

Box 1:6 Asian American Arts Projects

1977-83

Jerrold A. Miura

Hawk's Well Journal

86/97c

8/2/77

Call from Jerry Hiera (Saucei)  
131 - E. Taylor St. <sup>This is a</sup> pret.  
San Jose, Ca. 95112  
(294-9944) 8:30 - 5:30

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Grp. of individuals want to pub.  
Journal of Asian-Am. Artists & Writers  
in 1978 - short stories etc...  
Print print 1000 - to be distrib by JACP

Private funding - Young Sauceis  
He's on Exec Bd JACP -

Date now only wants commitment.  
deadline) stories & ~~Jan 7, 1978~~ <sup>now 77</sup>  
wants mat'd in 2-3 months.

Whatever I feel appropriate  
(<sup>on</sup> Camp a Jpnce or Uncle Kanda - Whatever  
Could submit 20-30 representative stories)  
+ they'd use whatever they liked best.

not planning to pay - but could if I charge a fee.  
Books I usually get - for them on  
anthologies 700 - 500 - I said I didn't  
want to be (only one to charge fee. He seemed

very anxious to have something  
o mine - Ken was my stuff -

gave to Ken Inukai address.

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8/24/77 - call - to remove me  
& his.

also deadline <sup>Nov 15</sup> '77

They have publisher: Heian  
in Japan: agent - Tetsuya  
Gukawa (Kishi) -

(another journal "From Insects Out")

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Send 1 story - Sept!

August 10, 1977

Dear Yoshiko,

My name is Asao Hiura, Sansei Japanese American. I am expanding on our conversation of August 2nd.

The staff of the Journal are all Asian Americans who are artists themselves. We feel it is important to give a special forum for Asian American Creative Expression in a documented milieu so that our children, the heirs to our struggle as artists, will not be lost. We feel that the rich diversity of talent and gifts amongst the Issei, Nisei and Sansei of our community deserves recognition from a broad base and to this area we are addressing our efforts. We are fortunate that artists like yourself, who are gifted and serious, who are recognized, who have shown consistency over the years, who have given so much inspiration, are with us. Without you we have nothing, and certainly we would not be undertaking a project of this nature were it not for the strength of individuals like you. So before I begin with the specs of the magazine, thank-you, thank-you.

Some facts: The magazine will be an annual publication, 100-125 pages in length on coated, semi-gloss, 70-80 lb stock. There will be approximately 15 black and white reproductions and half tones, and 5-6 color plates (4 color process). Chet Tanaka, Head of publications at HUD's Far West Research Lab is overseeing the processing stage. Ed Nagase, head of an advertising firm in the City will be consulting us on lay-out and preparation of camera ready copy etc. The deadline for submissions is January 15, 1978 (and I have written to Ron Tanaka in this regard). We will be out by October, 1978 (barring any unforeseen disasters.) Congressman Mineta is looking into Federal grants and the National Endowment for the Arts to help us financially. In the meantime we are depending on advance subscriptions, private and organizational support. Should we fail to generate enough capital by press time, we are prepared to see it through ourselves. We already have \$4,500 in a special savings account which is roughly half of projected costs. So wish us luck.

Other artists and writers who have consented to contribute are: Lawson Inada, poet; Mas Konatsu, acrylics; Dorothy Kobara, oils; Monty Kawahara, ceramist; Frank Chin, playwright; Hiroshi Kashiwagi, playwright; Mitsu Yashima, graphics; Ruth Asawa, sculpture; Sharyn Yoshida, pen and inks, and many others. We hope Congressman Mineta will write the preface.

The format will include one page per artist devoted to an introduction to their work. There will be a photograph inset and a short biographical sketch (important dates, education, publications, exhibits etc.) and possibly a short commentary by the artist. The following pages will be devoted to the actual work. So that we may begin "dummying" up the magazine, we would like you to forward to us as soon as possible, an autobiography and a description of the works you wish to submit. In the case of written work, we would appreciate a copy of each work so that we can formally plan the chronology and lay out the text in terms of length. We are working on an 8½ by 11 inch format and we have tentatively allowed 10 full pages of text for your work (more if necessary). Regarding the portrait, we will be contacting you shortly to arrange for an appointment when our photographer can take a picture of you. Or you may wish to choose one of your own. We would appreciate the above material as soon as possible.

10 pp  
or more

Please forward all material to:

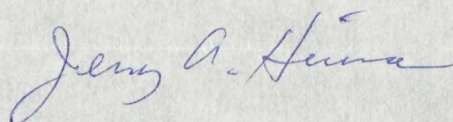
Dr. Jerrold A. Hiura  
131 East Taylor Street  
San Jose, California 95112

Phone: 294-9944 (415) or 294-5536 (415)

You may wish to know a little of my background. I graduated from Berkeley. Attended graduate school at Harvard (where I edited Cambridge Notes), and at Washington University (where I edited Watermark, A Journal of the Arts and Notes From Everyday Life (poetry). All small press. I write poetry and plays and have published in Ramparts and a few small University press mags. I have had exhibits of my oils in Boston, St. Louis, and most recently in the American Painters Exhibit in Paris. Ironically, I am now practicing dentistry in San Jose with my Father. I might add most of the other Sansei working on this project have similar backgrounds. In a way we feel the extreme necessity for others who follow to pursue art if they have the talent to be happy with it and add to supporting others, rather than pursue the professions which seems to be the letter of the law for most of us these days.

In closing I would like to extend my deep appreciation to you for who you are and what you represent to so many of us. We are embarking on a new adventure and I can't tell you how excited we are about getting this magazine off the ground. So many have talked about it. Others have probably gotten this far. But we are going to make it happen. I would like to invite you to extend your comments, criticism, ideas, whatever. Please feel free, At this time we are an open stage.

Struggle,



August 24, 1977

Dear Jerry:

I'm sorry it required another L.D. call to get this bio from me, but I enjoyed talking to you and hearing more about plans for the Journal.

It sounds very exciting and I was pleased for you to learn that you'd found backing and support in Japan.

I think it's wonderful that Sansei such as yourself are providing us with a new forum for our work, and thank you for your support, your efforts and your faith in all of us.

I have just re-read your nice letter of the 10th and am very impressed with your own background. I'm sorry you can't be creative full-time. But don't despair. I taught, did secretarial work, etc.. for many years before I began to write full time. Your day will come!

I'll be sure to get at least one story to you in September before I leave. Perhaps more.

In the meantime, good luck in your endeavor and let me know if I can be helpful in any other way.

All the best,

*As I mentioned, the <sup>enclosed</sup> photo is not too sharp. If you'd like to come by for a better, one let me know*

Sent: Scribner bio

photo

Updated Bibliography



*The Sumitomo Bank of California*

400 TWENTIETH STREET / OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA 94612 / PHONE 835-2400

August 12, 1977

Dear Friends,

It is with regret that I must inform you that I am leaving the Oakland Office because I have been transferred to San Francisco Head Office. It saddens me to have to leave all the friends I have made in the East Bay Area. The times and experiences we have shared over the past two and one-half years will be cherished always.

I would like to take this opportunity to introduce to you Mr. Kunio Kagotani, my capable replacement at the Oakland Office. Please accept this as an open invitation to drop in at any time and introduce yourself to Mr. Kagotani, who, I am sure you will find to be a fine person and an experienced banker.

