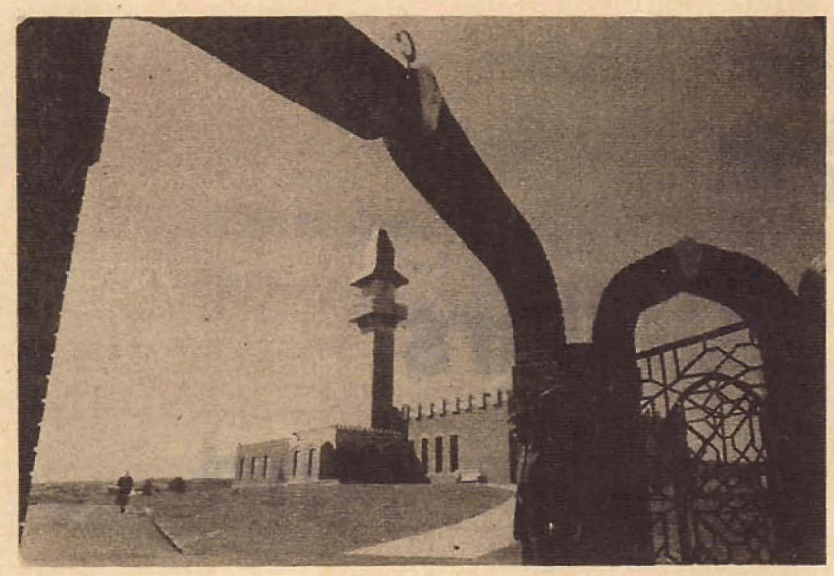
Dec 1982 Vol. 4 No. 4 $1.50

THE ASIANADIAN

AN ASIAN CANADIAN MAGAZINE



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Let's Talk Dollars And Sense...

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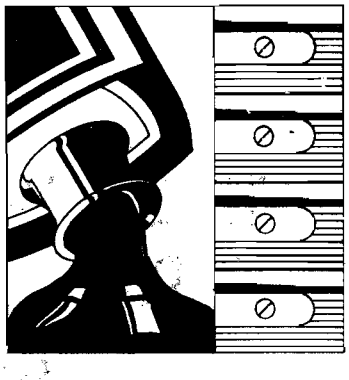
The Asianadian is an Asian Canadian Magazine published quarterly by the Asianadian Resource Workshop, P.O. Box 1256, Station Q, Toronto, Ontario M4T 2P4, Canada.

ISSN #0705-8861. Second Class Mail Registration Number 4438, Toronto, Canada. The Workshop is a registered, non-profit organization. All donations are tax-deductible. Printing is by Weller Publishing.

Production this issue: Editors: Richard Fung, Krisantha Sri Bhaggiyadatta. Graphics: Meena Dhar. Kathy Adachi, Dora Nipp, Diane Yip, Danny Lee, Satish Dhar, and Prabha Khosla.

The opinions expressed in this issue are not necessarily those of the Collective.

Editorial



For those of us who have been involved in community politics, it is not difficult to note two phenomena: (1) the fragmentation of progressive forces; and (2) the uneven levels of consciousness among activists.

By these we mean that some people in community organizing often lose sight of the larger purpose of justice, equality, and freedom because of personality conflict, tactical disagreement, and rhetorical trivia. Furthermore, activists who fight for racial equality may be anti-labour, and those who fight for sexual equality may be anti-immigrant and racist.

In this context, the recent conference organized by the Council of National Ethnocultural Organizations, the Ontario Federation of Labour, and the Canadian Labour Congress must be seen as a small step forward in addressing the problem.

The conference provided an opportunity for union people and ethnic groups to discuss issues of common concerns in the area of racism.

Labour unions could, in many ways, assist in building a society of racial equalty. They should begin by actively recruiting visible minorities the executive level. They should organize workers in jobs where many visible minorities cluster. They should advocate for mandatory affirmative action programs, and they should stop provincial government cutbacks in language training. They should remove discriminatory clauses in collective agreements. In other words, they should do a lot more than what they are doing now.

On the other hand, visible minorities should also involve in union activities so as to strengthen the labour movement. Minority groups should begin to educate their members about labour rights and human rights as well as the benefits of being active in labour unions. Minorities should also do a lot of outreach work, and liaise closely with unions.

To be more concrete, what can YOU do ? You, as individuals, can talk with your union locals and convince them to do outreach work in racial/ethnic communities. You, too, can contact your racial ethnic organizations and urge them to educate their members with respect to their labour rights and human rights. Tell them that you would like to do volunteer work for them if they have anti-racism and pro-labour programs or activities.

ASIANADIAN AIMS

1) To find new dignity and pride in being Asian in Canada.
2) To promote an understanding between Asian Canadians and other Canadians.
3) To speak out against those conditions, individuals and institutions perpetuating racism in Canada.
4) To stand up against the distortions of our history in Canada, stereotypes, economic exploitations, and the general tendency towards injustice and inequality practised on minority groups.
5) To provide a forum for Asian Canadian writers, artists, musicians, etc.
6) To promote unity by bridging the gap between Asians with roots in Canada and recent immigrants.

A MATTER OF DETAIL

M.G.Vassanji

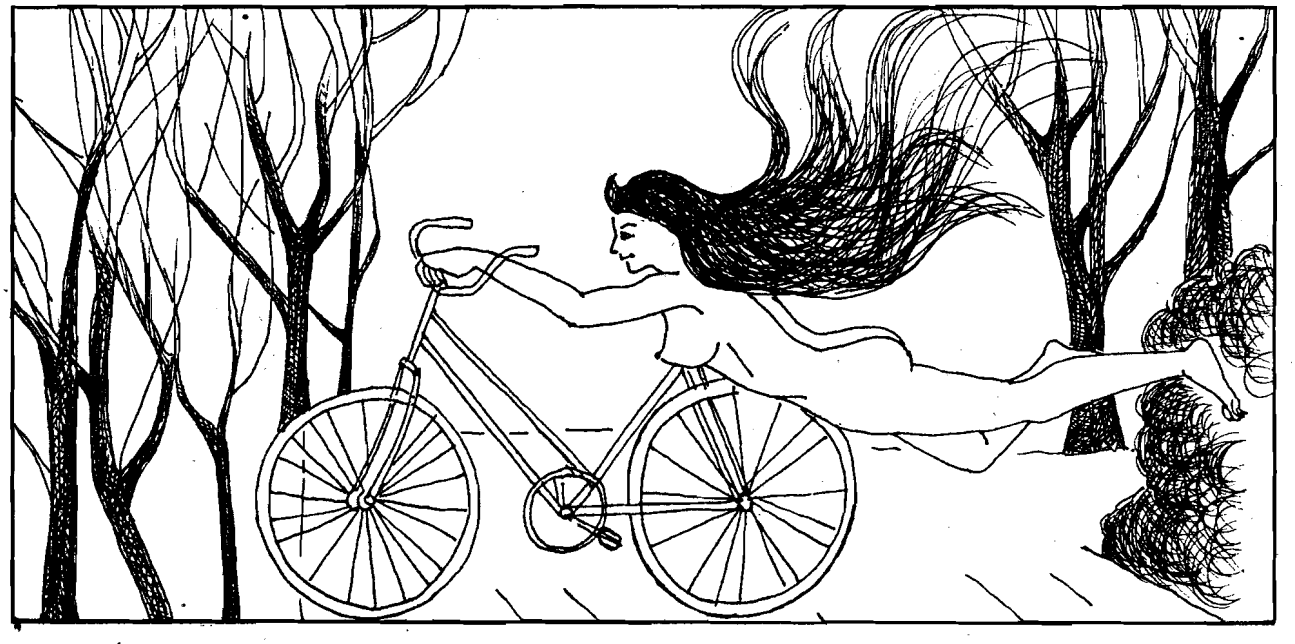
Nurdin Fazal knew his problem. It was not something he had always had; nor was it an affliction (for such he viewed it) picked up there and just brought here to Canada where it had worsened. His problem had crept up on him gradually in his new country and taken him quite unawares. He realized suddenly one day that what he caught himself doing he would not approve of in others. It went against the very grain of the qualities he had always been taught to cherish and the ideals that lay at the core of the respectability he claimed for himself. Consequently, this newly discovered predicament sometimes succeeded in completely upsetting him, filling him with consternation against himself and frustration at his situation. Which he then believed to be the product of this new culture and not the result of his presence in it. As if anyone immersed in it was immediately set upon by this new germ and had to suffer the consequences thereafter. He would declaim the West and talk of the moral purity of the East. How the porno culture had to be firmly resisted by the righteous who just happened to be poor. He would get carried away with the idea that his coming to Canada was only a stepping stone toward permanent settlement in Pakistan.

