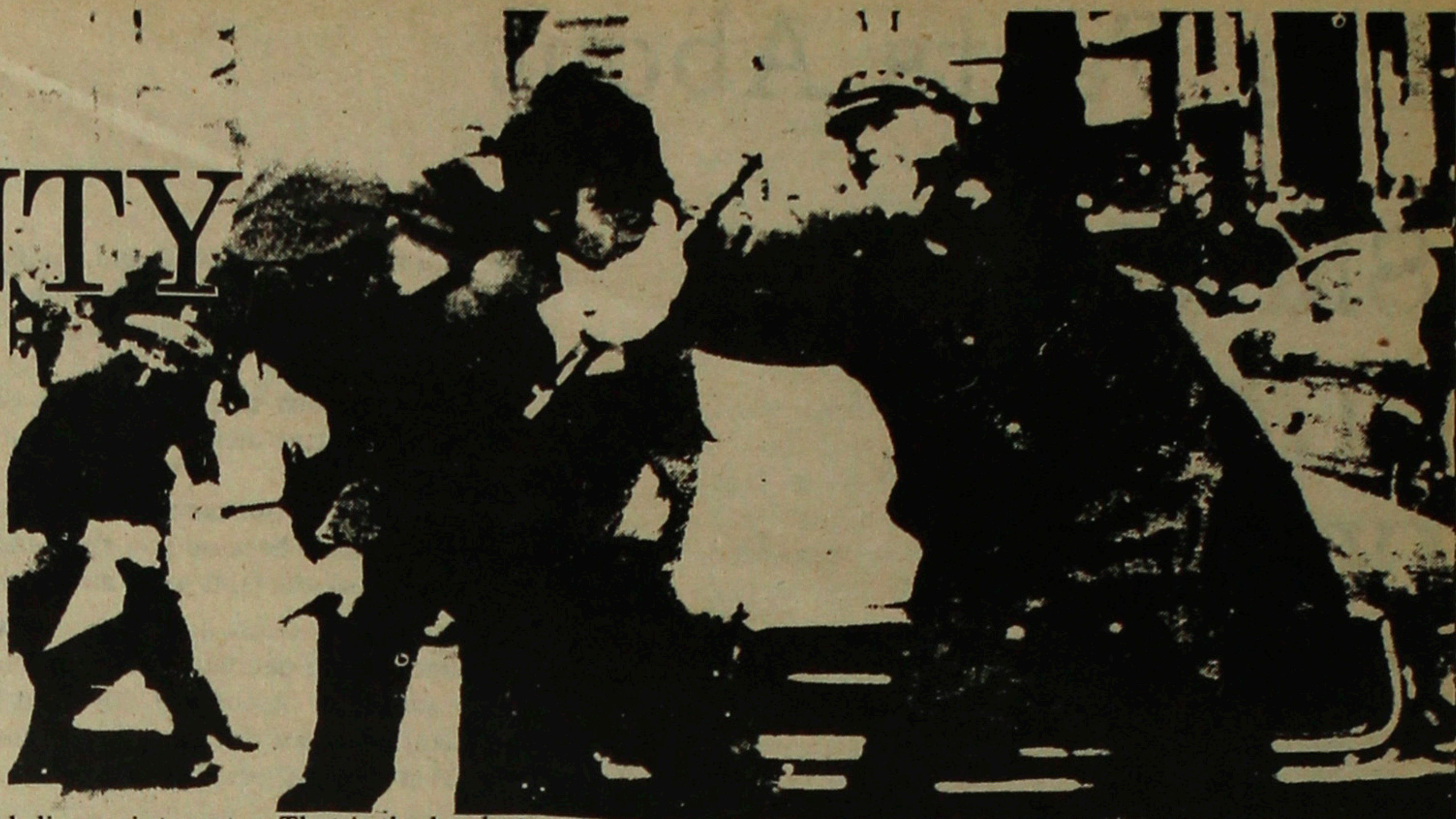
Then, shortly after we were seated, 75 or so sisters came out. We went wild! Beautiful sisters. Strong sisters! All our hearts, and horniness too, go out, trying to reach them, if only spiritually. Such a bond exists here. (News reports on the radio right now, as I am writing this in my cell: one black brother offed in the Westside; several Black Disciple brothers arrested after a mini-riot; one person killed by the police in the Chicano rebellion in L.A.; two explosions in Washington D.C. Portuguese and Rhodesian embassies by Revolutionary Action Party (RAP??); police officer assassinated in Philadelphia. The war is really on heavily.)

I begin to get into the music provided at first by bands and groups (six in all) formed by the inmates here. All of them are quite good, and really spirited; two of them are fantastic. Then, two well-known black dance groups, a singer named Garlan Green, a team of jazz musicians (one of whom is called Sonny Stitt, whom every inmate around me considers to be a great musician) shared themselves with us.