In parting I thank you for everything you have done for me to make my stay in Oakland such a pleasant experience. I hope that when you are in San Francisco you will be able to find the time to stop by to visit me.

Wishing you and yours a healthy, happy and prosperous life, and with warmest regards,

Gratefully yours,

Shig Nagata  
Vice President

Sept. 8, 1977

Dear Jerry:

I would be so pleased if you felt you could include some of my mother's poems in your Issei section. I made copies of a few which appeared in her collection, "Yukari Sho."

If you think you can use them, I'll look for the Jpnse romaji versions, tho' this may take a little time.

I may also try rewriting some, as I did these translations several years ago and still don't feel they quite do her poetry justice.

You asked also for a brief biographical sketch, which I am enclosing. I did it in a hurry, so it's very rough... just to give you an idea of what she was like. Let me know if you need further info.

I hope all continues to go well with THE PROJECT! I think I'll be able to get at least two stories to you quite soon.

All the best,

Encl:

Yoshiko Uchida

*Can send full text w/ 7A unless if you'd  
like it*

Iku Uchida

Jan. 22, 1893 - Oct. 3, 1966

Iku Uchida was born in Kyoto, Japan. Her father, who died when she was about twelve, was governor of Otokuni Prefecture. She came to the US in 1916 to marry Dwight Takashi Uchida who served as Assistant Manager of Mitsui & Co. in San Francisco for some 25 years.

They were both graduates of Doshisha University, in Kyoto, (she was a graduate of their English Dept.), and during their lifetime devoted much time and energy to helping students, professors and ministers from Japan who came to study in Berkeley. They were both devout Christians and active members of Sycamore Congregational Church in Oakland.

My mother wrote poetry for as long as I can remember, but was modest and never published them except in periodicals of the WCTU and the Jpnse Free Methodist Church, both published by her friends.

She was a studious person, always eager to learn. She was also a gentle, sensitive and loving person who cared about people and who put creative energy in everything she did, whether it was writing poetry, cooking, sewing or giving her friendship to someone who needed her help. The Rev. Frank Adamson said of her, "She who had discovered the joy and wonder of life cherished it for others."

Hiura

9/14/77

Dear Yoshiko,

Have received tanka poem of Iku Uchida and it is very nice. Especially the lines: "Strangers to the joy/ Of a whistle of grass/ Fling your young dreams/ To the sky. Very pretty words and nice images. Thank-you!

I hope <sup>mom of</sup> your mother's written work has been translated into English as we would like to see it. And if you can recall things your mother believed in, and said to you....that would help also.

Ron has been our most prolific and gutsy submitter, two longish but sensitive first chapters from two novels, Greg--and--Ellen and 4 poems. His letters are very intense...and informative. I especially liked Hermeneutics-witty and imaginative but his fiction seems almost tense and resigned.

Kashiwagi sent in a work entitled The Map and is sending Plums. Kaneko is forwarding Lady and poems. I think with the work received and promised we will have a strong literature section. Inada and Mirikitani have sent poems. Archbishop Ishita has been contacted. He is a master calligrapher and Archbishop of the BCA. Chiura Obata, the watercolorist; Isamu Noguchi, the sculptor and Greg Sumida, a Wyeth trained watercolorist from Stockton will also be represented. The number of artists and writers totals roughly 23 and submissions are nearly closed (except for Issei work).

So that's the latest scoop!

Hope you are feeling high spirited and happy after that flu bug hit you and that all is well with you. I feel like you are a friend and that I know you well already. You read someone's stories and talk and write and something magic happens, deep down, its hard to explain.....

Will stay in contact.....

5

1685 Solano Ave.  
Berkeley, Ca. 94707  
Sept. 19, 1977

Dear Jerry:

I was just going to write you when I received yours of the 14th. It's great to know all is going so well and I'm glad you liked my mother's poems. Since I have to have the Jpnese versions of her poems read to me, I'm not sure when I can translate more.

My main problem now is that I'm still battling the virus that keeps recurring, plus a mild strep infection. Am beginning to feel depressed about the whole situation and may have to cancel my trip to the east in Oct.

At any rate, I could only type one or two pages at a time when I wasn't feverish and finally finished "Something to be Remembered By" which may need some editing for length.\*

I'm enclosing the above, plus "Uncle Kanda's Black Cat" which was originally written for young people, but would appeal, I think, to any age group. Scott Foresman may use it in one of their anthologies, but one of the editors there felt there would be no problem as long as I retained the copyright for it.

I'm afraid I just won't be able to redo the third story I had hoped to send you before your Sept. 30 deadline. And I don't know when I'll feel up to having a photo taken!

I hope you'll like the short stories and find that one or both will be usable. I wish I could send you part of my novel too, but my agent said I couldn't while it was still being sent out to publishers.

When you've made a decision about the stories, could you send me a letter requesting rights for your first edition and a statement that the copyright would be assigned to me on publication of the book? I could send you copies of permissions letters from Scribners or Scott Foresman if they would be helpful.

I'll try to find a friend to take this to the Post Office for me tomorrow. I've been house-bound for three weeks now and am about to lose my sanity!!

All the best,

\*Please let me know if this is necessary.

Sept. 22, 1977

Dear Jerry:

It occurred to me that you might like to see a rather messy, rough draft of my third story than not see it at all. So am enclosing "If I Just Wait."

If you like this better than either of the other stories I sent you, perhaps I could type up a final copy for you later on. *if not, please return it to me.*

I realized I just didn't have the energy to go east in October, so have cancelled my travel plans. This means I'll be here the month of October in case you need to reach me.

Of course, I hope to hear from you before then!

Best,

Encl:

P.S. Will you send me some specifics for a Bible I'm updating? I need the title of your collection, publisher's name + address + prob. pub. date. *plus, of course, & titles & whenever stories you'll use. Y.*

P.S. again - Re my mother's poems -  
I'm not sure you understood - - -  
but each grouping of 4 lines  
is a poem - so what I sent  
were 15 separate poems. Tho'  
some can be grouped by  
subject matter -

8-27-77

"Put it on top of the old scar, Jimmy," Mrs. Tamura said, turning her head as far as she could.

She tried to watch <sup>as</sup> her grandson put the tiny <sup>pinch</sup> cone of moxa on her back. Now ~~he~~ would put the stick of <sup>burning</sup> incense to it and send the sharp flicker of hot pain through her back. "Right on top of the old one," she said again.

The child had difficulty making the dry fluff of moxa cling to her skin and he held it to the tip of his tongue to moisten it. Mrs. Tamura felt the faint warmth of his breath as he bent <sup>over her</sup> to his task.

"There," he said <sup>lightly the moxa</sup> at last, and Mrs. Tamura sucked <sup>in</sup> her breath as she felt the jab of pain.

"Ahhh ita," she moaned softly, and she handed him another pinch of moxa.

"How many today, Grandma?" Jimmy asked.

"Ten on the right side and ten on the left. ~~XXXXX~~" She would do her arms and legs herself.

Jimmy allowed himself a slight groan, but he didn't complain, for that was part of the agreement. He helped his grandmother with her okyu and she gave him a dollar, provided he didn't do a sloppy job or complain. Also, he was not to tell his father.

~~Stretching Mrs. Tamura felt now for the proper spot on her calf. She began with the smallest bit of moxa she could shape, squeezing her eyes shut as it burned down to the skin. After the few~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~few~~ <sup>few</sup>, she scarcely flinched, working silently and intently on her legs, almost <sup>as her grand</sup> ~~unaware of the~~ child ~~who~~ worked on her back.

