EASTWIND

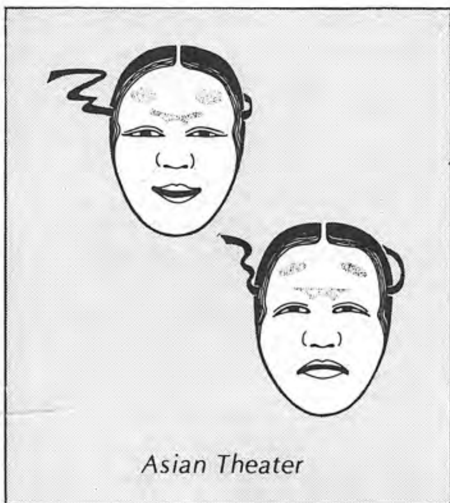
Politics and Culture of Asians in the U.S.

Vol. I, No. 1

Spring/Summer 1982

Page 4

Page 18



Asian Theater

Page 44

ARTICLES

2 **Introducing EAST WIND** *by Eddie Wong*

4 **"What do you know about the camps, you weren't even born yet!"** *by Evelyn Yoshimura*
A Sansei view on the WWII incarceration of Japanese Americans
Gambare! *by Miya Iwataki*

9 **A Time to Reclaim our History** *by Gordon H. Chang*
The 100th Anniversary of the Chinese Exclusion Act

12 **Asian Women: Past, Present and Future** *by Yuri Kochiyama*

15 **Fighting Racism at the NEW YORK TIMES** *by Sasha Hohri*
Wanted: Asian Journalists

16 **Asian American Studies in Action** *by Butch Wing*
Profile of Professor Ray Lou

18 **Aloha 'Āina (Love of the Land)** *by Tracy Takano*
The Struggle for Land and Power in Hawai'i

22 **Marcos' New Republic in Crisis** *by Masao Suzuki*

41 **Chol Soo Lee Retrial** *by Ranko Yamada*

SPECIAL FOCUS

25 **Personal Reflections on the Asian National Movements** *by May Chen, Philip Vera Cruz, Happy Lim, Lori Leong, Lillian Nakano, Alan Nishio and Wes Senzaki*

CULTURAL FEATURES

42 **Not on the Menu** *by Corky Lee*
A photo essay

44 **Asian Americans in Theater — East and West Coast: Interviews with Tisa Chang and Mako**

49 **Made in Oakland** *by Janet Miyoko Tsubamoto*
Artwork

52 **Bewildered** *by Louis H. Chu*
A short story

58 **Poetry:**
abc: a poem in three parts *by Lydia Lowe*
living in the world *by Alan Lau*
Okayu *by Richard Oyama*
Dream of a River *by Happy Lim*
And There Will Be Good People *by G.T. Wong*
Warrior: The Woman Farm Worker *by Luna*
To a Beloved Friend, on Parting *by Clarita Roja*

Cover *by Janet Miyoko Tsubamoto*

FROM THE EDITOR

Introducing EAST WIND Vol. I, No. 1

If you've ever driven from L.A. to Sacramento, you know that it's one of the most boring trips imaginable. I-5 is as flat as a pancake and as hot as a griddle. A few years ago, when I was making a film about Asians in the Sacramento River Delta, I made the trip several times. I would head up north late in the evening, cruising along with the radio blasting. Hours passed, but there were still miles to go and darkness all around.

It's a tedious drive but not without a special allure. Something beautiful starts to happen by the time you reach Coalinga. A thin ribbon of light peeks over the horizon giving life and shape to the silent rows of crops; light blueish hues erode the thick darkness. Then the sun bursts through ripping open the sky with brilliant yellow light radiating warmth and energy. And everything changes. It's a new day, and all things seem possible. Damn, it's a great feeling! And that's how I'm feeling now.

Here it is — *EAST WIND*, Volume I, Number 1. It's also a new beginning and one with, I hope, all the promise of a new dawn.

Although *EAST WIND* is a new publication, it's part of a long and rich legacy of Asian American newspapers and magazines. Some of us have worked on *Gidra*, *Getting Together*, *Bridge Magazine*, *UNITY* newspaper and other newspapers and journals. Among the contributors to *EAST WIND* are writers, artists, and organizers whose roots go back to the very beginning of the contemporary Asian American Movement and others who have been organizing Asian working people since the 1930's. Other contributors are brand new to the Movement. Regardless of our backgrounds, we share a common purpose: to express Asian pride, to expose the truth about our conditions in America, and to help unite Asian people to fight for justice and equality.

A large part of this magazine's editorial perspective reflects our background in the early Asian Movement of the '60s and '70s. We named our magazine *EAST WIND* because these words have a special meaning for anyone who was involved then. The expression comes from a speech given by Chinese communist leader Mao Zedong in 1957. In the midst of the Cold War, Mao characterized the international situation as " . . . East Wind prevailing over the West Wind. That is to say, the forces of socialism have become overwhelmingly superior to the forces of imperialism." The East Wind represented revolution and social progress, and many Asians in America too felt the power of those ideals and believed in the possibility for a better world. We were inspired by the emergence of socialist China. We identified with our Asian brothers and sisters in Southeast Asia who bravely resisted annihilation by the U.S. war machine. We, too, were part of the "East Wind," part of all that stood for fighting against imperialism and building a just and equal society. We, too, would stand alongside our Black, Chicano, Native American, Puerto Rican brothers and sisters and all oppressed people to change this imperialist system.

And Asians from coast to coast began checking each other out. "Hey, brother, Hey sister. What's happenin'? Say, what's goin' on? Right on! Power to the People!" It's really hard to capture the spirit of those wild and bodacious times, to describe the electricity generated in that moment of collective recognition of our beauty, power and strength.

The days of the early Asian Movement have passed into history, but we will never forget what brought us together and continue to learn from those struggles.

Today, the Asian national movements face a new situation with complex questions. *EAST WIND* exists to help shed some light on these issues. Great changes have taken place. The Asian and Pacific Islander population has doubled in ten years since the 1970 Census. New Asian immigrants who were driven from their homelands in the aftermath of war — Vietnamese, Cambodians, Laotians, Burmese — have arrived by the thousands and are painfully undergoing an adjustment to this radically different society. Huge increases in the immigration of Chinese from Southeast Asia, the People's Republic of China, Hong Kong and Taiwan have brought a new generation of immigrants to Chinatowns across America. Over the last ten years, Pilipinos and Koreans have come to America and established new Asian communities. And there has also been an increase in the number of Pacific Islanders — Samoans, Guamanians,

Micronesians — settling in the U.S.

In future issues, we hope to deepen our knowledge and understanding of the many Asian and Pacific Islander nationalities in the U.S. today.

Besides examining the myriad changes, *EAST WIND* will take a stand on the issues of the day. We know all too well from our own experience that conditions are worsening for Asian and Pacific peoples as they are for all minorities and the poor. Working people and the poor are being squeezed by economic hardships further exacerbated by the Reagan administration's rampant military spending and pro-big business policies. Asians along with other minorities see the fruits of past struggles being snatched back. We see affirmative action policies gutted by new government edicts; bilingual/bicultural education under attack; and social services slashed to the bone.

The signs are all too clear for greater repression against "dissidents" and "uppity Third World folk who don't know their place." Nearly 200 members of Congress have signed House Resolution 48 which calls for the reestablishment of the House Internal Security Committee, the successor of the notorious House Un-American Activities Committee. Provisions in the new Immigration Act provide for massive detention camps for "aliens," and indeed these already exist for thousands of Haitian and Cuban refugees.

The reactionary trend in government policies only gives the green light for racist scum like the Klan and other racist thugs to firebomb a Chinese theater in Monterey Park, California, and burn crosses in Seadrift, Texas, to drive out Vietnamese shrimpers. The cry of "Yellow Peril" is being revived in the anti-Japanese imports campaign and in the slanders against the "hordes" of new Asian immigrants.

These are dangerous times, but the situation is not without hope. If we have learned anything from Asian American history, it is that Asians have resisted, have survived, and can unite. All across the country, Asians are on the move! On the campuses, students are fighting against the loss of Ethnic Studies and resisting fee hikes and the abandonment of special admissions programs. In the Chinese community, the people are confronting urban redevelopment and gentrification which threatens to wipe out our communities, going out on rent strikes to protest intolerable housing conditions, organizing against restrictions on Asian immigration, and trying to save needed social services and arts funding. Thousands of Japanese Americans have mounted a militant, nationwide campaign for redress and reparations for their World War II internment in U.S. concentration camps. At the work place, Asian workers are forming caucuses to protect their rights to unionization and to organize their nonunion brothers and sisters who slave away under forced overtime, low pay, and lack of benefits. And Asians in the professions and business continue to fight against discrimination in hiring and promotion. All of this points to the continuity and growth of the Asian national movements.

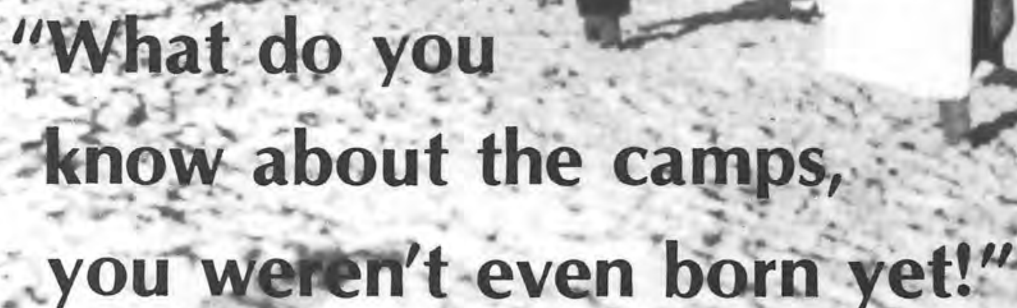
EAST WIND magazine can play an important role in this process of building the Asian national movements. We need a popular, progressive magazine to publicize these important issues and movements in our communities and bring them before a broad audience. We hope that *EAST WIND* can become a vehicle for communication among the many different sectors of the Asian national movements.

Finally, *EAST WIND* stands for the unity of Asian people, for without unity, our efforts will remain scattered and weak. While there may be different views on how to achieve full equality and political power and different approaches to strategies and tactics, there should be a united effort around many issues and concerns. In the spirit of encouraging dialogue and debate, *EAST WIND*, while advocating a point of view, is open to views contrary to our own. While we may differ on particular questions and issues, we have a common interest in advancing the cause of Asian people, in protecting our rights, and in winning new social, political and economic gains for our people. Thus, we encourage our readers to write letters, contribute articles and give us feedback. Please write to us if you have topics that you would like us to cover or articles that you wish to contribute.

It is hard to say what will happen in the days ahead. When you turn on the evening news, there's always some new atrocity being cooked up by President Reagan and his ruling class buddies. Publishing this magazine perhaps just adds one more cry of protest. And if this be the case, let it be one mighty yell! There's a powerful message here — Asian people must unite! We are determined to win justice and equality! Join us. A new East Wind is on the rise! Pass it on. □

Eddie Wong

A Sansei view on the WWII incarceration of Japanese Americans



"What do you know about the camps, you weren't even born yet!"

Evelyn Yoshimura

Some people ask me, a Sansei, why I am so concerned about the camps. After all, it didn't really affect me — I wasn't even born yet. But as far back as I can remember, my parents, relatives and their friends would always make references to "before camp," "during camp," "after camp." There were never any actual feelings expressed, but I knew it was a significant event in their lives. I remember seeing pictures of my parents, aunts and uncles and their friends, all looking very young, smiling for picture taking with usually one of the young men in an army uniform. All of them were standing in front of what looked like a shack, with sandy dirt below their feet.

I was born in Denver, Colorado, three or four years after my family left camp in Poston, Arizona. We returned to Los Angeles when I was three years old, and settled in the Crenshaw area. I can remember when we tried to buy a house. The people flat out told us they didn't want "Japs" in the area.

But during this time, there were profound changes happening across the country. Black people were building up the Civil Rights Movement and taking a stand against discrimination in housing and other areas of life. So by the time I was in junior high school, Crenshaw was about ⅓ Japanese and other Asians, ⅓ Black and ⅓ white.

My family was really active in the Buddhist Church. At church I would really feel good, like I truly belonged, and I learned a lot about my culture and identity. But sometimes, outside of church, I would feel a little uneasy, because Buddhism seemed sort of "strange" or "exotic" to my non-Japanese friends.

Even though the Japanese community had an identity, we were still greatly affected by the "white is better" philosophy of the American culture. My girlfriends and I used to put scotch tape over our eyes to make them look bigger; people with very Asian eyes were made fun of. Having a white boyfriend or girlfriend was seen as a status symbol. And at that time, it would make both Asian men and women feel resentful, and not quite up to par.

Drugs, fighting, alienation — these were ways we expressed our frustrations. At that time, I didn't understand why Japanese Americans stuck together so much, concentrated in our communities. It seemed so provincial. I thought the problems that existed in our communities were a result of us sticking together.

When I went to college, in the late '60s, I looked forward to getting away from the Nikkei community. But it was really a cultural shock. I met white people who had never seen a Third World person before in the flesh, and they would have all these wild stereotypes. I met Asians who had little or no contact with other Asians. I noticed that sometimes while walking through campus, Asians upon meeting each other, would look the other way or even walk in the other direction.

Then the profound rumblings taking place making big changes in the

country began affecting the college campuses. The Third World Strikes at U.C. Berkeley and San Francisco State gave rise to Asians and other Third World people in every college demanding Ethnic Studies that would teach us our true history; special admissions that would make up for years of discrimination; and demands that the colleges teach an education that was relevant to Third World communities.

It was within this context that I began to learn about the World War II concentration camps that my parents, grandfather, aunts and uncles and oldest brother were imprisoned in. Forced evacuation and imprisonment of Japanese Americans was a culmination of over 50 years of racism against Nikkei from the day the first Japanese workers set foot in the U.S. I began to learn about the details of this brutality that led to the evacuation. And I began to understand all of the seemingly isolated events in my own life when seen as part of a larger story of Nikkei people's uphill struggle against 100 years of racist laws and racist terror. Then things began to fall into place.

The World War II concentration camps ripped apart the fabric of the Nikkei community, destroying the cohesion and survival network built over 50 years of struggling in racist America. The evacuation pitted one group against the other, splitting the unity that was needed to effectively respond to this attack, with questions of loyalty to the U.S., to Japan and especially loyalty to each other.

The barbed wire left a deep gash in the flesh of Nikkei that still aches today, 40 years later. Nikkei have the highest rate of alcoholism of any Asian/Pacific group; we have a very high rate of high blood pressure and heart disease, resulting in the premature deaths of many Nisei. Doctors in the Japanese American community feel that these stress related elements are a result of the evacuation and the burden that people have had to bear all these years.

There is very high drug abuse among our youth. In 1970, 31 Sansei in Los Angeles overdosed on drugs. In work done around that time with many of these youths, a reoccurring theme was a lack of positive identity. They made comments like, "My parents don't hug and kiss me the way parents do on TV. I don't think they really love me."

In less than three generations, we have almost lost our language. Not only do an overwhelming number of Sansei not understand or speak Japanese, but many of their Nisei parents don't either. These and other problems are hidden and neglected because of the myth that Japanese Americans are "doin' fine."

These seemingly isolated problems can be better understood when seen as a policy of forced assimilation directed at Nikkei people, beginning with the mass and brutal uprooting of a whole people into the camps or forced inland; the destruction of the community structure and leadership; and the conditions of leaving the camps. We were told to stay away from other Japanese; we were told to take on habits accep-

UNITY Newspaper

Manzanar Pilgrimage 1979

UNITY Newspaper

UNITY Newspaper

(Left) Day of Remembrance March. Los Angeles, Feb., 1982. (Right) Toni Morozumi of Concerned Japanese Americans — New York, testifying at the commission hearing. November, 1981.

table to white America.

But despite the odds, Nikkei people still returned after the war to rebuild our communities. Many chose to avoid the West Coast, wanting to blend in so they could not be singled out again. In the past 20 years, many of these Nikkei have returned to Nikkei communities on the West Coast.

I began to understand that Japanese American communities are the foundations of power and support. The community provides an environment to resist assimilation, which instead of offering equality, makes us give up our culture and identity. But just living together in the community is not enough. We have to fight actively for equality.

And in the past few years, there is a definite resurgence of pride, identity and interest in our cultural history. Japanese American history classes have been initiated in the community by groups of varying ages and interests. The film, *Hito Hata: Raise the Banner,* dramatizing the Issei struggle against the racist environment, has drawn phenomenal responses in the Nikkei communities. In places like Denver, Fresno and other cities people will drive from miles around to see the film. In Boston, Nikkei from the entire New England area came to see the film.

But perhaps the single most important development in building Japanese pride and identity is the movement for reparations and justice. A forty year silence is being broken, and people are coming forward to speak their bitterness, to demand justice and compensation for the brutality and cruelty of the evacuation. The recent Commission hearings held across the country have been a powerful outpouring of anger, pain, humiliation which is being turned into strength, unity and action to reclaim our destiny and future as a people. As one person from Gardena testified, "After 40 years, only now are we finally getting out of camp."

The government commission is currently preparing a recommendation to Congress on remedies for the evacuation and internment. We are working now in the reparations movement to continue to pressure the commission to make a strong and just recommendation. Also, Nikkei are building momentum and support for a legislative bill for direct appropriations.

But beyond these things, the reparations movement has already been victorious in activating and uniting broad sectors of our community. This movement has activated those who have never marched in a demonstration before and those who have never spoken out in public. It is activating people who were involved in the previous struggles for Ethnic Studies and against drug abuse, but who have since become less active. It has begun to unite a long divided community, with World War II veterans of the 442nd marching and working alongside Nikkei revolutionaries. Sansei law students are working on committees with 70 year old gardeners. Parents are finally beginning to tell their children what the U.S. government did to them and together, we are fighting for justice.

This movement represents a resurgence of our pride and dignity as a people. When our children and grandchildren ask us what we did about the camps, we can say proudly, we fought with all our hearts for justice and reparations.

The reparations movement also represents a chance to set the story straight about who the Nikkei people really are: we have not all "made it;" we are not all rich; we are not all professionals. As of the 1970 census, 20% of our Issei senior citizens were living below the poverty level; ⅔ of our community is part of the working class. The 1980 figures have yet to be released, but we all know that the economic situation is not getting any better. In fact, things are getting much worse.

We have much in common with other Third World people in the U.S. Our demands for reparations are part of a larger struggle to win justice and equality for all Third World people in the U.S. Thus, our movement reaches out to Japanese people, other oppressed nationalities, and all people

who support justice and equality.

The reparations movement is an effort to unite Nikkei to gain political power. The power we seek, however, is not for a few wealthy Japanese who claim to represent us only to climb on our backs and look down on other minorities and laboring people who built our communities.

In order to get real power and equality, we must fight for fundamental change. The racism and greed that put our people into the camps is no accident. This country was built on the slavery of Black people, the genocide of Native American people and the theft of their lands, the subjugation of Chicanos and the contract labor of Asians and other more recent immigrants from the Third World.

I can see now that the suffering that racism has caused me and my people will end only when we stand up as a people, taking our place alongside other nationalities and working people to overturn this greedy, misery-producing system of capitalism. We need to create a new system not based on profits for a few, but on a better life for the many, a society where Japanese and other oppressed nationalities are free to exist and develop freely. □

Evelyn Yoshimura *is a longtime activist in the Japanese community. She works at the Little Tokyo Service Center and lives with her husband and daughter in Los Angeles' Crenshaw neighborhood.*

Gambare!

The sting of evacuation
pierces the cozy unity
    of the Terminal Island community.
48 hours
to pack 48 years
    of life.
Fathers first!

"To take care
of her husband's affair
was just too overwhelming. . .
so she just sat down and cried."

Cry, Terminal Island woman, cry.
Your time will come.

Curfews on distance and time
carpetbaggers ripping off your last dime
no one gave you a chance
stealing your life
for a song and a dance.

Cry, Terminal Island woman, cry
Your time will come.

In the dead of night
silent buses steal innocent families
    and unsuspecting children
towards barren and desolate destinations.
With shades discreetly drawn
    shrouding passenger windows
so as not to offend the sensibilities
    of sleeping white citizens.

Endless clouds of dust
a whirling dervish of escaped dreams
    slipping thru floors cracked
    under the burden of broken hearts
and seeping into weeping barracks —
secret storehouses of stolen lives.

And guards, everywhere, guards
to protect us from the hostile white citizenry.

But wait! Look!
Guns pointed *at* us!
Wait! No! No!!
Hiroshi-San!
hiroshi-san
My brother
They killed my brother.

Cry, Terminal Island woman
Your lament rings from
    Manzanar/Poston/Gila
    Heart Mountain/Topaz/Minidoka
    Tule Lake/Jerome/Rohwer/Amache
Cry, my people
then cry no more.
Our time has come.

The Iranian hostages are home!
Yellow ribbons fluttering amidst parades
    of happiness and patriotism.

Yellow ribbons flying high amidst waves
of national unity and love.

The Jap-anese hostages are home!
Yellow banners waving greetings of
hatred, hostility, and blame.

The heroic 442nd Battalion is home!
No banners, just silence
to cover racism and hidden shame.
No work, no money, no home
no Japs allowed!!

She lost her sons in the war
So what, she's a Jap!

He always expressed loyalty and respect for this country
So what, he's a Jap!

My god, let her play! She's only a little girl
So what, she's a Jap!

They're very clean people, they do excellent work
So what, they're Japs!

But Dad, I love him
So what, he's a Jap!

Today a commission
sits on high
expecting the emission
of a sigh
representing the submission
of a shy, shy
laid back community
which, to their surprise
stands together in unity
once again on the rise
once again on the rise.

Hayakawa, that has been banana
sings, in Amerikan, "Oh Susannah"
safely hidden in Cana-
duh. . . What's up Doc?
Prescribing high dosage semantics
to cure the spewing of truth.

Dance, Chiquita Hayakawa, dance
Your time has come!

One by one, with empathy, support, and pride
we told our story
in spite of those who tried
to cut us off
cut us short
cut us out
once again imposing limits of distance and time
now instead of 48 hours
to pack away 48 years
they gave us *5* minutes
to pack *4* years of indignities
and *40* years of private hells
and expect us to put up with old lady
dyed hair, foul-mouth racists?!
Our people spoke louder still!
Presidential apologies won't pay my bill!!

One by one, with empathy, support and pride
filling the hearing room
spilling out into the halls
willing each other the strength to go on

welling up with anger, and
swelling with pride
as Issei and Nisei stood up and testified
testified
testified.

Breaking language barriers
taking painful memories out of a dusty past
ridden with horse stalls and tar paper shacks.
Breaking a 40-year silence
guarded by barbed wire and *gaman.*
And with each testimony my heart
stood up and shouted
Gambare! Don't give up the struggle!!
And I think they heard.

One by one, with empathy, support, and pride
spiritually, each at the other's side
Issei, Nisei, Sansei testified
testified
testified.
And, with one voice, proclaimed loud and clear
the time for reparations is here!!

Miya Iwataki

Contributing Editor Miya Iwataki *is the Development Director at KPFK Radio in Los Angeles and a member of Pacific Asian Women Writers West.*

The 100th Anniversary of the Chinese Exclusion Act

A Time To Reclaim Our History

Gordon H. Chang

Nothing more symbolizes the racist treatment of Chinese in the U.S. than the 1882 Chinese Exclusion Act. One hundred years ago, Congress enacted legislation that added Chinese workers to prostitutes and imbeciles as undesirable elements prohibited from entering the U.S.

It was the first exclusionary immigration act based solely on nationality. Its affect on the Chinese of America was profound as it was on all Asians when the Act was expanded in subsequent years.