It begins to dawn on me little by little, and then hits me like if I were on a heavy trip. The reality of mass black national culture. I saw it in the words of encouragement that the brothers shouted out to the artists on the stage: "Go Stitt, go. Get it on! Yeah! You are down! Do it, Jack!" and numerous other words—. Hearing thousands of voices and cries that the brothers gave out, transferring the life-energy onto the artists on the stage, and the great artists responding through the medium of a dance or a saxophone; seeing my celly Herman, his wrinkled face break out into smiles and laughter of pure joy, his eyes shining like those of a child; sharing in the obvious ecstasy of a middle-aged black drummer (a giant of a man who may spend another decade or two in the State Pen) accompanying with all his body and heart and soul his hero and a brother musician Sonny Stitt; listening to the 2000 inmates applauding to the fine points of jazz at exactly the same moments, as if by precise prior arrangement; seeing the brothers practically swooning over the fine, painful and powerful movements of a male dancer as he writhingly and slowly raised himself from the ground; and finally, feeling the obvious respect and affection that the big-time artists felt for their flesh and blood who are now being incarcerated—experiencing all this made me feel, physically feel, the greatness of the emerging Black Nation, and the reality of popular black national culture. It was as if all the black brothers and sisters there (inmates, the artists, social workers, and guards even) belong to each other, tied together by thousands of threads, visible and feelable only to themselves. The greatness and tragedy of it all is such that it makes me want to cry. I remembered a passage in Brother Malcolm's Autobiography:

We shed our tears for the brother, and gave him our music and tears while he was alive. If he wasn't wept for and given our music and flowers, then well, now there is no need because he is no longer aware. (p. 224).

I received a letter from mom with a money order for \$30. I wrote a reply immediately without directly dealing with a sting, pain, and warmth I felt from her in the letter. She still thinks of me as a bad son who disappoints, hurts, and causes her trouble after trouble. "What can a mother say to a son in prison? . . . I had no more tears left to shed for you.... Your marriage break-up, quitting teaching, call from the FBI, learning of your part in Chicago affairs, I don't think you'll ever know how much these events caused me mental anguish the last year and half. Without your brother to give me some support, I could not have survived all this. Just the same, a parent cannot stop loving a son because he brings



sorrow and disappointments. That is the hardest part.... It's not easy to keep my spirits up. . . I am glad that you made many friends of Japanese Americans in recent months. They seem so willing to help, so concerned about you. I feel very thankful to them and to your lawyers in Chicago. How do I thank them? There is no way I can repay them for their kindness. . . Let me know what you need. I don't know where you have your clothes (I mean your winter clothes like sweaters and coats) but I hope you have them put away for the time you get out. It will be very cold in January in Chicago and those things cost money. Take care of yourself and stay well. You know we will be all waiting for the day you can come home."

I'm living the only way I can. Jail is the price I pay for living the way I want to. Death is a price I may have to pay for daring to be me.

I don't regret or miss the Ph.D., the \$12,000 job, a deadened marriage. I'm not making any sacrifices. This is not some bourgeois morality game. *That much* I can say.

I'm fighting and living for myself for the first time. Revolution is a drag in lots of ways. I wish I didn't have to make it. I feel together enough to live forever, and enjoy it. I don't dig on the statistical-political probability that I won't be around five, ten years from now.

But to say that is abstract. Imperialism, racism,—this Babylon—exists. To continue to change myself, to live more and more fully, I must continue to fight, to

survive.

The brothers here, though they're not revolutionaries by any means, are teaching me a valuable truth: to say, "Fuck you!" to the Amerikkkan way of life, to live the way you want to is a serious business. It's a 24 hour, total thing. It means you are compelled to risk dying (being offed) everyday. None of this safe, polite, gradual, half-way shit will do.

So, I'm beginning to dig myself a little, to feel alive a little.

I don't have any apologies.

But, the hurt and the pain and unhappiness I cause in mom—I can give all the historical-political-moral-psychological explanation / analyses / excuses to prove that I'm not responsible. But the reality is that I hurt her, I have disappointed her. She has her "rights," given what *her* biography-history has been, and given where her head is at right now. And given all that, I've hurt her, and not repaid (responded) to her in the way she has the "right" to expect and hope for. I cannot do otherwise, cannot live in such a way as to make her happy about me, now. Things could change, but they may not. If not, then, my happiness was "built upon" causing her a further misery.

I can't really feel guilty about it. The least and the most I could do is to let myself feel the full pain and sadness of what has happened with us.

—Shin'ya Ono

'SEA OF DISCONTENT'

How many assaults occurring on a high school campus are necessary to cause the problem to be labeled critical? How many people must be maimed, injured, robbed, raped, and intimidated before some indifferent administrator or bureaucrat will be moved to positive action? Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty assaults? What magic number will bring forth comments other than: the L.A. High problem is not as bad as that of other schools?

From September, 1971 to December of the same year, there has been eleven cases of assaults on teachers and thirty-seven cases on students on the Los Angeles High School campus. When such statistics were brought to the attention of the administration, the standard bureaucratic reply was, "We don't have funds to employ additional security personnel and we can't spare a clerk from her regular duties to operate the emergency intercom." It was suggested that the problem be brought to the Board of Education by letter. More red tape to be cut! Yes, perhaps, next year some measures may be taken in reply to the request. Meanwhile, how many parents will send their offspring to school when their safety is threatened by even going to the bathrooms? How many of these offspring will want to go to school? How much learning will take place when students are frightened and concerned about their personal safety?

Another approach was taken. An appeal was made to community leaders and other personnel higher in the educational bureaucracy. With irate teachers, concerned parents, frightened students in attendance, more than one bureaucrat stated that assaults, a normal occurrence in schools, must be dealt with by the individual. Never was it a requirement to be a karate expert to attend high school or to acquire a teaching credential. No positive commitments were made by the school officials. Nothing was offered except an excess of verbage.