Not that he thought about sex

He was born in Africa, of Indian parentage. He had been, he still considered himself to be, a respectable man; a father of three daughters, two of them happily married and the third one still in her teens. He was a man of about fifty. Back there (or home, as he still sometimes, inadvertantly, referred to it) he would have been considered well past middle age -- his own mother had died in her fifties. But he considered himself still young. By just stepped onto the soil here, he had increased his life span, statisitically speaking, by at least twenty years.

Nurdin Fazal's problem was this. About a year after coming to Canada -- a year in which he suffered through his first winter, walked miles and passed through numerous queues before at last landing a job -- he became fully aware of his sexuality. He could not recall any other time in his life, except for a few years in his youth, when the subject was so much on his mind. Not that he thought about sex all the time; on the contrary: he tried as much as possible not to think about it at all. The subject lingered

so much at the surface of his mind: the slightest hint, the slightest provocation, and he had to use all the strength he could muster to dam up the flood of images that threatened to fill his mind. But not always successfully. He had become aware of *woman*. Not the female personality he saw manifest in his wife and daughters; but the physiological female resplendently displayed , as it seemed to him everywhere in the streets of Toronto. He would catch himself staring after women; or consciously trying to avert his eyes from their chests, having mentally noted first the extent of the support there. In the summer the sight of women in tight shorts sometimes reduced him to a state of complete disorientation; when he saw one on a bicycle, for example, casually pedalling away in a park amidst the luxuriant greenery in the heat of the summer sun, his heart would pound, blood rushed into his head, he felt he would practically burst. In a state of irritation he would feel a knot tightening under his belt. At such times he would mutter to himself, "To have come here at this age!" At other times he would tell himself, "The things they show in movies! In the open. Quite in the open, by God! What must be going on behind closed doors!" It bothered him, this condition he found himself in. For he considered himself a religious man. If not pious, at least observing. He believed in moral righteousness. And in those moments of anguish, when he would reflect upon his predicament, he would liken himself to a dog panting at the sight of a bitch, an animal in a state of pure intuition. He remembered the story of a holy man who had passed a life free of blemish but was reborn as a dog for desiring a woman at his deathbed. Lines from sermons he had heard in the past would thus resurface in his memory, religious admonitions came to haunt him. Anger and lust -- the proverbial two cardinal sins -- he had been taught to shun. Anger was not a problem with him. He was a small man, somewhat round in the middle, dark, bald, and prone to being made the butt of jokes by bigger men. But he was good natured, and you would rarely see him in rage. He liked to please. When he first came to Canada he would be all too willing, like a true gentleman, to give up his bus seat to a woman, even when the woman was at an inconvenient distance from him. And when she did not understand him, or pretended not to, or did not even desire to look at him, he would return sheepishly to his seat. If anything



his problem had always been this certain haplessness in his life. To which he now added lust.

He recalled his adolescence.

He recalled his adolescence and the years of his puberty. But then, it was all jokes and swear-words -- talk and fantasy. He recalled the excitement with which he and his friends would crowd around the pictures of nude girls in imported girlie magazines; how the magazines would pass from desk to desk in class, to be gazed at, admired, as the geography master went on and on about physical features of the earth; how, at home and in the presence of his family, he would look with outward equanimity but inner turmoil at the pictures of the beauty queens of the local Gymkhana Club. In his days these beauty queens had always been European and white. Eros had come to him at an early age bearing pictures of white girls in various stages of undress.

But all that was a long time ago. He did not remember having been physically attracted to his wife in the last fifteen years or so, since after the birth of their youngest child. Though admittedly, she was not an attractive woman by any stretch of the imagination. She was a stubby woman who was somewhat prettier in her younger days; but the stability of marriage and the ordeals of child-bearing had killed what little looks she had had.

So he had assumed all these years that this side of his needs was well looked after; he would have no problems here. There were other things to life after all. And the sight of girls younger and prettier than his wife had not excited him in the least, nor filled him with any regrets. Now, after more than ten years of near celibacy, he felt once more the desires of his youth. He worked as an orderly at a hospital. It was a job he had found with much difficulty, after months of searching for the right job, then any job that was not completely menial. He really had no qualifications when he came. All his adult life he had worked as an agent for a wholesale distributor, finding customers for the firm, wooing them away from the competition, and collecting payment from them, supposedly at the end of each month, but in reality well into the next. He would go from shop to shop with samples and take orders. In the evenings a stationwagon would come and deliver them. When he came to Toronto the only good interview he had had was at a large department store, which had an opening for a shoe salesman. It had not worked out. And so this job, which was tiring on the feet somewhat, but not altogether different in this respect from his previous job.

He had never been so close to a white woman before.

One morning he came out of the store pushing a trolley full of linen. He walked past the stairs and came to the elevators, and saw a young woman sitting on the floor, against a wall. Her head was in her hands, and she appeared to be crying. Immediately he left the trolley and went up to her. "Can I help you, Madam?" he asked with concern. "Can I help you?" She didn't look up. Then he tried to raise her shoulders and her head, so as to look at her better. "Madam, can I get you something?" His heart was now beating fast, he had never been this close to a white woman before. He could smell her makeup. He looked around. Then his right hand slowly moved down, to her breast, and he gave a

gentle squeeze. At first nothing happened. His hand moved away. Then all of a sudden she gave a jerk, looked up, and cried out, "Rape! He's trying to rape me!"

Nurdin was completely flustered. He got up from her and started moving away. He thought she was joking, or at least he hoped she was. "Heh, heh --" he began. But she was serious. She started throwing names at him and shouting. He took the elevator and went up with the trolley, still trying to laugh. "Heh, heh, heh..."

He felt nervous.

"So you like white skin, hey?"

At lunchtime everyone seemed to stare at him as he came into the cafeteria. A couple of hours later the police came to question him. He stuck to his guns. "I went to her and I put my hands on her shoulders. Like this. 'Madam, can I help you?' I asked her. Tell me, is there anything wrong in that. I have a daughter her age, I have a grandson..." And he sobbed. He was terrified. Perhaps in his terror he even believed his own story. There was only a detail missing from it. The whole structure of respectability he had constructed around him in his private life -- embracing his family, his friends, his relatives -- threatened to crumble. He dared not imagine in what light they would view him after this; or how his small community, in which his respectability lay imbedded, which conferred upon him his status in life, might regard him. Later on in the afternoon, as he came down to his locker to change, the girl's boyfriend, a large, black orderly at the hospital, roughed him up. "So you like white skin, hey?... You like white skin, hey?... White skin, hey?... You find your own, hear?" The next morning he was booked for indecent assault.

The lawyer hired by his family heard his story, the same one he had given the police. But with great precision coming from the experience of years of dealing with people, he laid his finger squarely on the truth. "Kaka's hand must have slipped somewhere -- hopefully not too far," he pronounced in his privacy.

In court he demonstrated the unreliability of the girl's testimony. She took drugs. Her boyfriend used to beat her up and was regularly unfaithful to her. Was she in her right mind that morning? Wasn't she on medication then? Why was she sitting there on the floor beside the elevators -- did that action bespeak a person in a normal frame of mind? Had she had a fight with her boyfriend?...Nurdin was acquitted of the charge. But, as the lawyer said, it was all touch and go. It all depended on how the judge viewed the girl's testimony. A question of credibility. As it was, she didn't have much to speak for her.

