

NATION BUILDING AT WOUNDED KNEE



Wounded Knee, South Dakota is significant as the site of the massacre of three hundred men (mostly elderly), women, and children of the Sioux nation in 1890 by Custer's old regiment, the U.S. Seventh Cavalry. The Indians were left in the snow and twenty-six Congressional Medals of Honor were awarded to the Seventh Cavalry. The massacre marked the final defeat of the Sioux nation and the end of the Indian wars with the U.S. government.

Until recently, Wounded Knee was a town on the Pine Ridge reservation where white "settlers" sold postcards of the massacre at the local trading post. American-Indian Movement (AIM) leaders first began to gain support there about a year ago when they responded to an incident at Gordon, Nebraska (a nearby town) involving the death of an Oglala Sioux named Raymond Yellow Thunder.

Yellow Thunder was found dead and rumors swept the reservation that eight days before his death he had been forced to dance naked from the waist down before two hundred persons at the American Legion clubhouse. AIM leaders gathered a force of about two hundred fifty Indians from the reservation and descended on Gordon. Thirty state troopers, along with other police, were deployed about town. National guardsmen were alerted.

AIM spokesmen simply lectured the officials on discrimination and racism, announced the formation of an AIM unit in the area and submitted a number of demands. And following their confrontation with the whites in Gordon, the AIM leaders returned to the reservation to be greeted by many as heroes.

The tribal council responded to pressures and invited AIM to stay on the reservation with a voice in the tribe's direction.

Raymond Yellow Thunder's murderers were sentenced to token sentences by a white judge who had little concern over the murder of another Indian. Indians the nation over are incensed

by the growing number of Indian murders: Richard Oaks, a leader in the takeover of Alcatraz Island, was shot to death and his murderers were turned loose scot-free; Leon Shenandoah, a Mohawk, was shot to death by a Philadelphia policeman; Norman Little Brave's death at the hands of a millionaire rancher who is suing NBC for telling the truth about the shooting that took place near Norris, South Dakota on the Rosebud Indian Reservation. All of this still burned in the minds of the Indian people like a smoldering fire. The federal government was simply turning off its power and not doing anything about these Indian murders regardless of the circumstances.

AIM Leads Trail of Broken Treaties

In an attempt to seek redress of Indian grievances directly from those responsible for Indian Affairs, Indians all across the country converged upon the nation's capital to take over the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) in Washington D.C.

The takeover of the BIA, and the recent events at Wounded Knee, marked the beginnings of a renewed militancy among American Indians to change their conditions in the United States today. Under the leadership of the American Indian Movement, a national organization begun in 1954 with chapters in most cities and reservations across the country, Indian organizations representing a broad spectrum of concerns came together to draw up a basic set of demands:

- Recognition of the sovereignty of the Indian people, and of the legal status of tribes as political entities which can contract treaties with the United States.

- Establishment of new treaty commission, enforcement of 371 disregarded treaties and belated Senate ratification of more than 200 treaties with the United States.

- Restoration of permanent, nondiminishing land

base of not less than 110 million acres to Indian people by 1976. (Today, Indians possess about 50 million acres out of 1.9 billion they started with 500 years ago.)

- Dissolution of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Establishment of a new unit, placed in the executive offices of the President, which would be headed by three commissioners—one appointed by President, one by Congress and one by national election among the Indian people.

- Extension of protective jurisdiction of United States over Indian persons outside reservations, and provisions declaring that prescribed offenses of violence against Indian persons in those areas shall be federal crimes.

- Establishment of a national federal Indian grand jury to be granted jurisdiction to act in any federal judicial district where a crime of violence has been committed against an Indian and where handling of the case by local authorities is suspected of being unsatisfactory.

- Action by Congress to eliminate immunity of non-Indians from laws within reservation boundaries, and to make all persons on Indian land subject to laws of the Indian nation and the exercise of Indian governing authority.

- Establishment of an Indian commission to conduct surveys of all Indian prisoners presently confined with the objective of establishing new systems of community treatment and rehabilitation centers.

During the BIA takeover, the American Indian Movement was able to obtain documents providing evidence of the massive fraud and theft of Indian lands.

The BIA, a major target of the American Indian Movement, was created in 1824 under the War Department and was transferred to the newly formed Department of the Interior in 1849 in an effort to allocate all Indian "problems" to one agency.

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NOTE TO OUR READERS: Our post box number is now 18649 instead of 18046 because our old post office ain't there no more...

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ff. calendar, ads, and dancing lessons.	

We want to create a political newspaper.
We want to create a newspaper politically.
We want to educate our readers.
We want to be educated by our readers.
We want to earn our ideas' respect by the quality of our product.
We want to place our ideas in practice by the quality of our product.

After four years you'd think we'd have some answers. Some: but each one brings new questions. When someone writes for us, what should we do? Look at the product itself, for its content (the humanity, partisanship, correctness of its ideas) and/or its means (the clarity, eloquence, freshness of its voice)? Or the process: How hard someone tried to do it, no matter how it turns out? What counts more, the journey or the destination? Should a lesser product be considered more highly if we know its creation was difficult? And "lesser" by what standards? A brother writes a full scale article for the first time after all his teachers have ridiculed his English. A sister submits a drawing after years stifling her self-expression. What kind of comradely criticism is appropriate? Do we run it anyway? Untouched?

But most of you only see our pages—how neat they look, or how interesting they read. You don't see what went into them and you shouldn't be expected to, so are these just excuses?

Do you like the poetry when it's rough but authentic, or dislike it when it's so authentically rough? "If it hasn't been said well, it hasn't been said." Or, "If you care only about how it's said, you'll forget the what and why." Are we progressive newspaper people or progressive people who put out a newspaper? The dancing or the dance? And is experimenting a luxury when the music may stop anytime? Happy birthday to us.

Gidra Staff: Doug Aihara, Linda Fujikawa, Jeff Furumura, Merilynne Hamano, Bruce Iwasaki, Glen Kazahaya, Duane Kubo, Mitchell Matsumura, Amy Murakami, Mike Murase, Teri Nitta, Tom Okabe, Tracy Okida, Alan Ota, Alan Takemoto, Steve Tatsukawa, Dean Toji, Evelyn Yoshimura.

Contributors: Faustino Caigoy, Brad Fujikuni, David Monkawa, Chris Murakami, Scott Nagatani, Merle Oyadomari, Bill Takakuwa.

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Cf. article on N.Y. Asian Movement by Merilynne Hamano last month.

"A few corrections on the Article on the Washington D.C. demonstration:

1. Work and leadership for demonstration was collective effort of many different individuals and organizations, each contributing invaluable to the effort of the whole.

2. The new organization formed after the demonstration was an attempt by various sisters and brothers to find a more effective way to carry on anti-imperialist struggles. Whether we provide direction or leadership to Asian movement can only be answered by time and our practice. Our hope is that we can make a positive contribution to the work that other organizations are doing." From the people in the New York Asian Movement.

GIDRA ON THE SCENE

Thieu Visits U.S.—Treaty Violation

President Thieu of the Saigon Government will be coming to the United States the weekend of April 1 to meet with President Richard Nixon. The series of meetings will take place in Los Angeles and at the Western White House in San Clemente. This visit of Thieu's to the United States is in direct violation of the Vietnam Peace Agreement signed in January of this year. Chapter 4, Article 9c of the Peace Agreement states that, "Foreign countries shall not impose any political tendency or personality on the South Vietnamese people."

The fact that Thieu is meeting with Nixon to discuss U.S.-South Vietnamese relations clearly exhibits that the U.S. continues to intervene into the matters of South Vietnamese people. The Peace Agreement clearly states that there are two political entities in the South: the Saigon government and the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG). According to the Agreements, both of these governments should have an equal voice in the future of South Vietnam. The U.S. government has continuously portrayed Thieu's regime as the sole legitimate government of South Vietnam while steadfastly refusing to recognize the existence of the PRG. Instead the U.S. constantly refers to the PRG as the "Vietcong," thus casting upon them the image of irresponsible terrorists, and constant violators of the Peace Agreement. The Saigon government claims that the PRG has violated the ceasefire "more than 4,000 times," however, there has not been a single case in which a foreign journalist witnessed the PRG force initiating a violation. On February 7, CBS news did a feature story on a hamlet liberated prior to the ceasefire by the PRG. The next day, CBS reported that the hamlet had been bombed by the Saigon Air Force and occupied by Saigon troops.

The Nixon administration has maintained, contrary to the terms of the Vietnamese Peace Agreement, that Thieu's regime is the "only legitimate government in South Vietnam." All of the \$4 billion that is slated for the aid of South Vietnam will remain in Thieu's control. This is particularly significant in that 80 percent of the budget will be used by the Saigon government for the military and less than 5 percent for the education and medical needs of the South Vietnamese people.

These violations are only part of the series of treaties and agreements which the U.S. government has made with various people that have not been honored, best exemplified by over 350 treaties that have been broken with the American Indians.

We cannot let these violations continue.

Antioch School of Law Seeks Asians

Presently the Antioch School of Law is recruiting for Asian American law students for September 1973. The school offers two programs: (1) the 36 month Juris Doctor Program and (2) the 18 month Legal Technician Program.

Applications, information regarding the law school and also concerning financial aid can be obtained by writing to:

Sally Begley
Admissions Officer
Antioch School of Law
1624 Crescent Place, N.W.
Washington, D.C.

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

Asians Battle Unemployment

Los Angeles—The Asian Employment Coalition, a group representing the Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Filipino, and Samoan minorities of greater Los Angeles, announced a community-wide offensive against the problems of unemployment among Asian Americans in Southern California.

Spokespersons for the group forcefully denied the "self-deceiving mythology" that "Asians look after their own" and "have no problems in their community," citing figures released by the California Fair Employment Practices Commission in San Francisco documenting significant differences that existed between the median level of income of Asian minority groups and Anglo-American norms.

Where 1960 census figures revealed an average yearly income of \$5109 for Caucasians in California over the age of fourteen, the comparable figures for the Japanese population were \$4388, \$3803 for Chinese, and only \$2925 for Filipinos. The Coalition further stated that in its opinion, the economic and employment situation has not improved much for the overall Asian communities in the past ten years.

For further information, please contact: Lowell Chun-Hoon at 825-2974 or Wayne Lew at 747-5105.

Concentration Camp Films Due

As a prelude to the Manzanar Pilgrimage on April 14, a series of film showings featuring footage shot privately by the internees will be shown in the various Japanese-American communities of Southern California.

The most interesting of these are color films of Heart Mountain by Eichi Sakauye and Topaz by Dave Tatsuno. Almost 45 minutes of the daily lives of the internees will come alive again as these men provide a narrative and commentary on the films at the Gardena showing. Of special interest are the Topaz films which were taken by a camera smuggled into camp by Caucasian friends despite strict restrictions on the use of cameras, shortwave radios, and other communication items in the Western Command Zone. The program will also feature films taken at the Amache camp.

The reaction of most people who have seen the films are one of amazement over the sense of reality achieved due to the excellent quality of the color after so many years. Sue Embrey notes: "If you have friends who want to see what a camp looked like or if you have children who have no idea about what a camp was like, this is a program that you may want to bring them to."

In Gardena the program will be jointly sponsored by the United Asian Families, Multi-Media Section of the Gardena Pioneer Project, and the Gardena Youth Services. In Long Beach, the film showing will be part of a presentation held in conjunction with Asian American Week. The Manzanar Pilgrimage will culminate a week-long series of lectures, plays, films, and food sales by Asian American students on the Cal State Long Beach campus.

The public has been cordially invited and urged to attend any of the following showings mentioned by the Manzanar Committee. There will be no charge, although donations are welcome.

Los Angeles area: —Senshin Buddhist Church, Friday, April 6 at 7:30 p.m. —Union Church, Saturday, April 7 at 2 p.m.

Gardena-Long Beach area: —Gardena Youth and Community Service Building, Sunday, April 8 at 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. (1730 W. Gardena Blvd.) Cal State University Long Beach, Tuesday, April 10 at 7:30 p.m. in the Little Theater of the Student Union.

Also, there will be presentations, but no films at: Cal State Los Angeles, April 5, Thursday, 11:30 a.m. in the Student Union Theater, and at the University of California at Irvine campus, April 10, Tuesday, at 7:30 p.m. in Humanities Hall.

San Jose Asian EOP seeks Asians

California State University at San Jose is still taking applications for the Fall semester of 1973 under the Asian American Educational Opportunity Program. The applicant must be a California resident. Financial aid will not be available at this time but admissions to the University is still possible through this program. For further information, contact the Educational Opportunity Program through the Asian American Studies Program Office (tel. 408-277-2895 or 2894) as soon as possible.

Social Security and Japanese Americans

A new regulation handed down by the Social Security Administration, covering the period that the West Coast Japanese Americans were in concentration camps, states that those who were United States citizens during camp are now eligible for wage credits.

An article in the *Hokubei Mainichi* dated Tuesday, December 5, 1972, stated that, "These additional wage credits can mean higher retirement or survival monthly benefits, and in some cases, will make some people eligible for monthly Social Security checks and medi-care who would otherwise not qualify. These wage credits will begin January 1, 1973. But, Japanese Americans must go or call their local Social Security office and apply. Applicants will be notified about six or eight weeks later."

The Joint Counseling Center and JACS-AI would like to remind everyone that Ms. Frances Nakamura of the Social Security office is now offering her services to answer and help in any way possible. She works out of the Center every Friday from 2:00 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. She is bilingual and can be reached at 125 Weller Street, Room 303 or telephone 689-4413 or 626-2249.

Berkeley City Council Elections

Ying Lee Kelley, a forty-one year old Asian American woman, will be among the candidates seeking to represent her people in municipal government when the people of Berkeley, California will go to the polls on the 17th of this month to elect their city council.

Ms. Kelley, who was born in Shanghai and has lived in Berkeley for twenty-two years, is a history and English teacher in the Berkeley Unified School District and a mother of two children. She has been involved in various community activities and organizations in the Bay area; among them, the Asian American Community Alliance, Peace Brigade and Women for Peace. Ms. Kelley also participated in the Asian Caucus as a McGovern delegate at the 1972 Democratic National Convention and has been arrested several times for picketing and disrupting Indochina War-related activities.

She is of the belief that political power, wealth and resources of American society must be equally shared by all, and she would like to see Asians become full participants in all decision making processes of the government. In particular, Ms. Kelley intends to work for low cost, community based housing, multi-lingual social services and multi-lingual education, and affirmative action in employment. For her Asian constituents in Berkeley, she plans to work for the creation of an Asian community center as a focal point for fulfilling Asian needs.

Ms. Kelley's candidacy is supported by many Asian American and other citizens of Berkeley. More information regarding her platform can be obtained from:

Asians for Ying Kelley
3049 Fulton Street
Berkeley, California 94705
(415) 843-7851 or 843-9661

Creative Workshop

Over 600 persons feasted on pancakes and french toast at the Creative Workshop Brunch. The Brunch was held as a fund raising event on Sunday, March 18 at Senshin Buddhist Church.

In addition to the Brunch, those eating were entertained with fun and music presented by: Kajari, the magician; Streetflower (a band); skits and songs by the Creative Workshop children; and last but not least a raffle.

The Brunch was organized in attempt to meet one of the long range goals of the Creative Workshop—the creation and development of a daily children's program, relevant and responsive to the needs of the children and parents within the community.

The fund raising, as a whole, netted approximately \$1000.00. With this money, the Creative Workshop will begin to look for a facility which may begin to house a daily program. Participants of the Workshop are requesting the aid of anyone in the community who may be aware of a facility which the Workshop may begin to occupy on a daily basis. Presently, the Creative Workshop is held every Saturday at Maryknoll Church from 10:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

The participants of the Creative Workshop would like to extend their sincerest appreciation to the community for its support in making this event such a tremendous success. Thus, enabling the beginning of a search for a permanent facility.

If there is information regarding facilities or if further information is desired please contact:

Carrie Furuya—224-3171
Carol Hatanaka—626-2249

ASIAN AMERICAN WEEK AT CAL STATE LONG BEACH

LONG BEACH—On this rapidly growing Southern California campus we find a variety of people not unlike any cross section of the sunny California culture; the hips, the straights, the freaks, the jocks, blacks, Chicanos, and Asians. Ah, yes... the Asians: they're over two thousand strong here and like the Asian populace in general, they reflect a broad spectrum of values and lifestyles. Yet, no matter how long their hair is or what they're smoking in their cigarettes, they are Asians, and interestingly enough, they are aware and often motivated by that fact. The large enrollment in Asian American Studies classes verifies this Asian awareness as does the healthy involvement in the Asian American Student Alliance.

As part of the ever-growing Asian awareness and action on this campus, the Asian American Student Alliance and the Associated Students of California State University, Long Beach are presenting "Asian American Week" from April 9-14, 1973. The theme is "The Asian American Movement: The Need for Change." All the events are free and open to the public. The following is a day by day, blow by blow account of Asian American Week. Each day will focus in on a different theme. If you can, fall by and see what's cookin'....

Monday, April 9—"Alternatives"

Warren Furutani on *Asian American Movement: the Need for Change*, noon at the Speaker's Platform.

Tommy Chung, Louis Yamashiro and other brothers from the joint on *Asian Americans in the Prison System*, 2:00 at the small auditorium in Student Union.

Chuck Furutani, Mamie Lee and members of L.B. Asian Pride Team on *Changing Perspectives: the Asian American in Education*, 3:30 at the small auditorium in Student Union.

Films about N.Y. & S. F. Chinatowns, plus *Wong Sinsang*, a film made in L.A., 5:00 at small auditorium at Student Union.

Pat Sumi and others on *The Liberation of Asian American Women: It's Implications*, 7:30 in multi-purpose room of Student Union.

Tuesday, April 10—"Domestic Perspectives"

Philip Veracruz on *United Farm Workers' Movement*, noon in multi-purpose room of Student Union.

Koji Ariyoshi (veteran of the Long March) *From The Long March to Now*, 2:00 in the multi-purpose room in Student Union.

FILMS, 4:00, small auditorium in Student Union.

Jim Matsuoka, Sue Embrey, Sheridan Tatsuno and others, a Symposium on *American Concentration Camps*, 7:30 P.M., multi-purpose room of Student Union.

Wednesday, April 11—"Images & Expressions"

Chris, Johnnie, Clark & others on *Taiko Drums*, 11:30 A.M., near Speaker's Platform.

Frank Chin on *The Emerging Asian American Identity in the Media*, 12 Noon, at the Speaker's Platform.

Martial Arts Demonstration—Aikido, Shorinji Kempo, members of John Saito's Aikido class in ASAM Studies, 1:00, grass near quad (LH-150)

Speaker (as yet unscheduled), 2:00, small auditorium in Student Union.

Martial Arts Demonstration—Kendo, Shorinji Kempo and Escrima (a Pilipino martial art), 4:00 in the multi-purpose room of the Student Union.

Lawson Inada is tentatively scheduled to do a *reading of his works*, 7:30 P.M., multi-purpose room of the Student Union.

Thursday, April 12—"Overseas Perspectives"

Evelyn Yoshimura, Richard Quon & others, a panel discussion of *China*, 12 Noon, small auditorium in Student Union.

Ester Soriano & members of NCRCLP, a panel discussion of *Martial Law and U.S. Imperialism*, 2:00, small auditorium in Student Union.

Speakers from the Union of Vietnamese in U.S., *Post-War Vietnam*, 3:30, small auditorium in the Student Union.

East-West Players (the nation's only Asian American performing theater group), a reading/performance of *S.P.O.O.S.*, 7:30 P.M., multi-purpose room in Student Union.

Friday, April 13—"Community Day"

Tom Joe, who has a kite shop in Seal Beach will be demonstrating Korean fighting kites and others, 10-12 noon, grass near quad (near LH-150).

Mary Kochiyama (Nisei member of Asian Americans for Action, New York), *The Asian American Movement and the Third World*, 12 Noon, Speaker's Platform.

Traditional Music and Dance Program, *Koto & Flute, Chinese Lion Dancers, Vietnamese Liberation Songs, Philippine Music & Dance*, 1:00, multi-purpose room in Student Union.

Hiroshima (the only Asian American rock band performing original music exclusively), *Asian Rock'n'Roll*, 3:00, alternate Speaker's Platform (on the Hill).

Redbeard, with Toshiro Mifune (an internationally acclaimed motion picture by Kurosawa), 6:00 P.M. and 9:30 P.M., small auditorium in Student Union.

Saturday, April 14

Long Beach will be participating in the Manzanar Pilgrimage. A bus will be departing from the Japanese Community Center at 6:00 A.M.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

Late in the 19th century, when Congress broke up the reservation lands into individual holdings, the BIA moved from benign neglect to paternalism. It "became the guardian of all Indians, as individuals and as tribes, assuming responsibility for the most minute decisions, and ever urging the Indians forward toward assimilation," according to *Editorial Research Reports*.

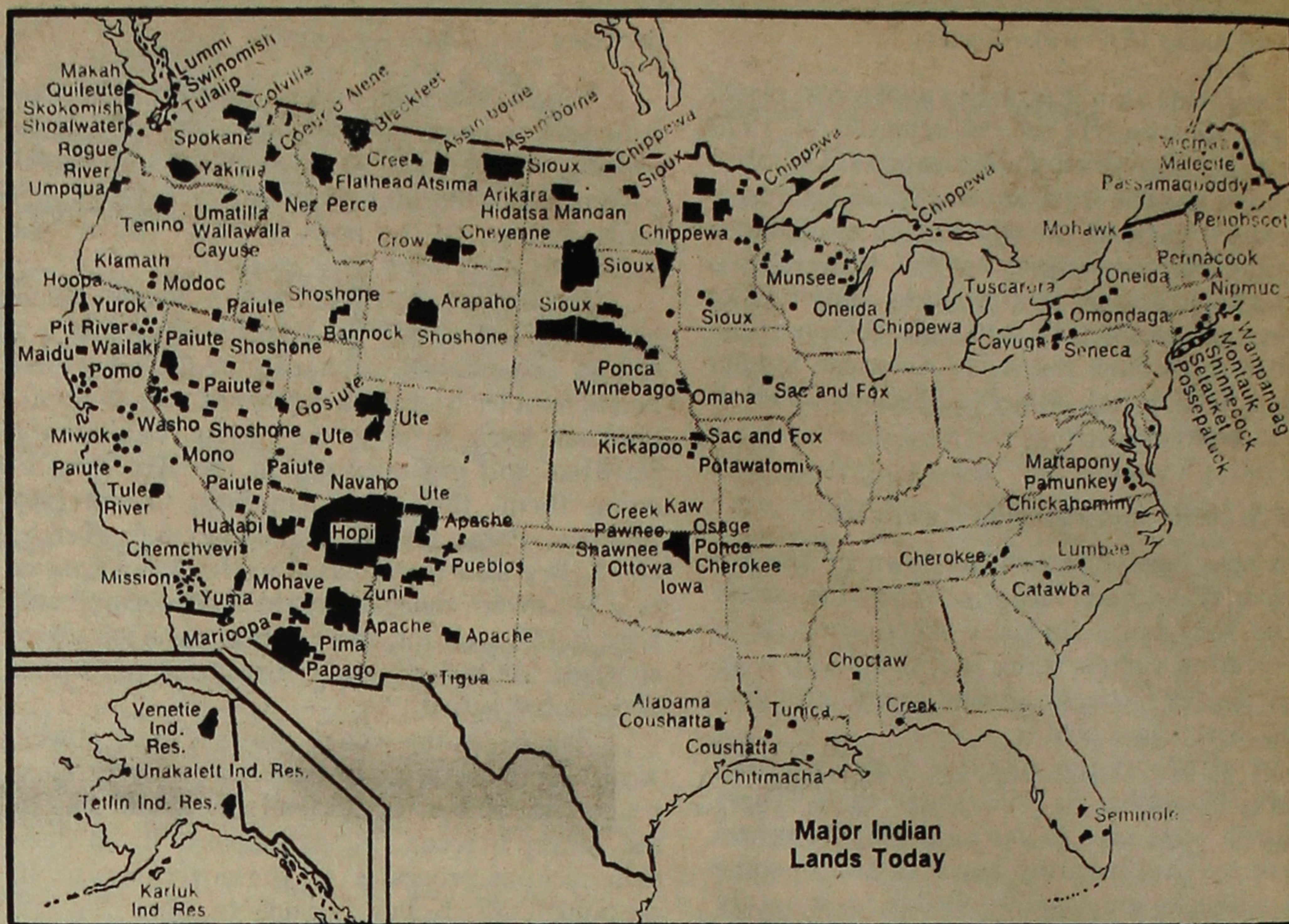
In the opinion of many critics, the BIA was more interested in assisting Indians maintain a status quo in poverty than in setting up the means to reach even a minimal prosperity.

Indian programs of the 1920's were marked by corruption, exploitation, mismanagement—and failure—leading to a Senate investigation of the BIA which dragged on for fifteen years. In 1943, the Senate Indian Affairs Committee called for liquidation of the bureau, but the recommendation was mostly ignored.” (*L.A. Times, Opinion Section, March 11, 1973.*)

American Indian Movement leaders report that of the \$303 million allocated to the BIA by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare per year, most of it goes into the salaries of white or sell-out Indian "administrators." There are *seven* BIA personnel for *every* Indian. The head of the BIA today, Dylan Mire, is the same man who was the head of the "relocation" of Japanese Americans during World War II. The BIA played a major role in the "relocation" of Japanese Americans and used the barren and desolate lands of the Indians for the concentration camps.

Indian Sell-Outs: Target of Attack

Another major target of AIM leaders is the



reactionary elements of the tribal council governments that maintain nominal control over reservations across the country. We learned from the Indian brothers and sisters that the existence of sell-outs and traitors among their own people has greatly hindered the progress of the Indian people. The U.S. government supports this by fattening up a few Indians with high paying positions of control and authority while the majority of the Indian people remain poor and powerless. Many of these tribal council "leaders" drive around in Cadillacs and work purely in their own interests and not in the interests of their people.

This is the case with Richard Wilson, pre-

sent president of the Tribal Council of Pine Ridge reservation, South Dakota, who is the target of AIM leaders' attacks at Wounded Knee. What kind of person would mobilize Indian reservation police from reservations all over the country to initiate an armed attack on his own people? The Indians feel that the 500 high paid Indian police at Wounded Knee are worse than the worst of the white men. Contrary to newspaper accounts, Indian sources say that AIM leaders were called in to Wounded Knee by tribal council leaders who sought help in getting rid of Wilson and changing the tribal council government. This corresponds to the fact that in the thick of the struggle at Wounded Knee, six out of eight of the tribal council leaders voted in support of AIM. AIM leaders recognize that one step toward changing the conditions of Indian people is to effectively deal with the tribal council governments. The press's attempt to play up the conflict between Richard Wilson and AIM leaders, however, clouds the real issue: the system which maintains Richard Wilson in power in the first place.

U.S. Government Chooses Course of Punishment: Present Situation at Wounded Knee

With the negotiations continuing between the leaders of the American Indian Movement and the U.S. government, it has become clear that the government has chosen the course of punishment for the Indian leaders at Wounded Knee. The U.S. government is acting as if it is the Indian leaders who are the criminals for fighting back against what have been criminal acts by the U.S. government. It is the U.S. government that took away the land and the basis of survival of the Indian people and placed them on reservations to live and die in a cycle of perpetual poverty. What kind of justice is it that the Indian leaders must submit to grand jury indictments and possible imprisonment? What kind of alternative is it for the Indians to lay down their arms amidst the whole array of heavy artillery displayed by the federal government? No mention is made on the part of the federal government to meet the just



A Chronology of U.S. Indian Policy

- 1778—Treaty of Ft. Pitt, first Indian treaty with U.S. government, provides that friendly Indian tribes may send representatives to Congress and join the new U.S. confederation in a state of their own choosing.

1787—Northwest Territory Ordinance vows that Indians’ “lands and property shall never be taken from them without their consent” and “laws founded in justice and humanity shall from time to time be made for preventing wrong being done to them and for preserving peace and friendship with them.”

1789—U.S. Constitution states that “Congress shall have power...to regulate commerce...with the Indian tribes.”

1795—Defeated in battle by U.S. forces at Fallen Timbers, Ohio, 92 chiefs representing many tribes cede two-thirds of Ohio and part of Indiana. Writes one historian: “The treaty set a pattern for the westward movements of Americans. The peace that followed it could only be temporary: Within a few years settlers filled up much of the ceded country and pushed on to threaten lands still held by the tribes.”

1802—Congress passes law forbidding sale of liquor to Indians—an act that is not repealed until 1953.

1809—Gov. William Henry Harrison negotiates Treaty of Ft. Wayne by which Indians receive less than one-third of a cent an acre for 3 million acres of Ohio Valley land.

1814—Defeated by Andrew Jackson's army, Creeks sign Treaty of Ft. Jackson, which Jackson uses to demand most Creek lands in Alabama and a strip in Georgia as well as 4 million acres of Cherokee territory.

1824—Bureau of Indian Affairs is established within the War Department.

1830—Congress passes Indian Removal Act calling for transfer of all Indians east of the Mississippi to lands west of the river and appropriates \$500,000 to compensate the Indians for loss of lands and expenses of moving...Under Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, Choctaw give up 10 million acres in Alabama and Mississippi and are

moved to Indian Territory where "no territory or state shall ever have a right to pass laws for the government of the Choctaw Nation...and their descendents" and "no part of the land granted them shall ever be embraced in any territory or state."

1838—Cherokee men, women and children are driven from their land in Georgia by U.S. troops, confined in stockades, then loaded into 645 wagons for "Trail of Tears" journey to Indian Territory in which 4000 die.

1868—Sioux are given half of South Dakota and Wyoming and a quarter of Montana under Treaty of Ft. Laramie, but Gen. George Custer later ignores treaty by leading reconnaissance tour onto Black Hills, where discovery of gold touches off gold rush among white prospectors.

1871—Congress ends treaty-making with Indians after United States gains almost a billion acres of territory from 371 treaties.

1876—Custer and his 7th Cavalry regiment are wiped out by Sioux and Cheyenne warriors at Little Big Horn.

1887—Indian Allotment Act breaks up tribal lands into individual holdings of 160 acres each, with leftover land going to homesteaders.

1890—Major Indian wars end with massacre of nearly 300 Sioux at Wounded Knee.

1924—Indians granted U.S. citizenship and right to vote, though state laws deny them franchise in Arizona and New Mexico until 1948.

1934—Indian Reorganization Act ends allotment period after reservation lands shrink from 140 million to 50 million acres.

1950—BIA launches relocation program to move Indians off reservations and into cities.

1953—Congress sets termination of federal control over Indians and reservations as goal for all tribes.

1961—Termination policy is abandoned after Interior Department task force reports that “placing greater emphasis on termination than on development impairs Indian morale and produces a hostile or apathetic response....”

demands of the Indians or to assure amnesty. There is no sane reason why the U.S. government cannot give back to the Indians the 110 million acre land base they are asking for—a request which is only a small fraction of what is their just due. There is no reason that the government takes the course it does except for the simple fact that it is acting in the interests of powerful white landowners and ranchers who do not want to give up their privileges to Indian land. In South Dakota today, the U.S. government leases out Indian land to white ranchers for 60 cents an acre. This is the rationale behind the U.S. government's present "starve out" policy toward the Indians at Wounded Knee.

A white medic who was in Wounded Knee called into Los Angeles to let Indian leaders here know that food was running out. There is a snow level of 27 inches and a blizzard going on. White ranchers in the area have become self-proclaimed vigilantes and roam the surrounding hills to get any supporters who try to get food and medical supplies into Wounded Knee. A short time before, the TV and newspapers reported that the U.S. government was allowing food and medical supplies into Wounded Knee, adding, however, that few supplies were entering. What they failed to mention was that all caravans of Indians and supporters converging on the state of Dakota with food and medical supplies were being *stopped* at the border.

Anyone caught taking food or medical supplies to Wounded Knee are now being arrested. Supplies formerly being air-dropped from private planes are now being confiscated and the people arrested—government jets are forcing these planes down. Even the National Council of Churches is threatened with a law suit for aiding the Indians at Wounded Knee.

Strange happenings to the supporters of wounded knee

In the course of their repressive measures, it is hard to tell how far the U.S. government wants to go to harass those who have supported the brothers and sisters at Wounded Knee with grand jury indictments and intimidation.

Last week a caravan of sixteen people (eleven Native Americans) from Los Angeles were arrested after crossing the California border into Nevada. All persons in the caravan were thrown in jail without bail and were charged with "crossing state lines to aide and abet a riot." All food and medical supplies were confiscated.

Many of us saw the beginnings of police harassment of Asians in the case of L.A. Chinatown. Another example was related to me by Mo Nishida, community worker at JACS-AI (Japanese American Community Services-Asian Involvement). On March 13, Mo started off to deliver some supplies and money to the Red Wind Indian camp. As he neared the camp, he noticed that he was being followed. Shortly after he entered the camp, he and Red Wind people noticed that there were about fifteen cars driven by white men cruising around the camp...which was rather unusual for that sparsely populated area. Members of the camp suspected that they were white vigilantes out to harass Indians. Gun shots fired into the air could be heard throughout the night. The Indians called the Sheriff's Department for help. The sheriffs never came. The next morning signs began to appear that those cars (which were still there) meant more than just vigilantes. Indians at the camp observed the men in the parked cars taking pictures and looking at the camp through



Sioux Nation negotiates with U.S. government at Wounded Knee

binoculars. Many of the men were wearing flak jackets and combat boots—strangely the same kind of gear worn by FBI men at Wounded Knee. A neighbor friend of the Indians informed them that men identifying themselves as the FBI said that they were there to protect the Indians from the vigilantes. For a period of time the phone went out of order. A brother leaving the camp met up with a roadblock at the bottom of the canyon road and was arrested and thrown in

STATEMENT OF POLICY

I. The INDEPENDENT OGLALA NATION will never submit to negotiations or cease the present border hostilities in a position of surrender

- A. we will not disarm
- B. we will not submit to arrest
- C. we will not leave our country under threat or duress.

II. Any negotiations will deal with the issue of our sovereignty and our separate government's relationship under our treaties.

III. The INDEPENDENT OGLALA NATION requests that all people of the world take necessary actions to prevent the further aggressions of the U.S. government against this new nation.

IV. The INDEPENDENT OGLALA NATION further requests that the United Nations, International Red Cross, World Court, World Council of Churches, and other international bodies take immediate steps to prevent the planned massacre conquest of the INDEPENDENT OGLALA NATION by the U.S. armed forces.

jail for not having an I.D. When he got to the jail, the police began questioning him about the Red Wind camp. About 2 p.m. that day, the head of the Indian camp called one of the supervisors of the local government, whom he knew personally, to ask about the strange activity. Shortly after the call, the activity stopped—all the cars were gone. With all this happening, Mo called the JACS office for some legal help. Two lawyers and some community workers went up to the camp. When the lawyers got

back to LA, one of them called the FBI to inquire about what happened. The FBI answered: "Officially nothing is going on but unofficially there is a lot of activity in that area."

Government Repression: A Conscious Strategy?

In the same way that Vietnam was the focal point of the oppressed peoples struggle on a world wide scale, Wounded Knee represents the focal point of the struggle of oppressed people in this country. It is precisely this fact, however, that may be the key to understanding what happens at Wounded Knee. Wounded Knee may be used as the example which will put the final touch on ushering in a repressive era under the Nixon Administration. A black brother in New York felt that with the cooling out of the Vietnam war, Nixon can focus more of his energies on putting the crunch on the American people's movement. With returning POWs expounding love for their country, with the re-opening of grand jury indictments against the Weatherpeople and continued police harassment of black and Latin communities, we may be seeing signs of what is to come.