Those who aired the assault problem at Los Angeles High were harassed, reprimanded, and otherwise intimidated by school administrators. They were told that they failed to follow proper procedures and that the community should not have been involved. After all, who are the community? They're just the peons who pay taxes to support the bureaucracy.

The students of Los Angeles High School formed a coalition and decided that assaults didn't arise out of racial misunderstanding or malice, but the assaults evolved from a steaming sea of discontent and frustrations with the system. Assemblies were denied to them.

Requests for taking lunch benches out of storage and more trash cans were denied. Each time some bureaucratic excuse was given. The movers are too busy and the administration is still looking for the trash cans. Festering in this sea of discontent was the knowledge that the curriculum did not meet the student's needs.

On Monday evening, February 7, 1972, concerned parents, students, teachers, and community people, three hundred in number, confronted school administrators with a list of proposals to enrich the existing program. Once again, no positive commitments were made. When pressured by an angry parent, one administrator said, "I'll take that point under advisement." Another's reply was nothing but a flood of meaningless verbage, a mass of generalities.

What techniques must be used to cure the deafness of bureaucracy? Must the criminal elements of Los Angeles High increase? Must the severity of the crimes be more bizarre to get acknowledgement of their mere existence? After all, some high schools have been burnt twelve times a year; others have been repeatedly bombed. Will the problems of Los Angeles High have to reach such proportions to merit recognition?

Mrs. Sue W. Tso
Los Angeles High School teacher
[on maternity leave]



RECIPES

CHASU

TODAY'S PIG IS TOMORROW'S

2 LBS. PORK BUTT OR PORK LOIN CUT IN STRIPS
(PORK BUTT IS USUALLY CHEAPER BUT NOT AS TENDER)
MARINATE IN BASE MADE WITH:

- 1 t. RED BEAN CURD OR HOI SIN SAUCE
- 3 T FULL SUGAR
- 3 T SHOYU (SOY SAUCE)
- 1/2 t. AJINOMOTO
- 1/4 t. FIVE SPICES
- 2 t. SALT
- 2 SLICES GINGER, 1 GARLIC
- 1 T RED FOOD COLORING

BAKE FOR 1 HR.
AT 300°

FEED MORE FOR LESS

CHILI BEANS DE AZUSA

- 2 CANS KIDNEY BEANS
- 1 LB. FRESH GROUND ROUND
- 2 12 OZ. CANS OF TOMATO SAUCE
- 1 DICED ONION
- 1 CAN WHOLE KERNAL CORN
- 1 LB. CHEDDAR CHEESE
- 1 PKG. FLOUR TORTILLAS OR THREE CUPS OF RICE

FIRST YOU COOK THE MEAT IN A DEEP COOKING POT,
THEN ADD DICED ONIONS. NEXT ADD THE KIDNEY BEANS,
TOMATO SAUCE & CORN. SIMMER FOR 10 MIN. THEN ADD
CHEESE ON TOP OF CHILE. SERVE WITH TORTILLAS OR
OVER RICE. SERVES 6.