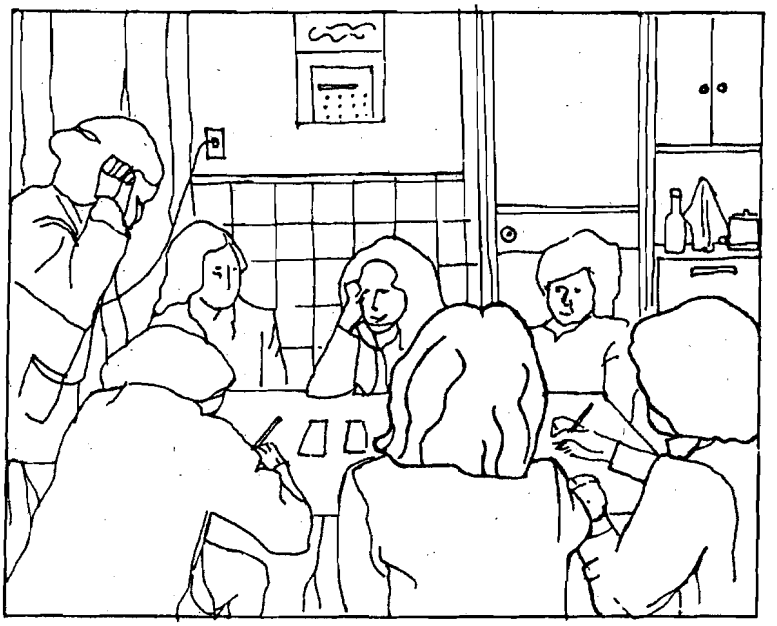
The incident was hardly mentioned but the verdict was - many times.

That weekend his family and friends held a get-together in their home to celebrate the event, with food, card games and a home movie. The hearing had been a great ordeal for the family. Fortunately it had not received much publicity and, with the verdict, there was little chance that it would. The incident was hardly mentioned that evening, but the verdict was, many times. Nurdin did not know what each one in the gathering there thought of the whole affair. Only, at one point, as the men sat down to eat, one of his friends gave him a sly look and, with a wink, growled out, :Nurdin -- you son of a gun!" ~

M.G. Vassanji *is the editor of* The Toronto South Asian Review

LEARNING ENGLISH

Gina Wong



There are six women in the room. Some of them are Vietnamese and some are Chinese. Everybody is talking at once. There is a lot of laughter and giggles. They are all here to learn English. Vilma is their volunteer teacher. She is a young Jamaican girl who is studying at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education (OISE), specializing in teaching English as a second language. The English class, organized by the Riverdale Immigrant Women's Centre, is held every Wednesday and is free of charge.

The class is held at Mrs. Fung's house. She is one of the students in the class. It is on Braodview Avenue in Toronto's Riverdale district. The bright lights and the street cars of Chinatown East are not far away. Everytime the streetcar goes by the house, it shudders nervously. The living room in which the class is assembled is dimly lit and windowless. The furniture is secondhand and worn out. The linoleum tiles are curling up and the walls are stained and in desperate need of a coat of paint. In other words, it looks like the typical home of a "new Canadian".

The class moves into the kitchen and everybody sits around the kitchen table. It is a cosy room although everything seems to need repair. Many women in the class have come directly from work. They keep their coats on because the house is quite chilly. The women's ages range from 25 to 55. They are a lively and talkative group and seem to have much to tell to each other. They speak different dialects of Chinese.

This is where Gina comes in. She is a young community worker from the Riverdale Immigrant Women's Centre. She speaks Chinese. It was she who got

the class going through her outreach work in the community. But she found that her would-be students were quite choosy. They were quite frank in telling her that they preferred to learn English from someone who was not Chinese. They wanted to make sure they learnt the right Canadian accent. At first Gina was afraid they may not want a Jamaican to teach them either. But they took to Vilma immediately. So now Gina drops in once in a while to help out in those tricky moments when a translator might be needed.

The women in the English class are recent refugees from Vietnam. One is from Mainland China and another from Hong Kong. Some of them are still waiting for their family members to arrive. One woman left Vietnam with two of her four children in a boat to Thailand. Now that she is in Canada, she has sponsored her husband and two children. Each one has survived an arduous and traumatic journey. For some the ordeal is still not over.

All the women work in garment factories.

All of the women work in the garment factories as sewing machine operators, button makers, etc. Although they have been in Canada one or two years, none of them speaks any English. Most of them did not work before they came to Canada. They generally stayed at home and looked after the children or helped in a family business. "Housewife" says one woman in her fifty's, describing her life at home and everybody burst out laughing.

There is a discussion on why the women are learning English. Everybody is eager to talk about this subject and the general comment is "You have to speak to work, you *have* to say a few things." One woman explains that she is not learning the language and she wants to change her job. In fact, she feels that she is too old to acquire any new skills. She cannot hope to master the language at this stage of her life. "It takes a lot to learn how to read and write even if you do learn to speak. Even then you can only hope to get a slightly better job. The hope... is there but it seems quite unrealizable." Another says that knowing the language, even a few words, helps to make friends. Right now, they are restricted to just, "Hello, how are you?" At this comment, all the women in the class laugh heartily. Only one woman says that learning English would help her to change her job. She does not want to stay in her job, as button maker, forever. She may not necessarily get a better job but at least she may have the possibility of leaving the factory. For instance, some jobs are quite easy and require no training, such as waitressing and counterhelp. "But without English you have no chance," says one woman.

Vilma calls the class to order. She pulls out a large portfolio and places it on the table. She addresses the woman next to her, "Hello, how are you?" and waits for a reply. There is a short silence and then the giggles and chatter start again as someone starts to prompt. Then Vilma replies to her own question, "I am fine, thank you, and you?" She does this over and over again with each of the women. Pretty soon they get the hang of it. Now they have to go around the table and ask each other. The next thing Vilma teaches them is how to ask a question, "Excuse me, where is....?" Then she pulls out a chart with pictures of fruits and vegetables and the women take turns saying the names of the pictures. At first the words sound unfamiliar, heavily laden with accent but slowly with repetition, they become recognizable. These women repeat saying: "Apple", "Orange", "The apple is red", "My skirt is red" and so on.

cont'd on page 25

DIVIDED WE STAND

(Or how we organised to combat job discrimination)

V. Padmanabhan

The other day, I was talking to a fellow "visible ethnic" -- an East Indian colleague to be exact -- about the problems "visible ethnics" were having in getting ahead in their careers. Actually, the subject came up in a strange manner. The discussion got started because a fellow East Indian at the office had been passed over for a promotion. We had thought, naively, that he was in line for a manager's position.

"You know," I said, "there is not a single 'visible ethnic' above the position of a junior supervisor in this outfit. For instance, Peter Chu has worked here for about eight years. He is still stuck at the bottom."

"But look at him," said my friend Patwardhan (Pat for short). "You can hardly understand what he's saying. How do you expect management to send him out to deal with a real life client? It takes you a while to realize he is speaking English and not Chinese."

And there's nothing wrong with his accent

"But," I replied, "how about Harry Koenig? His accent is as thick as Goulash soup. When I heard him the first time, I thought I was listening to "Herr Camp Commandant" from an old war movie. He seems to be marching ahead though, from promotion to promotion."

Pat shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe he gets the company German clients. Besides, he seems to know what he's doing."

"What about Frank Hong?" I asked innocently. "He's no slouch either. How long has he been a mere accountant? And there's nothing wrong with his accent."

Pat looked at me ruefully as he launched into a diatribe. "I don't know why you keep bringing these Chinese guys into the conversation. They are doing pretty well for themselves, you know. They have made it. It is us we've got to worry about, the poor 'pakis' squirming under everyone's feet."

The temperature of the conversation was beginning to rise.

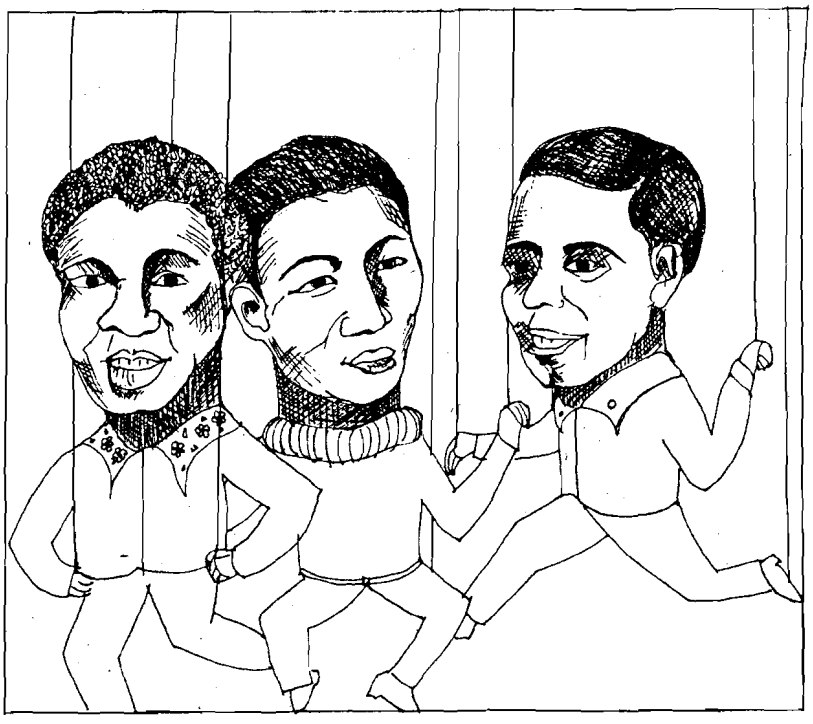
I was not one to shirk from an argument that promised more heat than light.