The Native American struggle in this country is perhaps the most delicate for the U.S. government in the sense that everyone knows what the U.S. has done and is doing to the American Indians. A massacre and repeat of 1890 at Wounded Knee will not be without a high political price in terms of national and international credibility for the U.S. government. The question is already being brought up before the United Nations with countries such as the People's Republic of China, Cuba, and Albania backing Wounded Knee. A massacre is still a high possibility if the government can manipulate the information getting to the people in such a way as to make it seem like there is no other alternative. Statements in the press which make it look like the government is dealing with an "uncooperative lot" prepare the public for what is to come.

Unity for Survival

In the case of the Attica prison massacre in 1971, many of us watched by our TV sets to see what would happen—how much could we have prevented the massacre had we shown the gov-

continued

U.S. Marshalls stand guard at federal roadblock



WOUNDED KNEE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE

ernment that they were contending with alot more people than just the brothers in prison? The experience of the Vietnam war is a clear example of the function of public opinion and radical dissent—certainly, what began as dissent by a handful of “radical elements” in this country spread into nationwide disillusionment with America’s involvement in that war and prevented the U.S. government from implementing some of its “discussions” on the use of tactical nuclear weapons against North Vietnam. To the extent that we educate ourselves and others about what is happening at Wounded Knee and rally support behind it, we can possibly prevent the murder of our brothers and sisters there. We must gain strength from the struggle of the brothers and sisters at Wounded Knee and recognize that Wounded Knee means more now to all Indian people, to all Third World people, than just a confrontation between the U.S. government and some Indians in a small town in South Dakota.

It's Never Too Late for Freedom— It's Nation Time!

The declaration of Wounded Knee as an independent Sioux nation came as “inconceivable” and “bizarre” (in the words of one LA Times reporter). “How can the Indians declare themselves a nation? The United States is *the* nation!” What many people fail to remember is that American Indians in this country represent conquered peoples of conquered nations—the Sioux nation, the Hopi nation, the Iroquois nation, the Mohawk nation, etc. Indian nations on this continent are just as much conquered nations as the colonized nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America...the only difference is that it is here where most of the white colonists decided to settle. Furthermore, it has been up until recently that the conquered Indian nations were recognized as such by the U.S. government; thus the creation and perpetuation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In 1948 Indians were granted U.S. citizenship. Not until 1963 were they granted the “right” to vote. “Defeated, displaced, preached at and ministered to, American Indians got the worst of a poor bargain. Income one-fourth the national average, crushing unemployment, life expectancy of only 44 years, and a suicide rate twice the average are the Indians’ lot” (LA Times Opinion Section). If reservations, poverty, humiliation and discrimination are what it means for Indians to be “citizens” of this country, then many of them feel they can do better without it! The rejection of this country completely through the withdrawal of allegiance to and legitimacy for the U.S. government is a revolutionary step! There is nothing sacred or hallowed or unchangeable about the United States as one nation today.

The struggle at Wounded Knee is an example of a people of color who have chosen to leave once and for all the path of accommodation—of slow death in this system through poverty, alco-



Sentry keeps watch around perimeter of new nation

holism, and cultural genocide. The brothers and sisters at Wounded Knee are standing tall and strong because they now know who they are and what is rightfully theirs. Some people who just returned from inside Wounded Knee told some of us of the invincible spirit of the American Indians at Wounded Knee. Contrary to the picture of a starving and defeated people as portrayed by the press, the people in Wounded Knee are confident. They are confident because they feel the strength in their unity...although the majority of the Indians in Wounded Knee are from the Sioux nation, there are representatives from 64 tribes from all over the continent there. They know they are not alone. They know of the mobilization of support from Third World people and progressive whites all across the country, and of countries in the United Nations that are taking up the cause. They feel the strength of the people’s ingenuity, of their ability to improvise and survive through practical knowledge. The Indians inside Wounded Knee have drawn the parallels between themselves and the Vietnamese in their ability to assess the enemy’s weak points and defeat the man’s technology. They feel that it is in their arrogance and stupidity that the white power structure will be defeated. They feel that their strength comes from being in

tune with their culture, values, and way of life as a people—their religion. They feel they must learn from the experience of the older ones who remember fighting the white man less than 100 years ago. The old ones at Wounded Knee today have begged the young ones not to lay down their arms because they remember what happened in 1890—the Indians laid down their arms and were massacred.

In the Indian way of life one found true democracy: their life was based on collective property, consensual decision-making, harmony with nature and respect for all living things. Often times Indian philosophy and way of life is seen as primitive but many of the concepts of democracy expounded upon by Rousseau, Thomas Jefferson, and Karl Marx were taken from models lived by the Indians. It is the capitalist system that is “primitive” in its mass destruction of human and natural life.

We must learn from the Indian brothers and sisters and try to get the essence of what they are saying. The main thing is that we all have a common enemy and need to support each other, especially in crucial times such as these. Those of us who want to see change in this country need to support the American Indian struggle and not be limited by set theories and dogmas and words which do not allow for Third World people in this country to really develop a new theory which defines their own terms of liberation which fits the conditions here. The American Indians at Wounded Knee are not afraid to fight and die if it will mean a better life for their people. It is never too late for freedom.

—Merilynne Hamano

*Come gather around me and I'll sing you a song
I'll tell you a story of a people who were strong
We lived with nature in Harmony
Obeying the laws that were taught to me
Greeting each stranger with an open hand
Sheltered and fed him and called him friend*

*Once I was wild as the eagle in the sky
Free to love, to live, and to die
I roamed this land from the mountains to the sea
Brother to the elk, the bear, and the deer
Up the rivers, the lakes, and the redwood trees
This was my land as far as I could see*

*I had no jails, no prison farms, no barb wire
To do me harm
I paid no one to rule over me
And no one owned the shade of the tree*

*I swam the ocean with a mighty shark
And played with the dolphin in the night
When the moon was dark*

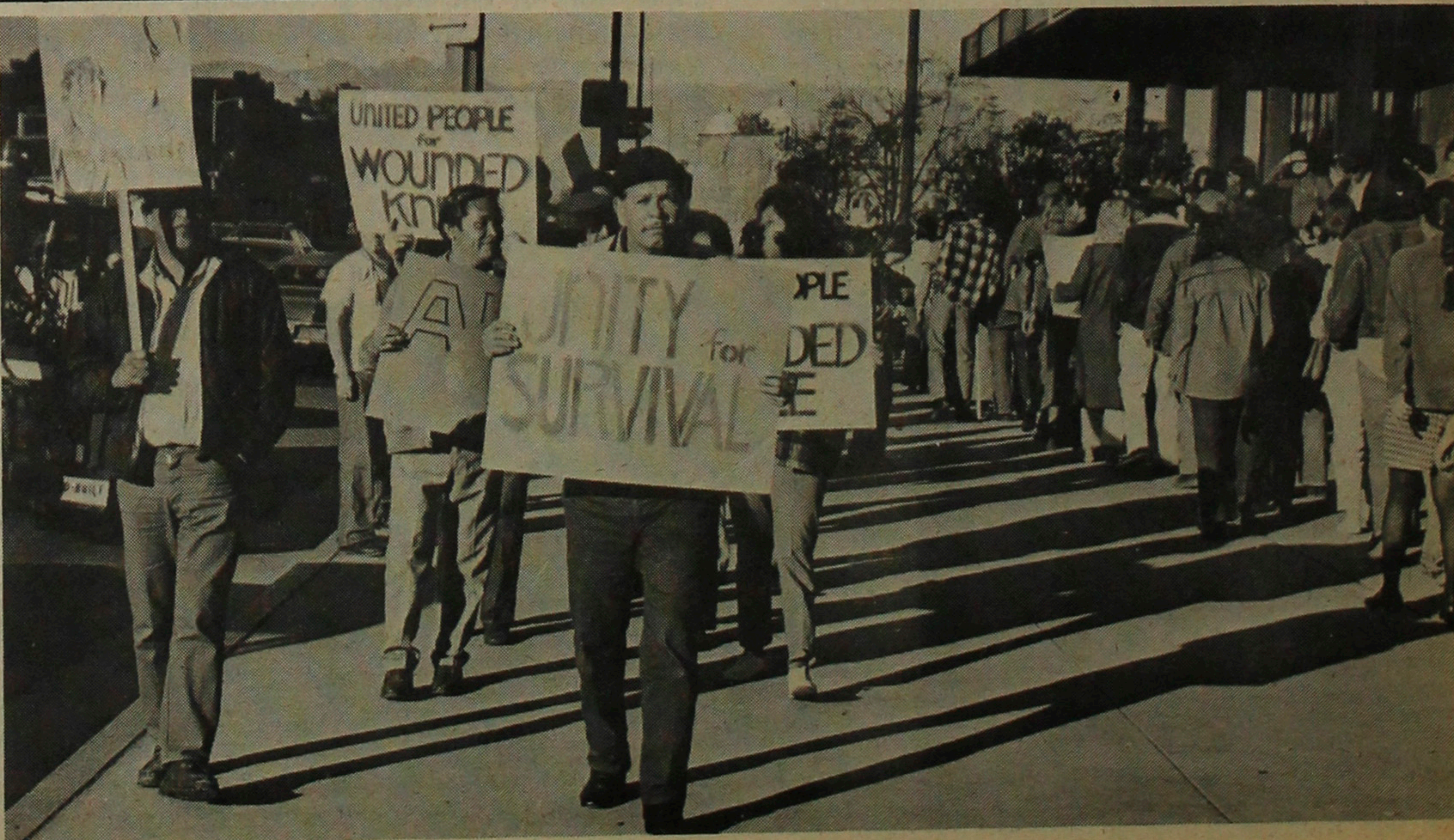
*So come with me
So come, be as wild as the eagle in the sky
Free to love, to live, and to die
We will roam this land
from the mountains to the sea
As do the bear, the elk, and the deer
Up the rivers, the lakes, and the redwood trees
We will live together in harmony*

—Indian Song

On March 8, 1973, the Asian community in Los Angeles formed the Asians in Solidarity with Wounded Knee. On a few hours notice over one hundred Asians gathered on the steps of the federal building to join with the Indians and other Third World people in a vigil supporting Wounded Knee. Amidst the tense atmosphere of waiting for a report of a possible confrontation at Wounded Knee, Asians and Native Americans joined hands to dance to songs and drum beats of Indian music. Thus began the beginnings of real bonds of unity.

From this beginning, Asians joined with Chicanos, Blacks, whites, and American Indians to form the United People for Wounded Knee... one of the first working bodies of Third World people in Los Angeles. So far, two demonstrations have been held at the federal building by the United People for Wounded Knee.

So far, the Asian movement has contributed over \$800.00 for food and supplies for Wounded Knee and we have begun mutual educational and cultural exchanges between Native American and Asian people.





DISSOLVING

The Storefront. It's a Long Story.

The inside lights there are always on at night (who turns them off?) as you drive past 9th Avenue and Jefferson in Los Angeles. Except for the volumes neatly lining the shelves of the bookstore, the Storefront is usually empty now, the doors usually locked. But the Storefront is more than a community center, a building. For a year and a half it was also a disciplined political organization which last month decided to dissolve.

At first I wanted this to be a very in-depth look at the Storefront, and the reasons why the twenty-five or so people who were Storefront members decided to stop working together. But after talking to roughly half the people over a six week period I realized the limitations of such a complex task. I don't really know what this is going to be, or of what use either. It may not much please the former members of the Storefront, nor satisfy the curiosity of one who never heard of them. But the problems and issues the Storefront faced are not isolated, not unique. Sooner or later, our movement will have to grapple with them all—and more. Let this be a preview then, of the obstacles to overcome on our political horizon.

Beginnings.

In their final statement the Storefront pointed to "contradictions" within the organization which became acute. Essentially, as the level of theory and the extent of practice of the organization developed, these differences were found to be at once so basic, yet so complex that there was a "lack of desire to continue struggling with these contradictions."

The final paper listed five "conditions which caused a lack of struggle." They were:

1. Low theoretical level.
2. Unclear structure.
3. Varying commitments to the organization.
4. Feasibility (due to composition) of establishing a Third World Marxist Leninist organization.
5. Liberalism.

All the people hold different interpretations, suggest different causes, and place different emphases on these factors. But before we get into that we should briefly review the beginnings of the Storefront organization, look at the positive aspects, and reiterate the limits of this article.

In the early summer of 1971, the Westside

study group, a small number of Japanese males, rented an abandoned storefront in an effort to relate community programs to their study. As most of them had been associated with the JACS-JACL office experiences, it was from there that they received the most criticism—chiefly for acting impetuously. So over many very hot and arduous meetings that summer, a number of people—mostly males, predominantly Japanese, with a few Chinese and a few blacks—struggled over what that empty building—and those people utilizing it—would become.

One position was to create a specifically Japanese American organization to relate to the J-A community and develop leadership within the Japanese American movement. The other position was to form a Third World group to do mass community organizing. It was hoped that geographical organizing would counter the "divide and rule" tactic which ethnic organizing might unavoidably perpetuate. They saw Third World unity not just as alliances among black, Chicano, Indian, or Asian organizations, but as TW people working together in one united organization. By late summer this struggle ended with the Japanese position withdrawing and the TW position prevailing—not by resolution therefore, but by default. The position was adopted despite the fact that an overwhelming majority of those involved were Asians.

A number of programs were begun with the intention of stressing education over service. These included a film program and youth workshop, less regular things like draft counseling and tax service, and by summer 1972, ESL instruction, a newspaper, bookstore and food co-op.

In the first months of 1972, the Storefront began to restructure. They formed a plan for a political organization which secured commitment, outlined discipline, adopted a study plan, and determined members' organizational work. They also tried to implement a leadership structure of democratic centralism and formed a central committee of four (later five) people. Four political objectives for the organization were decided upon (listed below), although it was later recognized most did not fully understand them. There were some attempts to equalize the racial composition, but for a number of reasons, (in retrospect, not agreed upon by all) the Storefront remained overwhelmingly Asian—and that, mostly Japanese American.

Many Positive Things.

Since this article concerns what made the Storefront organization fold, it is easy to emphasize aspects that were negative. But there were a great many positive things as well. The Storefront was a powerful education to all its members and an example to others as well. In its bid for self-reliance, it showed that movement groups don't have to depend on outside funding to survive. They had many fund raisers, and people differ over whether and how much they detracted from the organization's principal reason for being. But with rent, phone, utilities, purchases, printing costs, etc., they managed to pay off the \$500 in expenses every month. All this while people held outside jobs—not depending, that is, upon the organization for financial allowances.

Another positive thing was the commitment and energy while things were going good. If you were in the Storefront membership, you had two meetings a week, one or two committee special events like the benefits, field trips, and cleaning up the center, selling the newspaper or tickets, etc. You probably had a "straight" job, plus perhaps one or more other political work areas and living situations. And the study: a rigorous study program in basic revolutionary theory to be constantly on top of, plus the need to be aware of current events. Practical discipline—counting on people to get the job done and be on time—was never a problem. The problem was *why* things were being done. While the highlights are looked back on with positive feelings, it was the day to day drudgery that got things down. One said: "There were moments when we had so much *life* out there it was incredible." "Too much life," responded another. "Yeah, couldn't handle it."

Apologia.

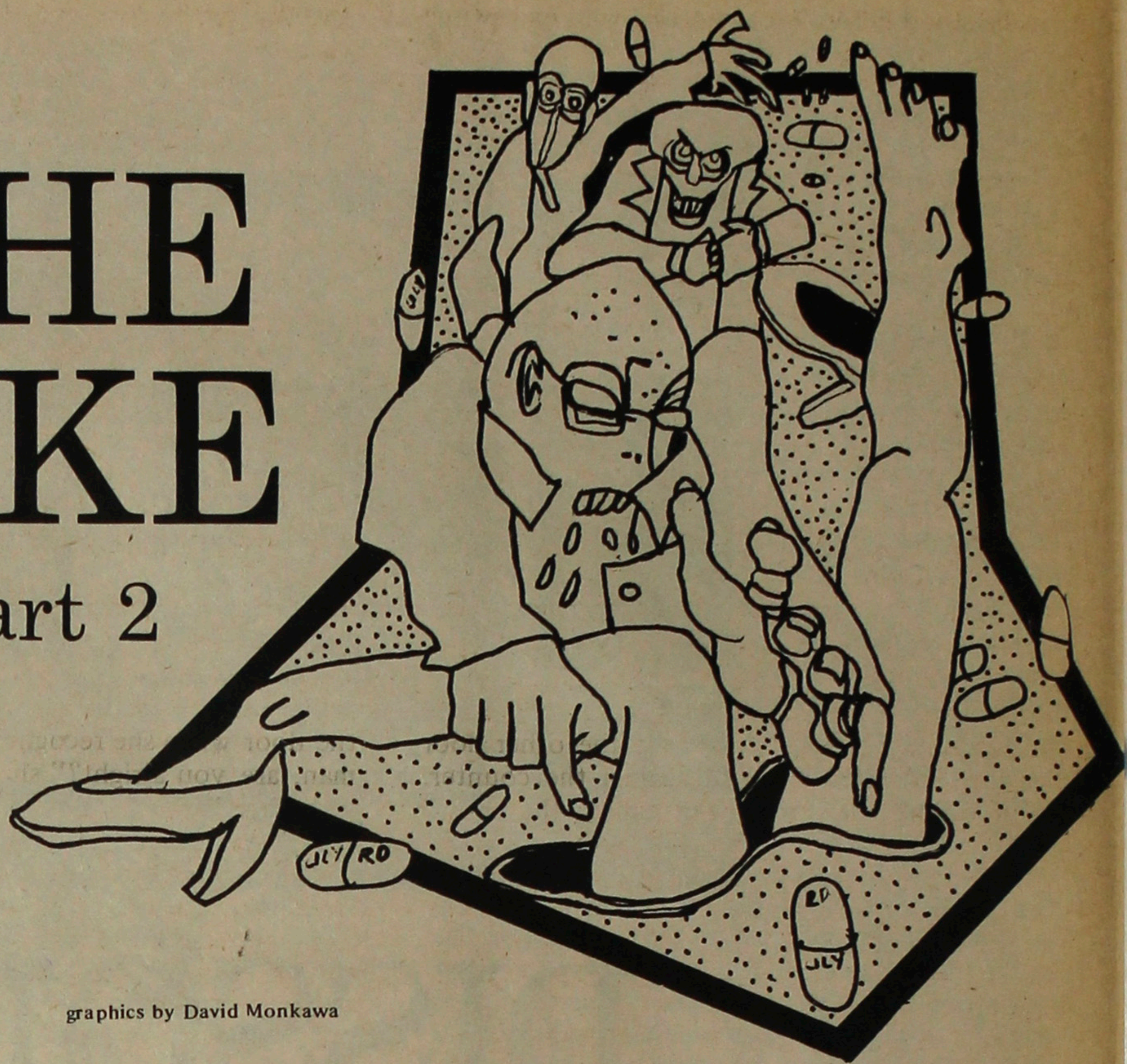
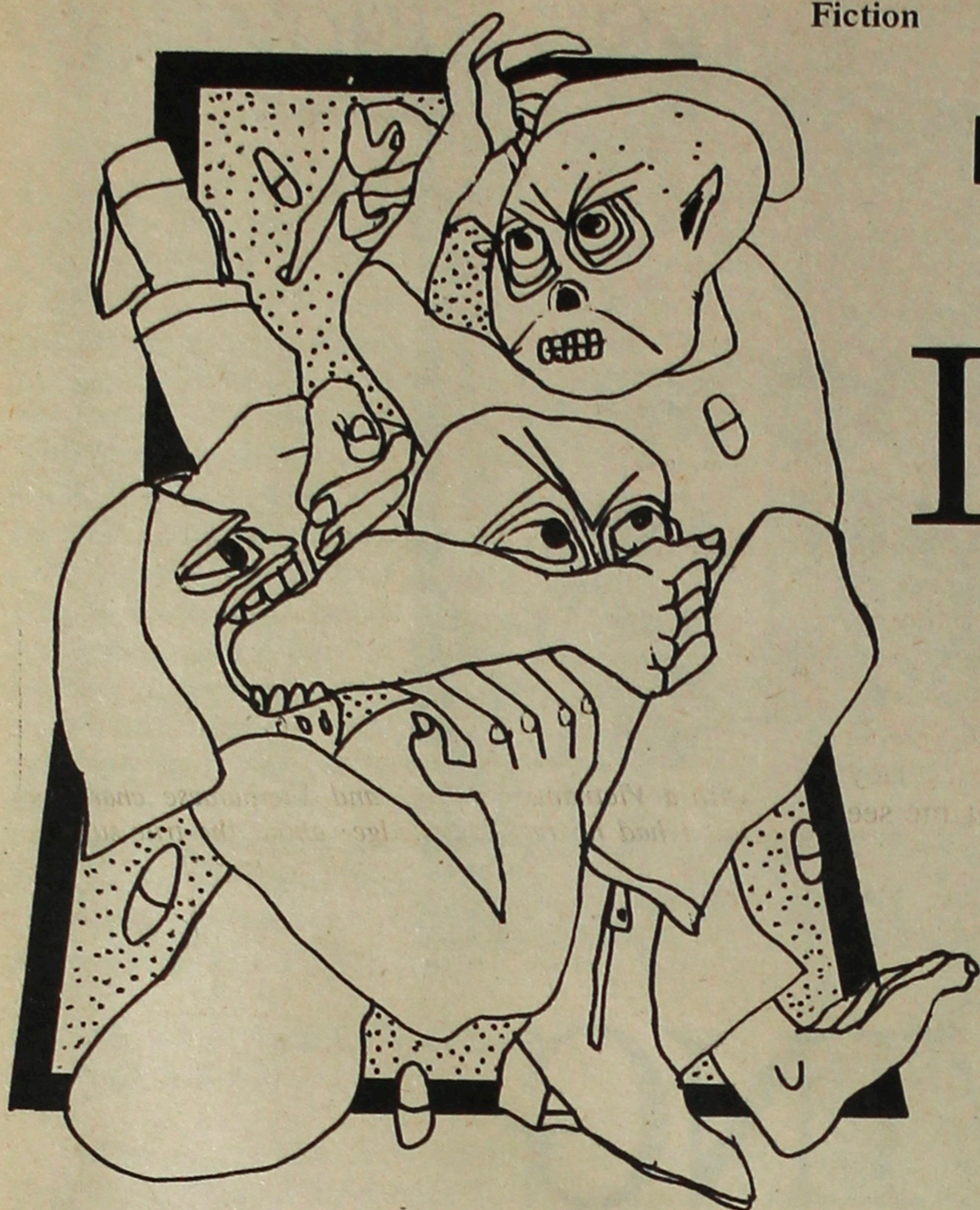
This article positively is *not* the final, definitive article on the Storefront; there are many limitations here. Trying to stay analytical without becoming mechanical; trying to be personal without getting subjective; trying to find truth when all the participants have elusively different perceptions—such obstacles may doom the task from the start.

So many of the contradictions within the Storefront were inherent in my mode of inves-

continued on page eighteen

THE DIKE

part 2



graphics by David Monkawa

A pale green '53 Chevy sat in a row of cars parked on the shoulder of the road that was one rim of the city reservoir—the dam. Sadakichi was parked at the dam again. Tonight it was with Kathi. Sadakichi was putting his tongue into Kathi's mouth, his hands were clutching her shoulders but his left leg was trying to squeeze in between hers.

The dam was a favorite parking place for those people who had access to cars. Most of the people who drove up there were white high school students. But almost anyone could go there since hardly anyone ever got out of the cars. Most of the action was inside.

The first time Sadakichi parked there, about a couple of months ago, there were a couple of big paddy boys walking around the cars with flashlights looking inside each car and harrassing the people inside. Sadakichi was there with Sachiko that night and they were not getting along, so Sadakichi had been smoking and looking at the view of the city from the dam when he spotted the two intruders. By the time they came to Sadakichi's '53 Chevy, he was ready. He reached for the heavy pipe wrench under his seat. His plan was to wait until they were close enough that he could fling open his door and knock one of them down with the door and then jump out right quick and clobber the other guy with the wrench.

It almost worked as planned except that Sadakichi flung open the door too soon. It was enough to surprise them though and they were running before Sadakichi could even get out of the car. They came back a half hour later while Sadakichi was struggling with Sachiko's bra. The two paddies opened the doors and pulled both Sadakichi and Sachiko out and threw them to the ground. "We don't want Japs up here," they yelled.

Sadakichi was mad. A huge fist slammed into his shoulder. Sadakichi rolled with the next blow while streaking a kick to the balls. Jumping over the hood of the car, he flew at the one holding Sachiko on the ground. Sadakichi creamed him! As the two paddies retreated again, they turned to warn Sadakichi, "Don't let us catch you up here again Jap, and especially with any white chick."

The next week Sadakichi took Gloria Miller Dorsey, the campus queen, up to the dam. No one came around to bother them. The week after that he was at the dam with Shirley Johnson, the head song girl. The two intruders didn't come again that night. Soon Sadakichi was up at the dam almost every night, even school nights. But he never saw those two guys again.

Meanwhile, Sadakichi was building up quite a reputation in school, and this was causing him a lot of discomfort. One of the things that Sadakichi just couldn't stand was the childish giggle that would come from girls (even those he didn't know) when he passed by. They would begin by whispering to themselves, and staring at him, then start that stupid giggling. It seemed to Sadakichi that the Oriental girls were the worst.

There were a few Oriental girls in the school that Sadakichi thought were really fine. But to him they seemed very far away, untouchable. And besides, these chicks knew they were fine and that they could have their pick of all the Buddhahead guys. So Sadakichi wasn't going to have anything to do with them. He would just shine these sisters on.

Sadakichi's Name

The people who knew Sadakichi would call him Sad not just because it was short for Sadakichi, but also because it seemed to fit him. When Sadakichi began running with "The Chinos," he also acquired the nickname, the Dike, because of the way he was built, and the way he moved and fought and did things, fit the sound and image of the Dike.

Sadakichi never paid much attention to what people called him. He usually had other things on his mind. Sadakichi usually had to work after school at his father's small grocery store. When business was bad, his father would become grouchy, or else become very depressed and worried. This bothered Sadakichi very much. When business was good, it was Sadakichi who became grouchy since it meant having to put in more time at the store. A hard day at work was often followed by Sadakichi getting into a fight that night or the next day at school. Sadakichi wasn't mean, but he was quick tempered stubborn and moody.

Her

Lately, Sadakichi was also thinking about her, the girl he saw at Loraine's party on Friday night. It had been busier than hell at his father's store and Sadakichi was in a bad mood when he was finally able to leave the store at 9:30. Shit, he thought, half the night's already gone! When Sadakichi got home, he headed straight for his room, took out two rolls of reds

from his dresser and went into the bathroom. He dropped four reds, took a quick shower, then left the house without eating dinner or even saying hello to his mother and father.

By the time he got to Loraine's house he was loaded but he could still maintain. As he walked up to the porch, three guys and a girl were just coming out of the house. He had never seen them before, but the girl was the finest Buddhahead chick he had ever seen. Sadakichi just stood and stared as they walked by. The three dudes were pinning Sadakichi pretty hard but he didn't notice since he was checking out this girl. Her hair was ratted, but it wasn't outrageous. She was wearing a pale blue angora sweater and a short, tight black skirt. He could smell her perfume as she passed close to him.

Suddenly one of the three guys turned on Sadakichi and fired on him. Sadakichi started to make a move toward the dude but the other guys stepped between them. They pulled the other guy away toward a car saying, "Hey man, you don't want to start any trouble here. Let's make it." When they got to their car, they turned around and yelled toward Sadakichi, that if the Chino's wanted to get their asses kicked, they could come to the Golden Lanes on the Eastside.

"What happened?" asked Ronnie and Wayne, two of the Chino's, as they came running out of the house. "What did them Eastside boys say? Shit, we just told them to get out of our party, man. We don't want no Eastside punks over here."

Sadakichi told them what happened and what they said. But he was pretty loaded and didn't make much sense. Before he knew it, he was being swept into a car by Ronnie, Wayne, and three other Chino's. "We're going over to the Eastside to find them punks," one of them told Sadakichi. "They're probably at the Golden Lanes. Let's go kick their asses."

Sadakichi fell asleep on the way. He was shaken awake by Wayne when they were in the Golden Lanes parking lot. Sadakichi was groggy as hell as he stumbled out of the car. Without thinking he stumbled straight into the bowling alley while the other guys were taking jack handles and tire irons out of the trunk. Sadakichi couldn't really remember who he was looking for until he saw the girl sitting with the three guys at a table by the pool room. He didn't really know what was doing there but he began to walk toward their table. The three guys stood up.

Sadakichi didn't really know why, but he just knew that he had to go up to them.

As he stood before them the one who had swung on Sadakichi at Loraine's stepped directly in front of Sadakichi and asked, "What the hell are you looking at, punk?" Sadakichi didn't answer. When the impact of what was just asked him, the tone in which it was said, and the way the guy was looking and standing, finally got through to Sadakichi's brain, it was too late. It seemed like they both began swinging at each other at the same time. Before long the other two were on Sadakichi too. Sadakichi was moving slower than usual; the reds kept him from feeling too much pain but they slowed him down too. He was having a hard time protecting himself from the three attackers.

The bowling alley attendant was calling the cops. He was yelling, "I'm calling the cops! I'm calling the cops!" The security officer was ordering them to stop fighting from a distance. The Chino's came running in through the door ready to smash some heads. The three who had been beating Sadakichi ran out the other door leaving Sadakichi slumped against the counter. "I'm calling the cops. I'm calling the cops," the attendant kept repeating.

Three of the Chino's, Kudo, Ronnie, and Wayne, ran out the door chasing the other three guys. Aron and Gobo picked up Sadakichi and carried him back to the car. Kudo, Ronnie, and Wayne came back to the car to report that they couldn't find the three punks. It was already too late to go looking and the cops would be there soon, so they decided to take Sadakichi back to Loraine's.

When Sadakichi and the boys got back to Loraine's only Loraine, Irene, Ted, Kenji (who was crashed out on the couch) were there. Alphonzo and Sachiko were there. Sadakichi was carried in by the armpits by the boys. Kudo, Ronnie and Wayne carried themselves in. Everybody was fucked up, except for Loraine and Irene.

Aron and Gobo carried Sadakichi into the bathroom, sat him on the toilet seat and began to clean him up some. Sadakichi's nose had been bleeding, one eye was slightly bruised, and blood

was all over his face and shirt. Loraine came in soon to check up on him. Sadakichi was more loaded than hurt. She suggested that someone drive him home, but someone else said no because Sadakichi's folks would get real upset if he came in like this. Sadakichi was taken to Loraine's parent's bedroom since they were in Las Vegas for the weekend. Everyone else hung around the living room playing records while Loraine and Irene were washing dishes in the kitchen.

It was some time around two when Sadakichi woke up still loaded but feeling the pain from the bruises. At first he didn't know where he was. His jacket was hung over a chair near the bed. He reached in a pocket, took out a tiny tin foil package and unfolded four more reds. He pushed himself up and headed for the bathroom.

The house was dark except for the light in the bathroom. Sachiko was just coming out. She squinted to look at Sadakichi's form coming out of the dark bedroom. She leaned back against the door when she recognized who it was. "Hey man, are you alright?" she asked. "Let me see your face."

Sadakichi leaned close to Sachiko to show her his bruises but jerked back slightly saying, "Hey, I'm alright. I'm more loaded than hurt. But I'm coming down."

"Oh wow. Hey man," said Sachiko, "do you have any more?"

"Yeah," said Sadakichi, "I've got a deuce in my hand and two more in my jacket." Sadakichi pointed to the bedroom. "Do you want an ace now?" he asked Sachiko.

"Oh wow. Hey man, yeah," said Sachiko. They went to the sink for some water, "Oh wow. Hey man," said Sachiko right after swallowing the cap, "an ace ain't going to do me right man. Why don't you let me have another one."

"They're in the bedroom in my jacket pocket," Sadakichi repeated while still leaning over the sink. "Why don't you go get them."

As Sachiko walked down the hall toward the bedroom Sadakichi followed her, closing the door behind him as they went in.

—Tracy Okida

About Part One

IN LAST FEBRUARY'S issue, I published a short story, "The Dike: Part I" that was signed Nam Am Songh. This is not the name of a real person, and I received many criticisms from the staff for choosing it. The story did not reflect my real background since it confused the identity of the "narrator" and me. I was criticized for misleading readers by signing a name that could be taken for a Vietnamese name. Finally, it was pointed out, that the name was so phony that its use was a racist, insensitive act.

The staff suggested that I write an explanation and apology. I said I'd think about it. Now I have thought about it, and I feel that I have truly been insensitive to the people of Vietnam. I wrote a story with a Vietnamese setting and Vietnamese characters, but I had no real knowledge about the true suffering of the people, their real emotions, and the real nature of their struggles.

I feel that I owe an apology for this insensitivity because I had projected my fantasies into characterizations which may have been believable because it appeared a Vietnamese wrote it. I was not trying to mislead or offend anyone, but in not thinking more deeply before acting, I committed an objectively racist act: racist in my ignorance of Vietnamese reality, racist in my insensitivity that allowed me to go ahead with such a thing without more thought.

I had thought that because I had no bad intentions that everything would be all right. And it is not to say that it is inconceivable that a Vietnamese could not experience what I wrote, but it is wrong for someone other than a Vietnamese, or a reporter in Vietnam, to write from the perspective I had. My sincere apology and pledge to continue to struggle with my incorrect ideas and ways.

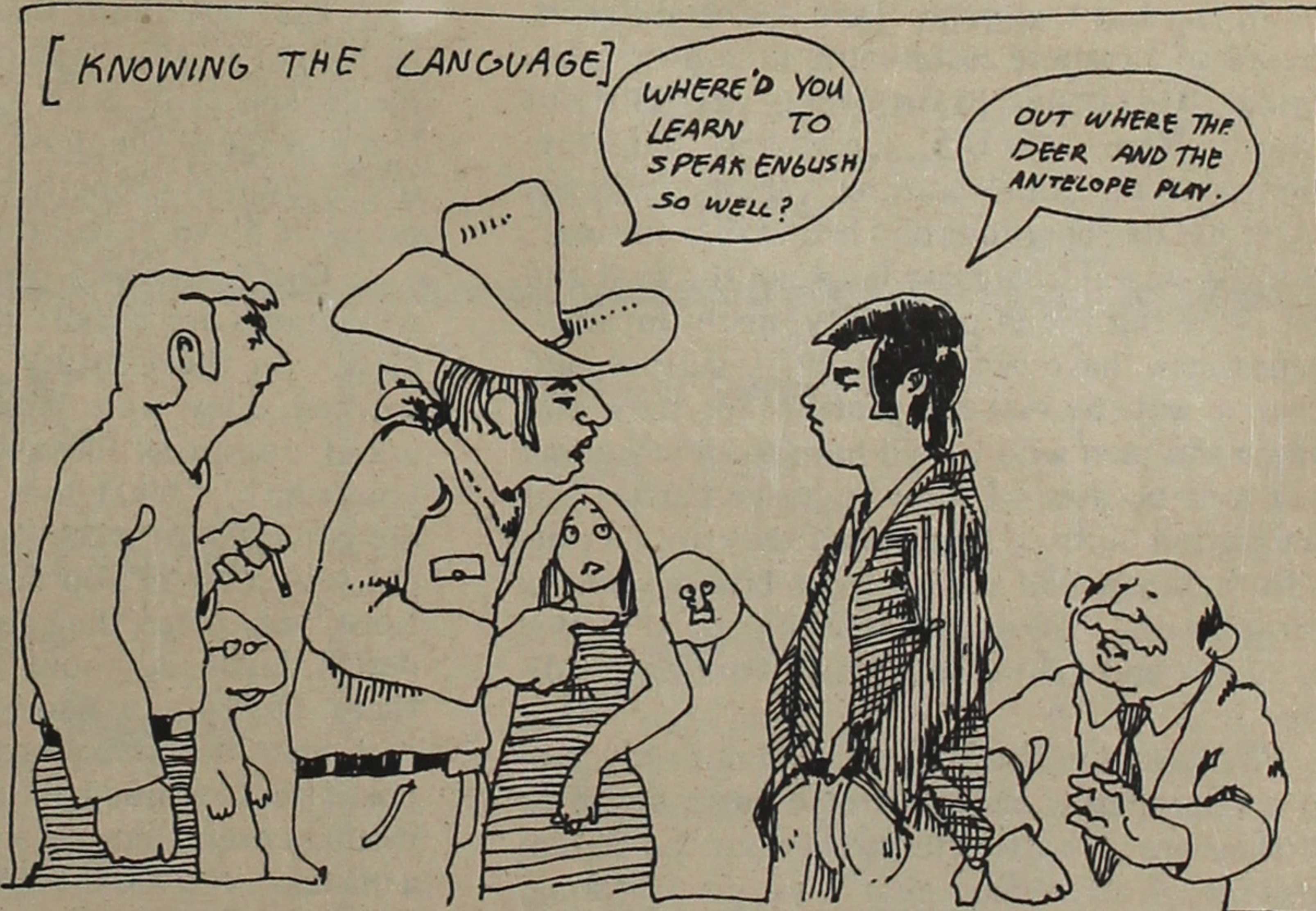
—Tracy Okida

Discovering the American Dream (or being Asian in America) means:

[KNOWING THE SCORE]



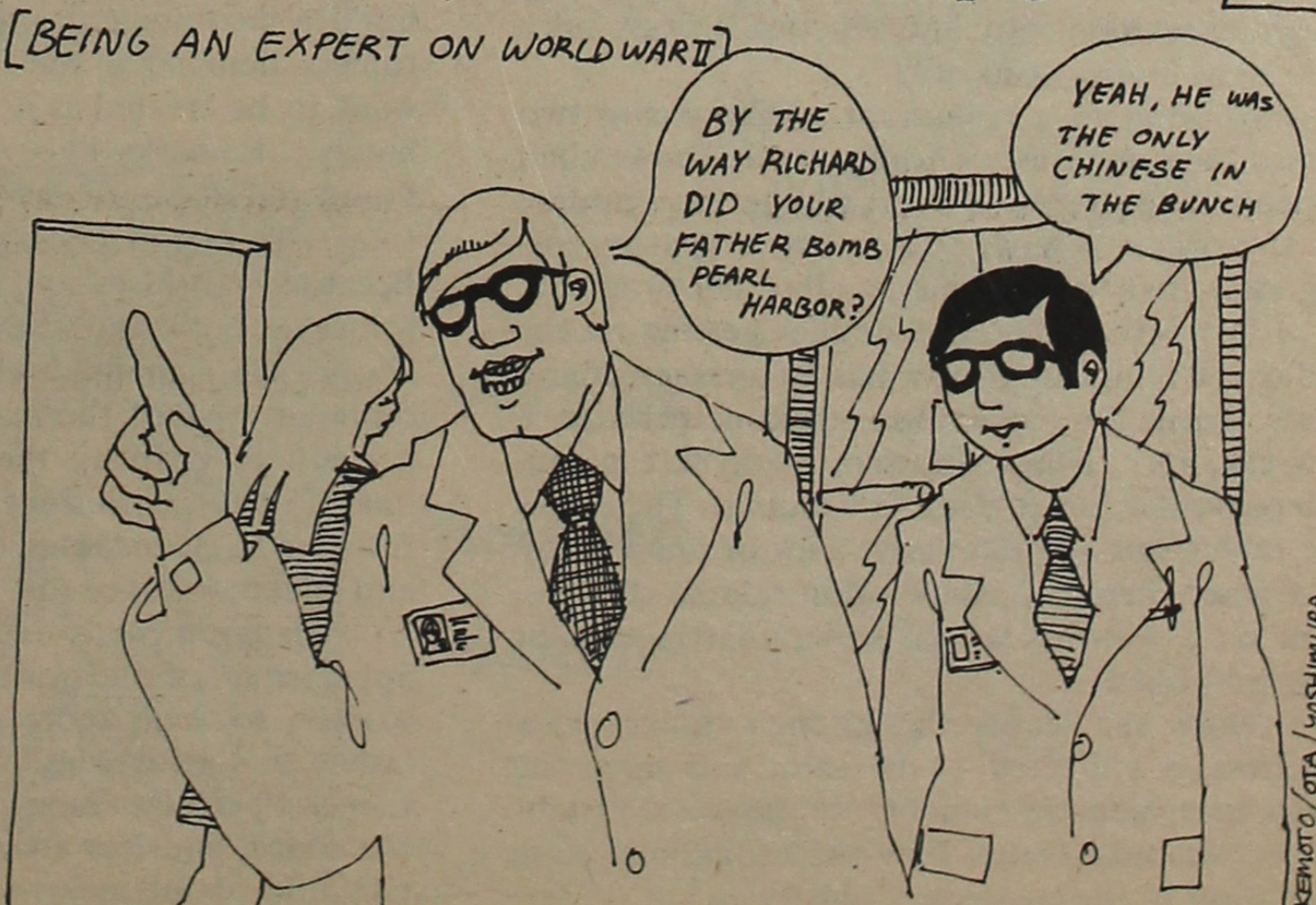
[KNOWING THE LANGUAGE]

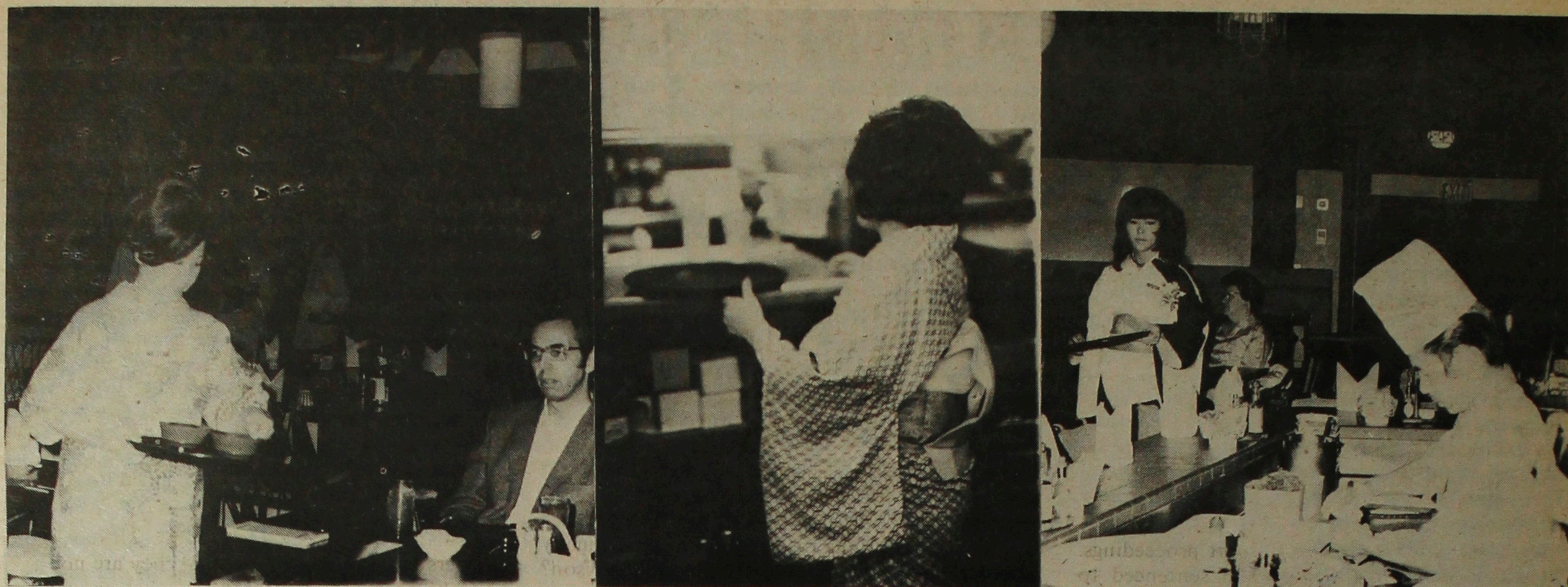


[BEING MILD AND MANNERED]



[BEING AN EXPERT ON WORLDWART]





IT AIN'T ALL SMILES AND SUKIYAKI

Waitressing is an occupation almost entirely composed of women who are essentially servants to a hierarchy of men. In between the boss at the top and the waitress, are the men customers, the bartenders and cooks. Because of this hierarchy, a waitress has no control over the jobs, especially since her wage is almost totally dependent on "tips." The amount left to her tells her whether or not she has been successful in playing the right roles through the entire hierarchy. This article will specifically deal with how it operates in a Japanese restaurant.

In the last few years there has been a sharp increase of Japanese restaurants in Southern California. This is due to the overall popularity of Eastern culture in the U.S., the interest that white America has in "ethnic cultures", the media image of Asia and its "charming and hospitable culture," and the so-called friendship between the East and West. With this rise in popularity, many Japanese businessmen have exploited their culture and found a way to make a profit. So, they hire women and men who would have trouble finding other jobs because of their language barrier and immigration status. Sometimes they are recruited from Japan and their future bosses serve as their sponsors. This makes it much easier to pay low wages and perpetuate poor working conditions.

Waitresses in this situation are not only subject to the regular pressures of being a waitress, but they are also expected to act out the stereotyped image of Geisha girls who are charming, taught to wait on men, and artistically cook sukiyaki right before your eyes.

Working in a restaurant is like doing two jobs at the same time. During a rush, the kitchen is hectic and everyone is scrambling to complete all the orders. A waitress must be pushy and aggressive to be heard and get all of her orders in. In a Japanese restaurant, besides getting all the orders in, a waitress also has to prepare many small dishes for tsukemono, daikon, perhaps a raw egg, etc. This is all extra work, but is considered a vital part of Japanese dining. The cooks are underpaid and put under a lot of pressure by the boss; therefore, they often release this tension on a waitress who is slow, unattractive, or not well liked.

Once she leaves the kitchen, however, a waitress is expected to be calm and serve the food in a pleasing manner. In Japanese restaurants, she must watch how she walks, pay close attention to the customers, and *smile!*

Certain stereotypes of a Japanese restaurant have been created; supposedly these restaurants symbolize a place away from the hustle and bustle of the outside world; they offer some comfort and escape. So, to set the atmosphere, the waitress must wear kimonos and zoris. These clothes were obviously not designed for waitress work—they are too confining and the zoris do not offer any support for your feet. This is especially important when you consider that you are standing for the entire shift which is anywhere from 6 to 8 hours. Waitresses must be very cautious about their movements and never be caught in any "unladylike" positions. That means she can't walk too fast because then her legs will show, she must make sure that the front of the kimono properly covers her, and above all, never sit down in front of the customers.

Customers who come to the fancy Japanese restaurants are usually middle and upper middle class. In the Century City restaurant where I worked, they were almost always white. They asked questions like, "What part of Japan are you from?", "What does the obi signify?", "Where did you learn to speak such wonderful English?", etc. As soon as you begin to answer their questions, very often they start telling you how wonderful Japan is, about the last time they were there, how you are so-o-o charming, etc. While men customers make racist remarks, you are supposed to continue smiling, maybe giggle, but remember everything they ordered. Once you make a mistake, you are no longer the charming geisha, but are incompetent and irresponsible. The customers demand a certain type of service, they want to be treated as if they were guests in your home. Remarks like, "Do you want to come home and cook for me", are always heard after they watch you cook sukiyaki at their table. Because waitresses are at the mercy of the customer for her living, she must never answer back, always keep smiling and be pleasant. She is the representative of the restaurant and it is part of her job to keep up the image. To insure this image, daily inspections are made to check clean fingernails, clean tables, clean hair, clean kimonos, and adequate make-up.

Management is overly concerned about the appearance of the waitresses. They encourage women to wear more make-up, don false eyelashes, and wear wigs. This serves to breed further competition among the women. For example the older, and less attractive women are always paranoid about making too many mistakes, not

getting very good customers, or having a poor section of the restaurant. Rather than cooperating, which is necessary for waitressing, women put each other down, make comparisons and are constantly trying to outdo each other.

Management also takes the weaknesses of the employees and intensifies them, making the employees feel obligated to the boss and forever grateful. The boss resembles the Emperor because of the total control that he wields over everyone's life. He sees the racism and degradation, but because he profits from it, he encourages the stereotypes. Because of his status as boss, he feels above the demeaning remarks made to his employees and will play the "humble role" if he knows that he can retain a "good clientele".

The restaurant owner makes all the rules and regulations and has dictatorial powers especially over the women. He rationalizes his behavior by thinking that he is doing them a favor by hiring them, even though they have a language barrier, also by using the excuse of "it's better than Japan." So Japanese waitresses are constantly being intimidated and forced to comply with the most backward labor codes. This becomes apparent when it comes to tips, which are often seized from the waitress and then re-divided. The money left on a table belongs to her, she did all the slaving for it, yet she is denied the right to make a respectable living. Wages are usually far below the minimum level because "tips" are supposed to make up the difference. This system also gives the illusion that if a waitress works harder, she will be recognized by the boss and customers and receive more tips. But since the boss controls everything, this is still an illusion.

Unions will only partly resolve the problems facing Japanese waitresses in particular. There are only two Japanese restaurants in Los Angeles that are unionized and the Hotel & Restaurant Workers' Union has no Asian business agents or anyone on the staff who can speak Japanese. Also, historically this has not been a strong union in comparison to some gains that other trade unions have made. They refuse to call for fundamental changes in the economic system of the U.S. which perpetuates the huge gap between those who own and those who must sell their ability to labor to survive. Waitresses and other restaurant workers (especially bus boys, dishwashers, general kitchen help) need to recognize that as service workers united as a class they can effectively fight the owners who exploit their labor and change the poor conditions, low wages and racism.

—Sandy Maeshiro



JOINT COMMUNICATIONS

Counter-Court

The Court System Today

Most everyone is aware of the court system today. Briefly we know that if a crime is committed, the person or persons suspected of the crime are apprehended by the police and put in jail to wait for a trial. Those that are fortunate enough to have the money can obtain bail and be released until their trial. It usually takes two, three, even six months or more between the arrest and all the court proceedings. If a person is found guilty and sentenced to serve a period of confinement, or even if they are found innocent, the time spent in jail awaiting trial is considered "Deadtime," and does not count.

The confinement before the trial is in contradiction to the philosophy of "Innocent until proven guilty." The reality is that the police look at you as a guilty, hardened criminal, a less than human bad-guy-dirty son-of-a-bitch. And they treat you as such. It is true that there are a few police around that aren't quite that inhuman, but they are limited by the bureaucracy of their peers as to how much they can do to help a person. Even these few police get harassed; there have been many reported incidents of racism directed at Third World officers within the force. You know if they treat each other badly, how are they going to treat you, a stranger? And strangers are just what we are to the police. (This article won't go into physical police brutality. That is a related issue which recalls the police violence directed at George Jackson, San Quentin, Soledad, Folsom, Cook County Jail, The Tombs in New York, San Francisco State, Kent State, The Chicago 1968 Democratic Convention, Attica—to just name a few.)

Before we can address ourselves to the court itself, we have to remember defense. Anyone who appears in court has to have a defense. That usually means a lawyer or Public defender to speak up for you in court. There are those that do defend themselves, but how many of us know the law well enough to defend (fight the system) by ourselves? Let's take it to the next step. How many of us have friends that can or will

stand up in court? Again not many. A fact—most people that have to face the court on a criminal charge, misdemeanor or felony, do not have the education necessary to represent themselves in court. So we end up hiring a lawyer, and lawyers aren't cheap. The salary lawyers make put them into a social circle where they don't mix with most of the people who need them. Once again we are at the mercy of a stranger.

Now if your money is right, you probably don't have anything to worry about. How many people who have money are in jail or prison? It is the worker, street person and even the so-called middle class that end up doing time. If you are struggling to survive economically, it makes it that much harder. You must also watch out for the "overambitious" lawyer who may sell you out. However, there are good lawyers too, who do their best. There are those who, because they want to relate to the people, get involved in the community. But legal chains restrain them from helping in criminal cases. Now the question, what about the public defender? Well, if we examine why it takes so long for a person to go through the court proceedings we find out that the courts are jammed up. In 1970, Los Angeles County alone had 689,382 arrests. This is 51 percent of the arrests in the entire state of California, which had 1,340,072. You can see that if only half the people are represented by the understaffed Public Defender's Office that there is no way for them to know and understand you, let alone take enough time to thoroughly investigate the situation.

Now that you have the police messing with your head, and you're worrying about the sincerity of your attorney, we are ready to enter the court room. In the court room we are faced with the District Attorney, a jury and of course a Judge.

The District Attorney has two things on his mind. One is to influence the Judge and jury that you are guilty. The second is to have you punished. Neither deals with what or why you may have committed the crime. Even there they do not go into the root-causes. They consider unimportant anything that would let you be destructive to yourself or community. What is

important to the D.A. is that you are punished in a way that you can be controlled by fear.

As for the jury, it is supposed to be of your peers: That is such a farce! Twelve people to determine your guilt or innocence. In selecting the jury nine times out of ten, anyone who may have the same outlook as you is excluded. Chances are if you are a person of color there won't be a reasonable representation (if any) of your color or culture. People judge others according to their own values and morals, and middleclass whiteamericans—and those who want to be white—do not understand the poor, or people from ghettos or people who don't agree with the way things are run in this society. Think about why people cut their hair, shave and put on suits or dresses when they have to be in court. The fact is that they are not facing their peers and that they know that they are not going to be accepted, respected for what or who they really are—Human Beings!!

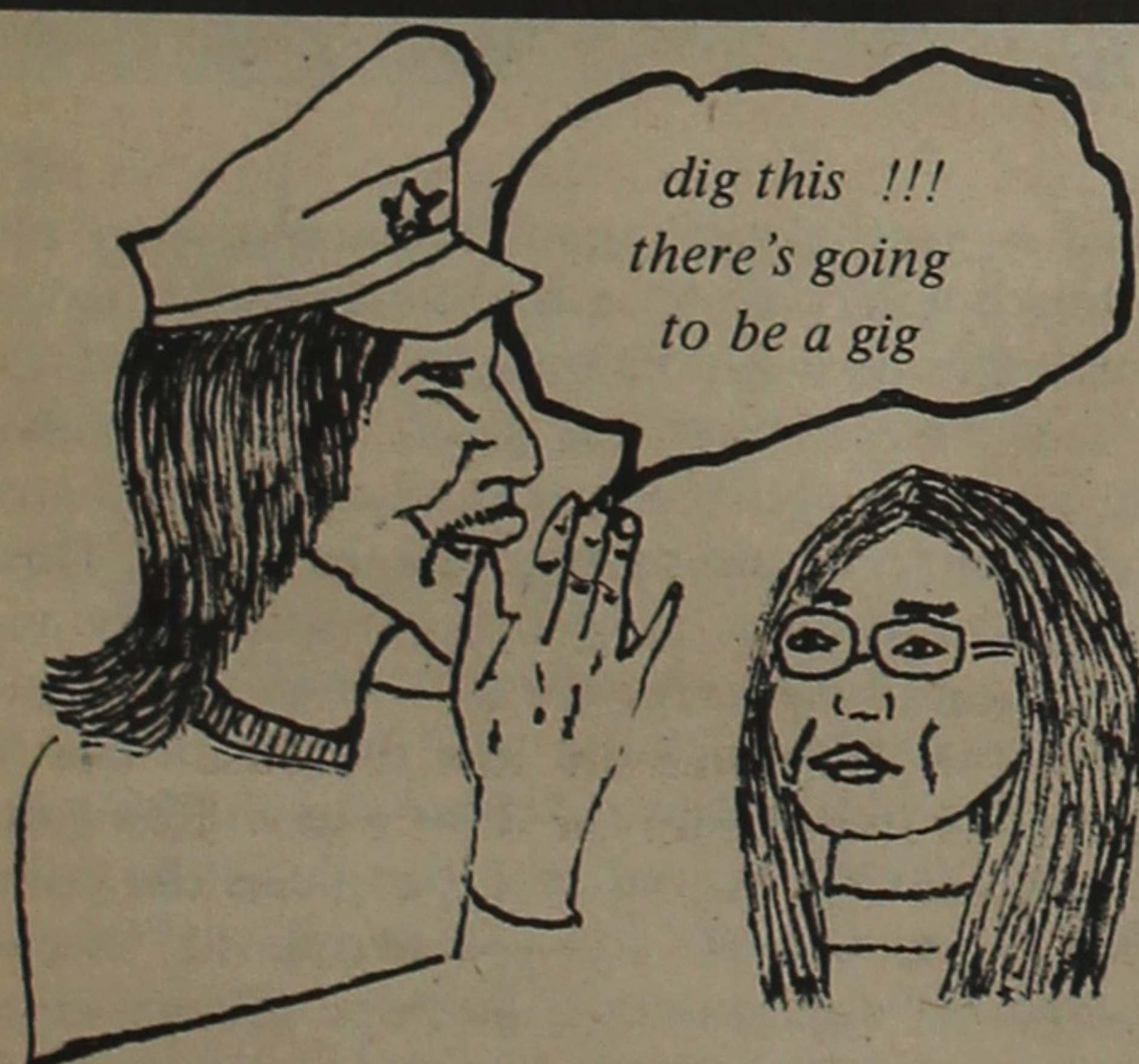
The Judge! Here is a person who, if he wants to, can take your life, take your savings, or set you free. If he got up in the morning grumpy or had car trouble on the way to work, or is otherwise pissed-off, he may say to you, "State Prison", whereas everything else might have recommended probation at the most. Once the sentence is pronounced, you're on your way. Oh yeah, you can appeal but that takes even longer than the trial. Again, color and social circles come into the picture, as well as the "stranger" element. Example: You are an Asian and struggling to survive, and you get busted for drugs! The Judge's son was killed in Vietnam and he hates Asians. The Judge is racist. You are found guilty. He can say State Prison, County Jail, pay a fine, or probation. It can and does happen. No one person should have that kind of power over another person's life.

The way the Court System is today there is no way of preventing subjectiveness from being vented. It is very bleak and negative. But, like anything else, it can be changed. Since crimes against people (theft, robbery, rape, etc.) are constantly being committed, the purpose of this article is to elaborate on a new process—an alternative to the present judicial system.

The People's Court

This new process is called "People's Court" and it was first developed in the Asian community by Asian American Hard Core in 1970. Hard

continued on page twelve



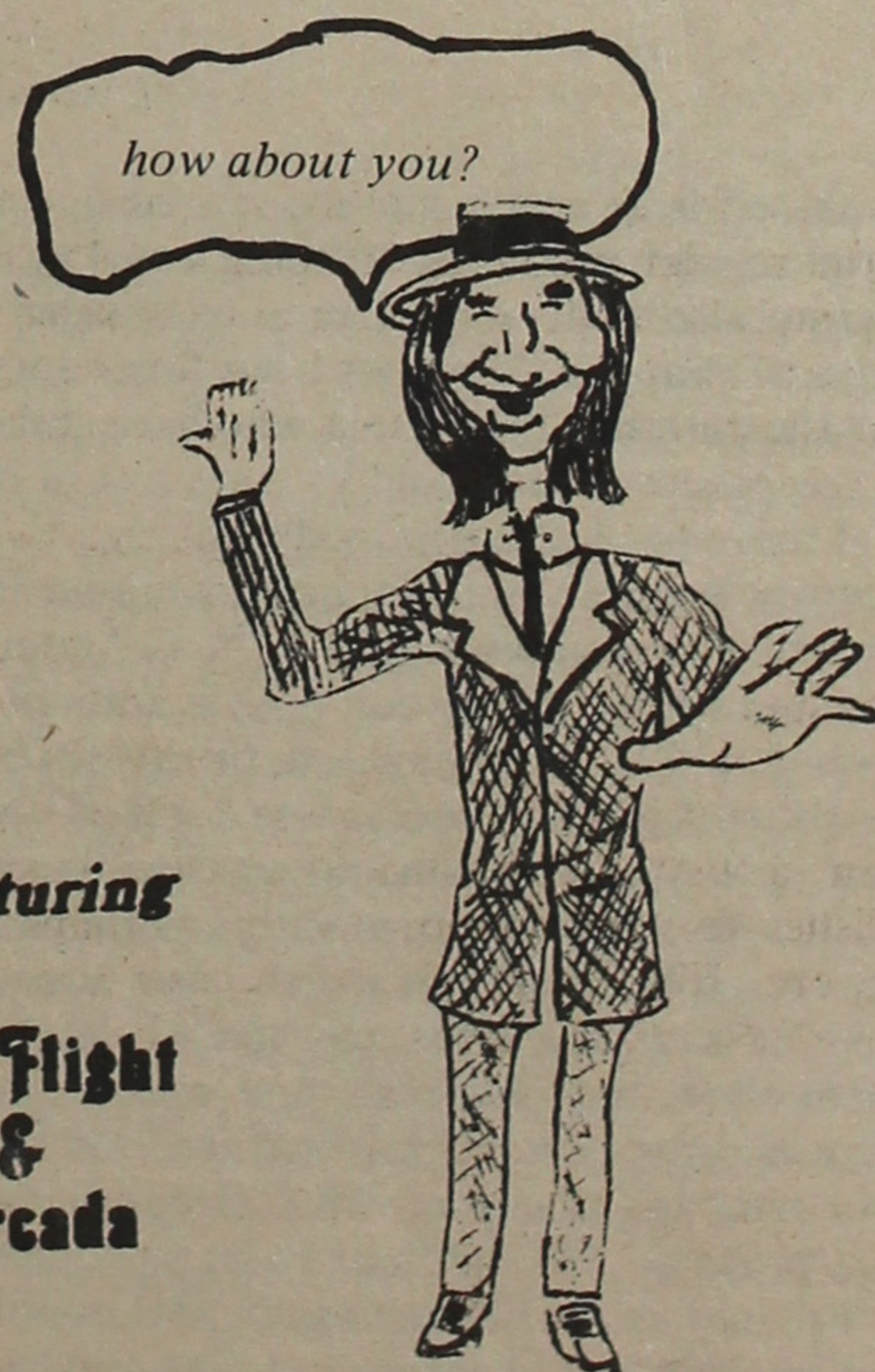
ASIAN JOINT COMMUNICATIONS

Presents

"People Need People"
at
Jimmy's
403 Monterey Pass Rd.



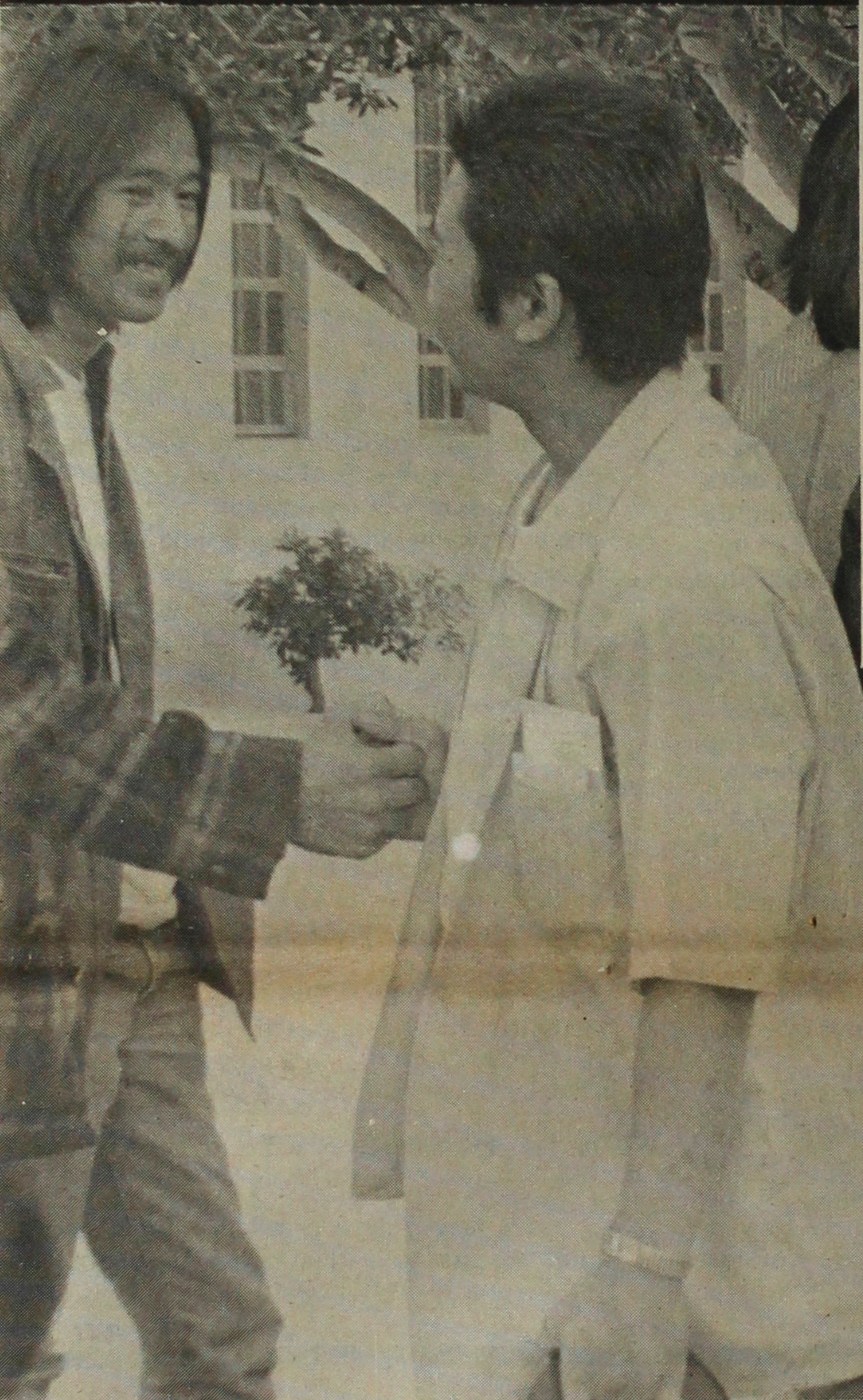
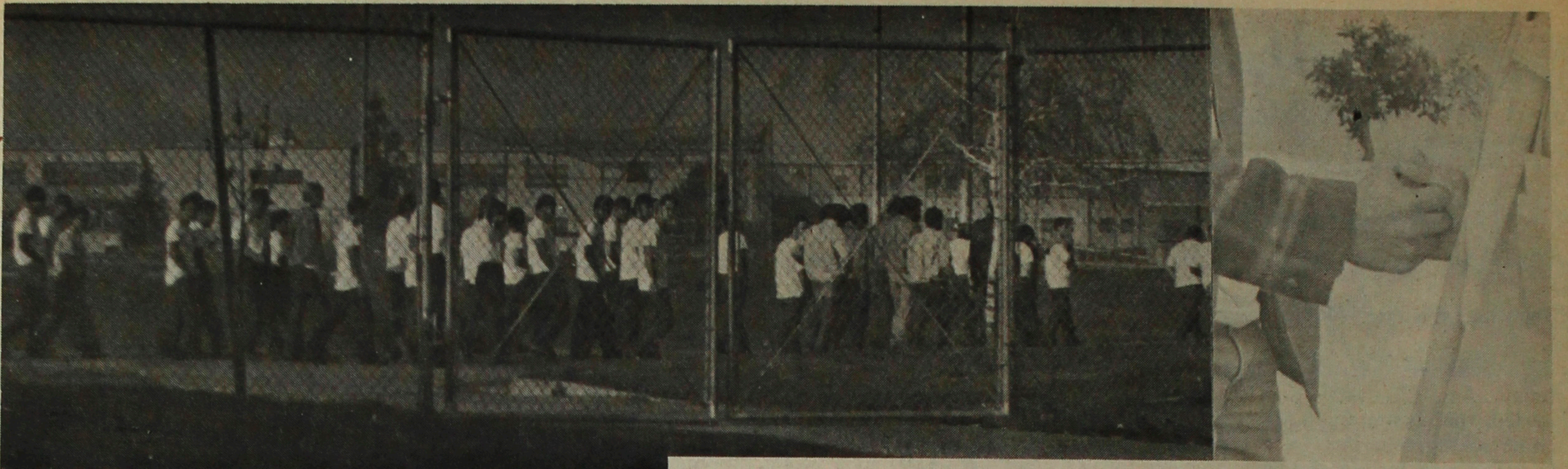
April 20th
9:30 - 1:30



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JOURNEY TO Y.T.S.

Walking 'round the track—
Blue denim jeans
White T-shirts...
A few red kerchief banda as.
From behind a wire fence;
Mother looks for son.

Visitors contained within a wire coop.
Waiting for their brothers inside.

Two thousand youth—
Youth Training School.
Some see us from their barred windows.
They ask who we are.

Nine Asian Brothers
Filter into the protected
Visitor's sanctuary.