On this centennial anniversary of the passage of the Act, it is highly appropriate to review this history as there is discussion now taking place in government circles concerning a new immigration bill that will seriously hurt thousands of Asians and others in the country. Politicians are discussing elimination of the 5th preference immigration category which, if abolished, would end a main avenue a U.S. citizen can utilize to bring overseas brothers and sisters into the U.S. as permanent residents.

The Exclusion Act and follow-up bills terminated large-scale immigration of Chinese into the U.S. for some 80 years. But perhaps even more significant was the Act's other main provision which prohibited Chinese from becoming naturalized citizens of the U.S. They were labeled "aliens ineligible for citizenship," a status that brought a wide range of other restrictions (such as prohibitions of land ownership in many states, limitation of the right of *habeas corpus*), relegating Chinese to an officially inferior status, deprived of even the most

San Francisco Chinatown. Early 1900's.

New York Chinatown demonstration against the Japanese invasion of China.

basic rights.

The intention of such legislation was not to simply limit further entry of Chinese into the country but to drive them entirely from the U.S. By 1924 it was even illegal for a U.S. citizen to bring a Chinese wife into America. The Chinese population here dropped from close to 200,000 in 1900 to just around 60,000 in 1930.

The record of atrocities against the Chinese in America is long indeed. It includes legal discrimination as well as anti-Chinese massacres. But accompanying this history is a widespread belief that the Chinese just passively accepted this fate. Perhaps outraged or insulted as victims but always the "long-suffering Chinese."

But this conception is not so much real as contrived by those who wish to have Chinese and other Asians themselves believe in the myth of passivity and not take heart from the actual history of Chinese who fought for justice and equality. For too long, historians and commentators of the Asian experience in America have ignored the Chinese as participants in the making of history. It is time that the Chinese-as-hapless-victim go join the happy-go-lucky-slave and other racist conceptions.

Soon after the 1882 Act, Chinese tried to oppose the discriminatory measures through the courts. Fong Yue Ting sued the government all the way up to the Supreme Court. Another Chinese, Look Tin Sing, successfully fought to have U.S.-born Chinese recognized as citizens with full rights. Other Chinese pressured the Chinese government to protest the immigration acts as these fell in the bounds of diplomatic concerns.

But many became disillusioned with legal processes and diplomatic dancing. They recognized that political and mass pressure was necessary to influence the judicial system and because the Chinese had few avenues of traditional recourse to press for righting grievances, they took other approaches. In 1892, when Washington demanded all Chinese to register with the federal government, over 85,000 individuals boycotted the requirements under threat of deportation. The mass boycott was so successful that the government had to modify its policies.

Later in May, 1905, Chinese in the U.S., China and around the world boycotted goods of American companies in protest of another anti-Chinese immigration law.

Over the next year, the $50 million U.S. trade with China was cut 50-70% due to the movement. It became such an international issue that President Roosevelt had to issue an executive order directing immigration authorities to cease "arbitrary" mistreatment and abuse of the Chinese. This attempt to defuse the issue though was not successful and the protest continued. It was only when the Manchu government in China felt that the boycott was becoming too radical that it stepped in and suppressed the protest. The acquiescent and even collaborationist stance of the Chinese government with regards to the American immigration laws and treatment of Chinese impelled many Chinese in the U.S. to look for ways to change the administration in China.

Thus, in the early 20th century, thousands actively supported the great reform movement led by K'ang Yu-wei and Liang Ch'i-ch'ao in China. The aim of this drive was to remove the most stubborn feudal elements in the Manchu court and modernize the country. By 1904 the American section of the reform movement claimed 103 branches with a membership of some 10,000.

Later when it became evident that the reform movement would not be successful, increasing numbers of Chinese in the U.S. joined the ranks of Sun Yat-sen's revolutionary movement. During his trips to the U.S. in 1896, 1904 and 1910, Sun collected money, material aid and other forms of support for his attempts to overthrow the Manchu government. Supporters of Sun even established over

20 military schools in the U.S. to train young Chinese to return to fight against feudalism and imperialism. And it is critical to recognize that this passion to affect the course of events in China was directly connected to the brutal treatment Chinese faced in America. It was reasoned that as long as the Chinese nation itself was degraded by foreign powers, the treatment of those of Chinese ancestry overseas could never qualitatively improve.

Due to the recent efforts of many people, the record of Chinese experiences at the immigration depot on Angel Island in the San Francisco Bay is becoming more well known. During its 30 years of operation, this processing station gained a reputation as a hell hole for Chinese and other Asians who were interrogated and mistreated there before being allowed into the country. Some were locked up for two years while their fate was deliberated by the authorities.

But it is also now becoming known that the indignities suffered by the Chinese on the island were not endured in silence. Chinese kept in the depot formed a group known as the Angel Island Liberty Association which sought assistance to expose the mistreatment. Anger at the detention even broke out in the open as in a 1925 rebellion involving 200 individuals. Subsequently the authorities modified their activities to try to prevent another such occurrence.

The wooden walls of Angel Island's depot still speak to us today of the feelings in the hearts of those kept in the cells. Inscribed poems tell us of the dreams, hurts and hopes for revenge that the Chinese intensely felt.

Just as every people's history is marked by activities that differ due to the class and social position of its participants, so does the Chinese-American experience have a diversity of responses to the anti-Chinese record. We have in the 20th century activists like Ng Poon Chew, the founder of the first significant daily Chinese language newspaper in 1900 and a Christian minister who traveled the country campaigning for the rights of the Chinese. He argued personally with President Theodore Roosevelt for a more lenient policy, and he publicly debated the right-wing labor aristocrat Samuel Gompers who wanted to send all Chinese back to China.

Ng Poon Chew as a middle-class reformer placed great hopes on convincing political figures that the Chinese were no threat to the country. He simply wanted the Chinese to have an "equal opportunity."

But others from the laboring classes did not share the sort of faith in individual effort held by Ng Poon Chew. Rather they sought out the power of organization to advance the interests of the Chinese against government discrimination and social inequality.

Some activists joined the Communist Party, USA, or organizations based in the Chinese communities associated with the left-wing. They linked their struggle for a change in their status with the future of the working class and a radical transformation of American society. Groups such as the Chinese Workers Mutual Aid Association, the East Coast Chinese Hand Laundry Alliance, or the more student oriented Chinese-American Democratic Youth League combined an avid interest in the Chinese revolution with efforts to improve the position of Chinese in America.

Despite the considerable distance between leaders like Ng Poon Chew and the socialist-minded workers of the Chinese community, they shared a commonality. They all faced a social system that denied them basic equality and reminded them day in and day out that they had to struggle simply to remain human.

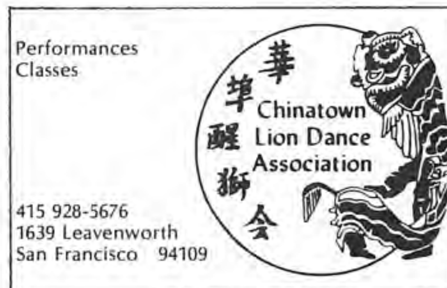
Despite formidable odds, the Chinese in America were persistent in their efforts to gain justice. The anti-Chinese immigration laws were a prime target of their anger for decades, and the anguish as well as protest against these restrictions run as a red current through the history. It is not enough for the Chinese-Americans of today to look back and quietly empathize with those who have suffered before us, for we should also look back and see their courage, creativity and determination. To do anything less belittles our predecessors, but also diminishes ourselves.

Now 100 years after the Chinese Exclusion Act, the racist anti-Chinese immigration laws have been removed from the books. As a result of the efforts of many people and changing circumstances, Washington slowly altered its official policies, which no longer overtly discriminate on the basis of race or nationality.

But while the targets of the struggle have changed, the nature of the problem remains. National oppression is woven into the fabric of capitalist America, and the mounting anti-Asian sentiment seen in the country today testifies to this.

There is work to be done. □

Contributing Editor **Gordon Chang** *is a professor of Chinese history and the Coordinator of Asian American Studies at Laney College in Oakland, California.*



Asian Women: Past, Present and Future

by Yuri Kochiyama

Yuri Kochiyama has been a prominent activist in the Asian and Third World movement for many years. Her involvement in the anti-war movement, community struggles, redress/reparations, workers organizing and international liberation support work has earned her the respect of thousands of people. On March 7, 1981, she delivered this keynote address to the East Coast Asian Student Union's Asian Women's Conference held at Mt. Holyoke College.

* * *

Thank you for the opportunity and privilege of being here with you. We as Asian women are here, I think, for several reasons: 1) to get to know one another, have dialogue with each other, feel good vibes of mutual concern and unity; 2) to explore who we are, have been and where we would like to go as Asian women, as Third World women, international women and just plain women; 3) to seriously consider questions like: What brought about stereotypes? What has been the history of Asian women? Are we subservient to societal forces, traditions, trends? What should we oppose; what should we support? Where are we now? What are our needs? In a constantly changing world, priorities change as new problems develop. Strategies and tactics must change as assessments become clearer. Minority women's rights and general women's rights must be placed in proper perspective.

We must also realistically realize that the era of visibly recognizable Asian women in the United States may be only for a few more generations. A large percent of Asian women are marrying non-Asians and their heirs may not look that Asian, but a woman's most personal rights are the right to choose one's mate and the right to procreate when she desires or is ready to do so.

Also, the large influx of Asian refugees must be our concern, for the problems they will face in this country should not be shouldered by themselves alone. We, as Asians and as concerned women, must keep abreast of their needs and adjustment.

Thus, my topic will be: "Asian women, past, present and future." Let's begin with our past. Whether our backgrounds take us back to China, Korea, Japan, the Philippines, India, Southeast Asia, Indonesia, Hawaii or other Pacific Islands — we all come from a history of feudalism, foreign domination, colonialism, Asian national traditions, Western chauvinism and racism. That's a whole lot of oppression.

All of our mothers knew the meaning of obedience, subservience, and knowing their place in both a male dominated and a racist society. Women's place worldwide, but especially in Asia, was/is second class. A quotation from India reads: "Man is gold. Woman is only an earthen vessel."

We must admit that such inequities are part of our Asian heritage, but it does not have to remain so. We must recognize that all heritage and traditions are not necessarily something to be proud of. We must continually discard what is confining or harmful and create what is beneficial, useful, broadening and humane. But the other side of the coin of the feudal period — and other eras mentioned — was constant struggle against injustices. Women in Asia as well as women in the Third World and everywhere have never ceased in their struggles.

Today, that struggle continues even in this so-called democracy where inequities, injustices, exploitation and racism persist. New ideas and lifestyles must improve the quality of life not only for women but for men, children, everyone.

However, there are Asian traditions that we can continue and hold on to: the deep respect for the elderly; the preciousness of children; the appreciation of nature; the proximity to the soil (land); and the reverence for the ancestors.

The bamboo has always been the symbol for the Asians — men and women. It's gracefulness and strength — able to bend with the wind; resilient but unbreakable; rooted in the solid ground.

It sounds nice, but today, we cannot deal in simple analogies and symbolism. Women in Asia are coming together, joining hands on problems they consider mutual. One of the struggles that liberated women of Japan are fighting against — along with women of Korea, Taiwan, Philippines, Okinawa and Thailand — is

the growing sexploitation by Japanese businessmen who travel to those mentioned countries. The problem is so serious that progressive Asian leaders have publicly condemned Japanese prostitution tourism which has been booming in the 1970's. One Pilipino leader stated that this perpetration of a social evil is like a "sexual invasion of Imperial soldiers wearing civilian clothes." This immoral indulgence has expanded to Sri Lanka and Nepal.

Prostitution tourism is a classic example of the distorted political/economic relationship between capitalism and exploitation of women; and the social aspect of the violations of human rights meaning women's rights and women's dignity.

We are now in the 1980's. As Asian American women we have graduated from identity crisis to community organizing to Third World interaction to study groups, political education to supporting international liberation struggles. Much water has gone under the bridge. Asian awareness was born during the fight for Ethnic Studies twelve years ago and flowered during the Viet Nam War when we proudly marched in Asian contingents on both the West and East Coast in support of our Asian sisters and brothers in Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia.

In 1971, two historic meetings took place in Canada, one in Vancouver, the other in Toronto . . . the Indochinese Women's Conference where several dozen Asian women along with several hundred Third World and white women from North America met with six unforgettable, indomitable women from Indochina; revolutionary women whose courage, spirit and warmth all struck the North Americans with a humanity and humility. Perhaps, these women — who were teachers, doctors, housewives, mothers, workers, all who worked collectively in the struggle (one who spent six years in the Tiger cages and survived) — brought with them the profoundest meaning or the best of Asian womanhood. It was a combination of gentility with strength, zeal with patience, commitment with understanding.

For most North American women who attended, it was the most moving event of that time. It was an international, transcontinental exchange during the height of the war, when North American women learned about the horrors and heroics that a cruel, unrelenting war could evoke; and Southeast Asian women heard for the first time the history of the Black, Native American, Chicano, Puerto Rican and Asian experience in America. What an impact these women must have made on one another.

Unforgettable, too, was that the planning for the conference had to be done clandestinely for fear that the U.S. government would stop the women from attending this momentous event.

Visual Communications

The Asian contingent in an anti-war march, Los Angeles, 1971

We are here today at another women's conference. We did not cross oceans to gather. We do not need translators. There is nothing clandestine about this gathering. It is not an international meeting. But, this conference of East Coast Asian women can be meaningful, educational and have its own kind of impact. We are living in a very serious period of national retrogression with domestic policies, budget cuts and media control already closing avenues of special social, cultural outlets such as this. It is to your credit that this conference got off the ground, and that Asian women made an effort to attend. A couple of years from now, there may not be any more Asian or Third World gatherings. Asian Studies itself is being iced out across the country along with other ethnic studies. In New York, only City College and Hunter College have a few courses. In event that these meetings are halted, we must think of some kind of communication links in the future.

The Bakke and Weber cases made mileages for U.S. domestic policies against affirmative action, not only in education but in work places. We must fight to keep the gains made in the '60s.

Ethnic ties, ethnic unity and ethnic organizing have to give rise to ethnic creativity and talent. We Asians can be proud of the number of Asian women artists, writers, poets, singers, dancers, musicians, photographers, film makers. Women like — Nobuko Miyamoto, Chris Choy, Fay Chiang, Roberta Uno, Camillia Ry Wong, Diane Mark, Ginger Chih, Mitsu Yashima, Nelly Wong, Kazu Iijima, Nancy Hom, Renee Tajima, Hisaye Desoto, Janice Mirikitani, Grace Lee Boggs and others. Art is not for art's sake. For people's artists, art is for people's sake.

Internationally, we live in a world where all peoples and nations are interdependent. The oppression of any nation or people must be the concern

Congratulations!

to

EASTWIND magazine

from

the Japanese Community Progressive Alliance

and

Little Tokyo People's Rights Organization.

Subscribe to our newspaper, the NIKKEI-SENTINEL, a part of the growing unity between JCPA and LTPRO

Contact:
LTPRO
244 So. San Pedro St. Room 406
Los Angeles, CA 90012

or

JCPA
1858 Sutter St.
San Francisco, CA 94115

Best Wishes *EAST WIND*

Full Equality for Chinese People!

Chinese Progressive Association

737A Grant Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 956-9055

Chinatown Neighborhood Improvement Resource Center 415-391-4133

華埠改進協助社

Chinese Community Housing Corporation

社區住屋發展處

615 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94108
• (415) 981-8645

of all. Today, as we see struggles enflaming in El Salvador, Namibia, the Middle East, Philippines, Eritrea, East Timor, Afghanistan — such diverse places — what strange names — now areas we must keep our eyes on. We must read and understand what is happening there in terms of U.S. involvement and imperialism and give support to those in liberation struggles. We are Third World women, international women.

And let us not forget that tomorrow March 8 is International Working Women's Day, recognized worldwide since its proclamation in Denmark in 1910. Yes, across the world, women are meeting and observing this landmark date. It began on March 8, 1857 in New York City's Lower East Side when women garment and textile workers demonstrated against oppressive working conditions in unsafe, nonunionized sweat shops. Fifty years later in 1908, the women of the Lower East Side marched again with similar demands including the eight-hour day, an end to child labor and the right to vote. In 1910, International Women's Day was proclaimed internationally through the effort of Claire Zeitkin of Germany, Alexandra Kollentai and Lenin of Russia, Rosa Luxembourg of Poland and Big Bill Haywood from the U.S. In 1917 in St. Peters, Russia, 90,000 women marched sparking the February revolution. In 1936, at the height of the Spanish Civil War against fascism, 80,000 women marched in Madrid demanding progress and liberty. In 1961, the Union of Women for the Liberation of South Viet Nam was founded to advance women's rights and struggles against imperialism. In 1970, International Working Women's Day was revived in the U.S. when women marched again. Where did they march? They marched to the old women's prison in New York City to protest vicious oppression behind the walls. In 1971, the Tuparmaros, a guerrilla organization in Uruguay, dressed as police, drove out of jail 50 women political prisoners. Women have inspired women. Thus, March 8 should hold a special place for women. It is a day of remembrance and commemoration.

As Asian women we have a unique history. Our mothers and grandmothers were pioneers. They crossed an ocean, learned a foreign language, adjusted to a new culture. They worked side by side with their husbands on plantations and farms; restaurants and laundries; small sweat shops and vegetable stands; in fish canneries and domestic work. They helped create Chinatowns, Japantowns, Manilatowns, and now Koreatowns. Their children's education and their children's future were their priority. They gave birth to a generation of Asian Americans. You students are here because of their backbreaking toil, their persistence, their courage, their sacrifice.

No citations, laws or memorials can repay them for the legacy they left . . . except what you/we do with our life for the generations after us. □

UNITY Newspaper

LTPRO anniversary dinner — 1979

Fighting Racism at the *New York Times*

Sasha Hohri

When asked about the status of Third World people at the *New York Times* a year and a half after a favorable settlement of their affirmative action suit, Morgan Jin declared, "We've only just scratched the *Times*, but we are here to stay!" The settlement, unprecedented in the newspaper industry, includes affirmative action in recruitment, testing, hiring, training, promotions, assignments, scheduling, personnel records, scholarships, and tuition reimbursements.

The $1.5 million settlement includes stipulations that the *New York Times* would make payments totaling $285,000 to 75 persons named as witnesses in the settlement. In addition, a $400,000 payment is to be made to the Minority Caucus Affirmative Action Grant Fund of the Newspaper Guild, which organized the class action suit. After eight years, an out-of-court settlement was reached on the eve of the court trial as the *New York Times* clearly settled to avoid public exposure of its racist practices.

Jin, a circulation manager, initiated the suit against the *New York Times* in 1973 when he learned he was to be laid off, rather than be promoted. He consistently fought the racism of the *New York Times* and rallied with other Third World people to form the Minority Caucus of the *New York Times*. In 1975, at an annual stockholders' meeting, he laid out his case of the *New York Times'* discrimination: "There is an old Chinese proverb, 'The press is an un-crowned king.' Because of this, it has a very heavy social responsibility and obligation. The *New York Times* was a leader in

Morgan Jin

the passage of the Civil Rights laws, and therefore it is not just for the *Times* to say it is an equal opportunity employer in all of its ads, when it has on its staff hundreds of Blacks and other minority groups pushing mops and brooms, and then proclaim to the world that its responsibility is being fulfilled. It must include in its hiring minorities and give promotive opportunities so they can develop and become professionals in their areas of interests, and at the same time, be able to realize the 'great American dream.'

We people of color also have goals to fulfill, dreams to realize, and challenges to meet and conquer, not just being under-utilized. The present pattern must stop."

The unprecedented settlement reached in September 1980 spurred others to organize in the newspaper industry. Third World employees of the *New York Daily News* have filed an $8 million discrimination suit against *The New York Daily News*.

But the entrenched racist practices of the *New York Times* are continuing. Today, among the 4,000 *Times'* employees, there are less than 25 Asians, but over 400 Blacks, still mostly working in janitorial positions. At the highest levels, there is one Black vice-president, but even he is on the lowest level of vice-presidents. Of the 45 sports reporters, there is only one Black person. Jin cited case after case of talented Third World people being passed over, becoming frustrated and leaving the *New York Times* for other news agencies.

Jin sees himself as fighting the *New York Times* not only for himself, but for generations to come. It is with persistence and the will to fight that he continues to confront the *New York Times* for their foot-dragging on implementing the 1980 settlement. As Mr. Jin emphasized, "We can't let the scratches heal so easily. We must continue to fight." □

Contributing Editor **Sasha Hohri** *is a member of the Concerned Japanese Americans and the former co-chair of the East Coast Japanese Americans for Redress. She is also a member of Thousand Cranes, an art group in New York City.*

Wanted: Asian Journalists

There are still only a handful of Asian reporters working on the major newspapers in New York, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles and other cities where there are large concentrations of Asians. While this situation has more to do with the racist practices of the newspaper industry than with the lack of talented Asian writers, there will always be a need to seek out new writers. If you are interested in journalism, write to the following programs for more information:

- Summer Program for Minority Journalists
Nancy Kikuchi, Coordinator
School of Journalism
University of California
Berkeley, CA 94720
(415) 642-5962
- Job Net Referral Service
c/o School of Journalism
University of California
Berkeley, CA 94720
- Editing Program for Minority Journalists
Journalism Department
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona 85721 □

Asian American Studies in Action — Profile of Professor Ray Lou

Butch Wing

Gary Jio

Ray Lou has been especially busy these past few days. Winter classes at San Jose State University have just begun, and he's teaching three courses — Asian Americans in U.S. History, Chinese American History, and a new course on Careers and Professions for Asian Americans. Ray is the only full-time professor of San Jose State's Asian American Studies program. And on top of that, he is coordinator of the program, which is also offering courses on America's Concentration Camps and Asian American Women this term.

But Ray takes it all in stride. After all, he's one of the seasoned veterans of the Asian American Studies movement. Starting in 1969, Ray has taught and helped develop programs at the University of Hawaii, and University of California campuses at Irvine and Santa Cruz. He arrived at San Jose State in 1978 as a professor and has been coordinator since 1979.

A slight Southern drawl reveals some interesting family roots, which contributed to shaping his current interest in Asian and Third World Studies. "I grew up in a small Mississippi delta town called Greenville during the 1940's and 1950's, one of about 1,500 Chinese in the region. Chinese occupied a 'marginal' position — in the segregated South, whites were on top, and Blacks were on the bottom. Chinese were neither. During the early 1900's, Chinese were like the Blacks were. But over a period of time, we were given limited access to white public facilities. This served to booster the identity of Chinese as whites more than as people of color. The state of race relations in the town was tense. While I remember the Freedom Rides and the Voter Registration drives, I left the South and joined the military before the height of the Civil Rights Movement in the '60s.

Here another form of racism surfaced — Ray and other Asian GI's were treated like "gooks," identified as "the enemy" by military authorities, while serving in the Marine Corp. during 1968, the year of the Tet Offensive. After leaving the military, he entered the University of Hawaii, and soon came into contact with the Ethnic Studies movement sweeping college campuses throughout the U.S. — Third World Strikes at UC Berkeley, San Francisco State, City College New York; movements at Harvard, the University of Washington at Seattle, the University of Hawaii. It affected nearly every college where there were concentrations of Asians and Third World students.

"I was just an engineering student walking through campus, and I kept hearing the speeches demanding Ethnic Studies in the background. It was all very unfamiliar to me at first, being a country boy from Mississippi. But as time went on, it all began to make sense. Asian people do have a distinct history. We do have social, economic and cultural problems peculiar to peoples of color. We do have a right to learn about our history and experiences at the university. People of color should fight for our rights." Ray soon left Engineering and transferred to Liberal Studies to pursue his interests in Ethnic Studies.

