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GIDRA

MONTHLY OF THE ASIAN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

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NOTE TO OUR READERS: Our box number is now 18649 instead of 18046.

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and students at Cal State L.A.

ff. various ads, calendars, and a bonus poem.

The March issue was planned in the middle of January. Article ideas were tossed around and commitments by writers were made. Our staff artists were cooking on the graphic illustrations and layout design. Things were looking good. In fact, we had an abundance of material so this was the first month in which several articles were held for a future issue.

Unfortunately, production for the whole show slowed from our usual moderate jog to a rusty crawl. If you are a regular reader of these eye-straining vignettes you know we habitually list the past month's journo-political headaches. We had them: our typesetter had four (count'em, four) nervous breakdowns at critical times; the articles came in late; and most importantly, we faced confusion from an overall failure of leadership—something we're all responsible for—in the coordinatorship of this issue.

Yawn. These confessions, though meant to be self-critical, often become self-serving. And predictable. When will we learn from them? How long before we implement both the political wherewithall and the open vibes necessary to get better at communicating the idea of change? How long, that is, before we can do what we decide to do? We, and the movement, cannot move much more on just intuition and luck.

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GIDRA ON THE SCENE

Vietnam Cease Fire Violations

VIETNAM— Nearly a month after the Vietnam cease fire agreement was signed, fighting and other cease fire violations continue to be a daily occurrence in South Vietnam. Certain facts can now be established in the confusing situation in Southeast Asia.

—Although Saigon claims that the PRG has violated the cease fire "more than 4000 times," there has not been a single case in which a foreign journalist witnessed PRG forces initiating a violation.

—The Saigon government has deliberately kept reporters and the supervisory teams out of the areas where fighting is said to be going on. Therefore, no unbiased or objective report can come from these areas; just "official" Saigon reports.

—Several foreign journalists have reported that the violations have been due to Saigon attempts to grab more territory after the cease fire.

—Several foreign journalists, including Jacques Leslie of the *L.A. Times*, have been able to freely visit PRG villages witnessing liberated people working hard to reconstruct the devastation caused by the years of war. These journalists have also witnessed unprovoked Saigon attacks.

The responsibility rests with the U.S. government. As General Tra of the PRG pointed out in a meeting of the Joint Military Commission: "As a signatory to the agreement, the U.S. must bear the responsibility for all violations by the Saigon Army. It (the U.S.) cannot shirk its responsibility under the pretext that the cease fire is violated by the Saigon Army. This shirking of responsibility is precisely a factor encouraging the Saigon administration to continue violating the cease fire."

International Solidarity Day for African Prisoners of War.

Beginning in 1970, with the pre-dawn raids on Black Panther Party headquarters throughout the country which resulted in the death of 28 Panthers, it has become increasingly clear that the U.S. government is launching a new series of open attacks in a war against the black movement and community. Episodes of political persecution such as the cases of George Jackson, Private Billy Dean Smith, Angela Davis, and the Attica Massacre continue. Today, large numbers of black brothers and sisters are being imprisoned on dubious charges. There are not enough resources available to defend such a person, such as was done in the Angela Davis and Bobby Seale cases. For this reason, Black leaders and organizations (from Julian Bond to the Black Panther Party) are holding an International Solidarity Day for African Prisoners of War on March 31, 1973; in Jackson, Mississippi. The purpose of the Solidarity Day is to rally support for all persons of African ancestry here and abroad who have been taken prisoner or killed by the U.S. government. Third World people are encouraged to attend.

If anyone is interested in sending letters of solidarity, financial support, or in attending the Solidarity Day, please contact:

International African Prisoner of War
Solidarity Day Committee at:
128½ Gallatin Street,
Jackson, Mississippi 39201

Indians Battle Federal Troops at Wounded Knee

WOUNDED KNEE, S.D.— In 1890 this small hamlet was the site of a bloody massacre by federal troops of more than three hundred Indians, mostly women and children. The battle, described in the recent bestseller, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, marked the end of the "Indian Wars" in the Dakota territories. Yet it was only a low point in the history of Native Americans who have suffered centuries of humiliation, oppression and death at the hands of the white man.

Now once again there is conflict between the red and the white at Wounded Knee: As part of the Indian movement against government neglect, race and job discrimination, poor living conditions and inferior education. Over 400 Indians recaptured this small town, and held off federal marshalls with high powered rifles. They were members of the militant American Indian Movement (AIM) and the Oglala Sioux Nation. Spokespersons for the Indians stated that they would hold the village "at all costs" until the government met their demands. The demands included: an investigation of the dealing of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Department of the Interior in relation to the Oglala Sioux, and the ouster of the current leaders of the Oglala Sioux whom the AIM members labelled as unfit to meet their needs. Another demand was that Senators Edward Kennedy and J.W. Fulbright come to the Pine Ridge Reservation, where Wounded Knee is located, to discuss Indian grievances. Also demanded was a review of 371 treaties which the government has failed to live up to. The determination of the Indians was declared in a statement by Carter Camp, an AIM spokesperson who said, "It is symbolic that we have seized Wounded Knee and there is a definite threat that another massacre could occur here. We are not going to give in without a fight."

Three Underground Papers Live On

One recent February afternoon while in the midst of our monthly press run, things were quiet at the *Gidra* office. Most of the staffers were away at work, at school, or just on the streets, and the few at the office were apping. The walls were closing in when the phone rang. It was a call from Chicago. Lo and behold it was a staff member of the *Chicago Seed* calling to inform us that the *Seed* was "still around." Good news comes at unexpected times, for most on the *Gidra* staff had thought that the *Seed* had ceased publication. It had been six months, at least, since we had received any sign of life from the Chicago periodical. Back in January, we had placed a call to the *Seed* office. Alas, the phone had been disconnected and thus, it was assumed that the *Seed* had joined a long line of other radical underground papers that have recently folded. Gone were the *Berkeley Tribe*, *East Village Other*, and the *San Francisco Good Times*, among others. But now, to our relief, the *Chicago Seed* lives on. Keep on keepin' on, *Seed*.

Also on the journalistic front, this time in the deep South, a publication known as the *Great Speckled Bird* in Atlanta, Georgia, had printed its "farewell issue" in the early days of this year. Being the only renowned radical publication in that sector of the country, we at *Gidra* were sorry to see it go. Then, at the end of January we received another copy of the *Bird*. Apparently, their staff has gotten it all together for one more try and now the *Bird* is proudly flying once again. Good luck to the *Great Speckled Bird*.

On the East Coast, in the Big Apple, the *Liberated Guardian* finally published after an almost two month silence. Following much discussion and analysis, the *LG* has decided to move from being a national movement paper to a locally-based New York newspaper which they hope will reach a wider range and number of people. They will also expand their staff, develop a sound financial base, and change their name. (Sounds familiar.) We're with you *LG*.

Chicago Seed	Great Speckled Bird	Liberated Guardian
950 W. Wrightwood	P.O. Box 7847	149 Hester St.
Chicago, IL 60614	Atlanta, GA 30309	New York, NY 10002



THE YELLOW BROTHERHOOD HOUSE, WESTSIDE LOS ANGELES

Revenue Sharing

LOS ANGELES— Over seventy-five Asian community workers and social service professionals crowded into a meeting on February 20 at Resthaven Hospital. The meeting was held to discuss the impact of revenue sharing and the recent government cutbacks of community oriented social

The much publicized revenue sharing, a program to "give back" \$6 billion each year to state and local governments, was analyzed as nothing more than a smoke screen to cover up the dismantling of the Office of Economic Opportunities (OEO), the Model Cities program, and other anti-poverty programs. It was noted that in the 1972 Revenue Sharing Act, "public safety" was listed as the number one domestic priority, while "social services for the poor and aged" was given a low, number seven position. In actual practice, the revenue sharing, which allocated a total of \$122 million for the Los Angeles area, is already earmarked for capital construction, "existing deficits" and for "future tax savings." Meanwhile, the nation's poor have been told to "rely on their own efforts" by Nixon's New Order in Washington.

Those present at the meeting were particularly concerned that the projected Senior Citizens Housing in Little Tokyo is being held up. All recently-funded Asian community service programs are in danger of being wiped out; and, worst of all, survival incomes of the aged and families with dependent children are in jeopardy, government cut-backs.

The Kennedy-Johnson era of reforms-from-above has come to a close. The Nixon administration is moving toward centralization of power while using the rhetoric of self-reliance. Thus, Asian social workers are calling upon all Asians to stand united in the face of the government cutbacks in our communities.

Humboldt State Seeks Asian Americans

HUMBOLDT, CA— It was recently announced by the Educational Opportunity Program (EOP) at the California State University at Humboldt that twenty-five slots are available for Asian American students in the Fall quarter, 1973.

The EOP office at CSUH currently offers the student academic advising, personal counseling, tutorial services and courses designed to aid disciplines. Financial assistance is available also.

Applications and information about EOP and this small northern California campus can be obtained by writing to:

John S. Wong
1016 F. Street No. 3
Arcata, CA 95521

The deadline date for the submission of the applications is April 1, 1973.

Say "Hi" to Jeanne for us.

The Yellow Brotherhood—1973

LOS ANGELES— Since its "official" closing in October 1971, the Yellow Brotherhood house has been very much alive and still functioning. Now, the YB is once again readying itself to serve the Los Angeles Asian community in seeking the solution to the ever growing drug problem. Since 1971, many community organizations such as JACL, JACS, Asian Sisters plus Yellow Brotherhood members have been meeting and discussing ideas and methods to restructure the YB programs.

Presently, members of the Yellow Brotherhood house are combining their energies to repair and maintain the physical structure of the house. They are still meeting regularly, however they are also seeking additional support and input from concerned community members.

In order to reach out to the community even further and to share ideas, the Yellow Brotherhood is planning a fun-filled tie-dye day on March 10, 1973 from noon to 3 p.m. A workshop is also planned where people will have the opportunity to gain insight into the programs which the YB House is now developing. Their address is 1227 Crenshaw Blvd.; drop by if you have any questions, or call 938-4866 and just rap a while.

Jefferson Food Buyer's Club

With the cost of food on the rise, it is becoming increasingly difficult to get quality foods at reasonable prices. Discount stores such as Alpha Beta and Safeway offer no relief to the forlorn, hungry shoppers and their little kids. Especially in lower economic communities, rising prices loom before the helpless consumer. It's often the case where a person living in Beverly Hills can buy groceries at a lower cost with better quality than his counterpart in the Crenshaw-Jefferson area.

In order to protect the consumer against rising food costs, concerned community members have organized a Food Buyer's Club. An initial investment of \$5 per household for a lifetime membership offers the buyer the rare opportunity to obtain quality produce and eggs at wholesale cost. Members are able to obtain goods at lower costs because the middle-man is eliminated. The members themselves must take an active part in the operating of the Food Buyer's Club. On Saturdays the food is distributed to members at the Storefront between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. If you're interested in joining or want to learn more about it, the Food Buyer's Club meets on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 p.m. at the Storefront, 2828 W. Jefferson Blvd. or call 734-2666.

U.S. Economic Aid to Vietnam (in Counterfeit Bills)

HANOI— Counterfeit bank notes of the State Bank of Vietnam have recently been printed and air dropped over the Democratic Republic of Vietnam by the Nixon Administration.

The new tactic of Nixon's was denounced by the Vietnamese Bank in a statement last fall. According to a clumsy White House explanation, the fake bills dropped on DRVN territory were merely "leaflets" meant to urge North Vietnam not to "squander money on the war." In fact, the so-called leaflet is but a stub attached to the counterfeit note itself.

What the U.S. government has done here is nothing less than blatant counterfeiting of money and smuggling that money into a foreign state. This is a crime in any country and under international law.

This tactic was used in an effort to undermine the DRVN's economy and finances; something which millions of tons of bombs have failed to do. But all this was in vain, for the phony bank notes are being scorned by the Vietnamese people, who hand them over to the local authorities.

Farewell to Atomic Nancy

LOS ANGELES— On the night of February 14 many followers of the "Asian rock" band, *Hiroshima*, packed the Ash Grove for the two final performances of Atomic Nancy with the group.

Exceptionally well performed sets had the crowd in the renowned night club clapping, stomping and shouting for more.

Hiroshima has gained fame within the Asian American community not only for the great music they produce but also because of their willingness to perform benefits for community groups and their concern to reach people through their music.

As for their music, *Hiroshima* has developed a true style and sound of their own. As Dan Kuramoto, one of the band's leaders once said, "We're playing music that comes from our experiences as Asians in America, and it's the music our people want to hear." And on this night he could not have been more correct. It was a fantastic show.

With the departure of Atomic Nancy (who is about to be married) the band now consists of Dan Kuramoto on flute, sax and almost anything else he can get his hands on; Bennie "Ozzie" Yee on keyboard and vocals; June Kuramoto, Koto; Randy Yoshimoto, drums and vocals and Chris Kawaoka on a thundering bass. Together they provide some of the best sounds that ears can hear.

Planning: New York Asian Coalition

The most impressive experience I had with the New York Asian Movement was participating with the Asian Contingent in the Anti-War Demonstration in Washington D.C. on January 20, 1973. Planning began three weeks prior to that date in the warm, cozy United Asian Communities Center. Asian people from a broad spectrum of *ethnic groups* (Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Filipino, Indian); *political orientations* (many were sent as representatives of other organizations such as I Wor Kuen, National Committee for the Restoration of Civil Liberties in the Philippines, etc.); *ages and backgrounds* (young workers, Junior high and college students, older Niseis) came together (about 50 at each meeting) to plan for the demonstration. This group became the New York Coalition.

Under the leadership of sophisticated and experienced Asian brothers and sisters in the Anti-War movement, detailed preparations were made around publicity (leaflets were mailed out; passed out all over town), logistics, security, first aid, follow up, bus and food arrangements, and political education. (Prior to the demonstration, everyone received a concise, political education session on the up-to-date issues concerning the treaty, the recent bombing, the role of NPAC, etc.) Within three weeks, there were well over a hundred people signed up to go to Washington D.C.

The Asian Coalition was working in *conjunction* with the November 4th Coalition, a recently formed coalition of Third World anti-imperialist groups and workers-oriented white organizations. On January 19, 1973, the night before the Washington D.C. demonstration, members of the Asian Coalition also participated in a Third World Community Anti-War Rally sponsored by the November 4th Coalition.

January 19, 1973—November 4th Coalition Third World Community Anti-War Rally.

Recognizing that most Third World people in New York, because of lack of time and resources, could not make the five-hour trip to Washington D.C. to express their feelings about the Vietnam war (which has had 15,000 casualties since the Treaty was signed), a Third World Community Anti-War Rally was held in an auditorium in the Third World community of the Lower Eastside. The rally was held in solidarity with the National Actions to be held on January 20, 1973—actions demanding that Nixon sign the Peace Treaty. The purpose of the rally was to link the community struggles with the national and international struggles (and to correct the tendency which was happening in the past to leave Third World community people out of the Anti-War movement on the national level).

It was a long walk in the cold and pouring rain to get to the auditorium, but inside there were 1,000 Third World people! Puerto Ricans, Asians, blacks, and a sprinkling of whites. The program was bi-lingual. The first thing I was to see was a middle-aged Chinese woman, she got on stage and began to say, "I didn't feel too well tonight, but I came anyway because my daughter is in the program." Before I could catch my breath, she was saying, with clenched fists, "Down with U.S. Imperialism!", "U.S. Out of Vietnam," "Solidarity of all Third World People!" This was followed by a group of about 30 Chinese and Chinese Americans (making up the Chinatown Committee in support of the Nine-Point Peace Plan, which has a unification of progressive forces in Chinatown, IWK, a Chinese Marxist-Leninist study group, and friends) who got up there and sang a Chinese revolutionary song—later with audience participation. After this, an old Chinese man about 80 years old got up and sang three Chinese revolutionary songs!

Next, a speaker from El Comite, a commu-

A COLD RESISTANCE

**Anti-War Demonstration:
A Report of Asian Americans in New York
Marching in Washington D.C.**

nity based revolutionary Puerto Rican organization, related the unity of struggle between the Puerto Rican and Vietnamese people—both victims of U.S. imperialism. Finally, Gloria Gonzales gave the November 4th Coalition speech which was going to be given in Washington D.C. the next day—a speech which in essence said that the leadership of the Anti-War/Anti-Imperialist Movement must be held by Third World and working people.

January 20: On the bus to Washington D.C.

The next morning (5 a.m.) we're up and off to the United Asian Communities Center. A whole busload arrives from Chinatown and another busload arrives with students, Niseis, Asian Americans. As we get on the bus, bao and hot tea and coffee are passed out. Two hours of Z's and we get up to get to know people in our bus affinity group (4 people, one affinity group leader). The purpose of the affinity group was to break down barriers between people and facilitate communication between "movement people" and those who had come for the first time. We were handed a written packet containing information on the war; medical/legal/security information; flyer for coming Asian events around the Vietnam Medical Supply Drive; and evaluation sheet.

For the demonstration, we were to march in disciplined formation in rows of 8 across, each row made up of one marching affinity group. The purpose of the affinity group was to have smaller units of individuals who would be responsible for each other should the larger group have to split up (if we were subject to a police attack, for instance). There were 22 marshalls (official persons responsible for overall leadership and security of the group; plenty of trained medics; and two scouts (people who moved ahead of the group to survey the area).

Washington D.C.: At the Washington Monument

We arrive in Washington D.C.—Nixon's Inauguration speech is blasting from the tops of buildings. We move to the Lincoln Memorial where we meet up with Asians from Philadelphia, Boston, Washington D.C., Ohio, small colleges all over the East Coast and form the Asian Contingent (about 200 of us). We then join up with the November 4th Coalition and march to the Washington Monument. There are 100,000 people!—(by police estimates at the time, whittled down to 30,000 in the L.A. press). As far as you could see—people! There were more of us than at Nixon's Inauguration. Thousands of Anti-Imperialist forces could be seen with little NLF flags waving in the wind.

One experience impressed me in terms of how the demonstration (Asian Contingent) was organized and led was illustrated when the question came up as to whether or not we, as an Asian Contingent wanted to stay in support of the November 4th Coalition speaker or leave for a church in Washington D.C. where an Asian Contingent program was being planned—to share information and contacts among the Asians who were there from all over the East Coast. It was a question of time—we didn't know if we'd have enough time for both because the speakers were taking longer than planned. It was about 10 degrees (or below) weather and we had another two

hour wait. There were political considerations, however, like supporting the November 4th Coalition when they attacked National Peace Action Coalition (NPAC) and maintaining the unity of the Anti-imperialist forces, especially, among the Third World people. Rather than the leadership making an arbitrary decision—all of the Asians in the Asian Contingent broke up into their affinity groups, discussed the question, and through their marshalls, came to a collective decision. We decided to stay.

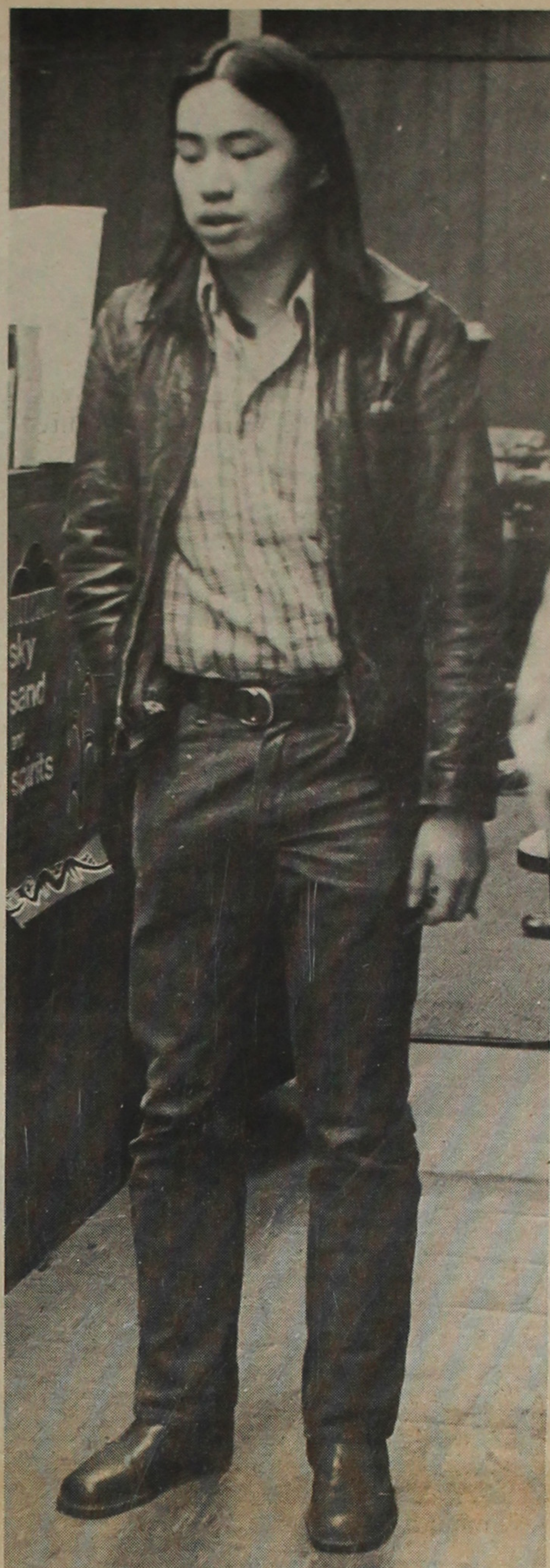
After an enthusiastic reception for and support for Juan Gonzalez, the November 4th Coalition speaker—we all split for the church. When we got there, we got a chance to eat, thaw out, and get to know the different Asians from the East Coast. The program began with brief raps by Asians from different cities on what was going on: programs and activities....