I looked at Pat and said teasingly, "Frank Hong is not even Chinese, he's Korean." Of course, I didn't know whether he was or not. I was just egging Pat on. "I had no idea that you were so keen about the Chinese, Pat."

This really got Pat going. The words gushed out of him.

"Korean, Chinese, they all look alike to me. Mark my words they are beginning to take over. Businesses, professions, they are everywhere. I read an article about this recently. Have you seen how they stick together? Really, I am..."

I interrupted Pat at this point. His chatter seemed to be pregnant with all the insight of a *Toronto Sun* editorial.



"Good heavens, Pat," I retorted, "what about the white guys? Don't they all look alike to you? They do to me."

By now, I think, Pat was beginning to sense that I was pushing him into a corner and pulling his leg at the same time.

Pat replied angrily, "Look, Paddy (my ridiculous sounding Canadianized name -- my mother would not recognize it -- but that is the price we pay for being adaptable), I don't care what you feel. I think we East Indians should stick together. We suffer the worst job discrimination. We should campaign against employment practices that keep us from getting an equal chance. Involving other groups is just distracting. They are all already looking after themselves and we have so little in common with them. I am seriously thinking of doing something about job discrimination against the people of East Indian origin. Maybe I'll get in touch with an East Indian community association."

"That sounds like a really good idea," I responded, trying hard to sound encouraging. "But don't you think it would be better if we got more groups on our side -- the Vietnamese, Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos...? We all have the same problem, you know."

I realized that I was not going to get anywhere with my suggestion, but I made it anyway -- more to be obstinate than persuasive.

Pat pooh-poohed my idea, of course. And he went off, presumably to work on his "anti-discrimination" campaign.

A few days later, I met an old classmate Jack Gardner from my university days in Waterloo. Jack is from Jamaica and in recent years has become embroiled in West Indian politics in Toronto. When I met him he was full of information about the various committees he was working with trying to lobby both the federal and provincial governments about employment opportunities for West Indian immigrants, about Affirma-

tive Action programs and the like. Then he said something I found interesting.

"Why don't you," he asked, "get your Indian associations to work with us on this problem? You know if we, the Chinese, you Indians, and others -- all get together and lobby in a united manner for some real action in the 'fair employment' field and other issues we would really have a chance to get somewhere."

I thought about Jack's idea for a moment. Somehow it did not thrill me. While I know a few West Indians as acquaintances, I would not call any of them my deep bosom buddies. I recently went to a West Indian party and could not help admiring the full-throated conviviality that pulsated through it. But I did not enjoy the experience. For me, the intensity with which many West Indians seem to pursue their worldly pleasures is a source of wonder. Put it down as cultural differences. Anyhow, I could not, for the life of me see getting something going which would involve West Indians and the various Asian groups in a common front. I felt there was a natural tendency to lump the West Indians with the blacks of North America. The West Indians were part of the New World and not like us Asians with our ancient culture and set traditions. Their problems were different from ours.

I mentioned all this to Jack, saying that our cultural difference were great, that we should not expect our two communities to work successfully towards a common political goal, in view of these differences. Jack was quick to correct me. "First of all," he said, "the West Indians have very little in common with the Black experience in North America. We are very different culturally from the American black. We have been through the colonial experience like you have. But we know very little about the institutionalized racism which the American black had to suffer. Another point to note is this: the West Indians include not just blacks but Indians, Chinese, and others who settled on the islands. They are just as much a part of West Indian society as the blacks are."

Jack's point was a good one. I had simplified issues too much in my eagerness to find a rational basis for my prejudice.

As if to clinch his argument, Jack went on to say, "In any case, one thing we should remember. We don't have to love each other's music, dance, sense of humour or way of life in order to unite on a political issue that affects us all."

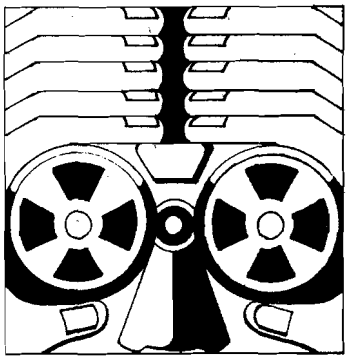
Our conversation ended inconclusively, with me mumbling that perhaps we should discuss the matter again sometimes.

Interestingly enough, not long after this meeting with Jack, I crossed paths with Pat. In the course of our conversation, I asked Pat how his East Indian anti-job-discrimination campaign was going. Had he managed to fire Indian community organizations with enthusiasm? Pat was not amused. His mood turned sour at the mention of the subject.

"You know what happened?" Pat asked. And then he went on indignantly to answer his own question. "I talked to some friends about this. They thought we should bring this up at our Gujerati Association meeting and not at the Indian Association. Some of them did not trust Punjabis, others had some problems with Sikhs, somebody mentioned other problems with Bengalis. Can you imagine every regional East Indian group campaigning separately? I cannot believe how stupid some people can be." He made a gesture of disgust and implored me not to mention the subject to him again.

I was in no mood to talk about it either.

Face to Face



In this interview with Ravinder (not her real name) Asianadian hopes to highlight the experiences and problems typical of the vast majority of those Asian Canadians shunted into job ghettos regardless of skills or training. Prabha Khosla spoke with Ravinder Kaur in Vancouver, B.C. in August 1982.

ASIANADIAN: *What was it like for you when you first came to Canada?*

Ravinder: I was 20 when I came five years ago. I had just finished my school. I came over here the same year I graduated. I had just finished my B.A. I didn't do anything for 5 or 6 months here. It was so hard to adjust to this society. My goodness, I used to cry all the time. Everytime I got a letter from India from my friends or relatives, I cried and cried, I wanted to go back, really. Then after a while, I started realizing that I should get a job, I should start going to school. So I took English classes.

Where did you study?

It was downtown and it was part-time. They were Manpower classes, and I think they were free. That is why I took them. But then you see that everybody is working, and you feel like working even though you never worked back home. My dad had a farm of about 25 to 30 acres. I never worked on the land and neither did my brothers. We hired other people to work on the land.

What was your village like?

It was really small. There were only about eight farmers and the rest were the labourers who worked for the farmers. Our farm belongs to my father, and after that it goes to the sons. Not to the daughters. In the law it says now the daughters will get an equal share of the land. But you know, if I am married and my husband wants me to get my share of the land from my father, I will be cut off from the family; they won't like it. That is the way it is. It might change in years, I don't know.

Did everyone in your family get to go to university?

No, I was the first girl (to go to university). My older sister only went to school for 5 years. The eldest did not even finish primary school.

What was your impression of Canada before you came here?

You know you see the foreigners visiting down there. They've got cars and tapes and cameras. And average people don't get these things in India. So you say, "Oh gee, they are rich." I think we were all excited to come over here. But it was totally different when we got here.

How did you eventually come to Canada?

My brother was here. He came as a visitor five years before we did. I think that was 1972. He thought that it would be nice to have the family all together. Right? There was nothing else. My brother sent for us and we came. My brother said, "If you like it here you can stay, otherwise you can always go back." But once you are settled in the community I guess you don't want to go back anymore. You keep thinking that later on in your life, when you have enough money and you can live down there (nicely).

What did you do at first?