After a decade of experience in

Asian American Studies, I asked Ray about his approach to developing quality programs in the 1980's. "Why is Ethnic Studies important? It presents Asian Americans with scholarly information and knowledge that serves to legitimize our existence in the U.S. It explains why our culture and personality has taken on particular traits. It serves to preserve the continuum between our past and present. I think it is vital to maintain strong, direct student participation in the development of Asian American Studies, to build close ties and connections with the surrounding communities, and to achieve a level of academic quality, sound research and quality courses.

"When I say student participation, I mean input on all levels — central decision making in the hiring of staff and faculty, formulating curriculum and assisting in the teaching of courses, and community activities. Students can do it all. After all, it was *students* who initiated, founded and maintained Asian American Studies all of these years.

"We exist to serve the needs of the students. Their involvement is vital to our own process of change and development. Without this, we would become isolated and divorced from the people we are supposed to serve, and lose our reason for existence."

This same commitment extends to his approach to the community. I glance around the small office and can't help but notice the cluster of posters, leaflets, and fliers covering the walls. Tule Lake Pilgrimage. Hito Hata — Raise the Banner. Celebrate Nihonmachi Organizing Committee's Second Anniversary. Redress/Reparations. Join A.S.I.A.N.

"Our program seeks to educate students and stimulate their interests in the community. If we don't get involved, who will? I try to encourage students to participate in the process of change taking place in the community. Give people the opportunity to get involved through field trips to Angel Island or going on Tule Lake Pilgrimages. Once students have the opportunity, it's their choice as to how far they want to go."

Another one of Ray's goals is achieving a high level of academic quality in the program — rigorous research, publications, and solid courses. Ray is intent on "advancing the state of knowledge" through Ethnic Studies, and views research and publications as tools to challenge the racist history, social science and literature of the past and present.

In his study, "Chinese American Vendors of Los Angeles: A Case of Resistance, Political Organization, and Participation," Ray challenges the sociological "theory" that Chinese, by "refusing to acculturate and accept American values," had only themselves to blame for being singled out and attacked during the 1880's. By conducting extensive research about Chinese agricultural workers who were victimized at the time, he argues that Chinese farmers "were an integral part of 19th century Southern California . . . Chinese exclusion in the 1880's was a result of "white racist opposition," not of Chinese refusal to assimilate." Moreover, he concludes that the Chinese vendors were discriminated against because of their high level of participation in the greater society, rather than their alleged isolation.

Elaborating on his approach to research, Ray commented, "Chinese historiography suffers from one glaring omission . . . . There is an absence of investigation into the daily community life of Chinese Americans. An overwhelming bulk of historical research has been concerned with what was done to Chinese Americans and who did it to them, rather than who the Chinese were and what they did, how we evolved, and the dynamics of the social forces active in the creation of these new people."

His goal is to tell the history of Chinese Americans from our own perspective — as we have lived and experienced it. Our own voices and our own story. "To do good research, to really understand our history, educators have to be in touch with the community, with the people. The people in the community are the primary source of knowledge and information."

At the same time, Ray is well aware of pressures from college administrations, the "publish or perish" syndrome, and the effort to tear Asian educators away from students and the community. Ray's view? "Academic quality, research and writing is in no way contradictory to student and community involvement. The problems arise when one aspect dominates and the others suffer. The key is maintaining the correct balance, keeping our priorities straight. Actually, I'm real pleased with the increase of good research and writing and we might see some breakthroughs soon."

"Keeping priorities straight" is no easy task. Not with college administrations constantly holding a gun at the heads of Ethnic Studies programs.

Take San Jose State for instance. "We have a relatively small program. With just one full-time prof, one part-time and one administrator (who teaches, too), we try to offer as many courses and activities as possible. But any budget cuts, elimination of personnel, would hurt us *severely*. There's no fat, no excess, in Asian American Studies.

"I worry about the program. Being the smallest and youngest program at the university, there's little security."

Despite this adversity, Ray remains optimistic about the future of Asian American Studies, and its ability to survive and grow in the 1980's. "There's a new generation of students. A lot of motion in the community. Asian American Studies, if it remains well-connected, can be viable and continue to contribute to our peoples' struggle for change. I think we hit a low point awhile back, but are bouncing back. I'm really encouraged by the continued support that we receive on campus and in the community."

What is the key? Ray urges Asian American Studies to "go back to our original source of support — the students and the community. They are the foundations for our survival, the people we serve. We have to rely on ourselves." □

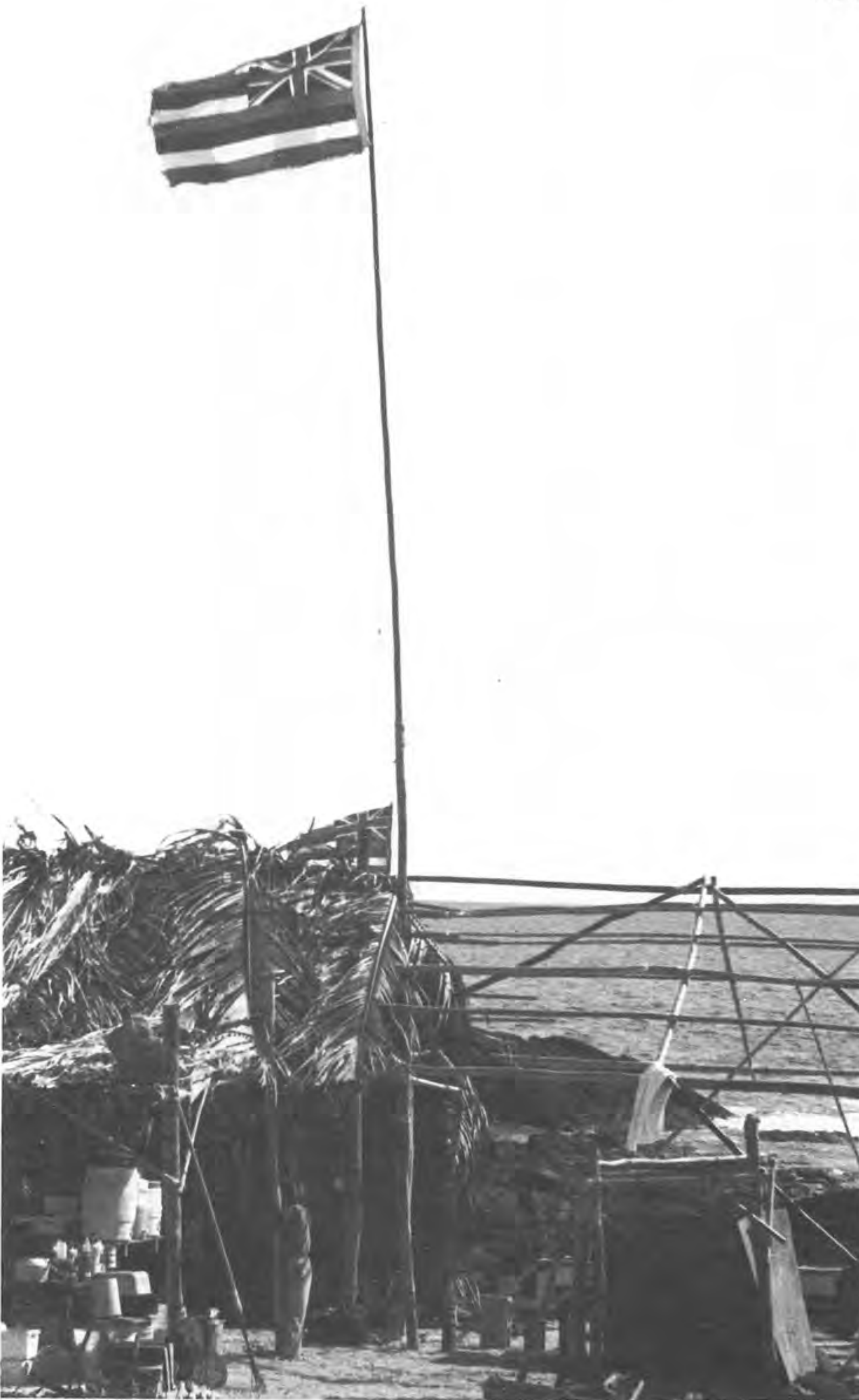
Butch Wing *is the Managing Editor of* EAST WIND *and a member of the League of Revolutionary Struggle (M-L).*

Aloha ʻĀina (Love of the Land)

The Struggle for Land and Power in Hawaiʻi

"Do not shelter foreigners for they are graspers of the land." — a British foreigner to King Kamehameha I

Tracy Takano



This image of foreigners became a reality, and today native Hawaiians and other local people — the people of Hawaiʻi from Asia, Puerto Rico and Portugal first brought over as contract laborers by the plantation owners — are locked into a fight with the graspers for every beach, valley and piece of land in Hawaiʻi.

The struggle for land began when the foreigners from the U.S. and Europe came to exploit and colonize Hawaiʻi in the early 1800's. The graspers saw that to take the land, they also needed to replace the *aliʻi*, the Hawaiian chiefs who controlled the land. They were able to do this by the end of the century when the *haole* (white) capitalist planters and merchants overthrew the Hawaiian monarchy in 1893. As the land was lost, the foreigners' grasp grew tighter on the sovereignty of Hawaiʻi. Similarly, the struggle to regain the land today is part of the struggle for revolution and to gain political power.

The Hawaiians had a very developed feudal society by the time British explorer James Cook came to the islands in 1778. The Hawaiian land system was based on use rather than private ownership — the *aliʻi* controlled the land, but the *makaʻāinana* (people of the land, commoners) had the right to use the resources of the land and sea. The relationship between the people and the land was

expressed in the concept aloha 'āina — love of the land. Hawaiians took care of the land so that the land could continue to sustain them. The Hawaiian economy, culture, religion and political system were based on shared use and respect for the land.

Cook had opened the doors to a flood of Americans and Europeans who rushed to exploit Hawai'i. Westerners, especially the American missionaries, gained favor with some of the *ali'i* and were given positions in the Hawaiian government. They convinced many of the *ali'i* of the superiority of the *haole* ways including the philosophy of free trade which the missionaries taught in the schools they established for the *ali'i*. Most significantly, they were able to introduce private ownership of land.

By the 1850's, the *haole* caused a major land distribution called *The Great Mahele* which instituted private ownership of land. About a third of the land, some 1,500,000 acres, was supposed to be for land claims by the *maka'āinana* but the *ali'i* and the *haole* manipulated the *Mahele* so that they received most of the land while the *maka'āinana* received only 28,000 acres. Less than 1% of the land went to the 99% of the population. The Hawaiians, whose bodies and souls were tied to the land, were cut off from it, and the *haole* were able to replace the Hawaiian social structure with their own.

It was also during the 1850's that the *haole*, especially the American capitalist planters and merchants, began seriously organizing either for an overthrow of the monarchy or annexation by the U.S. In 1893, the planters and merchants staged a coup backed up with a U.S. navy gunboat and 150 U.S. troops. Queen Lili'uokalani was forced into a conditional surrender, and the *haole* immediately asked for annexation by the U.S.

Formal annexation by the U.S. in 1898 meant that political power was even further removed from the people and that Hawai'i was secure for imperialist domination. The planter monopolies — Alexander & Baldwin, AMFAC, Castle & Cooke, C. Brewer, and Theo. Davies — became known as the Big Five because they came to control 80% of the islands' wealth and were the real rulers of Hawai'i. Hawai'i became a military base for the U.S. and was under martial law during World War II. Statehood in 1959 completed the political domination of the people by the American imperialists.

Statehood brought new waves of settlers to the islands and greatly changed the character of Hawai'i. The first ten years were especially devastating. During this period, the population rose by 137,000 people, and just under 100,000 in this increase was in the *haole* population. Most of the people coming from the mainland U.S. were professionals, businessmen and management people. During this time, the military occupation of the islands stepped up.

UNITY Newspaper

Sand Island supporters resisting eviction, January, 1980

In addition to the Big Five, other U.S. monopoly corporations accelerated their domination of the Hawaiian economy. The number of tourists increased 500% and the number of hotel rooms tripled to hold them.

The system of land distribution did not change much since the plantation days. 45% of the land is held by 39 major landholders, while small, private owners control only 6.3% of the land. The rest is held by the State and U.S. government.

The large landholders were making the most of this new influx of capital and rich people. Land previously used for pineapple and sugar was cleared and leased for resorts or expensive housing developments. Small leasehold farms were pushed out of the valleys to make room for development. Hotels and condominiums crowded onto the best beaches. America's welcome to the people of Hawai'i in their first decade of statehood was greater alienation from the land and sea and even less control over their lives.

These same ten years were also times of revolution around the world. Many young people in Hawai'i were inspired to take action too — in part by the liberation movements in the Third World and by U.S. revolutionary organizations such as I Wor Kuen, the Young Lords Party and the Black Panther Party — but mainly from seeing what U.S. imperialism had done to Hawai'i. A new revolutionary nationalist movement emerged in Hawai'i out of the struggle for Kalama Valley.

Kalama Valley is located east of Honolulu on the island of O'ahu. The valley had many small farms which were worked by the Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese and Pilipino residents. In the summer of 1970, the Bishop Estate, the largest private landholder in Hawai'i, began evicting the tenants to make way for an expensive housing development.

Most of the residents were forced out, but the last remaining residents would not leave. The struggle for Kalama Valley was significant because it signalled the beginning of an organized resistance to the widespread evictions by the big landhold-

Wayne Sasaki

Hui Aloha 'Āina Tuahine and Mālama Hawai'i, student organizations, clearing land to plant taro. Oahu, 1982

ers and a reborn consciousness that the people who work the land and make it productive should control it. This idea was put out most clearly by Kokua Hawaii, a revolutionary nationalist organization that took up the Kalama Valley fight.

Kokua Hawaii linked the evictions to the fact that the people of Hawai'i needed land and political power. "For the first time, a lot of us began to realize what it is to be Local and to be proud of it; What it feels like to be brown and proud. What happened in Kalama was a coming together of Local People . . . The time is here when we have to put the big landholders and developers in their place . . . We need some da kine Power for us kine Local People." Kokua Hawaii called for "land for the people of Hawai'i," self-determination and revolution to get that power.

Kalama Valley was lost, but the larger struggle for land and power grew because these demands came straight from the heart of the people. These sentiments were strongest among the native Hawaiian people because they have lost the most. When your whole culture, economy and identity is built around the land, you *have* to be *on* the land! Taking away their land made it easier for the imperialists to oppress the Hawaiians.

Other local people united with the struggles to stop development and the use of Hawaiian lands for outside interests. Their whole lives had also changed completely because of the capitalist ownership and control of the land.

There were different experiences faced by each nationality from China, Japan, Puerto Rico, Portugal, Korea and the Philippines who were brought to work the plantations, but they were all forced to work the land that they did not own. This gave the planters complete control over their living and working conditions. They restricted the people's use of their own language and force fed them Americanization. The capitalists would not allow them to live as equals to the *haole*.

After one or two generations here, local people began to adopt some of the Hawaiian ways, and there was much intermarriage and interaction among the different nationalities because of their common experience of oppression under U.S. imperialism. They felt Hawai'i was home because of their years of hard work and suffering here. They were also angry at seeing that they had no control over their home being sold away to the highest bidder.

Kalama Valley was just the opening shot. It inspired the local people to build organizations everywhere to fight for the land. A lot of these struggles have been in the country, or rural areas, partially because the capitalists tried to develop these areas heavily in the 1970's, but mainly it was due to the strength of the people in the country.

Many Hawaiians lived in the country because they can be closer to the land and the Hawaiian way of life. Other local people in the country also farm and fish and were close to the land. A "country lifestyle" developed based on the traditional Hawaiian and Asian concepts of sharing, exchanging goods and socializing. Despite the changes Hawai'i had gone through, aloha 'āina was still felt by the people in the country because they were still able to be on the land and work it and were less influenced by Americanization.

The large land estates owned most of the land the people lived and worked on and soon began to rezone the areas for resort, housing development and other more profitable use of the land.

But community after community resisted. The largest and most militant struggle was by the farmers and residents of Waiahole-Waikane Valley which began in 1974 and still continues. The demand for long-term leases to keep the land in agricultural use, to stop capitalist development, and to keep the country lifestyle mobilized thousands of people. These same general demands characterized the struggles at Niumalu-Nāwiliwili on Kaua'i; 'Ewa, He'eia-Kea, Waimānalo on the island of O'ahu; and many other places in the mid-1970's.

Opposition has come out against major state projects that would bring urbanization to country areas of O'ahu. The state plans to build a deep-draft harbor at Barber's Point on the leeward coast and the H-3 freeway to the windward coast which would destroy many Hawaiian historical sites along with the country lifestyle of these areas.

Many of the older communities in Honolulu and other towns were also eyed by greedy developers, and the residents organized themselves to resist evictions. The overall demands in these struggles were to stop evictions and to be able to control what kinds of development goes on in their communities.

Old Vineyard and Old Young

Street were longtime communities threatened by development in 1973. They wanted to retain their communities because they knew their neighbors, could speak their own languages there, and did not want to be squeezed together like the other congested areas of Honolulu.

In Chinatown, People Against Chinatown Eviction (PACE) was formed in 1974 to stop evictions and to fight for low-rent housing. Most of the residents were elderly Pilipinos who needed to be in Chinatown because of the low rent and to be where they could socialize and use their own language.

Two years earlier in the town of Waipahu, the Pilipino community in Ota Camp was faced with eviction. Instead of moving, the Ota Camp residents demanded a community that allowed extended families to live together and areas to grow their food. Like PACE, they got massive support for their demands, and the Ota Camp won relocation so that they could retain their culture.

The upsurge in the struggle for land has gotten the most energy from the Hawaiian people. To be Hawaiian means to be on the land, and the Hawaiians have been the most active in getting back on the land.

The Hawaiians have traditionally had access to the land and the sea, and part of the Hawaiian economy, until today, is based on hunting, fishing and gathering. But development took over the land and blocked many accesses. The organization Hui Alaloa on the island of Moloka'i and Hawaiians on the island of Hawai'i organized marches beginning in 1975 to open traditional Hawaiian trails and accesses despite the fences and the property laws.

There have been many examples of Hawaiians asserting their rights by occupying the land and taking it back. The Protect Kaho'olawe 'Ohana organized five occupations of the island of Kaho'olawe in 1976 and 1977 to stop the U.S. Navy from using the island as a target for practice bombing. It was the beginning of the struggle which mobilized thousands to struggle to preserve the rich Hawaiian culture and history found on Kaho'olawe. The Ohana popularized the concept of aloha 'āina to describe their feelings for Kaho'olawe and gave it added meaning. Aloha 'āina became a call to reclaim Kaho'olawe and all Hawaiian land and use the land in a way that benefited the people.

The landholders were threatened by the growing movement to take back the land and have gone all out to squash it. In 1974, Hawaiians occupied a beach in Kona on the island of Hawai'i and built Kuka'ilimoku Village to block construction of a hotel. The developers and police came many times to tear down the village and get rid of the residents, but the people are determined to keep access to the beach open and save the many historical sites there. In 1979, the state government tried to smash the struggle of Hawaiians of Sand Island on O'ahu. People there had taken over Hawaiian land which was being used as an industrial dump. Their aim was to live in the Hawaiian way by the sea and to establish a park where Hawaiians could live and perpetuate their culture. The State evicted them but has not stopped their struggle.

* * *

The many land struggles throughout the islands show the desire and need of the people of Hawai'i for land. Whether the demand is for stopping development, control of the communities, preserving agriculture and country lifestyle, access, or the outright return of the land, the people have shown their willingness to fight.

There is no shortage of land in Hawai'i. The people of Hawai'i are on the land now and will continue taking over more of the land they aren't on. It comes down to a question of who will control the land and who will control Hawai'i. It is a question of political power and whether that power will stay with U.S. imperialism or come to the people of Hawai'i. □

Tracy Takano *was born and raised in Hawai'i. He is a shop steward in Local 5 of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees Union.*

JAM

JAPANTOWN ART & MEDIA WORKSHOP

1852 SUTTER
S. F., CA
94115

Serving the Asian American communities with free and low cost graphic services, art classes, exhibitions and cultural projects.

(415) 567-3851

UNITY Newspaper

Marcos' *New Republic* in Crisis

Masao Suzuki

This June will mark the first anniversary of Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos' *New Republic*. Marcos had hoped that his "lifting" of martial law and "election" to a six-year term would help to solve the problems of his regime. But events have shown that the *New Republic* is just another name for the same old society, and the crisis, if anything, has gotten worse.

At his inauguration last June, Marcos declared the following priorities for the *New Republic*: to revamp the cabinet, to attack the country's economic problems, and to root out the New People's Army (NPA).

The installation of Cesar Virata as Prime Minister along with other "technocrats" in the Cabinet was supposed to shore up business confidence in the sagging Philippine economy and help calm worries over the question of succession to Marcos. But infighting among different factions within the Marcos clique has intensified as they struggle for greater spoils and maneuver to become Marcos' successor. Nowhere was this more evident than in the coconut levy struggle. A big coconut grower connected to Imelda Marcos (Marcos' wife and governor of Metro-Manila) prevailed upon Marcos to suspend the coconut levy. However, the state coconut milling monopoly (headed by Defense Minister Ponce Enrile) reaps huge profits from the levy and stopped buying coconuts, causing prices to drop up to 80%. Marcos then reinstated the levy.

With the country's financial system on the brink of collapse following the Dewey Dee affair (where a major Philippine businessman skipped out of the country with over $60 million in unsecured debts), Marcos had to establish a five billion peso ($600 million) bailout fund for major corporations owned by his friends and cronies. This crisis was averted, but the fundamental problems of the economy continue.

According to official sources, prices increased at a 13.2% rate in 1981. (Unofficial estimates are much higher). By September of 1981, the total Philippine foreign debt had ballooned to over $15 billion, up more than 21% in the nine months of 1981 alone.

Marcos' latest scheme to boost the economy is the Kilusang Kabuhayan at Kaunlaran or KKK (Movement for Livelihood and Progress). A billion pesos will be loaned out by the KKK for small businesses in 40,000 barrios (towns). By using the same initials as the Philippine revolutionary organization that started the 1896 revolt against Spanish rule, Marcos is trying to portray this effort as patriotic. But the new KKK would allow transnational corporations to subcontract work, making the Philippine economy more dependent than ever. With Marcos and Imelda as its Chairman and Secretary-General respectively, the new KKK could be the biggest porkbarrel of all time.

Both the U.S. and Marcos have been worried by the NPA's military activity and growing political influence. Marcos' campaign to curb the guerrillas has only resulted in an unprecedented militarization of Philippine society. The increase in government repression has been so great that one of the highest officials in the Catholic Church, Cardinal Jaime Sin, said, "Daily we experience the increasing militarization of our lives: the pervasive surveillance of citizens who express dissent democratically by military intelligence; the lack of mercy and prudence shown by special military units against suspected criminals, the use of torture to exact information, the unexplained wealth of many military officers . . ." (from a letter to U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops dated September 4, 1981).

Even more ominously, in Davao del Norte, Mindanao, the Philippine army has forcibly removed more

than 25,000 civilians from these barrios in an attempt to curb the influence of the NPA in the area. Farmers are forced to walk up to six miles each day to reach their fields from the military guarded centers where they now live. This version of the "strategic hamlet" program employed by the U.S. in the Viet Nam War, has caused untold suffering. Many of the children have sickened and died due to lack of sanitation, while the people fear hunger due to decreased production. This experiment has been expanded to a number of neighboring areas already, involving thousands of more people.