Gradually, the room filled with the sweet smell of incense and burning moxa as long wisps of smoke straggled toward the ceiling like vaporous spirits seeking escape.

Mrs. Tamura took a deep breath, enjoying the <sup>smell</sup> scent of the <sup>burning</sup> moxa and incense ~~which~~ <sup>always</sup> ~~was~~ aroused from the deep well of ~~memory~~ the sounds and smells of the village in Japan she had left so ~~long~~ many years ago.

When she was a child, she had performed for her own grandmother the very task over which her grandson now labored. If she ~~closed~~ <sup>pinched</sup> her eyes, she could see her grandmother's small wrinkled face, brown and weathered from long years ~~in~~ of working in the fields. She could see the green rice fields framed with the gaudy gold of rape blossoms in the spring and heavy with ripe grain in the fall. She could recall the fetid smell

# Sharing

"Let us do good to  
all men"

Galatians 6:10

"Do justice, love kindness"

Micah 6:8

of the fertilizer ladled from wooden buckets. And she could almost feel again the dull ache in her back from bending to plant and weed in the cold wet paddies.

When she was old enough to think of the future, she had told her mother she didn't want to stay in Namba Village to become another <sup>one</sup> of its old women ~~whose labors had bent her back so she could not stand up straight.~~ <sup>who no longer</sup> ~~She~~ so bent from <sup>stooping in fields</sup> her years of labor that she could ~~not even~~ stand tall to look up at the stars. And her mother, already aged beyond her own years, had not tried to stop her. After all, it was not so important for a third daughter to remain with the land.

When she was 20, a new path to her future had been <sup>opened</sup> ~~shaped~~ by her uncle. He came one night to tell of a ~~xxxx~~ man in America who wanted a wife.

"You can be the one, Sanaye," he had said, "if you have the heart and spirit to put an ocean between yourself and your home. I can assure you Mr. Tamura is an honest and hardworking man."

Sanaye examined carefully the photograph of Tomoyuki Tamura. His face seemed that of a kind and honest man, and his ear lobes were large enough to hold a grain of rice. That was a good sign. <sup>she pondered the matter for many days - finally answered her uncle -</sup> "I have the heart and the spirit," she said. <sup>whom</sup> And she ~~had~~ sailed to America to marry a man <sup>whom</sup> she had never met.

There were no rice paddies in Los Angeles. There was only a shabby grocery store with neither the solace of sun nor wind.

"It is mine. I am the <sup>proprietor</sup> owner," Mr. Tamura said proudly as he led his bride through his shop. But Sanaye had seen the dust gathered around the sacks of rice and tubs of soy sauce, and the first thing she did was to buy a good broom from <sup>the</sup> blind peddler who came to the door. She then swept out the shop with the vigor of a housewife <sup>at years end</sup> ridding herself of the old year's dust, <sup>on new year's eve.</sup> She scrubbed with soap and hot water, rearranged tubs and bins, and struggled with rice sacks ~~that~~ weighing almost as much as she. Soon she <sup>was able to learn how to</sup> could watch the shop while her husband went out in his Ford to sell bean paste cakes and soy sauce to housewives who lived too far to come to the shop. Their business prospered and Sanaye ~~soon~~ became as proud of the Tamura Grocery as her husband. <sup>Before long</sup> Now it ~~was~~ she ~~who became~~ <sup>making a profit</sup> ~~was as~~ engrossed in <sup>earning money as her husband.</sup>

"Why don't we stay open on Sundays?" she asked. "we lose money each hour we are closed."

But her husband was firm. "Americans do not work on Sundays," he observed, and he bought her a hat and gloves and took her to the Jpnse church each Sunday

Sanaye ~~went quietly~~, did as she was told, but when she opened her Bible and tried to follow the drone of the minister's voice, she saw <sup>nothing</sup> ~~nothing~~ before her eyes, not the Holy Scriptures, but figures of the account books she'd been entrusted to keep.

# How can we give Joy?

We can give joy by:

Being friendly

Being cheerful

Being kind

Being helpful

Being considerate

Sing

Share

Smile

Say hello

Sanaye never confessed her <sup>sp</sup>aberration, but spent the time in church secretly pondering the new items they might stock in the shop or thinking of her family in Namba Village.

~~There were three daughters~~ She had <sup>gave</sup> given birth to three daughters, Suzu, Hana, and Marie, one born each year in the hope that the next would be a son.

Mr. Tamura cherished his daughters, but mourned the lack of a son. "Who will take over the shop when I am gone?" he would ask.

"Maybe the husband of one of the girls," Sanaye offered hopefully.

But when the girls were grown, Suzu married a barber who had a shop of his own. Hana married a boy who worked in the produce department of ~~one of the big markets downtown.~~ <sup>at the Jpnese bank</sup> ~~xxx~~ and (didn't want the burden of <sup>owning a</sup> ~~small~~ grocery store.

"Perhaps Marie..." Mr. Tamura hoped. But when Marie finished Nursing School, she married a young intern with sand colored hair and green eyes.

"My name is going to be Mrs. Daniel Williams," she said proudly.

"Marie Williams. ~~xxxx~~ No one will ever know I'm Japanese unless they see me."

It ~~had~~ pained Mrs. Tamura to hear her youngest child say such a thing, as though ~~xxxxxxx~~ she wanted to deny ~~her~~ the fact that she was Jpnese <sup>and</sup> always would be. *But she said nothing.*

When Mr. Tamura died of a heart attack, there was only ~~Mrs. Tamura~~ <sup>left</sup> herself to accept the shop he left behind. Without her husband, however, it was not the same. The shop she'd nurtured almost as another child, became a burdensome thing, and one day she sprained her back while trying to move a tub of soy sauce.

When she came home from the hospital, her daughters had already made arrangements for her to sell the shop and vacate the flat above it where she and Mr. Tamura had lived.

"Dan says you're to come live with us," Marie announced. <sup>Jimmy</sup> "We all want you to come. <sup>It's</sup> It's all settled."

Mrs. Tamura didn't struggle. It was amazing how simple life could be if you succumbed to its demands. It was like floating on a raft downstream. You closed your eyes and folded your hands and young arms lifted you to a safe shore.

And so here I am, Mrs. Tamura thought to herself, Living with ~~xxxxxx~~ Marie and her doctor husband, with a young grandson to burn moxa on my back. It was a pleasant life, if she could just remember to float.

The reality of the moment forced itself on Mrs. T. now as she felt a hot cascade trickle down her back. "Atsui! It's hot!" she said sharply.

But Jimmy was watching the glowing bit of moxa burn its way thru the silk cushion on which his grandmother sat. "Lookit, Grandma," he said

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intrigued, "It burned a round hole. A perfect ~~little~~ round hole!" - 4 -

"Yare, yare," Mrs. T. sighed. "If I had another pair of hands, I would do my back myself and have a whole cushion when I finished."

"It's because you wiggled," Jimmy answered. But now he had finished. He brushed away the ash on her back with a white chicken feather in Mrs. T's Okyu box, and stood up. "There," he said. "You're all done. You're cooked."

Mrs. T. moved her head from side to side and ~~heaved~~ felt the bones crack. The blood flowed better now and her body felt as tho it had no weight.

"You're a good ~~child~~," she said warmly. "Get me my pocket book."