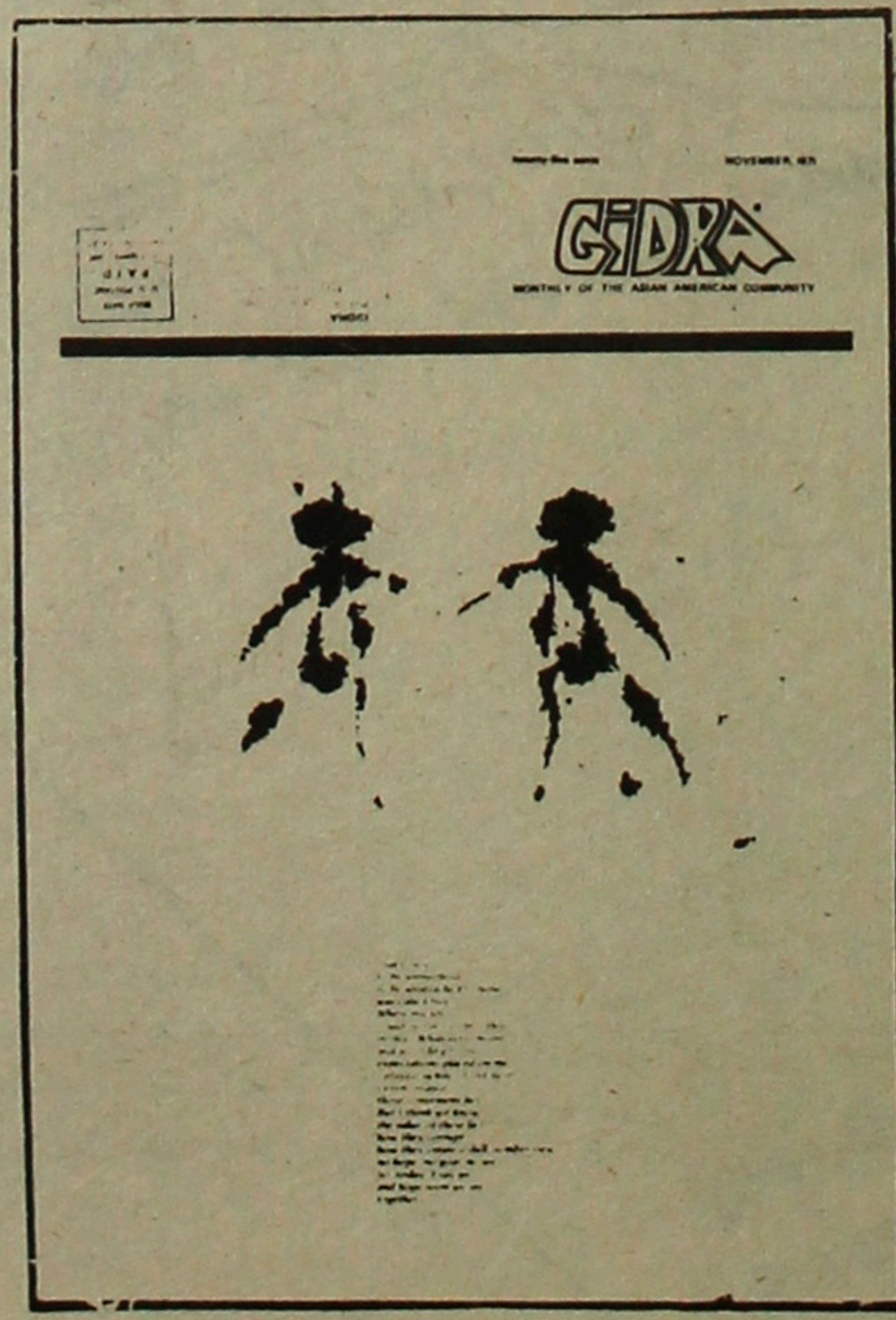
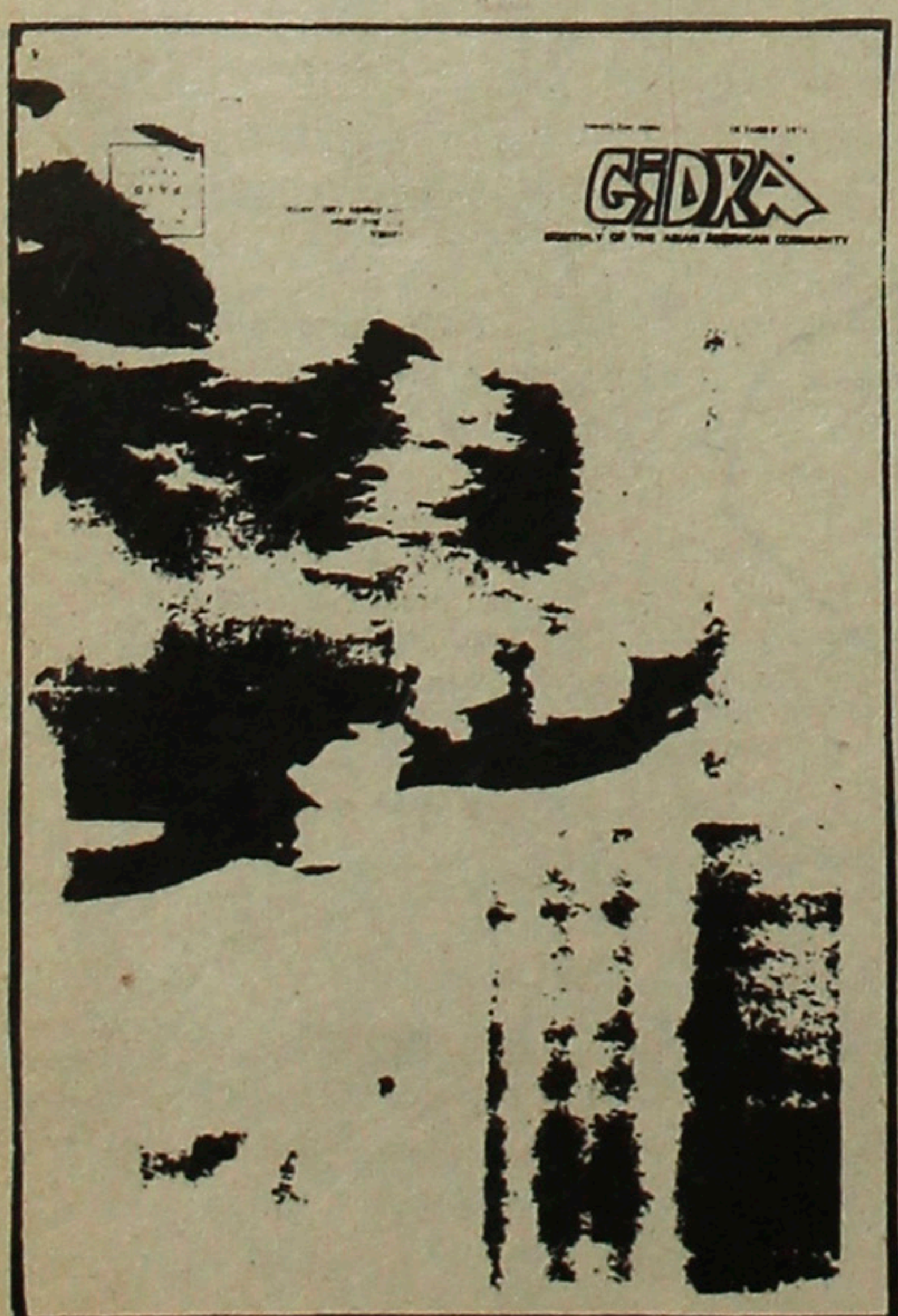