It is doubtful that this program will do anything but further alienate the people from the Marcos regime. What is not in doubt is the growing influence of the NPA. The NPA now claims a mass base of six million (one-eighth of the population) in 30 guerrilla fronts throughout the archipelago. While they see themselves as still in the stage of a strategic defensive where they are overall weaker than the government, the NPA considers itself in a more advanced sub-stage where it can delegate much of its political organizing to mass activists, allowing an intensification of military activity. In one two-month period in 1981, Manila newspapers reported 56 NPA ambushes and raids.

The brunt of this crisis in Marcos' *New Republic* has fallen squarely on the Pilipino people. The infighting over the coconut levy and the resulting drop in prices hurt millions of Pilipino farmers. The decline in exports and the lowering of tariffs has forced many businesses to close down, laying off thousands of workers. On top of rising unemployment, prices are rising much faster than wages, further impoverishing an already poor people.

More and more people have seen no other way than to openly resist the Marcos regime. During the first two months of the 1981-82 school year, over 200,000 students participated in demonstrations protesting tuition hikes, lack of campus freedoms and imperialist influence over the educational system. After the lifting of martial law, workers' strikes increased to almost one per day, many of them illegal wildcats in defiance of government requirements for 30-day advance notice and a ban on strikes in all vital industries.

Rural, as well as urban protests have mounted. Numerous rallies with up to 10,000 participants have been organized because of the increasing militarization.

Militancy of many Philippine minority groups is rising, with one recent march by 3,000 Igorot students in Baguio calling the Ministry of Tourism's Grand Canao festival a prostitution of their traditions. In the south, the Moro National Liberation Front (MNLF) continues its ten-year revolt against the central government with the goal of self-determination for the Muslim minority. Marcos' army said the MNLF was "finished" in January, 1981, only to have over one hundred government troops wiped out in an ambush in February. The MNLF is fielding over 15,000 full time guerrillas, tying down half of the Philippine military. Over the last year, the MNLF has become more united and ties with other Philippine opposition groups have increased.

For the guerrillas of the NPA and

For 10 years, **Amerasia Journal** has published more in-depth articles, reviews, and literature on Asian Americans, than any other national interdisciplinary journal. Viewing Asian Americans as active participants in the making of history, original articles cover immigration, labor, race and class, inter-ethnic relations, education, and international politics. Articles and reviews on Koreans, Filipinos, Asian Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Pacific Islanders, and Indochinese, plus an annual selected bibliography.

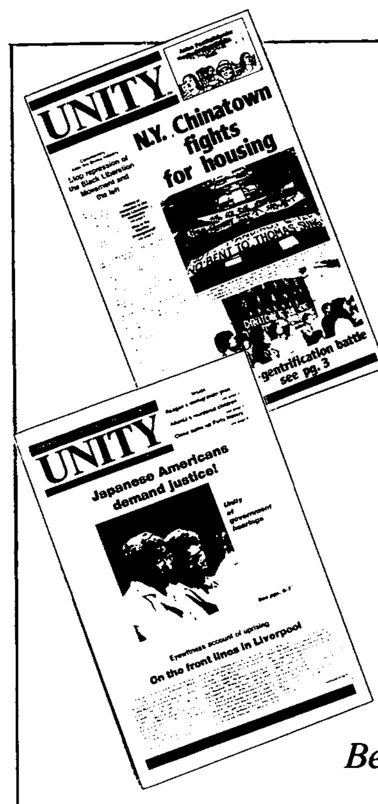
Consistently recommended by **Choice, Serials Review,** and **Library Journal** for all general and academic libraries.

If your field is ethnic and minority studies, Asian American relations, or American and Asian immigration and labor, a subscription to **AMERASIA JOURNAL** today will add a unique comparative perspective to your studies.

Published semi-annually. Individual subscriptions $7.00 yearly; institutional $14.00 yearly. Special two-year individual subscription $12.00 Listing of back articles available upon request.

Publisher and mailing address: Publications, Asian American Studies Center, 3232 Campbell Hall, University of California, Los Angeles, California 90024.

Subscribe to UNITY



UNITY newspaper brings you reports on the Asian movements, including the fight for decent housing in Chinatown, the Japanese Redress and Reparations Movement, unionizing restaurant workers, Asian student struggles and much more. *UNITY* is published twice monthly, except for winter and summer breaks, by the U.S. League of Revolutionary Struggle (M-L). One year individual Subscription $10, institutions $15.

P.O. Box 127 Oakland, CA 94604

Best success to EAST WIND

their allied underground activists in the National Democratic Front (NDF), the fruits of their long struggle are starting to ripen. Since its formation in 1969 as the armed wing of the Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP), the NPA has grown from a small band of 60 men with only 35 rifles to the national force it is today. By applying Mao Zedong's theories of protracted people's war to Philippine conditions, emphasizing political organizing and capture of arms from government troops, the NPA has maintained its independence and self-reliance.

The NDF's program of armed overthrow of the Marcos regime, an end to U.S. and other foreign domination of the economy and culture, and real land reform has been winning more and more adherents. Many of the mass protests have been raising these and other anti-imperialist demands, while many activists have joined the underground in the face of Marcos' growing repression of open dissent.

Many of the pre-martial law politicians, fed up with Marcos' phony elections and U.S. support for an obviously undemocratic regime, have begun to take stands against U.S. domination. With many of their followers deserting to the NDF, the recent formation of the Pilipino Democratic Party (PDP) with a non-violent (electoral) pursuit of nationalism is perhaps a last ditch effort to prevent the total collapse of a moderate alternative.

For Pilipinos in the U.S., the crisis that many have sought to escape is also encroaching. Under the Marcos administration, over 400,000 Pilipinos have left the Philippines for the promised opportunities of America.

But promises have faded before the reality of discrimination and lack of jobs for Pilipino immigrants. While the Reagan administration is proposing a 32% increase in military aid to Marcos (from $105 to $140 million), job training, education and other needed community services are being cut. On top of this, the proposed U.S. Philippine extradition treaty would extend the long arm of Marcos into the Pilipino community here in an attempt to suppress opposition to his regime.

Meanwhile the calls for support from the Philippines grow stronger. Such was the message of a Philippine Roman Catholic priest: "The people there are very desperate. Many of their union organizers have been arrested by the military and tortured. It is no wonder that some have gone to join the NPA. Why, even four priests in my diocese have gone, for they felt it was the only way to express their Christian preference for the poor. For those of you in the U.S., you do not feel the urgency of the situation. We need all the help that you can (give)." At the end of his talk he added: "You know, you are very lucky. You are living at a time when you can be proud to be Filipino, for you have the chance to give your lives for your country." ☐

Masao Suzuki *is a Contributing Editor to* EAST WIND. *He is a student at U.C. Berkeley and a member of the Philippines Education Support Committee.*

Subscribe to

EASTWIND

☐ The Spring/Summer 1982 issue for $3.00 plus $1.00 for postage

☐ A one-year subscription (the Fall/Winter 1982 and Spring/Summer 1983 issues) for $6.00 plus $2.00 for postage

I would like to donate:

$10 ______ $15 ______ $20 ______ $25 ______ $30 ______ or more ______

(With a donation of $25 or more, you will receive free a one-year subscription to *EAST WIND*).

Make checks payable to *EAST WIND*.
Please return this form and your check or money order to:

EAST WIND
P.O. Box 26229
San Francisco, CA 94126

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

F·O·C·U·S

Personal Reflections on the Asian National Movements

by

Philip Vera Cruz, Lillian Nakano, Happy Lim, Lori Leong, May Chen, Alan Nishio and Wes Senzaki

What motivates people to dedicate their lives to organizing Asian people? Seven activists with interesting and varied backgrounds in the student movement, community organizing, labor work and the arts share some of their thoughts on this topic in the following essays. They tell us a little about their lives, why they became involved, and share some lessons from their experiences.

Leading off the essays is Philip Vera Cruz. Now living in retirement in Bakersfield, California, Philip Vera Cruz has been organizing Pilipino farm workers in Central California since the late 1940's. He later served as Vice-President of the United Farm Workers Union.

Lillian Nakano, a prominent activist in the National Coalition for Redress/Reparations and a member of the Little Tokyo People's Rights Organization in Los Angeles, offers her perspective on the Japanese American movement. She describes the long trek from life after the camps to her current political involvement.

Happy Lim has been organizing in the Chinese community since the 1930's. Lim, who is 72 years old, is still working and actively supports the progressive movement in San Francisco Chinatown. A frequent contributor to *UNITY* newspaper, Lim is a well-known poet and essayist.

Lori Leong is a member of the League of Revolutionary Struggle (M-L) and has been organizing in New York Chinatown since 1969. She is an active member of the Progressive Chinatown People's Association, a community organization, and is participating in the campaign against the gentrification of Chinatown.

May Chen has been active in the Asian American movement and the Chinese community for many years. She has been a teacher and community organizer. She currently works for the Chinese Committee of Local 6 (the Hotel, Restaurant, Club Employees and Bartenders Union) in New York City. She describes some of the lessons she learned while participating in the struggle to build a child care center in Los Angeles Chinatown.

Alan Nishio is the President of the Little Tokyo People's Rights Organization in Los Angeles. A longtime activist in the Asian and Japanese American movements, Alan's experiences have spanned student activism, working for ethnic studies and Third World student admissions, and community organizing.

Wes Senzaki, one of the founding members of the Japantown Art and Media (JAM) workshop in San Francisco, describes his development as an artist and examines what it means to be a political artist.

We hope these essays convey the optimism, dedication and determination that are an intrinsic part of the Asian and Pacific national movements. □

Philip Vera Cruz

I wanted to go to college but my family did not have the money. To accomplish my goal, I had two alternatives, I could come to the United States or I could stay in the Philippines and teach in Mindanao where I could earn some money to go to college. I took the alternative of coming here. They taught us in school about the many opportunities in the U.S. and of equality in the U.S. All that kind of talk gives you hope.

My parents had a little bit of land. My father was sickly and could not take care of the land so I was gradually selling it. The money from the very last part of the property was what I used (to come to America). It was not enough either. I borrowed some money from relatives. Then I paid my fare to get to Seattle. When I finally got to Seattle, I had only $25.00 left.

There were four of us who came to Seattle in 1926. When I was leaving our hotel, I met my friend from high school. He said, "You know, we were talking about you last night." I asked, "Who?" He replied, "Your uncles. They are in Spokane, working at the lumber mill. You can find a job there." So we left and I got a job at the box factory. They were paying 25¢ an hour for ten hours. They shifted me to the night shift but then we were laid off. Then the Pilipinos went on strike. That was my first experience to see a strike but I didn't know what they were talking about.

Then I started to work in a cafeteria. My mind was still on school. I was a busboy. I mopped the floor and swept the sidewalk. I made $14 (a week). When the Depression came, I made $5 a week, six days a week, ten hours a day. I would go to school when I could.

Times were getting harder. I saw an ad. They said they would pay transportation to go thin sugar beets in North Dakota, so I tried. I only made $35 and could not get back to Spokane, so I went on to Chicago. I was a busboy again.

In 1928, I received a letter from home. My father had died. I thought about school again so I went back to Washington, worked in a restaurant and was able to graduate from high school in 1932. I was bothered about my brother and sister. I needed to send them money. I heard from my mother. Someone wrote for her because she could not write. She said that my sister stopped going to school because she could not afford it. But my brother was still going to school. He was in the fourth grade, so I kept on sending $25 a month. And this meant that I could not go to school.

"Equality and freedom should belong to all"

Then I went to work at a country club. I got to play the game. The people in high places, although they do not like you, they want you to serve them. When they called me, I'd run to make them happy. They think I'm doing my job because if you antagonize them, then you lose your job. You got to play the game. You can't say the hell with you, or you got nothing to eat.

So I found out that what they told me about the U.S. were half-truths. They didn't tell me of the handicaps which are inherent to me because I'm not white. So their equality was a fake. I found myself in a situation where I was a scapegoat. I could not get out even if I tried. I didn't have the means and society didn't accept me. What happened to me happened to other Pilipinos, Chinese and Japanese.

I found two kinds of life in the U.S.: the well-off and the enslaved ones. I found that there were so many reasons why I belonged to the enslaved side. I compared myself with the others (whites) to see what was going on. You see how they live, and how you live; what opportunities they had and what you did not receive. They hated us, but they could not exclude us because of our political status. The Philippines was under the rule of the United States. (*ed. note*: As a commonwealth of the U.S., the Philippines technically had free emigration to the U.S.) But we were still not eligible for citizenship. They could not make a law to exclude us like they did to the Chinese and Japanese, but they did something that amounted to exclusion by putting a quota of 50 people per year to come into the country.

So my hope did not materialize like I thought. The promises of opportunities and jobs did not come. What was this American dream?

My new dream formed, that equality and freedom should belong to all. You cannot be free to step on somebody's toes. Not everybody will make the "American dream" of being millionaires. Our dream must become the sharing of opportunities and benefits of freedom for all. I think that whatever nationality you are, you should be treated equally, otherwise you don't have equality.

During World War II, I got drafted and went into the army. When I got released from the army, I was supposed to get a job in Vallejo at the shipyard. They said we could have

UFW members and supporters demonstrate for farm workers rights

one month to visit relatives, so I went to Delano to visit my relatives. I was also thinking that I could work there. So I tried, but it was hard because I was not really used to working on the farm. One time when I was weeding cantaloupe, the ground was hard and it was so hot, I hurt my back. I couldn't straighten it. So I stayed until my back got stronger. I decided that I didn't want to live in the city any more.

I could not be concerned just about myself or my family but also of the people who are like me. That's why I got involved. It was the union that really brought me about. If you are alone, what can you do? When you build unity, you cannot build unity without others. You can't just think about yourself. You'll be too weak. You're not big enough to carry the load; you need everybody.

The unions were coming to the fields. In Stockton in 1948, we were supposed to cut asparagus but all the Pilipinos went on strike. Again in 1950, when we worked in the vineyards, the union came again — the National Farm Workers Association led by Harry S. Mitchum. We tried to form a local in Delano but there was not yet so much support for the union. Later, the Pilipinos formed a union — the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC). They were the ones that initiated the grape strike. Cesar Chavez was organizing Chicano/Mexicano workers. Later our two unions merged to form the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, taking part of the name of the union Chavez was organizing and taking "organizing committee" from the AWOC.

Despite my disappointments, I'm optimistic. The union is the only way. Without that, you got no power. You can have power if you get together. But, of course, you got to start as Pilipinos. Organize yourselves. Then get together with other groups. The Pilipinos need organization and unity. You need to know your principles so that when you get together with other groups, you are not left out and can build stronger unity. □

Lillian Nakano

My husband and I joined the Little Tokyo People's Rights Organization (LTPRO) quite by chance. Our son came home from college one summer and got us involved in the redevelopment/housing struggle in Little Tokyo. Though we were openly supportive, it took some urging on his part to pry us from our apathy and cynicism. The transition from practically a lifetime of non-involvement, non-confrontational lifestyle, coupled with a deep sense of inadequacy and apathy developed over the years since the camps, was highly disconcerting to me. I felt some ambivalence in the initial phase of my involvement. There I was, an average, quiet 49-year-old Sansei woman, never before involved in any community work, much less from a political perspective, amidst all the young activists in the community. This struck me as being so incongruous.

Through my involvement, I came to know "J-Town" beyond its glitter of touristy shops and restaurants. As I walked by the old shops and hotels where our Issei had lived and toiled decades ago, I felt proud to be part of this community. It seemed right to join LTPRO, an organization which was fighting so hard to preserve that heritage.

At the same time, it made me reflect on my own past and how the deprivation and alienation caused by the dispersal of Japanese Americans after the camps had affected us all these years. By re-examining the past, all that was in the "Nisei experience" — oppression, fear, alienation, the question "to-assimilate-or-not," and *Gaman* (to accept and endure) — which was forever suppressed came back out of the mire. Slowly the jumbled pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place one

(Left) Lillian Nakano, lower right, at Jerome Concentration Camp, 1943. (Right) Lillian at 1979 Tule Lake Pilgrimage.

by one. What I share is only a small facet out of 110,000 Japanese American lives which were inexorably altered in that one instant — Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

My father was arrested by the FBI on December 7, 1941. One year later, on Christmas Day, we were reunited and boarded a ship bound for San Francisco. Destination: Jerome, Arkansas, Concentration Camp, USA.

I was born in Hawai'i, raised in a middle class Japanese fashion by Nisei parents with five children. Childhood was all carefree innocence and boisterous fun. Having shown a knack for music at an early age, my parents put me to the shamisen when I was eight. Music was a great part of my growing up until the war. Suddenly after Pearl Harbor, my Japanese instrument among all the other paraphernalia were hidden from sight for the duration.

We were abruptly taken from our home to the camps. I was 14 years old. Being herded off at gun point, three mindless years behind barbed wire fences and cut off from mainstream society all had to have deep negative impact on our lives for years to come. Today, my sister still says, "As kids, we were so robust and uninhibited. It seems everything went wrong since the camps." When the camps closed, we moved on to Minnesota, back to Hawai'i, and finally to Chicago.

All adults leaving the camps were given an insulting orientation which to my mind was also an "admission of guilt" forced upon us. We were to avoid large groups of Japanese, avoid use of our language, to develop "American habits" to become accepted, to conform to the norms of the outside world and, finally, to behave in a manner reflecting all that is "good, reliable and honest in Japanese Americans." We were fresh out of the camps, burdened with this "parolee" mentality and left high and dry in the face of out-and-out racist hostility and exploitation.

At 17 and ill-prepared for the adjustment, I was bound for some real problems in coping. But mine somehow seems so minuscule now when compared to the situation of those a few years older who already had children to raise and jobs to establish.

My brother had moved out to Chicago ahead of us and found a job at a huge wholesale bakery. On the very next day, he was fired and run out of the company by a hostile management and union, and even today, he will not buy that particular national brand of bread. Thus when my parents first started out with a small restaurant to keep the family going, I was only too glad to stay "close to home." In the coming years, we always went through Japanese American employment agencies rather than to face job hunting on our own, for the ordeal of humiliation and demoralization hardly made it worth the effort. Those who hired you expected 200% effort, for "to prove our worth" was the by-word.

Manifestations of racism came out in different ways. One such incident simply started with my asking for a transfer to another department which lead me right to the manager's office instead. He proceeded to berate me in a manner so demeaning that I'll never forget it. The gist of it was that I should have been overcome with gratitude that they hired "our people" and to begin with, affording us the luxury of a nice modern office with a reputable firm. To add insult to injury, he offered me a piece of "good advice" before suspending me and that was to say "be grateful." What stuck in my mind was the fact that at such an opportune moment, I was struck absolutely speechless and I despised myself and the lot of a "Jap" all at once.

Apartment hunting too was a hateful task. The expression varied from that of sheer disbelief that we "Japs" would have the gall to approach them to one of fright as in encountering someone totally

alien. There was the usual smug pronouncement that the apartment was no longer available while the vacancy sign stared blankly at you for weeks after. Or a small town restaurant that had a sign in the window, "NO JAPS ALLOWED." I was stared at out of open hostility and plain curiosity and cursed at.

These thousand and one incidents had a most insidious effect of gradually chipping away what self-worth and pride you managed to retain. Even worse was when you begin to believe that you must indeed be inferior.

In the midst of this, I was married at 21, and suffice it to say, it only complicated matters. In a sense, this was the catalyst that began the process of changes I was to undergo. Like Ibsen's Nora, part of it was a personal rebelling of sorts against the old order of things. That aside, an array of emotions — mainly frustration stemming from this racist environment — merged into our relationship and as such brought on the inevitable tumult. Despite it all, we both recognized it to be an intrinsic part of the whole "learning" process and strived to maintain a relationship as long as we seemed to be growing and moving in the same general direction.

I had begun teaching shamisen after vacillating between that and art school. At 27 our son was born, and I enjoyed the pleasures and pain of parenthood. Soon after, I began teaching again, which entailed recitals and other performances in addition to classes. As a mother, feelings of remorse around my split devotion brought on a new series of guilt feelings. Around this time, we were very much into Zen Buddhism for several years, but we then came to realize that what we sought was not within the realm of religion. Other distractions in the way of sports, plays, concerts were pleasantries we shared in, but a sense of truly "relating" to things as Asians was always the missing link and seemed almost a lost cause. Perhaps a final "grabbing at straws" attempt was the basis for our packing up and moving to Japan. We lived in Tokyo and Yokohama for six months as "expatriates" of sorts, but as Japanese Americans we felt we were foreigners there. After our return and move to Los Angeles and over the years, we settled down in a lifestyle quite mundane and peaceful as we came to accept things as they were.

Today, our lifestyle again has gone through drastic changes. Appropriately for us, this was the final but crucial step which was so necessary to make a breakthrough in what seemed a lifetime of futility. As issues upon issues filled the void endlessly, this path continues to illuminate a relevant part of our life.

" . . . we Nisei are coming out of the camps at last."

Nor do I think I am alone. The redress/reparations issue, which hit at the heart of every Japanese American in the nation, began to cause a rumble in our communities, and long suppressed anger and bitterness were finally articulated by all — Issei, Nisei, Sansei and Yonsei alike. Hundreds of Nikkei testified at the hearings and organized around the demand for reparations. This was truly a turning point in the history of Japanese Americans, a beginning of a movement encompassing every generation and all sectors of our community! The Nisei are involved now. We are not only sharing our past camp experiences, we are supporting and spurring each other on to fight for what we feel is right and just! Could this be the time for all to dispel the enigma of the quiet Nisei" — a time when Sansei need no longer treat us with deference or awe, a time to bridge the generation gap and fight together as one strong community for redress/reparations as well as other issues? The answer is coming through action. This year at the Day of Remembrance commemoration in Los Angeles, 300 people of three generations of Japanese Americans marched together through Little Tokyo chanting, "Justice Now, Reparations Now!"

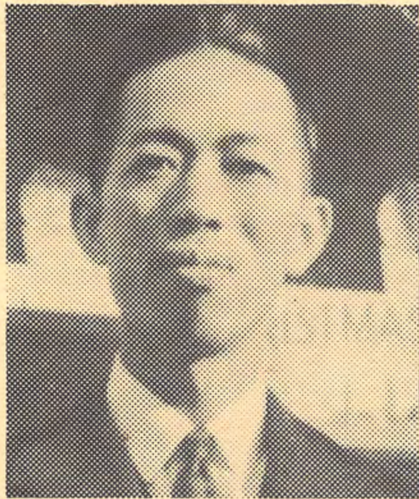
I feel overcome with pride and strength in the realization that we Nisei are coming out of the camps at last — no longer fighting "one's own battle" in isolation, but looking to each other for support and together building a vision. There is a resurgence of Japanese American pride and a fighting spirit. It means that we are concerned about the things that are happening around us and that we intend to act upon it. It means that we are inspired by the "young people" and that we in turn must inspire them too! As I join in the fight, drawing from and sharing in our strength, organized and unafraid, I feel liberated at last. Above all, there is now a clear purpose in my life — a striving towards a vision of a society in which we, our children and our future generations can fully realize what it means to live with pride, dignity, equality and self-determination. □

Happy Lim

Time has slipped by — 40 or 50 years in the blink of an eye.

The U.S. society of the '30s was one of economic depression. Confronted by this hard fact and living in a grey social atmosphere, struggling to make a livelihood, I became tempered. Some of my childish dreams were shattered, but a vision of the future lent an incandescence to the era.

The Chinese community of the '30s was one full of economic oppression. It was a hard time to find a job and it was a time of racial discrimination. Many of the scenes of that time still stir up strong feelings within me. My strongest impression is one of many people out of work and little shops unable to survive.



Even for myself who was single, I did not know where I would stand from one day to the next. It was this kind of hardship that threw me into struggle and led me to follow a revolutionary path.