Jimmy knew where to find it. He opened the middle drawer of her dresser and plunged his hand beneath a welter of aprons and underwear to ~~pull~~ pull out his grandmother's black ~~xx~~ Sunday pocket book ~~in a bag~~.

Mrs. T. pushed her glasses up to her forehead and took a folded dollar bill from her coin purse. "There. ~~Arigato!~~ Thank you," she said. "And don't forget." She put a finger to her lips to remind him.

"OK," Jimmy said, and helped himself to a butter ball from a candy jar on the dresser. That was part of the arrangement too. He could help himself to candy when the job was done.

"Peel one for me too," ~~Mrs.~~ his grandmother asked.

Jimmy popped a butterball into his mouth ~~and~~ thrust a sticky ball at his grandmother, and darted quickly from the room.

"The door, Jimmy. ~~please~~ Close the door," Mrs. T. called, but there was only the sound of the back door slamming as he left himself out. Now if she didn't get up to close her door, the smell of moxa and incense would drift thru the rest of the house and Marie would scold her because Dan would be annoyed.

"You know Dan doesn't like you to do that," Marie had <sup>once</sup> said to her. "After all, he is an M.D. What would his friends say if they heard his own mother in law took such barbaric cures?"

Mrs. T. ~~wasxxreadyxx~~ had almost retreated until Marie added the last. Then she felt a small fury churn up in her chest and she couldn't contain herself until she had flung it at her daughter.

"Dan San maybe a dr., but he cannot cure my pains with his pills. And if he cannot cure me, he should not scold because I use my <sup>own</sup> remedies."

This was judgment against Dan ~~that~~ she had hoarded in her heart, but only in her anger did she dare flaunt it at Marie. Mrs. T. had no faith in Dr. Dan's white pills. She knew a good cure was painful, like a needle in the arm or the sharp thrust of burning heat. Pain, she acknowledged could only be purged by other pain.

Mrs. T. glanced at her open door and down at her body with its burden of smoking moxa. It was not worth the struggle to get up from the floor to close the door. "The house will just have to smell," she thot carelessly. Besides, she would finish soon and then she would open the windows before

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Marie came home. But Marie returned from the hairdressers early, and Mrs. T/ ~~xxxxx~~ had just touched the incense to the last pinch of moxa on her leg when she heard the front door open. She could tell Marie was laden with bundles, for she heard her kick the door shut with her ~~xxxxx~~ heel.

"Mama?" Marie called, sounding almost like a child. Then she was at the door. "Mama!" she said harshly. "What are you doing!"

~~Mrs. T. xxxxxxxx~~ It was impossible for Mrs. T. to conceal her clandestine cure. She calmly brushed away the ash on her leg with the chicken feather. Then moving the butterball to free her tongue, she said calmly, "You're home early."

"The whole house smells of your okyu," Marie complained. "And we're having guests for dinner tonight."

Mrs. T. had forgotten ~~ab~~ about the guests. "ah, I'm sorry Marie," she murmured. "I'll open the windows, and by the time your guests come, there will only be the smell of dinner cooking."

~~Mrs. T. xxxxxxxx~~ "Except we're having cracked crab," <sup>Marie</sup> Marie was still scowling as she hurried to the kitchen. Mrs. T. heard her deposit the crab in the refrigerator and slam the door hard.

Whenever there were guests, Jimmy and his grandmother had dinner early, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ so they could avoid the cocktails and the conversation neither of them understood. These occasions were a special joy to Mrs. T., for she liked having Jimmy to herself. When she had to share him with his parents his words were as elusive as hummingbird's wings. But when he ate alone with her, he spoke <sup>the English words</sup> slowly, so she could understand and ~~even~~ offer a suitable reply. She had discovered that <sup>when she asked</sup> certain questions about football or baseball ~~could~~ make her grandson come alive and speak to her ~~xxxxxxx~~ almost as he did to one of his friends, his words washing over her in pleasant confusion. <sup>But</sup> it pleased her ~~when~~ <sup>everytime he said</sup> he had forgotten she could not understand, and she would nod and smile as ~~she really understood the meaningless words that engulfed her.~~ <sup>tt tt tt</sup>

Tonight, however, Mrs. T. couldn't capture his <sup>interest</sup> even when she asked about his next football game.

~~Mrs. T. xxxxxxxx~~ "I dunno," he <sup>murmured</sup> shrugged, and he turned his attention to cutting his ~~piece~~ of steak.

Her question was left suspended between them, ponderous and unwanted, and it wasn't until Jimmy was spooning up the last of his pudding that she learned his friend Peter was coming after supper.

"He's going to teach me how to play chess."

Mrs. T. guessed by the edge of uneasiness in his voice that the thought gave him less pleasure than he <sup>wanted</sup> hoped to show.

"But that is a difficult game," she began, before she realized she

Love~

Love is forever,

Love is everything we share,

Love is all for us!

Sharing~

To share, is to love

sharing is a nice way to...

show your love to all.

Peace~

Peace is what we need...

to keep this world full of love,

Peace is everywhere.

~Chris Usugi~

have implied it was beyond him. Quickly she added, "It is like the game of Go, perhaps?"

Jimmy shrugged. "What's Go? Then he raced from the room without ~~eye~~ waiting for an answerd.

Marie was preparing the clam dip and crackers ~~xxxx~~ at the sink. She glanced at the clock and spoke lightly. "If you're finished, Mama, I could use the table."

Mrs. T. quickly finished her pickled daikon and tea and cleared the table of her dishes. "Have a good time with your guests," she said, and she hurried out of the way to her own room. She was glad to leave the kitchen before Dan came home, for if there was to be a discussion of her moxa burning, she didn't want it to take place tonight.

~~She was grateful for her own room where she could seek refuge from the~~ <sup>in a place to</sup> centers of disturbance <sup>erupted</sup> that erupted over the rest of the house. <sup>in her house</sup> She had a maple bed with a matching dresser, a round table on which she kept her ~~xxx~~ sewing box and her Bible, and a rocking chair she'd salvaged from her old flat. Marie had sold everything, but permitted her to keep the chair since it was a special gift from Mr. Tamura.

Now as she entered her room, she stood for a moment in the darkness ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ almost unwilling to see the small room that sheltered her secrets and crowded her with shadows of loneliness.

Suppose, she thought, when I snap on the light, there should be a tatami-matted room, with soft paper doors that slid open to a garden ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xx~~ of green moss and a dusky pond. Suppose there was a hibachi where I could warm my hands on ~~the~~ rounded lip and listen to the song of an iron kettle on the charcoals. How would it feel, she wondered, to ~~feel the~~ <sup>run a</sup> ~~feel the~~ <sup>at her throat</sup> a soft silk kimono and tread with bare feet on the suppleness of a tatami? ~~As a child of her foolish dreams she~~

~~Then, abruptly,~~ she snapped on the light and moved ~~heavily~~ toward her chair. She left ~~the~~ door open slightly so Jimmy would know he ~~was~~ and his friend were welcome.

She pulled the cushion from her rocking chair and dropped it to the carpet where she had sat that afternoon doing her okyu. ~~Then,~~ <sup>she</sup> folding her legs ~~under,~~ <sup>under,</sup> she sat down easily. It felt right and comfortable. When you sat on the floor, you meant to stay put and not hop up and down as you did when you were seated in a chair.