I didn't do anything for the winter months, from November to March or April. I took classes for 2 or 3 months then I started looking for a job. I only looked for the jobs that didn't require much English, because I didn't speak English then. You know, I was looking for work in a restaurant or hotel or motel to do cleaning as a chambermaid. I went to Manpower and there was a part-time job for a chambermaid. It was only for 4 hours everyday. This was in Burnaby and they paid three dollars an hour. I worked there for a full year. You really don't know where to look for a job, or if you should continue your education unless someone is advising you; you really go through a hard time when you first come. You do. So I worked there for a year. One of my brother's friends has a wife who was working in a restaurant. She was over one day and she said, "Why don't you come over there and apply?" So I went down there and applied, but they didn't need anybody then. She kept saying that you have to keep phoning them and keep going back and sometimes that's the way it works. So anyway, finally they hired me as a kitchen helper. I went back to the motel, and told the owner that I was going to stop working there because I now had a full-time job. He said,"Where?" I said,"In a restaurant." He said, "Doing what?" I said,"Kitchen helper." He said,"Oh ya, you'll probably be washing dishes." You know that is the attitude they have that our people only wash dishes. I still remember that. I will always remember that. After that I worked for two years full-time at the *White Spot*. And I was taking classes all the time then. That's how my English improved.

Can you tell me what it was like working at the restaurant?

I worked in the kitchen so I did not have to deal with the customers. It was mostly our people in the kitchen. The waitresses and car hops were all white. But you always feel like something is going on. For example, when the waitresses have to ask other white people for something they smile and speak nicely, but when they have to talk to us they don't smile at all, and are very rude. I've noticed that.

Do the other Indian women speak English?

Some of them don't speak it too well. But they speak it well enough to work. If I had a choice I would like a more creative job. Even working in the office. I wouldn't do this work if I had a choice.

What kind of work are you doing now?

It is not any better. It is as a nurse's aide, but it is better paying anyway. We have a union and benefits.

Cont'd on page 26

GLIMPSES OF MUSLIMS IN CANADA

Visualised Scripted and Photographed by Sudha Thakkar Khandwani

Abdullah Khandwani

In 1980 and 1981 with seed money from Islam West association (Canada) and Council of Muslim Communities of Canada (C.M.C.C.) Sudha Thakkar Khandwani and Abdullah Khandwani made several trips out of Toronto, including three to the West of Canada, to take the photographs making up the exhibition, excerpted here.

Glimpses of Muslims in Canada was produced to celebrate the Hijra centenary and was first shown at the Islamic Conference held at the University of Toronto in May 1981. It has since travelled throughout Canada, most recently in January at the Youth Conference sponsored by the Ministry of Citizenship and Culture.

The Toronto-based artists, both trained in Bombay are presently at work on two film projects: *A Tale of Two Cities* about Canada's first mosque and *Three Women*, which looks at current pressures and challenges facing women in the East Indian community.

In the year 1871 there were thirteen muslims in Canada, mostly of Lebanese origin. Today there are nearly 100,000 muslims of a wide variety of historical, cultural and social backgrounds, settled all over this country. The story of these muslims, spanning a period of over 100 years, unfolds the basic dual theme of their active participation in Canadian life and their strong awareness and preservation of Islamic identity and heritage.

Beginning with the pioneer muslims who arrived four generations ago, when western Canada was yet in its own pioneer era, the unfolding of this story, when viewed in its proper perspective, becomes an integral part of the larger story of Canadian development itself. In building their own lives and communities, the muslims in fact contributed significantly to the building of Canada.

On the other hand, the muslims have struggled hard both with outside forces and within themselves to maintain their religion, values, family and community life on Islamic principles. Thus, by maintaining their identity and heritage, they have contributed alternative models of individual and communal behaviour patterns.

As pioneer muslims settled in small communities in Edmonton, Lac la Biche, London, Windsor, Toronto and Montreal, they tried to organize their communal life in Islam by establishing simple mosques and providing facilities for weddings and burials according to Islamic principles. Slowly, as the realization deepened that Canada was going to be their permanent home, the desire of these muslims to practise their religion more completely, their need to educate and bring up their children in the values and teachings of Islam and their aspiration to maintain a communal Islamic identity began to converge to a single focal point. Their dreams finally took shape in the building of Al Rashid mosque in Edmonton in 1938.

Since the mid-fifties important mosques and Islamic centres have been built in Toronto, Montreal, London, Ottawa, Calgary, Lac la Biche and Vancouver.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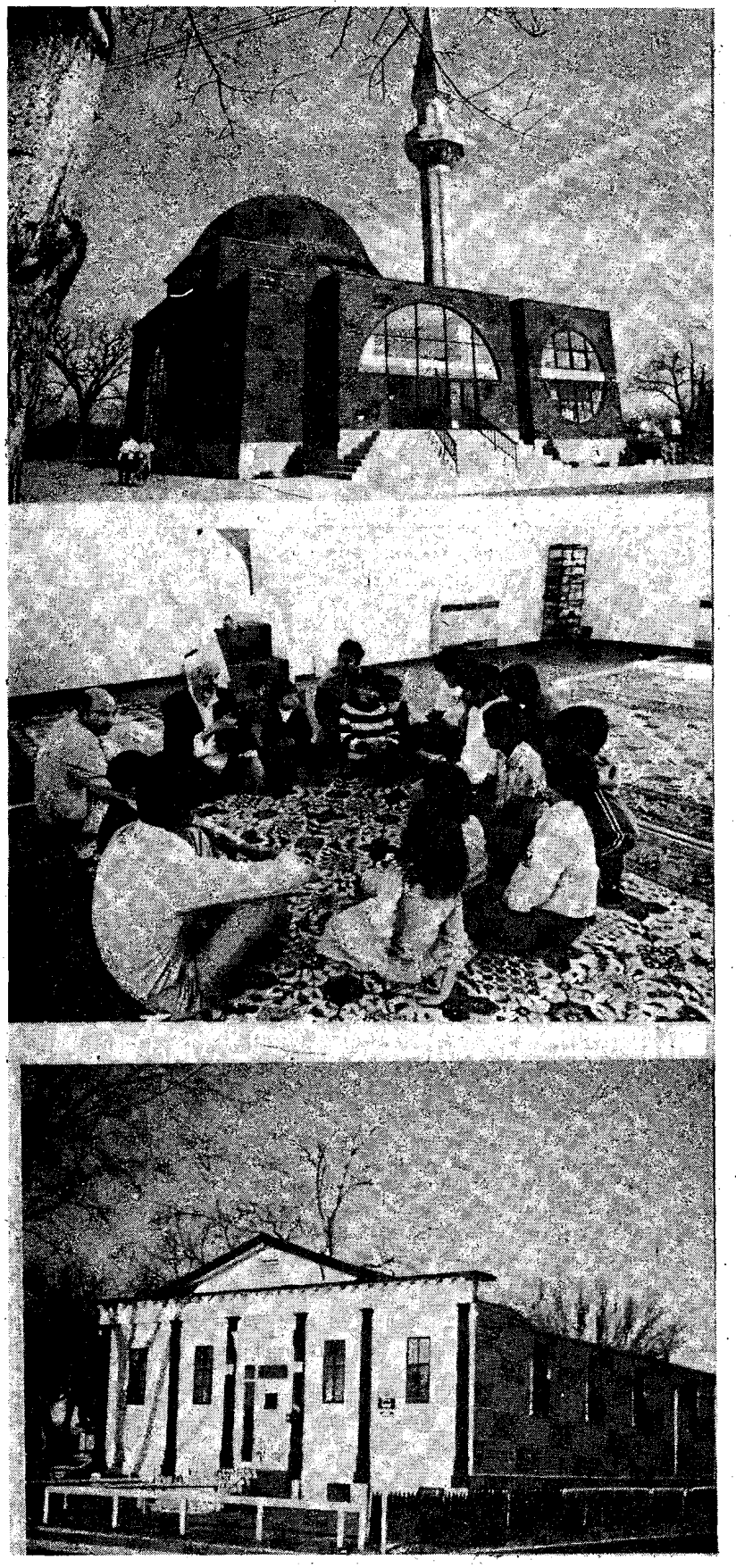


International Forum

Marcos' U. S. Visit - A Political Fiasco

Reprinted from *Taliba*, September 1982 with permission.

He came, he saw, he came to conquer. But he fell flat on his face.

Ferdinand Marcos' grand visit to the United States was a multi-million dollar political fiasco. He and his entourage flew home rejected by U.S. public opinion and defeated by the U.S.-based opposition.

Marcos came to the U.S. with three goals: to solidify his backing from Ronald Reagan; to reverse his image as a repressive tyrant; and to win support from the Filipino community.

The dictator achieved his first goal but failed miserably with the rest.