Under these conditions, many progressive-thinking young people stood up to the call of the times and became staunch fighters for the betterment of society, although there were also those who were confused and unclear. And there were even a few who strived to step on top of others for their own gain and oppose the great tide of social transformation.

Those revolutionary-minded youths who were advanced in thinking had an unshakeable determination and faith. They provided a solution to transform the social services of the Chinese community, to fight against poverty, and to answer "the problem of starvation."

These were the youths who established a new and broad ideal. During these times, they worked with others in the labor sector to organize the "Afterwork Club" which staged frequent propaganda forums on the street corners to educate people about exploitation, oppression and the unemployment suffered by workers. They even organized demonstrations and petitioned to the Chinese Six Companies demanding unemployment assistance. Even though they were unable to get definitive results, they did reflect the basic demands and aspirations of the masses.

Chinese Workers' Mutual Aid Association storefront on Stockton St., S.F. — 1941

The corrupt society brought about those who would rebel against it. Thus, the birth of the California Chinese Workers Mutual Aid Association was like a clarion call in the darkness. It was the summer of 1937. A group of fishshop workers returning to San Francisco from far away Alaska discussed how to organize a Mutual Aid Association. Life up North was so extreme that after a few months' seasonal work, Chinese workers felt their lives were without purpose.

Without being united, the Chinese workers would never be able to improve our livelihood and fight for rightful treatment. So when we got back to San Francisco, several of us Chinese workers resolved to form the Chinese Workers Mutual Aid Association, which was founded on October 9, 1937, at a storefront at 1038 Stockton Street, and later moved to 947 Stockton Street.

From the very beginning, the Chinese Workers Mutual Aid Association called for the unity of workers. Many workers from the restaurants, laundries, sewing trades, farms, seafaring workers and longshoremen joined. It became a workers mass organization. With this collective power, it started to engage in propaganda and education for Chinese workers.

The Association, at the same time, kept close connections with the mainstream of the U.S. labor movement, through groups such as the International Dock Workers Union, the Seafarers Union and the Dishwashers Union.

The Association assisted workers of all trades to get organized. It can be said that the Association was in the forefront of bringing the Chinese workers into the labor unions.

Because it met the needs of the times, it rapidly expanded its membership to over 600 within two years.

The Association held regular sessions to teach Chinese workers about the new world view and to help them to establish the necessary ideology for the modern-day working class.

There were many educational activities like English class, Mandarin classes and singing classes for workers to learn songs of revolution and about the War of Resistance. Most importantly, there was the Workers Movement Study Group, where people with experience in labor or-

ganizing strategies and general basic knowledge talked to the workers.

The Association published the "Cooperative Pamphlet" from the very beginning. It was a quarterly, which, other than reports of the organization's work and the labor movement, had political viewpoints and analysis on the current situation as well as cultural pieces.

In 1938, Mao Tse-tung published the reknowned article "On Protracted War" which greatly armed the thinking of the broad masses in China and later led to the historic victories of the Resistance War and the War of Liberation. It also helped progressive people overseas by deepening the understanding of the significance and strength of ideological work and pointed out that only if we persist in struggle will we overcome any weaknesses and achieve final victory.

Looking back, the path we treaded was an extremely difficult one. As for the future, I feel that the tasks we are facing are tremendous. We have to unite more people and raise our ideological level. Based on my experience as a revolutionary, I believe that this is what we have to center our work around.

" . . . more and more progressive youths are springing up."

Comparing the conditions of the '30s to today, I feel that the situation now is better than before. With the reactionaries weaker and the inspiration of new China, more and more progressive youths are springing up, although there are still some people who cannot rid themselves of the need for self-indulgence and thus cannot depart from the realm of being above the masses.

Only if we take reality as it is, do mass work, persist in the correct line and struggle relentlessly will a free, just and equal society become a reality. I will follow the advanced youths of today and keep on fighting. □

Lori Leong

I got involved in the late '60s and early '70s when I was a freshman in college.

What affected my involvement in the Asian Movement was being in a relationship with an Asian guy who was active on campus. But I was an oppressed woman in that relationship. I went to meetings with him, but I did not feel I could participate. He didn't encourage me to express my ideas nor did he seek them out. Then I met other Asian sisters in the Movement, and they really helped me express my ideas for the first time in my life. I could actually feel that I had some ideas to contribute to building something. But at the same time that I began to express my ideas, I had a very difficult time with my boyfriend. He resented my participation and closeness with other Asian sisters.

For a long time, I subjected myself to a lot of physical beatings by him. Looking back on it from where I'm at now it's hard to see why I would subject myself to that kind of treatment by a man. Like a lot of other women, I was brought up to accept your place in society — to get married, listen to your husband, basically get a man and hold on to him. Getting the courage to break out of that kind of relationship didn't happen overnight. It only happened when I began to understand what was going on, and with the support of people around me, particularly Asian women.

I had led a pretty sheltered life. My father was a restaurant worker, and my mother worked in garment factories. I was a shy person not really feeling or knowing that I had to deal with the world situation.

At that time, the Viet Nam War was a very big issue, and whether you wanted to or not, you were affected by it in one form or another.

"Asian sisters really helped me express my ideas for the first time in my life."

I began to work with a group of students at Columbia University. I had come in touch with people from Triple A (*ed note*: Asian Americans for Action) who were pretty active in the Viet Nam War issue as well as with other students from a couple of campuses around the city. We talked about how we felt as Chinese people as well as the discrimination and problems of Chinese people in this country, and we began to think about doing work among the poorest sectors of Chinese. And looking at it realistically, the people who suffer the most are working people, people who are in the Chinatown community, people who are garment workers, restaurant workers. They suffer extreme problems of basic living from jobs to education. So even though we were students on campus, we felt it was very important for us to go out into the Chinese community and begin to work down there. So we went to Chinatown one summer as a collective and began to work particularly among youth.

The rise of the Black Panther Party had a very big influence on my own understanding of what we should do. The Panthers pointed a certain direction which was basically that the system in this country perpetuates and controls the lives of the people in the communities. They took up work in their community through Serve-the-People programs and actually tried to organize people to fight the government. I think this really helped me see that we should also take this up in a very

serious way.

At that time, I was also influenced by the situation in China. I saw how a country like China where my parents came from was able to really change something. Socialist China was actually beginning to deal with the problems of the Chinese people. It gave me tremendous inspiration. If they could do it, then we could certainly do it in the U.S. no matter how long it takes.

I Wor Kuen (IWK), a revolutionary organization, was formed in that year, 1969. It formed from the collective that went to the community during the summer and winter of 1969. We also began to put out a newspaper called *Getting Together*.

We took the paper out at 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning and tried to sell it to high school students, and we sold it on the streets of Chinatown. There was a very, very big response to it, and I think this was very encouraging for us. It confirmed our belief that what we were doing was right.

It was only through revolution, the basic changing of this whole system, that we could really solve the problems of our people, because basically this system does not want to help poor people. That was our ideology, and we would take it with us into the work we did in the next period of time in Chinatown.

One of the biggest issues that we got involved in was the struggle around the Bell Telephone Company which was trying to evict and basically close down and drive out a couple thousand tenants from their homes in order to build a switching station. What came out of it was a very big organization of tenants called the We Won't Move Committee. Basically we united not only Chinese but also a lot of Italians in the area. Eventually, Bell Telephone had to drop the plan and move out of Chinatown.

Another issue we were trying to address at the time was health care in the community, because there was a very serious health problem, the illness of tuberculosis. We felt that it was important for us working in the community as revolutionaries to understand that we can't just talk about a long-term solution and just wait until it happens. It happens through a long, hard process. Part of the process is to fight for a way to improve people's lives now. So we took up a campaign to do TB testing. We went out in the streets of Chinatown every weekend and gave free TB tests.

"It was only through revolution, the basic changing of this whole system, that we could really solve the problems of our people."

Some of the other work we did was to show movies every weekend, including films from China. Even though the KMT had a lot more control at that time, people would come to our office and sit through those movies knowing that the KMT would try to intimidate us. We also participated actively in coalitions existing in the Asian movement at the time. We did work among Asian women, students and other sectors. For example, we participated in the Asian Coalition, formed to bring Asians together to take a stand and unite to stop the war.

Looking back, I would have to say that there have been a lot of changes and development in the last 12 years in the Chinatown community. The most noticeable change is that the problems of working people have gotten worse.

In the last few years, we have seen the rise of the New York struggle of Chinese restaurant workers for unions. Conditions such as 15-hour work days, 6-day week, no sick pay, no benefits are being challenged by the workers. Uncle Tai's was the first Chinese restaurant in New York to unionize ever — basically the first in the country. The workers stood up and said, "We're not going to take this any more" and went on strike. They wanted a union. They wanted a basic minimum wage and to be given humane conditions to work under.

After Uncle Tai's was able to gain success, it snowballed. So presently in New York City you have up to 10 restaurants, which are unionized into the American hotel/motel restaurant union, and this struggle has had a large impact.

A lot of the restaurants that did unionize were outside of Chinatown, but it doesn't matter whether you are inside or outside of Chinatown. You're Chinese people with the same working conditions, and that had a big impact on the situation for workers inside of Chinatown.

In 1979, the Silver Palace workers in Chinatown went out over the issue of tips and basically pulled a walk-out and fought real hard in a mass way, taking it out onto the street and calling for community support. They were able to get rehired. This is an issue which is a burning issue for the Chinese community now, and I think it is a very important one in the future struggle, for the livelihood of Chinese people.

I have been involved in these and other struggles through my work in the Progressive Chinatown People's Association (PCPA) which is a mass community organization of Chinese workers, students and other progressive Chinese. We formed

UNITY Newspaper

Rent strike by Henry St. tenants — 1980

PCPA in 1977 — people from IWK, community workers, residents, Lo Wah Que and students — to fight in an organized way for the rights of Chinese people.

Another issue which PCPA has been actively involved in is housing. Chinatown sits next to the financial district which is Wall Street, the largest financial center in the whole world. Chinatown is basically six-story buildings which are totally unprofitable for builders in the city.

Right now, there's a big movement in New York City overall to target certain communities to "gentrify" the community. What that means is to basically allow land developers to go into certain poor communities, develop for profit and bring back capital to the city. Last year, the city was able to secretly pass the Special Manhattan Bridge District (SMBD) plan which basically sectioned off a whole piece of Chinatown for land speculation and to give incentives to large developers to build high-rise condominiums.

This is a very important struggle because the whole question of these speculators coming to disperse Chinatown is one way to break the fighting ability and organizing potential of the Chinese National Movement. The community and its future should be controlled by Chinese people.

The sentiment to oppose gentrification is there — in the struggle of the tenants all around the SMBD, Henry Street, Market Street and Madison Street. This is capsulized in the struggle at 109 Madison Street where we are fighting the largest land developer in the whole of New York State, Helmsly Spears Corp., which is going to build a multi-million dollar condominium in the middle of Chinatown.

I think the mass movement of tenants and tenants' associations is a very important step in the fight. The issue also has a broader impact. How will the community as a whole be affected if the tenants and working people are driven out? The soaring rents caused by land speculation will drive Chinese businesses and grocery stores to bankruptcy.

The fight against gentrification is going to take a very big effort, not only among the tenants themselves, but I think it's going to take a very broad united effort of the different sectors of the Chinese community. The different agencies that do a lot of community work, the businesses and family associations need to sit down and say, "Wait a second, what is going to happen to Chinatown? With this move, what does this mean for all of us who have different interests?"

In one sense, the Chinese businesses, restaurant owners, for instance, have slightly different interests from Chinese working people, but there is also a common interest when you see the government moving in to destroy the community. Then, the primary question becomes, "What are we going to do? Are we going to take this on in a united front kind of way, deal with this and see how to stop this dispersal?"

I think one thing I have learned working in Chinatown for the past 12 years is that it is not easy. It's not

something that happens overnight, and when there is a success, and there have been numerous ones of them, it sets the conditions for what is possible in the future.

The housing struggles at 54–56 Henry Street, 22 Catherine Street and 109 Madison Street have been successful. And that success comes from what went on 12 years ago with the Bell Telephone struggle.

One of the key questions is how to work toward building some kind of unity among two people, two organizations or among 10 or 20 organizations. We put on a health fair ten years ago. It took a united effort of over 20–25 organizations and that wasn't easy. It was a very good feeling that we could put something on like that. In the process of ten years it has not been easy to pull those things off again, but we have to be able to learn from this.

You have to start from what is the best way to help the situation; what is going to make the best gains for whatever you are fighting for. It may not be just your way. It may be a combination of people sitting in a room thinking about what is best. It is important to listen and learn from each other to find the best way to solve a problem. That's what has helped the movement in Chinatown to grow as long as I have been involved.

The questions now facing the Chinese community are massive. There's been a huge influx of immigrants from Southeast Asia and Asia. There's a large population, yet needed services are being cut and people are losing their jobs. I think in this period of time there has been a resurgence of the desire for unity in Chinatown, of people seeing that we just can't sit in our little holes feeling comfortable with ourselves.

There's got to be a way to build the movement so we can fight together as Chinese people and as Asians in New York to deal with problems. I think there is a natural feeling of Chinese people wanting to band together to fight. It's there. The potential is there. It's a ripe situation. □

May Chen

I am an East Coast Chinese American born, raised, and educated in the suburbs of Boston, Massachusetts. I have been living and working in New York City for two and one-half years. However, I had the invaluable and unforgettable experience of living for almost a decade (1970-1979) in Los Angeles, California — being part of a dynamic Asian movement, attending graduate school at UCLA, working in the Chinese community, marrying another East Coast Chinese American and having two babies before moving to New York.

"I am a product of the 1960s . . ."

Culturally, socially and politically I am a product of the 1960's, a '60s person — as we are coming to be called — who attended high school and college during that turbulent decade and became politicized by the massive, anti-war, civil rights, student and women's movements of those times. In '60s lingo there was a slogan, "If you're not part of the solution, then you're part of the problem." Broad consciousness was developed about fundamental problems of the system of U.S. capitalism, of the need for every person to be involved in solving these problems. People who did not or would not get involved were "copping out" or just wanted to work "in the system" — actions which ran against the social and political currents of those times. I first got involved because I was young and *everyone* was involved in marching, petitioning, teaching and soul searching.

I was among 3,000 students in the college football stadium holding a mass meeting to vote about going on strike, closing down the whole school in support of students killed by the National Guard at Kent State . . . Black armbands, and red fisted strike symbols filled my graduation from college in 1970!

It was during this time that I first met and worked together with "political" Asians. In fact, it was during this time that I related to fellow Asians more broadly and deeply than ever before. Socially, I stepped beyond the CSA (Chinese Student Association) "mixer" into more liberated and equal relationships with Asian men as well as lasting friendships and solidarity with Asian women. Culturally, I was sharing and part of building a new perspective on Asian experiences in the U.S. which integrated the cultures of Asia and America. Every struggle and issue in the Asian Movement gave me new and deeper opportunities for meeting and working with Asian people of different backgrounds and situations.

The fight to build and stabilize the Little Friends Childcare Center in Los Angeles left a lasting impact on me. It started as a weekly playgroup of young and married Chinese American women and immigrant mothers and children. We shared common aims of providing a service to liberate women from the sole, solitary task of housekeeping and childrearing, to socialize and educate our children in Asian cultural traditions with non-sexist, nonracist values. When I first worked with the Little Friends Playgroup, I was an intellectual, middle class, single Asian woman and approached the project with the perspective of college idealism, feminism, and a touch of a missionary attitude. I was studying to become a public school teacher. Marriage and children were completely outside of my immediate plans and imagination. At 23 or 24 years old who wanted to be "tied down." Women in such straits had to be "saved." Also, I was convinced that young Asian boys abso-

lutely had to be educated in a non-sexist curriculum so they wouldn't make such backward husbands as their fathers who left all the chores of housekeeping to the women! Such was my mentality in those days. The Chinese immigrant mothers who joined Playgroup with their pre-school children taught me more than words can describe and deeply changed my perspective and relationship to the Chinese community. These women were not '60s people but they shared a sense of sisterhood and conviction about women's equality and the Chinese community that paralleled ours. Though not much older than me, they shouldered a lot more "real world" responsibilities and pressures than I did and on top of this, they made time in their busy schedule to help fight for child care and other community needs. In a very concrete, personal way, they showed me a completely new model of women who worked, related to husbands, and raised a family — women who had a lot of independence and personal integrity but weren't striving for a career or self-fulfillment in an individual sense. Instead, their background reflected struggle, survival, and step-by-step progress contingent upon the collective experience and advancement of their families and people's status in the U.S. In other words, they wouldn't advance unless everyone else in their situation did and progress did not mean being "saved" by idealist college students. It made me realize that in order to truly fight for Chinese people's rights, I could no longer see myself as separate from the overall community, as "exceptional" or some kind of trained technician operating above the working people and immigrants.

Through knowing, understanding, working together with the people at Little Friends, I got an education in how struggles and politics occur in "real life." As we developed the Little Friends Playgroup into a fulltime day care service for working mothers, we confronted a hostile city government issuing

orders to close us down because we lacked a "licensable facility." Though very diverse, our group was strongly united and we fought over several years to defend and stabilize our small program. With thousands of working women in Los Angeles Chinatown, the available child care services were pitifully few. We told the City, "Child care is our right!" And the government officials responded, "Child care is the mother's responsibility." Or even worse, "If you Orientals can't take care of them, why do you have so many!" It was a real version of the "Yellow Peril" mentality with a sexist slant and it taught me a lot about where government officials were coming from. I revisited Los Angeles in 1981 and went to see Little Friends in a bright, renovated building with some of the original mothers still involved in teaching or advising the group.

Leaving the people and struggles in the Asian Movement in Los Angeles was very hard but with two small children very close in age, we began to miss families and relatives back East. So we relocated to New York closer to parents and grandparents and are still deeply involved with Asian communities and people.

A lot of people think the Asian Movement is centered exclusively in California or the West Coast. Yet in many ways, New York City is a pace setter for political struggles including many aspects of the Chinese American movement. Life and work in New York has been intense for us, especially compared to the relatively mellow pace of Los Angeles.

I remember about a whole year of East/West Coast culture shock when I moved to Los Angeles. Where were the people and the street life? What happened to the seasons — the hot, humid summers and the blustery blizzards of winter? Even the language in California was different — slower, simpler and sprinkled with strange idioms which people used seriously, like "off the wall" and "far out." But it was wonderful to see so many Asians in all parts of the city doing all types of things. I loved Hermosa Beach, Holiday Bowl, a rock band called Hiroshima with Atomic Nancy, and fast food stands where you could buy a teriyaki burger. You could buy packaged tofu at Ralph's and Safeway, the big supermarket chains there.

"New York City is a pace setter for political struggles including many aspects of the Chinese American movement."

Moving back to the East Coast I was feeling the same cultural shock but in reverse. The regional differences between California and the East have an enormous impact on Asians in each area. The sheer pace and population density of New York makes people constantly hustle and struggle, sometimes together and sometimes against each other. The street life and relationships among people are intense and exciting. And the potential for people coming together, organizing around any

UNITY Newspaper

Demonstration to defend public social services — 1978

kind of issue exists right in the streets. New York is a very literate and cultured city — people read a lot even in the subways. There are hundreds of small theaters and art centers. New York's Chinatown has more Chinese language daily newspapers per capita than anywhere else. And there are dozens of Asian bands, martial arts, operatic and musical ensembles in the city. These conditions make Asians and the Asian Movement in New York City sophisticated and lively. Yet in contrast to the density and street life in New York Chinatown, many Asians in the East Coast, especially Asian Americans, are dispersed, isolated and alienated from Asian culture and community. Asians are perceived by others to be scattered individuals rather than a cohesive ethnic population. We are not recognized as a disadvantaged minority group in most East Coast institutions and even Third World groupings often overlook Asians. Stereotypes and myths ranging from "success story" to Charlie Chan are rampant and the Asians in these situations are forced to assimilate or to feel stifled or frustrated because they have never known any values other than East Coast status consciousness, competitiveness, paranoia and provincialism.

For this reason Asian organizations on campus and in the communities serve as a focal point for our dispersed population. More and more, New York Chinatown remains and grows as a center for Asian American groups as well as for Chinese immigrants. There is a strong sense of nationalism in the Asian Movement in New York which brings together people of many backgrounds around common issues. I love the discipline, character, and drive of Asians on the East Coast. It is exciting and challenging to live and work here, to revive and realize the training and cultural inclinations of my youth. Yet, I dearly appreciate the sense of experimentation and tolerance I learned in mellow Los Angeles. I like to look at the Chinese movement as national in scope, drawing the best from the experience and lessons of each specific area. It's also important to look at today in the context of Asian American history — some recent history ('60s and such) back to the old days. Some young students today look at people like myself as something of a living historical relic. Now that I've written so many papers I almost feel like one. I don't think I'm very unique but my experiences are part of our people's experiences. To know and understand me is to learn about one small part of the dynamic and progressive trend among Asian people — sharing experiences, uniting together, standing up and speaking up for dignity, political power and equality. □

Alan Nishio

I was born in an American-style concentration camp called Manzanar on August 9, 1945 — the day the U.S. government decided to drop an atomic bomb on Nagasaki, Japan. The concentration camps and the A-Bomb — two acts of genocide against people of color rationalized under the guise of "national security." The circumstances and timing of my birth have since caused me to do a great deal of reflecting on what it means to be a Japanese American.

Like other Nikkei (persons of Japanese ancestry), the concentration camp experience had a signficant impact upon my life and identity. Prior to the imprisonment of my family, my parents owned a small grocery store. The store was purchased after years of saving enough money to make a down payment. The store was doing well until Executive Order 9066 was issued on February 19, 1942.

When E.O. 9066 was issued, all was lost. With the expulsion from our home, our family was forced to sell the store and other goods at a tremendous loss. Other valued personal possessions that were not sold were stored at a neighbor's house. This property was later all stolen while we were in camp. What money that was available was spent to help other relatives or was spent while in camp in order to provide for the daily needs of the family.

The camp experience made my father a bitter man. We left Manzanar after three and one-half years of

imprisonment with little with which to start a new life. With the pressures of supporting a family, my father was forced to take up gardening. My father hated gardening, but his pride would not allow him to consider a job where he had to work for the people who had imprisoned him. Besides, he considered gardening only a temporary occupation until he was able to save up enough money to buy another store.

My father died twenty-three years after the close of the camps. He died as a gardener — never realizing the aspirations that he had once held. His death was attributed to alcohol which he had consumed in large quantities as a means of dealing with the anger and frustrations he felt.

It was not until I was in college that I learned about the camp experience. Prior to this time I was told that Manzanar was a small town in California where Japanese people lived. When I learned more about the camps, many aspects of my life and identity as a Nikkei person began to fit into place — the family pressure to "blend" into the society and not rock the boat; the pressure to act the right way and the stress upon education as a means to overcome racial hostility.

It was while I was in college that I became politically involved in the movement for social change. During my first year in college, I was involved in the Free Speech Movement (FSM) at UC Berkeley. The FSM challenged the right of the college administration to determine what could be said on campuses. Today, much of this freedom of expression is taken for granted. This was largely a result of students organizing a campus-wide strike to shut down the campus until concessions were granted. This was my first experience in understanding the power and potential of people acting together in a common effort.

While my identity as a student was affected by the Free Speech Movement, it was the movement of Blacks and other Third World people for equality and justice that affected my identity as an Asian American. What began as a movement for civil rights in the South quickly spread throughout the nation with demands of political power and self-determination for oppressed nationalities. The urban revolts of the '60s and the fight for justice brought home the fact of institutional racism and that the U.S. was a society where the benefits and privileges were divided by color.