Makibaka

Then, a sister from the Pilipino group, who had just returned from the Philippines (she had been deported by the Marcos Regime for being "subversive"), got up to talk about what was happening with the martial law in the Philippines. While she was talking she brought up the fact that Marcos' wife, Emelde, was one block away from the church we were at, attending Nixon's Inauguration Ball. A suggestion was made for the Asian Contingent there to stage a small mass action (stop and chant) in front of the hotel where all this festivity was going on. We had forty-five minutes to make a decision (because our bus was leaving at a certain time). Scouts were sent out to survey the area. They reported back that there were two truckloads of National Guard nearby. A heated debate followed: one side argued that it was very imperative to let Marcos and his cohorts know that wherever they went in the world, there would be anti-imperialist forces opposed to his fascist dictatorship—and that now was an opportune moment to act. Others, although they were in full support of the Pilipino struggle here and in the Philippines, felt that it was tactically unwise because it was Inauguration Night in Washington D.C.—there had been police sweeps in the past after large demonstrations. The other side pointed out that we would be completely peaceful and if asked to move on by the police, we would do so; that precisely because it was Inauguration Night, the police would avoid initiating a bloody mess. Do we go or do we stay? It finally came to a mass vote (among 200 Asians) and we decided overwhelmingly to go! We quickly formed back into our affinity groups, linked arms, and marched toward the hotel. When we got to the hotel, a burst of chants: "Makibaka!, Down with Marcos!" I felt the unity, strength and power of the people in the deepest of my bones. We were indeed motivated by a fighting spirit! We stayed in formation, arms linked, until we got safely back to our buses. Two cops tried to stop us but were quickly dealt with (talked to) by the marshalls. It was a day I'll never forget.

It was on the Anti-War/Anti-Imperialist Front that I felt one of the major strengths of the New York Asian Movement. And the work is continuing. (About 15 Asian brothers and sisters, who provided much of the core leadership for the Washington D.C. demonstration, are now forming an on-going political organization which would provide direction, continuity, and leadership to the anti-imperialist movement among Asians in New York. This group will be carrying on the Vietnam Medical Supply Drive in New York—part of the national effort of Asians in America to collect money and medical supplies for Vietnam. One of their events, in addition to an on-going film series, was a "talent night," called "Bok Choi Blues Night.")

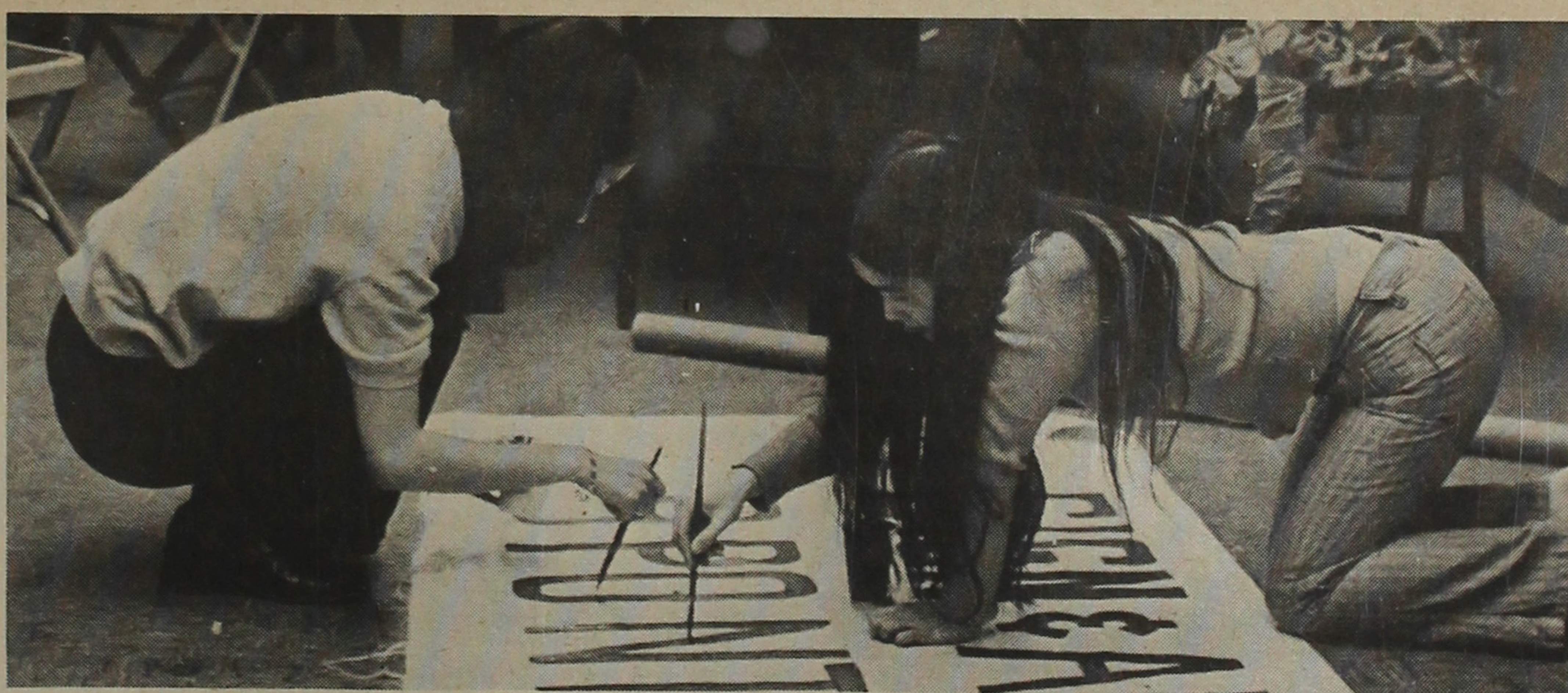
—Merilynne Hamano



NEW YORK



NEW YORK



WASH D.C.

Photos: Washington D.C. Demo (Bottom) by Bob Hsiang.
Others including Third World Community Rally in New
York by Hoyt.





DESVIACION: 100m.

FLASHES OF SAN DIEGO, THE AMERASIAN CONFERENCE, & MEXICAN NATIONAL HIGHWAY 1D

Two hours south of Los Angeles lies the thriving community of San Diego. The sun shines with alarming regularity down here, which gives the populace the opportunity to wear cut-off levis and miniskirts in the middle of winter. San Diego is the pinnacle of Southern California culture. The surf, the sun, and the hang-loose, casual Californian generation all come together here. It is, at once, refreshing and depressing. It is fantasy land and purgatory. It is San Diego with its smart rows of wood frame houses, lime green lawns, and two rosy red cars in the garage, "Them colored folk" are people living on the other side of town (which one rarely feels the necessity to journey through). As for the rest of the world... well, there's always the six o'clock news. Pictures of large East Coast ghettos or even smog-laden L.A. seem like surreal nightmares—unbelievable and remote. Conditions in San Diego are too nice, too secure and it's too bad that all of this is only a facade hiding the real situations of day to day struggles which the alienated classes must experience. The minorities are often given only token recognition, if not totally overlooked. The working class is labeled "rednecks" by the counter-culture and in return the counter-culture is called "dirty hippies." It is alienation from the "good life" which leads to this type of polarization, but the total environment of this Southern California city makes it easy to leave the problem unresolved.

Perhaps the experience of San Diego is what the rest of the nation will someday suffer—that of a numbing oppression where the sun, the blue skies and warm ocean make the battle against racism, sexism, and all the other evil "isms" all the more difficult.

Historically, the Asian American community of San Diego reaches back to the late 1860's, when the first Chinese immigrants established

themselves in the city. These Asian pioneers were the first to develop the now strong San Diego fishing industry which laid the economic foundation in the area.

By the turn of the century, a small but tightly-knit Chinatown had developed and the first waves of Japanese and Pilipino immigrants were settling into well-defined neighborhoods. These Asian immigrants were instrumental in developing the local agri-business and the railroads, while also laying a strong community base.

However, today in San Diego one finds no Chinatown, no Little Tokyo; instead an Asian American population widely dispersed. "The only place Asians really come together is at school," says a solemn Forrest Hong, chairman of the Asian American Student Alliance at San Diego State. "That's why it's important for us (AASA) to reach as many Asians on campus as we can. This conference is just one means by which we can do this."

The rumors were spreading like some plague of the dark ages. "Hey man, the Filipinos are going to boycott the conference!" "Did you hear that all the brown Asians were going to picket the conference?" "Wow, I just heard that the people organizing the San Diego thing are going ahead with it no matter what!!!"

One month before it was to take place, the Los Angeles area started receiving information concerning the Amerasian Perspective Conference in San Diego. At the same time the rumors crept around. No one really bothered to verify the rumors; instead, many paused to reflect over the inter-ethnic relationships between so-called yellow Asians (Chinese, Japanese, Koreans) and brown Asians (Filipinos, Samoans, Malaysians).

"Isn't it a pity," was the prevailing attitude in the air, perhaps hiding feelings which were more difficult to express. And yet, many remembered conferences in the past and looked forward, in anticipation, to see how the movement was moving in San Diego. Intriguing promises of "major speakers, films, workshops, special entertainment, and a celebration dance," lured, at least momentarily, the imaginations of many for whom San Diego was nothing more than a huge Navy base.

"There never was any boycott planned... never!" emphasized Forrest Hong, "I don't know how that whole thing got started." So no boycott, no picket line, but as it turned out relations in San Diego between yellow and brown Asians hadn't exactly reached nirvana. "True, there are a lot of problems within the San Diego movement between us and the Filipinos," explained Hong, "But most of them are due to personality clashes between community leadership. A lot of behind the back stuff takes place, you know, abuse of power and things like that. We're starting to iron a lot of them out and hopefully it won't turn into a 'us' and 'them' situation, but I think some people already see it that way."

Author's comment: The following was extracted directly from notes and tape recordings made during the weekend of the Amerasian Perspective Conference, San Diego, February 16-17, 1973.

* According to Forrest Hong, the present "movement" activity at the San Diego State campus came about, "Because we wanted to get EOP for Asians going on campus. In order to do that we needed a sponsoring organization to do a lot of community relations type of work. So AASA

was formed. And in order to keep the program going, we need a continuing line of people becoming involved in the movement, at least here on campus."

* The chairman or moderator of the panel discussion, a personable young man named Willie Wong, just said, "Let's talk a little about the media now."silence.....sound of chairs shuffling.....more silence.....
"Has anyone seen that TV show, *Kung Fu*?" Actually, this topic is going nowhere. Strange too, that these people who are obviously concerned and motivated by their growing Asian awareness cannot yet realize the power that the media has in shaping their lives. ...The guy sitting behind me just whispered to his friend, "I'm going to get something to eat."

* "Where you guys from?"

"Humbolt."

"What!"

"Humbolt! ...We saw an announcement about this conference in a *Gidra* that we bought from some girl up there (Jeanne Nishimura, our Humbolt distributor)."

"Wow!"

"Yeah...so we decided to drive down the thousand miles to San Diego and check out the conference here 'cause we're just getting into developing Asian American Studies on the Humbolt State campus, too."

"What?! You guys drove all the way from...sheeesh, you cats are crazy!!!"

"Yeah...we know."

* It has occurred to my rapidly decaying mind, that at conferences such as these, real learning and sharing experiences take place not only in the "official" workshops but also and perhaps primarily in the spontaneous gatherings which take place inevitably.

* "Actually, the movement in San Diego has kind of a history of coming together and falling apart over and over. These AASA people here at State are just another generation in that cycle." —Anonymous.

* "There are about six or eight people who are the core members of the Alliance here at State. These were the people who also organized this conference. Basically, it is aimed at the level of understanding which is present here in San Diego." —Anonymous. (AASA member).

* "You know, up in L.A. there were all kinds of rumors going around about a boycott of the conference by brown Asians."

"Brown Asians? Oh, you mean the Pilipinos... Naw, there never was any boycott. The thing was that we (AASA) were approached by

Pilipinos without having their input into it. We thought that was fair, but as it turned out we didn't plan any Filipino workshop or any Japanese or Chinese workshop. The thing about the workshops is that we wanted them to be of a general application to all Asian ethnic groups." —A conference workshop leader.

* "Hey, that band Hiroshima is really good!!!"

"Yeah, they always are"

"You people in L.A. are really lucky to have something like them up there with you."

"Yeah, we appreciate 'em."

"Shoot...you people got everything going up in L.A."

"What do you mean?"

"You know, like JACS.....and *Gidra*.....and CYC, and, well.....everything!"

"Well, ...I'm sure San Diego will get things goin' soon."

"Well, ...I don't know 'bout that."

"Getting things started is rough—you need a lot of energy to struggle on through."

"Yeah... I guess so."

"Just wait and see, pretty soon you people down here will have all kinds of things happenin'."

"Wow!..."

"What?"

"That band Hiroshima is really good!"

* "I sat in the 'Men & Women' workshop for both sessions. The first one was kinda messed up. No one seemed like they knew what they wanted to get out of it. The second session was a little better 'cause people started speaking up, you know, coming outta their shells." —A conference attendee.

* "You know, for San Diego this conference was all right. I mean, nothing really important was produced, but I think for a lot of the local people just the fact that they were able to come and share and express their feelings was good for them and good for the movement down here."

—An AASA member.

Bumping along Mexican National Highway 1-D, hoping my wheels don't fall off and thinking back to the Amerasian Perspective Conference in San Diego. I remember in one of my last talks with Forrest Hong, how he mentioned that "the conference was really a rush job." Admittedly, I was rather disappointed by the small turnout, which was never more than 150 people (except at the dance). The actual organizing and publicizing was begun only a month before the conference was to take place, which was too

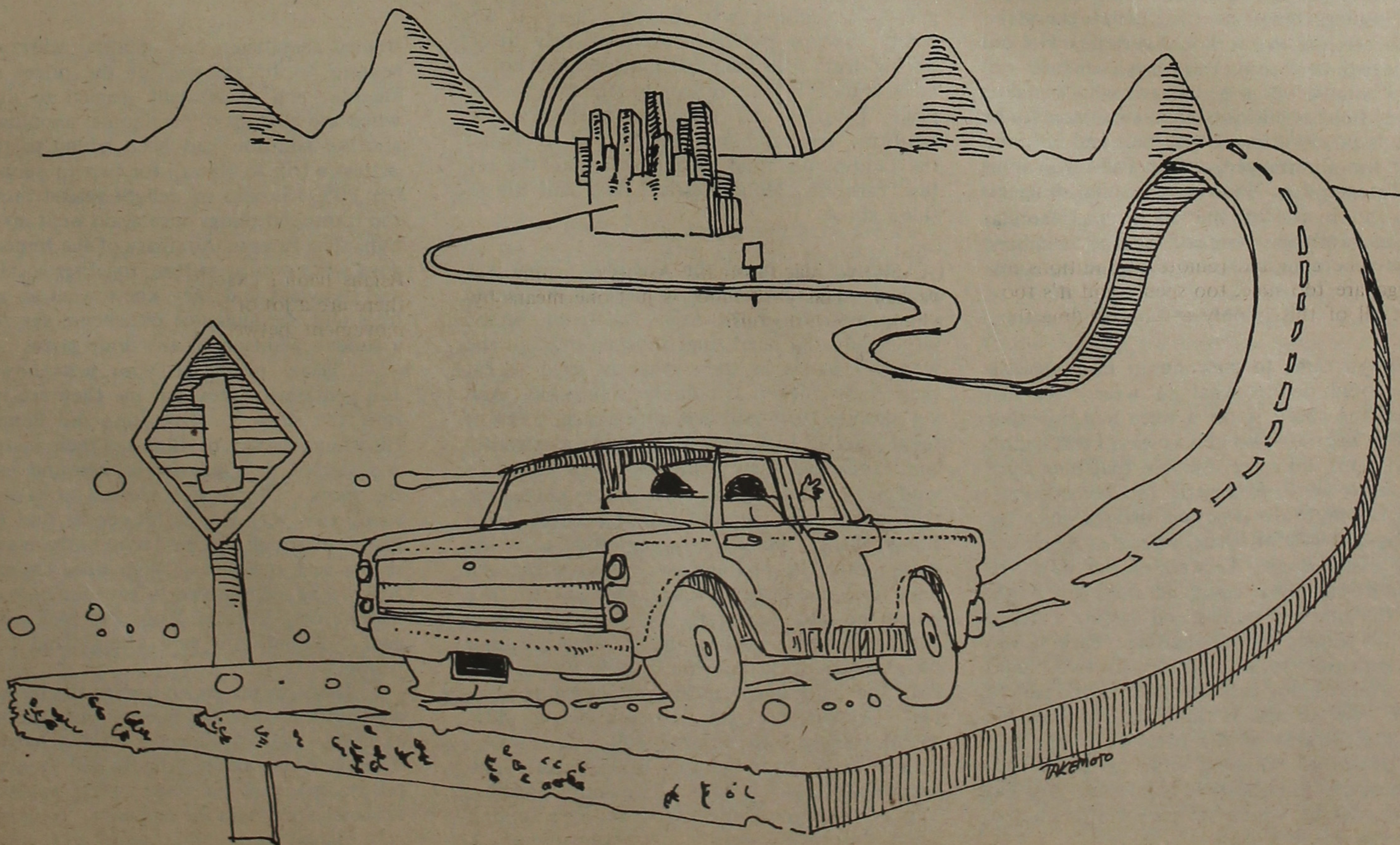
short a time to develop any real direction and input. Add to that the general attitude or resignation that the conference was basically a "San Diego thing" and you have discussions and workshops with only a localized focus or personalized viewpoint. However there were exceptions to this, specifically the Visual Communication and the Community Organizing workshops were both handled with objectivity and purpose, as for most of the others—rambling, directionless raps left many confused and frustrated.

Some people attributed the faults of the conference to the inexperience of the organizers. Yet, the movement in San Diego, no matter how young or inexperienced is just as vital and carries just as much potential as any other aspect of the overall Asian American movement. And furthermore, despite all the criticism, obvious faults and oversights, I witnessed a true sense of comradeship developing... and that, above all else, fulfilled any gaps which the conference itself produced. I saw people coming together out of mutual concern with bright hopes for the future and trust in each other. And it is through these people that the old San Diego sun became a lot more warm and giving.

Yet, foreseeable problems are looming in the future; lack of people-power at the San Diego State campus makes the prospects of healthy program development next year very cloudy and in the community, the Asian movement is quietly smoldering because of petty personality problems. Patience is becoming a luxury which is ill-afforded. Perhaps the whole situation can be attributed to the lack of a common purpose or even a mutual understanding of objective conditions. As one person at the conference had told me, "It seemed as though everyone was talking about the problems, but no one knew what to do about them." Maybe the Asian American movement in San Diego is at that level which we can call "Phase I," that period in any socio-political movement where the problems of society are given that first careful looking over. Add to that the growing awareness of common histories, common oppressions and common motivations and we have planted the seeds of revolt...

I turn to my traveling companion and mention that we should be in Ensenada in about another twenty minutes. That's when I noticed the huge crevice in the road ahead, and the sign—"Desviacion: 100 m." Does that mean 'detour', or 'devastation'? The Baja sun has apparently frizzled my powers of rationalization. The car crashes over the pitholes and continues southward into the Mexican high desert. The journey is far from over...

—Steve Tatsukawa



STYLIN':

An Asian American Fashion Show

In the movement's revolutionary fervor to forge a new life style free of materialistic hangups we often try very hard to discard any traces of our recent petty bourgeois existence. A good case in point is in the clothing we wear. In fact, we often find ourselves in contradiction when we buy jeans and work shirts rather than wear our now-dated but perfectly wearable pin-striped ivy league shirt or that hot pink princess line dress. Nevertheless, the movement among Asian American people is relatively recent and for that reason, although realizing clothes are not and should not be important, they still often are. And let's face it: It's still kinda fun to see the latest styles. Even though as good revolutionaries we wouldn't be caught dead wearing them. At least, not anywhere where we might be remotely recognized by any of our comrades. So when Alan showed me the headline in the *Rafu Shimpo* reading "James Shigeta to Host All-Asian Fashion Show at Grove: 'A Salute to Hollywood—The Asian Women,'" it was with a great deal of ambivalent feelings that led me to volunteer, as well as being coercively persuaded, to cover the January 28th fashion show sponsored by the Parents' Auxillary of the Los Angeles Chinese Drum and Bugle Corps as a fund-raising event. I was skeptical: all that front; the women who come to see images of the way they should look and dress; the men who come to see the pretty young things strutting across the stage; and, the feeling that I would certainly feel out of place there. But I was also curious—not only of what it would be like and who would be there, but also a curiosity that was stirred up by remnants of my attraction to fads and fashion.

It was all arranged. Julian Falk, who along with Terence Tam Soon were fashion designers and co-producers of the show, was familiar with *Gidra* and knew some of the staff members. He was very open to having us cover the show.

Evelyn came to pick me up an hour early so we could decide what to wear. We had been talking about it for a week and now that the show was only two hours away, I still hadn't decided. We did agree, though, that blue jeans might make us look a little too conspicuous. I modeled my only two long dresses and after changing a couple of times, I decided to wear a cotton granny dress. We were on our way. Although it had been cold and rainy all week, today the sun was shining and despite a strong breeze, it seemed like springtime. Parking was nil or expensive so we had to walk two blocks to the Ambassador Hotel from Evelyn's parked Datsun. As we neared the hotel entrance we could hear strains of the overture from "Ben Hur" played in booming style by the ninety horn-blowing, drum-beating, banner-carrying and rifle-shouldering young people of the Chinese Drum and Bugle Corps.