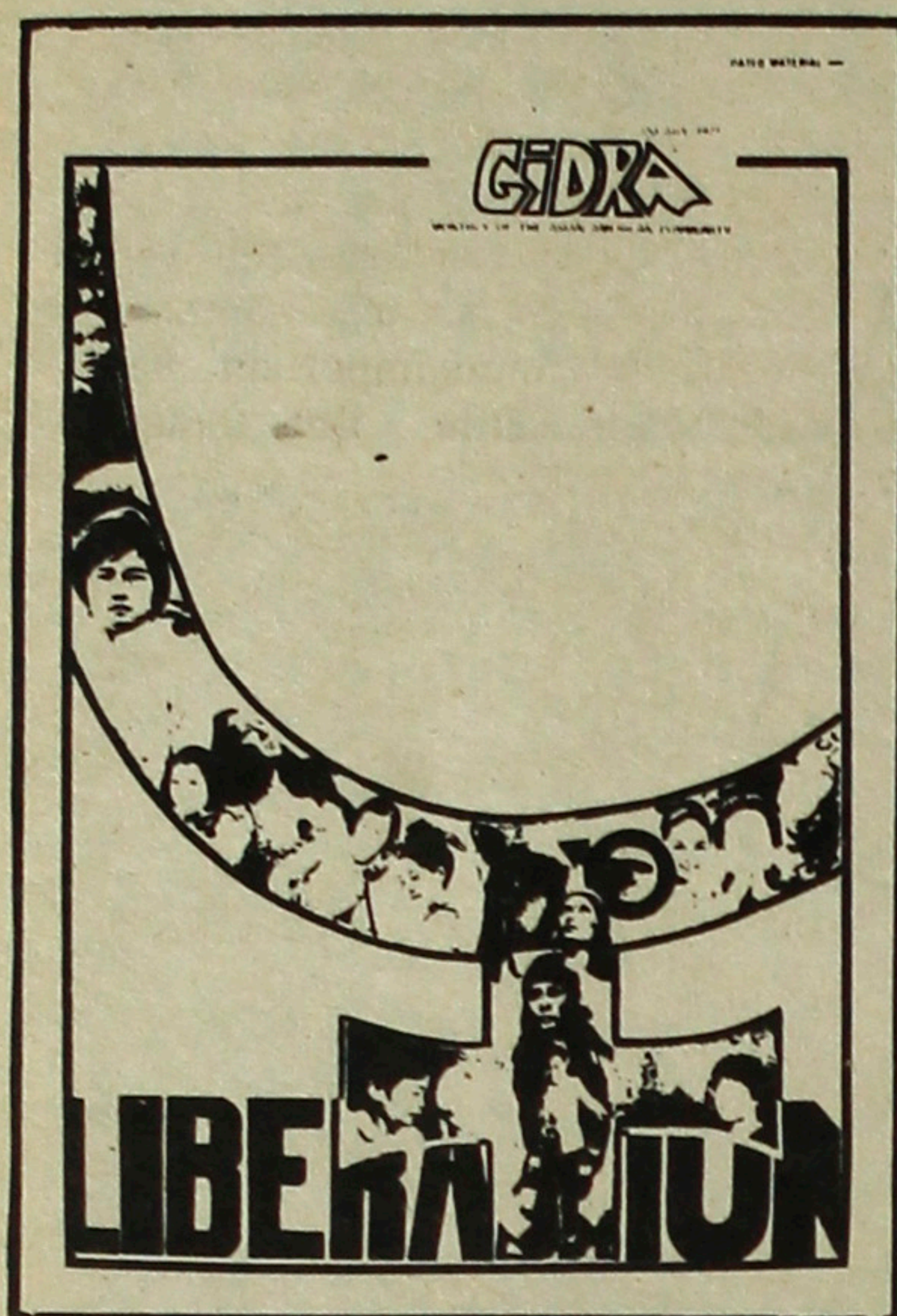
CHICKEN WINGS