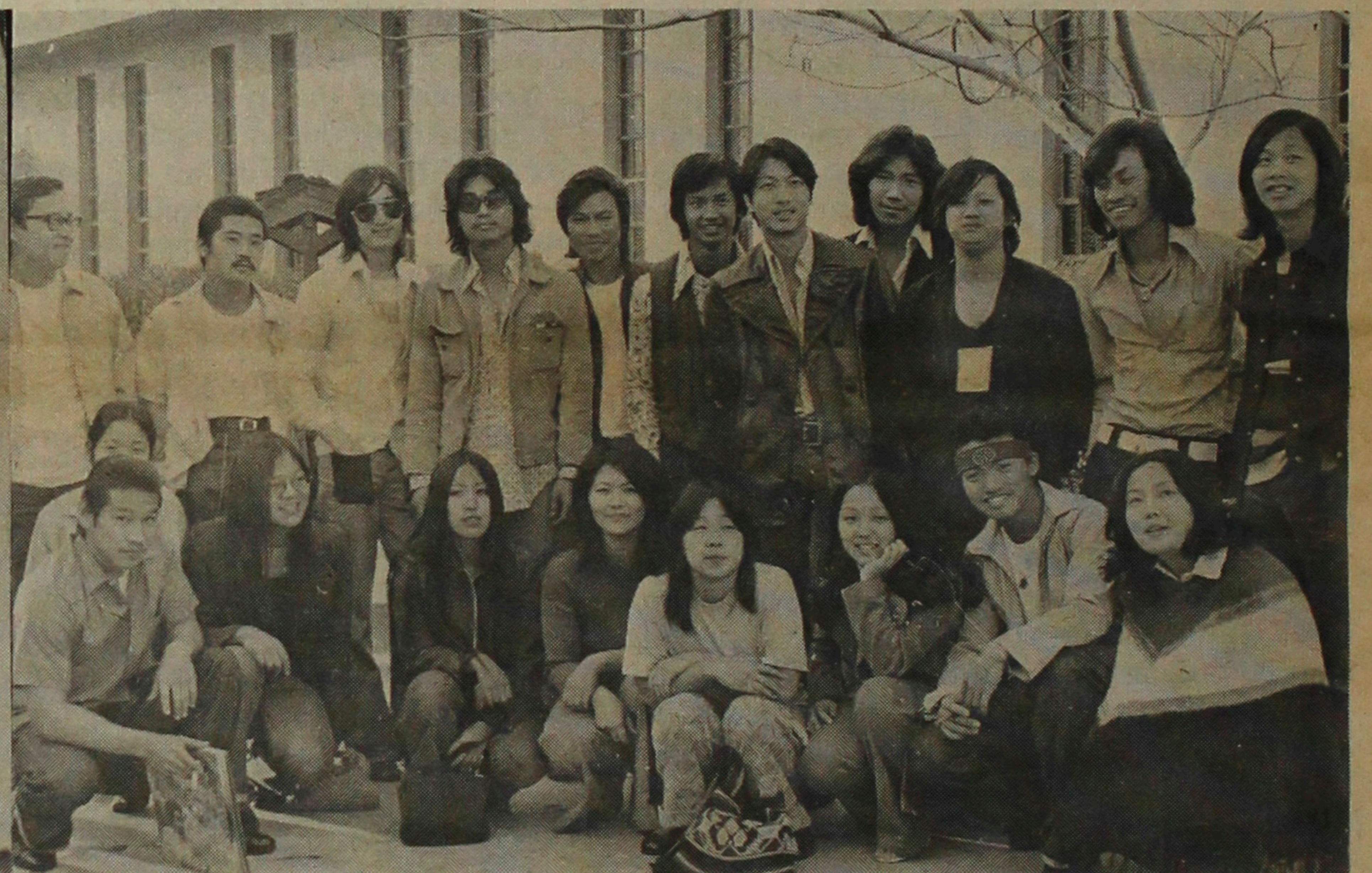
Handshaking, hugging
Quiet smiles—
Some shy.
A reunion of gang, family
Brothers and Sisters.

We are welcomed with a large banquet.
And the mother taught him well
To take care of himself and others

And they share their experiences
As we share a few of ours.

And then once more...
Past the guard towers,
The barbed wire fences
Back to the main waiting station.
We leave this penal institution
Yet to re-enter
A larger one.

—poem, photos by
Mary Uyematsu



COUNTER-COURT

continued.

Core was a self-help group mainly consisting of street people who had experienced the court system and imprisonment at one time or another. The process of People's Court has been fairly successful in the past and the people who have gone through the process have usually come out of it better and more productive individuals.

Recently Asian Joint Communications dealt with such a situation where a certain "K.C." committed crimes against numerous people amounting to over \$2,000. Confronted with this situation, the People's Court process was decided upon to deal with this situation, rather than handing him over to the authorities for punishment. With the principle of human worth over monetary worth, it is an alternative method where the peers themselves, the plaintiffs, and other concerned community people are involved in the process of trial and decision. "K.C." stood trial by such a process. We tried not to let the crime become isolated from the environmental conditions and his historical background. We tried to look at both the negative and positive aspects of the individual to obtain a more objective base. These techniques and goals were explained to the people in attendance at the court so that subjective and vindictive feelings could be kept down as much as possible. The purpose of the court is for the betterment of the people and society rather than for punitive reasons. The basic steps of the people's court are:

1. Explanation of process, technique and goals of court.

2. Discussion of historical background and environmental conditions of the individual.

3. Venting of positive and negative views about the individual.

4. Stating the crimes and explaining each by the plaintiffs.

5. Discussion of methods of restitution and alternatives for the individual's betterment.

6. Decision by the body at large as to stipulations and restrictions on the individual.

In the case of "K.C." the basic alternatives and restrictions were (1) "No Gambling" because this was a symptom of his problem which caused him to take money from people; (2) "No Checking Account," because this was the method he used to get the money, and; (3) "Get a Job" for the purpose of making restitution. "K.C." was advised to get a job because he does not have a worker's background, just bourgeoisie tendencies which he cannot afford. He was also encouraged to struggle with himself in an earnest fashion. This means being up-front with people so that we can support him in his struggles, and future endeavors for betterment. Last, he was advised to systematically and conscientiously keep in touch with people so that he does not become isolated as he was previously.

If "K.C." does not meet his obligations to the people's court decision, then a more strict and disciplined alternative will be made. This is what we consider fair people's justice. We must understand that we do not have the sophisticated techniques to insure that the individual will live up to his obligations, because our method does not have the support of such people as the police, "K.C.'s" employer, and the people of "K.C.'s" immediate environment, because society conditions people to be hard and apathetic.

At the same time we must be conscious that we live in a capitalist society which perpetuates many divisive and individualistic tendencies. Our own personal survival and gain are the only things we are taught to be concerned about. We need to change these things by developing alternative ways of caring for each other and alternative institutions to deal with the needs of the people. We need to restructure society so that everyone may live comfortably, so there will be no need to take from one another.

We openly invite comments or criticisms on this issue. If we are to create and substantiate alternatives to any of the existing systems or institutions, then it must relate to the masses. Without feedback from the masses we cannot be with the people. So don't hold back, get involved.

Asian Joint Communications

S.F. Blues

Emilio sits on the tenement stairs
guitar in hand laments,
to sing a song in verse.

the arid smole fills the nostrills
smell the fragrance,
adobo upstairs,
smoke that travels from hall to hall,
he commence to sing this ballad song.

Emilio with hungry mind craving,
only if Tagalog be sung,
as the blacks sang their blues,

Emilio sits with guitar in hand,
wrestled with words of song.
how tempting the smell of the kitchen
he thought,
adobo and rice
his belly sought.

day-dreaming Emilio
sits on the stairs below.

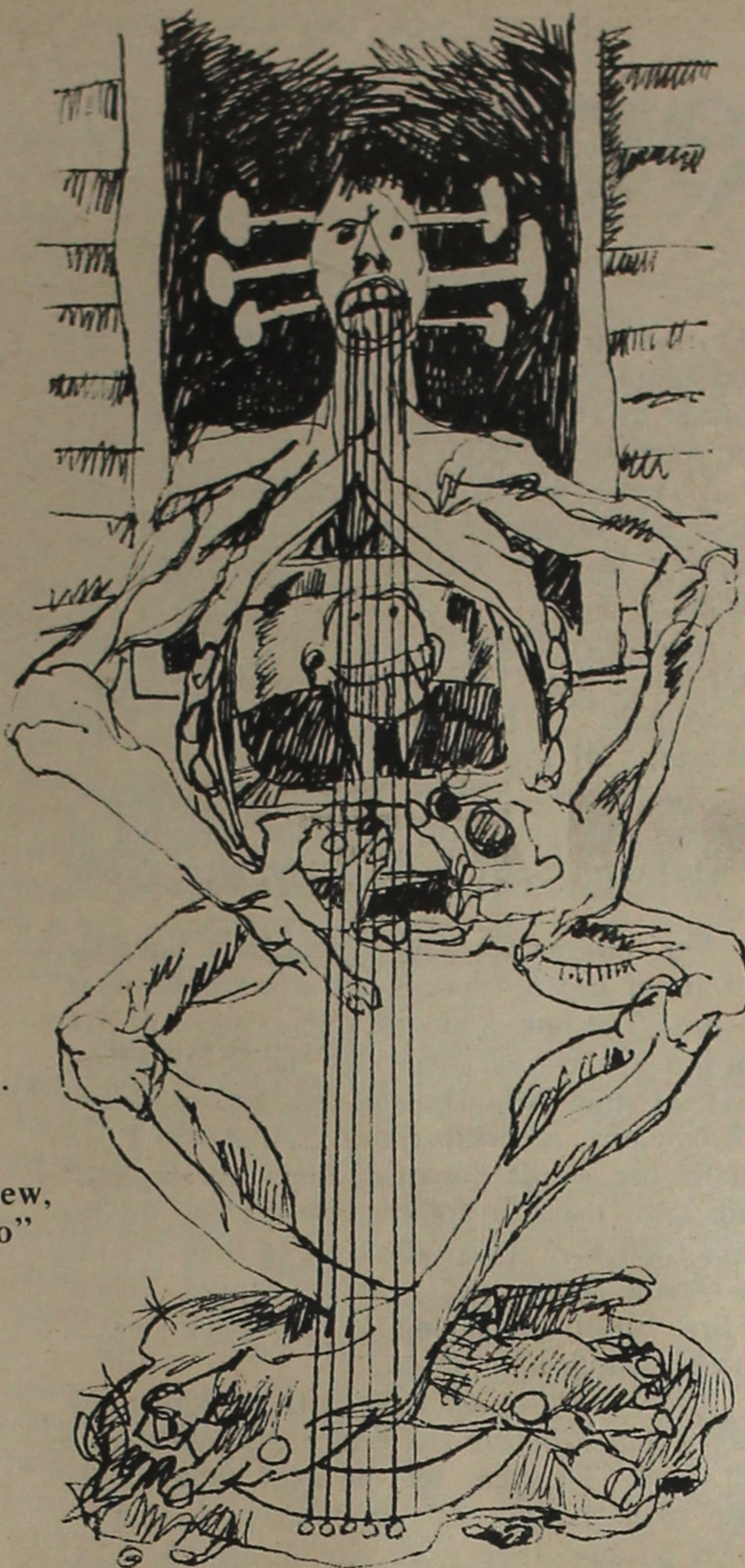
singing the ballad as a true brown blue.

he say the
he saw the dance of the country he knew,
the anouncer so said, "the pagans di-do"
on the tainted-screens they showed,
the versions that the anglos knew'd.

Emilio, singing with hate in mind,
thinking of that anglo.

sing the blue.

—Faustino



S.B. Vampire Blues

i sometimes imagine my life is a closed coffin

with thick darkness all around
though settled on a comfortable
velvet lining

and i can always hear in the distance
the footsteps of someone coming to open the lid . . .

getting nearer
and nearer

—P. Gotanda

fugue at absolute zero (zero)

crystal moon
blinking behind blue clouds,
why are we together here—
(why)

doesn't your lover,
that water-reddened grasp of broken stone,
know the signals of your coming,
sinking from space to space
like the vertiginous line of a ship's wing,
clean and cold,
above the whitened atmospheres of fear?
I know them
o unbroken.

fall free this once,
not in the softened tangle of
serpent minutes settling to rest,
but with the open movements of
a single glance of angry sun:
this is your home,

silver hills rippling in the wake of
of paper winds,
my cold hands,
(cold)
eyeless,
and you

crystal moon blinking behind
blue (blue)
clouds,
why are we together here
in

fugue at absolute zero.

—Laura Tokunaga

letters

Dear Brothers and Sisters of *Gidra*:

I have three reasons for writing:

(1) Brothers, please accept our sincere apologies for not welcoming your possible correspondence, in our first letter (October). The reason is that we are all dudes here, and corresponding with a sister is a reassurance of our manhood. This is our personal hang-up. Since reading the criticism in the November issue from the sisters, I personally have been enlightened. At this time, we are welcoming your letters if you brothers desire to write.

(2) Sisters, please forgive us if our letter seemed to have made you feel oppressed. We hope you keep up your vigor. One of the brothers here has been corresponding with an Asian sister after she read your paper. I don't know her name because the brother and I don't communicate often; he is in another unit. We would still like to hear from all of you.

(3) We all look forward to reading your paper. We want to know what is happening in our communities.

Very truly yours,

Douglas Hom
Soledad, North

Dear *Gidra*,

We the Asian Brothers here at North Soledad have formed a group which is called Asian Awareness. We wish to ask you to print this letter in your next issue so that we will be known to our other Asian brothers and sisters and groups out there. If there are any groups who wish to correspond with us, they are welcomed to. There is a lot in store that we would like to learn: education, drug abuse, etc.

I am a subscriber to your paper, and I really enjoy reading it. Keep up the good work.

If there is any information you can offer us in regards to bettering our group, we would appreciate this very much.

Thank you for your time.

Power to the People

Lloyd Stanley Oshima
Asian Awareness Secretary

3-24-73

Dear *Gidra*,

Congratulations on the current issue; glad to see you are trading in your bubblegum for perspectives of real issues—that is to say, real people doing real things. Previously the tone has been one of whining about the rotten state of affairs. I think now you are beginning to see where the buttons and levers to power are—even if we still can't reach them.

Particularly interesting was the article on underground publications (See *Gidra*, Feb. 73, p. 11), which has a general application rather than a specifically Asian one. What about a follow-up on costs of various formats—i.e. mimeograph, multilith, photo-copy, and so forth. Postal charges is currently a hot issue.

I now look forward to *Gidra*, whereas I read it as a duty.

Onward and upward,
Bard Dahl
Los Angeles

Letters

To *Gidra*,

Mike Murase, Nala Ato, Steve Tatsukawa, Bruce Iwasaki...to all of you and others whom I may have forgotten, hello. Hope all of you are feeling fine and healthy, although it seems as if whoever wrote the little article that's on the page of contents last month was feeling a little bit blue...sounded almost a little like pleading.

It feels a bit strange to be writing a letter to you all— after not being around the office for about three years now. But, one of the people over here, Ray Otake, wanted to spend the summer in Los Angeles going to school (UCLA) and he also wants to work in the community. Particularly he wants to work with something that will let him utilize the language he learned while being here in the good 'ol mother country.

Ray needs a place to stay and some people to help plug him into the community. Having not actually lived in L.A. for so long, I wouldn't know what is happening around the community. By the articles that I read from *Gidra*, I gather city hall is trying to do in the issei housing. But I really don't know what the full situation is. He might be interested in something like that, though.

Ray will be going to U.C.L.A. around the second session and wants to live around the Westside or Nihonmachi area where there's a heavy concentration of Japanese Americans. If you can help him out, write to either him or me care of:

University of California Study Center
International Christian University
Osawa 3-chome
Mitaka, Tokyo, Japan

As for me, nothing much is happening. My lack of Japanese proves a great hinderance in doing anything political or even social. I, like the rest of the other sansei here, feel like we're doing nothing. Which, in reality, is what we're doing.

The experience of being a sansei in Japan, however, proves interesting enough.

If one stays in Tokyo long enough, one finds one's stomach turning. I can really feel the inferiority complex of Japanese to Europeans and Americans...it stinks Mother Country my ass!! Sometimes I think it would have been better to come to Japan as a white man; I'd probably get better treatment then. (Of course, I'd have to pay through the nose for everything then...seeing as how the prices on the tourist spot "Ginza" are twice the price.)

Some people here don't even know what sansei means and they've vaguely heard the word 'nisei' somewhere before.

High fashion women here look like stiff Noh masks...over-powdered white face, lipstick heavy blood-red. Ask them why? Latest style in Europe, they say.

Company? How about a hostess...find them in any bar or cabaret. Slithering beauties for rent, sale, or lease.

Politics? Last year a Waseda student was killed in a kangaroo court. Only a struggle between factions, they say...happened all the time a few years ago. A few years ago when the left was strong. But that's pretty much gone now. The signal of the end was last year in February

when "red Army (Sekigun)" students were captured hiding out in the snow of Nagano-ken. In desperation, they managed to kill half of their own members.

Vietnam war is supposedly "ended." Of course, the imperialist Japanese are over there... gotta put up new markets whenever there's a chance.

In Korea, Thailand, and most other Asian countries, Japanese are looked upon as "economic animals." They are known as the "Ugly Americans" of the East.

Damned as Japanese, damned as Americans, Japanese Americans had better be differnet or else what revolutionaries would consider us comrades.

Yet, no matter how cynical and sarcastic I get about Japan, there is still a link between it and me. The link is almost non-existent in Tokyo, but if one travels through the South where most issei came from, the link becomes apparent. In Wakayama, Hiroshima, and Yamaguchi I can actually use words I learned from my parents; words I can't use in Tokyo. When I visit my relatives they always introduce me to their friends as a person "returning" from the States. This is my first trip to Japan, and yet they regard me as someone who has 'returned.'

There are also many nisei there who came back to Japan before the war and haven't gone back since. They can tell me a lot about being a nisei from the side of Japan. Many of them returned because they were uncomfortable in America...the prejudice was extreme then.

They also tell me about why many Japanese left for America. Opportunities in a new nation unconceivable in Japan of the post-Meiji era. They wanted money to send back home and make the farmlands of the South more prosperous. Adventurers...truly 'pioneers' as we consider them.

And then there were some nisei who came back to Japan, but then left as soon as possible for the States again. The southern farmlands hadn't progressed enough to equal the comforts they were used to having in the States. The out-houses stank and the mosquitoes were bothersome. Summer in Japan is hot and sweaty, not dry like California.

Anyway, this letter is dragging on longer than I expected it to.

When I go back to the States, I'll drop by the office and fill you in on what I've been doing for these past couple of years. And then of course, I expect you all to fill me in on what has been happening in the community.

I read *Gidra* whenever I get it, but sometimes it's depressing as hell. When I read about Alan Lee, my gut really took a spill. Nixon for another four more years, B-52s still bomb Vietnam (did anyone really believe Kissinger would be true to a cease-fire?), corporations are trying to make Little Tokyo into a commercial Disneyland, instead of a community.

Try to keep well in spite of it all, though. See you someday.

Ivan 'Ho' Ohta

Dear *Gidra*,

Thank you very much for your most personal letter of January 19.

Periodically I have seen copies of *Gidra* thru friends. I was also reintroduced to it thru a friend of mine who teaches at George Washington High School in S.F. She teaches classes in Asian American Studies and uses *Gidra* as part of the curriculum. She was very complimentary of *Gidra* and felt that the perspective was good. Also she felt that "where *Gidra* was coming from" was more realistic in comparison to a similar type of paper published in the San Francisco area.

I am most anxious to subscribe.

I'll keep in mind suggestions and criticisms. etc. I find after receiving copies.

Best wishes to the *Gidra* staff.

Peace,

Michiko Harada

San Francisco

Dear "hasslers,"

Although I realize that my "connection" with you is somewhat tenuous, due to my status as Nisei, i.e., as an immigrant into the world which most of you inhabit—and into which I come expectantly and hopefully much as my father came the turn of the century to Seattle—I want to become at least a naturalized citizen among you, sharing your dreams and plans and hopes for the future—which is now. I don't see myself as coming fearfully and sometimes suspiciously, as my mother came some years later, the fear and suspicion finally overcoming her so that she ended by never understanding anyone or anything around her.

From my involvement with the Asian American Studies Group here in Chicago, I sense—if I don't always understand—the questionings, the frustrations, the alienation the Sansei feel as they try to define themselves in a land which they call home and in which they often feel so ironically not "at home."

I look to the *Gidra* and other writings to help me to reach some sort of understanding of Sansei—as well as Nisei—problems. This is a matter of survival for me, too, because I am a part of a world which seems to be heading toward a breakdown, physically and psychologically.

Sincerely,

Sue S. Loftis
Chicago

To all people,

We would like you all to know that by the time you read this, Esme Takahashi and Glen Hirahara will have gone through a legal marriage. Due to many important reasons we plan on a family wedding. Still we do want to see you and meet and share with you once again, so you may reach us at (213) 938-6942

4538 W. 11th Place
Los Angeles, CA 90019

Esme & Glen



P.O. Box 18649, Los Angeles, California 90018

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nothing to cry about

Short Story

It had seemed that I was just becoming accustomed to the level of sleep I was producing when the low rumble came out of a distant corner and began echoing within my mind. That rumble—that's what it was—the rumble of the jeeps coming en masse through the city's arteries then dividing again and again along the urban thoroughfares throughout small neighborhoods. Into my neighborhood! Oh shit! Why!? Why in my beloved sleep do you awake me with your incessant rumbling? No! No!

I savagely threw my eyes wide open and cursed the living soul out of this hell-on-earth existence. I slumped myself over the edge of the bed grabbing fistfuls of hair, gritting my teeth, then slowly...slowly looked up toward *that* open window. Why me, window? Why me? Why do you bring me the joys of blue skies and gentle rains then turn around and slap me with such cruel rumblings at this god-forsaken hour? And like a person who's mind and body had been wasted by demon alcohol I carried myself over to *that* window. Trembling with the pent up hate and insanity of the situation I leaned over the sill and was about to unleash a scalding oratory. When—

I noticed it was "them." The four men in their stupid jeep had come to a halt at the corner below. The engine cut off and the void was filled with distant birds and winds, and, well, it wasn't that bad a day after all. But...but what were "they" doing down there? Experience had made me very cautious; perhaps even a bit paranoid. I gotta mind my own business. Keep outta other people's troubles or else "they" would haul me into their stupid jail and ask me all those stupid, stupid, questions.

The four men posted a notice to a telephone pole, I could see but not read it from my window. What are "they" doing? Then the four returned to their jeep and like some recurring nightmare *that rumble* started up again.

I reopened my eyes as the rumbling became a distant hum, finally overcome by the chirping of nearby birds. And again I focused on the notice that "they" had posted on the street corner below. Odd.

Within the next several hours I was able to fall asleep again, arise, brush my teeth, fall asleep, arise, cuss a little at nothing in particular, drink some coffee and wander back to *that* window.

Still it was there. The streets were strangely quiet for such a beautiful day. Yet the notice which "they" had posted seemed to be challenging people to come forth and read.

No one was on the street when I exited from the front of my apartment. The air was calm and the sun was casting a warm morning glow over the horizon. As I approached the notice on the pole my eyes slowly focused in on its horrible nature. What? This can't be!

The notice read: **HEREAFTER, BY OFFICIAL DECLARATION OF THE STATE, IT SHALL BE DECREED THAT NO SMILING SHALL EVER TAKE PLACE AGAIN.**

Why this is insane! What do "they" want of me? The notice continued: **ANYONE FOUND IN THE ACT OF, OR CONSPIRACY TO SMILE WILL BE SUBJECT TO INCARCERATION.**

The new decree had cast its spell rapidly. "No more smiling." No more smiling anywhere, anytime, anyhow by anyone. Turmoil resulted, the public was dazed and confused while the State was all-powerful and repressive. State police were quick to move in on any "conspiracy to smile." The nation watched in shock as a well-known comedian was carried away from a TV talk show for "inciting unlawful behavior." State informers abounded; rapidly turning in neighbors whom they had seen smiling in exchange for a few dollars and a citizenship award. One rumor

reported how a six-year old boy had turned in his parent to the police because he had heard giggles and laughter emanating from the parent's bedroom late at night.

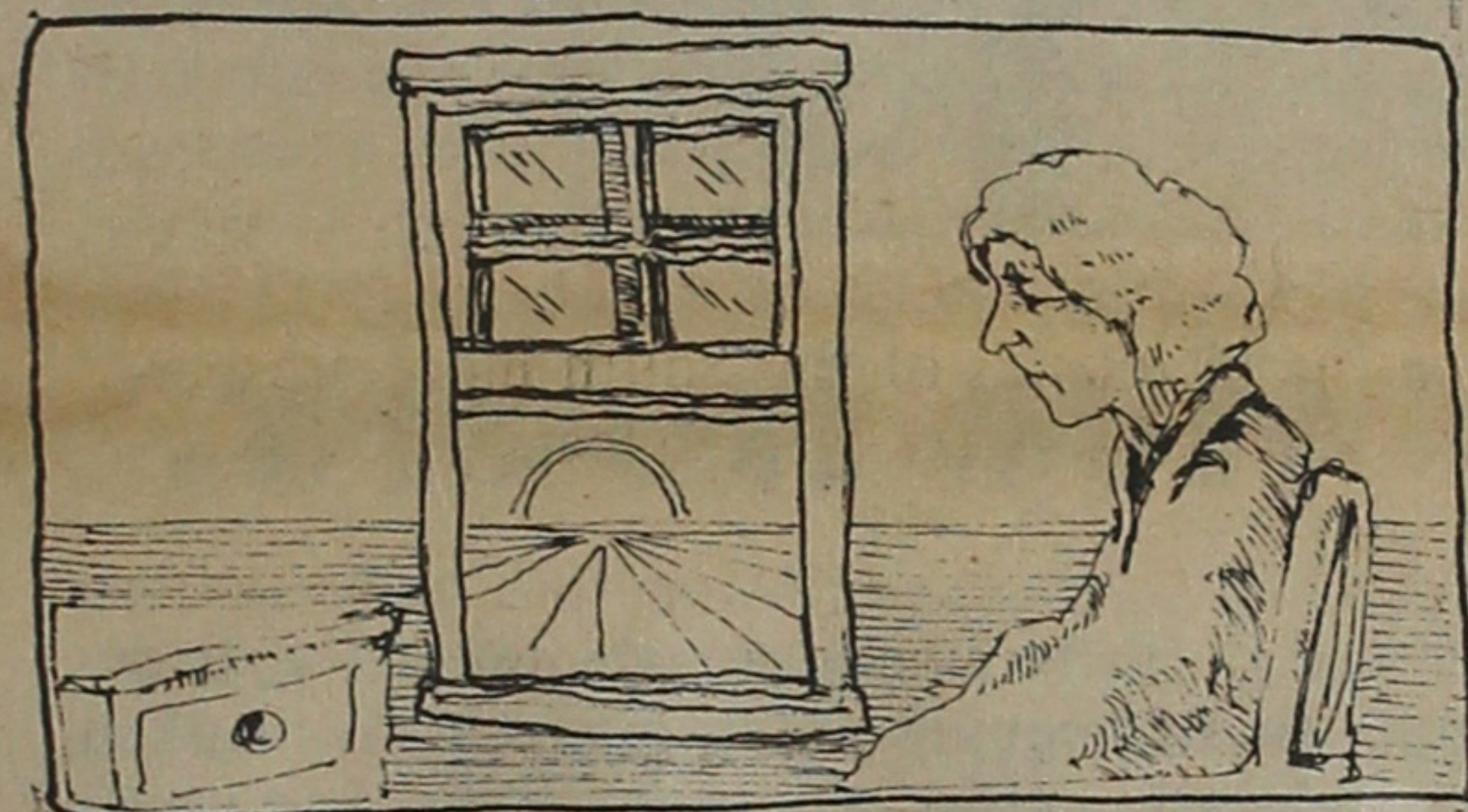
The jails became flooded with people who had done nothing more than greet a friend with a smiling, "Hello how are you?" Thousands of these "crazed-lunatic outlaws" (as they were labeled by the State), were last seen being hauled away on long trains to who knows where, wearing only a smile on their faces and a fist in the air.

Life became a very conscious effort. I can act normal. I can talk, I can walk, I can eat, I can make love, but I can't smile. Oh poor me! I can't smile. I can cry, I can beg, I can plea, but I can't smile. Why me? Why? The insane proportions of the dilemma kept me tossing and turning at nights. Eventually, I wasn't able to sleep any longer than two or three hours at a time. What were once fantasy dreams of children playing, dancing, laughing and smiling had now turned into horrible nightmares. Why me? Why can't I smile? I don't want to rape or burn or blackmail the president of a local real estate firm who was messin' around with the secretary. I don't want to do anything like that. I just want to smile. Why can't I smile?

More time passed. Literally hundreds of thousands of smiling, laughing fanatics had been locked away in the state of Iowa, somewhere, never to be seen again.

Rumor had it that "they" were attempting to develop some sort of strange Emotional Control over the masses. And their diabolical scheme seemed to be working.

Many a long drawn out court battle took place. In one recent Supreme Court decision where the No Smiling Act was underscored, the defending attorney standing side-by-side with his poor, wretched, smiling client defiantly shouted, "Well, that's show biz!" They were hauled away laughing at the top of their lungs,



shouting and singing, "There's no business, like show business." Yet gloom lay over the land.

Across the nation small pockets of resistance were under constant attack. College campuses became scenes of Laurel and Hardy pie fights between state police and hundreds of smiling, laughing, yahoos, thumbs-in-the-nose, cross-eyed crazies. And in the small "smiling-culture communities," underground resistance groups stood firm and grew in strength.

Secret meetings held late at night in sound-proof rooms would be the scenes of some of the strange happenings. "Brothers and sisters," began one underground smiler dressed up as Bozo the clown, "the time has come when I can no longer remain silent. The truth must be heard. And the truth is, brothers and sisters....I have to go to the bathroom."

The crowd would bang on the walls, roll on the floor nervously twitching as swells of giggles and laughter exploded forth. No one needed much of an excuse to smile or to throw pies for that matter. Yet jokes were one thing but on the other hand normal conversations could take place. People could smile at each other without fear. And amid the smiles unfolded meticulous plans for the overthrow of the state and the restoration of the right to smile. Revolution was in the making.

Yet, "they" clamped down hard upon the smilers whenever they could catch any of them. One of the largest busts occurred in the small town of Gardena, California, where a conspiracy of over five hundred smilers were said to be plotting the overthrow of the local government. The state decided to make "an example" of them. And as the last bunch was being lined up against the walls, some of the smilers were overheard saying, "Hey, Art! After they execute us ya wanna go shoot some pool?"

"Well...I don't know, man. I never been executed before, I may like it so much I just might stick around."

A stern lieutenant walked forward, saluted, and asked, "Would you like a blindfold?"

The reply, "No, but could you scratch my back, it's killing me." And, "Uhhh...would you like to show me how this whole execution thing works, I'm kinda new at it." The line-up against the wall came tumbling down in hysterics, slapping guards on the back, asking them if they wanted to hear a "doity-joke." The guards would have to wrap a strong adhesive tape over their mouths in order to regain control of the situation.

"Up against the wall!" the lieutenant shouted and the drums would roll, then—

"May I say one last thing," a solemn member of the smilers stepped forward asking.

"Yes, but make it quick," said the stern, stale lieutenant.

"Well...it's just that the bunch of us here... want you to know that...well,uh, we think you're kinda cute."

The gunfire abruptly ended the laughter.

Yet despite the severe repression forced upon the masses, the smiling underground continued to grow in strength and eventually began striking out in its own aggressive manner. In New York City, a small band of guerilla smilers managed to print up millions of fake copies of the New York *Daily News* with the headline "Smiling Legal Once Again!" Pandemonium broke out as the guerillas, disguised as Navy frogmen, rode pogo-sticks up Broadway flinging the newspapers into the crowds of on-lookers. Almost immediately the entire island of Manhattan went coo-coo. Later it was discovered that simultaneous outbreaks of lawless smiling were also occurring in Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Atlanta and Butte, Montana. In order to regain in the infamous "Dark Frown" regiment, who, by the way, had gained notoriety during the campaign to wipe smilers out of the Deep South. The official word went out that smiling was not legal and many a disgruntled citizen returned to his dwelling feeling society's oppressive nature bearing down hard.

My tense sleepless nights were spent listening to state patrol cars constantly cruising up and down my street. Atop the cars powerful hearing devices could pick out even the smallest giggle a mile away. I would sit on my bed staring at posters on my wall. Posters of villains and tortures. Posters of mass killings and senseless acts. Dresden, Hiroshima and a copy of that hideous No Smiling Notice.

During the day the sun was wicked in its blasting whiteness. Nothing stood to contour or soften its rays. No longer were there any flowers on the streets. All the buildings had faded to a pale green color, and all the little birds seemed to have flown away...to Iowa perhaps.

I can't take it any longer! This food is stupid! These apartments are stupid! And, and that stupid No Smiling Notice is stupid! Oh poor me! Why can't I smile? I threw my plastic fork upon the creme spinach of my TV dinner and stared at the ceiling. Why? Why? I'm human. I'm human... I gotta smile, I'm human. I gotta smile. Smile! Smile! SMILE! !!!!

After the smoke had cleared and the streets were safe, crowds gathered to see what all the commotion had been about. A reporter from a local newspaper circulated among the crowd searching out his story. Two stretcher-bearers came out of the apartment carrying a sheet covered corpse. The reporter turned to a man in a blue bathrobe and asked, "Do you know who that was?"

"Yeah, that was the guy living up in apartment six on the second floor," answered the bathrobed gentleman.

"Was he a part of the smiling underground?" the reporter inquired with a raised eye-brow.

Just then a husky teenager interrupted, "Look, you don't have any business snooping around here and asking who's in the underground and who isn't. People can get killed that way."

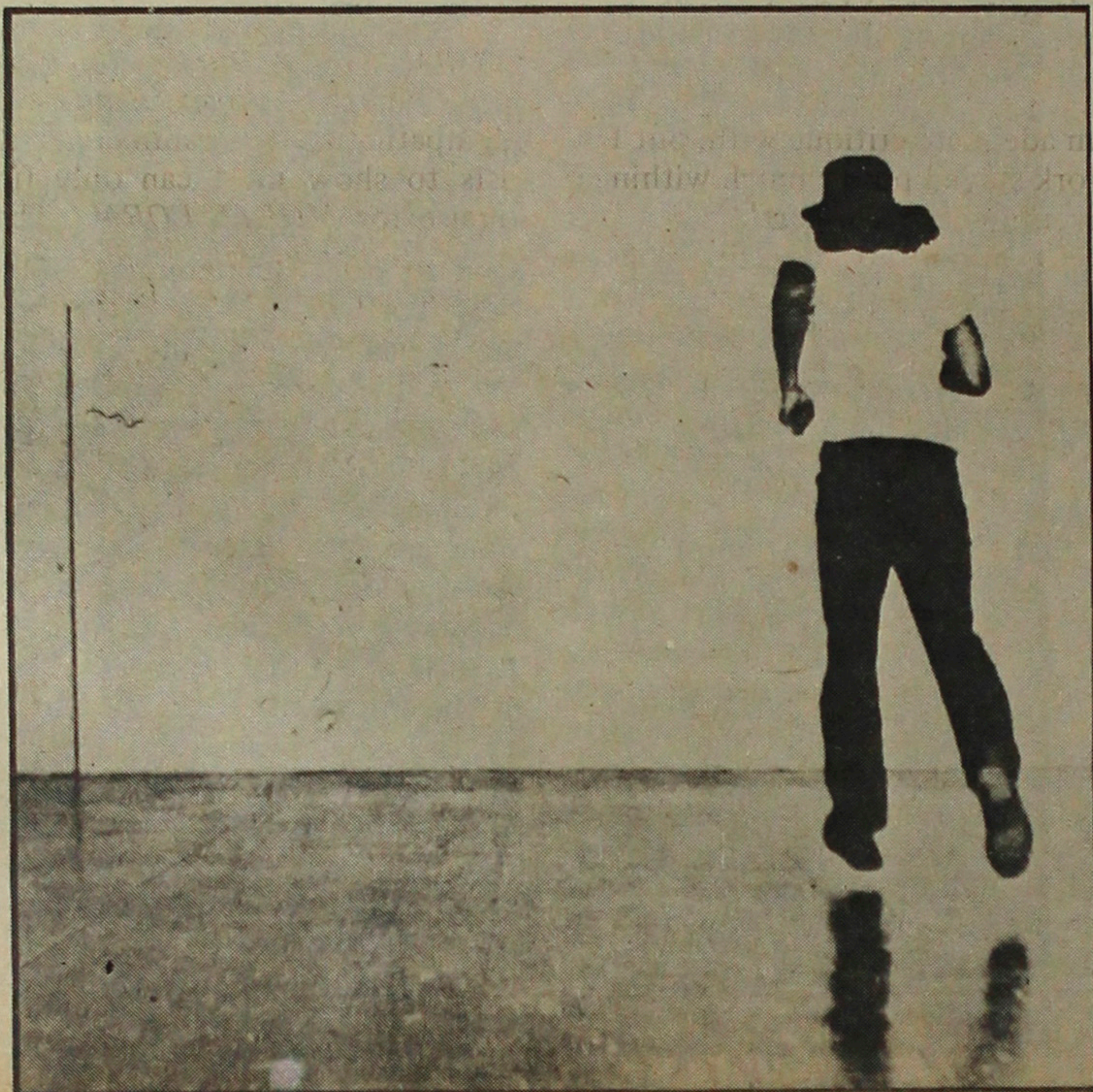
The reporter was at a loss. "Uhhh, uh well I was just wondering...you know."

The teenager continued, "Go do your wandering somewhere else." The reporter left and the bathrobed man turned to the teenager and said, "It's too bad about that guy in apartment six. I thought he was one of the strongest here. I never saw him smile after 'they' put up the notice."

"I never even saw him smile before the notice went up," the teenager replied. Then slowly, grins formed on the faces of the two neighbors.

—Steve Tatsukawa

On September 1st, in Los Angeles, Hiro Kosaka ran the length of a track laid out in Mori's Gallery.



Kosaka ran for five hours.

Mr. Kosaka's performance was the debut exhibition of *MORI'S FORM*, an art gallery which opened last year at 5271 W. Pico Blvd. Its stated policy is this: "*MORI'S FORM* will attempt to provide a viable space for performances, installation pieces and/or work of all kinds without charging rental fees or taking commissions." Now that is an interesting proposition. This article is a cursory report and review of the gallery and the two publications which emanate therefrom.



The *MORI'S FORM* gallery logotype is rendered in a sturdy line of even weight. It is composed of verticals and horizontals, slicing arcs, U-turns, and full circles. An 'O' balances over another 'O', as an adjacent 'R' poses above its twin. A letter 'M' crowns each of two diagonally opposite corners. An intruding flap from an 'F' tags down a neighboring letter. This activity is confined to a rectangle slightly less than twice wide what it is high. The immediate ground from which this playful application of geometric rationality/irrationality arises is the commercial graphics of the 'sixties. It certainly is a classy style—intelligent, witty, and graceful—but it's of the sort of "classy" design vocabulary available to any pro of the period.

This sign, painted in red, on white stucco, sits over the glass door of the gallery. On either side of the door is a glass show-window rising from a foot above the pavement to a height several feet above our heads. The windows reach across the width of the storefront. What sight does this generously transparent facade provide to the outside looker-in? What do we see?

Nothing but a white wall. A few feet back from the windows is a blank white wall, blocking the view from floor to ceiling and from all the way over to the left almost completely to

the right, where finally an absence of wall defaults to an opening surely meant to be walked through rather than peered through. This visual baffle surmounted on foot, once this corner is turned, then what do we see? This time an empty room.

Hey...but wait a minute. I know what's going on here. I'm familiar with the stuff and this looks like a Serious Art Place, one of my favorite kinds of joints. Consider the spatial strategies employed. The walls are high and white, the ceiling white, too, and fitted with two parallel rows of doubled fluorescent lights. The



From Hiroshi Watanabe's "JOSHI" sculpture environment. "JOSHI" means the double suicide of two lovers.

floor is of some dark, nondescript, streaked and speckled linoleum, probably retained from the previous tenant. All in all innocuous, but aggressively and purposefully so.

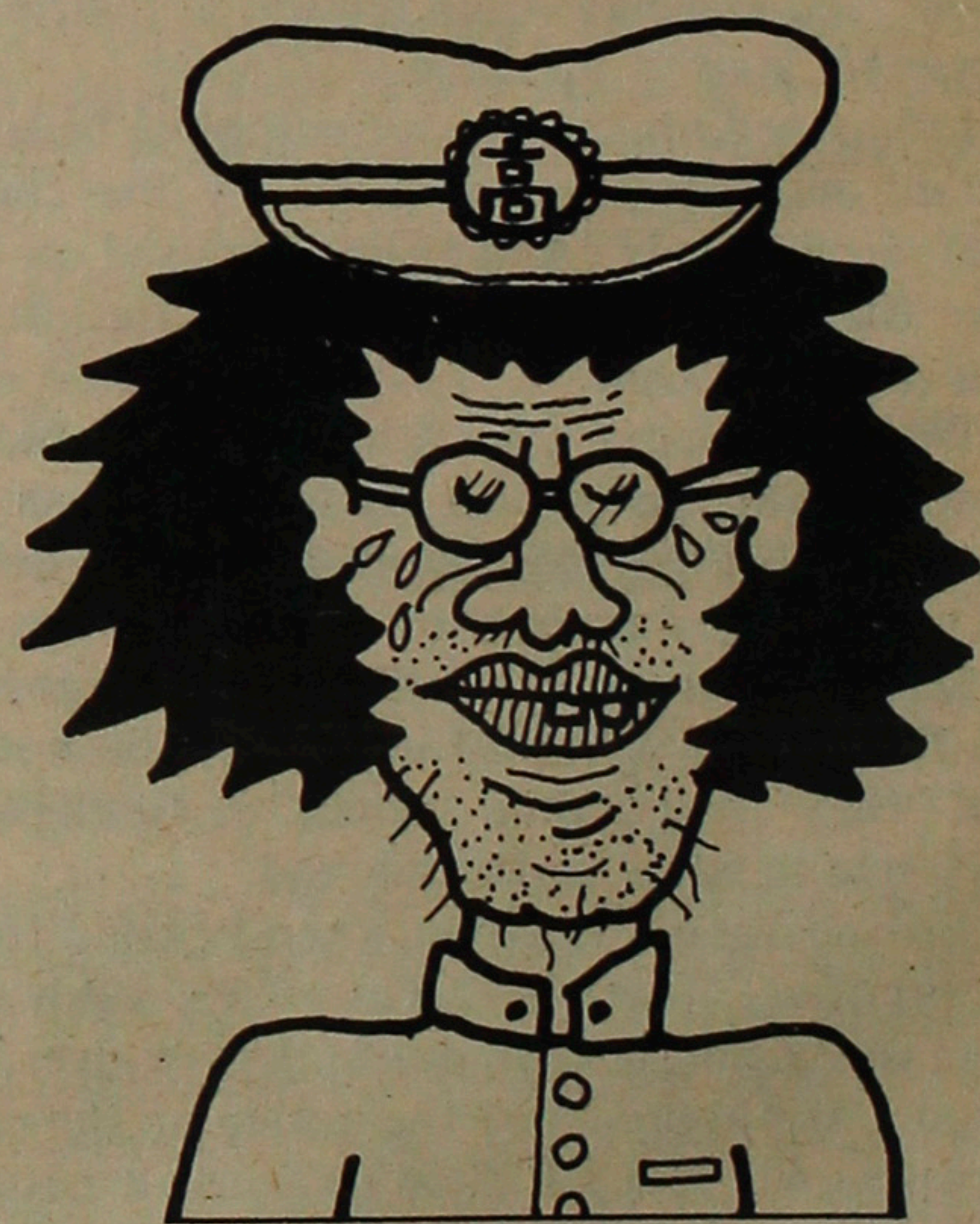
This 'neutral' look is common to all the galleries whose intention it is to exhibit advanced work. It is the evolutionary product of response and accommodation to the needs of the work shown. One categorization of artwork divides between a school of thought which stresses the embodiment of art as being in the *objects* finally produced, and an opposing viewpoint which stresses the *activity* of making art. Both of these positions in their own way demanded the very same environment in which to exist. If the unique quality of "objecthood" in an art piece is to be emphasized, it is done so most readily when other objects, especially those like chairs and wallpaper and lamps, which are physically assertive and are rich with connotations of the world outside, are absented from the competition. Likewise, activity-centered art suffers in the hands of the mundane. Without the strict protective enforcement of the art context, it becomes ludicrous, vandalistic, diluted in intensity, or even invisible, all with alarming ease. In either case, the precondition of an environment isolated from and sterilized of the connotations of regular daily life became a necessary factor in the art equation.

(The conclusion of the preceding paragraph is a painful one for this writer to consider. I have a lot of affection for the art associated with these galleries, and so, the realization of just how really fragile it is, particularly in its need to be sheltered from the world, is truly dismaying.)

The gallery is empty because it is between shows. How and why did it come to be, and what has happened here in the past? Mori is in Canada, working with a Japanese film crew. Becky Holguin, who is his wife and a sort of co-director of *MORI'S FORM* and the two magazines, provided most of the information which made this article possible.

Kikuo Mori came from Osaka, Japan, to the U.S. in the mid-sixties with the intention of studying to become a commercial illustrator and designer. An unsatisfying term at Art Center was followed by entry into Chouinard as a scholarship student. He left Chouinard a convert to fine art, and with a great antipathy to both commercial art and the barely covert commercialism of the fine art world.

Oh, I might as well say it. The gallery scene

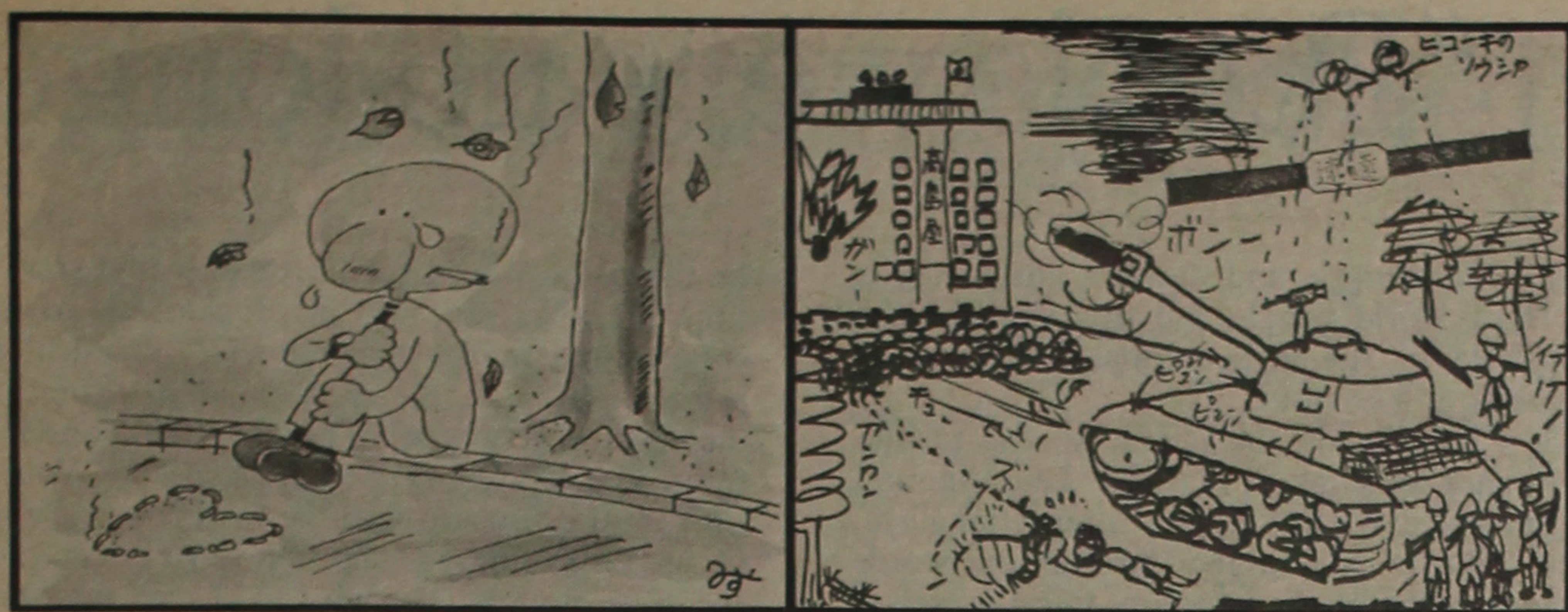


"Damedatta" (detail), Shinobu Ariga, from Jam & Butter.

is depraved. Most functioning in that network of boutiques amounts to pumping out commodities for the luxury market and/or devising and enacting entertainments for the leisure crowd. Judgements of what is to be show, simply for reasons of economic survival, are made in terms of both aesthetics and commerce. Another repellent characteristic is the *people* one finds oneself in social intercourse with: all that la-di-da bullshit, "Oh, Darling, it's so good to see you!"

But consider the opportunities for showing outside of this system: the few good galleries which do exist, the rare chances to participate in museum and college shows, and the small circle of one's own personal acquaintances. Kikuo returned to Japan, and with the intention of prying loose a space somewhat freer of the whole commercial trap, opened the first *MORI'S FORM* in August of 1970.

A scrapbook of photographs of exhibitions



left, Satoru Mizusawa
right, Kazuyuki Izutsu

held in Osaka reveals the images of: a styro-foam snowstorm; the fate of twenty wooden boxes built, dispersed around the city, retrieved, and disassembled; the adventures of a large cloth bag as it is filled with beachballs and humans, and as it creeps out into the street encountering passersby; a display of sake bottles and the later consumption of the contents; and myriad other shows. The last art exhibition held at *MORI'S FORM* involved 3X6 foot sheets of glass propped up against the wall, doused with gasoline, and set afire. The gasoline burned; the glass burned, and smoked, and finally shattered; and the white walls of the gallery were burned and discolored permanently. Kikuo had supported the activities of his gallery all this time by taking jobs doing interior design and producing television shows. With the burning glass show, *MORI'S FORM* ceased to be an art exhibition gallery, in June of 1972. The walls were painted red and the area was transformed into a "free space," in which casual gatherings and conversations, lectures, and "film jams" (filmmakers assembling to show their work, somewhat as musicians jam), took place. Following this denouement, Kikuo and Becky came back to L.A. The gallery in Osaka continues as it did at the time of their departure, and still works closely with the *MORI'S FORM* here.

They opened the Los Angeles gallery in September of 1972. Some of the artists who have shown there after Hiro Kosaka are: Shimamoto Shozo, Michael Reynolds, Hiroshi Watabe, Kitagawa Akimasa, Suzuka Yoshiyasu, Antoni Muntadas, and there was also a retrospective of Gutai (a Japanese group whose activities seventeen years ago presaged the current work in performance art). There was not enough docu-

mentation to do an adequate critique with, but I can say that the work stayed pretty much within the bounds of conventional modern art.

Jam & Butter is a monthly magazine published bilingually in Japanese and English by *MORI'S FORM*. Somewhere near the back of each issue is a blank rectangle accompanied by the statement: "*Jam & Butter* is a paper gallery and a paper is exactly that. *Jam & Butter* invites anyone who is interested to contribute a drawing, photograph, plan, essay or anything that can be shown in a 10cmX13cm 'paper gallery.' Thank you."

Well, thank you. A selection from the harvest of this invitation is presented in *Jam & Butter* as the Contributors Page. I've admired and saved the occasional drawings of my non-artist friends, as well as the random scraps of anonymous graphic stuff found out in the street. The enlightenment that comes with seeing imagery and forms from outside of the mainstream fine art discipline is what I value most in these things. And the cumulative effect of all that jammed-together variety is exciting. The Contributors Page isn't quite that naive in execution (in fact, some of the input is pretty sophisticated), but there is a similarity. The feel of a rowdy democratic bustling is pervasive in both. I like this section the most and consider it to be the central and most noteworthy feature of the magazine, both philosophically and in the resultant product. The rest of the magazine is a mixture of articles on the Southern California art scene and contemporary Japanese, and some sadly dubious attempts to transfer chunks of late 1960's American hip culture to Japan and modern Japanese culture to the U.S. Etcetera.

Glass Eye, in turn, is a publication of *Jam*

& *Butter*. As the contributions to *Jam & Butter* continued to come in, it was noticed that a large and growing number of them were photographs. At that, *Glass Eye*, "Pub. *Jam & Butter*," "Monthly Photography Magazine," was born. *Glass Eye* continues with the same policy of a standing open invitation to all: "We want your photographs!" and "Everybody join in *Glass Eye*!"

Examining the six issues published to date, I am stricken with the sensation that people with cameras are busily everywhere, swarming all around, snapping at and snapping up all kinds of little souvenirs of earthling experience. The effect overall of the magazine, drawing as it does from a fairly wide array of sources, is one of an unceremonious promiscuity of subjects, formal concerns, conceptual attitudes, and emotional tones.

So what do I really think about *MORI'S FORM*, *Jam & Butter*, and *Glass Eye*?

For their effort to provide an emotionally sympathetic, non-commercial situation for artists to show in, I can only find applause and praise for *MORI'S FORM*. The same goes for the attempt in *Jam & Butter* to create a magazine whose basis is participation rather than mere consumption. I consider *Glass Eye* to be an unpretentious, well-conceived success.



Murakami at Gutai

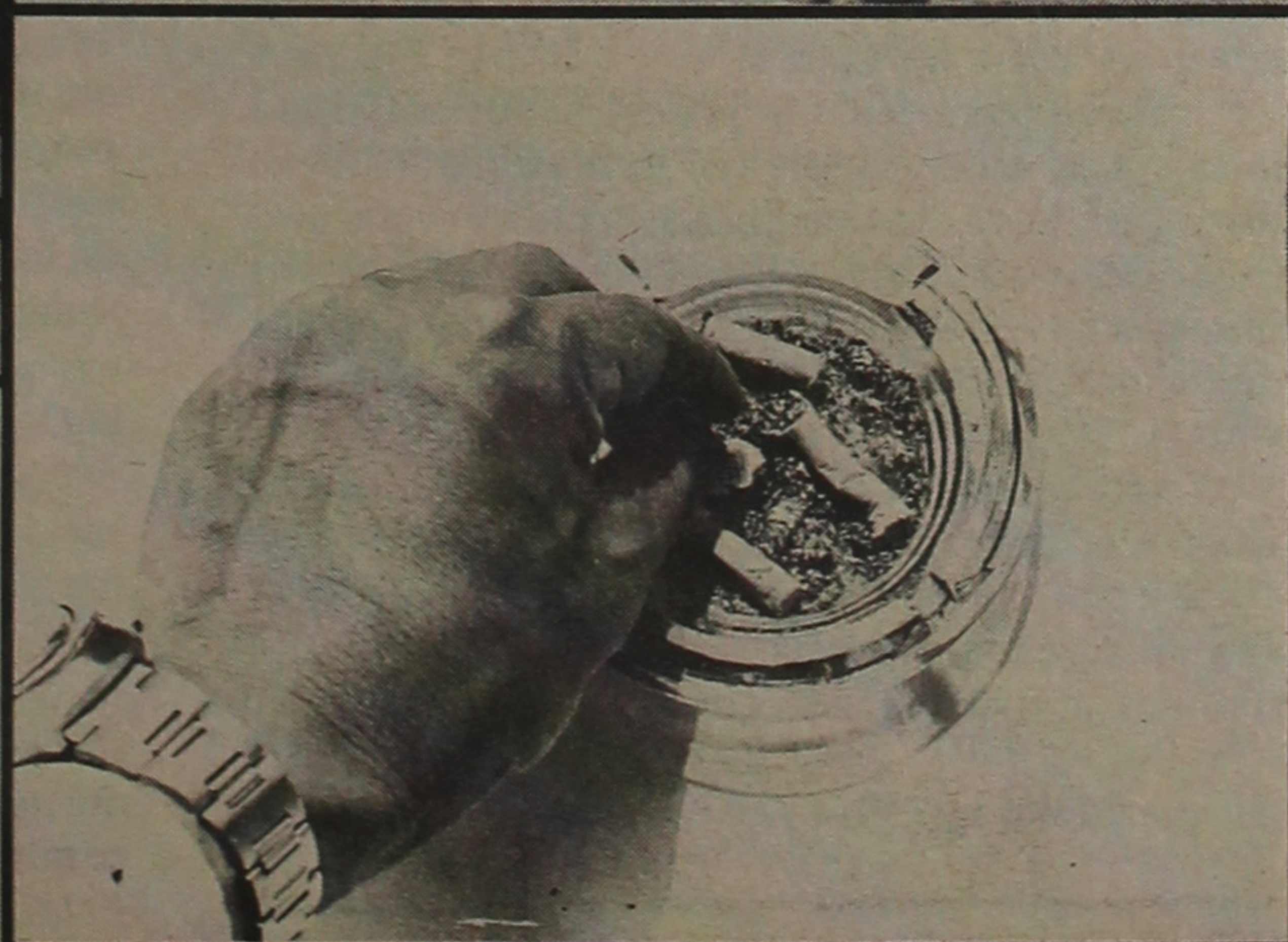
But, I see the worst of their problems as terrible and possibly incapacitating if left unsolved, but these problems are not theirs alone. Rather they afflict the art world in general, myself included. In this sense, my criticism and sympathy are one and the same.

The gallery shows art which at its best appears to be exciting and beautiful, but at the same time impossible for the uninitiated to understand. *Jam & Butter* concerns itself with similarly difficult artwork and related ideas. Contemporary art can be vital, crucial, and enlightening to someone who is familiar with its complexities, but for the outsider, it remains an incomprehensible mystery.

Yet inaccessibility alone is maybe not that central a problem. Behind that lies the frightening possibility that the content of contemporary art is finally so irrelevant to most lives, that discovering it would not be worth the effort. Can an art faithful to the demands of its own internal historical development and the intimate needs of its practitioners, as well as the needs of a wide and general public exist?

In products and audience *MORI'S FORM* is indistinguishable from the galleries which willingly make up the commercial system. The art world is deeply enmeshed with the world of wealth and leisure, and the pool of artists and viewers which can be drawn from are naturally a part of these two intertwined worlds. *MORI'S* plight is inevitable given the present situation. How do we live with the knowledge of our damning complicity in furnishing fun for the rich? How can we get out of it?

—Dean Toji



Glass Eye

clockwise from above:
Kenichi Kamei,
Tamotsu Tanaka,
and Kikuo Mori.



Protectively clothed and masked, Shimamoto Shozo hurled paint missiles of red, orange, green, pink, blue, yellow and black at a stationary target in front of the canvas.

Storefront cont. from p.7

tigation. For example, one face of liberalism in the group was placing personal friendship over what was politically correct. Since I know some members better than others, what subjective blinders does that give me that I may not even recognize? There was a definite problem of black-Japanese relations in the group. How will my ethnic identity and political experience affect my investigation of racism and Japanese chauvinism? Sexism? View of Marxism Leninism? It gets deeper. Some of the blacks didn't want to talk privately about the Storefront experience because of past incidents of rumor mongering and character assassination. Logically therefore, they would rather speak out in the open where others would be given a chance to refute and struggle, and where their own statements would be public record. Since this forum couldn't be set up, I know I have missed some very crucial perspectives.

Given these limitations, I can only try to relate to a broader audience some impressions and lessons learned from the Storefront experience, and hope it's not too elementary for those trying to develop radical organizational forms, or too abstract for those who are not.

TW; M-L.

The Storefront was supposed to be a Third World, Marxist Leninist organization. It didn't start out that way, and despite the positive struggles, it never really achieved it either. As I said, the aim of Third World unity was developed by default, and promoted by the political instincts of its advocates. Due either to the composition of the group, the experiences of its members, the objective feasibility of Third World organizing in L.A. at this time, or some other combination of both personal and political obstacles, "Third World" (even black-Asian) unity within the organization remained essentially concept rather than practice.

What cannot be forgotten however is how great an impact the Storefront had *outside* of its organization. Upon the Asian movement, the influence of its TW consciousness, contacts, educational and activities; and the example of its discipline, were bold and uplifting.

Too, the Asian Storefront people were conscious of being watched. The initial friction between them and some other Asian groups might have pressured them to cling to the TW position and validate their line. A sobering comment on the movement's ability to hamper self-determination.

As for Marxism Leninism, the Storefront began as a not very heavily political community center. This lack of structure bred expected lack of discipline. So the guidance of a political ideology—critical thought with world historical structure—became necessary. Adopting Marxism Leninism as a basic political ideology was in one sense inevitable. Why? Basically because in the last decade, the myths of America have been blown away, leaving no way to avoid the fact of domestic and international imperialism and thus, making all political remedies short of socialist revolution seem useless. Also: because there is still no other coherent, scientific, and kitchen-tested philosophy of revolution.

Decisions.

Third World and Marxist Leninist. These then were the two organization-defining "decisions" of the Storefront: one resolved after a retreat from struggle, the other inherited from our historical predicament. When combined with the different political experiences of the Storefront membership, eventual contradictions in all aspects of the organization were created—in study, programs, internal dynamics, even what forces split it up and what prospects unfold now.

After these tacit decisions then, in early 1972, the Storefront adopted four political objectives:

1. To organize a revolutionary political force (party) to effectively fight against domestic and foreign imperialism.

2. To struggle and develop unity among Third World people and other progressive people in the international movement against imperialism.

3. To educate the people to the revolutionary ideology of Marxism Leninism and principles of proletarian internationalism.

4. To set an example through our words and our deeds, the necessity to rid ourselves of the concepts of bourgeois society and to learn the concepts of the socialist society we must create together."

When they laid out these objectives, many Storefront people now agree that they really did not know what they meant. But what is important, daring, and *the* revolutionary fact about the Storefront experience/experiment was that they did proceed. They took the leap. A note then, for other organization-builders: though there is a critical need for study, analysis, investigation and dialogue, we must not let the absence of certainty prevent us from action. The movement is on the case, definitely beyond silence, and can't wait for advance word that what we'll try is safe.

That doesn't mean we should continue making the mistakes of the past. We must go on to higher levels in order to commit, as Mark Rudd wrote, the mistakes of the future. What some members feel, however, is that the Storefront *did* make old mistakes and are bitter about it. That others are neither so bitter, nor feel the mistakes were so classically "old," (rather for them, one step forward) illustrates probably the main line of difference among the Storefront people.

Two Trends.

I don't want to turn the complex memories of a rich, subtle and complicated experience into a simple analysis. However, the blurry two-line struggle of the Storefront seems to have been the following:

One group definitely wanted to be Marxist Leninist; wanted to organize workers; wanted to place objective political principles over subjective personal feelings; pushed study of M-L classics; saw uneven development in terms of low theoretical level; saw oppression in material, economic terms; put priority in developing a strong base within the organization; de-emphasized the national question; saw the programs as reformist; and wanted a tight-knit political collective. They were called "correct liners" by the other side.

This other group was not so definite about traditional Marxism Leninism, they wanted to try it out and explore new forms; they wanted to organize the local community; emphasized the personal element in political work; thought the study was mechanical and wanted more contemporary and Third World sources; tended to see the collective's lack of development in terms of stifling, closed atmosphere; saw oppression also in cultural terms; put priority on the community's development over the organization's; saw the national question in terms of revolutionary nationalism emphasizing cultural/identity oppression; felt that the programs did have revolutionary potential; and were more issue oriented. Their tendencies were labeled by a few in the group as petit bourgeois.

These were general postures, not solidified lines. And most people fell in between, had elements of both, or vacillated. There were also other contradictions within the Storefront not immediately tied to this division, including the question of leadership, racism, Japanese-chauvinism, sexism, and gossip.

Maybe one way to get a fuller picture of what was happening is to picture a typical twice a week Storefront "candidate member" meeting, and imagine not what was said, but what was thought and often left unsaid.

At the Meeting: Study.

You get there just before 7:30 and almost everyone is there; Storefront meetings seem to

"People were no longer

be the only ones in the movement that start on time. It is a clean, neat place; paint has tried to conceal the ancient shoddiness. Physical appearance of both the center and of Storefront members were evaluated as important considerations in getting community respect. You go through the bookstore to the back room. People sit on hard folding chairs in a large circle under the bare fluorescent lights. (There are about half a dozen married couples in the organization, an unusual situation which spawned cliques but created more disciplined seriousness of purpose.)

Study begins by people counting off: one-two-one-two... "Ones" go to the other room, "twos" stay there. (When the second group of candidate members joined in April 1972, their study was separate for a month or two. This created all sorts of negative situations such as pecking order and political chauvinism, so the study groups were combined.) It is a tough curriculum. Adopted from the Black Workers' Congress (BWC), it includes works by Mao Tse-Tung, Maurice Cornforth and numerous readings by Marx, Lenin and Stalin. Study begins. What are people thinking? The following are not direct quotes, but condensations of interviews.

—"This study is getting to be as boring as school; it's so mechanical. We don't know how to study—just going around in a circle doesn't really turn me on."

—"This session would be a lot better if people had a higher level of political consciousness. People don't seem to understand how important disciplined study is in developing an outlook and improving practice."

—"This is really good; the world finally makes sense to me instead of confused, isolated events. Even if it is hard, it's new to me and I want more."

—"Why are we reading these dusty classics? Who's Plekhanov? Who were the Mensheviks? We should have more Third World, more contemporary readings. But these other people know all the terms, all the 'isms,' so I better stick to it."

—"Nobody seems to hear me. When the heavy brothers talk, everyone nods and agrees. When I or other sisters say the same thing I can count the people who turn off. Only a few seem to listen to everyone equally. I don't feel like talking anymore after shit like that."

—"I wish the quiet people would feel the responsibility to speak up."

—"People are beginning to sound like parrots. They're good at quoting definitions, but this study hasn't taught people to think. People are beginning to be criticized—not for being incorrect, but because it's not in the right style—because it doesn't sound right. People are using the books as a crutch—or a club."

—"People are questioning Marxism Leninism because they don't see it as a science, as a tool to look at the world. It's not the last word, it's the place to begin."

—"Some of these people use their higher political consciousness as a weapon to enforce conformism and put you down. Others however use M-L as a tool to uplift people and clarify things."

Practice

After an hour and a half or so of Cornforth on the "Theory of Knowledge," the two groups get back together for business. The discussions center on the programs. Since everyone works on one or two, they have some thoughts about them.

—"I wish we'd do more mass work. I can see why we need more political education but we're losing contact with the community. We're just talking to ourselves and all the frustrations are getting internalized."

—"We haven't done enough investigation into the community to see what real needs are. (We don't even know how to do investigation.) Anyway, we're just projecting what we think the needs are."

—"The programs aren't creative enough; they're like traditional movement programs."

willing to struggle their differences."

—“These programs are too nice, too safe; I feel like a do-gooder. We're supposed to be a Marxist Leninist organization yet there's no militancy; what we do is at odds with what we say.”

—“These's an identity split between the Storefront community center and the Storefront political organization. We can't be outfront. If we said we were Marxist Leninist the parents wouldn't bring their kids to the youth workshop. So there are certain conflicts: Does the newspaper speak for the organization to other Left organizations, or to people in the community? Is the bookstore a program for the community or a program to push the Storefront line?”

—“Community organizing is only one aspect of the struggle. We should really be going into shops and factories to organize people”

—“The communication among programs is poor. In November we had three fund raisers at the same time. This is due to a mechanical application of democratic centralism.”

—“The general leadership problems in the Storefront affected the programs. One member of the central committee is on each program, but their input varies. Thus some programs took the initiative and did things on their own. Then the central committee steps in and reverses things. This causes bad feelings and some members have quit.”

—“I don't feel I'm listened to in my program committee. The others are the 'heavies' so they get their way. I think they are unrealistically dogmatic, but they reinforce each other so I get intimidated.”

—“I wanted to work in the area of drug abuse, but the leadership doesn't see this as a priority. So I got assigned to something I'm not really that interested in. I guess I'll just have to try.”

—“We go all out for Asian things—Demonstrations, etc. But for black and other Third World events—like the boycott of Smith's Food King—the energy isn't there. It shows how personal considerations overshadow principle.”

—“The programs only seem to relate to the blacks in the community. We should do investigation to get more of the Asians involved.”

—“Because the programs have some semblance of being progressive, the blacks support them. The Japanese, because of their relative economic class position, do not.”

—“The programs are good in that they've made us take risks—like go knock on doors and talk to people. We learned a lot from that.”

—“The programs seem kind of missionary. Except for a few, not too many live in the geographic area of the Storefront. For the most part, we have a different lifestyle, too. Programs that move us—like films of oppression in Guatemala—don't relate to the people around here. In fact, some have stopped coming because it's so depressing.”

—“Look at all the cars parked outside the center when we have meetings.”

What Is Happening

People look inside the group to answer such questions. The main reason the Storefront decided to dissolve was that people were no longer willing to struggle over their differences. Most people agree, for example, that certain people were consistently listened to more than others. All recognize that many other factors were involved, but differ on what the chief causes were. Looking back at the internal dynamics of the organization, a number of observations surface.

—“The collective outlook of this organization was not revolutionary or working class—in fact, many had strong petit bourgeois aspirations. People couldn't seem to deal with their personal shortcomings. This was chiefly due to a low theoretical level.”

—“I think it's too mechanical to say that people can't struggle just because of a low theoretical level. The atmosphere was very stifling to speak out; when I tried, I got vamped on.”

—“Criticism was a problem—people not knowing how to give or accept it. Instead of candidly confronting people, we'd say, 'well, some

people do this...' It was very vague and left things hanging instead of clearing things up.”

—“Struggle for Japanese Americans in the organization was bullshit. The atmosphere was too subdued; people too polite. People weren't ready for what they were talking about because they didn't want to hurt their old buddies to work towards what was correct. The most powerful tool a revolutionary organization has is criticism, self-criticism.”

—“There were times it seemed that criticism was laid out not to help a comrade, but to put him down. People were not always given a fair chance to change their ways. Not a positive struggle.”

—“Self-criticism wasn't practiced by everyone; some people really laid themselves open before the group while others—often the most critical—did not.”

—“Those people however, opened themselves up in other ways by making attempts to get to know others. The attempts were not reciprocated and they took a lot of shit. Especially the new black members.”

—“The principal contradiction to me was the question of leadership. The central committee was getting so mired into meetings that they couldn't study to give direction to the group. A few wanted to quit. The central committee had a hard job. Their role was never defined, yet the rest of us were looking to them.”

—“The struggle within the c.c. (central committee) was not happening in the body. Sometimes maybe the c.c. killed discussion on things the body should have talked about: they just sort of gave the decision. Other times, maybe we talked too long about things the c.c. would have handled.”

—“I thought we were getting better, finally understanding. That was two weeks before we decided to dissolve. We would get too democratic, sometimes too centralistic. But each swing of the pendulum got closer to the ideal.”

—“Some of the people who talked about others' theoretical level were political chauvinist—theory without practice. There will always be uneven development; couldn't expect to be perfect from the beginning. Things are in constant flux.”

—“Some Asians dropped out and nothing was done. But when blacks started leaving, the Asians started talking about dissolving because then it wouldn't be Third World anymore. Shows the tokenism towards blacks.”

—“There was a lot of gossip going on—even more after we studied ‘The ideological character of gossip.’ Now, two months later, there still is.”

—“We got criticism for this opportunistic, reformist job we started to do. And the criticism was valid. But the criticism was coming from people who didn't have to deal with it, who didn't have working class jobs themselves. I mean, I don't have a college degree where I can get some nice teaching job. I'm literally breaking my back now at this warehouse. Anyway, that's an example of parroting Marxism Leninism.”

—“People I couldn't stand before, I got closer to because of political reasons and vice versa.”

—“I don't know if I really feel any closer to people in that group than when I started.”

—“I don't really know if we really got close to those people (in the community).”

Other Contradictions.

There were a host of other important issues too. Everyone recognized that there was a certain amount of racism or ethnic chauvinism toward the blacks. Asians outnumbered the blacks four to one at the end, (and it was even more unbalanced before); obviously not the optimal situation. For the blacks, the conflict was seen as much more critical, divisive, and embittering than most of the Asians imagine. The implications for future attempts at black-Asian political work are disturbing. The “politically advanced” blacks remaining when the Storefront

dissolved felt that some scars remained. One felt that the Asian movement experience (JACL, social services) was thin, and that the Asian, specifically Japanese, movement should go “beyond” a cultural analysis of oppression to a clearer view of themselves as a national minority from a historical materialist position. Allegations of opportunism in leaders in the Asian movement were also voiced. Obviously, a fuller treatment of this sensitive point will have to come in some more ample space. (E.g., how blacks perceive the forms of Asian American oppression and resistance). The Storefront remains the first attempt to combine black and Asian (Japanese) elements of the Left literally under one political roof. We should try to learn from it.

Sexism was another problem partially rooted in the group's composition. The initial organizers were male, only two of the first women members were unmarried, and sisters thought the street brothers in the group had some macho tendencies. Sexism was perpetuated subtly—through gossip, meeting dynamics, allocation of duties, etc. It was never really dealt with. As is obvious, there was never a shortage of other problems that seemed even more pressing.

Lessons for All

The terrible truth for all disciplined political organizations is that all of these problems must be confronted honestly and resolved well. Or they will later emerge as corrosives. For some, especially the former BWC people, this was so obvious a fact that, why should its realization dissolve the group rather than reinforce its will? That is, for an organization that called itself Marxist Leninist, these were such *ordinary* problems that it was absurd to split up for them only. What remains unquestioned however is whether or not trying to shove today's confused predicament into yesterday's crystalline projections might be the source of wasted energy. The question, that is, of how much Leninist practice is applicable to our present condition as Asians and Third World people in neo-capitalist America. (Those engaged only in M-L study groups without practice will never help us find out.)

For others however, the Storefront's progress within the framework of the Asian movement, was, in a year and a half, a great advance. People talk about it as a step completed or as a controlled experiment. Furthermore, the problems were not so ordinary because this was a first attempt at a Third World organization. Here, the future is problematic but not painful. Practice will be the final proof, with no right or wrong established til then. People did learn a lot. But a recent leaflet extreme in this view said that, “It (Storefront) has been dissolved with everyone leaving on a positive note.” That this statement is so clearly wrong indicates either fault in perception or falsity in intention that is disturbing indeed.

Maybe this will start the debate necessary to define the historical identity of what we term the Asian movement. Carried far, one begins to question whether it exists at all, a Trotskyist tendency of equating social movements with the organizations arising within them. Maybe we Asian movement people *are* more culture-class bound than we realized or cared to admit. On the other hand, that hand-wringing may be just another form of old fashioned self-denying Oriental guilt.

Who knows? Whatever: to sharpen the historical (M-L) or geographical (Asian Nation) fuzziness of any new organizational initiatives, our guiding practice must be to overcome inadequacies, rather than just denouncing them. If we embrace the dogmatic rigidity which fails to accept different perceptions as a basis for honest dialogue, then debate won't even get off the ground. And if we let such rigidity continue, it won't be just one organization dissolving, but the creativity, promise and fulfilled “correctness” of our whole movement.

—Bruce Iwasaki

COMMUNITY

MENTAL

HEALTH

....something your

I. The social and the individual--The role of political education and cultural identity in community mental health

We see the many ways in which the individual and his or her social setting are interconnected.

Mental illness and obstacles to mental health in the Japanese community cannot be understood as individual defects, failures, or pathologies. Instead, they must be seen as products of the social and historical experience that we as a community of oppressed people have gone through, both in peasant, semi-feudal Japan, and in capitalist, racist America.

The paranoia of an Issei; the "passiveness" and the loss of direction faced by a Sansei; the chronic depression of a Nisei father who cannot let his warmth and affection flow out, nor righteously get angry except when he is drunk; the despair of a young street sister who feels utterly defeated in the face of the community that may look upon her as a "yogore" (the "dirty one")--none of these aspects in the individual biographies of our people in the community can be adequately understood without referring to our *collective, historical* predicament. We must be able to meaningfully relate each of these individual pains and tragedies to the shared history of the concentration camps, of the 80-year record of blatant racism, and even further back to the very origin of the Japanese community here in America (that is, the forced urbanization and uprooting from the rural-communal setting that was imposed by Western imperialism, not only on the peasants of Japan, but throughout Asia, Africa, and Latin America in the last 150 years.)

If this total historical-collective view is not there in every aspect of our mental health work, then both the helper and the "helped" are likely to have a stunted and self-deprecating way of looking at a problem, such as: "It's my fault"--"my parents have hang-ups"--"The Japanese community is narrow-minded and fucked-up"--"I wish I were white (or black, or brown)"--"Asian people don't have soul," etc.

Mentally healthy individuals cannot be imbued with self-hatred and a sense of powerlessness; nor can he/she feel like an isolated atom fending for himself. Repressed hatred and anger must be understood in its proper context, and its forgotten origins and targets must be dug up,

exposed, and confronted.

The cultural revolution that the black community has gone through in the last ten years probably contributed far more to the mental health and strength of the black people (both individually and collectively) than even billions of dollars worth of expertise and therapy could possibly contribute. We in the Japanese community could also benefit from a deep-going cultural revolution that opens up all these wounds and unfinished and unresolved consequences of colonization and oppression. (the camp, the unresolved and unsynthesized Issei-Nisei conflict, the experience of forced urbanization-westernization, cultural genocide, and our future as a people in America.) Such a cultural revolution could not only serve as an energy-releasing liberating process, but also be a vital factor in enabling all the oppressed and "pushed-out" segments of our community to overcome their sense of individual and collective powerlessness.

II. On the use of bourgeois, western psychology.

This historical-political perspective on community mental health does not necessarily mean that the insights of bourgeois western psychology have no place in our work. On the contrary.

As Fromme, Sartre, Wilhelm Reich and others have already pointed out, while the individual, including his psychic life, is shaped socially and historically, the social structure and history acts upon him/her through mediating and socializing mechanisms such as family, media, school, work, class and other community institutions; i.e., through the key variables of that individual's personal, lived milieu.

The individual has been concretely acted upon by these key elements of lived life (biography) and the individual has introjected a set of values and patterned responses in order to survive ("defense mechanisms"). Without understanding these specific, concrete ways in which he/she has become an active or passive accomplice in his own oppression, the big social-historical view will remain a useless academic tool. Both the helper and the helped will be without a concrete handle on how to break out of the oppression.

Environment has shaped us, but it's up to us to re-shape that environment into a more productive, fulfilling and just pattern. To begin that process of reconstructing yourself and your milieu, you need to get hold of a concrete understanding of the specific ways in which you

have allowed yourself to be fucked over, and begin to act and live in a new way. Otherwise, historical-political stuff can become a cop for you to luxuriate in your own misery and enslavement. "Society this..." "Racism that..." Bullshit! Political understanding about the objective (external) forces will not be allowed to be used to explain away anyone's inaction or defeatism. Every oppressed person has led a heavy life; we've all gotten glimpses of a lived hell. You ain't the only one!

So the valid specific insights of bourgeois western psychology (etiological, diagnostic, and therapeutic) can be and must be integrated into the larger political-historical perspective, and *visa versa*.

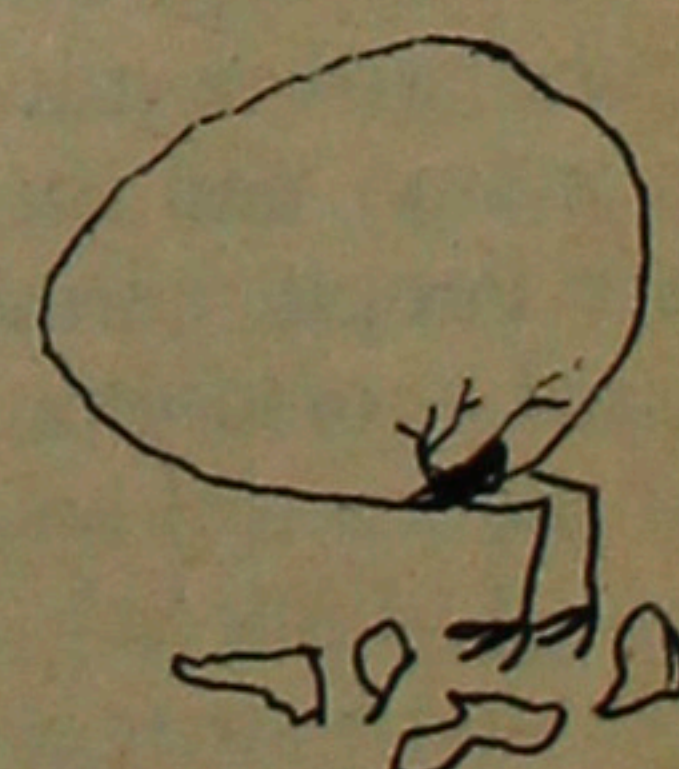
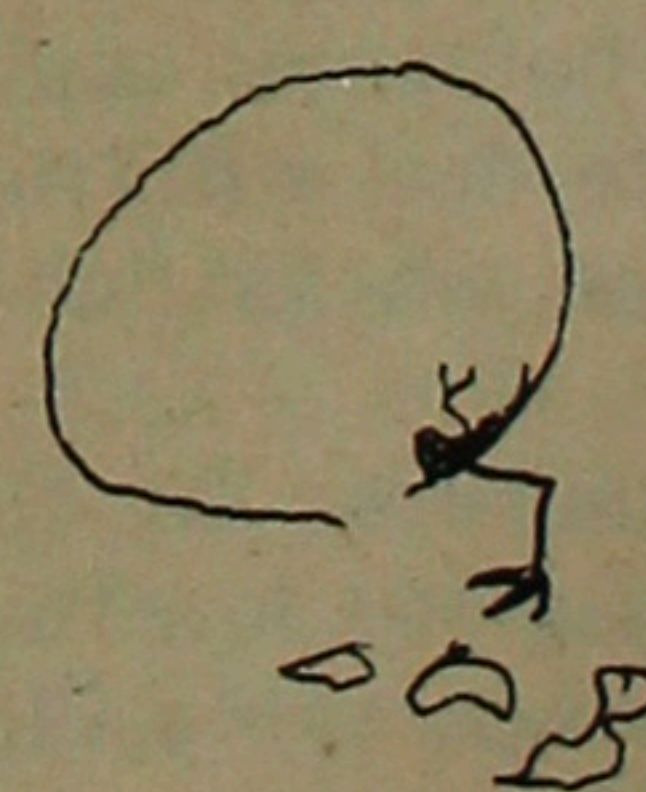
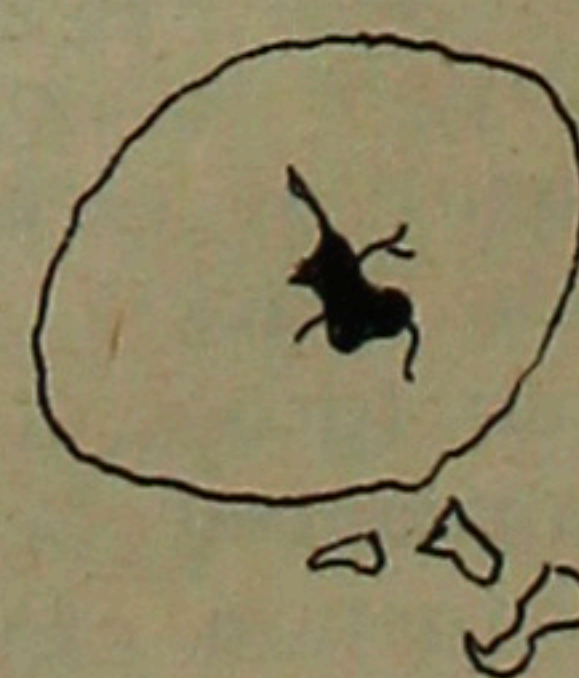
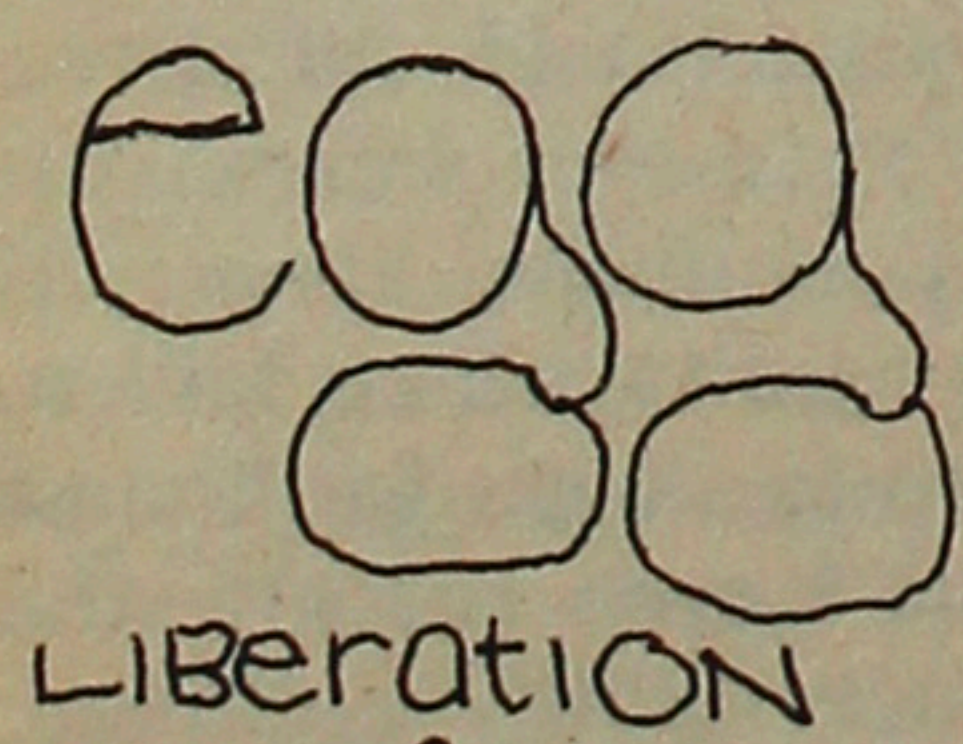
III. Crucial cultural differences.

But there is an important "but" here.

Our practice in the Japanese community Parents Group indicates that even on the level on individual interaction and relationships, assumptions and values implicit in the western psychology is plain wrong in some cases and incomplete and misleading in others in so far as the lived reality of the Japanese community is concerned. Here we can only give a few illustrations.

Mental health movement generally assumes that verbal frankness and "honesty" is healthy, while holding back feelings of affection, anger, etc., is unhealthy. Inability to kiss in public or to hug a person not really close to you is often seen as a "hang-up." From this kind of value-orientation implicit in much of the current mental health movement, the time-honored Japanese virtue of "enryo" seems like a backward insistence on propriety, and the precious Japanese concern for the outward form, order, and ceremony ("kichitto-suru", "kejimeio tsukeru", "shikkari to suru") would be seen as a neurotic compulsion, anal orientation, or an old-fashioned foreignness, at best.

Instead, there is a good possibility that the so-called passiveness, for example, is a rational defense against an unwanted closeness, and that a desire on the part of many older people for "pure" affection, and the attendant suspicion of "freer" physical/sexual interaction, is a resistance against what Herbert Marcuse calls repressive de-sublimation ("liberated or free sex" as an instrument of new repression, rather than genuine liberation). Another example: Buddhist philosophy looks upon anger and expression of



psych teacher didn't tell you.

anger as a bad thing, as evil. Who's to say that this thousand year outlook of our people is wrong?

If Japanese mental health workers are not aware of these points stemming from cultural-national roots in their efforts of incorporating specific insights, values and methods of western psychology, then we can easily find ourselves serving as unconscious agents of western cultural-imperialist attacks on our people—creating confusion and self-doubt, helping to destroy confidence in our own ways and modes of being and becoming. Our people and all the Third World people have had enough of cultural-imperialism and cultural genocide in the last 400 years of Western domination without us adding to the hurt and damage.

Theory and practice of Japanese-American (and Asian American) mental health is yet to be forged, though important components and fragments are there already in the works and ideas of Fanon, Menni, Malcolm, Mao, individual researchers, Buddhism and Taoism, as well as in the concrete, lived experience of millions upon millions of oppressed people everywhere. Building of a comprehensive body of theory and concrete methods of Japanese American, Asian American, and Third World mental health out of our practice in the community must be an important component of our work.

IV. The helpers and the "clients."

A fourth cornerstone of our approach to community mental health is the dialectical understanding of the "helper-helped" relationship. The relationship as we see it, is not one between a together, knowledgeable, healthy, strong person who gives help, on the one hand, and a sick, problem-ridden, ignorant, weak individual who needs help on the other. Of course, this is one aspect of the situation, but there is the other aspect.

A helper (a community worker, a professional, or whatever) also needs to be helped. We as helpers are often as much at loss as to where we are coming from, and where we are headed in our lives. We are often as alienated, if not more so, from vital life-energy and human reality; as isolated and alone; and, as crippled, though perhaps in different ways. We are just as ignorant, if not more so, of the basic human needs, strength, and ways to bring all of us together.

And just as powerless in the face of the atomizing, dehumanizing forces of an "affluent" society that engages in genocide, both cultural and physical.

Those in need of help, that come to the Parents Group, Resthaven, etc., have strength—otherwise they wouldn't have withstood all their plight. They have survived. They have knowledge—the knowledge of the concrete oppression. They are often more human and more tolerant, and more accepting of others because they too have been dehumanized and made to feel small by the competitive values and invidious distinctions, and rankings, and the hierarchy—within the larger white society and within the community as well. Having been forced to admit weakness and shorn of false individualistic pride, they are more open to, and capable of organizing new community ties. Because they are "poor" in some ways and less burdened with intellectualism, class snobbishness, and illusions of self-sufficiency, they are often more powerful, potentially. So, we who are in seemingly less crippled, less problem-ridden situations have a lot to learn from their strength, knowledge and values.

Hence the need and possibility for mutual growth, mutual help, and mutual teaching and learning. This dialectical understanding must be translated into concrete methods of work. An elitist approach to therapy, rap groups, and community organizing will not strengthen either the leaders or the "clients." It weakens them both. It leaves the leaders with an illusion of competence, burdens them even more with crippling and isolating egoism, while the "clients" are reinforced in their defeatism, dependence and weakness. A more democratic and participatory method, on the other hand, strengthens us all around by emphasizing the collective, group process not only in problem-solving and decision-making, but also in knowledge building.

A step-by-step building of a body of concrete work methods in all three areas of community mental health—methods that combine the group process with the need for technical knowledge, leadership and structures—is another aspect of our work.

V. Rehabilitation—rebuilding of the community—A revolutionary process.

The fifth cornerstone of our line on mental health work is the recognition that the therapeutic-rehabilitation process cannot be confined to once or twice weekly rap/therapy sessions,

but must be supported by, and become part of, a community and community-(re-)building.

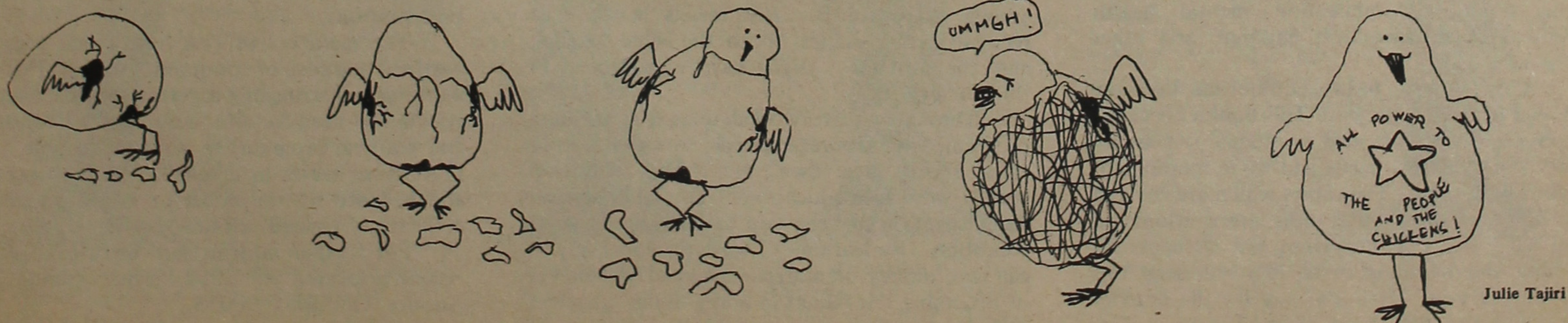
Values of openness, caring, honesty, mutual support, closeness and bounded-ness to each other, and our (potential) power as individuals and as a community—all these truths and insights fostered and learned in the therapeutic process must extend beyond the Wednesday sessions to a wider, everyday milieu. Many of the values affirmed in the therapeutic setting, and much of the energy released there, must find concrete outlets in the form of a transformed family relationship, a relevant education, a meaningful work and way of serving the needs of the community, a circle of sincere and productive people to relate and share with, an effective vehicle for social and political expression and power, etc. Without being a part of a wider, more productive community context and support that could begin to provide space and resources for fulfilling these needs, the new values and strength gained in the therapy must become limited and confined in an unnecessarily narrow circle of "enlightened" individuals, or become atrophied, or simply peter out and die. And this wider context can be understood best in the unifying concept of community-nation building movement. This community-nation building takes many different forms and involves many areas of social life—the parents group and other self-help groups, Pioneer Centers, bookstores, cultural-media programs, food-coops, living collectives, child-care facilities, liberation schools, medical facilities controlled by the community, Asian studies programs, work collectives, etc.

A structure badly needed now is a community workers union where all community-conscious community and human service workers can unite their efforts on a principled basis. (Serving the people, community control, collectivization of resources, participatory control of work situations, unity of Asian communities, unity of all Third World communities, unity of all peoples.)

(Another badly needed structure, needless to say, is a community-controlled mental health network and apparatus relevant to the needs of our community.)

In short, rehabilitation can be grasped most fully as a part of a collective struggle for building and rebuilding the Asian American nation-community, a collective and a serious effort to survive (mentally, culturally, and physically) within the context of tumultuous social change that this America is going through.

—Shin'ya Ono





In the May 1971 issue of *Gidra* an article appeared titled "Involve Together Asians," which was about the early activities and formation of a community organization of young Asians in the West Los Angeles area. At that time ITA was just getting together, introducing themselves to the community, and was looking to the future with much optimism.

Now two years later, ITA provides their close-knit community with a social service center, drug/health services, a film series, an automotive workshop, and a study group. Involve Together Asians have trucked a long way.

By striving to become sensitive to the basic needs of the West L.A. community, they have set up various programs to meet those needs. For example, believing that drug abuse is a serious problem in the Asian community, ITA initiated a comprehensive drug abuse and health services committee to offer education, services, and resources on the subject.

The ITA drug abuse/medical services program attempts to prevent drug abuse among young people through rap sessions, sports, self-help, and community involvement. They have parent/youth encounters where lines of communication are opened and problems shared through various methods of individual and group counseling. ITA strives to help abusers and their parents through ITA-member presence at court appearances, hospitals, and penal institutions. Letters, visitations, and phone calls are also made.

ITA also considers other methods of combating drug abuse: demanding enforcement of the existing laws and enactment of new laws to close the loopholes; exposing the huge drug manufacturers who mass produce and distribute drugs; and pressuring these drug manufacturers by all legal/peaceful means to cease and desist from their unjust activity.

Community seminars are another means of serving the community. This is done through films, panel presentations, and discussions emphasizing family communication, mental health man-woman relationships, children, and other areas of concern.

A community health booklet has been developed as an ITA project. This booklet is called *Zephyr* and was compiled to educate the community on its health needs and some methods of dealing with them. The topics which are covered are: the Issei, drug abuse, crisis intervention, and first aid. For a \$2 donation and 50 cents for mailing and handling costs, ITA will send this booklet to you. This will pay for the booklet itself and also help fund ITA's drug abuse pro-

gram, community health fair, and other health related projects. If you would like this booklet but cannot make a donation ITA will send you one free.

There is also a DPSS outpost (Department of Public Social Services) functioning out of the ITA house. Here the main emphasis is on serving the immediate needs of the Issei and non-English speaking Asian population. The department has a number of programs which provide money and/or services for those people who qualify. Mrs. Tamaki, the DPSS social worker provides psychological services that the community is presently in need of.

One of the most successful ITA programs is the film series. The attendance at each showing has averaged about a hundred people and not only do the Sansei turn out, but also the Nisei and Issei as well. In realizing and respecting the bilingual aspects of the community, ITA also makes announcements at the film showings in Japanese. ITA has sponsored and entertained the community with such films as Akira Kurosawa's classic: "Ikiru" and the satirical documentary about Nixon: "Milhouse." On April 6th, another Kurosawa film: "Yojimbo" will be shown. Tentatively on May 11th, a film titled "Subversion," on the Japanese concentration camps and two short films on American Indians will be shown. All showings begin at 7:30 pm at the West L.A. Buddhist Church. Tickets are available at the door for \$1 and series tickets for the months of April-May are \$1.75. These entertainment programs are presented to educate the community as well as provide a time to increase family interactions.

Another ITA success was this year's Mochi Tsuki: a traditional Japanese New Years activity. Serving as a vital fund raising event, the Mochi Tsuki brought community involvement and cultural awareness as well; it attracted over 300 people this year. Through such community activities ITA hopes to instill an awareness among Asian youth. This means to strive to recognize our Asianess; both the achievements, and the problems Asians have experienced in this society.

The automotive workshop is a continuing program to encourage people to service and learn about their own cars. The workshop consists of a free educational class and practical demonstration to keep your car running in good condition. By learning to work on your car, you can save money on simple repairs. ITA believes in becoming self-reliant in doing things ourselves and creating our own alternatives instead of

turning to some company.

ITA has begun a library open to the community. Right now it consists of over 200 books on Asian Americans, politics, other non-fiction as well as fictional topics. Tutoring and a place to study is also available at the ITA house. The free tutoring includes various subjects taken in junior or senior high school.

The ITA study group was initiated for the purpose of forming a collective ideology. The content of this ideology is to be based upon a comprehensive understanding of those conditions from which social ills originate, and perpetuate thus, ITA may gain insight into the kinds of activities and programs needed to effectively combat the problems of the community and lead to fundamental change.

The study group has been focused on individual political education, in which individuals learn from others in the group. Through awareness of ourselves, ITA seeks to become aware of the social conditions.

One of the topics that the study group has been studying is Asian American history. The group has been striving to better understand the struggles of Asians in America: the sociological, political, economic, and psychological effects of being part of a minority group; our relationships to other minority groups; and finally to examine our struggle within an international context.

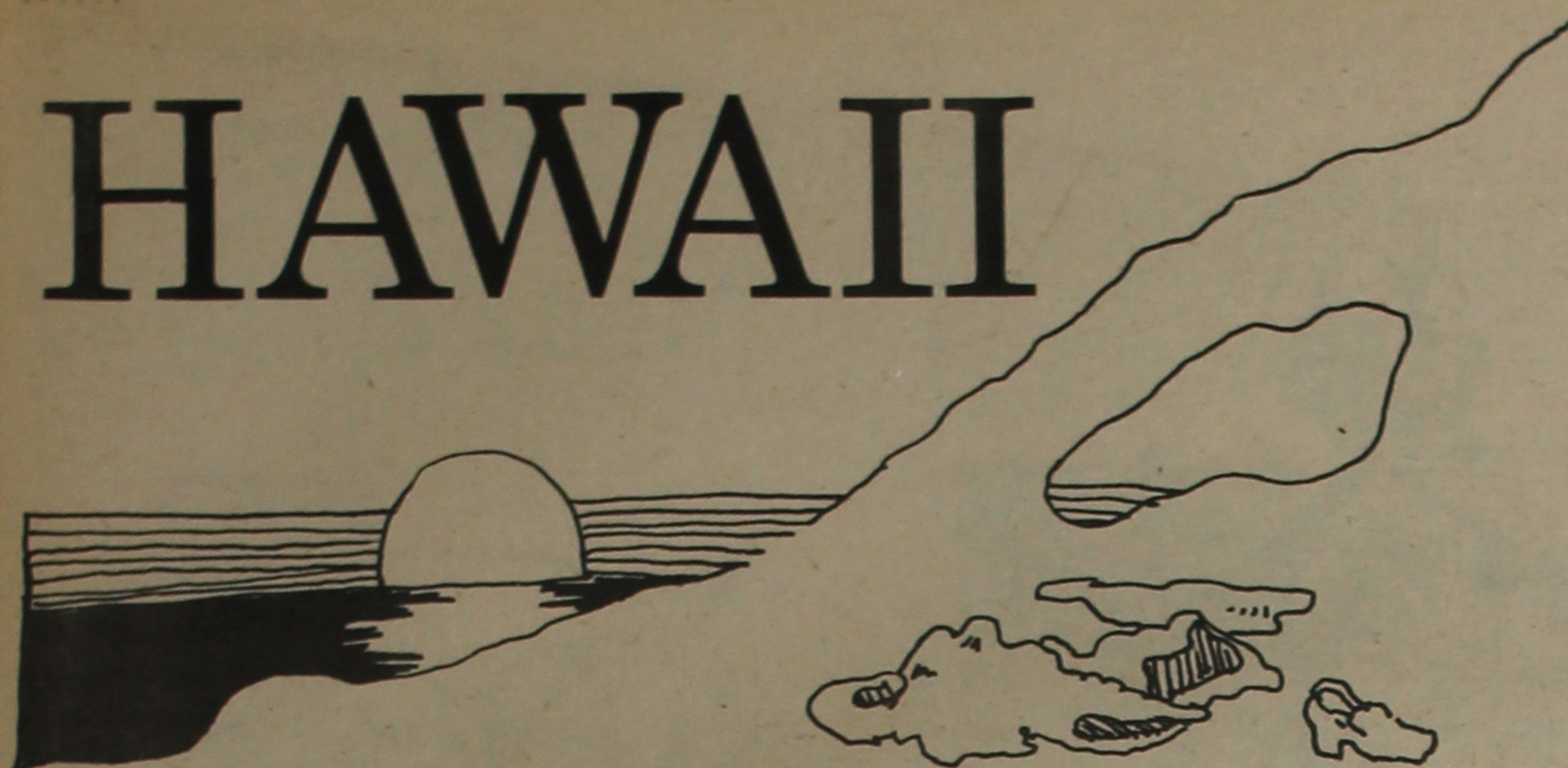
As a natural complement to the collective study, the group shares acquired knowledge by teaching. Knowledge of Asian American history and racism should be an integral part of everyone's education, but presently the pursuit of such knowledge is not possible at primary or secondary levels. Asian American history is a source of identification for Asian youth. An Asian American studies course instituted in school could fill this void. But until this is actually done, the ITA study group could be an alternative through its Asian American historical presentations.

The members of ITA have come together with the purpose of community unity. Through working and struggling together they have realized the real need for alternative social, economic, and political programs to serve the people. The ITA house serves as a vehicle for the programs and is based on the belief in working together collectively toward self-determination.

For further information, Involve Together Asians is located at: 2002 Purdue Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90025.

—Mitchell Matsumura

HAWAII



Small Fish in a Net

A short story

The air was stifling outside when the Doe family deplaned from the shiny, new-smelling 747. In flight it looked so majestic; its wings reflecting golden rays of sunlight, shimmered like some mother's promise or child's fantasy which were finally being realized. On the ground, though, the wings drooped, as if very tired, and the metal sides of this "proud Bird" reflected only the night around it.

All the stewardesses said "Aloha" to them and smiled to each passenger, as if maybe they would all take it in and believe in their sincerity. Inside the plane it was cool and there was a movie showing "The Beautiful Islands of Paradise" playing the last ten minutes before they landed. How serene and unbelievably exciting. For the Does, it was all the climax of a long planned and hard earned dream. And now it was to come true!

Outside though, the cool atmosphere was destroyed and it was hard to breathe in the hot wet air that made them perspire embarrassingly in their brand new dresses and suits and made their feet rebel against their snug shiny leather Florshiems. It wasn't like this in Northern California.

In the terminal, there were countless formless brown faces busily at work, some of them coming to Hawaii from the plane with the Does but most working at some sort of uninteresting job. It amused them to see so many strange looking people here, though. They had seen a few Orientals before, but there were so many here and all at one time. And although the Does were sure that these must be friendly people, it was good to know that they would be with many other American friends here, so that they could relate experiences and explain to each other the customs and rituals of the natives.

Some of the people on the tour group that they were in were talking about how they already know all about Hawaii and how they were just coming to get away from the winter back in the states for a while. But the whole Doe family felt very excited. Mr. Doe brought his wife and two sons along with him. They were good people and deserved a break.

They were very glad to be with a tour group. It saved them money and they would be sure to get all the available services and to catch all the scenic spots this way. And although it was so terribly humid, they would soon be heading for a nicely air conditioned hotel with a clean pool beside it.

Tonight they would rest and tomorrow they would sightsee and go to a big luau.

"Nothing but the best," Mr. Doe thought to himself with satisfaction.

Mr. Chang had no wife and now, because of the United States' war in Vietnam, he had only two sons out of three left. His job as a stevedore for Matson lines was becoming too demanding for him. But what would the old man do after this? How would they be able to live? Each night he would look out from his housing structure apartment down at the city below. Everyday, closer to death, he thought. But what of his sons? One was still in elementary school and often came home with unsatisfactory reports from his teachers. Too unruly, they would describe him as being. And he had a definite problem grasping a full command of the English language. And why wouldn't he do his homework?

"Lazy Hawaiian," he said softly while looking at Kyle, his youngest son in front of an old

black and white TV set. They were part Chinese, part Portuguese, and part Hawaiian. This is how it was, he mused to himself—always seeming to be heading somewhere but never getting there—always only part of what they felt they could be.

Mr. Chang watched the sun go down often and would watch the people scurry frighteningly home. What else was there to do but sleep and eat dinner? He did feel "la y" sometimes but what else was there to do? To work one's guts out and then to relax at home with some Primo seemed to be all there was left for someone alone like him. And if they refused to do this they were then ignorant, indolent people. It was maddening. The ones outside—what did they know of working simply to survive? What did these big men with their big words and fancy thoughts know about the helplessness one feels when he sees all that he loves being ignored and destroyed, and despite all the work he does, he can just barely feed him and his family. Those big men on top could not know that one cannot feel fully a man when it seems some big, complex, machine-like mechanism outside warps and determines the values of the people like him. It tells them what is good, what is bad, what is to be desired, and what to stay away from. And the objects that turn out to be undesired are always the small men like him. How could these big men understand? They were well fed and well educated. Everything they seemed to do was right. Everything men like Chang *did* seemed wrong. Men like him were always the troublemakers—always causing *pilikia*.

Chang wanted to spit and vomit at all that had happened to him and his family and all others like them. The U.S. was pulling out of Vietnam now but what good did it do him? Could it bring back life? What little hope was left was cut apart and faded away with his son's death in a place they had never seen or been concerned about, before.

They did not have a Hawaiian last name. He called his older boy that was still alive Keoke and the younger one Kalani, though his friends called him Kyle. That's all that seemed to be left of Hawaii—just names of vaguely familiar places which used to really be something before the Haoles built something on it. Now the places were just spaces for construction and profit-making projects. Each had its own Hawaiian name, and was cut off neatly from other such structures by impressive roads, they too boasting of some fanciful heritage and the name of some king or queen.

But the people who remained in quarters not so grand with the "new" Hawaiian heritage, were left with no meaning or language from the old heritage that created these names. And now Mr. Chang's son was doing bad in school for not learning English well enough. He wanted to spit and vomit at it all.

Keoke had not come home last night. This was not unusual, though, because he had been away many times before. Mr. Chang left some remaining corn beef and pork-and-beans from their dinner in the icebox for his son. He was sorry that there was no milk left for him to drink though, because they had already used up their half-gallon this week. And since it cost them 75 cents for a half-gallon, he could not afford to buy another one right now.

Mr. Chang would always worry about Keoke and used to beat the boy with his belt when he was younger for staying out late with his friends because they would sometimes steal things or damage some property in their mischief. There was no serious crime committed, but he did not

want his son arrested by the police. Now Keoke was too big for beating but he would still go out with his friends late at night. After all, he was young and life in this apartment was stagnant. It was bad for an old man like Chang but it was impossible for a youth like Keoke.

For Keoke, with the youth and restlessness that made him leave their high rise, low income apartment, came an eruption of expressed bitterness against all that had put him down when he was younger and continued to do so now. When all your youth, you are told to look at the eye-glassed, smartly dressed students and rich men above you as ideals to work toward, you feel ashamed of the part of you that is different and begin to hate that part of yourself. But when these same "ideal" people look and laugh down upon you and press their imposed superiority over you, you begin to hate them in return, that is if you do not first fall even more deeply into self-contempt and servility to these big haoles. And when you express your anger and feign to play your own games, they gasp and sputter with disapproval and send out their self-protection in the form of police enforced haole laws. Then you finally become hunted and hated by the big men and even by your own kind who have also learned to hate themselves in the land where some of the newest immigrants are also the richest and most demanding. There is a fire subdued under all the rich, massive, concrete but so far, it breaks out only in scattered, ununified spurts. All are too quickly quenched but there still seems to be a waiting, a growing rumble which only needs, perhaps, a little more time.

Keoke was his son and he loved him. Other fathers told their sons to behave because they thought it was right to act this way, but his main concern was for the safety of his family. He did not trust the lawmakers. How could they determine what was really right or wrong? All they really know is what they wanted.

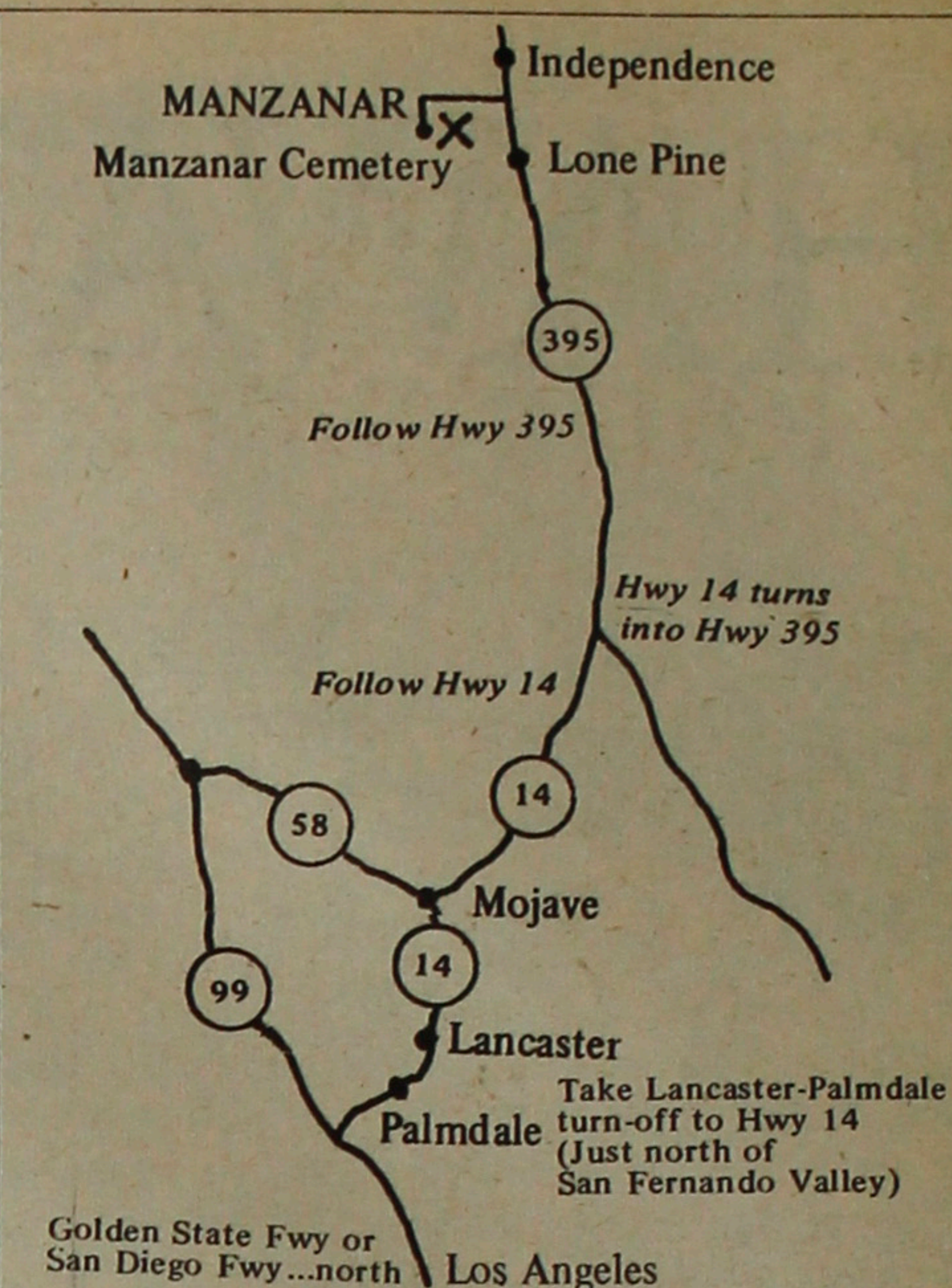
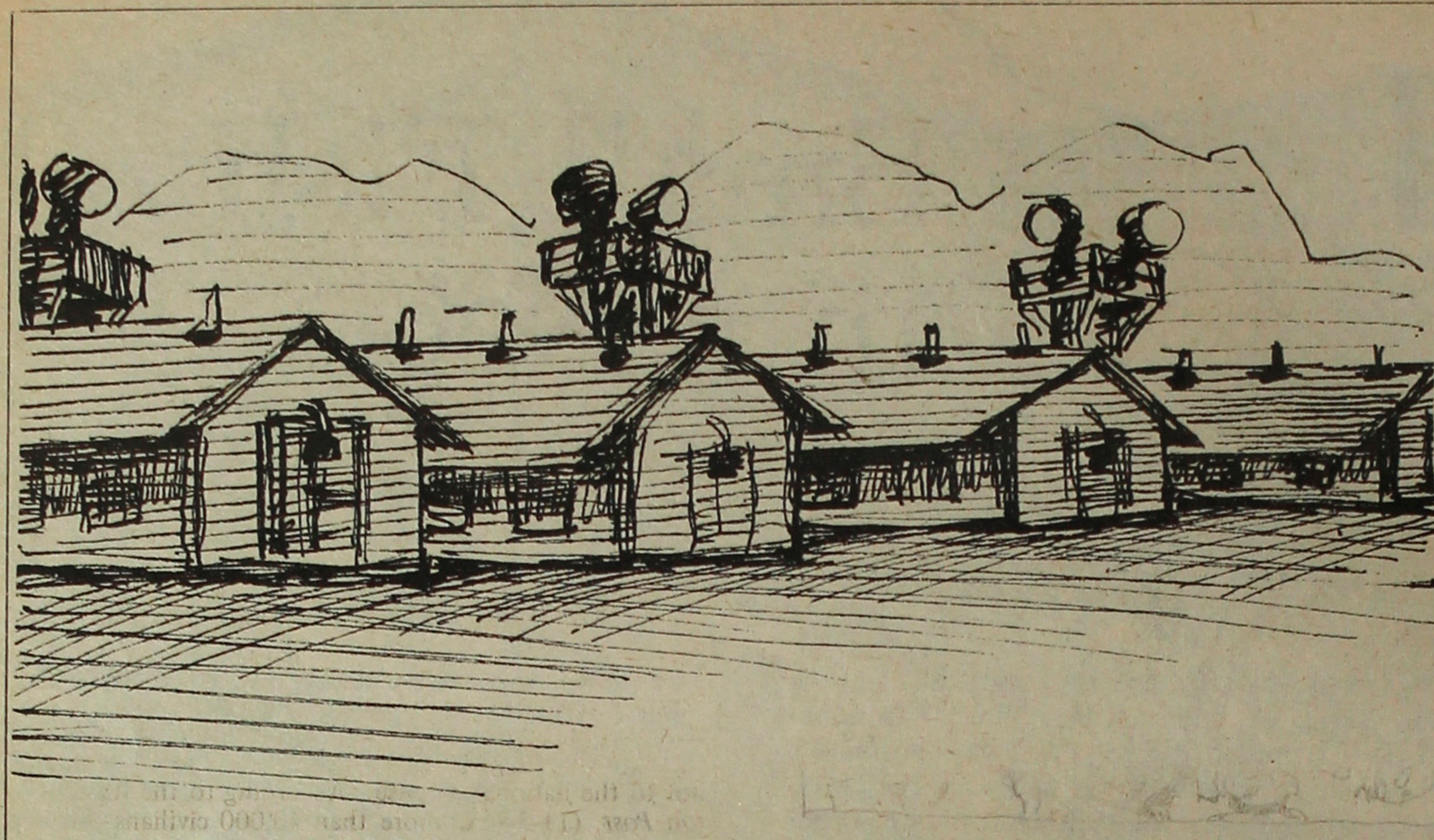
But he had little control over what his son did now, nor over anything else. Everything seemed like just waiting—for the next building going up, for something new occurring in progress, for the next crime committed in the area. And all those thousands and now millions of haole tourists. He hated them because they crowded the land and did not care for it; because they often decided to live here and inevitably change the people and the land; and most of all because they were such ignorant fools for thinking that *they* were not being used and manipulated, too. The big men did have them—using them as objects to advance their own profit. Whenever there was a buck to be made, it was made, regardless of how many smaller people suffered.

But then, finally, what about these big, powerful men with the nonchalant, strategic outlook on Hawaii? He wondered if they themselves really knew who they were.

The air and sand were like sour tastes trapped onto their skins and memory. Mr. Doe lay sideways on the beach, one arm tangled and limp under him like crumpled cardboard while the other grasped at the wet, seaweed-covered beach in an attempt to propel him to a nearby telephone booth.

It happened like a good dream suddenly turned nightmare. After an evening filled with fun and excitement, and with a genuine Hawaiian luau, Mr. and Mrs. Doe decided to take a stroll along the warm beach. They were not at all sat-

continued



MANZANAR PILGRIMAGE 1973

Twenty-seven years after the internment of 110,000 Japanese Americans during World War II, Sansei's are asking questions about the situation to get a better understanding of their cultural identity and history. "Why did my parents have to be locked up? How long were they there and under what kind of conditions did they live? Who is responsible for what happened? Could this happen again?" They don't really find out at school.

Our parents who have actually experienced the situation are the best qualified to tell us about it. But some Sanseis often experience a hesitance or refusal by their parents to even talk about the camps. Sue Embrey, co-founder of the Manzanar Committee, believes that psychological damage has been done to the Nisei because of the camp experience. The humiliation and suffering caused by the direct racism inflicted by the U.S. government affects them today. For many Nisei the camp experience is a portion of their lives which they would like to forget.

Yet, many Sansei have come to realize the existence of the camps and look to it as one instance in history which affects the objective conditions of their community today. There is a need to bridge the generation gap between the Sansei and Nisei. For today's society is full of unrest and problems such as drugs, identity, and racism. We need greater community unity to combat these problems.

By going on the Manzanar Pilgrimage we can go back to the roots of our Japanese Ameri-

can heritage and stand on the soil on which the Nisei were relocated. Thereby we can grow more balanced and complete from its total experience which is related to our history, identity, and future.

The program at Manzanar on April 14th will include a general clean-up, pot-luck lunch, pilgrimage walking, speeches, and dedication services. The dedication of a historical bronze plaque by the state of California will be of special significance this year.

The wording on the plaque was negotiated by a group of citizens interested in commemorating the site—the Manzanar Committee and the National Japanese American Citizens League—and the State Department of Parks and Recreation.

The plaque wording became the topic of controversy late last year, with certain state monument officials objecting to the Manzanar Committee's proposed text because, as one state official put it, "concentration camp is a dirty word."

After months of debate and discussion, advocates of both sides of the issue agreed on a "compromise wording" not as the state proposed text, nor the original wording of the Manzanar Committee.

Crucial negotiations with William Penn Mott, State Department of Parks and Recreation director, had to be dealt with and were chaired by Assemblyman Alex Garcia, who supported the Manzanar Committee. Previously, Mott had nullified agreements made by the State Historical

Advisory Committee, the Manzanar Committee, and National JACL. Jim Murakami, JACL's Vice-President, said that Mott refused to accept the final text because of the word "racism" in the third paragraph.

Mrs. Sue Embrey, who has put a lot of her time and efforts into the Manzanar Committee says, "After five rewritings of the text, three meetings with the State Department of Parks and Recreation and two years of struggle, the state has finally agreed to a wording which we consider acceptable and historically accurate."

The plaque at Manzanar will read as follows:

In the early part of World War II, 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry were interned in relocation centers by Executive Order No. 9066, issued on Feb. 19, 1942.

Manzanar, the first of 10 such concentration camps, was bounded by barbed wire and guard towers, confining 10,000 persons, the majority being American citizens.

May the injustices and humiliation suffered here as a result of hysteria, racism and economic exploitation never emerge again.

The Manzanar Committee is placing the burden of food, water, transportation, and tools on the individual. We will be responsible for the organization, program, sanitation, and other necessary things. The weather is very unpredictable, so prepared for both hot or cold.

For further information and maps, please call:

JACS - 689-4413 Amy Ishii - 664-4144

Sue Embrey - 662-5102 Don Rundstrom - 660-9546

SMALL FISH IN A NET continued

isfied with the bustle and noise in Waikiki. These natives were just as bad in their traffic congestions and crowded housing—the very things the Does had left the states to get away from. But the tour group was going to visit the neighbor islands shortly and they would be able to visit the True Hawaii soon.

Still, though, they got used to the warm weather here and enjoyed walking along the seashore in their matching aloha prints and coconut hats they had bought from the Polynesian Cultural Center.

Tonight they left their sons behind to look at the many shops in Waikiki. They laughed to each other happily and remarked on how good their "fats" were even though their brownish skin was peeling off badly, leaving large pale splotches beneath.

Suddenly Mrs. Doe stopped laughing and pointed down along the beach. Three dark youths approached them. The Does could tell that they had been drinking, as these young men, too, were laughing—only their laughter was not so merry. It was nothing at all like the carefree, generous, child-like laughter that typically described the exotic polynesians—there seemed to be a sense of insanity about it. Mr. Doe said to

ignore these "juvenile delinquents," though the young men seemed to be more than just that.

"Eh Haole," one called out, "you rich man, how about helping us poor guys." The boys all laughed.

The Does became terribly afraid. Oh, why had they left the protection of their tour group?

"Haole, we talking to you, man. Wow, you got nice clothes, you must have lots of bread, too, huh? Eh, Haole man, how about helping us out?"

Suddenly, the youths were all around them. Mr. Doe tried to reach out but someone punched him driectly in the mouth, sending him crashing onto the sand below him, his own body crushing one of his arms. He felt faint and blacked out intermittently, though vaguely aware of hands reaching into his pocket and grabbing his wallet. Another blow crashed into his face, this time from a kick to the jaw. The last thing he heard was Mrs. Doe screaming as two youths began grabbing at her.

When Mr. Doe awoke, he could not believe that the pain and hot stickiness about him could be real. He looked and saw his bright aloha shirt splattered with his own blood. Mrs. Doe lay moaning, her body sitting, in a contorted heap within the sand.

"Oh God, oh God," she said.

It was apparent what had happened to her. Mr. Doe began to heave. It would feel so good to empty himself out from all that had happened. But only a trickle came up his throat and went

back down again. He retched but it refused to come out.

Mr. Doe felt his whole body convulse with anger. But he felt confused, too, and scared. Why, WHY—How could they do this? Those savages owed them everything. How could they?

He made his way for the telephone. There would be justice, he yelled, there would have to be justice.

Mr. Chang was on the ground, outside his housing complex. He left his apartment every now and then when he felt too restless to simply drink and then sleep for the night.

Keoke had still not come home

The stars were very bright. There seemed to be some consolation to his despair in this sometimes, but now his worry had control of everything.

To the side of him, surrounded by a garland of transplanted, but somehow still dying palm trees, grew a new structure, modern and tall, a hotel "Fit for royalty."

"They are our new kings," he thought. "We are the small fish, flopping in the net a few times before we all *maki*."

No one listened but himself and the land below him—both already so much dead. The stars were still shining—now seeming like broken off and shimmering scales.

—Ted Chun

Vietnam: What Peace?



Myth: South Vietnam is a separate country.

Fact: This claim contradicts a 4000 year history of a united Vietnam forced to fight against invasion by the Chinese, Mongols, French, Japanese, and finally the Americans. Following the defeat of the French forces at Dien-bienphu in 1954, Vietnam was temporarily divided into two zones at the 17th Parallel to allow for regroupment of the French and Vietminh forces. The Geneva Accords state that the demarcation line is a "provisional line and is not by any means interpreted as constituting a political or territorial boundary." In preventing the reunification elections in 1956, the U.S. government was directly responsible for the division of Vietnam. This was acknowledged by government analysts in the Pentagon Papers, where it states that "we must note that South Vietnam...was essentially the creation of the U.S." (Gravel Edition, Vol. II, page 22.)



Myth: The "Vietcong" is trying to "take over" South Vietnam.

Fact: "Vietcong" is a Pentagon-created word for the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam, one of the four signatories of the Peace Agreement. When U.S. ground troops were sent to Vietnam, Ambassador Lodge admitted that "for years now in Southeast Asia the only people who have been doing anything for the little man—to lift him up—have been the Communists." (New York Times, 2-27-73) The PRG is recognized as a legitimate government by 31 countries representing two-thirds of the world's population. The "Vietcong take-over" Nixon fears would come through the free elections promised in the Peace Agreement; the same U.S. fear of elections in 1954 led to eighteen years of war.



Myth: Thieu is defending the cease-fire against violations by the Provisional Revolutionary Government.

Fact: Saigon claims that the PRG has violated the cease-fire "more than 4,000 times"; however, there has not been a single case in which a foreign journalist witnessed PRG forces initiating a violation. A contrasting report came on January 30th from Charles Mohr of the New York Times. "Saigon," he said, "was selectively ignoring the cease-fire, and attempting to retake roads and territory lost before the cease-fire came into effect." On February 7th, CBS News did a feature story on a hamlet

controlled by the PRG. The next day, CBS reported that the hamlet had been bombed by the Saigon Air Force and then occupied by Saigon troops. Henry Kamm of the New York Times reported that 25,000 persons officially classified as refugees who came from areas traditionally friendly to the Communists will not be allowed to go home. (New York Times, 2-19-73)



Myth: Nguyen Van Thieu heads a popular, democratic government.

Fact: South Vietnam under the Thieu regime is governed by decree, with power concentrated in the hands of General Thieu and his few top advisors. In 1967, Trong Dinh Dzu, who ran against Thieu on a peace ticket, was jailed immediately following the election. In 1971 Thieu refused to allow any other candidates at all in his one-man election which even his vice-president Nguyen Cao Ky called 'rigged.' And in 1972 the Thieu regime cancelled all local elections at the village and hamlet level. It is illegal in Saigon to advocate 'peace' or 'neutrality.' (Decree No. 93 SL/CT) The Thieu regime has instituted severe restrictions on the civil liberties of South Vietnamese citizens. Freedom of the press has virtually ceased, with small opposition papers forced to close because they are unable to pay astronomical guarantees against possible future fines for 'treasonous' articles. According to the Washington Post (2-18-73) "in the words of one of his own government officials, 'Thieu has not yet made the fundamental decision to change from war to peace.'"



Myth: The political prisoners in South Vietnam represent a clear threat to 'national security.'

Fact: Most of the 200,000 plus prisoners held by the Thieu government are civilians. Thieu has declared that these people are threats to 'national security.' In reality, they are threats to Thieu's continuation as head of state, not to the national defense. According to the Washington Post, (11-5-72), 'more than 40,000 civilians—including women and children—were arrested in the first week of October alone.' The targets of these arrests are student, community, Buddhist and Catholic leaders who have taken positions independent of Thieu. Last May, Thieu declared martial law, which according to critics, "was used to eliminate some of non-Communist opponents" (Christian Science Monitor, 6-23-72). These are the people who would become the third, or neutralist segment in the three-part National Council for National Reconciliation and Concord as outlined by the Peace Agreement. Official American sources have confirmed that "Thieu has ordered the arrest and 'neutralization' of thousands of people in the event that cease-fire negotiations with Hanoi are successful...The term 'neutralization' can mean anything from covert execution to a brief period of detention" (George MacArthur, Los Angeles Times, 12-31-72).

One Stance on Pants

I can remember not too long ago when I wouldn't be caught dead wearing the same outfit two days in a row. In fact, I knew this one sister who would make a weekly schedule of what she was going to wear so she wouldn't forget and wear the same thing too close together. That's a little extreme, but nevertheless, probably familiar enough to most people to make it real. And although we all know how clothes and things can be a hang up, it's really a hard thing to get out of. Especially with all the newspaper ads, magazines ads, TV, billboards all screaming at you, or softly purring at you about how to "Catch that man" or how to "Be that man," it's really easy not to know who you are. And then there are people who, being all very hip to the phoniness of the clothes scene, react by dressing grubby just to show everyone that they're hip to it all. Sure gets complicated. Because even this reaction is still just a reaction, it is still based upon human worth and value being judged by outward appearance. It seems that in order to break out of this cycle we have to take a look at why it happens and not just react.

All those ads that tell you how you should look, act, and feel appeal to those needs in all of us to feel good about ourselves, to be loved and accepted by other people. These needs are real, especially in a society where you have to be competitive and individualistic to survive. But because of the nature of the way things are run in this country, the big corporations use these needs to make a fat profit for themselves by promising escape from loneliness and frustration through buying things. Through advertising, they hold up a magic world of make-believe in which everyone is gloriously happy all the time. We have a lot to be discontented about. But advertisements channel that discontent into buying things, rather than working for change. Pretty

cold. And it gets to a point where it's really hard to know if you really need something, or if you've just been made to think you do.

Take clothes, for example. The price of clothes being as high as it is now makes it a real burden to keep buying the new style. For instance, I saw a blouse in this store the other day that cost \$15! And while we're on the subject of prices, it's really heavy how much they charge for clothes in stores compared to how much the women—many of whom are Asian, in L.A. at least (in this sewing factory I worked at 16 out of 17 women working there were Asian), who sew these clothes get paid. The starting pay for a seamstress in most sewing factories in L.A. is around \$1.65 an hour (this figure is lower in many factories that hire immigrant women). After that, it depends on how many pieces of clothing she finishes in a day. You probably know someone who sews for a living—your mother, a friend's mother—ask her. So someone is making a whole lot of money off of her, and off of all of us who buy clothes in a store. Think about if people stopped buying all the clothes in a store. Think about if people stopped buying all the clothes and other things they do. This would mean the big corporations would be losing a whole lot of money, and that would hurt the economic system. That's why in 1969 alone, 15 to 20 billion dollars was spent on advertising, to keep people thinking that they need all those products.

Okay. Now we know all that, what can we do about it? Well, in order to really break free of the cycle, and not just react to it, we have to change things around so that the products that are produced are what people actually need; rather than to produce needs in people so they buy things. This means a pretty fundamental change in the way this society is run. And that's a pretty big job. It'll take a long time, like most things that are really worth while.

continued

But what can we do now? Well, we can score a small, but important victory by beginning to break free of the dependence we have on those corporations that tell us how we should look, act and feel. One of many ways we can do this is to try producing things that we're able to on our own. I admit, we still have to buy materials, but a change as big as the one we're talking about begins with a series of smaller steps. Making your own clothes, furniture, whatever won't change the system, but it might begin a change in you. If you've ever made anything—a table, some clothes, a cake, you know how much work goes into it. Then, you begin to understand how hard people work to produce all the things we consume. But also, you know how good it feels to produce something as a result of concentration, patience and hard work. This is a small seed that will flower into the self-reliance that we need to break away from depending on the big corporations. Plus, by making things it really cuts the costs. That same blouse I mentioned before—you know, the one that cost \$15—took about two yards of cotton. The fabric could be bought for one or two dollars. And, you no longer need to be limited to the "latest styles"—whether you dig them or not. But instead, you can create clothes that are practical, curable, comfortable, as well as looking good.

Enough said. This month's "How to do it" is on PANTS. So here goes....

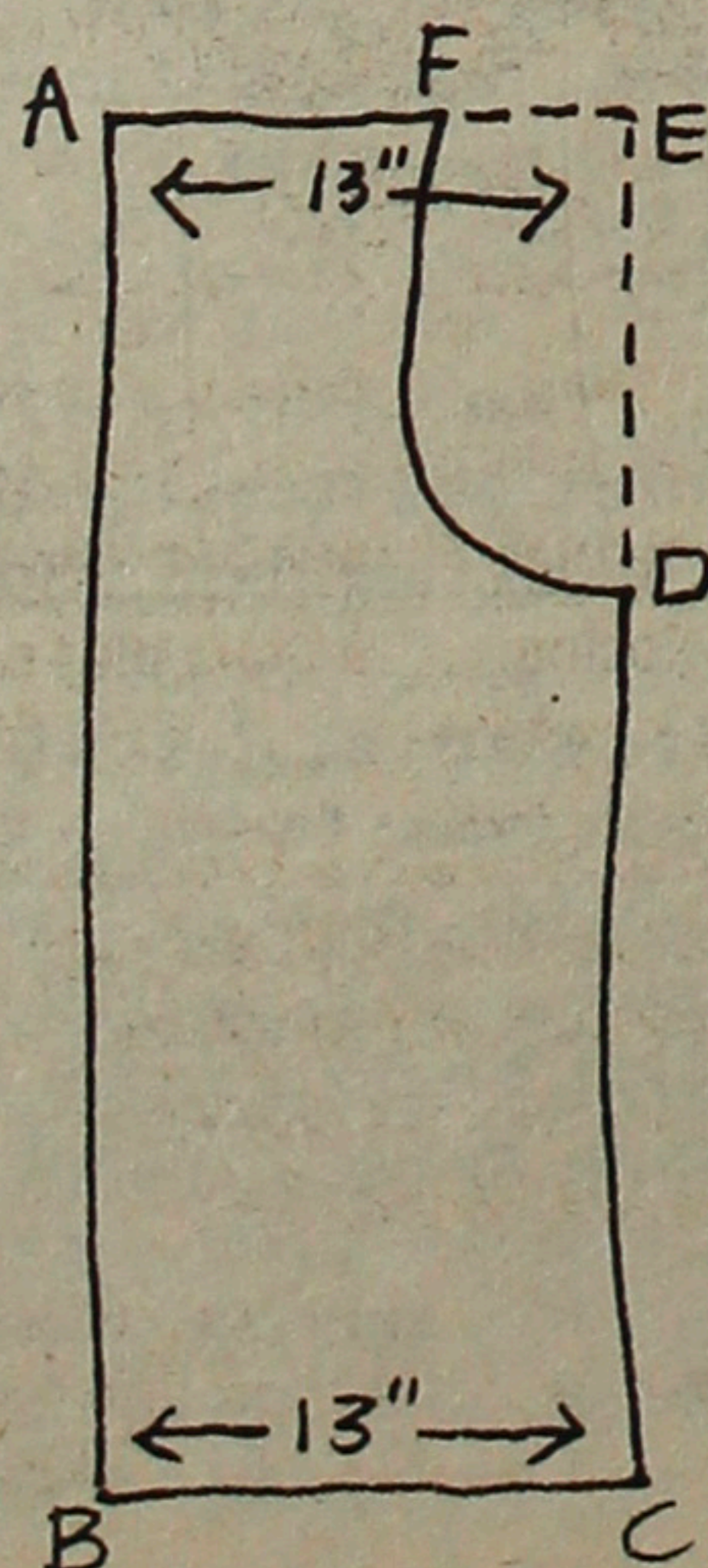
—Evelyn Yoshimura



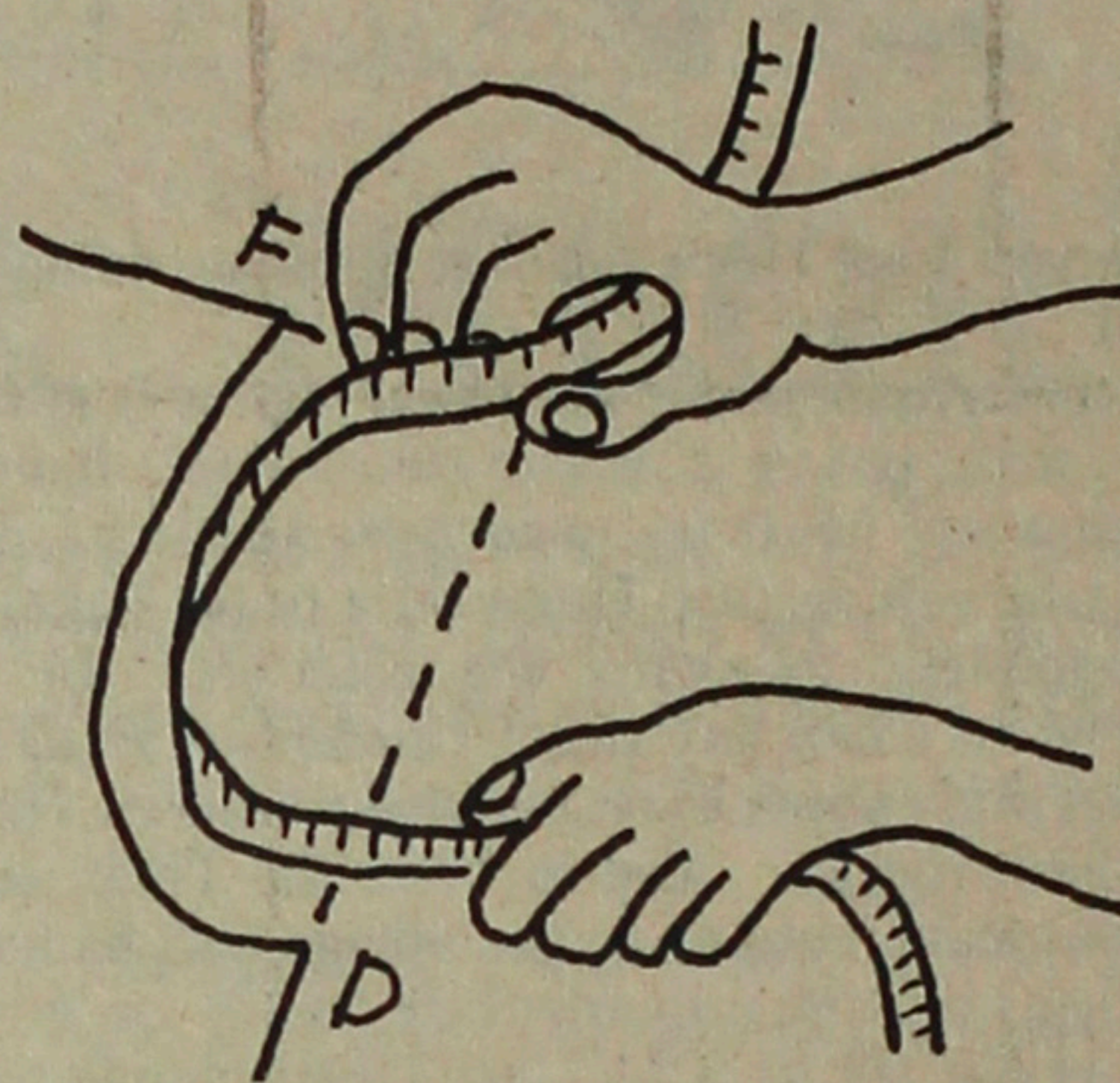
- YOU NEED:**
1. About 1½ to 2 yards of fabric.
 2. Enough elastic (the inch-wide kind) to go comfortably around your waist.
 3. Some newspaper (the classified section is good) and some tape, to make a pattern.

NOW YOU'RE READY.

What we're working towards are 2 pieces that will look something like this:

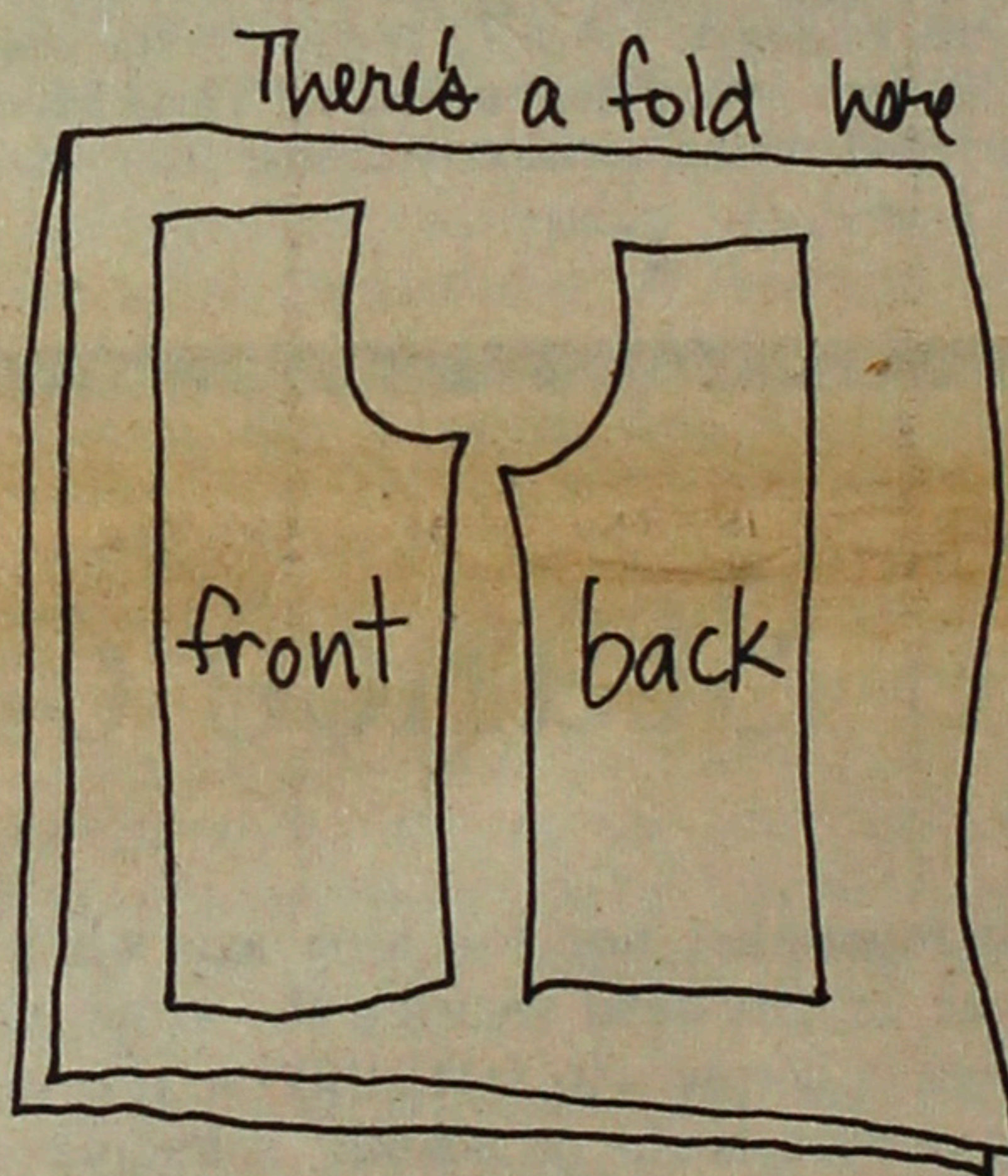


- THE PATTERN:**
1. Take a pair of pants of a length that you dig. Measure the length from the waist to the cuffs, and add 4 inches.
 2. Draw a line of this length, length-wise along one sheet of newspaper near the edge (you'll probably have to add a piece to the end of the sheet to make it long enough. This is line A-B (like in the diagram).
 3. Line B-C (the width of the pants leg) should measure around 13 inches (or wider, if you're wider). A-E also equals 13 inches.
 4. Line A-F should equal ¼ your hip measurements (e.g. for 38 inch hips, you'd figure around 9 inches).
 5. To get D-F (this is tricky), measure from the front center of your waist (you know, near your navel) to your crotch seam, plus 3 inches for the front pattern piece; do the same for the back piece (except measure your back) and add 4 inches.
- It's pretty hard measuring a curve with a tape measure. Here's a tip. Try this:

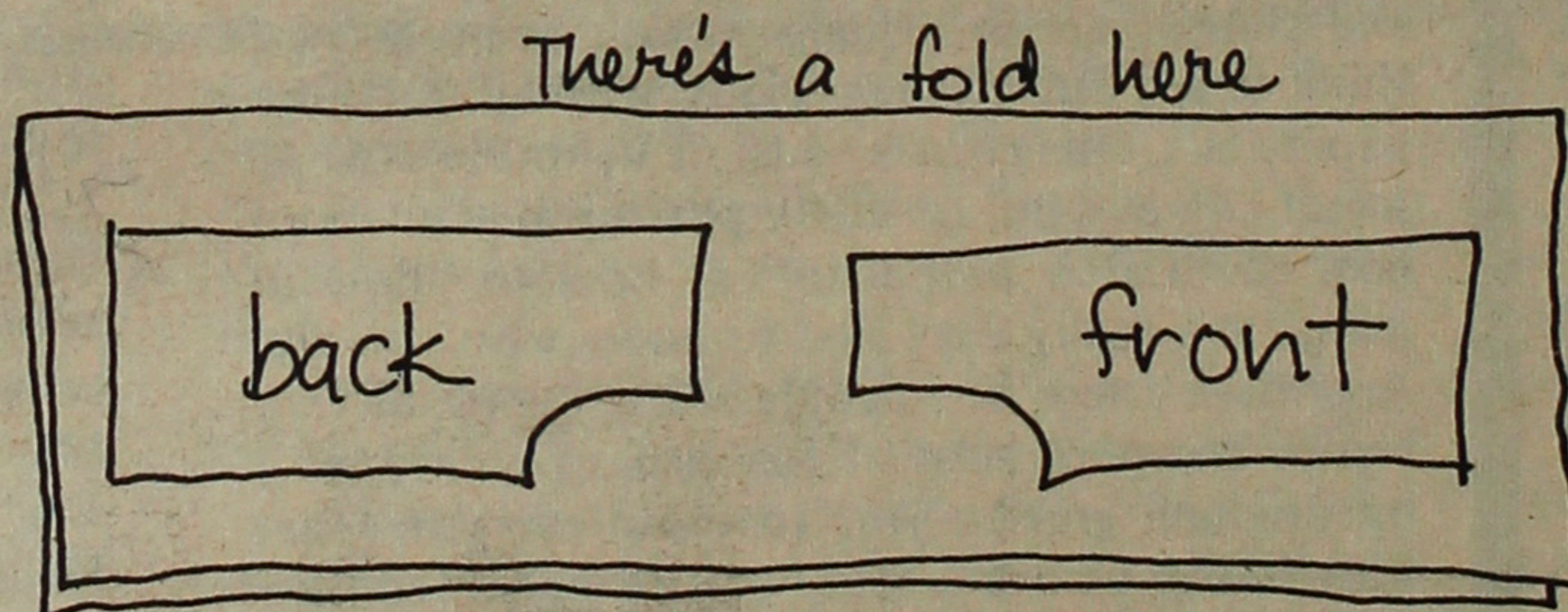


CUTTING OUT THE MATERIAL:

1. Fold your fabric in two, either this way:



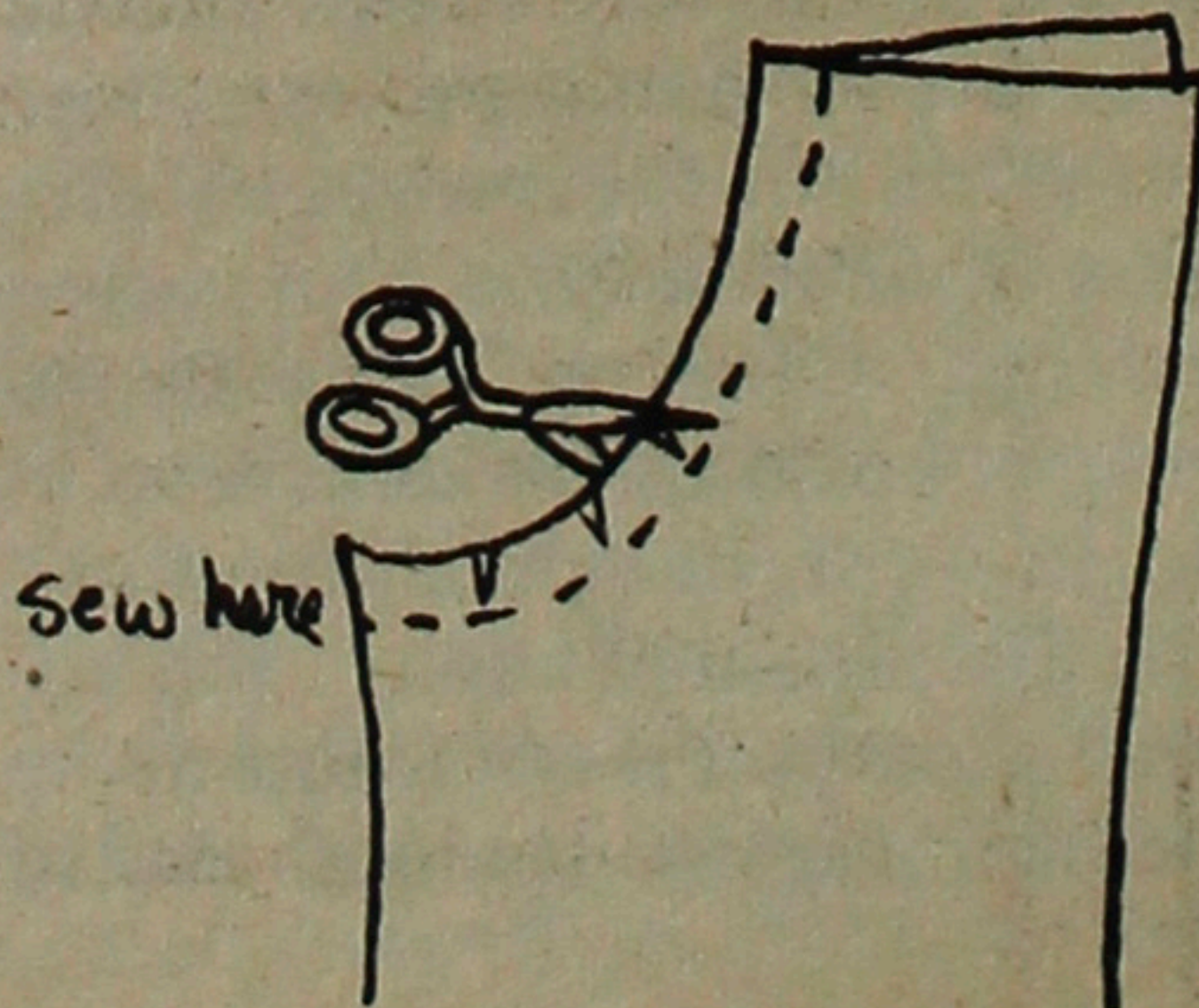
or this way:



- depending on which way the pattern pieces fit better.
2. Lay the pattern pieces on it, pin them all the way around, and cut them out.
 3. Remove the pattern pieces.

SEWING IT ALL TOGETHER:

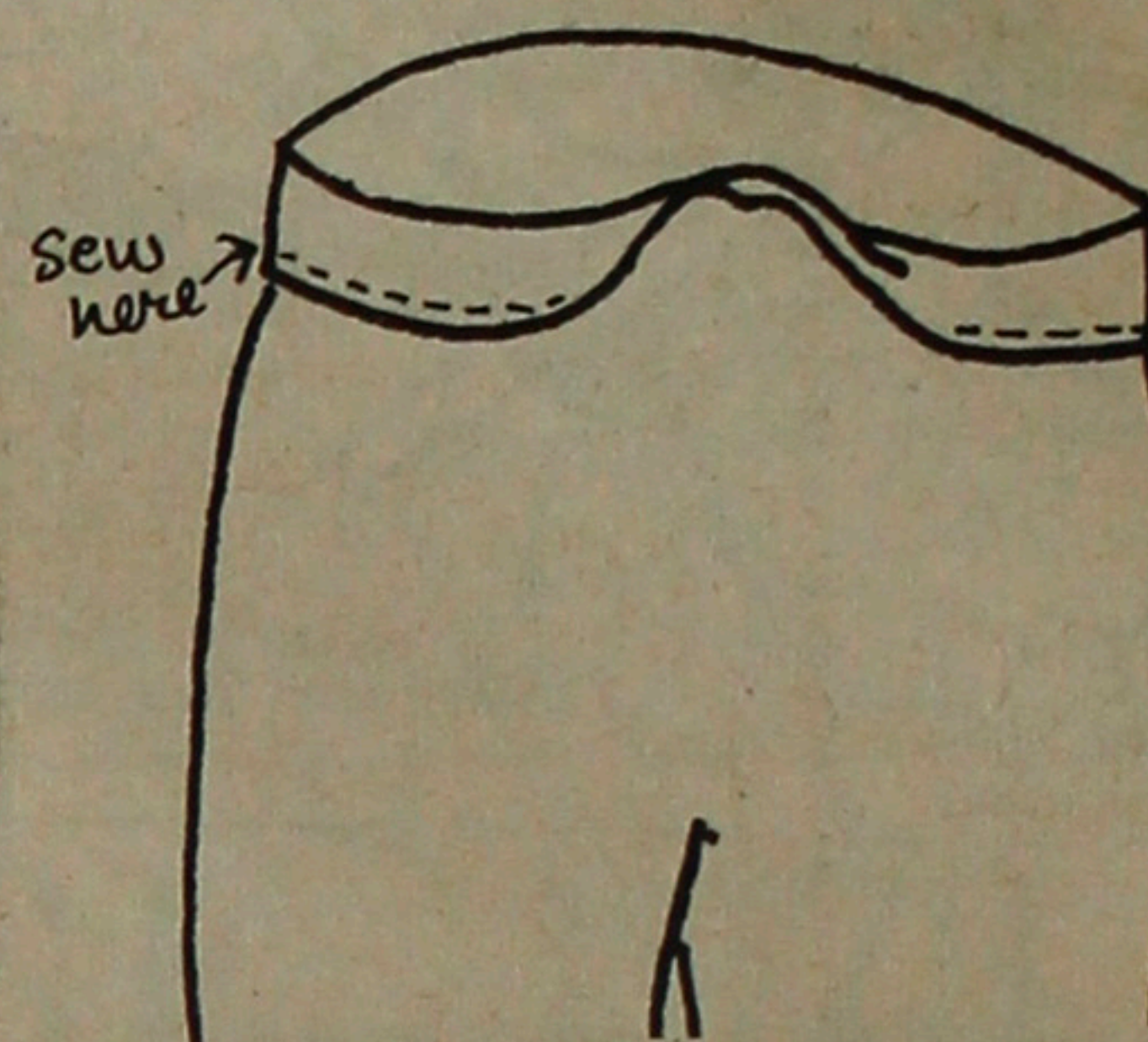
1. Take the two front pieces and place them face-to-face ('face' meaning the side that's going to be the outside).
2. Pin them from point D to F, then sew it.
3. Do the same with the two back pieces.
4. Clip along the inside seam like this:



- This is so the curve will open flat and not pucker (say wha?).
5. Then take the front piece and the back piece, pin them face-to-face, and proceed to sew up the sides, and around the inside of the pants legs.
- DON'T forget to leave the bottoms and the top open, or you'll end up with a pants-shaped sack.
- THERE. STARTING TO LOOK LIKE A PAIR OF PANTS, HUH?**

Now for the waist.

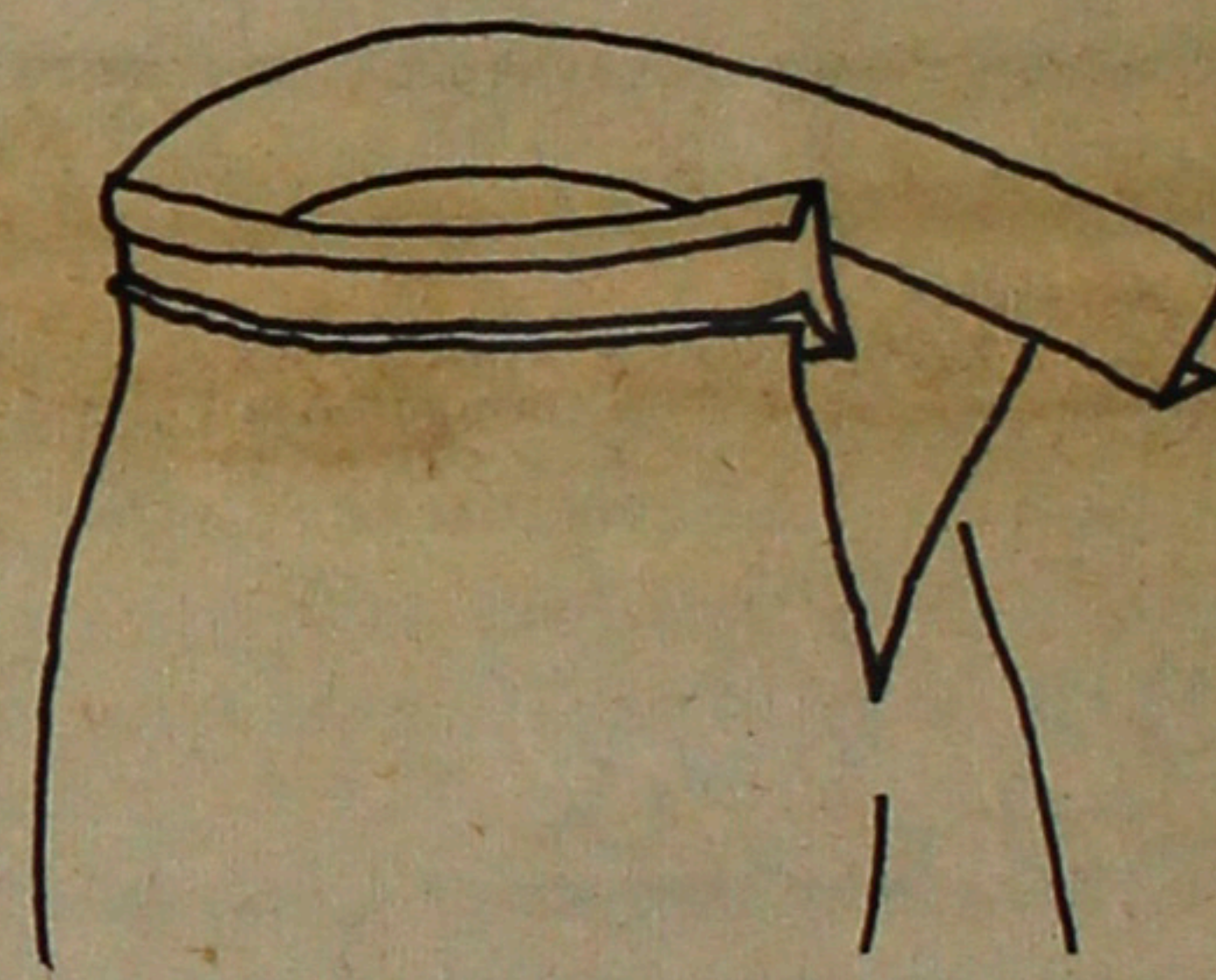
1. With the pants inside-out, fold the waist over about 1½ inches, then sew it all the way around, leaving about 2 inches open, like this:



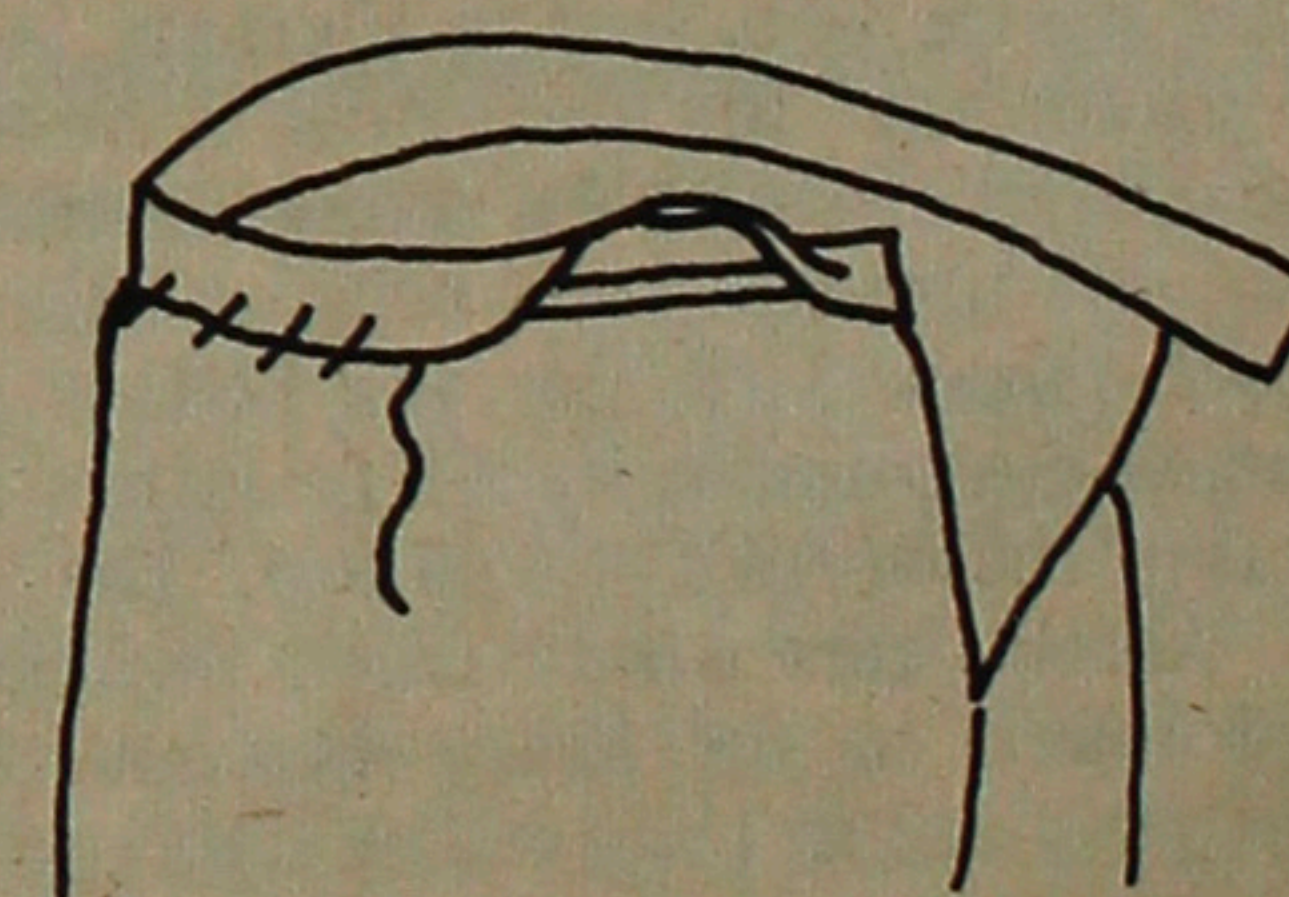
2. Then, take the elastic strip, stick a medium to large size safety pin through one end, and stick that end into the opening you left in the waist. With the pin in there, you can thread the elastic strip until it comes out the other side.
3. Sew the two ends of the elastic strip together (back and forth on the machine—it's gotta be pretty strong).
4. Sew up the opening.

SOME PEOPLE CAN'T RELATE TO PANTS WITHOUT A FLY: IF YOU'RE ONE OF THESE PEOPLE, HERE'S AN ALTERNATIVE TO THE ABOVE:

1. Take a strip of material about 4 inches wide, and about 2 inches longer than the waist of your pants.
2. Pin this piece face-to-face to the waist, all the way around, and sew it. It should look kind of like this:



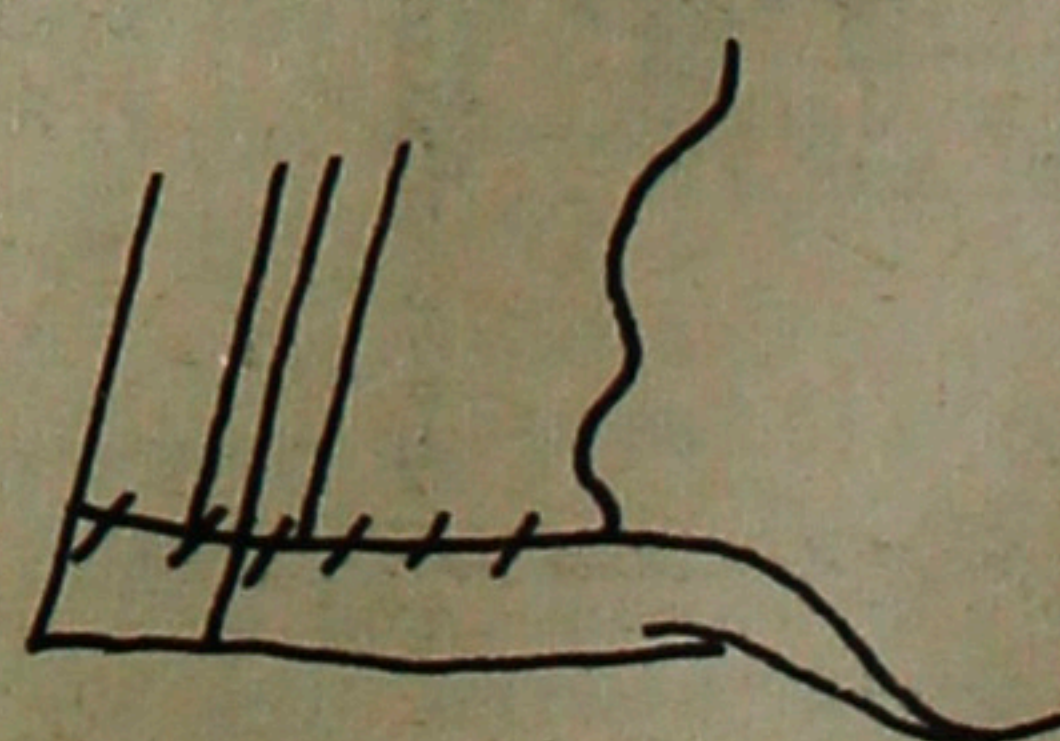
3. Then tuck under about a ½ inch (like in the diagram above), fold it over, then sew (either by hand, or on the machine), like so:



You can either sew in a zipper, or sew on some snaps and a hook or two to connect the waist band.

DON'T GIVE UP YET! MAN, YOU'RE ALMOST DONE. JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE. LIKE, THE HEM:

1. Tuck the very bottom of your pants legs under about a ½ inch, then pin it.
2. Put the pants on and see how long you want them. Pin them to there, and take them off, and hand-sew the hems like so:



THERE THEY ARE. WHEW.

(Approximate time: 1 hour.)

APRIL

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 This is NOT..... ...April Fool's Day GIDRA BEGINS ITS FIFTH YEAR IN OPERATION..... Nixon-Thieu Conference!!! Vietnam Demonstration!!! Western White House San Clemente, California 1:00pm	2 Jump Back Universe, etc.! This is Asian Week in the Pasadena City High Schools.	3 SBAI Meeting— 16408 So. Western Ave., Gardena— 7:30 pm Every Tuesday Community Drug Offensive Meeting— Senshin Church— 7:30 pm Every other Tuesday	4 JACS/Parents Group Mtg. Senshin Church—7:30pm When Kathy de JACS-AI called I think she said, .. "It's every Wednesday. .." But since I can't remember (it's really getting late) maybe you better just call up the JACS-AI office: 689-4413. Okay?	5 Manzanar Committee Presentation Cal State LA Student Union Theater 11:30am Pioneer Project Meeting Pioneer Center 125 Weller St. Little Tokyo ITA Film Series— West LA Buddhist Church. 7:30pm.	6 Concentration Camp Films— Senshin Church— 7:30 pm Bobby Hutton Murdered 1968	7 Concentration Camp Films— Union Church, Little Tokyo 2:00 pm
8 Concentration Camp Films— Gardena Youth & Community Service Center 1730 W. Gardena Blvd. — Two screenings: 1pm & 3pm Hey! Today is Buddha's Birthday (among other things)	9 "Alternatives": Warren Furutani Joint Communications, Asian Pride, Chinese American Films Pat Sumi, et al.	10 "Domestic Perspectives": Philip Veracruz, Koji Ariyoshi, Asian American Films, Manzanar Committee.	11 "Images and Expressions": Taiko Drummers, Frank Chin, Martial Arts Demo. and maybe, Lawson Inada among others.... Golly-gee! It's da Kinks at the Palladium Tonight!	12 "Overseas Perspectives": China Delegation Panel, Ester Soriano, et al. Union of Vietnamese, Asian Films East-West Players	13 "Community Day": Korean Fighting Kites Demo Mary Kochiyama, Traditional Asian Music & Dance Program, Hiroshima Film: Redbeard	14 MANZANAR PILGRIMAGE TODAY
15 Sho Tokyo Residents Group Meeting Sun Building—125 Weller Little Tokyo 2:00pm	16 Hey Jake! Let's calculate! ...uh...two months until the GIDRA GIG!!!!!!!!!! keep yer weepers peeped fer this one, honey.....	17 Asian Coalition Meeting— Asian Women's Center, 722 Oxford— 7:30 pm Every other Tuesday... Yes, kiddies... people vote in Berkeley too. Berkeley City Council Elections...today.	18 Did any of you "out there" ever wonder how some of this shit gets put in da calendar?	19 Believe it or not..... for the Lakota Indian Nation this is the month of New Grass!	20 Git Loose with da People! Joint Communications presents: "People Need People" Dance-Benefit at Jimmy's featuring: Free Flight & Barcada.	21 Lookout!! It's "Thee Super Gig of the Year." Pilipino American Coalition of Cal State L.B. presents: Let's Boogie featuring: Winfield Summit, Barkada and Carry On. at Cal State L.B. Student Union
22 Let's have a PARTY.... It's Lenin's Birthday !!	23 Today is "Smile with your Bottom Teeth" Day.	24 Involved Together Asians weekly meeting— ITA House, WLA. 7:30 pm.	25 Cut-'em-up buttercup! Seven Samurai opens at the Toho La Brea until May 1.	26 Fill in this space yourself...	27 Asian Sisters Meeting Asian Women's Center 722 S. Oxford—6-8pm Every Friday	28 Yellow Brotherhood Car Wash !!!!! For more information call: 938-4866 Pioneer Project/ Sightless Institute Hot Meals Program. Call: 689-4413 for more info.
29 Lecture by Seizo Hayashiya, Curator of Ceramics, Tokyo National Museum on..... "Nihon no Toki ni Tsuite" Sponsored by the Friends of Far Eastern Art at the LA County Museum of Art	30 THIS is April Fool's Day (if you thought April 1 was April Fool's Day then con- sider yourself FOOLED!)	AND COMING AT YOU IN THE FUTURE:	MAY 20 Community Drug Teach-in Venice-Culver JACL at the Venice Japanese Community Center.....	JUNE 16 the gidra gig	

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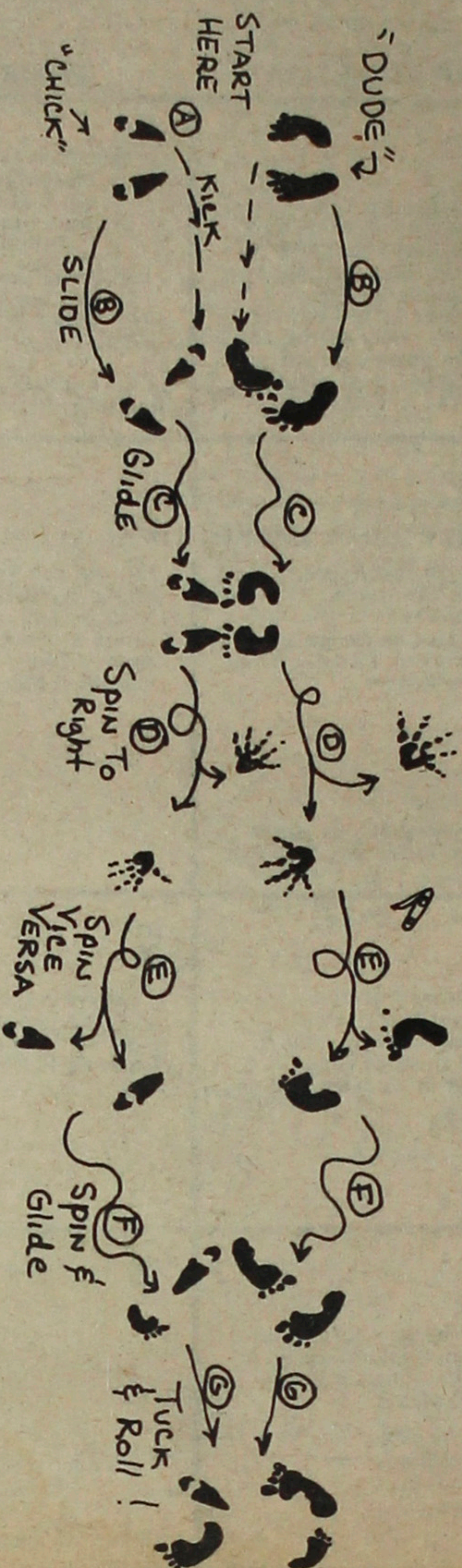
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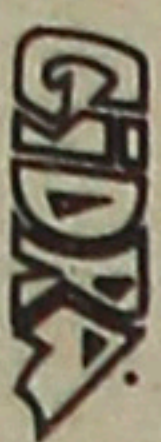
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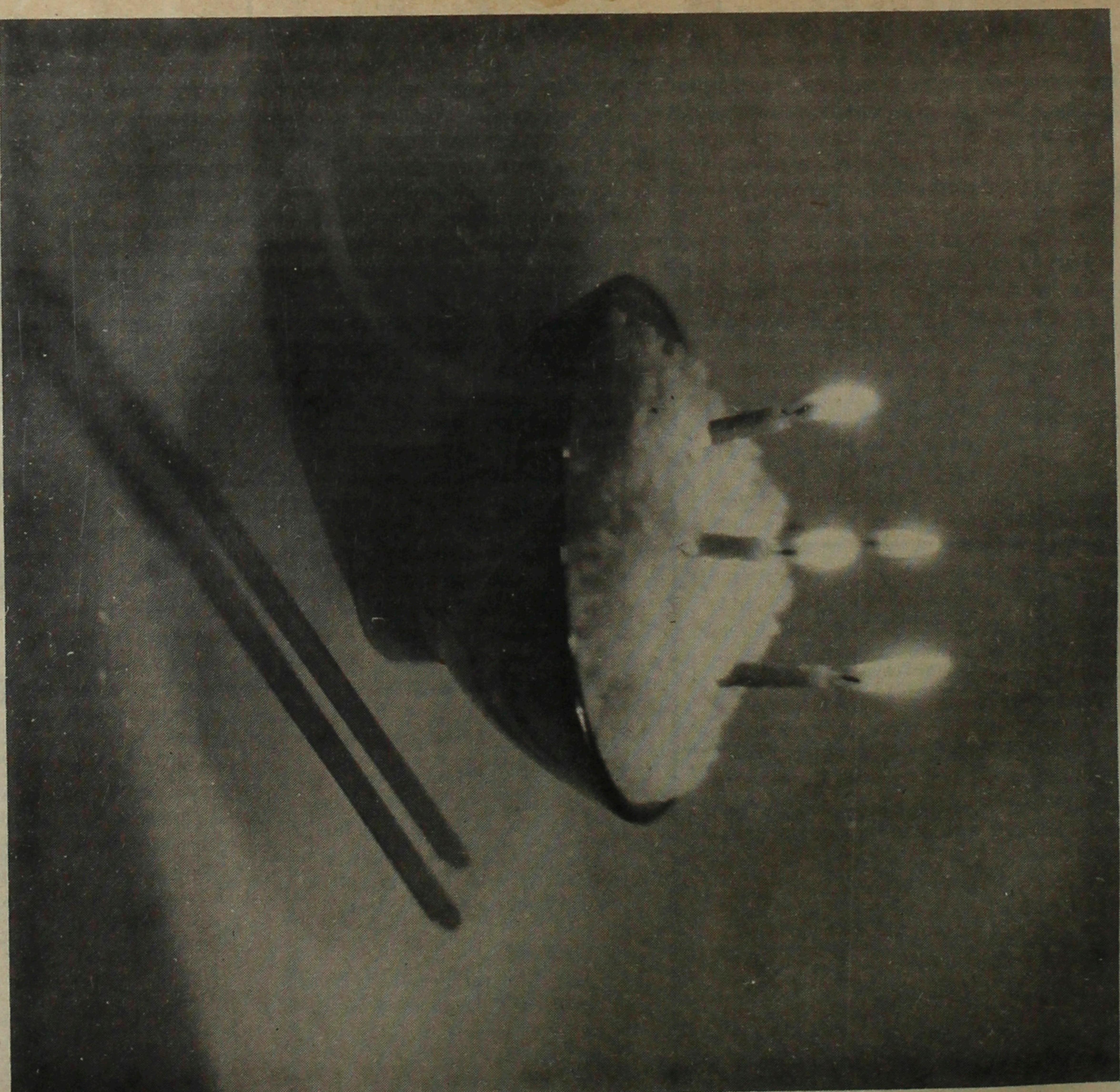
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