The Imperial Dragons, as the corps is nicknamed, began in 1954 as the Chung Wah Chinese Drum and Bugle Corps with a few youngsters in the Chinatown area participating. Today it is the largest Asian American musical organization in the United States, with its participants coming from places as far as Orange County to practice two times a week which exclude any additional performance activities that come once weekly through May to September. The average age of a corps member is fourteen years old although the age spans from eleven to twenty-one. Most all of them begin through their parents' insistence and with no knowledge of how to play an instrument. After an intensive training period of two to three months where they are trained on an instrument by professional musicians and loyal alumni of the corps, they have competitive units to determine who will comprise the performing segment of the corps. The corps encourages high scholastic and aptitude levels and have had as many as twenty straight "A" students at one time. But it's not all work and no play. The corps has social events such as beach parties, picnics and banquets. As the Imperial Dragons finished playing the last stanzas of "Happy Shades of Winter," which marked an end to their performance this morning, they began to joke with one another and enjoy each other's company. The conversation was average American teenage jargon. No Chinese was spoken. Since it was windy, one of the boys had difficulty lifting his big drum into their specially designed equipment truck. It takes money to maintain the Imperial Dragons and their instruments, truck, uniforms, trips and staff—and lots of it. Hence the continuous fund raising activities—the raffles, carnivals, Moon Festival Balls and the fashion show.

Inside the hotel the Coconut Grove was packed with fashionably dressed and coiffured young matrons of the Asian American community. Jade and pearl rings adorned most of the women's hands as they valiantly tried to eat their roast chicken as politely as possible. And yet despite their polished appearance, a few of them handled their knives and forks awkwardly and exchanged their string beans for another's wild rice in a downhome style that reminded me that, thank god, we still hadn't become Asian Emily Posts. Midway through the ice cream mold cake, the preliminaries began with each table drawing tickets to see who got to take home the table center pieces of potted yellow chrysanthemums. Then the drawing for door prizes began with the Chinese New Year's baby king and baby queen picking the winning numbers. A polar bear rug to ticket number 472. A jade pendant to number 609. Screams of delight came from number 609's table. Shi-seido cosmetics. A fifth of Galiano. Hooray. The Youth Dew Collection from Este Lauder. Three knit pants outfits. A photo album. A



beaded handbag. A marble ashtray. That seemed to be the end of the prizes and the laughter and excitement seemed to die down when the mistress of ceremonies announced that another addition had been added to the door prizes—a trip to Hawaii for two to winner number 205. Shrieks of delight spread throughout the room and things once again went into a hubbub. The Parents' Auxillary of the Imperial Dragons were pros at putting together social events and drawings and they knew what an audience likes and the audience likes being surprised by a sudden addition to the door prizes.

"Please return to your seats now, ladies and gentlemen, they tell me they are ready to start the show." Dan, June and Benny from Hiroshima began to tune up their instruments and started to improvise background music for the show. "We're very pleased to have with us today two very wonderful people that I'm sure many, many of you have seen both on stage and screen and at home on your little t.v. sets. We are pleased and honored to have today as our two moderators, Virginia Wing and Mr. James Shigeta. Would you give a big hand to them, please."

There was a pause and as the house lights dimmed the stage and became the focal point of all eyes. James Shigeta looking harried and Virginia Wing smiling broadly and looking composed, appeared on stage amidst applause and a few whistles from the audience. Jimmie began.

"Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen.



Photos by Marie Kodani and Evelyn Yoshimura

50's look which involved costume-like outfits such as the Hollywood hussey, a calypso outfit, the Kansas City Bomber bikini, a Ragamuffin clown pantsuit and a sequined tuxedo. Ms. Wong's model was Sandy Gaviola who is quite an actress. Some might say that she may have drawn more attention to herself than should be accorded to a fashion mannequin but Ms. Wong's designs spoke for themselves and Ms. Gaviola is more an actress than a model and so her periodic appearances on stage were fun and the audience seemed to enjoy her characterizations.

Alune Moy used quite a bit of suede and leather in her designs and more than once used her talents in leather to innovate rather than emulate as shown in her patch-work, natural chamois vest and skirt. Nevertheless when I saw her suede Chinese peasant shirts, I couldn't help but think that Chairman Mao probably would balk at the mere suggestion of something like that. Her primary model was Anita whose dancing movements made it evident that she was an old pro at this game.

It's difficult to pin point Julian Falk's designs although he did use quite a bit of hand embroidered silk and pastel colors for sarong designs and lounging pajamas. Especially imaginative were his white caftan with a Rorschach-like ink blot design and a simple white gown with a frontal design done in crayola. Julian was the only one who designed for brothers with the exception of a few designs by Alune Moy. The style was definitely flash with a heavy "Superfly" influence. His main female model was Ruby, whose style was demure even when she accidentally slipped out of her halter top; a trait that caught the eye of Universal Studios who later offered her a lead in an upcoming motion picture.

Carol Lee's tie dying ability gave her designs an added plus with her uses of colors of purple, greens and blues. Her designs in the show were representative of her original taste that can be seen in her shops on Sunset Blvd. called *Mihitabels*. Her model was primarily Connie whose style was straight, poised and professional.

Terence Tam Soon's fashions were marked by a flowing style with his use of yards of veiling fabrics such as voile, chiffon and silk. Terence used all colors but seemed to like to use touches of gold whenever possible. Characterizing a Chinese influence on his designs was his frequent use of the mandarin collar. His model was the graceful Noriko who was also tested for a lead in a motion picture by Universal Studios after her appearance in the fashion show.

Perhaps the most mass marketability potential came from Loretta Leong Cymrot whose entire line of designs could be coordinated and interchanged with one another. She favored two piece sports outfits using a great deal of orange and green in her clothes. Kay was Ms. Cymrot's model and she too had the poise of a professional.

The last outfit of this segment of the program was a Sue Wong design, a silver pencil-cut, full-length skirt with layers of ruffles on the bottom and collar. As model Sandy dragged the matching jacket behind her and disappeared off stage, Virginia Wing announced that the show's awards would begin to be presented.

For this year's fashion show Asian American Fashion designers have established the Anna May Wong Awards to be presented to an Asian actress and an Asian woman who best represent the image, life-style and community concern of the modern Asian American woman. This year's winners were Ms. Tina Chen and Ms. Pat Li. James Wong Howe received the award for his contributions to the creative arts.

Anna May Wong was perhaps the only Asian American actress of her time, the 1920's-40's, to become a solid personality on the Hollywood scene. She was born in Los Angeles in 1902, one of seven children of laundry-owning parents in the Hollywood area. She made her first film while still in her teens and got her 'big-break' as a 'slave girl' in "Thief of Baghdad" in 1924. Her popularity soared during the vogue for spectacular Oriental productions and she worked with people such as Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Sir Lawrence Olivier, Marlene Dietrich and Alfred Hitchcock. True she was stereotyped and played mainly oriental parts rather than acting roles but her parts were substantial and her taste and looks influenced the old Hollywood fashions. And so Hollywood was good to her and her career flourished, but during the 1920's, her roles became *scarcer and scarcer* until she virtually disappeared from motion pictures in the late 40's but for a brief comeback in the 1949 "Impact." Ms. Wong was a Chinese American, born and raised in California, only visiting China once finally in 1936, but all her life she played the foreigner. She did not once have the opportunity to play an Asian American role. She made her final comeback in 1960 in "Portrait in Black," only to die of drug overdose the same year. The award is to her memory.

"Well, Julian, how did you feel after the show?" Evelyn asked.

"I was a mess," Julian responded.

A few weeks after the fashion show, Evelyn, Steve and I went to talk to Julian about the show. Julian had just arrived at his yet-to-be-opened Captain China shop on La Cienega Blvd next-door to Jeans' West. Julian's friends and workers, Bill and Lynn, were busy taping on silver velour backing to the display trays while Julian was standing at the counter quickly wolfing down some homemade potato salad. He offered us some. Julian explained how we had caught him at a hectic time, but was nevertheless willing to have us come and ask what we needed to know. He explained how the Asian American Fashion Designers put together the show last

cont. on page eighteen

Designer Sue Wong favored the 40's and

POETRY for the PEOPLE

Silent River

By the Silent River
the waters flow towards the sun
humble people, bent by its side
viewing the streams, the gleams
of the midnite sun
children playing, singing
along the banks
remembering so vaguely
the stories of old
of wars, of revolution
of the new future
Oh, Silent River
run towards other lands
bring the spirit of justice,
of love, to other homelands
not thwarted by evils
but strong to envelope all
in tunes of peace
of universal peace

poems by Zenta

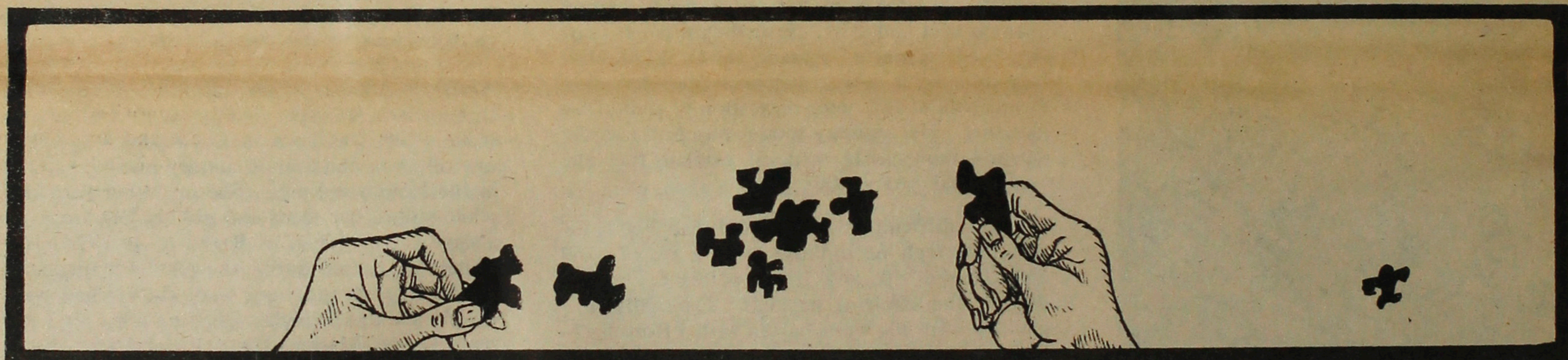
Playgrounds

On concrete fields we sit
staring deeply to the sky
Clouds twist briskly
through winter breezes
A seagull lands between
the bungalows we face
at each other
Wondering who has more time
to make the first move
We continue our stares in
relaxing moods of nameless songs
Justifying our presence
our thoughts continue to swirl
Soon we would be near
so many hearts
There's much to be done
so much to learn and believe
When will there be time?

Destined Teacher

my beautiful sister
only numbers separate our
years of struggle
yet you were strong willed
and self determined
and collided many a time
with the man
but be strong always
so that i may learn from your experiences
for you are a teacher
though you are not here
physically
a woman
bound to be sent to heaven
someone who paid the price of death
with the gift of life
who could be so unselfish
by giving your life
so others could learn
i call you teacher
i always will

Smokie



Graphic by David Monkawa

I'm seven and crying my ass off. I'm leaving Yokohama, *o-gēe-chan* and *obā-chan*. I promise to come back though. Besides, I'm going to America, they have white wooden fences and cocker spaniels and kittens that run and jump, like the books at the American Army school. Lots of hamburgers like at the P.X.

A powerful and sophisticated propaganda machine never censors. It swallows up the truth and vomits it back up neutralized in the form of, "Here's one point of view?" or "One reporter's opinion." The state knows that information presented in this manner is stripped of whatever spirit it once possessed that might lead people to action. The audience confronted with ugly information, which may or may not be truth, has thoughts about it but remains immobilized.

**

Nixon sends Kissenger on some inconsequential trip—the White House press boys build it up—on second page, third column is info about stepped up military activity in Southeast Asia. Fade out: now you see it, now you don't. Four blacks are brawling over some card game on Adams and Rimpau—five black and whites respond—a few blocks down on Vineyard, a gas station is being hit by two blacks. Fade out: now you see it, now you don't.

My mother saves the aluminum plates of T.V. dinners. They're exotic, durable and shiny. Being portable my sister and I eat apart from our parents. The social interaction of gossip and haggling with the fish-mongers and otofuman for supper daily is replaced by a refrigeration unit capable of keeping one inside for a month. But I like cold cantalopes.

1946-1948. My father is a pre-trial interrogator at Judge Advocates Section, Yokohama. He interviews NCO's and lower in rank. He was inducted into the Army as a Hawaiian colonial. Far East Intelligence knows that *most* mainland Niseis went by "the book"—to prove their patriotism and loyalty, and Hawaiian Niseis *generally* being notorious gamblers with a don't give a damn attitude, and less adept at being bi-lingual. The court interpreters are Mainland Niseis and the pre-trial ones are Hawaiian. Thusly, the losers get the maximum penalties. The Asian tells the Asian, "You lose."

I'm nine and attend Virginia Road Elementary school in Southwest L.A. I'm gonna have a fight after school with a blood who called me a ching chong jap. (To this day, I've yet to know what ching chong means.) The Asian hates his middle name Kiyoshi, and wants to be black like the rest of America. The Asian says, he was born in Hawaii. After the fight, the Asian tells the black, "You lose."

I'm fifteen and attend Dorsey High School. For the past two Sundays, I've been teaching eighth grade Asians at Centenary Methodist Church on Normandie and Jefferson. I've been confronting the students with questions about why we say the pledge of allegiance. What does that ritual mean? I'm dismissed by established community members. One person speaking up for me was a certain Bruce Iwasaki. Some Asians tell some Asians, "You lose."

I'm talking to Shuya Abe, I'm 20. (Abe, assisted by Nam June Paik, developed the video synthesizer. He has been in America for four months.) He tells me of the enthusiastic questions and compliments he receives about Japanese culture from the young people of America. Although a brilliant man, Shuya does not see America. Young Americans don't see Shuya. And I don't see any compliments—except as another.

The state would like nothing better than upper class intellectuals, who speak "an esoteric language," understandable by those who can afford good educations. Keep sensitive people and artists contented, occupied with expensive machinery or formal esthetic problems. Those that see ought to be inactive. An ugly definition of politics is desirable, something ugly and scheming and associated with thirst for power which is to be "transcended" by more cosmic concerns.

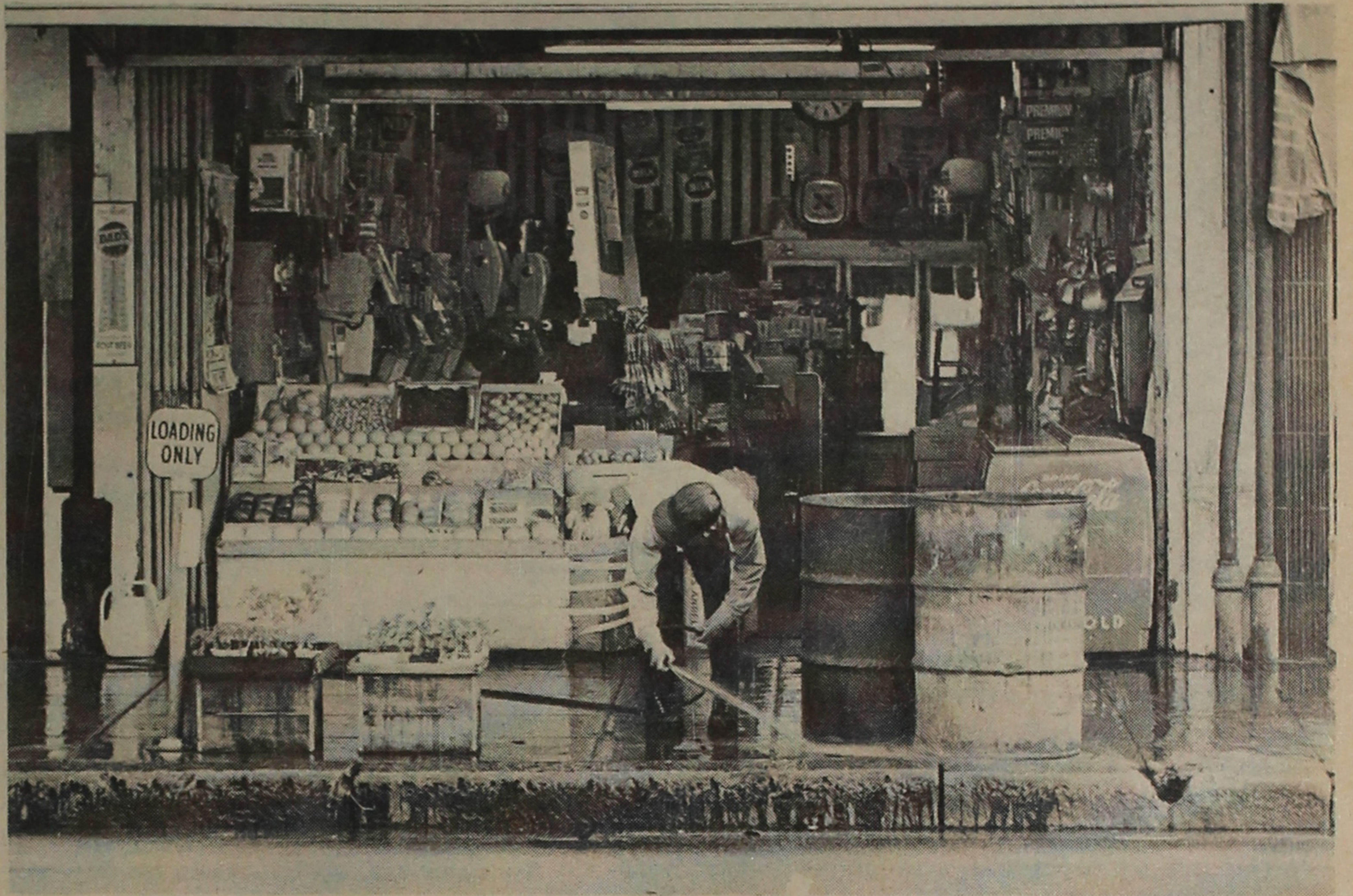
—David Kiyoshi Monkawa

HIGHER RISES LOWER DEPTHS

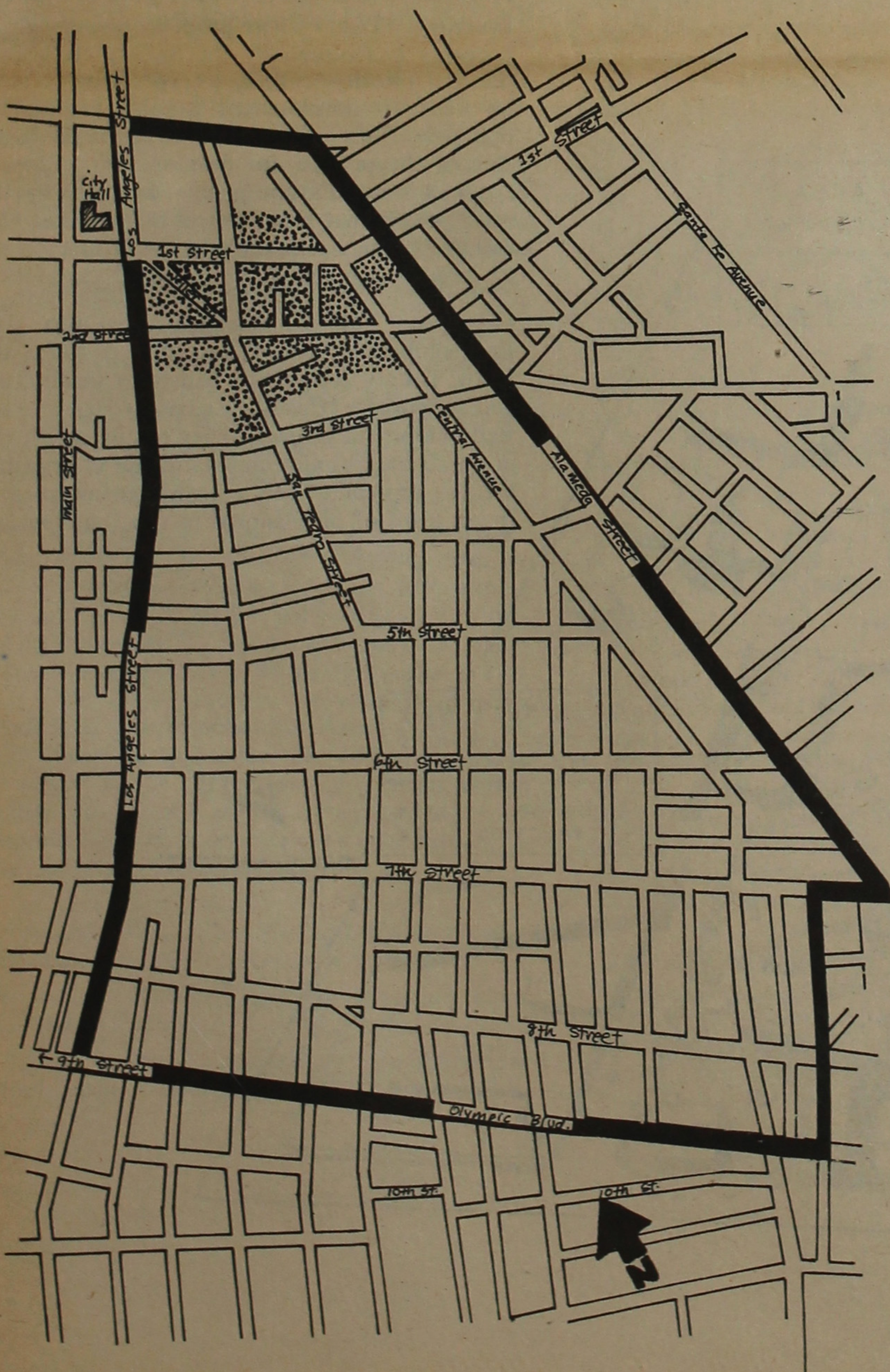
"...Although primarily designed to serve the Japanese community of Southern California, Little Tokyo is destined to become one of the major tourist attractions for Los Angeles."

—Annual Report, Los Angeles Community Redevelopment Agency

Walking through the streets of Little Tokyo in L.A., many things crowd one's vision: the busy traffic, the familiar shops and restaurants, the people walking by—old, young, in-between. But if you stop for a minute and really look around, one thing becomes very apparent: the buildings—many of which are over half a century old—are slowly, but surely deteriorating from age. It's simple, then. A thorough process of redevelopment of the area must take place in order to keep Little Tokyo from being gobbled up by the rapidly-expanding Civic Center (did you know that at one time, Little Tokyo occupied an area that was bordered by 1st Street on the north, to Alameda on the east, to around 9th Street on the south, to Los Angeles Street on the west?). See the map below for details. The dotted area is Little Tokyo today.



Redevelopment and Little Tokyo



For example, in 1950, a block-long chunk of Little Tokyo was leveled, and an awesome new Police Administration building (the 'Glass House') rose up in its place. Currently, the City plans to level more of Little Tokyo within the next two years.

During the early part of the 60's, a group of local nisei (second generation) businessmen and property owners formed the Little Tokyo Redevelopment Association (LTRA). Their intention was to maintain the community of Little Tokyo by and for its Japanese American inhabitants; this was to their own self-interest, both as members of the Japanese American community, and as businessmen and property owners. A thriving community would mean thriving business. So LTRA proceeded to gather finances to begin to redevelop the community. But money—the kind that it would take to rebuild even parts of Little Tokyo—was hard to come by. After all, the community there is made up of many small shops, restaurants and services; and the residents are elderly issei (first generation), or young workers from Japan, none of whom have the millions of dollars necessary to tear down, relocate, then rebuild the whole community. The only kinds of private businesses that could afford to do this were a bank or savings and loan company, like Merit Savings; large corporations, like Kajima International; or exceptionally well-to-do individuals—like medical professionals—all combining resources, like the "321 doctors." So, the three main sites to begin redevelopment were Merit Savings, the Kajima Building (Sumitomo, Horikawa, etc.), and the 321 Building. Thus, the smaller businesses, many of whom have been there for twenty, thirty or more years, along with the local residents stayed in their old buildings watching and waiting.

By the mid-to-late 60's, enthusiasm within LTRA seemed to go down; by 1968, they were no longer pushing the action needed for Little Tokyo's redevelopment. The question of finan-

continued



ces had to be answered if the project was to continue. It was eventually decided to submit a proposal to the City Council to get federal aid provided for urban renewal through the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD). Seeing what happened with the nearby Bunker Hill area, a provision demanding a low-cost housing complex for senior citizens and working people was pushed by people in the community.

In 1970, HUD responded by okaying a projected budget of \$50 million to be distributed through the Community Redevelopment Agency (CRA) of L.A. A project office was, then, opened in Little Tokyo. This project was to cover a period of ten years, and looked like this:

Alright! Redevelopment of Little Tokyo by and for the people was on the way! But not quite. There was a provision in the federal funding that said the money could only be used for 1) the buying of land, 2) demolition, and 3) relocation. The community itself would have to come up with its own money to build. So, back to the same question: "Who in Little Tokyo has that kind of money?" And again, the answer: large corporations, like Kajima.

The following is an excerpt from an interview that appeared in *Roots*, 1971 between members of the staff of the Asian American Studies Center at UCLA, and two former CRA people in Little Tokyo, Jim Matsuoka and George Umezawa.

"Matsuoka. Redevelopment brings to mind the San Francisco experience with its Trade Center. A lot of criticism has been directed at it because there's been a sort of a takeover of the Trade Center by Japanese business groups. I see this as a very interesting facet of what's going on in Little Tokyo in Los Angeles today...that they're developing almost a Little Tokyo of segments, where you have this group from Japan with—I won't say unlimited—but with huge expense accounts at their disposal. You can see it in the restaurants down there. You can tell, the "natives" eat on one side of the street and they eat on the other. There is no question of their influence in terms of money, in terms of confidence, in terms of their expertise in many areas. They're setting up a sort of social system where the Japanese Consul is becoming the social leader again, and he's reasserting his leadership. People are beginning to look toward him now. Odo. This is like prewar days then.

Matsuoka. In a way, because all we're seeing now is a resurgence of Japan in general, and Japan had such an influence before. Of course, we're beginning to get a resurgence of this again.

Lin. Before it seemed that the interests of the Consulate and the interests of the people were the same, but if the San Francisco Tokyo and Little Tokyo experience is any indication, it seems that the foreign involvement in the U.S. is not so much concerned with people who live here. They're now concerned with their own business.

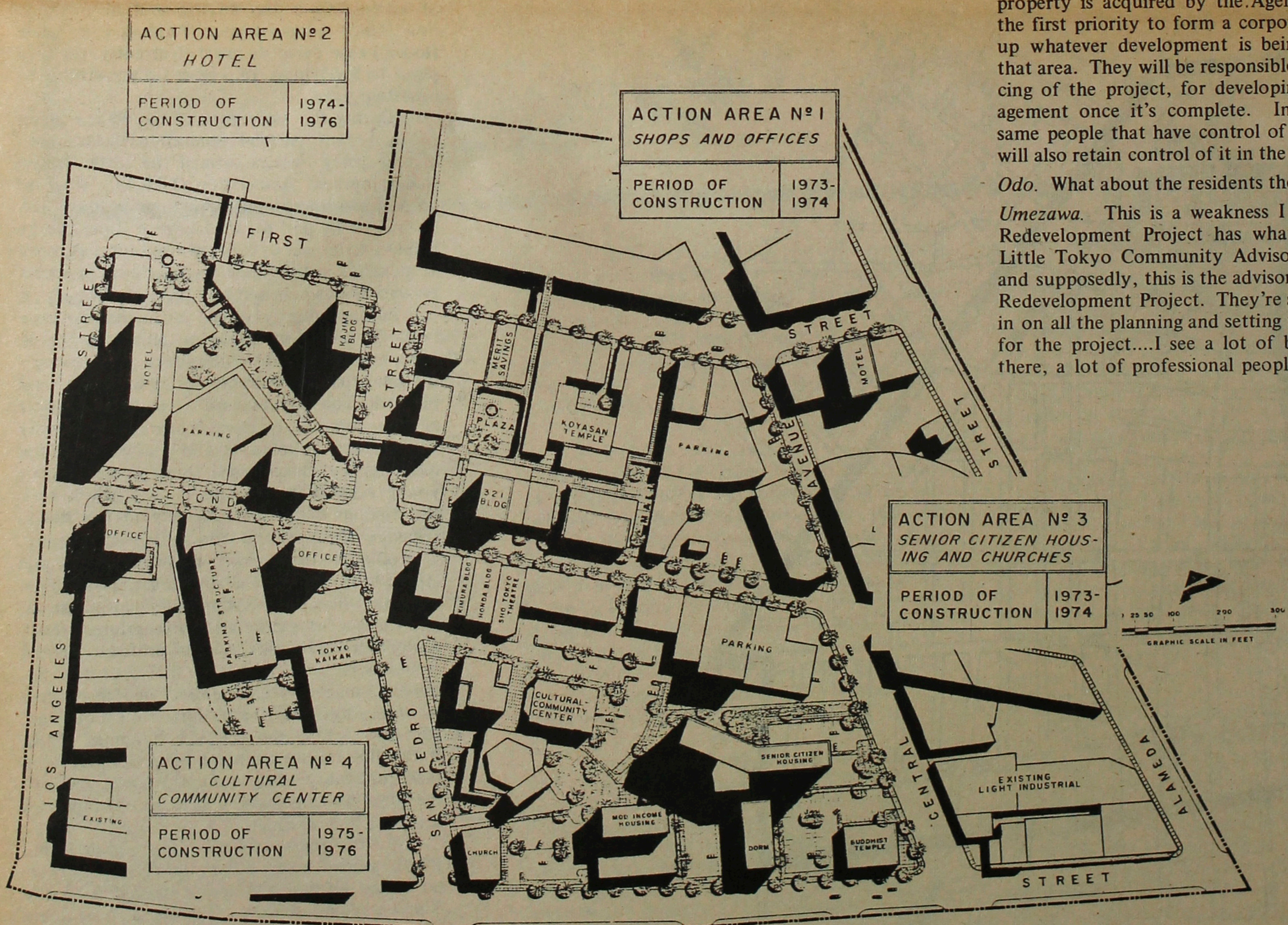
Matsuoka. You've hit the crucial difference right there. I think that's really a most crucial thing that we have to watch and look at. Just where are the interests of the Japanese "interests"? Are they with and for the people of the community or are they with and for whoever rules Japan?...and that would be the business corporations. The biggest source of money around right now and that is available in vast amounts is probably from Japan.

One of the things in the Redevelopment Project that they've done in order to retain local ownership as much as possible is to create local property-owner-local development corporations.

Umezawa. This is where property owners whose property is acquired by the Agency are getting the first priority to form a corporation to build up whatever development is being planned for that area. They will be responsible for the financing of the project, for developing it and management once it's complete. In this way the same people that have control of that land now will also retain control of it in the future.

Odo. What about the residents themselves.

Umezawa. This is a weakness I see also. The Redevelopment Project has what is called the Little Tokyo Community Advisory Committee, and supposedly, this is the advisory group to the Redevelopment Project. They're supposed to be in on all the planning and setting up of priorities for the project...I see a lot of businessmen in there, a lot of professional people, but few res-





idents. This is a problem that I see, and I don't know how it can be alleviated.

Matsuoka. I think one of the problems with the residents is that a large number are transients. They're here one day and gone the next and you can't keep track of them. The remaining group are the elderly and their economic positions are very poor in many ways. It's difficult to get people like this to participate if you make strong efforts to get them...I doubt very much if anybody's made that kind of effort to get to people like this.

One of the things we might want to talk about are some of the segments within the community today. The most significant one to watch, I believe, are the Japanese from Japan. How much power they'll eventually have and how much influence they'll exert. Another segment of course is the commercial element that have been there for years that is taking an integral part in the redevelopment of the community. Another, the third force that is making a lot of changes within the community is the young people. This is a thing to watch too, as I think there might be a time of increasing conflict because the younger people are beginning to make significant inroads into the community. Before, the older people had a tendency to dismiss the young people as a "here today, gone tomorrow" type of thing. But they're beginning to realize the seriousness of the thrust and are sort of moving against it. I think Chinatown had a similar experience when the Six Companies really moved against any group that threatens to upset things.

The Little Tokyo community has taken a little longer to respond, but many of the people are beginning to realize the seriousness of the younger people's intentions of working within Little Tokyo as a means of recreating a community and moving towards some changes in this society. They definitely see it as a threat.

Umezawa. You notice that the most impressive structure is maybe the Kajima building.

Matsuoka. The money and power behind things like that is awesome; it's overwhelming.

Tachiki. Is there any merging between powerful Nisei business figures with some of the Japan-

based businesses. I'm talking about those Nisei businessmen who are developing profitable business relationships with Japanese firms.

Matsuoka. I don't know exactly how much influence is being moved around there, but I think it's beginning to grow. Did you ever see a list of Japanese corporation representatives in Southern California? It's fantastic.

Wong. It's like a cycle going back to the 30s and the prewar days again, where the Japanese community is conservative and imperialist because the very structure in the community such as banking and all the businesses are being run and controlled by the Japanese in Japan.

Matsuoka. Our control may well be gone. There will be faces down there (Little Tokyo) that look Oriental, but we'll be pushed out to the hinterlands of Crenshaw. We may be on the outlying areas looking in, and we'll see a whole bunch of people and it won't be us, and when I say "us" I include businessmen. It won't even be us in that respect.

Odo. Is there any chance that Crenshaw might develop really divorced from the Little Tokyo area? To what extent will even Monterey Park develop as an autonomous Asian American, Japanese American entity.

Matsuoka. Personally, I feel that Little Tokyo should always be a center of Japanese American activity if we aren't pushed out. I don't think outlying areas like Crenshaw and Monterey Park can offer the same sort of things that Little Tokyo can. They are more Americanized and they really are not the type of thing that Little Tokyo is...its strong association with the culture of Japan and its background of history of Japanese in America. Those other places are sort of like a Japanese community. They've got beauty shops, etc., but these are just services that you can get anywhere else. It just happens to be that they're owned by Japanese Americans. The center for the cultural arts...the schools...most of them are located around the Little Tokyo area if not inside it or somewhere close by. Your established social organizations will always be in Little Tokyo. Little Tokyo will stay important to the entire Japanese community."

For those people who don't live or work in Little Tokyo, the happenings there are still important. In Los Angeles county, just as in other cities in the U.S., urban renewal moves on the urban communities of Third World and white working people.

There are various reasons for this, but the two main reasons are racism and economics. Racism forces Third World people into pockets, ghettos, barrios; the experience of the issei in California might be applied to the experience of other Third World people.

"Because of the racist attitudes held by Californians, the Japanese found it necessary to band together in their own ethnic communities. Thus, Little Tokyos, Nihonmachi, J-Towns were created. In these communities the issei found psychological and economic strength in unity and numbers. They were with people who spoke the same language, ate the same food, knew the same songs and stories, and celebrated the same holidays and festivals. They found security in being with people who were under the same outside pressures (or racial prejudice) and who came from the same background. In J-Town, isolated from the 'outside' world, the issei could work with, rather than compete against, people on their own terms—where there was an equal chance of surviving." (Rodan)

The second reason for urban renewal is that the city is losing money on run-down neighborhoods. Most of the well-to-do people have split to the suburbs, so only Third World and white working people remain in the inner city. They don't bring in much tax money. So the city rebuilds deteriorated areas—makes them worth more, which means higher tax revenue. Along with that, redevelopment forces the local people out of these areas and attracts white, white-collar people back into the inner cities (e.g. Bunker Hill).

The history of Little Tokyo in L.A. dates back nearly a hundred years. Even today, it is the focus of Japanese Americans all over the L.A. area; whether it's for a cultural event, to do some shopping, to go to the doctor, dentist; to visit community organizations like JACS-AI, the Pioneer Center, Amerasia Bookstore, or just to come back to walk around and eat. A survey taken by CRA indicates that out of the 100,000 Japanese Americans in the L.A. area, 50,000 people make a trip to Little Tokyo at least twice a month, from wherever they are—San Fernando, Long Beach, Orange County, etc. That's a lot of people coming into the area. Little Tokyo is, and should remain, a community, not a tourist attraction.

Little Tokyo represents a living link with the history of Japanese in America—a history that Japanese American young people are just beginning to realize and be proud of. This is very important to many sansei (third generation) who grew up confused, even ashamed of being Japanese—wanting, instead, to be white, or black, or Chicano. But that history is also important to our community as a whole, in order for us to begin understanding and dealing with problems we share, like drugs, generation gaps, etc. What we are today is a result of what happened to us, our people in the past. In order for us to find solutions to our problems, we must begin to come together—old, young, in-between—to share our life experiences, and together, begin work-in and fighting for change.

—Evelyn Yoshimura

HIGH TIDES AND ROUGH WATERS

OR HOW TO FIX YOUR "JOHN"

"unLOADING ZONE—ALL DELIVERIES THROUGH REAR"—sign on *Gidra's* bathroom door.

It's a fact. According to reliable sources, the average adult human being living in the United States deposits over 450 pounds of waste material each year. 450 pounds.

"Shee-it!"

You said it. 450 pounds is quite an accomplishment—something like 1.2 pounds per day. Honest! This fact might lend some insight into the origins of that ages-old Westside expression, "Man, I was shittin' bricks!" Yeah, man, you ain't be bullshittin' neither.

Now, where do all those 'bricks' go? I know, I know, ... "They go sloshing on out to the ocean somewhere, don't they?" Sure, I can dig it. But where does that long odyssey begin for our little friends? That's right, in a toilet—probably similar to the one you're sitting on right now.* And what this article concerns itself with, is how to give those little buggers a righteous 'send-off,' briskly whisking them off to new, more exciting adventures on the high seas.

But first, a short explanation, of sorts.

If you'll recall, beginning over a year ago, and lasting through several months, *Gidra* began including a number of articles dealing with things like: how to start up a garden (December, 1971), tips on how to buy a guitar (November, December, 1971), and also a number of "how to" recipes. I even wrote once on how to buy a used car (December, 1971). If you noticed though, in each of those articles, we failed to explain *why* exactly, we felt those topics important: we were advocating the values of a new life style without explaining the importance of them, the politics that are involved with, for example, how to fix toilets.

What am I talking about?

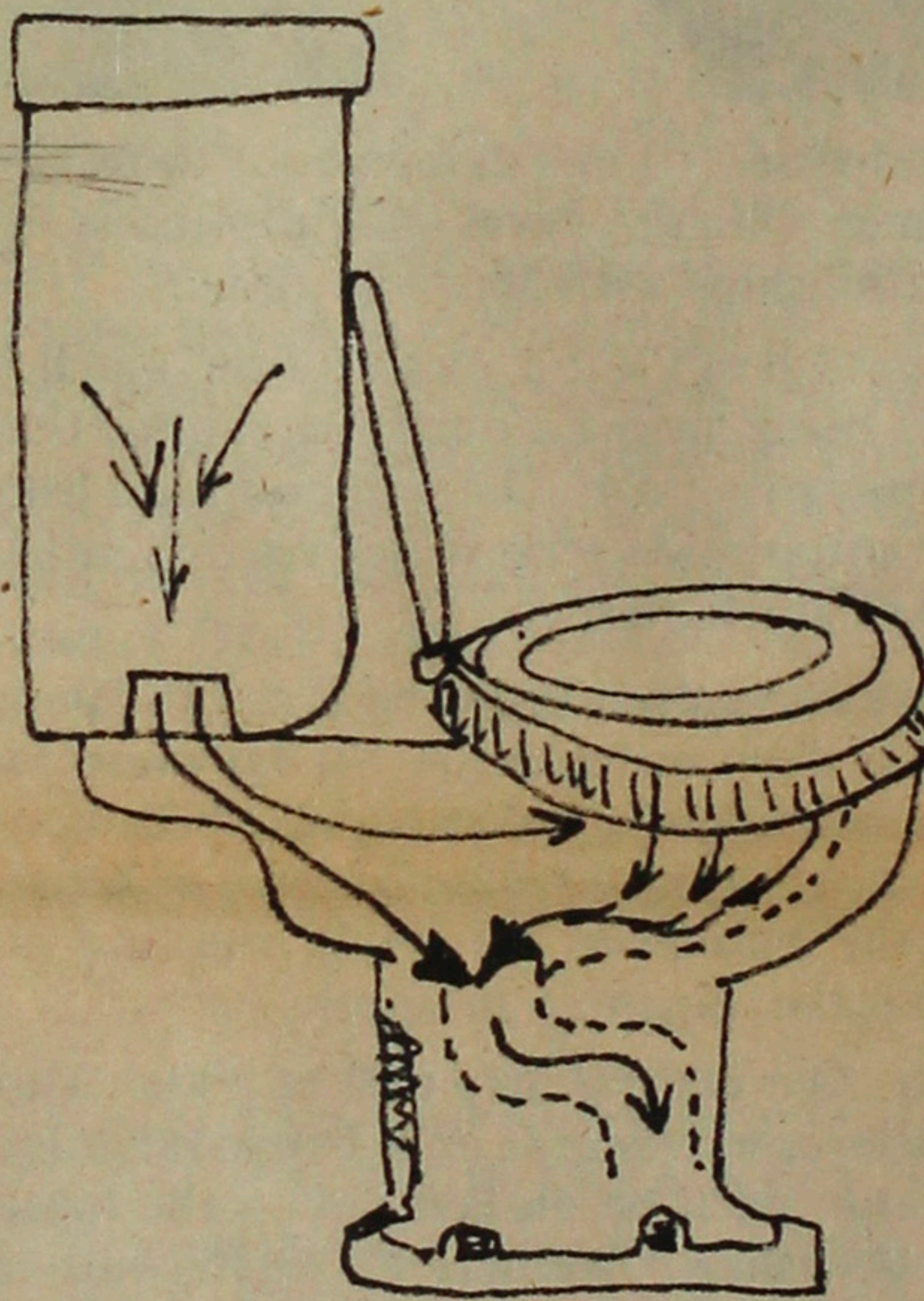
Let's imagine you come down with 'the flu.' Or, at least, that's what you thought it was. Alluvasudden, your temperature shoots up to 104 degrees, you can't climb out of bed, you begin babbling incoherent gibberish but between sentences, your mind flashes: "...better see a doctor..." So, there you are at the doctor's office, in the waiting room, seeing Dark Clouds... '...I've probably got a type of bronchial pneumonia, maybe with rheumatic fever...my hair is going to fall out soon, then my legs will give way, and then I'll go deaf—if I'm lucky, they'll be able to save my eyesight...' In a quick minute, the examination is over—you await the diagnosis ('...and then my nose will fall off...'). "A cold's what you got—get plenty of liquids, some aspirin, stay in bed." "Oh." And before you're completely well, there's a \$15.00 doctor bill sitting in your mailbox, for "services rendered."

This happens a lot: when our car "makes a funny noise," when the sink "doesn't work right," or even when we "don't feel good." We rely to a sometimes ridiculous extent on professionalism. As a result, we oftentimes pay for simple adjustments, remedies, and repairs that we ourselves could have been capable of performing—if only we had known how to do it.

It's all part of building self-reliance, and in the process, creating our own alternatives. By breaking down those mystical exaggerations con-

cerning who is able to fix this, who is qualified to operate that, we can learn to do a lot of those things ourselves. So, let's start.

We'll need a little briefing on how a toilet works before we can get down to solving problems. A diagram will help us:



The arrows indicate the flow of water when you flush the toilet. Basically, what happens is that when the toilet is flushed, water comes down the sides of the bowl, pushing the shit down towards the bottom, where a strong current of water pushes the shit through an 'exhaust pipe' to the main sewer pipe. From there on, it's high tide and rough waters.

Now that we have a very basic understanding of how a toilet operates, we can get down to fixing one of the most common problems that occur: the leaking 'john.' If your toilet is leaking, you'll hear it making a high-pitched noise all the time. It *sounds* like it's leaking. There are many causes for this malady: it could be rust, mineral deposits, a faulty supply valve, even your ball-cock (say wha?).

The first thing to do to find out exactly what *is* causing the leak, is to lift the cover off the 'toilet tank' (that's the large box located behind the seat). Both the toilet tank and lid are usually made of porcelain, and should be handled very carefully. I was told that just a good push is all it takes to crack the sides of the tank, so watch out. Place the lid onto the floor, lying flat, somewhere where you or someone else won't go steppin' all over it. Take a look inside the tank, and see if you can find these various parts:

*the *ball float*: This should be easy. It's usually a sphere made of light-weight metal, with a metal rod sticking out of it. The metal rod is called the *ball float arm*. The ball float arm is connected to an assembly called...

*the *ball cock*: at least, that's what the

plumbers call it. The assembly controls the flow of water into the tank. More on this later.

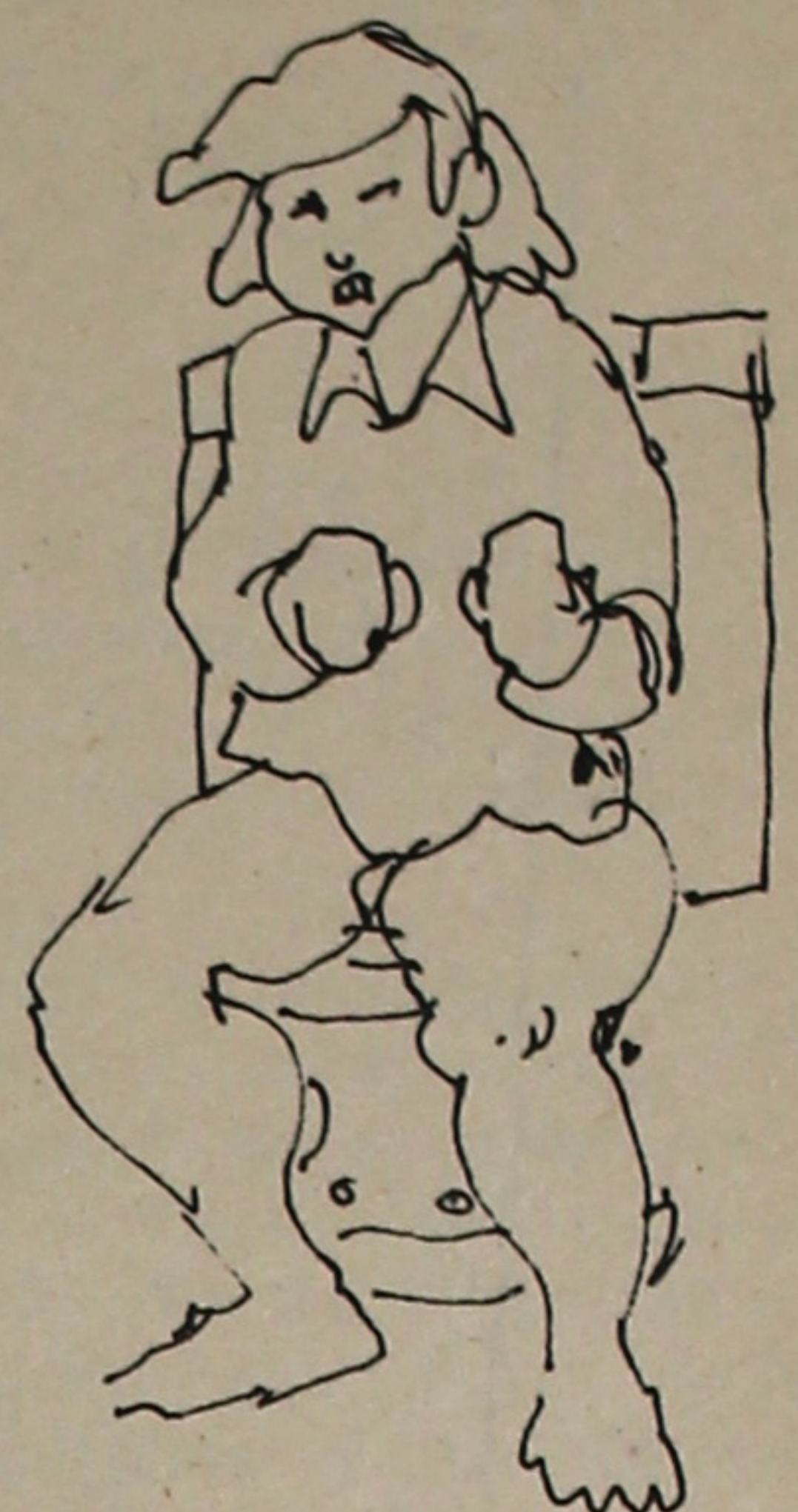
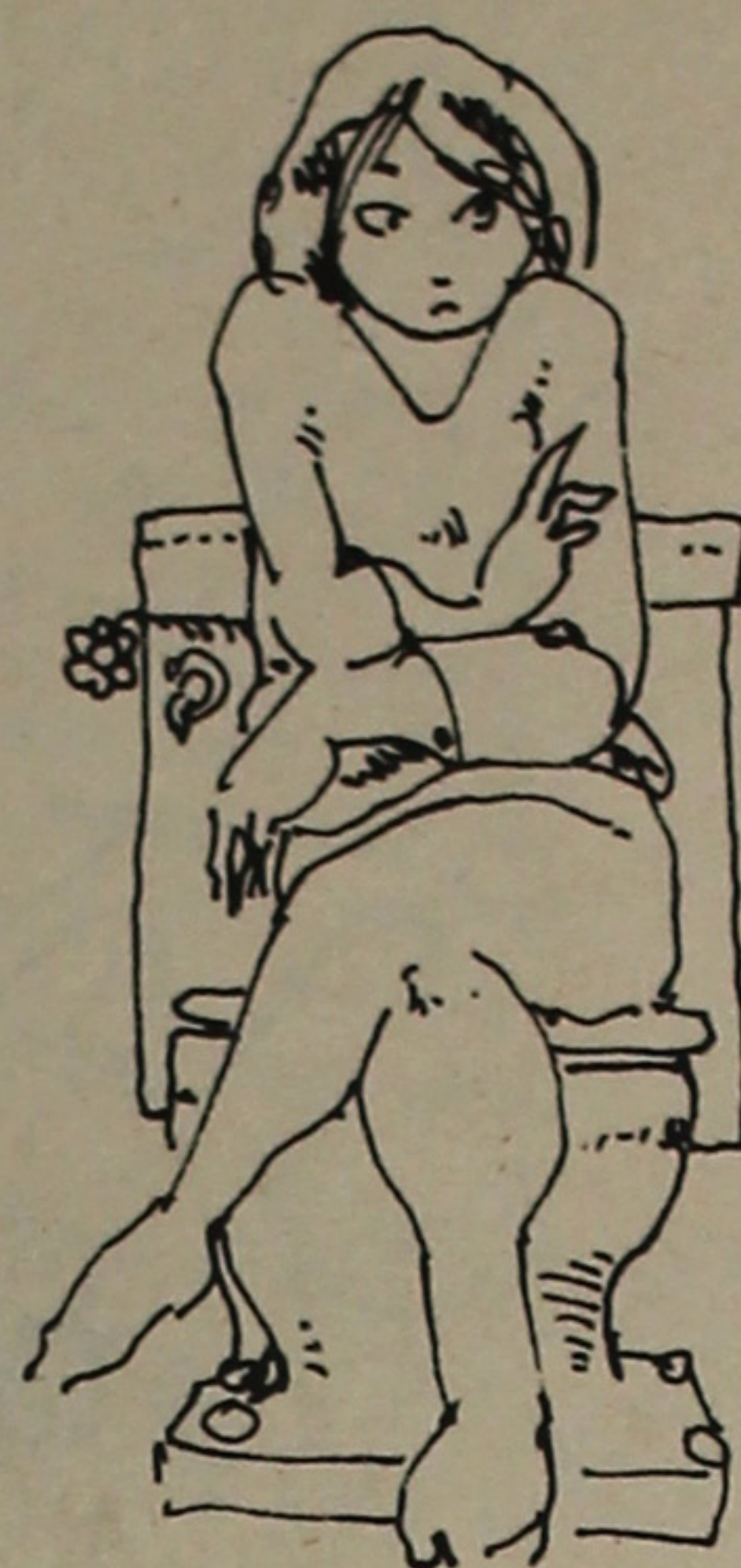
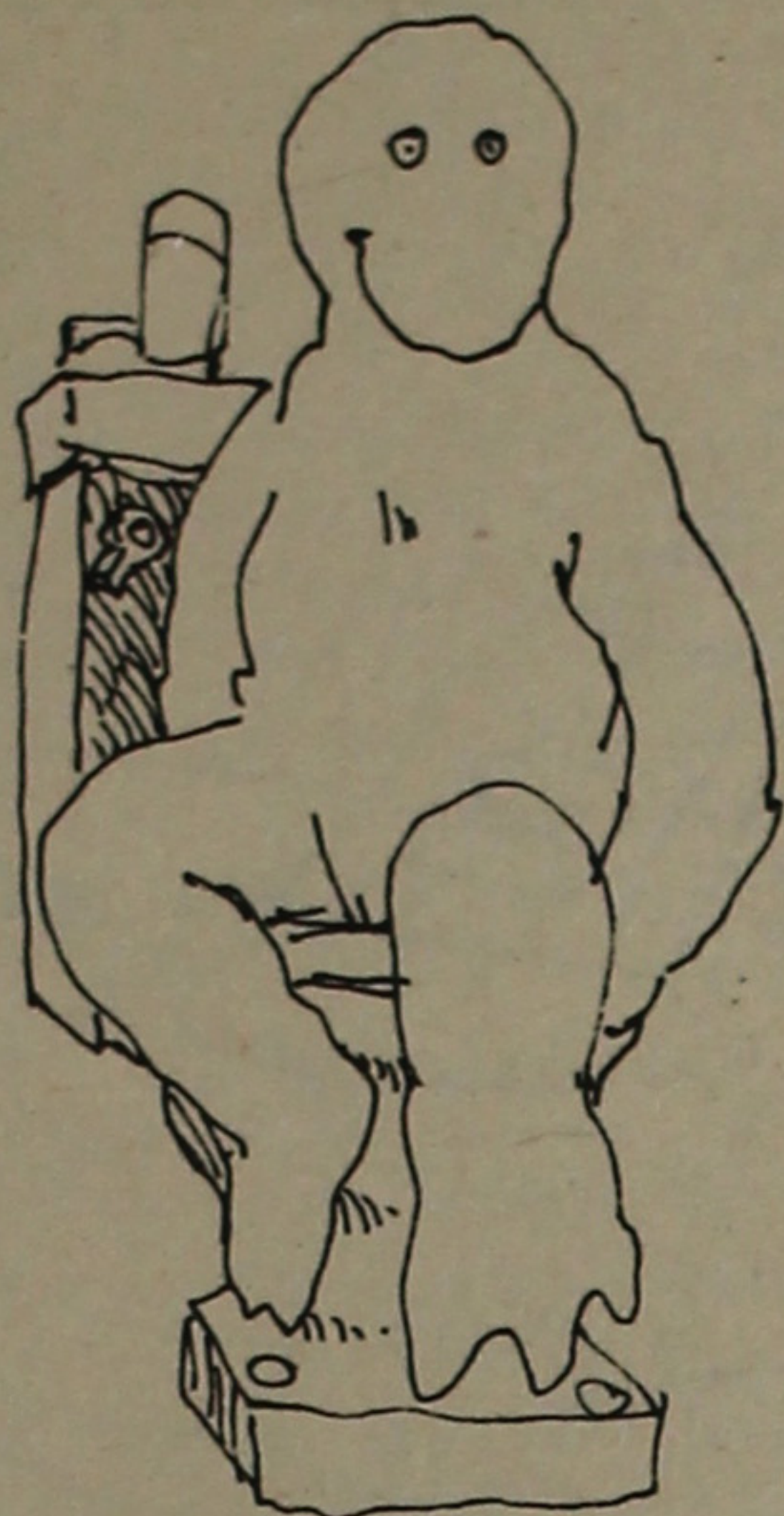
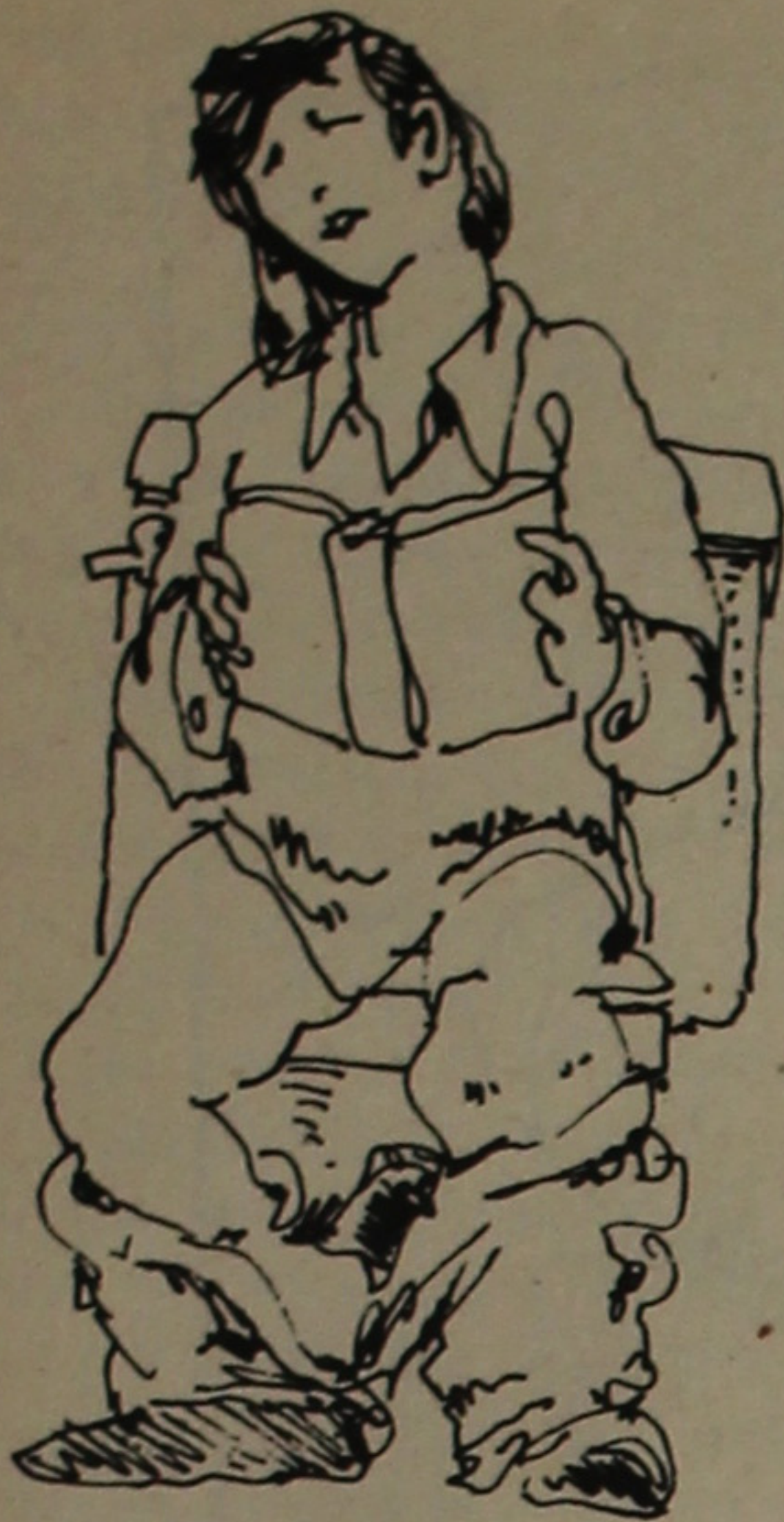
*the *tank ball*: if you can see clearly to the bottom of the tank, you'll see a rubber plug with wires running from the top of it to the toilet handle—those wires are called 'lift-wires.'

If you stare into the tank as you flush the toilet, we can learn how these parts operate together. As the toilet handle is pushed down, the lift-wires lift the tank ball. When this happens, a hole in the bottom of the tank is uncovered and the water escapes, the float lowers with it. Simultaneously, the float arm opens a valve in the ball-cock assembly, which channels a new supply of water into the tank. When the water level nears the bottom of the tank, the tank ball is drawn back down onto the hole by the suction power of the escaping water. Once the tank ball is back on top of the hole, the tank begins to fill, and the float rises. When the float reaches a certain level, the float arm will shut off the valve in the ball cock assembly, and the thing will be ready to carry off another load. Simple.

A worn tank ball (the rubber plug that covers the hole in the bottom of the tank) is a common cause for leaking toilets. If the rubber is old, rotting, and cracked, the water in the tank will escape slowly and the level of water will never be able to rise to the level where the ball-cock can shut off. You can check the condition of the tank ball by rubbing your fingers across the rubber: if black stuff comes off onto your fingers you have a worn tank ball. But that might not be the only cause, so check out the rest of the possible causes before you try to replace it (the replacement procedure will be outlined below).

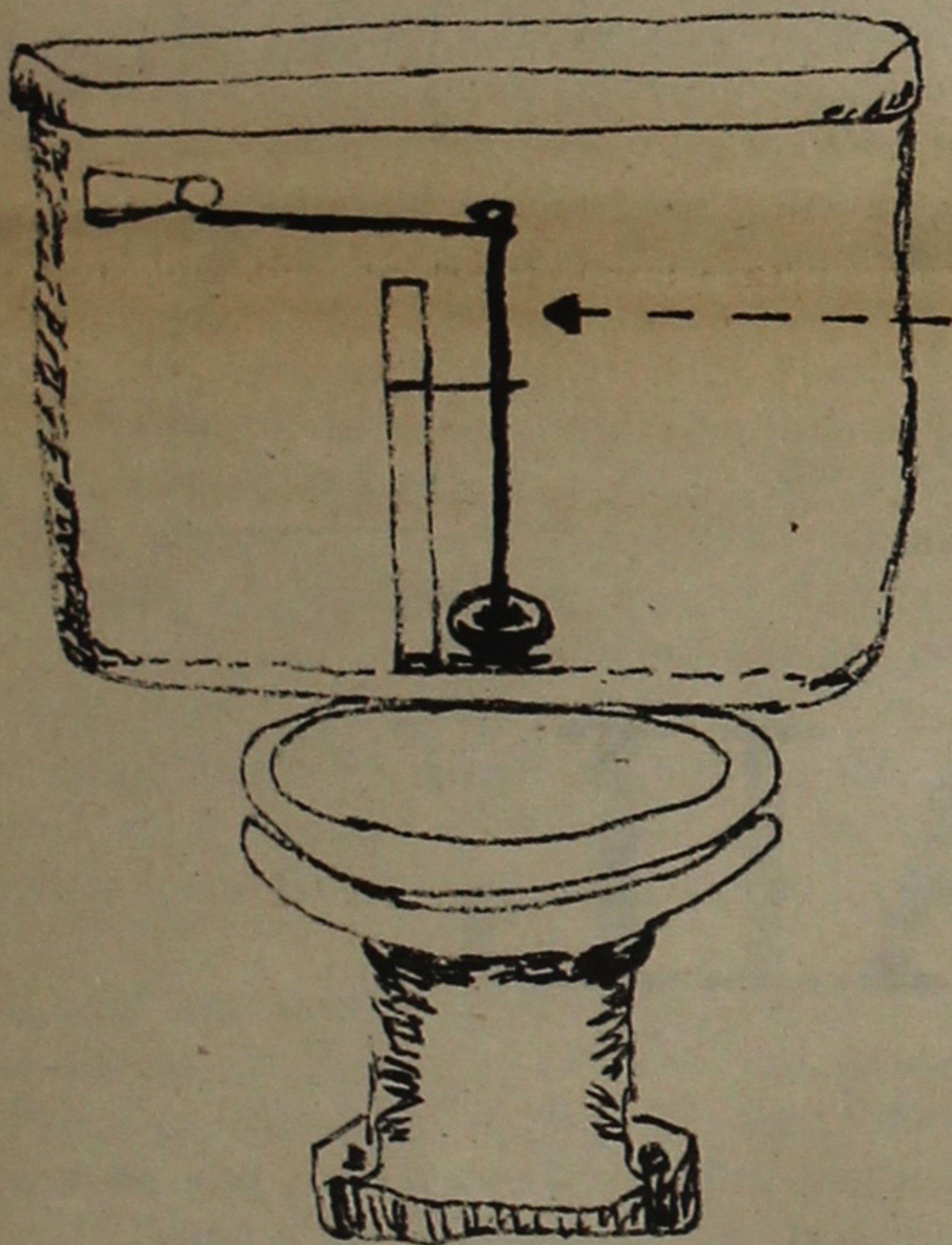
"If you shake it twice, you're playing with it."

Let's assume your tank ball is in good condition, but the toilet is still leaking. If you have a toilet that stops leaking when you shake the handle, there's a couple of possible causes. The hole at the bottom of the tank, which is covered by the tank ball (remember?), sometimes acquires mineral deposits or rust, and makes it impossible for the tank ball to seat itself correctly. To correct this condition, we have to empty the tank of water. How? Look below the tank and find a handle that seems to be connected to the wall with a tube running up to the tank. See it? That's the 'angle stop.' If you turn the handle clockwise, you'll shutoff the supply of in-coming water. Once that's done, flush the toilet. Now, there should be only a few inches of water in the tank, which you can lower even further by lifting the tank ball and splashing the water that remains down the hole. We can get the tank ball out of the way (or replace it by) unscrewing the lift-wire coming out of the top of it and removing the tank ball and lift wire completely out of the tank. If you've done this, go and get a sheet of light sandpaper and, *very* carefully, sand completely around the top edge of the hole, where the tank ball sits. Plumbers have a special 'honing' tool to do this, but we can use sandpaper (at least, we can try...)—if we're careful to



sand the edge evenly. If we sand down only where we see a lump of mineral deposits or rust, we might create an uneven seat for the tank ball and have another larger leak on our hands. So, if this is your problem, and you're attempting to do this with sandpaper, please be careful.

If the hole is in good shape, but you still have to shake the handle to stop the noise, the remedy could lie in a simple adjustment of the lift-wires. Sometimes the lift-wires are not aligned correctly, and cause the tank ball to fall off its mark, and sit incorrectly on top of the hole. There are two lift wires, one comes straight up from the tank ball and passes through the eye of the other lift-wire which is connected to an extension of the toilet handle. It looks like this:



When you jiggle the handle of your toilet, what you're doing is trying to seat the tank ball correctly on top of the hole. So, first check and see if the toilet handle extension and the lift-wires are aligned. When you flush the toilet, do the lift-wires come straight up? If not, bend the handle extension over until it lifts the wires up straight. Also, check to see if there is about a one inch space between the two 'eyes' of the lift-wires. This space makes sure that the tank ball can drop down all the way.

If you've checked those things out and you still got a leaking john—don't give up, there's still a few more things to consider. Maybe your float has a hole in it. Sounds dumb, but it happens, and when it does, the float sinks, the float arm keeps the ball-cock valve open, and the tank fills with water. Toilets are equipped with overflow tubes for just such emergencies, so don't worry about "What if this happens when I'm gone for the summer?" Your stash will still be dry, you'll just have a \$200 water bill. If you have to change the float, you have to shut off the water supply (the 'angle stop') first. You can figure out the rest.

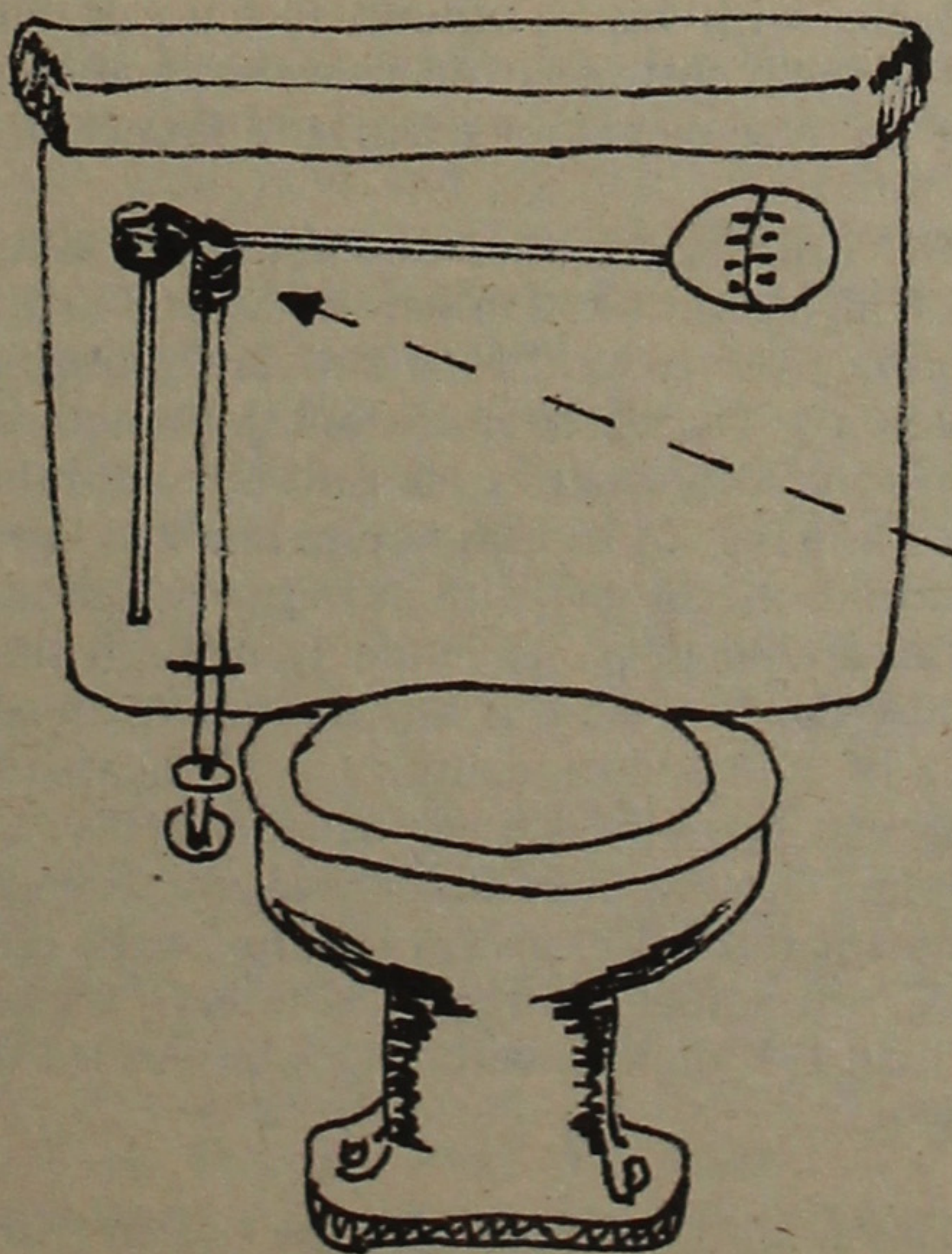
A simple adjustment of the float arm can stop a leaking toilet... of course, only if that's what the problem is. Occasionally, the float arm is bent in such a way that the water level

can never raise the float (and the float arm) to the shut-off height. If this is the case, simply bend the float arm downward, pushing the float towards the bottom of the tank slightly. This will lower the height of the shut-off water level. In most tanks, there is a waterline indicated on the inner wall somewhere. See it? If you want to have a toilet with a good, forceful, efficient flush, bend the float arm until the water level is up to the indicated mark: bend up to raise the water level, bend down to lower it. Try not to get too carried away with this adjustment though, or you'll snap the thing in half.

Any of the simple tasks outlined so far would cost you, in terms of dollars and cents, about \$15 if you called a union plumber, and a minimum of \$13 for a non-union plumber. 'Course, this is little consolation if you've done all of these and the thing still leaks. Does it? *Still?* Well, then, the trouble lies in a faulty ball-cock assembly...

Once in a while, some small bits of rust find their way into the ball-cock and mess up the smooth operation of the supply valve inside, preventing complete closure and allowing water to continue running. If you're sure that none of the other problems are what's causing the leaking noise—then this is the next place to check.

There are many different types of ball-cocks, but the most common type is the Mansfield ball-cock. Look at your ball-cock—are there little screws on the top of it? Chances are two out of three there are, and it's a Mansfield ball-cock you've got. Good, now the first thing to do is close the angle stop and flush the toilet. All set? Now, unscrew the screws that are visible on the top of the ball-cock, and lift off the cover. If you heard some little gizmo just drop to the bottom of the tank, that's the supply valve. If you're fortunate, it didn't drop down the hole, and you won't have to wind up buying a new one. Whatever the case, it should look like this:



The supply valve travels up and down inside the ball-cock and is controlled by the movement of the float arm. When the toilet is flushed, the float dips and the float arm rises from the pressure of the new-water supply, which flows around the valve and eventually into the tank.

If the leaking is caused by rust or mineral deposits in the ball-cock, you'll see it on the section of the ball-cock you just uncovered. That's where the supply valve sits. Wipe the area clear of any visible particles and then turn on the angle stop and let a stream of water clear anything else from the supply pipe. Then, rinse off the supply valve, and, while it's in your hands, rub the rubber part of the valve and see if it's worn or rotting. If it is, finding a replacement valve for your particular ball-cock will be pretty difficult—most hardware stores sell the whole ball-cock assembly. So let's keep our fingers crossed, and put the whole thing back together, and flush it.

Still leak? Are you sure? I don't mean to be skeptical, but are you perhaps *imagining* that leaking noise? Maybe there's a jet passing overhead, or your hot-water kettle is whistling?—go see. Neither? Then you have to replace *your ball-cock*, and, as you can probably guess, replacing your ball-cock is a major operation.

The plumber that I gathered all this information from (who, for personal reasons wishes to remain anonymous), explained the lengthy procedure to me in great detail. If it is the case that your toilet still leaks, and you refuse to be ripped-off by the "pros," walk on over to a near-by telephone and dial (213) 734-7838, and ask for Jeff. That's me. I'll be happy to explain this procedure to you personally. This is not a 'cop' by any means—I'm serious! You can write me, if you prefer, at: P.O. Box 18649, Los Angeles 90018. This is for real, and I ain't be bullshittin' neither...

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"One of the great enjoyments in life," as was once sighed by a relieved *Gidra* staffer, is made all the more so when the experience ends with the reassuring whoosh of a smooth-running toilet. "Know your enemies, know your friends," a man once advised. Surely a device that performs the unenviable task of shuffling 450 pounds of human waste out of sight and smell each year, year after year, must be a friend of some sort. And hopefully, this brief introduction has only been the start of a lasting and intimate association. Get acquainted!

—Jeff Furumura

Postscript. After some discussion, I was able to convince the plumber to allow me to reveal his identity. Mike Yanagita has served the community through a number of different projects ranging from AMMO (Asian Movement for Military Outreach) to the Creative Workshop (a group of people working with children). Altho just entering into the plumbing field as an apprentice, and confessing, "...I ain't got my shit very together," Mike was more than willing to share with us all the information included in the article above. Without Mike's assistance, this article could not have been written. —JF



OPIUM TRAIL

"Ladies and Gentlemen," announced the genteel British diplomat, raising his glass to offer a toast, "I give you Prince Sopsaisana, the up-lifter of Laotian youth."

The toast brought an appreciative smile from the guest of honor as well as cheers and applause from the luminaries of Vientiane's diplomatic corps, that were assembled at the farewell banquet for the Laotian ambassador-designate to France, Prince Sopsaisana. A member of the royal house of Xieng Khouang, the Plain of Jars region of Laos, the Prince was vice-president of the National Assembly, chairman of the Lao Bar Association, president of the Lao Press Association, president of the *Alliance Francaise*, and a member in good standing of the Asian People's Anti-Communist League. The Americans considered him an outstanding example of a new generation of honest, dynamic national leaders, and it was rumored in the Laotian capital that Sopsaisana was destined for high office some day.

The final send-off party at Vientiane's Wattay Airport on April 23, 1972 was one of the gayest affairs of the season. His arrival at Paris's Orly Airport on the morning of April 25 was the occasion for another gala reception. The French ambassador to Laos, and the entire staff of the Laotian Embassy had turned out to welcome the new ambassador. Curiously, the Prince insisted on waiting for his luggage like any ordinary tourist, and when his many suitcases finally appeared

after an unexplained delay, he immediately noticed that a particular one was missing. Sopsaisana angrily insisted that his suitcase be delivered at once, and French authorities promised, most apologetically, that it would be sent to the Laotian Embassy as soon as it was found. Sopsaisana departed reluctantly for yet another reception at the Embassy, and while he drank the ceremonial champagne with his newfound retinue of admirers, French customs officials were examining one of the biggest heroin seizures in French history.

The Ambassador's suitcase contained sixty kilos of highgrade Laotian heroin—worth \$13.5 million on the streets of New York, its probable destination. A week later, a smiling French official presented himself at the Embassy with the suitcase in hand. Although Sopsaisana had been bombarding the airport with outraged telephone calls for several days, he suddenly realized that accepting the suitcase was tantamount to an admission of guilt and so, contrary to his righteous indignation, he flatly denied that it was his. Ignoring his declaration of innocence, the French government refused to accept his diplomatic credentials, and Sopsaisana remained in Paris for no more than two months before he was recalled to Vientiane.

This is only one rare glimpse (taken from *Harper's Magazine*, July 1972) of the workings

of the Laotian drug trade. That trade is the principal business of Laos, and to a certain extent, it depends on the support (in money, guns, aircraft, etc.) of the United States' Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).

Prince Sopsaisana had allegedly received his sixty kilos of heroin through an aggressive Laotian general named Vang Pao, who happens to be the commander of the CIA's secret army in northeastern Laos. He has commanded that army since 1961.

But the American embassy remains unaware of his involvement in the narcotics traffic. This benign attitude was expressed in a December, 1970 letter by Ambassador G. McMurtie Godley to a journalist inquiring about the opium traffic. Godley wrote: "The purchase in Southeast Asia is certainly less difficult than in other parts of the world, but I believe the Royal Laotian Government takes its responsibility seriously to prohibit international opium traffic.... However, latest information available to me indicated that all of Southeast Asia produces only 5 percent of narcotics which are, unfortunately, illegally imported to Great Britain and the U.S. As you undoubtedly are already aware, our government is making every effort to contain this traffic and I believe the Narcotics Bureau in Washington D.C. can give you additional information if you have some other inquiries." (*Harper's*, July 1972).

Ambassador Godley neglected to mention in his letter the latest information available to him, that the majority of American G.I.'s were using heroin coming from Laotian laboratories. Nor did he see it necessary to mention two other facts: (1) In 1967, the United Nations reported that poppy farmers in northeastern Burma, northeastern Thailand, and northern Laos, a region known as the "Fertile Triangle," were producing 1,000 tons of raw opium annually, about 70 percent of the world's supply; and (2) during the last several months of 1970, more American soldiers were evacuated as casualties from South Vietnam for drug related reasons than for reasons having to do with war wounds. (*Harper's*).

Rather than sending U.S. troops into Laos, four successive American Presidents and their foreign policy advisors worked through the CIA to build the Meo guerrillas of northern Laos into the only effective army in Laos. The fundamental reason for American involvement in any aspect of the Laotian opium traffic lies in these policy decisions and they can only be understood in the context of the secret war in Laos—a war in which Vang Pao emerged as one of the principal figures.

Since the production of opium in the Middle East is on the decline, Southeast Asia has become the world's largest supplier of opium. Meo tribesmen have been encouraged to cultivate the poppy as the principal cash crop; and assured of food supplies from the CIA, the Meo have given up growing rice to make room for more land to grow opium.

CIA operations with Meo guerrillas began in 1956 as part of a regional intelligence-gathering program. General Edward G. Lansdale, who directed much of the Defense Department's strategic planning in Indochina during the early years of the Kennedy Administration, recalls that these hilltribe operations were set up to monitor "Communist infiltration." The main thought was to have an early warning with these tribes in the mountains getting intelligence of North Vietnamese movement. This would be a part of a defensive strategy of saving the rice producing lowlands of Thailand and Vietnam by sealing off the mountain infiltration routes from China and North Vietnam.

While the U.S. military sent half a million troops to fight in South Vietnam, the mountain war required only a handful of U.S. personnel. Since there were too few U.S. operatives to assume complete responsibility for daily operations in the hills of Laos, the CIA selected one person from every hill tribe as its leader. The CIA's chosen commander recruited his fellow tribesmen, paid their salaries (if they did not pocket it already) with CIA money, and led them to battle.

One of the commanders of the Meo self-defense forces in the Plain of Jars region was Vang Pao. In command during the first Indochina war he had a good record, but in his new command, Vang Pao displayed the personal corruption that would make him a despotic warlord.

The Trail

In the wet season the Meo tribesmen chop back the forests so that the crop can be planted in August and September. Between January and March, the poppies bloom red, white and purple blossoms. When the blossoms wither and an egg-sized pod is left, the women begin to harvest the crop. They make a small incision in the pod with a three-bladed knife and the pod exudes a white latex-like substance which is left to accumulate and thicken for a day or two. Then it is rolled into balls weighing several pounds. The hill tribe growers collect about \$50 per kilo (2.2 pounds). They have no idea that their only cash crop can be sold for a profit of \$200,000 per kilo between the grower and the street addict.

The Meo tribespeople smoke only a fraction of it to get a pleasant high, then sell the rest to local Chinese smugglers. After these smugglers buy raw opium they travel to the territory of military gangs which force the smugglers to pay protection money as a guarantee of safe passage. The biggest of these armed gangs are the remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang army that were chased out of South China. These gangs dominate more than 80 percent of

the traffic from the Shan State by controlling a strip roughly 75 miles long in northern Thailand along the Burmese border.

A few other official groups, besides the Chinese Nationalist bands, get a part of the profit at this point. They are the Shan States Army of Burma, the Burmese self-defense forces or K.K.Y., and the Thai Border Patrol Police. The Kuomintang are the most organized and the most powerful of all the groups. In July 1967 when the independent Shan operator Chan Chi-foo tried to get past the Kuomintang without paying the protection money of \$80,000, they cut him off near Ban Houei Sai in Laos, and a shoot-out began. When Laotian General Ouanne Rattikone, a former commanding officer of the Royal Laotian Army and a controller of a great share of the opium traffic through Laos for over ten years, heard about the fight, he pulled his troops out of the Plain of Jars and hurried them to Ban Houei Sai to protect his turf. General Ouanne's airplanes bombed both sides, killing 300 and ripping off half a ton of opium for himself.

Along the U.S. built roads, the third and most important group of middlemen appear. These are the Laotian generals whose power and armies are dependent on the American government. They protect the traffic for a profit and also move heroin themselves. Because of the U.S. bombing, the opium routes are not safe and the surface is almost impossible to move on, so the airplanes have taken the lead of transporting the opium. Planes of the Royal Lao Air Force move heroin from "collecting points" like Ban Houei Sai to "forwarding centers" in Laos and Thailand, northern Thailand, and other major cities. By the time the heroin reaches Udon Thani air base, it is in the form of white heroin. Cities in Laos and Thailand have served as central markets, major processing centers, and final transshipment points of opium headed for Saigon and Hong Kong.

The government planes are the vital links between the Laotian collection points to the key stations and processing plants. From there, the heroin reaches Vietnam. How? Most of the airlines making this trip are Air Vietnam, Royal Lao, Lao Airlines, Thai International and Air

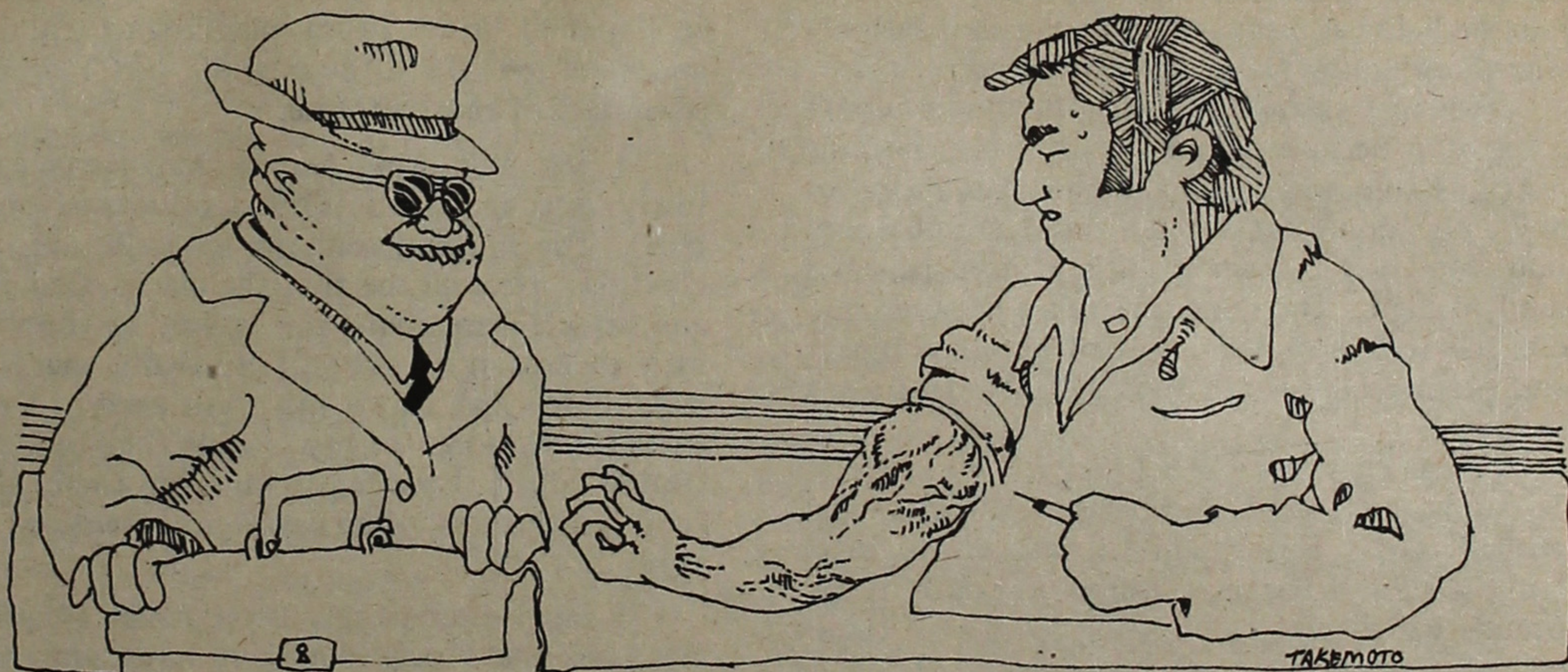
France. But there are two other major airlines involved which fly to Laos and from Laos to Vietnam. They are *Air America* and *Air Continental*. Air America was also the only form of air transport available when the Corsican flights made it impossible for villages on the northern perimeter and in San Neua Province to market their opium.

Air America is one of the world's largest airlines with 11,000 employees and a fleet of 200 aircraft. Most of Air America's contracts are with the CIA for its Asian missions (revealed in the Pentagon Papers). Air Continental gets an even greater percentage of its contracts from CIA.

Because of America's technology, the opium trade has increased in profit tremendously. The old opium trail was very long and moved slowly down from the hills of the Meo tribesmen and then by boat down the Mekong Valley through Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. But now with the help of American machines, the planes fly opium and heroin directly between the major collections, processing and relay points. This has reduced the risk, and increased the profits of the trade of opium.

On the trail, the last middlemen are the anti-communist puppets of the Saigon regime. From the days of the French colonial opium monopoly to the present days of Premier Tran Khiem, the Saigon ruling family has had their hands in the midst of the opium trade. The major paid protector of the heroin trade is Premier Tran Theim Khiem who controls the National Police and is related by marriage to Saigon's Police Chief. Khiem appointed a brother to the post of Chief of the National Customs Investigation Division at Tan Son Nhut Airport, which is the funnel for opium coming in from Laos. The Premier's family stands guard over the check-points on the Vietnam heroin trail leading into the G.I. mainline.

A clear and consistent pattern toward the Kuomintang gangs and the Saigon ruling families by the U.S. government reveals the firm support for the same people who push heroin to the G.I.s in Vietnam.



Methadone Maintenance

On March 2, 1971, Senator Vance Harke estimated that there were 500,000 heroin addicts in the U.S., and out of that 20 percent are teenagers. Heroin has become the major killer of young people between the ages of 18 and 35, outpacing deaths from accidents, suicides and cancer. It has also become the major cause of crime in the U.S. To sustain their habits, heroin addicts spend more than \$15 million a day, half of it coming from the 55 percent of crime in the cities which they commit, and the annual \$2.5 billion worth of goods they steal.

Once heroin was isolated in the black ghetto, but since the spread into white Middle America, it has gained much attention. Heroin pacifies people, keeping them too strung out to know that people are fucking with their lives. Why should the U.S. stop the influx of heroin? After all, they get what they want out of it—money—and furthermore, addicts do not constitute a political threat because they're too loaded

to know what's going on. Now that white Middle class youth is into heroin, the government is forced to start taking action.

Most of the new government money will be used to expand what is known as the "Methadone Maintenance" programs. Methadone was invented by the Germans during World War Two. They called it Adolfeine in honor of Hitler. The effects are almost the same as heroin: they both get you high, both tend to require ever-increasing doses, both produce extremely painful symptoms of withdrawal. The only big difference between the two is that methadone is legal.

Ely Lilly and Co. is the number one manufacturer of methadone. The more methadone maintenance programs the government sets up, the more money Ely Lilly makes. The taxes we pay supply the government with the money to pay Lilly.

Methadone is spreading out to even more people than the government will admit. A survey of fourteen major cities found methadone

on sale illegally in the streets of every one of them. As methadone maintenance programs increase in size and number, both supply and demand for black market methadone are also growing. The new drug may soon rival heroin as a cause of addiction. In Washington, D.C., in 1971, more people died of overdoses of methadone than of heroin.

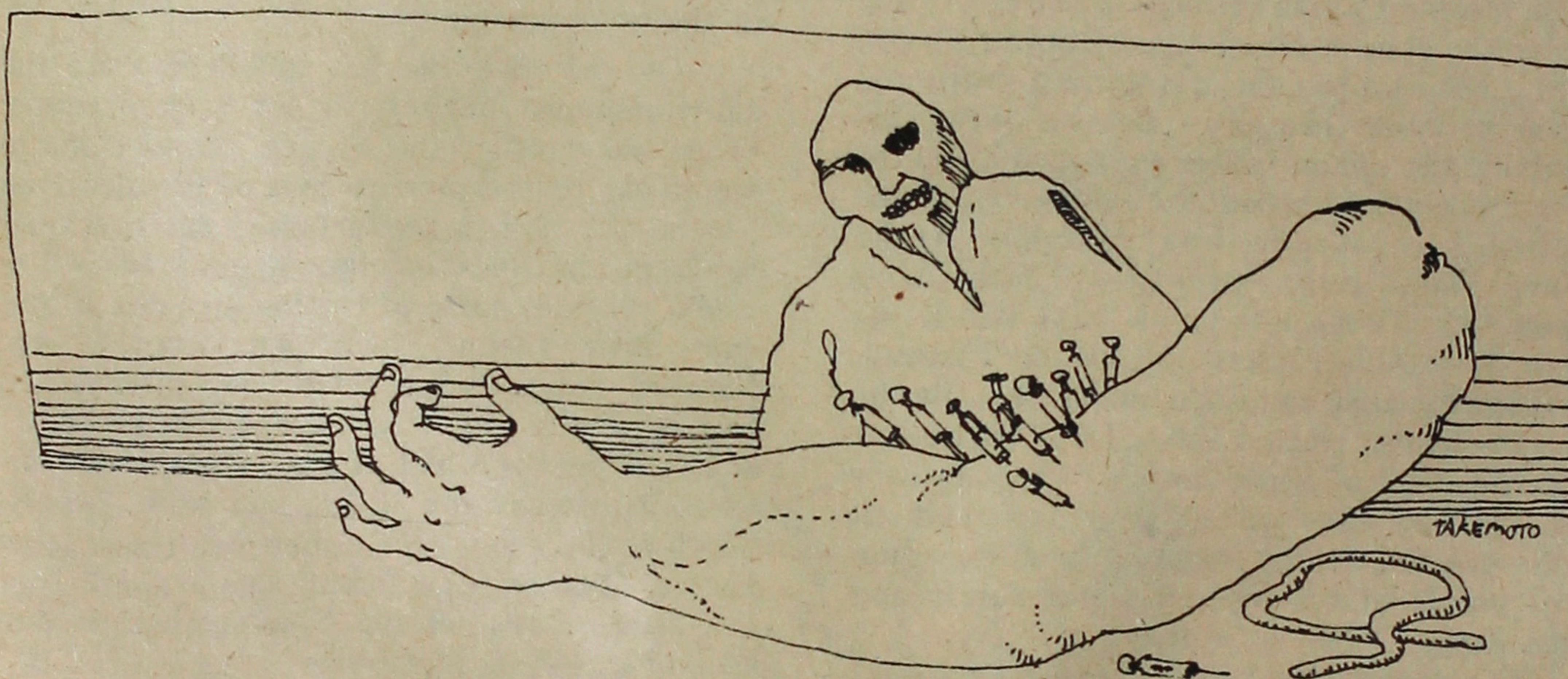
If someone in jail enrolls in the methadone maintenance program, he or she can get on parole early. This is usually besides the point since he or she may have already kicked heroin, and methadone is twice as dangerous to kick as heroin.

Methadone maintenance substitutes a legal drug for an illegal one, but still leaves the patient strung out, still unable to function without a chemical prop, and sluggish with one. And once you're on methadone maintenance, you're on it for life—unless of course you go back to junk. With heroin spreading and methadone following, we seem to be on the verge of a "brave new

world" where millions of people live out their lives on government-supplied drugs. Instead of dealing with the real problems that push people to drugs, methadone maintenance merely tries to return them to normal; that is, to keep them quiet and under control.

In the process, it gives the government an incredible degree of power over the addict's life. Patients who have to report to a clinic once or twice a day can't go very far away, and they can't very well afford to disobey any orders from their official suppliers. Clinics always reserve the right to screen applicants for methadone and reject those who they don't wish to maintain; in New York some clinics have refused to help addicts who wear black liberation pins to the clinic. Puerto Rican and black people are realizing that methadone is another weapon of the white power structure to pacify their communities. As methadone programs are moving into white neighborhoods, the white people are starting to have the same fears.

—Cynthia Koike and
Chris Murakami



Smack: A Personal Account

I was fourteen when I started getting into reds. My friends were using heroin so I was around it a lot but I wasn't into shooting until later. As my tolerance for reds grew, I got up to using thirty reds a day. Then I started shooting reds and dug it because of the instant rush. I was shooting for about three months.

When I started shooting heroin it wasn't a big step because I had already been shooting reds. Heroin was a more sophisticated kind of high, you don't get sloppy, don't stumble and you don't get belligerent...it's a more peaceful kind of high. The main difference between heroin and reds is that the cost of heroin is higher and getting high is not such a lightweight thing anymore.

I was eighteen when I just got into heroin. To support my \$14 a day habit, I worked and pushed reds. For a while it was pretty easy. After a while I began to follow the path of my friends which was committing burglaries, thieving and even ripping off my parents. I didn't give a shit about anyone except myself and getting high. My main concern was staying high. I really thought that drugs were more important than people.

When I was shooting stuff I felt that the whole world was fucked up and heroin just made the world seem nicer. In school I reacted to the stereotypes that were put on me 'cause I was Asian. I thought that getting high was like getting back at everyone, plus it was a lot more fun than studying. My family and other people's parents were constantly gossiping about me. Even the kids at school treated me like a social outcast. But there were some other people who were getting high so we all hung around and supported each other in fights and shit like that. We understood where each other were coming from and we took pride out of knowing there was someone there to back us up. I thought that my family, friends and myself were fucked up, but drugs were outasight.

I started buying heroin and reds from friends but they were taking cuts of heroin and making money off of me. Then I started making my own connections. Most of the street dealers were dealing to support their own habits, but

the bigger dealers were in it purely for money.

Seeing that heroin was a one way trip, I felt I had to get away from my friends and get away from heroin. A lot of my friends were getting busted and I didn't want to get busted so I split to Frisco. I was planning to quit dope and start my life all over again, but I brought seven jars of reds with me.

I was still using heroin, but I was really heavy into reds. In 1969, I overdosed on 47 reds. The hospital sent me to a Chicano psychiatrist. He told me that the blacks, Chicanos, and myself were giving our money to the white man to poison us. Then I got really angry and went home and threw my stash away. I even tried to tell some of my friends this, but they couldn't dig it. I wanted to quit, but then I started to go through withdrawals, so I went out and copped.

I met some people from Asian American Hardcore and I really dug them 'cause they were warm and down to earth. They were talking about revolution and I could relate to where they were coming from 'cause some had been strung out and had been in the joint also. They talked about getting angry and fighting to pay the man for what he has done to our people... then, something clicked in my head.

I was living in Long Beach then and I didn't have any money and was about to get kicked out of the pad so I knew I had to make a decision right away. I had three alternatives. (1) Keep clean, make money, you know the "American dream" shit. (2) Stay strung out and keep the same lifestyle—but I was tired of that. And (3) start changing things and start helping each other. I chose the last one. I didn't want my life to be controlled anymore.

Dope fiends need motivation to struggle (not only physical fighting) or else they'll never quit. Generally, most dopers need to see something concrete. I guess it was that feeling of love for my brothers and sisters and motivation to change society, not only for my self, but for all oppressed people, that made me quit.

— a former smack head.

cont. from page nine

Fashion Show

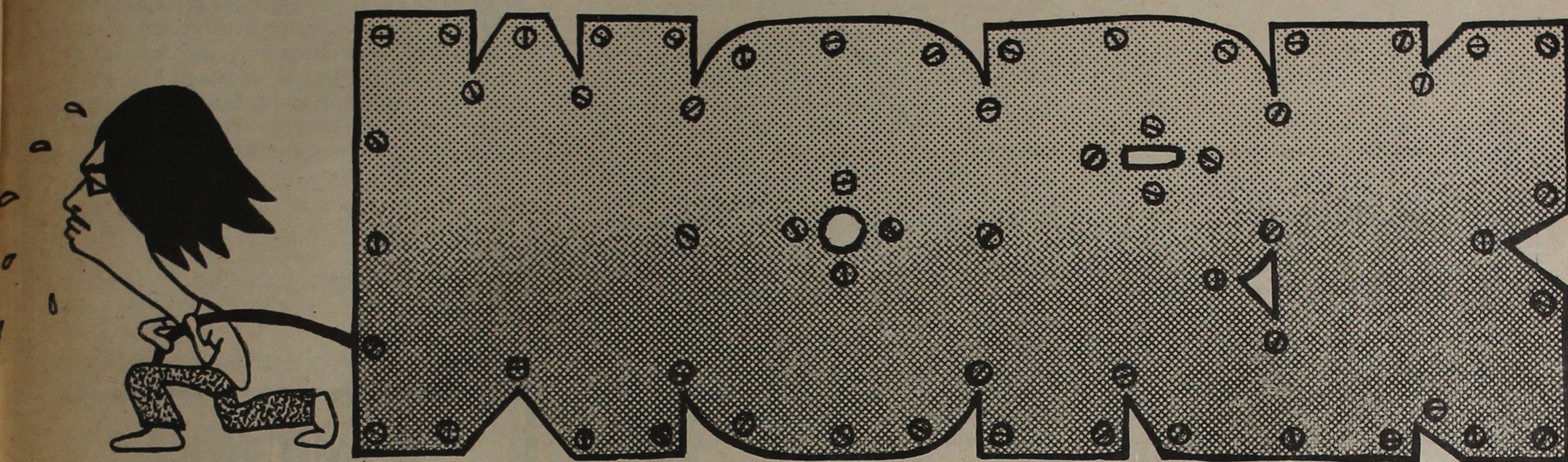
year and how it marked the first opportunity for the Asian designers to prove themselves in the industry. It was a success—not only in financial terms of exposure and positive reaction for the designers themselves. It had been done in only two weeks and no budget whatsoever to work with. And so this year the Drum and Bugle Corps approached them again and asked them to match or top the success of the previous show. This time a small budget was allocated for the production of the show but the substantial part of this year's costs were again absorbed by Julian and Terence Tam Soon, who co-produced the show. But Julian rationalized their financial involvement saying that the show was for the community and would provide needed exposure for all the participants in the show. And he seemed quite pleased by the responses noting that the show got write-ups in several large newspapers and magazines such as *Variety* and *After Dark*, and that two of the models in the show got calls from Universal Studios. What Julian and Terence are ultimately working for is to establish a strong Asian American production company so that any type of production needed could be met utilizing Asian American talent in the field of art, media, or entertainment. Presently there are no showcases or opportunities for such people without the touch of tokenism or yellow exploitation. Hopefully their peoples' talents will speak for themselves and that they will get opportunities because people recognize it and they deserve it. And in turn this will motivate more Asians to get involved in the arts. As Julian put it, "The days of Charlie Chan are gone." Julian has now rented a huge building (5000 sq. feet) in Silverlake which will serve as his home, studio and initial headquarters for the company. It is a fact of life in our contemporary society that anyone involved in the arts has no choice but to follow the road to commercial success if he is to survive. He must strive for excellence and professionalism in a field so competitive that the cliché of the starving artist is, in fact, the brutal truth.

The fashion show has kept Julian and Terence busy for the last four months—planning, making contacts, researching, designing and making the garments. All this in the midst of finalizing plans and opening his Captain China on La Cienega and planning for an additional shop in Century City to be opened late spring/early summer. Captain China is to be opened in a week and so as we talked, Bill and Lynn continued to work. Julian lit up as he mentioned that the videotape of the show has come out very well but added disappointingly that the cameras were reeled incorrectly and consequently the show's end is missing. Evelyn tells Julian that Mary Uyematsu had filmed the entire show and she heard that her film, too, came out very well. She suggested he call Mary at the *Gidra* office as she still might be there developing film. As Julian phoned the office, Steve strolled over and looked at a pile of genuine snake skin walking canes. Julian put his hand over the mouthpiece as he waited for someone to call Mary to the phone, and told us that he has tons of various items still stocked in the back yet to be unpacked but he's been so busy...

"Hello, Mary. This is Julian..."

—Linda Fujikawa





Abnormal state

enclosed within these cement walls
imprisoned from the sun
artificial snakes of light refusing
to acknowledge the changes of day
or night.

Help.... embittered by this meaningless
vacuum.... a cycle that cannot be broken....
absurdity after absurdity
callousness seems to breed callousness as
I grow thick-skinned and insensitive
to all this shit around me
....time, that clock that no longer
measures what I have gained, but
rather what I have lost.

Now I long to seize the time
and regain what little meaning
I had in life.

An Asian Brother working at Sanyo

Monday through Friday; 7:30 am; the routine begins. Turn off the alarm, drag myself out of bed, dress in a hurry, then split from the crib. The start of another day at work.

Working is fucked up. I know it's necessary to get a job to survive, because in this society, we need money to live. So most of us have to work. And it's a drag because someone tells us when to come in, when to leave, what to do, and how to work the way someone wants us. We don't have any say in how things should be. Often we're in a situation where we want to speak up about our work. But because we're tied to our jobs for survival, we can't risk any trouble. Then when we get in a position where we feel more secure, we realize that we have to keep quiet even more. If we dare to criticize, we get fired or laid off.

For example, I was an assembler at a small company where there were only three brothers working in the shop, and the rest of the people upstairs in offices. One of the brothers quit, feeling he couldn't relate to the work or the conditions. I felt fairly secure in my position (with only two of us left) so I started to complain to the president about the fucked up physical conditions there. At first there were token changes, and then three weeks later I got laid off. Even though this was a small company, I began to feel really helpless, a pawn in the man's game to keep himself on top, ripping people off. Then I began my frantic search for another gig.

Looking for another job, I began to think

about what it means to come from a working family. By working family I'm talking about parents who are blue collar workers, people who do physical labor, and their kids who have to work to help support themselves. If you come from a working family, chances are great that you'll end up working right out of high school. It's hard to relate to studying when you have to think about your own survival. No desire for college; work is the only alternative.

Work in itself isn't all bad. Work is physical exercise which everyone needs. Also people are needed to produce goods or services so that we can all survive. But the way things are organized in this country, under capitalism, a whole lot of unnecessary luxury items (like electric can openers, remote control TVs, fur coats), which most people can't afford or use, are produced for corporate profit. So a lot of meaningless jobs with boring work are created. And which jobs are available to us? "You got any skills?" No. "You have a college degree?" Nope. "Well, we have openings for gas station attendants at \$1.65 an hour, or delivery and stock boy at a liquor store for \$1.65 plus tips, or salesgirl at \$1.50, or seamstress at \$1.65." Or we can get gigs as warehousemen, cashier, maintenance, secretary, and almost any job that means taking orders, any job being a flunky. Ever think about that? If you come from a poor or working family, you'll probably end up with a poor paying slave job and remain poor, while the rich people go to the best schools, go to college because they can afford it, and end up with high salary jobs and a whole lot of money. It's a vicious cycle.

We learn to accept our positions in this cycle because of the man's system and our own need to survive. We dream of better jobs and getting rich because they tell us that's going to make us happy. We feel helpless fighting back even though we know we should change things. Having no security except in our jobs dulls our fighting spirit. That's strange because when we were younger we had to fight for everything we wanted, "go for what you know,"; now the man's got us chained up in his system and we have to accept what he dishes out. No power to bust those chains. Yet.

And how about the actual conditions at work? There's this cat who gives orders, scares us with his power to fire us, makes us kiss his ass. You go against him, you get fired. This is the same dude who pays low wages for the hard labor that we do. We get slave wages for physical labor while these punks sit on their asses in

air-conditioned offices and make three times as much. (I was making \$2.75 an hour making drapes—a drape that would take me an hour to make would cost \$200.) That's the way this system operates. Workers slave and get paid barely enough to buy what we produce, while the rich corporate owners buy whatever they want. And they get richer by ripping us off in wages and high prices for goods. Things have got to change.

We face this frustrating contradiction every day. We know we have to work and yet we know we're being fucked over at the same time. So we try to slide as much as possible at work. "Work only as hard as you have to," because the harder you work, the more money the man makes. At least we can get back at him some way.

The best thing about working is the people, our fellow workers. They are usually down home, enjoy the same things we do, come from the same background. A natural comradeship evolves as we work together, helping each other. We learn how to handle tools and machines from each other, not from the bosses. And we become tight, standing up for one another because we understand that it's the external force of this society that is keeping us down. Change is real to our lives, something that must happen, so that our work can become meaningful. We have to prepare ourselves to act together to change things.

But we must realize that the boss is just a small part in the way things are. Free enterprise—the capitalistic system and the big corporations—is what is really keeping us down. That's the way capitalism works. So we must look beyond the boss of a small company and recognize this system as the enemy which must be destroyed!

We have to find ways to change our jobs, our lives, our society. Think about how things would be if we controlled the means of production. Goods could be sold cheaper because there wouldn't be any rich pigs getting huge profits. Work would be more meaningful because we would be producing things that people need to survive. Everyone would benefit. We have to create alternatives for ourselves, like learning skills. We need a security base, something we can fall back on for survival, while we move to change things. We need unity to feel the power so we can fight back. We have to become united with our fellow workers so we can make changes on the job. We are and have been stepped on, so it's up to us to unite, rise up and make those changes we all want. —Tom Okabe

ASIAN COALITION:

on white anti war movement

The L.A. Asian Coalition was formed in November, 1972 in response to the medical supply drive for the Vietnamese (which was initiated by AMMO). They have continued to gather funds for the supplies and have made contact with Asian groups in New York and San Francisco, setting up a nationwide medical supply drive. Last month, they organized the January 20th rally in Lil' Tokyo (see Gidra, February 1973).

In the Inauguration Day Rally, the Asian Coalition participated in the days activity and walked out as a coalition to make a statement to the white anti-war movement on the racism and paternalism that exists within the white anti-war movement. In making this statement we do this with the understanding that a great number of different groups were involved with the planning of the activities. Some we have respect for as progressive people (anti-imperialist), some we consider left opportunists (NPAC), and a great many we don't know where they stand, (most of the groups in Anti-imperialist Coalition).

First, we will explain our position on the war. We see the war not as an isolated issue, but as an issue that is directly related to our day to day reality. Within our communities, whether we work, go to school, worry about being relocated out of our homes by redevelopment, or use dope, Vietnam is not only an issue that effects us from across the sea, but it also a war within our communities. The connection we see around all of these issues is "Corporate profits held above human lives." In Vietnam, corporations are financing a war to create new markets and develop a cheap labor force, at the expense of democratic rights of Vietnamese people. The war is a racist, genocidal war that reflects U.S. foreign policy towards Asian countries. Twenty-five years ago the experimental bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were executed, then Korea, and recently the indiscriminate bombings of Vietnam.

In our communities redevelopment is taking place within Little Tokyo. Our grandparents and small business people are to be forced out of Lil' Tokyo and replaced by Japanese corporate business from Japan which have no stake in the survival of the Japanese-American community. Lil' Tokyo will no longer be a place for our community to come back to, but will be turned into a mere tourist trap. Already we see it taking place within the construction of the Kajima Building Complex. We see redevelopment taking place all over the city—Normandie 5, Pico-Union, Bunker Hill and now Lil' Tokyo and Chinatown—to move all the people of color out so white people can move in.

Barbiturates (commonly known as "reds") have been in our communities for over ten years

no government controls have been put on production of amphetamines, the main killer of white youth. But the overproduction of ghetto drugs still take place while corporations make money off the people who must deal with this capitalistic society.

In terms of style of work, we see ourselves joining forces with people working in areas of stopping redevelopment and overproduction of drugs, and keeping day to day contact with people of our communities.

In looking at the history of our involvement with NPAC on previous demonstrations, we have come to the decision that we will not participate in any activities sponsored by NPAC.

NPAC's racist line of "Bring our boys home" only shows concern for American lives and not the lives of the Vietnamese people in terms of education of the American people as to the true nature of imperialism internationally, and here at home. It does not portray the justness of the Vietnamese peoples' struggle against U.S. imperialism.

In our past dealings with NPAC, the racism that exists within them as white people is very evident in terms of their work style and relationships with Third World groups. White anti-war people are going to have to realize that for any unity to develop, white skin privilege and racism will have to be dealt with. The tokenism that is felt at demonstrations will have to cease and to say that they aren't racist because they have a few Third World people in their organization is bullshit. They gear their lines and their positions towards the vast majority of white liberals, yet they make no attempt to educate them as to the nature of racism in this country. Instead they reinforce it. They have the organizational and monetary resources to put themselves in a leadership position within the white anti-war movement. But, during the past years they have done nothing to further raise the consciousness of the people who are anti-war but who cannot understand the true nature of this country and its effects on people overseas and here in Amerika. But instead they stick to their opportunist line to try to bring more people in to support their organization monetarily. As a result, we see people attending demonstration after demonstration with no qualitative change in the content of the mass activities. Overall, we see stagnation and regression taking place within the white anti-war movement in terms of the number of people who attend these rallies and in terms of the loss of enthusiasm for change taking place in this country. People change and their ideas change with changes taking place in their objective conditions. They must grow from those ideas in order to maintain any enthusiasms for the liberation struggles abroad and for continuing the liberation struggle in Amerika.

The Asian Coalition did not participate as a part of Anti-imperialist Coalition. It wasn't because we disagree with the fundamental basis of the Anti-imperialist Coalition—being against U.S. imperialist aggression in Vietnam and the support of struggles of the Vietnamese people against U.S. aggression. We agree with these two principles, we also feel imperialism is a very broad issue, not only does it affect the people of Vietnam, but it also affects the oppressed Third World people of this country and in particular people within our community.

We felt that in joining the Anti-imperialist Coalition, we would have to follow the decision of the Anti-imperialist Coalition and the issues that reflect the interest of our people would be neglected. (redevelopment and drugs)

Movement to fight against U.S. imperialism abroad must also confront white racism in all its aspects at home and especially within the movement.

In terms of the January 20th rally at City Hall, there were positive and negative aspects involved. The major positive role that the Anti-imperialist Coalition played was to prevent NPAC from launching attacks against the Vietnamese Peace Proposal.

The unity between the Anti-imperialist Coalition and NPAC was an unprincipled compromise. In looking at strength of the Anti-imperialist Coalition in terms of number of people mobilized, the Anti-imperialist Coalition should not have settled for compromise of the fundamental principles.

It was obvious that leadership of the rally

came from NPAC with its carnival like atmosphere and no effort was made to reach people. But only in terms of monetary contribution.

We feel very little effort was made by the speakers representing Anti-imperialist Coalition to push the Vietnamese Peace Proposal. We felt very little support by the Anti-imperialist Coalition in our dealing with NPAC leadership to get speakers from the Asian Coalition to be heard at the time requested by our contingent.

There were reasons why we felt it was necessary to leave the rally and to make this statement. We make these criticisms of the Anti-imperialist Coalition in the interest of bettering further work relationship between Anti-imperialist Coalition and the Asian Coalition. We feel this is the first in the series of principled discussions. There are many basic questions that must have understandings if not agreements. At the same time our priority is placed with work within our community and these discussions will further our understanding about the nature of U.S. imperialism here and abroad.

Asian Coalition

UNION OF VIETNAMESE

The Union of Vietnamese is an organization of Vietnamese in the United States who are from the southern part of Vietnam. They have been instrumental in educating the American people about U.S. intervention in IndoChina.

Confronted with the absolute determination of the Vietnamese people to defeat any foreign aggressor, and condemned by world public opinion, the United States government was forced to sign the Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace in Vietnam. The last continuation and intensification of extermination bombings in the two zones of Vietnam proved itself a disastrous failure of the United States in attempting desperately to win any concessions at the negotiation table in Paris.

The signing of the Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace in Vietnam on January 27, 1973, momentarily marks a great victory not only for the liberation movement and all the peace and justice-loving peoples throughout the world, including the American people who have demonstrated their solidarity and given assistance to the just struggle of the Vietnamese people.

The Union of Vietnamese in the United States would like to express at this historical moment our affection and gratitude towards the liberation fighters under the leadership of the Provisional Revolutionary Government with the full backing of the Vietnamese people. We salute all patriots who have staunchly smashed all U.S. massive attacks to defend the Northern part of Vietnam. The Union of Vietnamese in the United States venerates countless sacrifices of all Vietnamese who lost their lives for peace, freedom, independence and reunification of Vietnam.

The signing of the Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace in Vietnam marks a great victory, however it also turns the struggle in Vietnam to a new phase in which we have to sharpen our vigilance to expose the U.S. intention in maintaining a reactionary puppet regime in Saigon.

Everybody knows that the United States government has already sent into the bloody hands of the traitor Nguyen van Thieu thousands of tons of ammunition including more than one thousand aircraft and two hundred

It's been a long and rough journey since the San Francisco State strike in the winter of 1967-68. The whole concept of ethnic studies was born on the battle-torn lawns of that California campus. The day-after-day picket lines, the police battles and the many busts forced open the doors of academia into a whole new realm.

Asian American studies was developed along with its black, Chicano and Native American counterparts. On many campuses, as time passed, "studies" programs themselves evolved into minor institutions. Academic credibility was established, student-faculty relations were solidified and the administration coexisted with the programs tolerably.

Yet, the progress made has not been without its compromises and setbacks. The following article attempts to describe the present state of a large public university, in this case the California State University, Los Angeles.

VICTORY AND VIGILANCE

tanks.

Most conspicuously of all, the U.S. government has already sent to Saigon civilian and technological advisors to help the puppet regime of Nguyen van Thieu. According to the *New York Times* on November 27, 1972, more than 10,000 of these advisors have arrived in Saigon!

With weapons in one hand and disguised American advisors in the other, the puppet Nguyen van Thieu is ready to create a blood-bath anytime at the pulling of the string by the U.S. government. If such a tragedy occurs, the U.S. government would then sound off its propaganda machine to describe the bloodshed caused by its servant as a civil war in Vietnam.

At the moment the puppet regime of Nguyen van Thieu has been conducting thousands of police raids to arrest and ruthlessly massacre any Vietnamese patriots who speak out in favor of peace and of national concord.

With a view to really ending the war and restoring peace in Vietnam, the Union of Vietnamese in the United States resolutely demands:

- That the United States government must strictly abide by and correctly implement the Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace in Vietnam signed on January 27, 1973.

- That the United States government must stop supporting the Nguyen van Thieu campaign of terror and repression against the Vietnamese people. The U.S. must put an end to the cooperation in the scheme of liquidating patriotic and freedom-loving Vietnamese who are now detained in prisons by Nguyen van Thieu.

- That the United States must openly recognize the Provisional Revolutionary Government as the sole legitimate and popular government in the southern part of Vietnam.

- That the United States must seriously make reparations to the damages and destructions caused by its military aggression in the entire territory of Vietnam.

January 27, 1973

Union of Vietnamese in the United States

P.O. Box 4495

Berkeley, California 94704

or: P.O. Box 3493

Fullerton, California 92634

CAL STATE L.A.

SINKING FAST!

The Asian American Studies Program at Cal State LA was initiated in 1969 through the combined efforts of the Asian American Studies Group (a student organization) and concerned community people. The Asian American Studies Group was funded in 1970 by the Associated Students with the sole purpose of developing a program in Asian American Studies. The Program began with the hiring of a coordinator and an assistant coordinator. However, abuse of the program by the coordinators and a negative attitude toward Asian American Studies by the administration gave rise to conflicts and disputes which seriously impeded the successful development of the Program. As a result, an ad hoc faculty committee was created in 1971 to examine the Program. The coordinators resigned and the budget was frozen by the Associated Students Board of Directors.

The present Asian American Studies Group organized in an attempt to carry out the original goal of the previous group, which was to develop a comprehensive program in Asian American Studies. Monies were reallocated to the group with stipulations laid down by the President of the University.

Since there were no instructors on the campus qualified to teach Asian American Studies, it was the Groups' intention to hire a faculty member experienced in Asian American Studies who would act both as the Asian American Studies Group coordinator and as an instructor. However, one of the President's stipulations made it clear that the new coordinator would have to be a currently enrolled student. This now hindered the Program, placing the Asian American Studies Group "outside" the academic circle. A student could not possibly possess the credentials and the accompanying credibility necessary to function in the University's bureaucratic environment.

Another stipulation was the creation of a "5-5 Student/Faculty Committee," which was empowered to oversee the Program and decide on all "formal matters" concerning Asian American Studies.

Although the Asian American Studies Group's plan was to establish a Department of Asian American Studies, the direction of the Program had already been decided by the administration. This direction was justified with what they said was a supposed 'lack of funds,' as well as an added sentiment that "Asians have no problems." An early meeting with the Dean of the School of Letters and Science made it clear that a department would not be possible and the only direction available was an interdepartmental one. What this meant was that depending on the subject area, the course would have to be submitted to the appropriate department for approval. Given the alternative of either going interdepartmental or not offering Asian American Studies at all, the Studies Group was forced to go along with the administration's "recommendation."

A proposal for an introductory course on Asian American History was submitted to the History Department. Due to the unavailability of units, it was suggested that we offer the same class as a "Special Topics" course which could only be offered one quarter. A list of five candidates was submitted from which one was selected by the History Department to teach the class. The class was restricted to upper division students on a limited enrollment, and was scheduled for late evenings. The following quarter, a second course, Racism and Asian American History was offered as a lower division course. Two more proposals were submitted: Chinese American History and Relocation Camps in America. The Chinese American History course was approved but not scheduled due to shortage of funds.

Finally, the introductory course on Asian American History was approved for General

Education credit, making it part of the university curriculum. The decision was made without the knowledge of the Studies Group. The History Department then proceeded without the Group's approval to replace the recommended instructor with one of their own. The instructor is less than desirable because his specialty is in the field of Asian Studies and lacks sufficient knowledge and background in Asian American Studies.

At the same time, the Studies Group submitted course proposals to the Sociology Department and requested the names of the people who were to review them. Strangely, the Asian American Studies Group was never informed of the progress of the proposal, instead, the Sociology Department has produced a proposal of their own, entitled "Pro-seminar on the Sociology of Asian Americans." The content of this proposal bears a striking resemblance to the Studies Group's proposal.

All in all, this experience showed us that through our efforts to submit and promote our courses under these various departments, we had been "cutting our own throats." At the same time that we were trying to give Asian American Studies courses stability and continuity in various departments, we were increasing the difficulty for the time when we would want these courses for our own if an Asian American Studies Dept. were ever made possible.

But now, in a move to strengthen the Asian Studies Center, the Administration is pressuring us to operate under the control of the Center. But the Center, whose primary area of study is the Far East, has received very little student support. So for all practical purposes, a dead program. This move would probably save the Center but would undoubtedly deny any substantive student input, an input we consider vital and necessary in establishing an effective and successful Asian American Studies program. The Study Group, which is composed of students, was funded by the Associated Students to develop a program which would benefit all students, but now we are being "forced" into relinquishing the program for the purpose of sustaining a dying Center.

"We, the Asian American Studies Group, have had classes stolen and co-opted, but we will not tolerate a co-optation of the entire program. Therefore, we are soliciting your support in our efforts to establish an Asian American Studies Program on this campus."

We recognize the need for Asian American Studies. For over 100 years, the greater society has not recognized the contributions of Asians in America. The irrelevancy and insensitivity of the present educational system has misled society to believe that "Asians are the model minority". Asians in America face growing problems which need to be exposed, explored, and dealt with. We see the institution lacking and incomplete without a program of Asian American Studies.

A gap between the campus and community exists. Through a relevant Asian American Studies Program, this gap can be closed and the campus can better both the students and the community. We strongly feel the need for students to come out of the institution sensitive to their communities.

We recognize the need for student input to make the program relevant and sensitive to students. We want to express our (students) views as responsible people and show our capabilities. We want to exercise the concept of self-determination in openly challenging an educational system that perpetuates institutionalized racism.

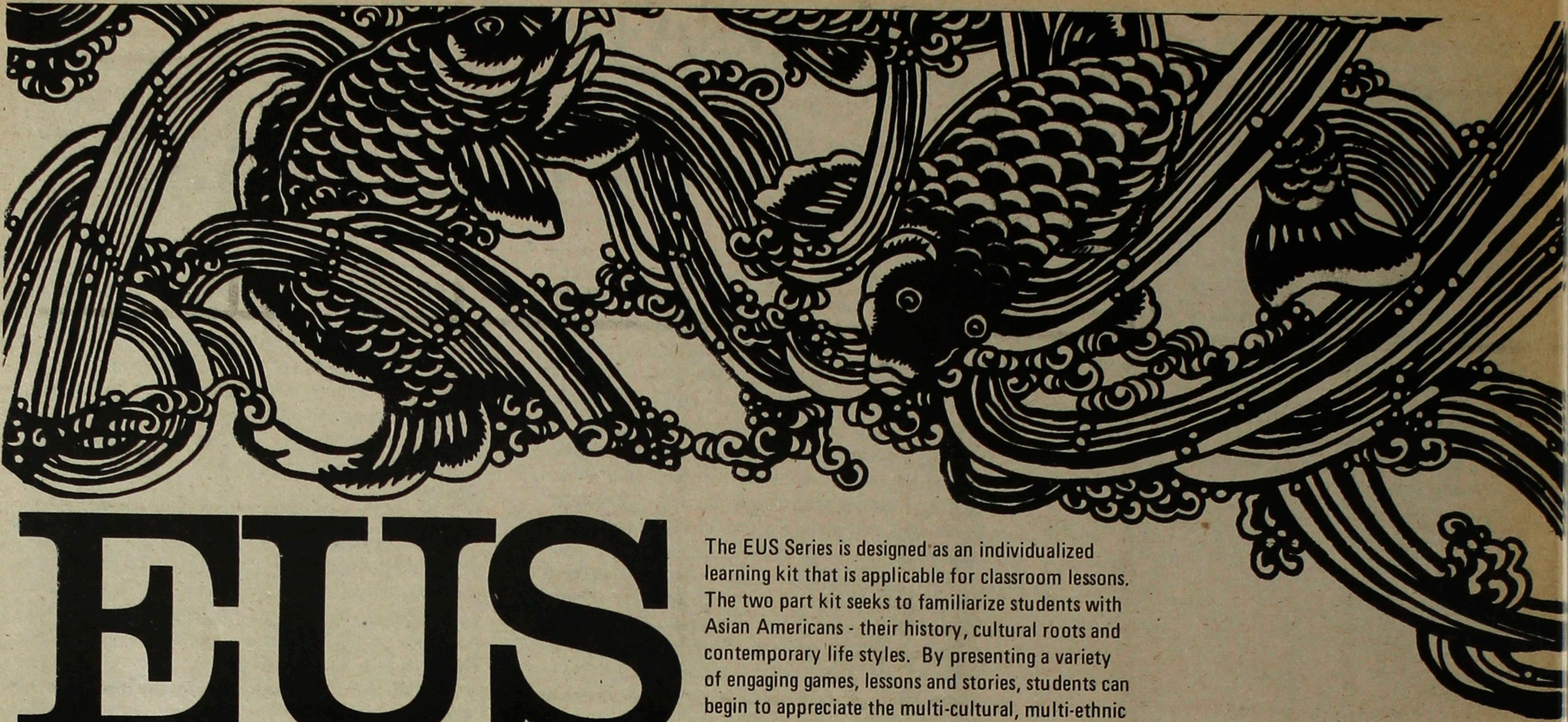
Please send letters of support to:

Student Activities

Att: Ken Okita

5151 State University Drive

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March!

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
4 Wash D.C. 5,000 women march to demand the right to vote	5 advance sale of tickets to dance <i>Let's Boogie</i> April 21... Filipino Tagalog 7pm Pilipino Youth Center 323 N. Marvista	6 UCLA Asian American Studies Ctr workshop on <i>ITA</i> noon at 2240 Campbell Hall Filipino Folkdance 7pm Pilipino Youth Center	7 Asian Women's Ctr Workshop 7:30 "Pregnancy" Storefront Food Co-op Mtg. 7:30—Storefront	8 International Women's Day Sister Seiko Clara Ueda— 1972	9 Asian Sisters' mtg every Friday 6-8pm AWC 722 S. Oxford Chinatown Community Assembly Film: <i>Red Detachment of Women</i> at Castelar 7:30	10 tie dye at YB house 1227 Crenshaw 12-3pm
11	12 "America" concert at Music Center Pavilion	13 last day to file for research asst at UCLA for info call UCLA Asian Studies Ctr Drug Education Workshop for High Schl sisters AWC 6:30-8:30pm	14 Soc Welfare seminar on Asian Americans 12 noon Sch of Soc Welf-UCLA AWC workshop "Childbirth" 7:30 pm	15 deadline for applying to UCLA Sch of Soc Welf	16	17 Storefront Food Co-op is on!!!
18 AWC Community Forum China rap & slide show 7pm Creative Workshop Brunch Senshin Buddhist Church 9am-1pm	19	20 Drug Education Workshop for High Sch sisters AWC 6:30-8:30pm	21 Asian Women's Ctr Workshop "Abortion" 7:30pm	22 Filipino Community & Social workers mtg 2pm-LA Filipino Cultural Ctr 1740 W. Temple St.	23	24 Neil Young at Long Beach
25 Neil Young Beach at Forum	26	27 Drug Education Workshop for High Sch sisters AWC / 6:30-8:30pm	28 Every Wednesday, 7:30 pm mtg. for the Manzanar Comm. at the JACL office, 125 Weller L.A. in Little Tokyo. AWC workshop "Menopause" 7:30pm	29	30 open dance WYBL Conference Int'l Hotel	31 Int'l Solidarity Day for African Prisoners of War. Pioneer Project Wild Flower Trip
1	2	3 Drug Education Workshop for High Sch sisters AWC 6:30-8:30pm	4	5	6	7
Feb 26-March 23 A.S.I.A.N.S. present "inter-Action" visual displays of Asian American community organizations Cal State Dominguez M-Th 8am-9pm Fri 8am-5pm Sat 9am-5pm		Pilipino American Coalition present <i>Let's Boogie!</i> on April 21, 8 pm-12:30 am at CSULB, \$2 advance call 879-3576, benefit for Pilipino Youth Center and Pilipino Youth Services		Joint Communications and Brothers in the Joint present People Need People — dance on April 20th.		Manzanar Pilgrimage on April 14th Don't forget....

A lotta things happen to kids when they're in school. We all remember, right? Sure, we *learned* a lot in school: how to cheat without getting caught; how to look invisible when you don't want to get called on to answer something; how hard you have to work to get better grades than "that smart person who wears glasses and sits up front." It's no joke—the competitive atmosphere inside the classroom is for real. If you "successfully acquired all the basic survival characteristics to get by in our society: greed, selfishness, shrewdness, and the alienation necessary to sit through eight hours of work as meaningless as the algebra homework you were forced to do in junior high school.

Things change—but not by themselves.

There's a group of people working with children in the Japanese community here in Los Angeles. They call their program, the Creative Workshop. Kids learn a lot in Creative Workshop, too: how to build things together; how important it is to be aware and sensitive of others around you; how well an activity goes when everyone helps each other along. Co-operation and sharing are the two basic ingredients in the Creative Workshop curriculum. They're trying to change things—

—But they can't do it by themselves. They are in sore need of new supplies and facilities—and that takes money. So, to help raise those necessary funds, the Creative Workshop is sponsoring a brunch, rumored to be titled, "the morning-after brunch." It's on a Sunday, March 18th. For \$1.00 you are entitled to your choice of French toast or pancakes, sausage or bacon, eggs, and coffee, and you even have a chance to win something in a raffle. There'll be entertainment provided by the Creative Workshop children, and a band making their L.A. debut, *Streetflower*.

So, that's where we come in. If you want to help Creative Workshop continue its operations and the work its doing, drop on by to the brunch, on 'the morning after.' It's at:

Senshin Church
1336 W. 36th pl. (near Normandie)
From 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., Sunday, March 18th



Creative Workshop's Brunch

THIS IS A POEM.

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*

In other words, what this "poet" is trying to say is *Gidra* will send sample copies out to people you know. No cost to you, no obligation to your friend.

1

"Flame"—term meaning "lover" in a bygone era.

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