(APPROX. 49¢ PER POUND)

- 3 1/2 LBS. CHICKEN WINGS
- 4 T FLOUR
- 8 T CORN STARCH
- 4 T SUGAR
- 2 T CHOPPED GREEN ONIONS
- 1/2 T GARLIC (CHOPPED OR GRATED)
- 5 T SALT
- 1/2 T SHOYU (SOY SAUCE)
- 1/2 t. AJINOMOTO
- 2 EGGS

COMBINE ALL INGREDIENTS AND MIX. THEN ADD CHICKEN
WINGS AND MARINATE FOR AT LEAST 2 HRS. MIX EVERY
60 SECS. DEEP FRY.

Gidra is black & white & read all over!



Gidra: Monthly of the Asian-American Community. Vol. 3, No. 2, February 1971. Individuals, \$2.50; institutions, \$5. P.O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, Calif. 90018.

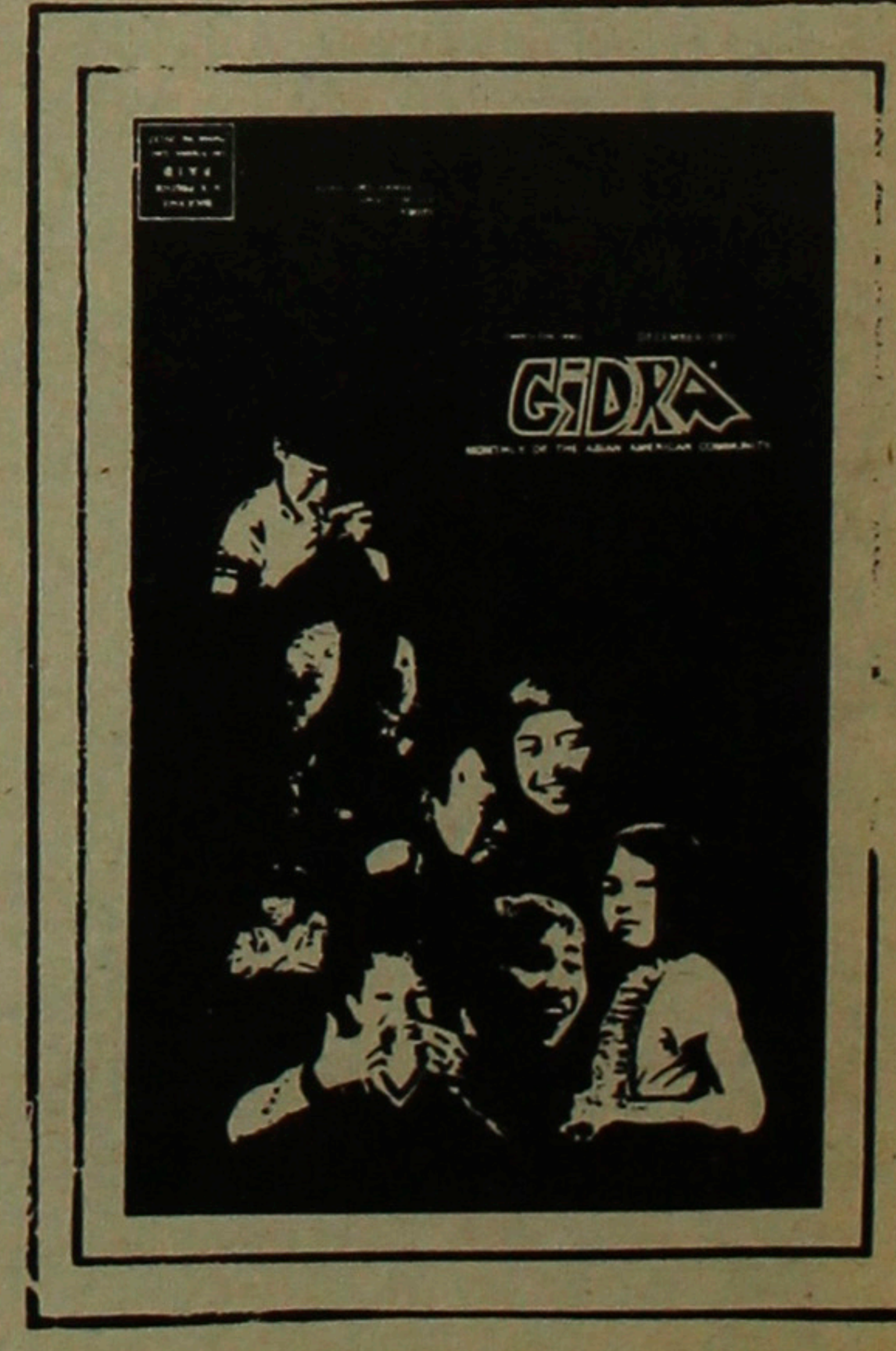
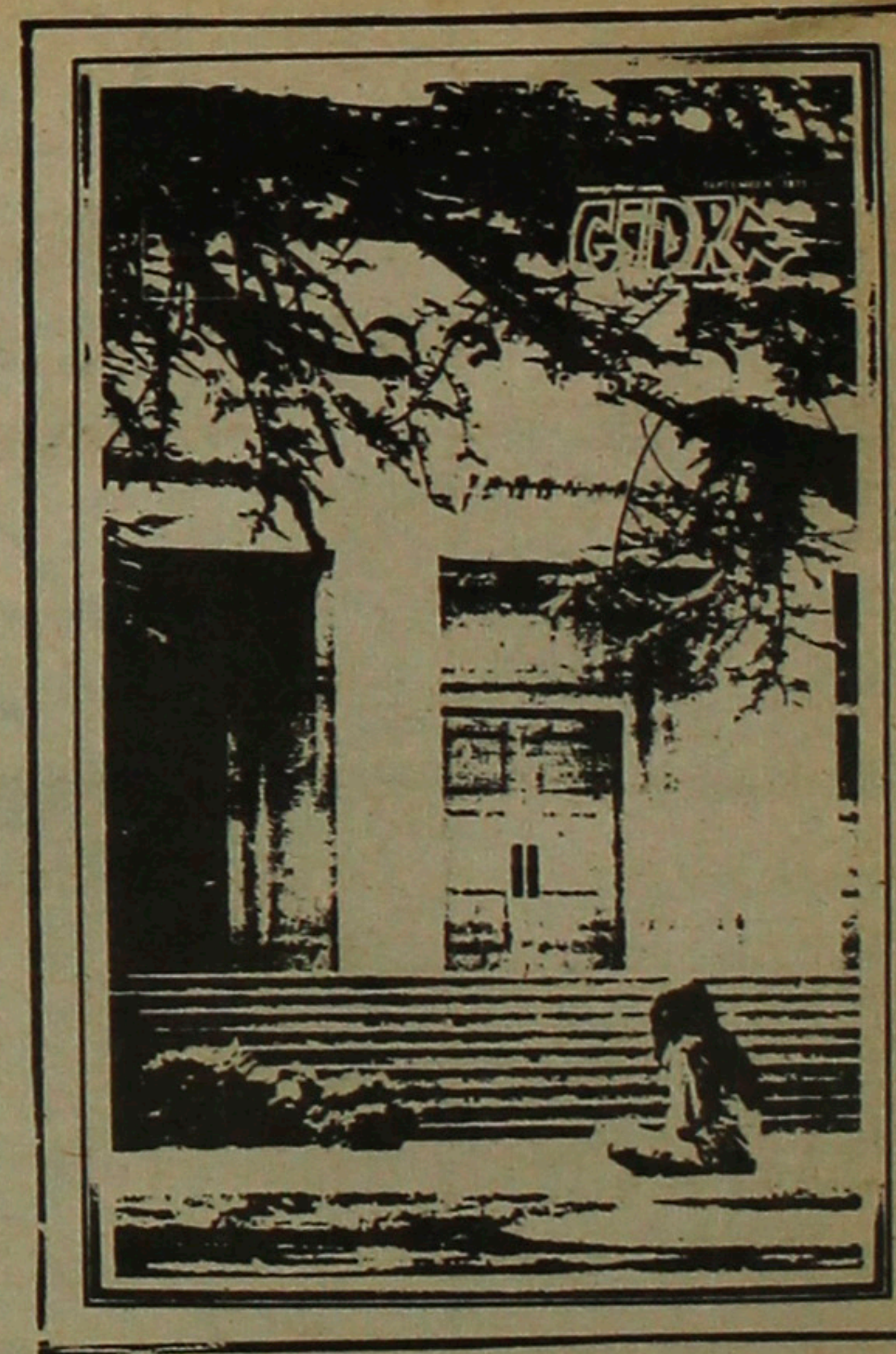
If blacks and Chicanos have cause for anger at their treatment in this land of "liberty and justice for all," so do Asian-Americans. It was only in 1943 that Chinese were finally permitted to become naturalized citizens; the Japanese waited until 1952. The earliest Asian immigrants suffered lynchings, beatings, burnings, expulsions, and other forms of terror and humiliation. White entrepreneurs used many as strike-breakers, and even while exploiting them as cheap labor, regaled them with such epithets as "disgusting," "heathen," "filthy," and "undesirable." Anti-Asian racism ultimately manifested itself in the forced internment of nearly 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry, "alien" and native-born alike, in "relocation centers" during World War II.