The issue that most affected my political development during the 1960's was the struggle against the war in Viet Nam. It was the war that brought out the most blatant forms of the contradictions within the society. It was racism that sent a disproportionate number of Third World people to fight and get killed in a war killing other people of color to defend profits for the few. There was the contradiction of seeing billions of dollars being spent each month to maintain a military machine while at home there were claims of not having enough money to feed, clothe, and house the poor.

"The issue that most affected my political development . . . was the struggle against the war in Viet Nam."

The student movement, Third World movement, and anti-war movement all helped to crystallize for me the need for a fundamental and basic change within the society. There is a need to change a society that valued profits over people, material goods over human life, and elitism over equality.

From my initial involvement in the struggles of the '60s came the realization of the need for organization. Thus, many of us worked together to form the Asian American Political Alliance (AAPA). The purpose of AAPA was to form an organization that would take progressive

stands within the Asian American community — stands in support of other Third World movements, stands against the war in Viet Nam, and stands in favor of developing unity amongst Asian Americans. While AAPA took up a number of issues, its existence was short-lived. The organization was made up primarily of young activists arising out of the movements of the '60s. Activists who were not rooted within the community. Thus, the base of support for AAPA's efforts was narrow, and the impact upon the broader community was limited.

With the realization of the shortcomings of efforts such as AAPA, many began to become involved in efforts to integrate within the community. I was involved in the efforts of the JACS-Asian Involvement office in Los Angeles. We rushed headlong into Serve the People programs and created a number of social service programs dealing with drug abuse counseling, food co-ops, child care programs and welfare rights. Many activists became community workers in collectivizing their resources and efforts in order to better serve the community.

As with AAPA, these Serve the People programs met with initial success but were short-lived in their

impact. Much of the work was based upon idealistic notions and was divorced from the reality confronting most people in the community. Many of the services and programs initiated were taken over by government-funded agencies.

From the lessons learned from the work with AAPA and the JACS-Asian Involvement office, came a recognition of the need for an organization that would combine politics with integration within the community — a mass-oriented politically progressive organization that would take principled and consistent stands on behalf of Japanese Americans and other oppressed nationalities.

In 1976, the Little Tokyo People's Rights Organization (LTPRO) was formed to fight against the forced destruction and dispersal of the Little Tokyo community of Los Angeles. We witnessed Japanese corporate businesses in collusion with the federal government and local politicians taking over property held by long-time residents and small businesses. LTPRO was formed in order to facilitate the participation of as many people as possible in defending Little Tokyo. We won some concessions that helped preserve our community, but more importantly, LTPRO provided a long-range strategy for such protracted struggles. Eight years later now, we are still working for more housing, and we continue to uphold the rights of small businesses and community/cultural groups in Little Tokyo.

At the same time, LTPRO has expanded its political scope to demand Redress and Reparations, unconditional residency and full rights for Japanese immigrant workers, and no human service cuts in our community.

The issue of Redress/Reparations has come to symbolize the growing strength and maturity of LTPRO. A few years ago, the fight for reparations was but a dream in the minds of a few people. Through the work and efforts of LTPRO and other individuals and organizations, we helped found the National Coalition for Redress/Reparations and we have seen how the dreams of a few have been transformed into a vital movement that has brought together Nikkei people from throughout the country. We have also seen the power and sense of pride that has arisen from this movement.

The development of LTPRO has come to reflect the continuing effort to build a progressive movement for change. The principles and ideals held by many of us during the '60s and '70s continue to hold true today: full equality for Japanese Americans and other Third World and working people, full rights for workers and immigrants, and reliance upon democratic principles and mass participation.

The effort to build a better future will be a long and arduous one. It will require a long-range view of achieving social change and a commitment to political principles and perspectives. As I look back at the '60s and '70s, I remember many idealists who thought social change would come about quickly. These people soon became discouraged or "burned out" and left the movement. I also remember many individualists who tried to go it alone in creating social change. These people soon found that they could not change the system as individuals and became cynical and defeated.

There are many others, however, who have persevered in the struggle, who have integrated their political ideals and principles into their lives, who have continued to work in a collective manner in the fight for equality and democratic rights. We, in LTPRO, recognize that Nikkei people all across the country share a common history, a common bond, and a common destiny. We are working to unite and organize for the long-term fight against national oppression. As a Japanese in America, I stand proud because by participating in a broad, progressive organization like LTPRO, I'm taking a stand for justice and equality, pride and dignity for our people. □

Members of LTPRO protest destruction of community — 1979

Wes Senzaki

After high school, I went into college and studied biochemistry. I was into a hippie stage . . . I was an idealist; you know, "peace, everyone should love one another and everything'll be alright." I went to U.C. Santa Barbara in 1968 when the first Third World strikes started happening. We were demanding our rights to an equal education, one that dealt with our people's histories rather than just falsified European male history. That was the crystallizing thing for me. I took part in anti-war and anti-draft marches. I had watched the Civil Rights Movement and ghetto riots while growing up. It brought changes on and that's when I decided to drop out of biochemistry to re-think my direction in life.

I got a job in a factory and got involved in my first unionizing effort. Later on, and it took a while, I realized that peace and justice don't happen by just waving the peace sign, smoking dope, kicking back and being good to your friends. Being good to people is basic but the only way to stop oppression and exploitation is by fighting actively against it in whatever way you can. Seeing people not only in the U.S. but around the world struggling and dying fighting for liberation made me realize that the oppressors will never stop exploiting people because you ask "Please stop . . . gimme a break." It ain't gonna happen. I know we have to actively struggle to make progressive changes, and I feel that everyone has a skill or talent to give to making positive change. For myself, I've enjoyed art since I was a child, so I felt that's something that I should pursue.

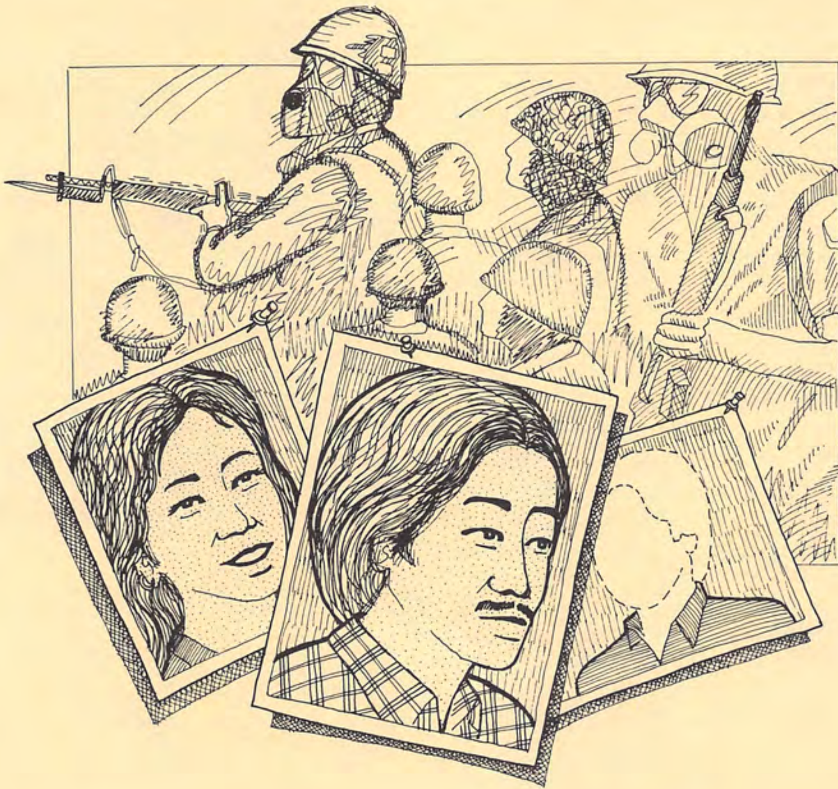
I really started to make a serious effort in that direction after I moved to San Francisco in 1974. I became involved with the Committee Against Nihonmachi Eviction (CANE) and joined their newsletter committee. I started doing illustrations. From that it progressed and grew. I started doing things for the October First Celebrations, for normalization of relations between the U.S. and China. That's when I was introduced to the Kearny Street Workshop which was flourishing.

I felt there was a real need on the cultural level to develop skills and promote a Japanese American community art. A couple of us on CANE's newsletter committee frequently talked about art. We used to talk with others too about the need for some place, a facility we could work out of. A place where we could develop politically conscious art and offer art classes that people normally could not afford. They wouldn't get the same perspective going just to an art school like the Academy of Art in San Francisco. We wanted more of a grassroots thing basically. So the idea of having an arts workshop in the community came about, and we were able to get some seed money from the Japantown Art Movement, a coalition of community groups that

Rich Wada

was formed to get funding for community art programs. We got use of the empty space at 1852 Sutter from the Redevelopment Agency. There were people interested at that time, most of whom are still involved: Doug Yamamoto, Rich Wada, Mitsu Yashima, Gail Aratani and others. So we began in early '76 to rehabilitate the building. By early 1977, around springtime, it was starting to take shape. We put the word out about this art workshop in the community. We had a formal organizing committee and started dealing with what we were going to call ourselves and where we were coming from. We opened on October 1, 1977. That's how the Japantown Art and Media (JAM) Workshop came into being.

When we first started, there were basically just classes. We started doing silkscreen posters and that evolved into graphic services. It's expanded beyond posters to leaflets, brochures and other art services to community organizations. There are special



art projects such as the Asian Women Artists Project, Senior Citizen Art Project and Nihonmachi Garden Project. We're also involved in exhibitions and cultural events like the Oshogatsu Festival and Nihonmachi Street Fair.

When we first started we were totally volunteer. We had some funding from private foundations. At one point we had state money and paid people to work at JAM. But there have been cutbacks. It just means that we will rely more on volunteers and collaborate closer with other progressive art groups.

I feel fairly comfortable with my work now. As the years have gone by I can see the improvement in my work and hopefully that'll continue. Not being formally trained, the only way you can do it is to keep producing. I think the greatest leaps I have made in the quality of my art have been since working with JAM. This is what PROGRESSIONS (an exhibit of posters and drawings by Wes Senzaki and Richard Tokeshi at S.F.'s Chinese Cultural Center in March, 1982) is all about. We're not working in isolation. We're working with other artists and organizations in the context of a community and it's a process of constant sharing. I learn much from other people as I hope they learn from me.

Up 'til now, I've been focusing more on my art in terms of developing craft and skills. I think at one time my political understanding was at a much higher level than my technical art skills. I've been feeling though that my art skills have come up to a level pretty much on par with my political understanding. In order to get any further, not only in my art but in my politics, I have to do more study to get a deeper understanding of what's going on and what needs to be done. My art will always get better as I practice it, but the same holds true for my politics. It will only get better as I practice it.

The Asian Movement, if you look at it historically, is still very, very young. It's been progressing all along; it's been expanding. At the beginning, it was almost exclusively a political movement and it's expanded in the last few years by recognizing the role and power of culture. That's real encouraging.

Whenever other art/cultural groups like the Asian American Resource Workshop in Boston or Thousand Cranes in New York City are in the area, they stop by JAM and we have some really good discussions. We keep in contact; we send each other literature. It's funny because you can get the feeling that you're alone, that no other artists out there know what you are doing. But when other groups start popping up, there's a sense of a movement happening. It's encouraging for us, so at JAM we try to be as supportive and helpful as possible.

"My art will always get better as I practice it, but the same holds true for my politics."

Though social and economic conditions are deteriorating, I have hope. On an important level, things are getting better. Better because people who have progressive political consciousness, their consciousness is deepening, and for those who didn't before have that consciousness, they're beginning to get it. There's also a growing sense of unity among the Asian nationalities. That's one thing I'd like to point out about JAM. Even though we focus on the Japanese community because we're located in Japantown, we work with and for groups of different Asian and Third World nationalities around the Bay Area. Our staff isn't just Japanese. In the future, we want to get more in touch with other Asian/Pacific nationality communities and build a stronger network of progressive artists. □

Chol Soo Lee Retrial

Ranko Yamada

"Sorry. We need something newsworthy," say the city news editors. "Innocence and death row just aren't novel enough. Can you people burn an effigy?"

Thus, the stage is set for Chol Soo Lee's retrial of a 1973 murder he didn't commit. Lee, a Korean immigrant whose murder conviction was overturned by an appeals court, will once again face trial on May 24 in San Francisco.

During the last nine years of his incarceration, the prosecution and police have repeatedly been given substantial evidence that someone else committed the murder. Yet they have never shown the remotest interest in finding out who really killed Yip Yee Tak. Of course, to admit interest in the real killer has serious drawbacks for them. The public would then know how the prosecution has groomed witnesses, suppressed exculpatory evidence, falsified evidence and allowed perjured testimony to condemn an innocent man to die. The prosecution is determined to continue the deadly hoax, in hopes that by repeating a lie often enough, it will become truth.

And this is where Chol Soo Lee stands today, facing trial by a court that is just as anxious to maintain this status quo. By carefully sifting through the evidence, deciding what a jury can and cannot hear, the courts can almost insure the outcome: conviction of murder one. Already in preliminary hearings, the court has ruled against defense motions to introduce evidence of a major eyewitness, police misconduct and Chol Soo's polygraph test.

Designed & Printed at JAM Wksp./copyright 1980 W. Senzaki

Truth is no gift in Chol Soo Lee's case. It is hard fought, impatient and expensive. Chol Soo literally fights for his life in this case. As supporters, we fight also for the right to define ourselves and to assert our demands for justice and equality. We face the court as an enemy, and whatever is won from that courtroom is our doing. Fortunately the "we" in the support movement is also an awesome body. We are the countless Korean and Asian immigrants who find ourselves here, stripped of language and culture. We are the American born Asians who have lived through the double standard charade of discrimination and racism. And we are the many progressive and dedicated individuals committed towards a more just society.

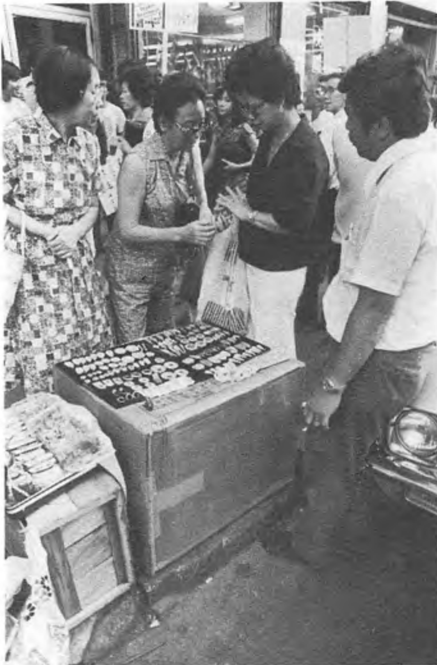
Chol Soo can win if we are there. The court may manipulate the evidence, but it cannot control community sentiment or stifle our demands. Join us in May at the San Francisco Hall of Justice. For more information, contact the Bay Area Committee to Free Chol Soo Lee, 827 Pacific Ave., No. 122, San Francisco, CA 94133. ☐

Ranko Yamada *is a Contributing Editor to* EAST WIND. *She is an attorney and has been active in the Chol Soo Lee defense movement for many years. She is also a member of Nihonmachi Legal Outreach, a community legal services group.*

NOT ON THE MENU

Visions of an Unofficial Photographer Laureate

Photos by Corky Lee



Sidewalk jewelry — 1976

Reading in the park — 1974

Street Fair — 1975

Tug-of-war — 1975

Tenement couple — 1979

As Corky and I made the final choices for the photographs on these pages, I asked him, "So what about the essay part? This is a photo essay."

He quipped, "These pictures tell a story and they say one picture is worth a thousand words!"

Corky Lee started taking photos around 1970 through his involvement in Chinatown housing struggles and tenant organizing. He wanted to document the ojective conditions that existed.

When I asked him why he still snaps what he does, he replied that he photographs "things that need to be corrected, highlighted or remembered . . ."

Corky is self-taught. He would welcome any comments and inquiries about his work. Send your letters to Corky Lee, 32 E. Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10002.

Sasha Hohri□

Untitled — 1975

Asian Americans in

"Asian American theater expresses the Asian American consciousness."

— Tisa Chang

Tisa Chang is the Artistic Director of the Pan-Asian Repertory Theatre in New York City. She founded the company in 1972 after a decade of work as a singer, dancer and actress in several Broadway theatrical productions. She is married to Pilipino actor and playwright Ernest Ernestabuba.

The interview was conducted by Fred Houn, a musician, poet and writer for UNITY *newspaper.*

EAST WIND: What is your background and theatrical training?

Tisa Chang: I came here when I was six years old from China. I studied dance and piano when I was seven. I got my Equity card in 1962 and started working for the American mainstream . . . I know how far an Asian American can go in that mainstream . . . how limiting it can be. There are just not enough roles. The mainstream today is old fashioned, limited in their enlightenment and progress. It's extremely racist and sexist. I mean, they don't even think one iota more. It just takes a little to say, "Hey, stretch your imagination. Can't you see a Chinese or Japanese in such and such a role, maybe just as a smaller role." They don't think about that. I look at television and I see all men in all these traditional roles or they have very stereotyped images of the Asian man or woman and that can be harmful. Pan-Asian Repertory Theatre exists to combat and to dispel these stereotypes. I do not wish to ever be offered another role as a sneaky, beautiful Oriental femme fatale or bar girl. I mean I've had enough of those and I think I can play roles other than those.

I founded Pan-Asian Repertory Theatre in 1972. The founding concept of Pan-Asian Rep is to mainly showcase . . . to search, nurture and showcase Asian American and Asian talent. People say there are no super Asian American stars. That's not true. I believe they have to be found; they have to be nurtured. There's a whole suppository of energies, creative energy and talent but if they don't have any place to utilize, manifest and implement that talent or energy, well then, of course nobody's going to have heard of them.

EAST WIND: What training does Pan-Asian Rep offer?

Tisa Chang: We have a workshop program. It's not that far-reaching at this point. Above all, the workshops are geared to the needs of my actors and productions. Firstly, I do not try to duplicate courses given in New York City. For instance, the Japanese movement class that we had taught by Cheryl Ito, that was absolutely, directly tied to the fact that we did a traditional Japanese play. Well in advance of that, we provided the class so that people could get a little understanding . . . . This is where you really get people working together consistently and having some Asian tutelage . . . . We're going to have a Shakespeare class with Nashiko Okama. A lot of people say, "Hey, Shakespeare and Asian actors, they don't really jive." They say we don't have the training. We try to provide an atmosphere where everything is possible. It's very relaxed. It's more like a workshop where we are collaborating rather than anyone teaching someone else.

EAST WIND: What advice do you have for someone who wants to get into the professional theater?

Tisa Chang: I would definitely suggest that the professional should go and get all the training possible. If you want to write or if you want to act, go to the best places. It doesn't necessarily mean that that name school is going to ensure you of the talent to be a success, but it is good to get the fundamental discipline. Then, I would also suggest work, actual on-the-job, in-the-field work.

That's again where Pan-Asian Repertory comes in . . . . It's still very hard finding work all the time, year round work just to practice your craft. This is why people who work 9 to 5 come in to rehearse with us in the evening. They're very proud to take seven weeks out of their lives so to speak, because a true artist is a dedicated person who is not counting pennies and I am so much gratified by people like

continued on page 47

Theater — East and West Coast

"The industry treats the actor's ability as the last item. We want to reverse that at East West Players."

— Mako

Mako's accomplishments as an actor and director have brought him international praise. Nominated for an Academy Award for his work in The Sand Pebbles, *Mako has appeared in 20 films. In 1979, he won acclaim as The Reciter in* Pacific Overtures. *He recently starred as Oda in Visual Communications' feature film,* Hito Hata — Raise the Banner.

One of the founding members of the East/West Players, Mako continues his involvement today as the company's Artistic Director.

The interview was conducted in February 1982 by Alan Kondo, a member of Visual Communications.

EAST WIND: I think a lot of people know about your current work, but they don't know about your history and how you got started in this business.

Mako: Well, I came to this country when I was fifteen . . . My parents had come to this country before the war, so I came to join them after the war. Both of my parents are painters, and my father in particular was heading a young artists' movement. They were very involved in the artists' movement to prevent Japanese people from going into war, into Manchuria. Consequently, they were arrested many times. After I was conceived, my mother was jailed, and she spent the next nine months in jail. They had to let her go because I was due. Since I was raised in that kind of environment, both of my parents were totally supportive of anything I chose to do as a profession in the creative line.

At the time, my ambition was to become an architect. So, I enrolled in the school of architecture at the Pratt Institute. I got involved with a couple of friends who were building an off-Broadway stage set, and they asked me to help them. That's how I got involved in theater. Since I knew nothing about theater, I wanted to learn something about acting, something about directing.

EAST WIND: Between then and now, what were some of the major decisions you had to make for yourself that brought you to where you are now?

Mako: Number one, I learned to understand that an actor has a right too. In other words, the choice is his or hers. If the role is demeaning to you or your people, or people in general, the actor has a right to reject. Many times an actor is so eager to work, upon reading a script in which the role that he is to play is demeaning, you justify it to yourself by saying, "I think I can rectify the situation." But if it's written in that vein, even though you may try it, it's difficult to change it.

For me it came by way of bitter experience, by having done one of those roles. It's like it goes on record . . . stays on record and somebody will identify you with that role.

EAST WIND: How are Asians treated in Hollywood when you go see the casting director?

Mako: Basically, it boils down to you being a piece of meat. I mean that they're always looking for a type — a physical aspect. If anything, the last criteria is talent or experience.

There's a strange double standard that exists when it comes to an ethnic role. They become so sensitive toward ethnic origin. For instance, if the role is for a Malayasian, they want to find a Malayasian actor. But when it comes to the leading character, they go from the list of stars the networks will accept — 102 or 103 names. If you're on that list, origin doesn't matter.

But when it comes to us (Asians), they become overly sensitive. That kind of double standard just doesn't make sense. When they made *Roots*, they didn't use any African actors. They used Black actors from this country. But when it comes to *Shogun* or *Marco Polo* . . . In *Shogun* there was only one (Asian American), Emiko Taka, who functioned as interpreter for Mifune. The Toho people wanted to push their people into an international market, and Asian Americans were left in the back seat although NBC was co-producing. In *Marco Polo*, it was different. Bulah Quoh, Jimmy Hong, Soon Tek Oh worked in it. But I wasn't Chinese. It's kind of strange, the kind of shit that's

Alan Kondo

going on. We're constantly shoved into the corner, the secondary position. Ultimately where we want to go is to be recognized as actors in any production. The industry treats the actor's ability as the last item on the agenda. What we want to do is reverse that order at least at East West Players.

EAST WIND: What brought about East West Players, and what difficulties did you have?

Mako: The environment in which we were functioning wasn't satisfactory to many of us, Asian American actors, at that time, and we wanted to do something about it. Do productions of our choice; hire a director of our choice who had our point of view. People who started East West Players were Beulah Quoh, James Hong, Pat Lee, June Kim, Yet Lock and myself. Shortly after, Soon Tek Oh joined us, and Alberto Issac. They're working in the industry but not so much working directly with East West. For example, Soon Tek has come back many times to do productions, but he is trying to create a Korean American theater company. It's needed.

At that time, there was funding available, but we didn't want strings attached, so we didn't apply for funding for a long time. Finally, the Ford Foundation gave a two-year grant to develop actors and materials from our own community. That's when we decided to have a national playwriting contest, and two of the applicants were Momoko Iko with "Gold Watch" and Frank Chin with "Chickencoop Chinaman." Through that playwriting contest, we came in contact with those two gifted writers.

EAST WIND: How would you characterize where the Asian American theater movement is at now, in relation to the development you've seen in the past?