Even before he left Manila, he was already assured of Reagan's support. The state visit was to mainly "put things in writing" and to adorn the Reagan-Marcos alliance with official pomp and ceremony. But even when Marcos flew home with money in the bank, Reagan's lavish praises failed to rally public support, contrary to what both of them expected. In fact, effusive display of mutual admiration was damaging to both Marcos and Reagan.

Reagan's extremely warm reception drew home the point that Marcos is just a puppet of the U.S., "Reagan's hit man in Asia". Throughout his trip the dictator, who postured as a "nationalist" or a "true Filipino" when convenient, unashamedly affirmed his colonial status.

Not only did he express full support for the maintenance of U.S. bases in the Philippines, but he promised Reagan their unrestricted use as springboards for U.S. interference in other people's affairs especially in Asia, the Indian Ocean, the Western Pacific and the Middle

East. Aside from this, Marcos also assured U.S. big businesses that the Philippines will continue to be a captive source of cheap labour and cheap resources for multinational corporations.

In his speech before U.S. businessmen at the Waldorf Hotel, New York City on September 20 (1982), Marcos made two promises that few Third World leaders would dare make in public: a guarantee that foreign investors can take their profits out of the country without any limits; and a "constitutional" guarantee that foreign firms will never be nationalized.

Marcos' public relations performance however, failed to impress the people of this country. Reagan's attempts to portray him as an acceptable ally kept crashing against a difficult barrier: Marcos' bloody record as a human rights violator, a record updated by Amnesty International and one that the opposition made sure that no one forgot. Marcos himself gained no credibility with his evasive answers and stock anti-communist ramblings in press conferences and TV interviews.

Given the chance to have a close look at Marcos, the U.S. public was repelled by the image of deceit and untrustworthiness that the dictator rejected. NBC's John Chancellor captured the feelings of many in his September 22 commentary: "The U.S. is supporting another Shah of Iran in the person of Marcos -- a man supported by the U.S. for 'strategic reasons' but who was doomed by the hatred of his people."

Not one major newspaper or TV network was swayed by Reagan's all-out support for Marcos. The few expressions of support came from close friends: from *The Washington Post*, a newspaper owned by Sun Myung Moon; *Human Events*, an ultra-right wing publication allied with the Moral Majority; Randolph Hearst, a newspaper giant known for his dark ages mentality and Rep. Larry MacDonald, a John Bircher, who sees "red" at the drop of a hat. Even the mainstream conservative media preferred to keep silent.

But it was not only Marcos who suffered from the overwhelming critical response of the U.S. public. Ronald Reagan's policy of supporting fascists like Marcos due to "strategic U.S. security interests" also came under intense public questioning. Should U.S. security interests be pursued at the expense of the Filipino people's human rights? To this essential question, Reagan unapologetically replied "Yes" and he was reduced to lamely asserting that Marcos is not a repressive despot. Critical of Marcos, but sharing Reagan's beliefs about U.S. strategic interests, the established media tried to reduce the matter to finding a cleaner figure who can serve U.S. interests better. For the general public however, it became clear that the U.S. ruling circles' definition of "security" and "interest" is the maintenance of U.S. military and political dominance throughout the world. It became clearer that U.S. sponsorship of fascist regimes like Marcos and the spread of torture and human rights violations in countries like the Philippines are linked to the pursuit of these "strategic interests".

Storm Of Protest

The public is now more aware that it is being asked by Reagan and Marcos to go along with their definition of U.S. strategic interests, to approve of their proposition that these interests must be pursued at the expense of the Filipino people's basic rights and their social and economic progress.

The political disaster that the state visit turned into was due in great part to the protest back home that marked Marcos' *despedida* and to the pro-

tests that greeted him in the U.S. Without the storm of protests that followed the dictator wherever he went, his visit would not have been as controversial. On September 16, the day the dictator met and dined with Reagan, 600 people protested in Washington D.C. while several hundred joined demonstrations in San Francisco, Chicago, Los Angeles, Honolulu and Toronto, Canada.

In New York, 350 protested as he dined at the Waldorf; 100 denounced him at the United Nations. In Seattle, home of two activists who were murdered by Marcos hired-guns, several hundred people rallied on September 18. As the dictator stopped in Los Angeles, 200 protesters booed him. When he stopped in San Francisco, 1,200 people angrily called for his overthrow, and even on his stop-over in Honolulu, demonstrators gave him no rest.

In both cases, Marcos was hounded by noisy protests at every point in his itinerary. The demonstrations showed the breadth of the opposition to Marcos and Reagan's aggressive foreign policy. Not only were there Filipinos, but Blacks, Latinos, Palestinians, Iranians and other minorities, church people, professionals, ordinary working people, liberals, journalists and even dissenting U.S. government officials. The range of the opposition included even U.S. Congress people who urged Reagan to cancel the visit.

To counter the broad-based condemnation of the regime, Marcos tried to give the impression that he enjoys support from the 1.5 million Filipinos in the U.S. Ambassador Kokoy Romualdez boasted that 5,000 Filipinos would greet Marcos in D.C. But despite all the free food and drinks lavished on the community, the embassy managed to bus in only 200 people who were given all sorts of *palangis*. Desperate for brown faces, the embassy resorted to hiring Cambodian refugees, dressing them up in T-shirts that said "Ako'y Pilipino".

With an $18-M(illion) public relations campaign, the Marcos consulates were able to get only a few thousand Filipinos in Los Angeles and San Francisco, most of whom were attracted by movie stars and free food. The rest of the 1.5 million stayed away.

At the National Press Club in Washington D.C., Marcos said, "If I can't get 10 percent of the U.S. Filipinos to support me, I will resign". Well, what is this tyrant waiting for?

Reagan asserts that Marcos is not a repressive despot.

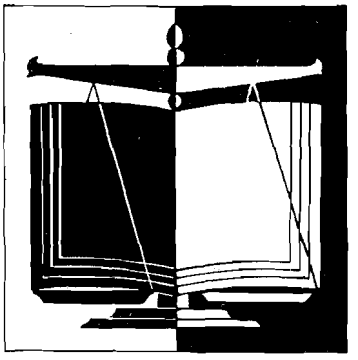
Unable to produce significant "Filipino support", the regime finally sent in their goons and agents to intimidate Filipinos from showing up at the protests. Yet, significant numbers of Filipinos took up placards and banners defying not only the agents' hoodlum tactics, but the Reagan-Marcos grand jury and extradition treaty as well.

These Filipino demonstrators -- activists, housewives, students, professionals and workers -- voiced the sentiment of the silent majority of Filipinos against the dictatorship.

In the end, the Marcos state visit turned out to be a major embarrassment for both Reagan and the dictator -- a major defeat to their effort to gain public acceptance for the repressive alliance.

Victory belongs to the U.S.-based opposition, to the resistance movement back home, to the Filipino community here. Victory belongs to the Filipinos who took a stand and braved risk in order to voice the sentiments of the silent majority. Victory belongs to all those who are opposed to U.S.-sponsored dictators and to the U.S. foreign policy of militarization and intervention.

Reviews



Rokki-san
yogiri oto naku
kayote naku

Soundless
Rocky Mountain
foggy night:

Coyote's cry.

ロッキー山夜霧音なくカヨテなく

Gerry Shikatani and David Aylward (ed.)
Paper Doors. Toronto: Coach House Press, 1981. 200 pp. $8.50.

The term 'Japanese Canadian' is about as nebulous as the term 'Canadian'. It is impossible to offer any clear-cut, universal definitions, for the long, complex journey of self discovery has only just begun for Canadians as a whole. However, in this struggle for a national and ethnic identity, we can perhaps turn to the world of literature for a few clues and starting points. For example, through an examination of Japanese Canadian poetry, we can delve into a few layers of the collective Japanese Canadian psyche -- and discover that there is a lot more uniting us than the trauma of the evacuation.

Paper Doors, a recent anthology of Japanese Canadian poetry is a good place to begin the inner journey, as it brings together, for the first time, a cross-section of poetry spanning three generations of poets. Although it is probably not the most comprehensive and definitive anthology possible (as it includes only thirteen poets), it is well worth examining. The selected poems represent not only widely established and critically acclaimed poets such as Joy Kogawa and Roy Kiyooka, but also lesser known individuals who have been writing for many years in the tanka and haiku circles of the Japanese Canadian community. It is to the credit of the editors that they did not attempt to place the poems in a chronological order to imply any kind of developmental process. Poems by Issei are naturally interspered with those by Sansei and Nisei. More traditional haiku appear randomly between more unstructured modern forms, thus creating a beautiful cyclical effect, suggestive of traditional Japanese aesthetics. After reading the anthology from cover to cover in one sitting, I felt that I had caught several vivid glimpses of something distinctly Japanese. Despite the fact that many of the poets were born and raised in North American society, certain archetypal images and themes in their work are reminiscent of haiku masters like Basho and seem to be inextricably woven into the strands of their imaginations. The animistic, child-like perception of nature. The complete lack of extraneous detail. The pure simplicity and clarity of the language. The concept of universal impermanence. All of these characteristically 'Japanese' elements are present in all the poems to varying degrees, as though they were floating in a kind of Japanese stream-of-consciousness.

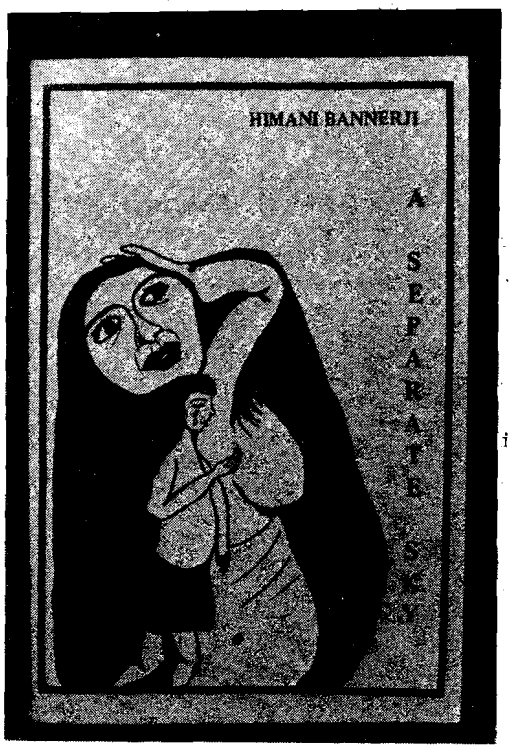


Photo: Richard Fung

As a prelude to a review of her poetry -- *A Separate Sky* -- The Asianadian is reprinting Bannerji's autobiography as published in *Everywoman's Almanac 1983* (Women's Educational Press)

I didn't write poetry in India. I wrote some short stories and literary criticism, and taught in comparative literature in Calcutta for about five years before I came here. I came here ostensibly for a Ph.D. programme but when I arrived, I discovered that I was in an M.A. programme. I came on a three-year sabbatical but by the time I finished my M.A., my Ph.D. course work and my comprehensives, three years were gone, so I had to resign from my job in Calcutta. I was here without a job, without a degree, and I also had a daughter. I came without her initially, but after eight months she joined me with her father. Then my marriage broke up. I thought I'd be done in three years, but I wasn't, so I stayed on. That's how I'm here.

I found it very hard to write anything creative in English because it isn't my first language. What really drove me to writing a little bit was that I was very lonely. I had to make sense of what happened to me. I write about things that immediately have opened up some kind of a rift in me, usually things that have been very baffling, painful. The thing I found very painful about this country was the racism -- except that the word was something that I didn't think about when I left India. I didn't grow up in British India, so I didn't have much exposure to black-white relationships and what they involve. It began with Canadian Immigration which suddenly said five days before my departure: "You can't bring your daughter." The very arbitrariness with which they decided that created tremendous pain and tension. And then here I kept on encountering people and situations which I couldn't make sense of. I would get very upset and feel that I was personally being very badly treated -- I think I was and I think I am -- but the fact still remains that there was something more general which I didn't have the name for until recently. After a year or two it dawned on me that what was going on could have a name: I became aware of racism.

When my marriage fell apart, I had to understand all of that, make sense of it in relationship to life here as a non-white female and a mother, and in relation to India where divorces are very problematic. I had to make sense of it in relation to my family, my ex-husband's family, and me as a wife, a mother, what I was leaving as a legacy to my daughter, what she was going to have to face as a result of my actions and the choice I made, which is that I would live here for quite some time.

I guess my poetry involves all of what I live with, which is being in Canada, which entails encountering sexist, racist, and even classist experiences. One thing I got an entry into here was what it means to be proletarian. If you are non-white, a woman, I don't thing that people look at you and think that you are middle class. I would be in elevators of doctors' offices, and people would ask me which floor I clean. I did not mind being a floor-cleaner because I myself don't see pople like that as being any different or lower, but I don't think the people who asked me that question saw me as being anything other than socially very low. I began to understand that I'm being viewed in a certain way. And I think it was a choice, then, I had to make,

either to sort of buy my way into being middle class or try to project an image that I was, or to accept their image of me. It's really true that the top of one society becomes the bottom of another.

My relationship with racism being what it is, more than women are my audience. Whatever differences and problems we have with men as Third World women, we do feel a sense of solidarity with our men because there is a very powerful discriminatory machinery that affects both of us. Men and women draw together as a kind of response to a crisis, except that it becomes practically a life-long crisis in this situation. My poetry is about my living and what matters to me. People have told me that my poems are very political. All poetry is very political, if you extend the meaning of the word "political" from traditional definition to how, say, women have used the word "political", meaning "about power," "about resistance to power," and so on. Poetry does something for you. One way or another, it's telling you about the world order, either to keep it as it is, or to change it.

I would like to write a long novel that takes in all of what I have felt, all of what I hane known to be true. I have this feeling that I am witnessing something unique, that it will never be repeated, and that I am privileged in some sense because I'm seeing it happen. You watch something happening to people who are not going to write about it, living out something really basic, and there's something in me that always says: "It can't just go away. I must arrest it somehow and make others see it."

Himani Bannerji, *A Separate Sky: A Book of Poems*. (Toronto: Domestic Bliss Press, 1982)

A Separate Sky is an anthology of 25 poems written during the period 1973-1982, together with translations of 8 selected poems from West Bengali writers. This collection, varied and universal in nature, strikes at the very core of reality and human existence.

The writer's conviction as one genuinely concerned with inequality, oppression and the world's underprivileged, emerges in her choice of topics and in the point of view she expresses in dealing with each.

Contemporary issues which are never allowed to interrupt the precision of our thoughts, or which for the average person do not belong here in Canada, are brought into focus through poems like "Identity", "Chile '73", "Freedom", "Terror", "Colonisation (Resistance)", and "Memories", to name a few, specifically because of the writer's awareness that these issues are very much alive in our world today.

Photo: Liz Martin

Even during a preliminary glance through these poems an inescapable fact is the assertion of Himani Bannerji's perceptions of the world. The world is viewed by her as one global entity, in which affluence and poverty are two sides of the same coin. In simple words, there is stagnation and underdevelopment in many areas because there is prosperity in some areas.

These elements are clearly evident in the following poem by Tomi Nishimura, an Issei who immigrated to Canada in 1936, at the age of 21:

Walking this way,

his white cane
tentatively

touching spring grass

A similar sense of emphemerality and impressionistic vividness is also found in the following poem by Choichi Hando Sumi, a Nisei who has been writing since the evacuation days:

The blind man
climbs aboard.

Dark lens
filling our bus
with a dazzle
of snow.

Joy Kogawa's poem "Zen Graveyard" is yet a further example of this haunting imagistic style and circular sense of time which seems to serve as a kind of thread throughout the anthology:

Thick night mist
Mountainside, stone ghosts,
graves
Rising in steps into trees
Strange familiarity
Small girl once upon a time
Red and white kimono, short hair
Not here perhaps, but somewhere
A wild boar perhaps, perhaps not
Waterfall, a sound not unlike
a violin
Bell tone of insect, praying
mantis nearby
Curled coloured snails on
mossy trees --
To have to stand alone here
In this almost place when
Once upon a time, perhaps --

As a third generation Japanese Canadian, who is still struggling with the question of ethnic identity, I admit that my perceptions as a reviewer are somewhat biased with regard to *Paper Doors*. And perhaps some people might accuse me of stretching the point a little too far. Yet, I still cannot help agreeing with Gerry Shikatani when he notes in his introduction to this anthology that there is a "collective experience which exists as fundamental myth beneath the surface of language." It is my belief in this collective experience which brought exciting new dimensions of meaning to my reading of the individual poems.

However, regardless of my personal Jungian bias, I feel that *Paper Doors* is a fine collection for anyone of any ethnic origin who is interested in exploring some good, uncontrived poetry.

-- *Momoye Sugiman*

Cont'd from page 21

Being herself a product of both neo-colonial India and Capitalist America, colonization is an experience of which only the colonized can speak. In the poem "Colonisation(Resistance)", the writer touches upon the controversial topic of population explosion in India. Insinuated in those lines is the typical conservative assertion that population control is the answer to eradicate poverty. This view is refuted by the writer when she claims that 'our children are all we have.' In "Poetry Reading", Bannerji again refers to human suffering as a 'locked struggle of unequals' -- the rich and poor nations integrated into the same economic system.

"Freedom" outlines the accepted notion of freedom within a Western context. What does Freedom mean to people? 'A complete freedom of thought and action.' Simultaneously, while this definition is being dished out at the university level, a woman who measures her freedom by her ability to exercise her franchise (this phenomenon is non-existent in Russia, she says) sits and is mustering all her pennies to buy a cup of coffee. What therefore is the nature of this freedom? Is it freedom within economic limitations?

In "Terror", emerges the insensitivity and nonchalance of people to political struggles outside their territorial bounds. Is it often that a connection is

seen between exploitation and underdevelopment in Africa and Europe? Is Africa ever perceived as a satellite of Europe? In this poem, the diseases of civilization-false values, loneliness impersonality, where faces are 'swathed in transparent plastic', lack of humanness and sanctioned and subtle forms of discrimination are very much a part of us and even institutionalized.

A Separate Sky is a work of art that relates to the politics of our times. The ingenuity of the writer and the simplicity of style of such complex topics can only emanate from one to whom much of what has been written has been a reality. Because the underlying theme in many of these poems negates prevalent views in our world -- views which expose our selfish nationalism, views that dichotomize the world and place the onus of poverty on the poor itself, this collection of poems is undoubtedly an invaluable source in helping to mold political consciousness so vital to our survival.

-- *Sabi M. Jailall*

cont'd from page 8

Then Vilma points to an onion on the chart, "This is an onion". One woman tries it, rounding her lips to pronounce the word "onion .... onion.." Suddenly, the whole group breaks up into laughter and giggles. Vilma looks bewildered. Gina comes to the rescue and explains amid this hilarity that "onion" the way it was being pronounced means "mother-in-law" in one of the dialects.

The class continues for about an hour and a half. At seven o'clock the women gather their things and say goodbye. Will they persist in coming week after week? Indeed, will Vilma the OISE student or Gina the community worker do the same? Will the women learn English this way? It is difficult to say. But the class gives them all a chance to get away from their homes and talk to others. And they seem to have a lot of fun. Is that not enough?

As an avid reader of *The Asianadian*, I would like to see it get back onto its feet and continue publishing on a regular basis. I would like to help by:

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Cont'd from page 13

Can you tell me something more about the women you work with at the Nursing Home?

They are Portuguese, Yugoslavian, Canadian but the majority are Fijian girls. There are also some women from the Punjab. There are all kinds of women. But I feel that the English girls get mostly whatever they ask for because they can talk better and the matron is English herself. I have been asking to work mornings ever since I started, so I can be home in the evening time. I did not get the morning shift. But the other girl started as relief for the summer, and she is getting mornings. You see, you can see the difference. Discrimination or whatever you call it.

Is there not a process in the union you could grieve this through?

Well you can, but the thing is our shop steward is really close to the matron. So, you think there is no use complaining, because we think she will tell the boss first and then you have a bad reputation. You know you won't get anything. At least now you are getting something. So you just keep quiet and say it is alright.

What kind of things would you like to see for yourself?

I wish I can continue to learn English so I can say what I feel like inside. Right now I can't. I find myself stuck for words many times. I want to be good in English so that I can get a good job. Like now I know what other women are doing and I know I can do the work, but I think I will have problems communicating with others. I think the other people think you are dumb, if you cannot communicate with them. So I want to keep learning English.

Community News

Race Relations Camps

The fire is raging in the log cabin at the edge of the lake. Five of the twelve students have assummed their roles, while the others sit back to analyse the situation. The parts consist of an East Indian student, the white male student who hit her, the teacher who witnessed the incident but, instead of intervening, went off to get help, leaving the girl with her attacker, the principal and the girl's father. Five minutes passed as the father presses for action, the principal hedging, trying to pacify. Finally, James whips off the towel he has been using to effect a turban, bursting out "this isn't a game... this is for real... they don't want to do anything, they just want to cover it up."

James' revelation is typical of the way students learn about themselves and the world around them at the race relations camps organized by the Equal Opportunities Office of the Board of Education of Toronto.

With the basic premise that students are the strongest influence on other students, young people from eight Toronto high schools are transported away from school, family and peer pressures to Kamp Kandalone, two hundred miles north of Toronto. The program, supervised by Tony Souza, race relations advisor to the Board, consists of role plays, games, physical activities, workshops, discussions and films, through which students learn a historical understanding of racial issues, analyzing skills, cooperation and the importance of acting whenever they see prejudices.

Given the short existence of the camps, the fifth is to be held in April, their record of success is remarkable, with students making substantial changes in their school on returning from the camp. The experience also affects at a more personal level. One student reported that on return from the camp she asked her parents to speak Chinese to her, something she had always avoided.

Affirmative Action Conference

Governments at all levels of Canadian life must take a lead role in instituting Affirmative Action programs, to rectify past and continuing racial discrimination in the workplace. This was but one recommendation by yet another conference on Affirmative Action organized by the Urban Alliance on Race Relations

and funded by the Federal Secretary of State in October 1982.

The conference urged community groups to band together to focus on the mounting evidence of discrimination in employment. While it was noted that no new legislative efforts were in the making to deal with the problem, the conference called upon communities to target racist corporations, and to pressure governments to enforce existing laws such as equal pay legislation and contract compliance.

Contract compliance would cover all businesses who sell goods and services to the government, and would ensure that minorities would have access to these companies at all levels. The Federal Contract Compliance Program in the U.S. is the most successful aspect of Affirmative Action initiatives, where all companies doing business with the government have to submit detailed plans to improve their dealings with minorities. At present, the only guidelines our governments pursue when dishing out contracts is a "Buy Canadian" policy.

Critics of U.S. programs point out that corporations have found several methods of avoiding Affirmative Action. They also point out that the main beneficiaries of such programs are minority individuals already entrenched in the middle-class or active in community leadership roles, with little benefit filtering down to the broad masses of aspiring minority group members.

The conference like all others, made several recommendations to Business, Government, and Labour, but from the sentiments expressed at the conference, it would seem that it is up to racial minorities themselves, to tabulate and organize around this issue. As usual, most participants were not aware of exactly where African, Asian, and Latin American people work in Canada.

The Urban Alliance is preparing an information kit on the subject and the proceedings, with a view to organizing a front on discrimination in employment. (For more information, contact Urban Alliance on Race Relations, 229 College St., 3rd floor, Toronto, Ontario, M5T 1R4, or call 416/598-0111).

TALKING BACK .....

We would like to hear the opinions of our readers so that we can improve the contents and format of *The Asianadian*. We would appreciate it if you could answer the following questions and mail them back to us. Thank you.

1. How did you obtain this copy of *The Asianadian*?

   (a) subscription
   (b) from a friend
   (c) at a bookstore
   (d) other (specify) : _____

2. Which articles (features) in this issue did you find particularly interesting?

   _____

   _____

3. Which articles did you find the least interesting?

   _____

   _____

4. Please estimate the number of issues of *The Asianadian* you have read over the past few years.

   (a) one
   (b) two-five
   (c) six-ten
   (d) more than ten

5. Whattopics would you like to see included in future issues?

   _____

   _____

6. Should the magazine focus on a particular theme (topic) for each issue, as it has done in the past (eg. media, women, etc.)?

   Yes

   No

7. Would you prefer *The Asianadian* adopt a small-sized newspaper format?

   Yes

   No

8. In general, how do you feel about the tone of the magazine?

   Too radical
   Too academic (not enough on current events)
   Not radical enough
   It is fine as it is
   Other (specify) : _____

   _____

9. Do you have any suggestions on how *The Asianadian* could be improved? (Use a separate paper if necessary)

The following section is optional:

10. Which age range do you fall within?

    Under 21
    21-30
    31-40
    41-50
    Over 50

11. What is your ethnic background?

    _____

12. What is your occupation?

    _____

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