But that shameful episode did not conclude the long history of persecution and prejudice. It continues in widely held, demeaning stereotypes; in popular expressions like "gook," "slope," and "dink"; in WASPish school texts and curricula that either denigrate or omit the Asian-American experience; in job discrimination; and even in "Yellow Peril," a still-active LC subject heading that can probably be found in library card catalogs throughout the nation. So, like blacks, Chicanos, Indians, and other messed-over ethnic minorities, Asian-Americans have abundant reason to proclaim and invigorate their identity, to assail a system that has sought to emasculate if not destroy them.

Gidra, which began publication in April 1969, effectively voices this new consciousness among Amerasians, simultaneously uncovering a century of wrongs committed by the white majority and enunciating a determination to make the future at once different and better than the past. A "People's Page" prints original verse by Asians sensitively probing both their heritage and present situation; feature articles variously limn aspects of Amerasian history (e.g., "Atrocities against Chinese Americans," "Anti-Asian Legislations"), explore contemporary problems (e.g., drug abuse, suicide, the corporate-military stranglehold on Hawaii, ghettoization, sweat shops, unemployment, self-hate); and chronicle developments within the momentous "Amerasian Movement"—community organization, social programs, political action, legal aid, Asian Studies, employment counseling, etc. Photos and drawings visually interpret the Amerasian scene.

No doubt because of demography, the focus is on the Western states and Hawaii, but much of the material is of general interest and relevance. For all Asian and Ethnic Studies collections, every library serving Amerasian communities, and large public as well as university facilities attempting to fairly represent all segments of the U.S. population.

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Book Review

The Colonizer and the Colonized
by Albert Memmi
Beacon: Boston, 1965
153 pp., \$1.95

Dedication: The American Edition is dedicated to the American Negro, also colonized.

This book is about a concept that we in Amerika have not looked at or even incorporated into our vocabulary: the concept that Amerika is a number of colonies within a single country. The reason for our near-sightedness is that we have been brain-washed into believing this country is not a colonial or neo-colonial empire. But the facts today show otherwise.

A colony is made up of people. Within a colony, the people are systematically deprived of self determination over their own lives by being deprived of power over their history, identity, and political, economic and social institutions. Until the rise of black consciousness here, the Amerikan colonies that came to mind were Puerto Rico, Hawaii and the Phillipines. But the Description fits all national minorities (i.e. Afro-American, Chicano, Puerto Rican, Chinese, Japanese, Native American, etc.) in Amerika. Another aspect of colonialism is the belief in, and the institutionalizing of racial supremacy-racism.

The principal problem facing the national minorities today in the study of their own history is that the events and movements are only descriptions of what happened to the colonized. There is little attempt to understand the position of the colonized; that is, how the colonized think and why. What is missing is a scientific approach to the problem. In physics we are taught that every action has a reaction. In society then, the action: colonization and racism. The reaction: the colonized mentality.

The psychology and psychiatry of today are primarily on family relations. The beliefs, motivations and institutions (i.e. the environment of the individual and family) are not taken to task for our confusions and mental health problems. It is interesting that the two people who have written and tried to explain mental health problems of the colonized mentality through the institutional approach are from the Third World. (Franz Fanon, a Caribbean psychiatrist, wrote *Black Skin, White Mask*, and Albert Memmi, a Tunisian, wrote both *The Colonizer and the Colonized*, and *Dominated Man*.

The Colonizer and the Colonized is 153 pages that is broken down into four sections and includes a preface and an introduction by Jean Paul Sartre. The following is an excerpt from the preface:

"It would be equally untrue to say that my ambition in painting this portrait of one of the major oppressions of our time was to describe oppressed peoples in general: it was not even my intention to write about all colonized people. I was Tunisian, therefore colonized. I discovered that few aspects of my life and my personality were untouched by this fact. Not only my own thoughts, my passions and my conduct, but also the conduct of others towards me was affected."

The first major section of the book is the portrait of the colonizer, broken down into three parts. 1. "Does the colonial exist?" 2. "The colonizer who refuses." 3. "The colonizer who accepts." An excerpt from "Does the colonial exist?" reads: "If the small colonizer defends the colonial system so vigorously, it is because he benefits from it to some extent (white skin privilege). His gullibility lies in the fact that to protect his very limited interests, he protects other infinitely more important ones, of which he, incidentally, is the victim. But, though dupe and victim, he also gets his share."

The second major section is "Portrait of the colonized," also in three parts which include: 1. Mythical portrait of the colonized; 2. Situations of the colonized; and 3. Two answers of the colonized. An excerpt from this section reads: "The ideological aggression which tends to dehumanize and then deceive the colonized finally corresponds to concrete situations which lead to the same result. To be deceived to some extent already, to endorse the myth and then adapt to it, is to be acted upon by it. That myth is furthermore supported by a very solid organization; a government and a judicial system fed and renewed by the colonizer's historic, economic and cultural needs."

The third and last major section is the conclusion. An excerpt from this section states: "The liquidation of colonization is nothing but a prelude to complete liberation, to self-recovery. In order to free himself from colonization, the colonized must start with his oppression, the deficiencies of his group. In order that his liberation may be complete, he must free himself from those ineve-table condition of his struggle."

-Mo Nishida

March						
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
New Amerasia Bookstore hours. Saturday & Sunday open from 10-6 p.m.	GIDRA FORECAST: The month of March should be windy for those of you that might want to go fly a kite. Or get your minds blown.	Don't forget to not give to the United Crusade.	1 The sky is falling! Ten feet of snow will fall on Azusa on this day.	2 Gardena Pioneer Project holds its regular meetings on this night (and every Thursday) at the Gardena Pioneer Center, 15350 S. Western Ave, Soul City. SAMAHAH Pinoy Conference in San Diego, Calif. March 3,4,5.	3 Storefront Movies: 2826 W. Jefferson Blvd. 8 p.m. "Where do our taxes go?" and other films plus speakers.	4 Storefront: Tax Assistance and Service; 1-5p.m. every Sat. Free !!! The Sex Education Committee presents Precious and Few at Blarney's Castle.
5 Gee, I wonder what the Asians that live in the San Gabriel valley are Doing.	6 Asian Sisters Meeting JACS office, 125 Weller St. 7:30 every Monday	7 Today everyone is going to forget something. Like, Uh?	8 How come I never hear anything about J-Flats any more?	9	10 The fabulous Valley Boys are coming into town tonight.	11 Joint Communications present a drawing at Long Beach Community Center, 1766 Seabright, starting with a potluck dinner at 5 p.m. and a jam session at 9 p.m. Chris and JoAnn are supposed to be in San Francisco.
12 What ever happened to the people from Chino? Chris and JoAnn are supposed to be in L.A.	13	14 Alright, all you cosmic kiddies...It's SBAI get together night at the SBAI Drop-in Center. 16408 Western Ave. in wonderful Gardena. 7:30 every Tuesday Deadline for April articles	15 Get ready T.J. Border Officials the Asian Loco's are coming to Wide track town	16 Don't forget to water your plants	17 St. Patricks day So everybody wear red instead of purple. CED 169 'Asian Women in America' is having a party at The Fabulous Cambell Hall, UCLA: BE THERE!!!!	18 HEY BABY! Let's go to Blarney's Castle because the Betas of Cal State LA are throwing a gig.
19 Recovery day from last night	20 Try not to eat rice on this famous Cosmic out of this world day	21 Be my Valentine and meet me at 46th street baby	22 Attention Hawaii: the Asian Loco's on the mainland would like to drive over to meet you and say "Hello"	23 It's going to be so smoggy today you want to start crying about it before you wake up	24 Lowrider's and street-racers annual get acquainted rumble at the fabulous Holiday Bowl after the party	25 S.I.P.A. presents "Tayong Lahat" at Blarney's, from 9:30 on, with Winfield Summit, Soul Concession, and Open Jam. Manzanar Pilgrimage for more info. See page three
26 Recovery day from last night don't forget the things you said	27	28 Ethnic Studies Session at Hilo College on the island of Hawaii--today thru March 30. For more info, contact: Heidi Meeker, 1303 Kalaniana'ole, Hilo, Hawaii 96720	29	30 Passover. Passover the what?	31 Good Friday. Whats so good about it? It's time to relax and enjoy your vacation. So go out and work for your spending money.	and Another Thetas and apes are throwing a dance at guess where? Right! Blarney's Castle.



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