Mako: I can only speak in behalf of East West Players. I think we're at a very good place, meaning that people who joined our company ten years ago are beginning to make a livelihood as actors. Therefore, they can afford to work with us. Bob Ito in "Quincy" is one example. When he first came here from Canada with his family, he couldn't even pay membership dues. Realizing his situation, we said, "Maybe you can teach movement" because he was a dancer. He's still on our roster as an active member. One of the reasons East West Players succeeded to the point it is now is that everyone who could afford $10 a month, paid that $10 a month. Our company is a membership-supported company, although we've gotten numerous grants to balance our budget. Hundreds of people have paid $10 a month in the past. Our community support has grown tremendously.

This current season, we have dedicated the whole season to the camp experience. It's something I wanted to do for a long time, but the materials were written by non-Japanese Americans, and usually had a very exotic theme imposed upon the real issue that affected us. So we didn't do those materials. We just didn't feel it was right.

One season is really not enough to talk about what happened, so we hope to continue to pursue this subject matter. But material has to be written for us to work with. We can't improvise out of thin air.

A number of people were very concerned that the concentration camps experience would create a downer of a season. But I said, well, maybe so, but it's something we must do at this point. And it so happened that the whole issue of redress and the hearings happened this year. It wasn't by design, but it coincided.

EAST WIND: The federal cutbacks in art and culture funding seem to be affecting minority culture the most. How have they affected East West Players?

Mako: So far, not much. We've heard statements from people like Charleton Heston that "minority arts should belong in the Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare." I think what he said is purely a reflection of the President's opinion, and I think it will affect us next year. But we have been preparing ourselves for that sort of cutback. In order for us to survive, we cannot rely solely on funding. We have to develop means to survive, a business that can bring revenue to

our company. And we can't keep our theater dark. We have to have more productions, whether it's a theatrical production of a music culture or whatever. We have to have people coming into our theater. Small theater companies like ours, every little bit counts. By keeping our doors open, it means more work for us. Like the Issei philosophy, unless you work, you can't bring a dollar home.

EAST WIND: In terms of artistic direction, what's the next step for Asian American theater?

Mako: East West Players must make a transcontinental tour to the East Coast, mainly to New York to gain national recognition. In some ways, we're more known outside of Los Angeles. New York is where the bigger corporate headquarters are, so that becomes a must for us if we are to survive.

The main positive thing is that more people are writing. And more Asian American writers are writing for theater. Which is great for us, because without them, we cannot survive.

EAST WIND: What sort of advice would you have for someone just starting out, and interested in Asian American theater?

Mako: Well, actors' work is very tedious. It requires dedication and commitment. Unfortunately, the art of acting is not as scientific as say, studying to become a doctor, but in essence it's just as tedious.

It's not glamorous at all. Starting this summer, we're going through intensive summer training workshops as opposed to weekly sessions. This intensive workshop will keep students busy for six days a week, ten hours or more, for five weeks. That's how long it takes to mount a production. They'll be working on a real production as well as going to classes, rehersal, voice production, movement, what have you. We're talking about 300 hours of work, but that's part of what we go through as actors.

EAST WIND: What did you think about your participation in *HITO HATA?*

Mako: Being able to participate in the project has been a very positive experience. Although in looking back, there was a problem with the project in terms of collective writing. But knowing that, I enjoyed working with it. I was able to use a lot of composites I had drawn for myself in terms of Issei, drawing from my own personal history. When I first came here, I worked in Harlem, in Chinatown, in various kitchens in New York City. At that time, there were still a lot of Issei working as cooks, dishwashers, pantrymen, what have you. I came into contact with so many of them. I was glad to be able to build a positive composite of Issei, an accumulation of imagery that I collected. Also, the sound from those people — the Japanese they spoke was very provincial, archaic and they Americanized. It was a unique language. In that sense, through *HITO HATA*, I was able to document a small portion of the sound I have come to love. We all felt good about taking a part in that project. What has been rewarding is people's response during those premieres around the country that Visual Communications has been holding. When I was in Washington, D.C., there was a lady from Kagoshima who was 84. She came up to me and said in Kagoshima dialect, "What province are you from?" Somehow she believed I was from Kagoshima. I spent some time there when I was two or three, but I don't remember anything from those days. People coming up and saying those things is the highest form of reward that an actor can ever get. □

EAST/WEST PLAYERS SUMMER WORKSHOP '82

Intensive Training Program on all phases of professional theater

July 27 - August 31

Application Deadline: June 25

Contact:
Diane Kobayashi
Summer Workshop Program
4424 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90029
(213) 660-0366

Tisa...

continued from page 44

that because we are a collective working together. We are professionals.

EAST WIND: What's your definition of Asian American theater?

Tisa Chang: Well, Asian American theater is very different from theater companies that produce traditional Asian works. An Asian American theater has to do with works that express the Asian American consciousness. There's a very distinct difference between the Issei and the Sansei, the first and third generation Japanese Americans. There is a very distinct difference between the new Chinese immigrant and the Chinese American who has been here three, four, or five generations. There are all these differences . . . and they form a different consciousness. I think Asian American theater should be responsive and should reflect all of these that I've mentioned, because these are all valid experiences. Asian American theater must above all promote a certain kind of thinking and attitude. It must reflect truthfully whether in a pretty light or not, some of these experiences, whether they are struggles or joys.

We do four productions a year, usually tied to a theme. For instance, one year we do new playwrights. Another year will be classics. One year we'll concentrate on the Japanese American ethos.

EAST WIND: Has Asian American theater utilized traditional Chinese and Japanese techniques?

Tisa Chang: I would say so, yes. I think that there's no way that you can divorce and cut yourself off of certain ties. I have found references in

Carol Rosegg

Tisa Chang (bottom left) and the cast and crew of Momoko Iko's play Flowers and Household Gods.

our plays to Kabuki or Noh. There will be references to certain foods or tastes, words, or phrases in that certain language. Asian American theater must draw upon the techniques of our roots and of our heritage when it is appropriate. In "And The Soul Shall Dance" by Wakako Yamaguichi, she wrote a play about immigrant Japanese farmers struggling in the '30s. This Issei couple who came abroad certainly had points of reference with the language, music, songs and dances of their old Japan. So much so that the young wife at the very end of the play in order to symbolize her insanity, her total breaking down and her inability to cope with the pressures of this new land, at the end of the scene, she puts on her old kimono and does a traditional dance.

I have used a story from Peking Opera; I've used certain traditional rhythm and certain aspects of the movements, but I inserted the folk songs that people of my generation would know .... Now a Chinese American who is born here may not have the advantage of growing up with certain songs and melodies as I had, and I think that is a very big loss. I'm pleased to see that in the almost ten years since I've been directing Pan-Asian Rep, there is now a swing to recognizing one's roots and not being ashamed about it. I think there was a real danger for a while. I was the class of '63 so that will give you some time reference. Some Asian Americans who were born here tried very hard to totally deny what their names and faces say they are. They don't want to acknowledge that their parents don't speak English very well. They wanted totally to be so American, to be absorbed and assimilated into the melting pot. You can change your name, but you can't change your face very much short of surgery. I don't think anybody is that desperate to do that. What I'm getting from young people, and when I say young meaning 32 and under, is a sense of real pride in who they are. They understand what it means to be 1st, 2nd, or 3rd generation Chinese in America and they go with that. They accept (it). They dare to be different .... We have common experiences and sentiments and that's very helpful so we can band together.

EAST WIND: What kind of links exist among Asian American theaters?

Tisa Chang: I wish there were a better working relationship and immediacy among the companies, but there are three to four in the country. There should be a network to share information.

Asians in the performing arts don't have clout in Washington, D.C. We don't sit on panels at NEA (National Endowment for the Arts). More of us who are experts in our field in the performing arts should start getting into positions of some clout. I wish I would be invited to sit on more panels. Therefore, I would have a direct effect on the emphasis of funding. We need more clout and we have to band together to get that.

I feel very positive and optimistic about the collective and creative energies. This is very different from my period ... where some people were a little diffident and sitting back. I'd really like to impress upon young people who have aspirations, don't shirk the work because bullshit doesn't get you anywhere. Do the work! I don't mind working longer or harder. The nice thing is that we ought to do what we do. □

Janet Miyoko Tsubamoto

I'm a Sansei, third generation, Oakland, California. Although I've never had any "formal" training of an art school, I feel I have something better. I have the influence and inspiration for my art from my parents and a rich cultural heritage and history to take pride in.

Before the turn of the century, my grandfather first went to Vancouver, Canada from Japan. With forty dollars saved from salmon fishing, he decided to move to San Francisco in the early 1900's. He survived the Great Earthquake of 1906, but promptly moved to Oakland.

My father was born in Oakland. He is Kibei (born in America, raised in Japan) and is an extremely talented artist with the gift of being able to create beauty in everything he does. Even of such a dismal place as the camps he did beautiful watercolors and sketches of the train ride to Topaz. But once he was out of camp he had to work many jobs to rebuild the lives of his family again.

As far as I can remember, he was always too busy working day and night, sometimes two jobs to be able to sit down and paint. But even in his dry cleaning business his creativity came through — it was called "the Artistic Cleaners," and he hung his paintings up around the cleaners. Today, you can see his artistic talent in many beautifully landscaped gardens around the Bay Area. Through his work you can see his understanding of Japanese culture and the intense strength and pride he has in himself. Another evidence of his eye for beauty is my Mom.

My mother is Nisei (second generation), born and raised in Oakland Chinatown. She has a unique talent of her own. She has the ability to see the beauty of life, always making you see the best in things and making what you have seem like the best. And even though I will always remember her constantly working, at the cleaners and raising five children, her strength comes through the fact that she has maintained her outlook by such kindness, gentleness and grace despite devastating experiences like the camps.

My parents fought extreme racism and oppression, and worked hard from sun up to sun down to make better lives for my brothers, sister and me. And, they have a pride in who they are so strong that it has influenced and inspired me to take pride in who I am. If ever it is said that children are most like their parents, I wish it to be true for me. I hope you can see this in my art.

In Japan, there is a spirit of inner strength called kimōchi. For everyone who has a dream in life, kimōchi is the spirit that gives you the strength and determination to struggle for it. Symbolic of that strength and spirit is the **Shō-Chiku-Bai,** also known as the **Winter Friends.** Shō-Chiku-Bai appear throughout Asian art, literature and folklore and are held in the highest regard as the symbols of resistance to hardship. Shō (pine), Chiku (bamboo) and Bai (plum) grow wild in Asia and their beauty is appreciated by everyone. But for the poor, whose survival is hard and futures are only of hope, the Shō-Chiku-Bai is symbolic of an outlook on life.

Winter in Asia is the worst time of year, with heavy snows burying everything and bitter cold sets in. It is at this time of year, however, that the pine and bamboo stay green and beautiful which signifies their survival despite insufferable conditions, and the plum which blossoms while winter snows are still on the ground indicates that winter is almost over and spring is on its way. This reminds one to look forward to a better future.

Shō, (matsu in Japanese) whose needle shaped leaves are believed to drive away evil demons, flourishes in the poorest of soil, clinging to rocky cliffs bringing beauty where no other living thing can survive. At new year it is customary to place a pair of Kadomatsu (gate pines) before every gate or door. The trees are paired, one rough and prickly (male), the other softer and more graceful (female), male on the left, female on the right. With these are placed bamboo cuttings and plum branches.

Chiku, (take in Japanese) is the staff of life to the people of Asia. Its uses in Asian cultures are endless, from being a religious symbol in the remotest area to building skyscrapers in Hong Kong. Besides being so gracefully beautiful, it is tough, strong and flexible, bowing under the heavy snows of winter and bending but never breaking in harsh winds.

Bai, (ume in Japanese) is considered the "Elder Brother of one hundred flowers" and the plum blossoms fall before they wither rather than cling rotting to the tree.

For the Japanese Americans interned in concentration camps during World War II, the Shō-Chiku-Bai spirit strengthened their will and determination at a time when all looked very bleak. Made to leave all earthly possessions behind, herded into race tracks and made to stay in filthy stalls, then taken by train with shades drawn to unknown destinations, many felt their lives were doomed. For the Japanese, whose cultural heritage always held nature in the highest regard were stripped of even that and dumped in the middle of the deserts and nowheres where little existed. Not knowing whether they would spend the rest of their lives there or not, they began to gather what little bits of nature they could and began to fashion them into the images of the nature held so dear. Bamboo and pine trees were carved out of leftover wood used to build the barracks, plum blossoms were made out of tiny shells. They made bonkei and did ikebana with desert weeds and sagebrush. Their strength and determination, the Shō-Chiku-Bai spirit made the Japanese American culture survive despite the oppressive conditions.

"TSURU SEN-NEN, KAME MAN-NEN"

"As the Crane one thousand years, the Kame ten thousand years."

. . . is an old Japanese saying describing the symbols of youth and old age (long life) the **Tsuru** (crane) and the **Kame** (tortoise).

The **Kame** is one of the four supernatural animals (tiger, dragon, ho, tortoise) of Chinese mythology. Symbolic of long life, the Kame is said to live 10,000 years. The minokame, or long tailed kame (also called "raincoat" tortoise because his tail resembles the old Japanese peasant raincoat made of straw) is said to grow his long tail in his old age of 10,000 years.

The **Tsuru** is one of the most commonly used symbols of long life in Asian legends and art. In Japan, the Tsuru is a sacred bird which is said to live 1,000 years. If it lives 2,000 years it then turns black. There is also the Manchurian Crane which is characterized by its black tail feathers and red cap. At weddings it is customary for family and friends to fold 1,000 gold origami (paper) cranes and hang them together for good luck, fortune and long life to the bride and groom.

BEWILDERED

by Louis H. Chu

Illustrations by Leon Sun

Introduction

Chinese American novelist Louis Chu (1915–1970) left behind a rich legacy for future generations of Asian American writers. In his novel Eat a Bowl of Tea, *published in 1961, Chu portrayed the conflict between a father and son in New York Chinatown with great insight and feeling. Recreating in English the rich textures of his native Sze Yup dialect, Chu captured the vitality of Chinese people and made his characters come to life as real, three dimensional human beings.*

Chu's sensitive handling of characters and situations can be seen in this earlier work, "Bewildered," which is being published for the first time. "Bewildered" conveys an experience common to many Chinese immigrants — the anxiety that builds while waiting for reunification with one's family.

We would like to express our gratitude to Mrs. Kang Louie for allowing EAST WIND to publish "Bewildered."

* * *

The fat, round man at the reception desk looked up as we stepped off the elevator. His desk was diagonally opposite the elevator we just used, and directly opposite another that was not being used. His hugeness and the big desk made the hallway look more crammed than it actually was.

"You people are out of luck," he bellowed. His tone was without emotion. "Have you eaten yet?"

"No," my husband answered. "All we had all day was a couple spoonfuls of corn flakes on the plane."

He looked at the slip of paper handed him by our custodian, who had met us at the airport and brought us here in a big, red limousine with a U.S. government tag for a license plate. Beside his desk was a bench, and presently the rotund man directed us to sit down. At our feet lay our baggage — a duffel bag, two suit cases, and a zipper bag, with the Honolulu custom inspector's yellow seal still on them. He picked up his phone. Before some one answered at the other end he turned to us, "The cooks are off now." He checked his watch again. "It's after five."

"Bill, I have three who just came in. Can you fix them something to eat?"

The huge man pushed a button on the edge of his desk and a man, presumably a guard though ununiformed and in shirt sleeves, appeared in no time.

"Take them upstairs for chow. Stay with them until they're through and then come down with them."

We followed the man to the bottom of the stairs, where he unlocked the door. Upstairs on the thirteenth floor was the mess hall.

When we returned from chow the fat man gave each of us a tag of identificaton — our name and a number — and directed us to our respective quarters. A matron appeared and took my 7-year-old daughter and me to the thirteenth floor, where female detainees were quartered. My husband went with the guard.

One week. Two weeks. Two months, maybe — we would have to be detained here, I told myself. The quiet and spaciousness of the corridor through which we now passed seemed to convey a loneliness found only in a darkened and deserted tunnel. In China we had heard stories about the "Wooden House," where newcomers to the shores of America are detained. Could this be *the* "Wooden House?" We have friends who had preceeded us to the United States who had remained one or two months as detainees of the immigration authorities here. Detention of any length of time is an unpleasant thing. And because it is unpleasant and undesirable — yet so unnecessarily necessary — we were drawn to it in frequent conversations with our relatives and friends in China. When people asked me how long I expected to be detained I usually replied, "I don't know," or "One month," or "Maybe two months." Related questions on the same subject included: What will your husband do in the meantime? Will he wait for you in San Francisco or will he proceed to New York?

Now I was here in person — a detainee. It is a funny sort of feeling to have — like, perhaps, the bride who had dreaded her wedding day, now found herself sobbing softly in her bridal sedan chair, on her way to the bridegroom's. Or like the student who had worried about his mid-terms, suddenly found himself face to face with a stiff exam. This was no idle talk. I was going through it. The California weather, the gaiety of San Francisco, the fascination of Chinatown, held no reality for me. My tired and confused mind refused to let in the sunshine. Only shadows creeped in. Stories of those who hanged themselves because they were refused admittance now sent a chill up my spine. The vivid newspaper account of the Chinese woman detainee who threatened to jump from the ledge of this building not so long ago tugged at me, making my steps unsteady. Its ugliness seemed to dim the lights of this very hall, this very building. We followed the matron dejectedly, with misgivings, with no self-assurance whatever. Only one thing was certain: detention. My little girl kept on asking, "Where is Daddy? Let's go and find him."

We came to a halt in front of room 1378

As soon as the door swung open, greetings were in

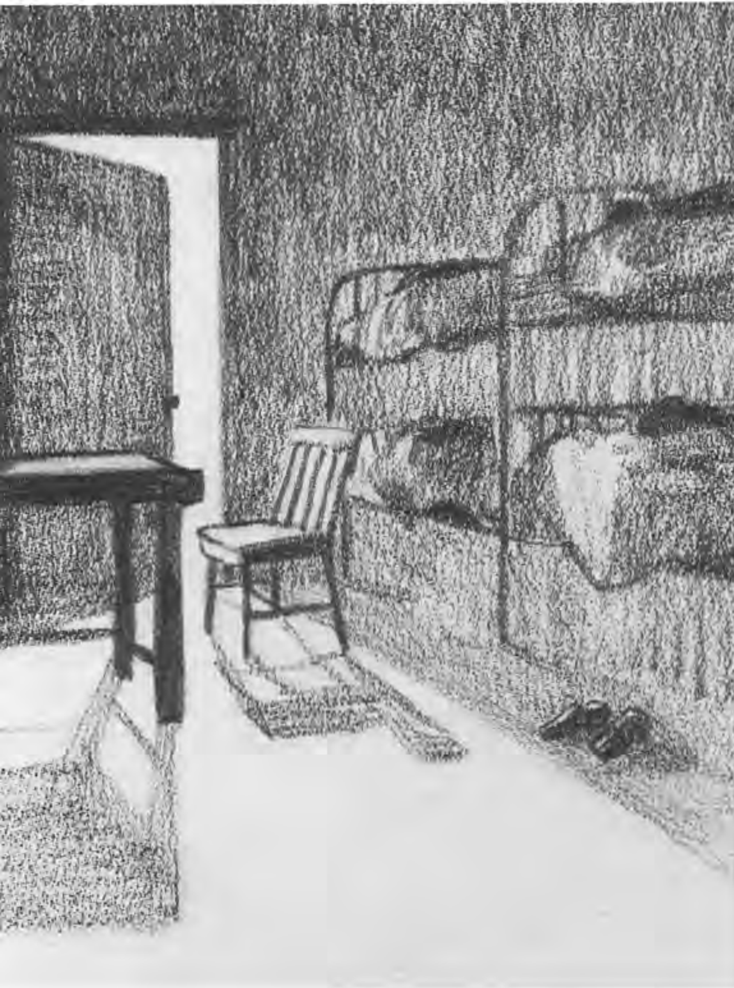
order, "Look. Another crazy one!"

A middle-aged Chinese woman, dressed in a two-piece Chinese blue, detached herself from a gathering around the table and came forward. "Why are you crazy enough to come here like the rest of us?" she demanded.

Another, "Why did you come?"

"Yes. Why? Why?" chorused several. The gang around the table had dispersed. Everyone was in a jovial mood. They seemed glad to have us.

"Look, No. 1 aunt, we have been here for two months."



"Look at me. I have been here for three months."

"I came only yesterday," laughed another.

"Don't you believe her. She's been here for a year."

All was confusion. I did not know what to believe. I noticed that double-decked bunks were lined everywhere in the room, a dismal reminder that this was not a social gathering in spite of its superficial gaiety. Some empty bunks here and there. With some help from the old-timers we soon found two lower berths together and put our beddings down. When I turned I found that the matron who brought us here had already left, leaving us to this strange hospitality.

What is your family name? How old is your daughter? Where are you from? When did you leave Hong Kong? What plane did you take? Did anyone come with you? Is your husband a veteran? Where is your husband? What city are you going to?

Aside from these personal questions they clustered around us for news of China. How much is pork per catty? How much is chicken? What is the present black market exchange rate for Hong Kong dollars? What is the black market rate for Gold Yuan? How much is rice per picul? How much is oil? How is the November rice harvest?

They all wanted to know. Even the two babies, slung on their mothers' backs, seemed to wake up and take notice. They wailed and they waved their tiny hands. Children were just as eager for news of China. Off-handedly, I should say there were about thirty of us, including children, in the room. After the first excitement, as if of things new, the questions gradually dwindled down and we finally managed to take a shower.

Night came and I tossed all night in bed. I knew my husband was in the same building but aside from that, I had no idea where he was. When I mentioned that my husband had come in with us, the old detainees all asked me why. He had his passport, hadn't he? Yes. Then why? The old-timers painted a dark and dreary picture for me. Something was wrong with the passport, they conjectured. Something was wrong with the records. Something was wrong with the whole thing. They knew so and so with a passport and he and his family were admitted immediately upon arrival. They knew another veteran and his family were admitted without having been detained. I tried not to think of these ugly things but they kept tearing at me. It got so that I even asked myself why my husband was detained. In fact, I did ask him. He had said he didn't know. The custodian who had brought us here said he didn't know either. Mindful of my anxiety, my husband had told me not to worry, that everything would be all right. "They'll have to admit you under Public Law 271," he would say when he saw worry creeping all over my face. "However, if Uncle Sam wants to house you and feed you for a year before he'd release you, that's all right with me."

The room was warm. It was quiet after lights out. I got the impression that everybody was asleep except myself. Each time the matron came to make the bed-check, I was awake. Every time someone entered or left the washroom, I knew. I watched the shaft of light that shone on the several bunks, permitted by the half-open door of the washroom. The night became an endless journey. I thought of home, of my mother and my husband's mother. They had said, "The moment you land, wire us." Thinking this over, I was now self-reproachful for not having done just that — to let them know that we had arrived. To our

mothers in China the airplane was something new, something fine and mysterious, something for someone else but not for us. They were very much concerned about the possibility of our air-sickness. They were particularly worried about May Jean. They asked many questions about the plane. They had much admiration for it but obviously, not much confidence in it. The morning we left the village for Canton, they made us promise them that we would sit in the middle of the plane. I thought of the many times our mothers had gone to the temples and prayed for us. They had painstakingly explained to the gods that due to the prevailing shipping strike, we were going to take a plane. They had asked for guidance, for protection, for a safe arrival. One thing they had forgotten: To ask that we not be detained upon arrival.

My tossing continued. I guessed at the time. I stole a glance at May Jean on the next bed. She was sound asleep. I watched her for a while. There's nothing so peaceful as a child asleep, I told myself. She was breathing normally, naturally. A sleeping child is a beautiful sight! Involuntarily a fond, proud smile came to me. Enviously I wished I were a child once more.