Mrs. T. reached for her Jpnse Bible and began to read from it in a low soft monotone. There were no wandering thoughts ~~these~~ <sup>comforting</sup> these days, for ~~these~~ <sup>these</sup> over the years, the Bible had become a solace and a link to the past. ~~that~~ She read from it eagerly, hungrily, seeking to find the thing she had lost when her husband had died. She rocked back and forth as she read, her voice rising louder as she lost herself in the ~~words~~ Japanese ~~sounds~~ <sup>words</sup>.

PEACE is...

a calm snowfall

a forest

a summer night

a rainbow

Loving Jesus

Knowing God

Cares for us

Being reverent



Vaguely, as one hears the distant buzzing of summer cicadas, she heard the sounds of talk and laughter in the living room. But it didn't disturb her. She was engrossed in the book of Hebrews and hadn't realized she ~~was~~ <sup>very</sup> was reading it with the intonations ~~of~~ the minister himself used.

It was ~~only~~ the sudden ~~burst~~ sharp burst of young laughter that made her put down the Bible and turn around. She caught only a glimpse of Jimmy and his friend as they ducked back into the hall, still sharing their conspiratorial laughter. How long had they been there, she wondered, laughing ~~at her~~ <sup>before she heard them</sup> ~~silently~~ <sup>as she read like the minister!</sup> at her before she heard them ~~as she read like the minister!~~

Mrs. T. pulled herself up slowly from the floor and put the cushion back on the rocker. She ~~put down~~ closed her Bible and put it back on her table. ~~Then~~ she brot the jar of butterballs from the dresser and set it down ~~on~~ beside the Bible. She-even-lifted-the-lid-and-set-it-down-

"If I <sup>just</sup> wait perhaps they will come back," Mrs. Tamura thought. Maybe they would even stay long enough for her to ~~tell them how to play the game~~ <sup>explain to them</sup> of Go. She sat down heavily in her rocker and waited.

*closing her eyes for*

PEACE is...

a calm snowfall

a forest

a summer night

a rainbow

Loving Jesus

Knowing God

Cares for us

Being reverent  
O



26 Sept 77

Dearest Yoshiko,

Virus-flu is very disconcerting. Can recall a winter in Boston when it ran me to a four wall, one bed and about 100 feet of mobility type of existence for 33 days straight and by its course end felt more zombie than human. So I know how it can be. I hope you are by now up (but maybe not yet "around") and feeling better. If there is anything I can do for you.....feel free.

Uncle Kanda's Black Cat was a delight to read and the other editors concur. I have not yet released Something for circulation to the committee but will shortly. We would be very happy if you will allow us to reprint Uncle Kanda in its entirety.\*

I don't know whether Florence (JACP) has gotten in touch with you about the open house in mid october. I mentioned at the last meeting that you had not been feeling up to par and that you were planning an eastern trip around that time but to get in touch with you anyways. Shari and I could pick you up and bring you back if you would like. Please let us know how you feel and we'll go from there.

The Project is going well. Kay Sekimachi, Chiura Obata and the Bizen potter Okasaki have submitted and at this date the submissions have been closed. Now the arduous task of researching and writing the text begins. Since very little has been written on Asian American art and literature let alone Japanese-American, we are finding it difficult to find a hold on solid material. We are in contact with Nancy Wei and Harry Kitano but they are specialists. From some of the essays that Ron has delivered, esp. on poetry, we have gotten some good perspectives on how to approach this section. At any rate, if you have any suggestions?

Yoshiko, please take care of yourself. We worry about you sometimes, And thank-you for your spiritual support.....

*Ciao*  
*Jerry*

\* Yes, maybe we should have a copy of a permission letter on file for future reference.

October 3, 1977

Dear Jerry:

Nice to hear from you ... I guess our last letters crossed. I'm finally beginning to feel better and am getting out, but have to be careful.

I told Florence I'd try to make it to the Open House on the 15th, so am hoping I can be there from 2 - 3 p.m. It would be wonderful if you and Shari could pick me up (unless I can coax a friend into taking me), and it would give us a chance to visit.

Thought I'd send along two stories which have appeared in recent Literature Anthologies for Jr. High, pub. by Scott, Foresman. The copyright for "Oh Broom,..." was just assigned to me, and I should be getting the copyright for "I Feel..." soon. So, if you'd like to consider these, they're available.

I didn't realize you had to write a text. That's a difficult task and I wish you well!

n Ron told me he was seeing you. I hope you had a good visit. I'm looking forward to the day when we can meet too!

All the best,

Yoshiko Uchida

Encl: "Oh Broom, Get to Work" } Ret'd  
"I Feel Much Better Now"

Please return these if you won't be using them.

Oct 25, 1977

Dear Yoshiho,

First, my appreciation for you coming to the JACP open house — and esp. meeting you. You are a very vibrant woman with a razor sharp intellect — and I love your writing — — — and proud — — For sure, Shari and I would like to get together soon for dinner —

Met Amy Sando at AATW opening of her play Lady Is Dying. She turned me on to James Mitani of Bainbridge Isd., Washington and he is going to help workshop the poetry section. Shari and I would like you, if you have time, help workshop the pottery section — We have heard alot from Ron about your Fast writing in this area. Right now we have 3 potters:

- 1.) Robt O Kasahi (Lodi) — Bizen
- 2.) Harry Nakamoto (S.F.) — to Haiku, — raku
- 3.) Monte Kawahara (Los Gatos)

I will be doing a taped interview w/ Monte & Harry by mid Nov. — I should have the text begun by then. — so if you want to see their work and words — let me know.

I love care Yoshiho

Jer

1685 Solano Ave.  
Berkeley, Ca. 94707  
November 9, 1977

Dear Jerry:

I enjoyed so much meeting you and Shari last month, and my belated thanks to you both for picking me up and driving me all the way to San Mateo. I appreciated it and enjoyed the visit with you.

How nice that you're including a pottery section in your book. Altho this is an area of much interest to me, I haven't kept up with developments in the field and really don't think I'd be of any help to you in writing that section. Also, I'm still feeling a great lack of energy and am having to cut down on my activities. I'm just hoping I can make it to Roseville next week to speak at Sierra College.

I'm finally sending you a copy of "The Bracelet" *— ret'd.* which you said you'd like to see. It appeared in "The Scribner Anthology for Young People," but I think adults would enjoy the story as well. It's one of my more recent stories and I now have the copyright for it.

Are you planning to use more than one of my stories? Have you decided which ones? I'd appreciate the return of those you can't use.

I'm also enclosing copies of two permissions letters for your information. You may find them helpful.

Hope all's well with you and Shari. And I'll look forward to seeing you again before long.

All the best,

Encl: "The Bracelet"

Yoshiko Uchida

*+ Copies of S.F.  
permission ltrs (2)*

1685 Solano Ave.  
Berkeley, Ca. 94707  
November 9, 1977

Dear Jerry:

I enjoyed so much meeting you and Shari last month, and my belated thanks to you both for picking me up and driving me all the way to San Mateo. It was good to visit with you.

I was interested to learn of your pottery section. Altho pottery is an area of much interest to me, I'm afraid I haven't kept up with developments in the field and really don't think I'd be of too much help to you. Also, I'm still feeling a lack of energy and having to cut down on my activities. I'm just hoping I can make it to Roseville next week to speak at Sierra College! Would it help if when you've done a draft of the pottery section, I went over it for you?

I'm finally sending a copy of "The Bracelet" which you said you'd like to see. It appeared in The Scribner Anthology for Young People, but I think adults would enjoy the story as well. It's one of my more recent stories, and the copyright has just be assigned back to me.

AAAP

Jerrold Asao Hiura  
Sharyn Yoshida, coordinators

131 East Taylor Street  
San Jose, California 95112

23 Nov 77

Dear Yoshiko,

How are you? I hope you are feeling better as you mentioned in your last letter how the bug has still been pestering you. I myself have just come off a few rounds with the ol' flu strains and so has Shari. So I'm sorry this note is a bit tardy.

We are returning the following:

1. Oh Broom, Get to Work
2. I Feel Much Better Now
3. The Bracelet

} filed

We would like to retain copies of the following for more serious consideration:

1. If I Just Wait
2. Uncle Kanda's Black Cat
3. Something To Be Remembered By

All three are gems. I am prone to Something... but we have to see how all three will reduce. Of these three, do you have a special liking for one over the other?

We are looking forward to getting together....perhaps over Christmas or at the latest, after New Years.

Keep in touch dear Yoshiko, and take care.

Jerry

P.S. Those  
Permissions letters  
were a great help!  
Thank-you  
J

1685 Solano Ave.  
Berkeley, Ca. 94707  
December 9, 1977

Dear Jerry:

Many thanks for returning the three short stories. I hope you and Shari are hale and hearty now. I'm OK, but still have to be careful not to overdo.

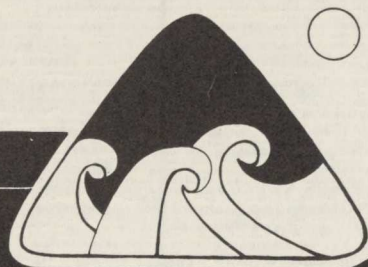
I think you picked the right three stories to hold for further consideration. Since UNCLE KANDA was originally written for young people and will probably appear in one of Scott Foresman's Anthologies, I think I would prefer that you use either SOMETHING TO BE REMEMBERED BY or IF I JUST WAIT. Neither of these have appeared in print before.

If you decide on IF I ... let me know so I can re-type it and get it in better shape for the printer.

If you need to cut the length of any of these, can we work this out together so I can determine the deletions with you?

If I don't see you and Shari before the holidays, do have a wonderful Christmas, and let's greet the new year with high hopes for your great project!

All the best,



# Asian American Art Projects

131 East Taylor Street • San Jose, CA 95112  
(408) 294-5536

1/23/78

Dear Yoshiko ,

How are you these days? Things have been hectic here with writing the text and correlating all the material. I'm afraid this is involving more time and energy than we had first anticipated. Nonetheless we are progressing forward, and although we have not sure on going to Heian International as a publisher, we feel that the material we have now, and the support from the community that we have received, is ample inspiration to forge ahead. Long hours in the archives and libraries, contacting resources people. Its surprising how little had been written about JA art history let along AA art history. Ron is coming to PA wher I know live and at that time I am going to ask him to help collaborate on some of the text building, workshop it. If we go it alone then it comes out of our products, hence we are submitting (or working on) proposals for funding. Thus the skick letterhead and evps.

We are still hoping we can get together for dinner or something. early Feb is best for su, how about you. We need an interview as you know so maybe we can kill two birds with one stone. I would prefer it to be a meeting of friends but the premium of time makes each encounter with the writer or artist that much important. Please let me know how you feel and what arrangements we can make.

You are constantly in our thoughts Yoshiko, not so much your voice in words, but just you.....we think more of you then you can imagine.

At any rate, keep us informed of your progress and health and what you have been doing.

Love, J

we lament the passing  
of Shoji Hamada - he  
will be greatly missed -

January 27, 1978

Dear Jerry:

Many thanks for your greetings at Christmas and now your nice letter on your elegant and very attractive new stationery!

I do appreciate your concern and warm thoughts of me. I'm feeling better these days but still have to be careful not to overdo. My latest problem is a cracked root canal tooth!

I'd enjoy seeing you and Shari anytime you'd like to come, except Feb 18-22, which is a busy period for me.

Early Feb. would be good for me too. How about Saturday, 2/4? Or if that's too soon, I'm free on 2/11 too. We could have lunch or dinner at Toraya next door ... or wherever else you'd like to go on Solano. If a weekday evening is better for you, that would be OK too, as long as I know ahead of time. Why don't you and Shari talk it over and then give me a call.

I have a tape of an interview I did at KQED last year which you might want to hear (or maybe record). And I'm enclosing an interview by a writer at Scott Foresman, done last fall, which I thought might interest you. She took the photo when I was still sick!

Did I tell you I'll probably have a sequel to JOURNEY TO TOPAZ out this fall? I've switched to Atheneum for this one.

I'll look forward to hearing from you.

All the best,



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART  
NEW YORK, N.Y.  
1955  
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART  
NEW YORK, N.Y.  
1955



portraits



awards



art prints



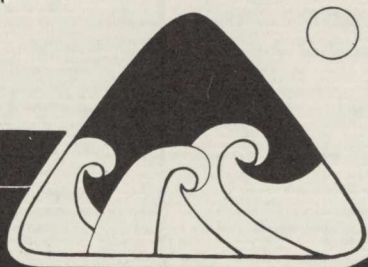
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# Asian American Art Projects

131 East Taylor Street • San Jose, CA 95112  
(408) 294-5536

7.19.78

Dear Yoshiko,

Hello. — will be doing review & layout for your most recent novel, Journey, for JACP brochure, now increased distribution to 10,000. Have jacket from Florence but as I get no book from (Anthemum?) — and I would (must) read it before. (Sept 1st is absolute latest — best by Aug 15th) — need a copy or at least some comments other than cover. Promise it will be a glowing account. Hope to hear from you soon. Please stay healthy.

Love,  
J

July 22, 1978

Dear Jerry:

I'm delighted that you'll be doing the review and layout re JOURNEY HOME for the JACP brochure. You may be interested to know it was chosen as a Jr. Literary Guild Selection, which is nice.

I'll put you on the list for an advance copy, but bound books aren't due until sometime in Sept, with a tentative mid-Oct. pub. date.

In the meantime, I have one set of page proofs which the publishers allowed me to keep since a set of galley proofs I requested got lost in themail. (The Berkeley P.O. is in chaos due to internal strife and anything too large for my mailbox is usually just left on the ground!)

I can lend you the page proofs if you promise faithfully to return them as soon as you've read them.

Since this is the only set we have other than the master set in NYC, I don't want to risk mailing them until the postal situation is stabilized and the wildcat strikes cease.

If in the meantime, you have plans to be in Berkeley and could pick them up, I think that would be the fastest and safest way for you to get them. Call me if you can do this. If not, I'll try to send them first class certified mail in another week or so.

Hope all's well. My warm greetings to Shari too.

July 31, 1978

Dear Jerry:

Enclosed are the page proofs for  
JOURNEY HOME.

I'd appreciate their return as soon  
as you've read them, and not later than  
the end of August, as I need them for  
another group.

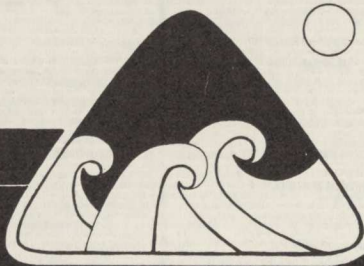
Please be sure to return them  
first class mail and either certified or  
registered to insure against loss. I'm  
sending them to you in the same way. Altho'  
I've talked to the carrier foreman re the  
loss of my galley proofs, they're lost,  
and I want to be very carefully about these.

I'll be most interested to know what  
you think of the book. If you reproduce  
the jacket illustration, please be sure to  
credit the art to Charles Robinson, who I  
think did some very nice and sensitive  
illustrations.

Best,

Yoshiko Uchida

*Enc: page proofs.  
1st class  
certified mail.*



# Asian American Art Projects

131 East Taylor Street • San Jose, CA 95112  
(408) 294-5536

8.8.78

Dearest Yoshiko,

Have finished reading page proofs of Journey Home. It must be done in one sitting as the multi-thematic dimensions build quite nicely towards the end. Yuki is you I think, Mama, Iku. The journey home for everyone has a tight symbolic conotation when Yuki decided it was time to wear Mrs. Jamieson pearl ring to sunday service, and Kenichi, Uncle Oka...even Hokusai, you could feel the "high" of coming home after the camps, the struggle to get back on your feet, the tragedy of war and the peace of love and faith in the family...that was the Nisei experience. I think this is a break for you. This is not a book for children, though they can and will learn from it, it is more ~~XX~~ a symbiosis of elements that both the Japanese-Americans and the non-Japanese adults as well, will perceive as a reflection of man's dramatic struggle with man. In so doing it goes much ~~XXXXXX~~ farther than anything I've read of yours previously and ties together inclinations and characters only hinted at before. I'm sure it will be a workof literature that adds to the already existing body, not detract as the majority of texts on the camps does...it is a unique perspective; innocent, intense, sensitive...as only theeyes of a bright, insightful twelve-year old knows, and remembers.

Congratulations Yoshiko! I hope my short little review for the brochure will do justice. JACP distribution of the brochure is pegged for 10,000 on an 8X10" format so I should have some room to work in.

My best to you.

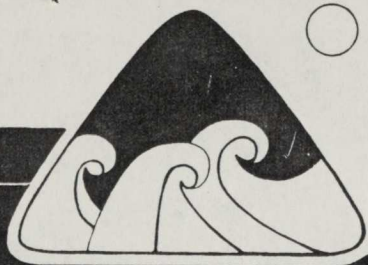
P.C. 9/1/78  
Jaks, ret. & proof  
- kind word re book -  
all proof & re. - few extra copies  
✓ brochure  
orig. sent ms. 10/1/8.  
pub. date 10/1/8.

J

JERROLD A. HIURA, D.D.S.

General Dentistry

131 east taylor street • san jose, ca 95112 • (408) 294-9944



# Asian American Art Projects

131 East Taylor Street • San Jose, CA 95112  
(408) 294-5536

9.8.78

A short newsletter on Asian American Art Project's Tides anthology. Since the start of the A.A.A.P.'s Tides project late last year we have been able to gather resources from over 25 painters, poets, sculptors and playwrights. Of the following works submitted by you we need the below stated material:

Name: Iku and Yoshiko Uchida

Field: poet and writer

Interview: Required, T.B.A.

Biography: Required: but should be covered by interview.

Slides: Not required.

Studio renderings: Not required.

Permissions: Yes (oral and written)

Pieces to be published in Tides :

- 1.) Something to be Remembered By (Yoshiko)
- 2.) Uncle Kanda's Black Cat (Yoshiko)
- 3.) Tanka poetry (4 groups) (Iku)
- 4.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 5.) \_\_\_\_\_

T.B.A.: To Be Arranged

All visual materials have to be shot by a professional photographer under studio conditions in order to obtain camera ready slides suitable for color separation. This will require approximately one to two hours of your time sometime during the course of the next 6 months. There will be ample forewarning so that the session can be made at your convenience.

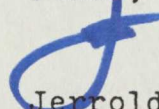
9.8.78

Thus far we have taped interviews of one third of the contributors. We have found this to be a most incisive look into each individuals worldly perception and its concomitant expression in their art. We would eventually like to have several taped talks of each writer and artist. This has become the most recent delaying factor as I am the only one who conducts the interviews and distance and busy schedules often times interfere. I hope you will understand and be patient.

Some facts: Date of printing is set for Fall, 1980. If proposals for funding come through, earlier. I know I mentioned in previous notes that the date would be as early as 1979 but as most of you are aware of, a project of this nature has hidden crisis built in. Our publisher is still evaluating the marketability of an anthology of this nature and for the present has expressed a willingness to commit 50% of production costs with the remainder to be picked up by myself. The profit I see, should we take the publisher's deal, will be donated to a scholarship fund for Asian American artists and writers who need financial support to continue their art and which will be overseen by the JACL. The awardees will compete and win on a judged basis. This is the only connection with the JACL in regards to the publication. Distribution will be by Codys and Shakespeare in Berkeley, City Lights in the City, Amerasia bookstore in the south, and the JACP bookstore in San Mateo. The JACP has a brochure that comes out with listings twice a year and sends to over 10,000. Amerasia also has a listings brochure. Since this will be a limited edition (less than 1,000) I believe it can be distributed effectively. IN the case that I decide not to go with our publisher than I will have to cut back on costs (stitch bind instead of hard, less color, smaller format). By not going hardbound I have found by speaking to people in the Major carriers ( Upstart Crow, Daltons, etc) that it would depend on the product. Kino kunya bookstore in San Francisco is an exception. At the moment I am meeting with different typesetters and binders and printers to get a reasonable, competitive estimate.

I hope I've answered some of your questions regarding the project and if you have any others please feel free to write or phone me anytime. My home phone in Palo Alto is 415-493-4219. Thank you for your continued interest in Tides Project and

Peace,



Jerrold Hiura ed.

Sharyn Yoshida, associate ed.

1685 Solano Ave., #102  
Berkeley, Ca. 94707  
March 9, 1979

Dear Jerry:

It's been a while since we communicated, and I hope all goes well with you and Shari.

I recently spoke to an editor of a textbook house who would like to see "Uncle Kanda's Black Cat" for possible use in a 5th grade anthology.

Since their use of it would in no way compete with your publication, and since I would retain the copyright, I would like to show it to her.

My own carbon is too bad to use to produce a copy, so I wonder if I might impose on you to make a copy from the original which you have and send it to me at your early convenience. I'll be happy to reimburse you for the copies. Many thanks.

Any new developments on the book?

All the best,

Yoshiko Uchida

P.S. It just occurred to me, it would probably be easier for you if you just returned the original to me temporarily & I'll make the copies & return the original to you later -

Y.

# PUSH FOR EXCELLENCE, INC.

930 EAST 50TH STREET  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60615

Dear Fellow Americans:

On January 15, 1975, a march of thousands of demonstrators circling the White House demanding a full-employment economy was suddenly called off. The ranks were disbanded. The marchers were told by their own leader to quietly go home.

Why?

Because walking through file after file of protesters, a tall, athletic, young black minister -- a man who had been in the vanguard of the civil rights movement for years -- was shocked to see that a great many of the youths were drunk or on drugs, visibly out of control.

That man, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, realized then that the time had come for him to change his target for reform. As he painfully said: "The door of opportunity is open for our people, but they are too drunk, too unconscious to walk through the door."

Today, Jesse Jackson is hitting his new target head-on with equally tough, shocking statements. He is taking on the epidemic of failure that now plagues the public schools of America, robbing our young of the self-respect they should be learning. And today, because no group of students has a monopoly on lack of discipline and rampant academic failure -- or even on the afflictions of drugs, violence and teenage pregnancy -- Jesse Jackson's message is as critical to white youths as it is to blacks.

What is it that Jesse Jackson is saying to black students?

He is telling them in a language they understand that in spite of the distance we have to move before true equal rights are achieved for all citizens, we have come a long, long way in recent years. And right now, black students must start to help themselves. Blacks must buckle down and apply to academic studies the same formula which they have used so successfully in athletics: sacrifice, discipline and perseverance. Right now, black youths must begin to shun the pitfalls of dope and other indulgences, recognize their potential, and move toward self-reliance by achieving excellence in the academic area.

And what is it that Jesse Jackson is saying to white students?

He is pointing out just how ironic it is that many of them have turned to the same weaknesses affecting their fellow black students. But whereas black students may claim some reason for feeling disadvantaged or "left out" of the cultural mainstream, what excuses do white students have for their anemia of will power...for their increasing reliance on drugs...for their disinterest in self-betterment? Too much success and affluence? Vietnam? The disillusionment of Watergate? Well, whatever reasons sociologists may cite, the simple alarming truth remains that a larger and larger number of white students are missing the boat, they are giving up the opportunity of a meaningful education which will make them self-reliant in the future and give them the self-respect which everyone should possess.

(next page, please)

3.22.79

Dear Yoshiko,

Enclosed: Uncle Kanda's Black Cat.

The project is moving slow but sure. We had a professional photographer shoot the artwork last month. We've contacted a typesetter who is fair in rate and dedicated in trade. Still, the costs are proving to be less than kind. Our hope is that we can put together a master copy that will attract a publisher's eye, but that is far and inbetween alot of effort and time.

How are you? By the way, if you could let me know if you've heard from Ron Tanaka...seems we had a parting of the ways since his separation. At any rate, take care Yoshiko.....

Regards,

Jerrold Hiura

*dot*  
P.S. We have a copy, thanks.

April 13, 1979

Dear Jerry:

Thanks so much for helping me out by returning  
"Uncle Kanda..."

I decided it might be better for me to keep the original in case the need for another copy arises, so I'm sending back a copy for your use. Hope that's OK with you.

Glad to hear your project is progressing, though slowly. It must take a lot of your time and energy, but keep up the good work!

I haven't been in touch with Ron Tanaka at all, and didn't know he'd been separated. That's too bad.

I'm giving several talks in the next few weeks, so have been taking time off from my writing for the time being. Last week I went to a school that had a kite contest, having been inspired by SUMI'S PRIZE. It was great fun.

I'm busy, but keeping fairly well, and hope both of you are too. My greetings to Shari.

All the best,

Encl: "Uncle Kanda's Black Cat"

Yoshiko Uchida

*Original  
Uncle Kanda mss.  
in Sep. Flder.*

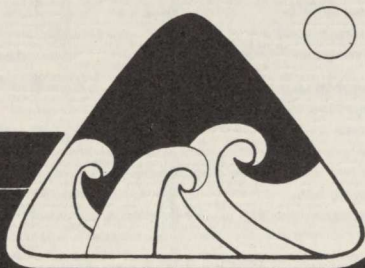
Draft copies of  
"If I Just Wait"  
(The Grandmother)

✓

2. Smully to be remembered  
By "

(Bronze Plaque)

~~in desk - side~~  
~~file drawer~~  
in 3rd file drawer



# Asian American Art Projects

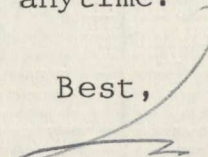
131 East Taylor Street • San Jose, CA 95112  
(408) 294-5536

3/31/83

Dear Yoshiko,

This note is long overdue. Issue #1 of the Hawk's Well Journal will be out by end of May, '83. Your short story Something to Be Remembered By will be featured in its entirety. It has to go through final proof and dummy, and the cover has yet to be decided upon but these facts pertinent to the publication are final: 184 p., four sections (FIRE, EARTH, WATER, AIR), an introduction penned in '81 (with many important advances in the AA literary arena occurring since then...my sole regret) and will include ten writers and artists: YOSHIKO UCHIDA, RICHARD AND MARK HAMASAKI (photo serigraph collages overlayed w/short poems), TOM KAMIFUJI (basically a commercial artist w/ a penchant for print-making), JANICE MIRIKITANI (poet & writer), JAMES M. MITSUI (poet), ZUKIN HIRASU (poet), SHARYN YOSHIDA (pen and ink), SHIOH KATO (master sensei calligrapher from Japan who now works out of SF gallery) and myself (poetry). I also wrote the introduction, edited, designed, and did everything from the layout to stripping and shooting the plates. Issue #2 is deadlined for May, '85 & as I have learned a great deal going through #1, #2 should entail less struggle and more dependent as far as deadlines go. I want you to know that Shari and I are in the process of divorce. It is an amicable split but nevertheless requires a change of life and a little soul searching. You will be one of the first to receive a 'clean' copy of #1. My greatest thanks and appreciation for your patience and help. Please feel free to write to me at anytime.

Best,



June 20, 1983

Dear Jerry:

What a pleasant surprise it was to hear from you after all these years! I thought you had simply dropped your project and had no idea you had continued to work on it. It must have required enormous amounts of time and energy, and you're to be congratulated for your perseverance and commitment.

I see the book evolved into a journal and it's good to know you plan future issues. I'm eagerly looking forward to seeing issue #1 and am so pleased it will include one of my short stories.

I'm not familiar with copyrights on material in a journal, but did you obtain a copyright for the entire issue? If so, is it possible for the copyright for my story to be assigned to me after publication? If not, I wonder if I should copyright it on my own now?

I believe you still have a rough draft of "If I Just Wait." If you ever decide to use it, please let me do some rewriting and send you a more polished copy. "Uncle Kanda's Black Cat" was published in an Addison-Wesley anthology, but I do have the copyright for that story, and you're welcome to use it any time.

I was sorry to hear about your divorce, but I believe if two people can't live together, that's the only sensible solution. I'm glad it's amicable, but I'm sure it hasn't been an easy time for either of you. Do take care.

I've had some ups and downs in my health, but on the whole the last couple of years have been wonderful for me. My first adult book, DESERT EXILE: The Uprooting of a Jpnse Am. Family, was published by the Univ. of Wash. Press last year and I've been gratified by the warm response the book has received. My children's book, A JAR OF DREAMS, won the Calif. Commonwealth Club medal last year and its sequel, THE BEST BAD THING, will be published this Sept. I've done some speaking in interesting places this year - went to Salt Lake City in late March and just returned a month ago from a marvelous trip to Hawaii where I participated in a Conf. and spoke at some schools. This latter trip accounts for my long delay in replying to your letter of 3/31.

It's nice to be back in touch, Jerry.

All the best,

Yoshiko Uchida

/ Jerry - P.E.  
6/17/84

Whatever  
happened to issue  
#1 of ~~the book's~~ <sup>your</sup>  
little journal which  
was due ~~last~~ <sup>in</sup> May <sup>>></sup> 1983  
It just seemed to  
me I never rec'd  
a copy, & I wonder  
if it failed to reach  
me ... ~~so~~

Please let me know -  
~~what's~~ happened

y -