I looked toward the window and vainly wished for a gleam of dawn. The window. This reminded me of the long line of cars parked on the street below. The relative quiet of the streets was almost incredible. Canton, Hong Kong, Shanghai were not like that. Where are the people? San Francisco is supposed to be a big city. After five or five-thirty there were no more cars parked on the streets. I couldn't understand this. So this is America. There are more cars on the streets than people!

Lunch came and our names had not yet been called. They call two or three names a day, someone told me. Today was Friday. If our names were not called today, we would have to wait until Monday. I wondered if my husband had been let out in the morning. I wondered about the questions that the inspector was going to ask me. There had been stories that they even ask you how many bricks there are in the wall of your house. My husband had advised me: Tell them what you know. If you don't know, say you don't know. Last evening, in preparation for our hearing, I had refreshed my daughter on her birthday, so that when the inspector asked her, she would be able to answer him.

I kept looking at my watch. It was now ten minutes past two. Almost another day was gone. Tomorrow, Saturday. Then, Sunday. This waiting, this anxiety was unbearable. But in the midst of this objectionable atmosphere laughter prevailed and served to break this endless monotony. Every time the matron came in to call someone to the office, invariably someone would yell "Kai-fo!," meaning "Go to the city." The old-timers whose names were not called would complain loudly to the matron, "What's the matter with me? Why don't you call me?"

The matron, who speaks some Cantonese after a

fashion, would smile and answer, "We like you too much here to let you go out. You stay with us." And the room would echo with laughter. Then came the next name and the same, boisterous conversation would take place all over again.

I did not participate actively in the fun. The general uproar cheered me up a bit but not enough to make me forget my own plight. The funsters went even further with their sinister humor: "If you want to "Kai-fo," go get a rope and start hanging yourself."

"That's the only way to get out," put in another.

No one paid any particular attention to these self-offered panaceas. Certainly no one took these advices seriously. Otherwise there wouldn't be so many unwilling guests at 630 Sansome Street.

May Jean and I remained in our bunks most of the time, resting. I was thinking incoherent thoughts. May Jean was forever asking childish questions, a trait so becoming of children.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, above the pandemonium of the detainees, a voice called out: Wong Gim Kang — Wong — I jumped out of bed. The room seemed to have been lit a hundred times its normal voltage. I thought it might have been a dream. Unmistakably, the matron's voice came again: Wong Gim Kang.

I did not know how to answer her. I opened my

mouth but no words came out. Someone else answered for me, "Here she is." Timidly I moved forward toward the matron. "Louie May Jean?" she asked.

I pointed to my daughter beside me.

We followed the matron to the elevator. She brought us to the eleventh floor, to room 1157.

The unexpected sight of my husband in the room gave me some sort of relief and some degree of confidence returned to me. I thought that he must have fixed up everything with the inspector. Then after some hasty reflection I chided myself for having such a thought. He's going to be questioned like I am, I told myself.

May Jean nestled closer to me as I sat down on a chair along side the long table. My husband was sitting opposite me. The inspector remarked to my husband that he thought the little girl was scared. The secretary, in a smart green dress, thought May Jean was scared too.

"Say, how old did you say she is?" asked the inspector, curiously, unbelievingly.

"She could be seven and she could be eight," my husband answered. "She was born on July. . . ."

The inspector, still smiling curiously, as if accepting a friendly challenge, got up from his chair and walked around the long table to May Jean. He extended his hand to the girl but she recoiled from him. My husband and I coached her not to be afraid.

"Hello, May Jean," the inspector began slowly. He held her hands and seemed to examine them to determine whether or not she was really seven years old. I wondered if he could really tell by looking at a child's hands. A thought flashed to my mind: Maybe they will get a doctor to examine her teeth. I envisioned days of delay, of red tape, of nonsense. My daughter *is* a little too big for her age, I admitted to myself — but. . . .

As the inspector bent and continued to examine my daughter's hands, I noticed his thinning brown hair, with most of it around his head and very little over it. He had a high, intelligent forehead. His gray suit — carelessly hung about him, his white shirt, and his blue tie added, I thought, a touch of homespun quality to his already disarming, friendly smile. A welcome ally to any stranger.

The inspector finally let go of May Jean and, cocking his head, said to my husband, "Say, is she really yours?"

"My wife said she is," snapped my husband.

And we all laughed. Well, except May Jean and me.

The inspector led my husband out of the room. For the time being the secretary, May Jean, and I were the only ones in the room. The secretary got up from her desk, which formed the lower part of an L-shaped desk and table arrangement and opened the right half of a large window. She looked at May Jean and smiled. "Hello, May Jean. I like that name. May Jean is a very nice name."

All this time May Jean cuddled closer to me. She wanted to sit on my lap but I wouldn't let her. So she turned and buried her head in my bosom.

The inspector returned with an interpreter. The latter wore a brown suit with a discharge lapel in his button hole. I thought he was pretty big for a Chinese. He was about twenty-six or twenty-seven.

"Who was that man who was here before?" asked the inspector and the interpreter repeated it in Chinese.

"My husband."

Then some more questions. My name. My husband's name. Date and place of our marriage. Date and place of birth of May Jean. My husband's present nationality.

Next the inspector brought out some pictures — pictures we had sent to my husband when he was in New York some years ago. I was surprised at them and I assumed that the inspector had gotten them from my husband. Several pictures were taken recently in Canton, China. The inspector shoved an old picture in front of May Jean and asked her to identify the individuals therein.

I coaxed her to answer, "Be a good girl and tell the man who it is."

Still no answer came from her. We waited. The inspector asked again. The interpreter repeated the questions.

"Tell the man who this is or we won't get out of here," I chided her. I was finding it hard to resist the irritation that her stubbornness was rapidly stirring within me. I could appreciate a little more now what my husband meant when he used to say, "Chinese mothers don't know how to bring up children."

At last reluctantly, poutingly, she mumbled, "My grandmother."

"And who is this?"

"My mother."

The inspector pointed to the baby in the picture.

"Me."

That wasn't hard, was it? But that's our May Jean. Fortunately the inspector was through with her now. He turned to me once more.

"How many times have you been married?"

I couldn't understand this question and I asked the interpreter to repeat it. I heard the words but I couldn't understand the meaning of such a question.

"You have been married once, is that right?"

"Yes."

Some more questions. How long I lived with my husband before he returned to the U.S. on his former visit to China. What is the name of our village? What district? My age. My father's name.

When it came to my father's name I balked a little. Father had died when I was a baby and my husband did not know his full name. I was afraid the inspector would ask my husband what my father's name was and he wouldn't be able to give it. I tried to circumvent the question.

"My father died a long time ago, when I was little."

"Still, he had a name," insisted the inspector, smiling. He looked like a young professor of sociology arguing on a question of economics with his student.

"But," — I groped for words. I found myself repeating that he had died a long time ago. But this was not satisfactory to the inspector.

"My husband does not know his name," I finally admitted.

"But I am asking you, not your husband."

Reluctantly I told him my father's name. Next came questions on the allotment money, whether or not I had received any while in China. Whether or not we plan to apply for the accrued payments now that we are in the United States. I told him what I knew.

"Who is this?" The inspector pushed in front of me a picture which we had taken in Canton, China.

"This is my husband. This is me. This is Mr. Eng Chong."

The inspector made a fuss over Mr. Eng's name. He kept on asking about his name. What is it in Toishanese dialect? What is it in Cantonese? Has Mr. Eng any other name?

I could not think of any other name except his own Chinese name. So I insisted that he was Mr. Eng Chong. And he was. If the inspector thought he was somebody else, that's his business. It was only a snapshot. At the time we took it, little did we think that some day it would be the subject of conjecture between several people in a room on the eleventh floor in a building on Sansome Street, San Francisco.

My daughter and I were led back upstairs to the thirteenth floor, and we reentered room 1378. I wondered what had happened to my husband. Is he still being detained? Was he let out? Had he been questioned by the inspector already?

Our roommates bombarded us with many questions. Our return to the room was likened to the return of a long-lost relative, if the amount of attention given us could be used as a yardstick. Are you getting out? What did the inspector ask you? What happened to your husband? Did you have a lawyer? Which interpreter did you have? What room were you in?

They gathered around us. They offered advice. They made predictions. They seemed ready for farewells as well as for consolations, whichever the case may be.

The clock ticked slowly, too slowly. Then it was ticking too fast. The interval between our return to the room and the time our name was called again was half an hour. But it seemed like a lost hope, as if the sand in the hourglass had passed and there was no hope of it returning. It was a long, drawn-out Friday afternoon. It seemed to have slipped under us and Saturday was rapidly descending upon us before we knew it. Time is that way sometime, like an optical illusion. If you want it to move fast, it will go slow; if you want it to move slow, it will go fast. After we returned to our room after the hearing I wanted the watch to stop altogether, so that hope would remain a little longer, so that dusk would be delayed.

"Wong Gim Kang . . . . Wong . . . . Louie May Jean . . . . Louie . . . ."

It was four-fifty-five.

"Kai-fo," said the matron. □

abc: a poem in three parts

to my parents:
Jook sing.
"Empty bamboo,"
my mother called me,
and my face turned
hot with shame.
"Nothing personal."
I open my mouth,
unable to defend myself,
wanting to say No
nothing personal,
something historical,
that you, my parents,
would not pass on
your people's tongue,
your culture's pride
in your own children.
Hoping to avoid (for them)
discrimination and abuse
and Ching Chong Chinamen
jokes (it didn't work).
Now here we stand
before you,
trying to understand
the words you spoke
when you did not want
us to understand.

to my h.k.-arrived friends:
Empty bamboo
they call us,
hollow and dry.
Like the rasping
whisper of my throat
when I strain to
speak with you.
We break our silence,
shyly at first,
eyes reaching
across the room
in a warm embrace.
You find me
strange sometimes, very
American. So that
you must speak to me
in English as you would
a foreigner.
And I —
ashamed to cause you
so much trouble,
embarrassed to say
the few Chinese words
I know —
I would tell you
in my heart
we are one family.

to my fellow abc's:
Empty bamboo,
let us be
empty no longer.
Let us fill ourselves
with the fluttering beauty
of the butterfly harp,
the gentle flow of a brush stroke
pouring out the heart.
With the bitter strength
of our forefathers,
backs glistening with hard work,
dry bones in an unmarked grave.
With the pride of Wah Sun,
Chinese American poet,
carving words
with calloused hands
on the walls of the immigration prison.
Let us open our minds,
loosen our tongues, soothe
our touchy tempers.
Learn to speak the words
of our parents,
reach out to our brothers and sisters,
that our people
may come together and win
happiness one day.

Lydia Lowe

living in the world

my mother thinks
it's a vietnamese family
that lives in 2 B
but the black curtains
fading to gray
haven't opened once
not even voices of ghosts
are heard

a man down the hall
employed with sorrow
scoops up empty time
and knocks on the door
once a week
with *watchtower*
a magazine he says
will save the world

the manager
wants to give your 12 year old
shooting demonstrations
coos about his gun collection
like the names of women
he can fondle and touch
"i usta be a salesman
for remington rand
it's the jews and the niggers
i can't stand
but orientals are *good* people"

a week ago
you turned down his invitation
to hear george wallace records
over morgen david
sprawled on a couch

but tonight
all is calm
the american
has not locked his korean wife
out of the house

the silver skeletons
of shopping carts
drowned in the swimming pool
have dissapeared

in the laundramat
no circular ballet of dust
finds music
because no one feeds it coins
or crams its overfed mouth
with a week of sweat and diapers

so we talk into the night
until the star spangled banner
fades from view and
a white blip burns
the heart of the tube

undaunted
you reach for a talk show
alone in room
of the same city
voices come together around a radio
in a chain letter of call and response

when the signal fades
to static snow
the hum of a heater
lulls you to snoring

outside
the moon fades
into a 7/11
the only light on the block

Alan Lau
copyright 1982

And There Will Be Good People

One gold umbrella in a crowd of black
Will make a different rain.
One sincere kiss on a knife-frayed back
Will help sea-soothe rue's pain.
Though night raves mad, heaven vaunts stars;
Faith, though shackled, shall crack fear's bars;
Hope shall shield flesh from poignancy's scars,
And there will be good people.

And good people shall hold back darkness.
Flowers of courage shall blow on a path
Scourged by trojan sands.
Spat fires shall sneer winter's wicked wrath
And welcome virtue's numb hands.
Death, though monarch, must bow to spring's blood;
Wisdom shall singe through hell's bitter mud;
Fierce lips shall not drown in tyranny's flood,
And there will be good people.

And good people shall hold back darkness.
And perhaps they will deliver light.
Though silence blunts reason a voice will sing
Of morning's magic indulgence.
When evil is kingdom one sword will swing
To defend dear December's blue incense.
When dandelions snap, its roots hawk the soil;
Where guns glare, entrenched, mercy shall toil;
Love shall rage proud-fisted into hatred's embroil,
And there will be good people.

And good people shall hold back darkness.

G.T. Wong
copyright 1971

Dream of a River

I go around a sparkling river
Stand by its side and look afar.
The bright sunlight of California
The clean sky of America.

Your maple red skirt
Waving in the breeze
Reflecting the river
Like strings of mild ripples.

The bygone days to us were so full of happiness
As I look back I recall the feelings of those days
How energetic and active you were in your work for progress
And I will always hold this impression.

The period is truly harsh and bright
We incessantly tread on the path ahead
Deep in the night of severe starkness
With wind, rain and sorrow

In days now
We rapidly develop our friendship
You consecrated your kind truthfulness to the destitute
We all feel the enjoyment as partners through struggle.

You pursue the high ideal
In peoples' revolution
Criticize certain rotten stuff
Strive for a bright future.

With the humane search for perfection at heart
And that unshakable strong will
You tried all that you can
To alleviate the oppressed at loss.

In these sorrowful days
My eyes glitter with tears
My singing filled with sympathy toward the destitute people
My verses will tell you that I still yearn for the sun.

Even if suddenly clouds and rain should emerge from the sky
This will not change my praise for truth
Even if the big earth should be covered with dust
This will not blind me from the hope of promoting brightness.

Quietly witnessing the ever changing situation of the west
Facing a sparkling river
Deep in thoughts never subdued
My desire to search for ideas often pulsates like fantasies.

I crave for the future
Beautiful imagery carved in my heart
With energetic liveliness
You swiftly dashing toward the light of the future

A society of freedom and equality
Is when my dream comes true
In all my sweet dreams
The supreme ideal is the direction I'm heading for

You deeply care for the sorrow of the destitute
Truthful feelings spill from your heart
On the path to go forward
I recall the wave of your red skirt

Happy Lim
Translated from Chinese by Y.M. Chan

Okayu

When we were
ill during the wintertime
my mother would cook
a large bowl of okayu

the soft rice
gruel dotted with a few umeboshi plums staining
the white red
color of blood on snow.

The steaming okayu tasted bland but good
while the umeboshi was sour
terribly sour in
its dark redness
my tongue tingling
and eyes squeezing shut against
the sharp taste.

I spit out the pit.

Goddamn, it was sour.

Okayu,
our chicken soup,
our juk.

(Note: *juk* is a Chinese rice porridge.)

Richard Oyama

Warrior: The Woman Farm Worker

The woman farm worker
sister
wife
mother, fighter

Hands and face
brown and firm —
like clay hardened in the sun

Remember her as a soldier
honor her in her fight . . .

The farm worker's days were long
in fields
scorched by the heat

And if the dust
didn't choke her
then the lack of water would

Labor bought cheap
Racism, racism . . .
just part of the job

Early last decade
the grapes rotted on
the vines and
lettuce wilted in the fields
Sacrificing to make the union real
The farm workers went on strike.

The woman farm worker
spent those days
sweating while picketing
leafleting while
gathering support
Working hard
to make the union real
to gain dignity in the fields
So her labor
wouldn't be cheap
And her family wouldn't starve

SHE STOOD FIRM

even when

The police joined ranks
with the growers
and the scabs
Moving from racist jeers
to physical attacks
The cries of "Huelga!"
mingled with cries of pain

The growers, police
and their scabs
Held up the American flag
And the flag
became a collage of
RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Red,
with blood
which splattered thru the fields
wetting the Earth
staining the grapes

White
the color of the striker's face
as she paled before
the nightmare of
children sprayed with mace
and

the Blue tinge
of a farm worker's skin
as a billy club
forced
against his throat denied him air

Arrested like criminals —
Threatened with death —

When the threats became real
When strikers began to die

The farm worker woman
Unleashed her tears . . .
Not tears of sadness
not tears of fear
BUT TEARS OF RAGE
Her tears
were the moisture
which solidified
her strength

The picket sign
became
her backbone
It made her strong
and enabled her to taste
sweet victory
When her union dream became real

The woman farm worker
sisters
wife
mothers, fighters

Hands and face
browned and firm
like clay
hardened in the sun . . .

Luna
Copyright 1979

To a Beloved Friend, on Parting

How lonely it is,
The harbor lights
Shimmering on the dark waters
As our boat drifts slowly away.

Beloved friend,
Between us lie
A million harbor lights
Shimmering the years

Out of sight.
But the salt water sprays my cheeks
And I am brought to life,
Cherished comrade,

In my mind's eye
The fishermen's boats dotting the harbor
Their low, mysterious lights
Bringing glad tidings

To an angry, expectant people.
We shall fight,
On so many fronts
We shall arm our people to fight.

Beloved comrade, cherished friend,
Though a million harbor lights
Divide us
We shall be together.

As every night in the years ahead
In the dark coves
Of island after island
A thousand mysterious boats land

Bringing glad tidings
To an angry, expectant people,
Creating trails longer
Than any trail has been.

— **Clarita Roja**
Manila, Philippines

Alan Lau *is co-author of* Buddha Bandits Down Highway 99 *and his own book of poems,* Song for Jardina. *Along with Miyumi Tsutakawa, he is co-editing* Turning Shadows into Light: Art and Culture of Asian Americans in the Early Northwest, *to be published in Spring, 1982. For more information, please write the editors c/o* The International Examiner, *318 6th Avenue South, No. 123, Seattle, Washington 98104.*

Happy Lim *was a leading member of the Chinese Workers Mutual Aid Association which was active between 1937–1950. He is still active in the San Francisco Chinese community and is a member of Local 2 of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International Union.*

Lydia Lowe *is a student at the University of Massachusetts at Boston and is active in the East Coast Asian Students Union — New England.*

Luna *is a "short order" poet based in the San Francisco Bay Area. She began reciting her poetry at political events in 1977. Luna describes herself as a "short order" poet because participating in those events has taken her throughout California, giving her the opportunity to talk (and share) with activists inspiring her to write made-to-order poems relating to their particular struggles.*

Richard Oyama *was coordinator of Basement Writers Workshop, an Asian American community arts organization in New York from 1974-1978. He was an editor of* American Born and Foreign, *an anthology of Asian American poetry, published by Sunbury Press, and his work has appeared in* Y'Bird, Quilt, Bridge *and other publications. He is a Master's candidate in English: Creative Writing at San Francisco State University.*

Clarita Roja *is a former professor of literature in the Philippines. Currently in hiding from the Marcos dictatorship, she continues her resistance activities.*

G.T. Wong *is co-founder of Dragon Thunder Arts Forum, an Asian American multi-arts organization in New York Chinatown. He has written for* UNITY *newspaper and is currently working on an Asian American novel.*

Congratulations
East Wind
Magazine

Justice and
Reparations
Now!

CHINATOWN PEOPLES
PROGRESSIVE ASSOCIATION
27 BEACH STREET BOSTON, MA 02711
Telephone 338-7436
* * *
Chinese People Unite !!

Asian Student Union
U.C. Berkeley
505 Eshleman Hall
Berkeley, Ca. 94720
(415) 642-6728

Congratulations Eastwind!
Asian/Pacific People: Rising Tides of Unity & Action

ASIAN STUDENT UNION SFSU

Asian Student Union
S.F. State Univ.
1600 Holloway Ave.
San Francisco, Ca.94132
(415) 469-1958

THE Southside People's Art Collective
SACRAMENTO, CA
WISHES EAST WIND BEST WISHES AND MUCH SUCCESS!

JOIN THE 1982 PILGRIMAGE TO
TULE LAKE
JUNE 5-6
1942-1982
OUR STRUGGLE CONTINUES

Sponsored by:
JAPANESE COMMUNITY PROGRESSIVE ALLIANCE, San Francisco;
NIHONMACHI OUTREACH COMMITTEE, San Jose;
Sacramento Chapter, NATIONAL COALITION for REDRESS/REPARATIONS.

Congratulations East Wind!

FOR MORE INFORMATION, PHONE:
SAN FRANCISCO (415) 921-8841
SAN JOSE, DAYS (408) 294-2505
SACRAMENTO (916) 457-7162

VISUAL COMMUNICATIONS
GRAND RAFFLE

GRAND PRIZE: $5,000 CASH!
BONUS PRIZE: Round trip for 2 to HAWAII!!!!
PLUS MORE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

To enter the GRAND RAFFLE by mail: Send $5.00 (check or money order, payable to Visual Communications) to
VISUAL COMMUNICATIONS
GRAND RAFFLE
244 So. San Pedro, Rm. 309
Los Angeles, CA 90012.
Be sure to include your name and address. Your ticket will be sent to you.

The drawing will be held Aug. 21, 1982. (Winner need not be present.)

To qualify for the Bonus Prize, the winning ticket must be purchased before June 15, 1982.

ENTER THE GRAND RAFFLE NOW!!!!!

Asian
Cine
Vision

5TH ANNUAL ASIAN AMERICAN FILM FESTIVAL
JUNE 18, 19, 25, and 26 at
New York University

CHINESE CABLE TV PROGRAM
M-F, 8pm, Cable Channel M

BRIDGE MAGAZINE: ASIAN AMERICAN PERSPECTIVES

ASIAN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE
Video programs

ASIAN AMERICAN VIDEO ARCHIVES

VIDEO TRAINING WORKSHOPS
Bilingual production courses

ASIAN CINE-VISION
32 EAST BROADWAY, 4TH FL
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10002
(212) 925-8685

KINENHI:
Reflections On Tule Lake

A 96 page book
with 75 photos
Available June, 1982

Write to:
The Tule Lake Committee
1858 Sutter St.
San Francisco, CA 94115

CONGRATULATIONS TO EAST WIND

＊華埠人民進步會＊

Progressive Chinatown People's Association

126 Division Street
New York, New York 10002
(212) 226-8027

BEST WISHES
ON YOUR
PREMIER ISSUE!

ASIAN LEGAL SERVICES
OUTREACH
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Asian
Law
Alliance

* Multilingual Legal Services
* Community Education
* Advocacy

(408) 287-9710
184 E. Jackson St.
San Jose, CA

Asian American Resource Workshop

New England's Only Center
for Asian American Educational
and Cultural Materials

27 Beach Street, 3rd Floor
Boston, Mass. 02111
(617) 426-5313

WIND EASTWIND
EASTWIND EAST

EASTWIND BOOKS & ARTS, INC.

1435 A Stockton Street
San Francisco, CA 94133
(415) 781 3331

1986 Shattuck Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94704
(415) 548 2350

Mālama Hawai'i
student organization
welcomes
EAST WIND

Mālama Hawai'i
University of Hawaii
Campus Center box F-5
Honolulu, Hawai'i 96822

ORIENTAL FOOD
EAT IN / TAKE OUT

CATERING

Tel. (213) 475-0400
1949 Westwood Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Pan Asian Repertory Theatre
Congratulates

EAST WIND MAGAZINE

On Your First Issue

Pan Asian Repertory Theatre
74A East 4th Street
New York, New York 10003
(212) 255-7293

AMERASIA
BOOKSTORE/GALLERY
338 E. 2nd St. L.A., CA. (213) 680-2888

literature
art * culture
asian pacific history
children's books
craft * health
exhibits: