



REVOLUTIONARY WORKER

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A Fitting Representative of U.S. Imperialism

A supposedly routine microphone check at Reagan's Santa Barbara ranch was the occasion chosen for a bone-chilling public statement by the American president last Saturday, August 11. Reagan tapped the microphone lightly in his sound booth and opened his remarks:

"My fellow Americans:

"I am pleased to tell you today that I've signed legislation that will outlaw Russia forever. We begin bombing in five minutes."

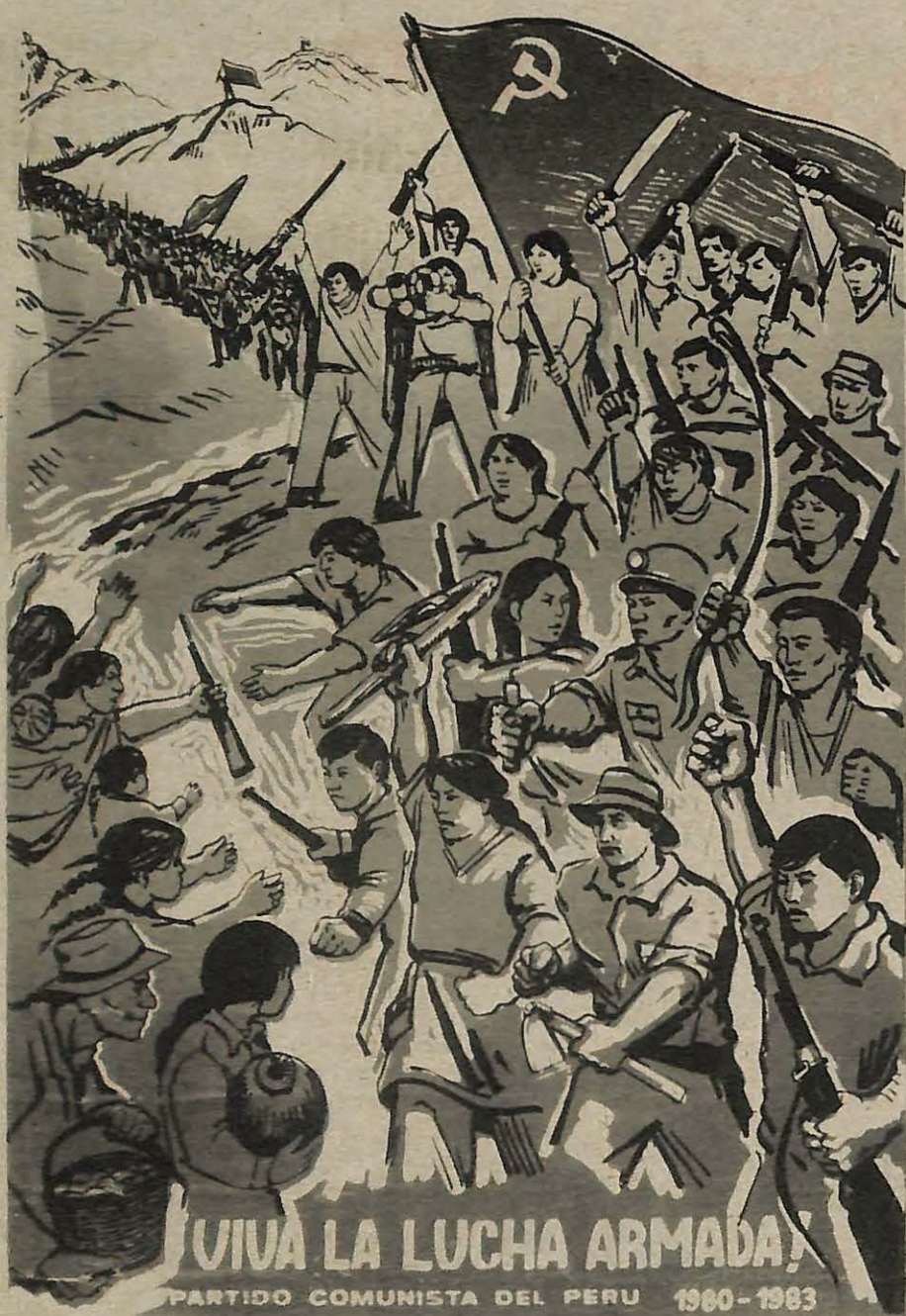
Given the tide of international events, Reagan has uttered one of the most dangerous and reactionary statements ever made by any American president. The words stand a half-step away from an open declaration of war.

This was a political rehearsal. No commanders barked orders to their pilots from the edges of tarmacks... this time. No synchronized button pushing took place under the North Atlantic, behind the barbed wire of Mutlangen, or in the hardened silos of the Great Plains... this time. But, nonetheless, the statement was meant, and should be taken, as a calculated escalation of America's preparations for global nuclear war. The message from Reagan's western White House was plainly that all must expect that an American commander in chief will repeat these same words on some new, impending "day that will live in infamy." Certainly, the target of Reagan's remarks, the Soviet social-imperialists, understood the words clearly and reacted accordingly.

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Support the Revolution in Peru!

The following is one of the resolutions adopted by the Second International Conference of Marxist-Leninist Parties and Organisations. This resolution was one of four (see RW No. 247) taken by the Conference which formed the Revolutionary Internationalist Movement:



Message to the Communist Party of Peru

The Second Conference of Marxist-Leninist Parties and Organisations sends its fraternal greetings to the comrades of the Communist Party of Peru which is boldly leading the Peruvian proletariat and people in waging an heroic armed struggle against the reactionary Belaúnde regime and its imperialist masters. The Communist Party of Peru, which is continuing on the shining path charted by its founder, Carlos Mariátegui, has dealt a mighty blow against revisionists of all stripes, in particular against the revisionist usurpers in China who have attempted to force the proletariat and oppressed peoples to capitulate to imperialism and its servants and against the treacherous attempts of the leadership of the Party of Labor of Albania to deprive the communists and the masses of Mao Tsetung's qualitative development of the science of Marxism-Leninism. Thus the advance of People's War in Peru inspires and strengthens the Marxist-Leninist forces the world over who are struggling against modern revisionism and its recent ugly manifestations.

The advance of the struggle in Peru is of great importance in the context of today's situation in the international communist movement and the revolutionary movement in general. In the absence of a correct Marxist-Leninist line most of the anti-imperialist struggles of the oppressed peoples and nations that are being waged today are being utilised by the two imperialist blocs in their rivalry. But the revolutionary War in Peru concretely shows that a correct line can enable even the people of a small country to initiate and develop their just war against all imperialisms and their reactionary puppets. This is why both imperialist blocs are actively involved in trying to suppress the struggle in Peru and are spreading a barrage of lies and distortion through their media and by other means. But as Mao Tsetung put it, "To be attacked by the enemy is a good thing, not a bad thing."

Despite the savage repression of the reactionary regime backed up by the imperialists, the proletariat and people of Peru — led by their vanguard Communist Party — have persisted in their struggle and have achieved important victories.

The Second Conference of Marxist-Leninist Parties and Organisations calls on all the participants in the Revolutionary Internationalist Movement, on all genuine communist forces, to actively take up support for the New Democratic Revolution in Peru under the leadership of the Communist Party of Peru and its Chairman Comrade Gonzalo. The Marxist-Leninist forces of every country must mobilise the class conscious workers and revolutionary masses to support this struggle through propaganda, sympathy and material aid.

Long Live the Armed Struggle in Peru!
Support the Communist Party of Peru!

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Recent scenes from lower Tower Hill.

They screamed: "USA, USA, USA..." They raised their one-finger high in the air for "We're Number One," and they shouted at the foreigners. It was only a few days before the Closing Ceremonies...not, however, in Los Angeles, but in a small industrial town north of Boston called Lawrence and this pogrom went farther than the Games.

In Lawrence, Team USA backed its claim to superiority with firebombs, gunshots, and tear gas whereas in L.A. the message was the harvest of bloodshed that will come in the future, as the Team marches off to the battlefield. And in Lawrence, the oppressed rose up, drove the pogromists off the streets, and generally kicked some USA ass of their own. So it was a bit different. Still, it's also clear that what the Olympic Spirit called for, Lawrence got. Indeed, the Olympic Spirit was just as well-captured right at its opening by a one-man pogrom at a McDonald's in the border town of San Ysidro...and any who still insist that the "American celebration" in L.A. was a "healthy kind of patriotism" ought to take a good look at San Ysidro and Lawrence to see how malignant and warlike the Spirit really is.

The pogrom broke out after dark on Wednesday, August 8 in the lower Tower Hill section of Lawrence. This is an area where large numbers of immigrant proletarians, mainly from Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic, as well as some from Cuba, live right up against an area of working-class whites, many of French-Canadian descent. As more and more Spanish-speaking people have moved into the area in recent years, including into two housing projects in the neighborhood, the community has been targeted for the most vicious and constant harassment by local Americans and police; it has been designated a "potential trouble spot" by the state and looked at by a U.S. Justice Department task force. The boil burst last week as hundreds of white reactionaries gathered at an intersection near a liquor store (of which only charred remains can be found today) and then rampaged in groups into the Puerto Rican and Dominican community. Before it was over, several nights later, dozens had been arrested, many hurt, a curfew and state of emergency imposed in the town, and all the experts scrambling to blame the pogrom on anything except the current climate of rabid chauvinism and terror against immigrants, which, plain as day, has made Lawrence the Official Pogrom of the XXIII Olym-

piad.

More than a few Dominican and Puerto Rican people in lower Tower Hill had known for some time that trouble was coming. As an entry on Massachusetts' list of potential immigrant "trouble spots," the city of 63,000 this summer came under a new tactical police plan, drawing on state and local police of surrounding communities to deal with "emergency situations." In the projects, local police and reactionary whites kept up the pressure. The *RW* was told of everyday cuts by the police at youth such as, "Get your bastard ass back to Puerto Rico," and the subjection of youth by police including humiliating strip searches in public on the pretext of looking for drugs. Women said that even a trip to the store became an ordeal of racial slurs, beer cans thrown and more: "Hey you spics, you want to get laid?" as a group of men taunted some very young Puerto Rican women.

The local media has made its own "contributions," such as the week-long series in the Lawrence *Eagle-Tribune* on the relations between whites and Spanish-speaking immigrants which gave play to the ugliest racial sentiments. ("Puerto Ricans ought to be sandblasted away like graffiti," one neanderthal was quoted.) A radio talk show regularly aired similar reactionary slurs, while making no provisions for response from the Spanish-speaking people.

For two weeks, violent incidents had increased, such as the breaking of car windows in the projects by reactionaries. As tension increased, the police became suddenly even more "concerned with the drug problem" and the public strip searches stepped up. On Tuesday, a brick was thrown through the window of a Puerto Rican woman, scattering glass over her infant's bed. The woman and others confronted the rock-throwers, making it clear that the violence would not be tolerated.

Apparently enraged by the resistance of this woman, groups of reactionaries collected at a corner near the projects. After nightfall, according to people we spoke to, cars full of whites began driving down the streets, throwing rocks and bottles at anyone who looked Spanish-speaking. The cars began to run right at people, and at least one Puerto Rican youth suffered a broken leg. When people from the projects began to roll trash cans into the street in order to cut off these violent raids, a pickup truck was driven straight at the trash-can barricades



In the True Olympic Spirit

and the people building them; reactionaries also began tossing Molotov cocktails, burning some people. Then the Molotovs flew both ways.

By now, hundreds of people had gathered on both sides of a border street, in a blocks-long face-off, and the whites began their "USA" chants. Some Spanish-speaking youth began shouting back "USA—sucks!"

While all this was going on, dozens of phone calls deluged city offices in Lawrence. This includes the police, and the police log of these calls tells an interesting and damning story. The first calls came into the Lawrence police at 9:39 p.m. The first units of local police arrived at 2:20 a.m., four and a half hours after the first calls were recorded and certainly a good deal longer from when the police first really knew of the fighting. Why the long delays...despite the prearranged plans for "response" to such a situation? One good hint can be found in what occurred immediately before the police moved in—and what they did when they arrived.

Witnesses told us that, late into the night, the whites began shooting. "The first shooting happened when about four whites in a big yellow car drove down the street shooting," said one person. "Then the Puerto Rican people went and got more people. The whole street filled up—everyone. People came down from the projects. Girls were throwing cocktails...when the police came marching, that's when it stopped. Everyone left."

Obviously the city cops had held off while the reactionary Team-USA types had the upper hand. When the oppressed moved to strike some blows of their own, now that rated some police action. (Some units of the state police did arrive earlier than local police, but apparently not in force.) Dressed in riot gear and with shotguns, seventy cops moved into Lowell Street, part of the immigrant section of town, marching in cadence and chanting. They went in with billy clubs swinging, throwing tear-gas canisters, breaking windows in cars and houses, and grabbing some men right out of their own homes. The strategy was brutality, and not mass arrests—of six arrested, five were Puerto Rican or Dominican.

The authorities clearly had a similar "unavoidable delay" worked out for the following evening, Thursday...however things worked out differently. Predictably the day's local paper was filled with the grievances of citizens against im-

migrants, and also a statement by city officials that police would not be out in force, because that would only "exacerbate the situation." The reactionaries were plainly encouraged to get down with it once again.

But as night fell and a crowd of pogromists gathered, so did people from the projects, facing off right across the street, and these were joined by a number of Black and white youth. One person described:

"Sometimes, someone would organize a 'council' or meeting off to the side. Every now and then with increasing frequency the sound of breaking glass could be heard. People would say 'it's starting.' Suddenly towards the top of the street some gas bombs were seen in the sky. We saw a group of police running away so more must have moved into the intersection...people turned and began running—police were giving chase and whites were chanting..."

Among the more class-conscious proletarians, including some Dominicans who were children during the uprising and U.S. invasion in the Dominican Republic, there was talk of revolution. Some people were saying this is revolution, others said, "No this is civil war," and someone said, "It's the same thing." And indeed, the situation these nights gave a glimpse of the future as those who are ready and being readied to fight and nuke to defend the American way of life tasted the outrage of those who have nothing to lose but this "American way of life."

After two or three hours of street battles the police brought in 300 reinforcements with orders to—as they put it—"return fire." They drove people back into the projects and in the course of this a tear-gas canister "just happened" to be lofted into the window of the woman whose house had been originally attacked and who had defended herself; this time her infant was temporarily blinded. America had a message for those who would dare raise their head against oppression.

The following day the city declared a "State of Emergency," allowing reinforced patrols in the area, and imposing a dusk-to-dawn curfew. It was the signal for still more terror tactics; one Puerto Rican man reported that he was strip-searched, his clothes taken from him, and forced to walk home naked. A Black youth who had carried no ID with him was clubbed by a cop. It was also reported to the *RW* and confirmed by several

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A Fitting Representative of U.S. Imperialism

Continued from page 1

There was nothing "accidental" about this unveiling of Reagan's "private thoughts." In fact this particular statement stands as the culmination of a whole pattern of such "asides" used to discuss the forms and necessity of waging the next world war. Repeated assertions "filter out" about the winability of nuclear war, along with speculation about the possibility of limiting the nuclear battlefields. Haig mused casually before reporters about the "option" of shooting "a nuclear shot across the bows" of the Soviet armed forces. It was only last month that a Marine general gave a speech at a War College on the inevitability of war with the USSR which quickly found its way into print. The trajectory of such "leaks" is already fixed by tradition. They are blasted into every living room, allowed to hang there for a moment unchallenged, and then are ushered gracefully into the shade, perhaps with mild token disavowals.

The calculation of Reagan's remarks was underscored last Tuesday when a senior White House official said, "We see no major problems (with the Reagan statement—RW). We're just going to let it hang. We don't have any great concern about it." Two days later, on Thursday, Reagan himself returned to the point, totally unrepentant, and announced on his way to a Cabinet meeting that he "was certainly not going to bomb Russia in the next five minutes." John Buckley, presidential campaign spokesman, chided, "Come on, can't you guys take a joke?"

A Fitting Representative

The West German Green Party, after calling Reagan's phrases "perverse" went on to say, "We hope that the '84 Olympics in Los Angeles and the '36 Berlin Olympics, and the Hollywood cowboy and the painter's journeyman from Braunau, have nothing more in common than what is visible to the world's public." The comparison is appropriate. History, of course, does not mechanically repeat itself, and analogies between the various world wars can only be partial. But an essential truth remains. Hitler (the journeyman from Braunau) was brought forward by, and expressed, the necessities that gripped German im-

perialism in the 1930s. Similarly, the raging compulsions of U.S. imperialism have brought forward a Ronald Reagan, and in that sense — an American Hitler.

People should ask: "What kind of an individual can find humor in threatening the mass murder of hundreds of millions?" The answer is: a man for the times, a Ronald Reagan, a fitting representative and chieftain of U.S. imperialism. This is the man they call the "great communicator."

We know from long experience that there are those who will wave Reagan's gruesome call as their ultimate argument for embracing his Democratic opposition. This totally misses the deadly game of "point and counterpoint" that defines the electoral charade. It ignores the fundamental unity that underlies their division of labor. Reagan stands up, the leading symbol of American imperialism, and bluntly injects the open call for World War 3 into the political arena. The Democrats limp behind, posturing as the official and responsible alternative, nagging mildly over fine points of image, timing, or tone. But where in any of the Democratic responses is anything but confirmation that Mondale and his party too embrace the goal of "outlawing Russia forever"? Where are the calls for Reagan's resignation? Where is any partisan frenzy to expose the utter madness of his declared intentions? Who among the Democrats points out that the whole future of mankind has been coldly placed between cross-hairs? Look at both the tone and the content of the Democratic response.

On the question of tone: the Democrats go out of their way to declare that Reagan's remarks were not an issue worth discussing. Mondale responds, "It's not funny." Mondale said that *in the past* intemperate remarks had created "a major diplomatic problem, undermined attempts to get arms control, gave to our adversaries a tremendous propaganda bonanza that we should never have given them." But he insisted that these *latest* remarks by Reagan did not even deserve that kind of criticism: "I don't want to compare the two, because I'm not charging the President with any more than an attempted joke, but I'm saying a President has to be very careful about the words he chooses." In other words, no big deal.

Mondale's own recent statement about military affairs encapsulated the range of his anti-Reaganism in a sentence: "A strong defense takes more than rhetoric." In fact that has been his theme of the week. Coming out of a Democratic pow-wow on military policy, and poised for a campaign swing through the garrison towns of the South, Mondale pounded home that his only real "criticism" of the Republican administration is that they have supposedly produced an American military that is not war-ready enough. He cited Defense Department studies which predict industry would need 8- or 10-months warning time to gear up to levels needed by a sustained conflict. And he echoed Gary Hart's patented argument that the current U.S. military focus on specifically nuclear buildups reduces American war-fighting "options" by ignoring the need to expand conventional military forces. Mondale's criticism of Reagan amounts to a call for a leaner, meaner, more effective, battle-ready fighting machine and a stronger NATO alliance. What kind of criticism is this! It was fitting that only a few days after Reagan uttered this obscenity a *New York Times* writer called Reagan a "liberal-democrat."

Closer to the Brink

Step back a second and consider the treatment this has gotten in the American media! Here the commander in chief of the Western bloc has bluntly broached the threat of global nuclear war... it is a major portentous turn of events that echoes throughout the planet, and in the U.S. it is buried in the back pages, far overshadowed by the "controversy" over Mr. Zaccaro's taxes. And the Democrats treat it precisely the same way. Not only is this more than a little indication of who is supposed to win in November (at least as things now stand), but it also says something about U.S. imperialist representatives and their respective roles. After years of honing the practice of "leaks" into a central art of American statecraft, it is nothing but the most coldly cynical complicity for the media to package these remarks as "a quip" (or at worst, "an accidental gaffe"), or in the precious phrase of the *New York Times*: Reagan's "joke about national security." Clearly, nuclear war is no longer to be presented as the "unthinkable" or the "ultimate horror" — the hour is too late for that. It is now more and more openly the next great challenge the American empire faces.

agine... American patriots dare to insist that in the U.S. "people are not told what to think"!

By contrast, the seriousness of the moment and the calculated threat of Reagan's remarks were not for a moment pooh-poohed by the Soviet bloc. With the ominous words "Tass is authorized to state..." (indicating an official response from the highest level), the Soviet Union called the President's words "unprecedentedly hostile to the USSR." And who can deny that this is true? While "no orders to bomb have been given at this time," the *Tass* statement reads, "it is not fortuitous that the President's words have been received with serious concern both in the United States and elsewhere." Responding the only way a battle-primed imperialist power could to such a challenge, the Soviet organs bristled with their own reactionary threats and self-justifications. A *Pravda* commentary stated, "The quip by the President provides new evidence of the dangerous thoughts harbored by the American Administration. The incident further confirms the need to maintain the highest vigilance before the aggressive plans of the United States and NATO." On Soviet national television, Genrikh Borovik, a commentator on American affairs, added, "there are many hurdles between the President's wishes and their realization." Who doubts that these are "hurdles" the Soviets measure in megatons?

The hands on both sides moved closer to the button, with growl answering growl, and with far more flexing just below the surface.

In a climate where every shop-worn lie is dredged up to prove the "nobility of American motives," and to paint the ominous "Red Dawn" as a dagger poised at every American rec-room, the American President has brazenly put out the call to "Nuke 'em; they've long had it coming!" Reagan has set the tone for the period ahead.

That is what time it is. Confronting this squarely, grasping firmly that every fiber of this system demands this criminal venture, and that the madness of this one monstrous president is nothing other than the concentration of everything that makes America what it is, is crucial to seeing the actual terms of what is on the agenda. The question is not war or peace. The question is imperialist world war, or revolutionary civil war. □

What does it mean to join the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA?

Article 1

Any proletarian or any other person involved in the revolutionary struggle who accepts the Constitution of the Party, is committed to working actively in a Party organization, to carrying out the Party's decisions and to observing Party discipline and paying Party membership dues, may become a member of the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA.

Those who join the Party should be fearless in the face of the enemy and dedicated in the cause of the proletariat. They should expect and be prepared for persecution, imprisonment and murder at the hands of the enemy, and not a soft job, a comfortable position and a career. But beyond that, they must be guided by the largeness of mind characteristic of the proletariat, study energetically and actively apply the science of Marxism-Leninism and be prepared to go against any tide that is opposed to Marxism-Leninism, be vanguard fighters among the masses and be ready to take up any post, fulfill any task that serves the revolution, not only in the particular country but internationally. The Party must be made up of people whose lives are devoted to the revolutionary struggle of the international proletariat and the achievement of its historic mission: worldwide communism.

from the New Constitution

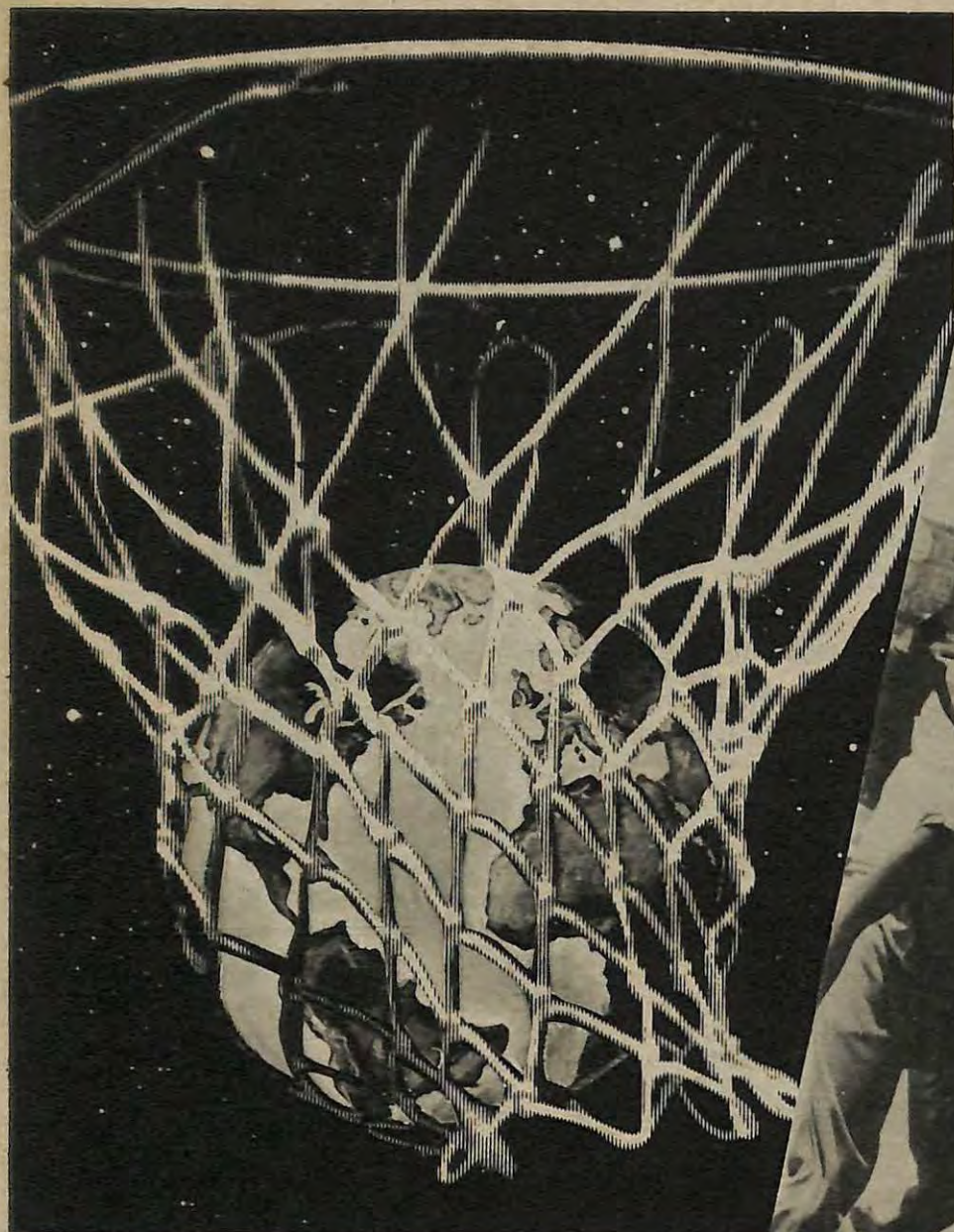
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Internationalism

On a City Court



Venue: An outdoor basketball court, with red, white and blue nets, not too far from the projects; the kind of place youth live the game and the "unstoppable" move is honed and refined and recognized far beyond the court; and the kind of place where the police want you to know they have a license to use deadly force. The kind of basketball court that has rims noticeably higher than usual — and the youth say the city has done it on purpose, in order to make it harder to slam dunk.

The event: a special basketball game, which lit up the oppressive surroundings with the explosive leaps and twists of an intense and go-for-it contest. All the players wore red T-shirts, with the words: A game For Internationalism — Oppose the Pre-War Olympics. The game was proposed by revolutionaries, and a group of five Black youth, age 14-17, from the neighborhood played a key role in making this game a success. They had decided to do it the night before at a practice session, and they saw to it that the ball was there and that some arrived early to hold the court and organize pregame warm-ups. To these youth the Olympics was an alien event; but this game struck a chord. Their desire and initiative pulled in some veterans of the city courts who had been somewhat skeptical at first. Others from the neighborhood who had been excited by the idea of this kind of game came ready to play — one had commented on Carl Lewis' display of flagwaving: "Why would anyone want to wave that flag anyway, after all the U.S. has done around the world?" Other players, including a few revolutionaries, came from outside the neighborhood, some from outside the U.S.

By tip-off time, there was no doubt that a serious and exciting game was about to start; the youth especially were making sure that this would be a "real" game, and they insisted on a referee. An excellent play-by-play announcer stepped forward to call the game over a sound system. Gold medals — engraved "Internationalist Player" — for all who played were laid out on the scorer's table. At the same time, the game had a thrust and character far different from the cut-throat, win-even-if-it-destroys-the-game-and-the-players type of ball typified most especially by U.S. Olympics coach Bobby Knight; this came through in a lot of ways, including in the decision by the players before the game to follow all the rules of basketball, except to eliminate foul shooting, because it would disrupt the rhythm and pace of the kind of game they wanted to play. It came through in the way the sides were chosen, to ensure a

balanced game and a real contest, and it came through in the running and fast-breaking style of play, with defense focusing on blocking shots instead of getting into position to draw a charging foul from a player breaking toward the basket and putting on some fine moves.

One of the teams, the Reds, was generally younger and faster, and the other, the Rebels, was larger and older — but not too old — in their twenties. The Reds quickly set a fast pace, running down the court, seeking the fast break even after the other team had scored a basket. As it became clear the game was going to be a hard fought and high scoring contest, with the scores tied at half time, and close until the very end, both teams played hard to win. The younger Reds particularly sought ways to combine their strengths — their quickness and ability to keep running longer, and the individual moves players had — into the kind of team effort that could win over larger and older players.

One of the more experienced Reds argued at half time: "If you have the shot, put it up. Go for the money. Don't be afraid to go for the money. If it's not there, pass it off — or take it in all the way. We are smaller, but we are faster." By the end of the game, the advantage of youth came to the fore, and one player after another was able to steal the ball and take it the length of the court. Even when the Rebels would regroup to cut off the driving Reds, the youth would finesse their way to the hoop or pull up short to take the outside shot. At one point one player hit three in a row from fifteen feet out.

The Rebels fought hard to come back, and with a couple of minutes left had narrowed their deficit to four points. One of the veteran players for the Reds, one who would have been expected to be in the game at such a crucial time rejected that notion. He said, "I don't need to be in there. Look at those guys. They don't need me. I helped to get ourselves together, that's what we needed — we needed to come together. Look at them. They're smaller and not as big, but they are quicker and can win. They talk about the U.S. in the Olympics. They talk about the training facilities and all the money they have. Money is not what it is about. Coming together and playing together, that's what it's about. A smaller team can beat a bigger team by doing that, and that's what we are doing."

The relentless U.S. chauvinism pro-

moted in the Olympics had already created controversy and disgust in the neighborhood, and many of those old enough to remember upholding the protest of Black athletes in the Olympics in 1968 were in opposition to all the flagwaving this time. This internationalist game drew a small crowd of thirty to forty people who came to watch. The crowd was mainly Black and included whites, Mexicans and people from the Middle East. One 70-year-old man said, "I enjoyed watching it. I wanted to see this game, and I didn't care who was playing. I'm so tired of the commercialization and phoniness of the Olympics." Some playground players who had scoffed at the idea of such a game beforehand, telling revolutionaries, "Get your revolution out of here," were won to "friendly neutrality" by the time the game started: they watched the whole game and did not start their own game on the adjoining court until this game was over.

The gold-medal ceremony itself had a character quite different from the Olympics. As all the players lined up to be introduced and awarded medals for their play, one would have been hardpressed to pick out which were on the winning team. One player, new to the city, stepped forward during the closing ceremonies.

After receiving his medal he addressed the crowd:

"How about one for the people! I'm on the losing side but we got a medal anyway... and I'm not crying. I'm just a country boy from Arkansas, and down there, I used to think that revolution was Black against white, but now I know that it's gonna take all people of all nations coming together. I just had a baby less than a week old, and I don't even know if it's going to live to be three years old because of the threat of the nuclear bomb. We have to fight the bomb. We have to fight the system." He later told an *RW* reporter, "Today we played like *real* Olympians. There was brotherhood and unity. We played for a cause, and it wasn't for medals and glory. In the U.S., from the day you are born, you are taught to play for No. 1. If you don't get it all — if you can't beat the other guy every time — you have nothing."

The final touch to the closing ceremonies: the red, white and blue nets taped by the city to the hoops were cut down. They were replaced with nets brought by one of the youth especially for the ceremony, in a fitting closing statement about the prewar Olympics. □

Olympic Spirit

Continued from page 3

witnesses that the KKK arrived briefly on Saturday across from the projects, wearing their white robes and carrying American flags and a picture of a noose and a burning cross. People quickly drove them away. By Monday, some foremen at a local factory employing many Spanish-speaking immigrants were heard demanding of workers, "You weren't out on those streets, were you?"

Resistance sprouted even under these conditions. Cardboard signs appeared around the projects:

"No More Curfew"

"We are Not Animals"

"White people should get along with Spanish people"

And these continued to go up even after some who were accused of posting them were arrested.

On the first evening that the curfew was lifted, a group of revolutionary internationalists distributed a statement with the title: "We're Not Americans, We're Proletarians, We Have No Country." Four of these revolutionaries were arrested and charged with rioting and trespassing, and two were charged with possession of a "dangerous weapon" — one person's belt! The authorities were not content to rig up these ridiculous charges (the charge of "riot," for example, can be imposed on any gathering of four people). The mayor himself went to the police station after the arraignment of the revolutionaries and accused those arrested with such crimes as coming from Boston; the mayor displayed the internationalist statement and Spanish-language edition of the *RW*. We can only thank these authorities for showing how deathly afraid they are of a politics which exposes the source of these pogroms and points the way forward to proletarian revolution. □

Damian Garcia Park

Proletarians March



Revolutionary Worker

Late in the afternoon on Friday, August 10, an "announcement" appeared hanging from a lamppost on the corner of Seventh and Alvarado in Los Angeles. "Tio Tiaman" — Uncle Alligator — a well-known symbol for U.S. imperialism in Central America, was hanging from a lamp. On the effigy was a sign announcing "rally, 7 p.m. Saturday, Damián García Park." The LAPD may not have recognized Uncle Sam in his Latin image — in any case, it wasn't until 17 hours later that four groups of cops standing on top of a squad car finally pulled it down. After poking it carefully with nightsticks to be sure it was subdued, they threw the effigy into their car and sped off to headquarters. By then word of the "Olympic Fever Equals War Fever" demonstration, called by the RCP and RCYB for Saturday night in the park, had spread broadly.

Eighty immigrant proletarians from Central America, along with nine or ten rebellious punks and other youth who had participated in the "Fitting Tribute to John Wayne" action that afternoon, came to the rally. A Brigade speaker recounted the day's exploits in Beverly Hills to the delight of those assembled. Following his report, a speech was given by a Party supporter who called on people to expose the preparations for world war that these Olympics Games concentrate, and to step up preparations for revolution. A proletarian spoke on the battle to name the park in honor of Damián García and to "Live Like Him!" As the Spanish chant rang out — "World Revolution, Not World War," about 35

people headed out of the park with red flags on a torchlight march. Banners read "Olympic Fever is War Fever" and "They're Preparing and So Are We." As the march went down Alvarado and back the other side, the scene was jubilant. People watching from the opposite side of the street were clapping and shouting. The cops, who had been cruising the area trying to remain low-key in hopes that this revolutionary gathering would do the same, did U-turns in the street and called quickly for more help. Not waiting for all their backup to get into place, five squad cars screeched to a halt one after another beside the march. Pigs poured out, clubs swinging, knocking several marchers to the sidewalk. One pig squared off in front of a proletarian immigrant and yelled "Don't pick up that torch" — "Don't touch it!" The proletarian looked at the torch, and then looked at the pig, and reached down for it and was immediately jumped and arrested. Eight marchers were thrown into squad cars that sped quickly away.

The marchers reconverged back at the corner of Seventh and Alvarado and unfurled the banners a second time. By now the crowd had swollen on all four corners to several hundred; the balconies over the small shops were filled with immigrants, furious at the attack and riveted to the scene below. The speakers called on people to decorate the park area in the spirit of red internationalism. As the march started up again, a second move was made by the pigs to stop the demonstration, declaring it an "unlawful

assembly" and blocking the intersection with their vehicles. But it was too late: already word had gone out to disperse and regroup blocks away in one of the neighborhoods. The proletarians who had marched stayed with the demonstration late into the night.

Just as they had done after the RCYB's Hollywood demonstration, a synchronized police/media propaganda team fabricated and spewed out through the press a lie designed to paint the marchers as the cause of their own assault, claiming that the torches came "dangerously close" to the fabric material on the shop awnings. No one was even booked on any phony arson-related charge. They're using other phony charges instead: battery on police, inciting, and an obscure "brass knuckles" law.

Two weeks earlier, an RCP-sponsored forum on the "Pre-War Games" had been held in the park. Close to 200 attended, mainly youth. In the following days, opposition to the chauvinism and war fever was expressed in a variety of ways. "Chauvinist-Free Zone" and "Damián García Park" stickers started going up. A few local shopkeepers publicly declared their stores as Chauvinist-Free Zones after the Spanish Daily *La Opinión* had featured an article covering the press conference of the Ban the Chauvinists Coalition. And fifteen high-school students in the neighborhood declared the corner outside their school a "liberated zone" and pasted Revolutionary Internationalist Movement posters on the wall. □



Immigrants Spread Internationalism

It was the last day of the Olympics. For the immigrant proletarians of Damián García Park, it was the final opportunity to cap-off two weeks of varied activities in a meaningful way. The park looked different in this afternoon's bright sun than it had last night. Then, smoke had swirled through the dark intersection, wafting black and dirty from the burly torches we'd carried as we marched from corner to corner (see accompanying article — *RW*). Today, no signs of last night's activity could be seen, but the excitement was still here. Dozens of serious faces drew a close circle around the agitators and challenged the immigrants of Damián García Park to continue to play their "special role" by wading into the midst of the thousands who were expected to turn out for the Olympic Men's Marathon which just happened to be winding its way smack-dab through

the middle of nearby Exposition Park, the large Black and Latino ghetto that encircles the Coliseum. While we wanted to welcome the tremendous athletes who'd be there from all over the world (with "chauvinist-free rooting sections"), we also knew this would be a rare and challenging opportunity to influence with a proletarian internationalist line a section of the masses that has much potential to gravitate towards such a line as well as having great strategic significance for the period of upheaval ahead. Five young Salvadoran immigrants volunteered, eager to see the impact of what they'd all been a part of the night before seep into other sections of society. They were especially excited at the prospect of meeting some Black people.

We arrived at the Expo Park area an hour before the runners were due. Hundreds of people were already clustered at

the corners. The crowd quickly swelled until thousands filled every inch of the sidewalk. Most folks didn't seem too smitten with the red, white and blue, although there were a number of American flags in the crowd, along with flags from other nations: like Black people carrying Japanese flags to Latinos carrying Korean flags to Asians with Mexican flags. Not your typical John Wayne set. Lots of people had little Olympic flags and we had our red flags.

Our first steps were a little tentative. The immigrants talked mainly to other Spanish-speaking immigrants. One compañero explained why: He felt shy and ill-equipped to struggle with any Americans around these prewar Games. What could he say that would encourage any of them to put down their American flags, much less to take up our red flags? But when he saw in fact that a number of individuals

here and there had indeed taken our flags, he was emboldened. So with a translator he approached a group of Black people. They were intrigued by his presence and moved by his story: A youth, hunted by government troops, forced to flee to America, no job, no home, sleeping in an old car, and yet he was here today to struggle with them. The way they understood the situation, however, was a world apart from the tale he'd told. True, the U.S. kept sending money to the Salvadoran government, but it just kept getting into the wrong hands. If only a good man could be found.... A compañero interrupted, "In my country, they have a program called 'land reform,'" and he proceeded to expose the vicious U.S.-inspired and backed Death-to-the-Tiller program. Three of his cousins had been killed by the death squads, giving their lives in payment for

Surveying the 16 squad cars, couple dozen or so riot-equipped police blocking the street, three low-flying police helicopters and six or seven motorcycle cops massed at the border of Beverly Hills last Saturday, one local resident called the Beverly Hills PD to find out what in the world was going on. The Beverly Hills PD, the guy told us, referred him to the Department of Defense, and gave him their phone number. The voice at the DOD told the resident that "there was a threat to the national security... somebody was planning to embarrass the United States during the Olympic Games" by defacing the massive new monument to John Wayne which sits surrounded on three sides by stone-banked walls, exposing itself on one side to the street.

The object of the DOD's attention? An August 11th action called by the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade (RCYB), a "Back By Popular Demand... Fitting Tribute to John Wayne." Earlier in the week, as we reported in our last issue, Hollywood had witnessed a tumultuous RCYB-called demonstration involving over 100 youth, mainly punks, against the "Olympic disease." Despite over 20 arrests, rebel youth marched, staged die-ins, burned American flags, and generally tore up the prewar Olympic atmosphere for over two hours. Pig squeals naturally followed: the authorities fabricated an absurd lie that a protestor had grabbed at a cop's gun, using this to justify arrests and beatings

Youth Crash Olympic War Party

during the demonstration. The press coverage talked about "a series of street melees," and a "red youth protest." Among a section of LA's punks, the following sense prevailed: "We finally did it! We had a protest against war and the Olympics."

So now it was "Back by Popular Demand" for a "Fitting Tribute to John Wayne" at the nuked-duke's statue in Beverly Hills. This demonstration was met with a massive police force at the Beverly Hills border, where about 25 youth, mostly punks, rallied in their face, though a few blocks from the heavily guarded statue.

In front of hundreds of people who had come out of their homes and the fancy restaurants in the area (including a large number of young busboys), the notorious "Sam the Olympic Eagle" was strung up, and banners were raised saying "Olympic Fever is War Fever—RCYB." Two skinheads pogoed up and down with their banner, chanting "one, two, three, four, we don't want your fucking war" at punk-rock speed (triple the normal rate).

After the march in Beverly Hills, a dozen of the marchers rode across town to the other world of immigrant pro-

letarians in a district around Damián García Park, where they told what had happened in Beverly Hills to an especially appreciative and entertained group about to go on the march from the park. The presence of these youth, including punks on this march, added to the impact it had among proletarians in the area and more broadly.

The audacious disruption of the prewar Olympic mood by a section of rebel youth through the week was an indication of the extent of the disgust with the ugly-American Olympics, the official Olympic everything, and the accompanying intense police repression; it was also an indication of the underlying sense of the imminence of nuclear war.

The fact that such sentiments were able to take the form of militant and organized

disruptive expression in the streets was due in part to the influence of the protests outside the Democratic Convention earlier in the month. The emergence of a force there that rejected the Democrats as another party of war and deployed itself in dramatic and creative protest, had a chain-reaction effect on punks and other youth in L.A. Many of those who took on organizing for the Hollywood protest had been in San Francisco. In the context of all this, the RCYB's calls to demonstrate were clearly on time. America's war party was crashed. □



the land so beneficently bestowed upon them by America's intermediaries. "It is imperialism that is choking my country," he told them. "Yankee imperialism. Only revolution will free my people." They took one of his red flags.

A few yards away a group of Black and Latino youths and a couple of older people waited eagerly, red flags in hand, for the runners to approach. The youths were yelling and screaming, waving their red flags. This was too much for one biddy, who hailed a policeman. (What a travesty, she must have thought — one Olympic venue where athletes from all over the world WON'T have to run a gauntlet of "U-S-A, U-S-A!") The officer cockily approached the unwholesome assemblage. "And what is this?" he asked, pointing to one of the red flags waving in the air. An old Black man told him, "It's the flag of the oppressed people all over

the world. It's red for revolution." The mother of one of the youths was beside herself, demanding that they all drop those horrible red flags. One youth did, but another challenged her to put down the American flag she was holding because it was the flag of the oppressor. She didn't ask again.

By now our compañeros from Damián García Park were in their element. One of them told the group of Black people how these Olympics were preparations for the imperialists for world war. "Well, I don't like all the patriotism, but what you're saying is just too extreme," one woman replied. So he told her about the 1936 Games, revealing how the Nazis had used them to weld the nation ideologically and prepare it for World War 2. "Come to think of it," she said, "look at what's going on in Lawrence, Massachusetts and

Continued on page 8

International Punk Show

Los Angeles. An International Punk Show was staged at the Olympic Auditorium on the last weekend of the Games. Bands from Holland, Mexico, the U.S., Italy and Finland played to 5,000 punks and others only a couple miles from the Games... close enough to offend fans leaving the Coliseum Friday night, one group of which tried to run over a punk with their car for wearing his "Fuck the Olympics" T-shirt.

Ads for the show featured a view from the ceiling of the Olympic Auditorium, with a huge "platform" in the middle of

the floor — a coffin draped in an American flag — along with a caption describing it as a platform built especially for Olympic events.

The Dead Kennedys, who closed the night, did a set that started with Jello Biafra dedicating a song to the "official terrorists of the 1984 Olympics." Then they blasted into "Police Truck," and after that, their 1936-1984 analogy "California Uber Alles," which had an especially timely ring given the neo-Hitlerian spectacle going on. □

Immigrants

Continued from page 6

how they're whipping up this racial stuff. You know, I think they really are trying to start a war hysteria." She, too, bought a flag. A Black Vietnam vet said, "You don't need to tell me. I learned in 'Nam that this government is totally false. I have NO allegiance to it." A couple more people in the second group bought red flags as well as other people in one's and two's scattered all along this stretch.

Excitement was building. We craned our necks, straining to catch the first glimpse of the approaching marathoners. We heard the cheers of the crowd before we could even see the runners. The man from Portugal was way out in front, 24 miles into the race and looking strong and steady — beautiful! The crowd cheered and clapped uproariously, and didn't stop cheering for 30 minutes until each and every man had passed, the last runner getting the same thrilled reception as the first. And along some sections of the run, they even got a red-flag salute!

Later that night, these same immigrants from **Damián García Park** accompanied some comrades to the Olym-

pic Village at UCLA. Now, nobody can get near this Village because it's so "secure." But the night we went, hundreds of people were hanging around outside, a good number of them athletes from many different Olympic teams as well as Americans who wanted to "say goodbye" to them. We took out the Chairman's "American Patriotism — A Challenge" to do some friendly but serious challenging of any patriots we might run into. We ran into quite a few. We didn't meet any American athletes, but we talked to team members from Britain, Yugoslavia, Italy, Japan and New Zealand, none of whom gave any quarter to "American patriotism." We told them to keep on reading. When they got to the part that challenges the patriotism of other imperialist countries, they were thereafter more inclined to "give quarter." ("So what's the big deal over the Falklands. Even Ireland can't compare with what the U.S. is doing in Salvador.") We also met athletes from Brazil, Puerto Rico and Costa Rica. The men from Brazil were very interested to

Message From African Olympic Boxers

During the Olympics, a revolutionary met two members of the boxing team from one of the African countries. The athletes told him that the '84 Olympics seemed more like U.S. games than international games. "There's no need for us to even come here," they said. When asked if they had a message to the immigrants and proletarians of the "Chauvinist-Free Zones" they made the following statement:

"We as sportsmen would like things to be fair for everyone. Many fights were unfairly judged. People in this world want to get together—not split up. It is one land, although many continents."

meet us: "There is no such movement in our country!"

Many of these guys had to rely on their LAOOC-provided interpreters to tell them what we were about, which wasn't awfully reliable. "They're not interested. They're much too tired," one brazen American woman said of her Yugoslavian charges. Her "charges," however, took copies of our leaflet and told us, "Even though we don't know exactly what it says, we think we're probably in sympathy with it." Many of the American visitors at the Village took the leaflet with interest and not a view of concern: "I consider myself a patriot, but I don't want to defend privilege." It was definitely thought-provoking for them. Two punk women asked what we had. "If you're a patriot, we challenge you to defend it." "I think I'm gonna like this," one of them said. This was right up their alley. They had come to the Olympic Village to "show people from other countries that not everyone here is an ugly American."

Our compañeros, summing up the day's activities, thought that everything had been very good, an important step for gathering strength for the coming

showdown. But they saw big differences between the two places we'd been. "At the Marathon," they said, "it was an experience talking to Blacks, Latinos, and whites. Many people lacked political understanding but they could understand what it means to live under the yoke of imperialism. At UCLA, they couldn't understand what it is like to live under the Yankee yoke. But after talking to us, I think they understand better." By the time we got home it was 1 a.m. "These Americans don't know a lot of things," one youth remarked. "We Latinos have a lot of work to do to teach them." That night, three youths who live in a car together discussed writing a correspondence to the *Revolutionary Worker*. One youth thought the letter should teach the American people about the struggle in El Salvador. His friend disagreed. He cited the examples of 1936 when Hitler had staged the Nazi Olympics to get the German people on the German imperial war wagon. "Just think how different history might have been if there'd been a voice of opposition to those prewar Games," this youth said. "Now we are such a voice. That's what makes us significant." □

From the Brutal Chauvinism Department

More Olympic Highlights From the Free Press

"That gymnast was all over that pommel horse like a naked lady."

"It's the Asian invasion at the diving competition—the Chinese women are in first and second."

"The hulks of the infield tossed their anchors and made their muscles, but rather obviously missed the boycotters. Nobody can handle a ball and chain quite like a totalitarian."



L.A. Games Close

After a four-day hiatus — which allowed judges, athletes and nihilist sports fans a chance to recuperate — the Nihilist Olympics once again got under way on August 9. Unfortunately the competition experienced a disappointingly poor performance in the eagerly-awaited Drop Drill event. The Drop Drill, of course, was a sport practiced widely — with some coercion — by American school children throughout the 1950s and early '60s which consists of large groups getting down on their elbows and knees, with hands clasped behind their head, a position sure to provide protection from large-scale nuclear explosions.

One can imagine the shock when judges and officials, arriving at Venice Beach to start the competition, looked up after the official yelled "Drop!" to see the contestants merely lying down! While it might be true that the Drop Drill has been somewhat out of fashion for the past few years, judges were unanimous in

their feeling that this was certainly no excuse for the competitors' apparent ignorance of the proper protective position used in the event. Aren't Olympic athletes supposed to be role models for the nation's youth? Really!

The performance at the second venue, the Museum of Contemporary Art, was scarcely better, with only four people dropping to the proper position. This, however, was in fact the winning crowd. "As an official in this event, I have serious trepidations about America's readiness for nuclear war. The way people went down, it was disgraceful," said one official in an unusually frank assessment of the competition.

The Games quickly restored their characteristic high quality with the next day's competition, the Lazlo Toth Art Defacing event. The athletes showed originality and taste not only in the art they chose for defacement, but also in the implements they chose for their destruc-

tive endeavors. A machete, hatchet, pick axe, glass cutter, hammer, fists and feet were all pressed into service.

A particularly striking piece in this genre was a bust of Ronald Reagan, which was wrapped in the American flag doused with gasoline and then set ablaze. Unfortunately, the judges felt that while the bust was certainly charred, it had not really been thoroughly destroyed. Since the competition was judged both on style and completeness of destruction the loss of points took this entry out of contention for first place.

The day was completed with competition in the dreaded Decathlon of Housework.

That night a crowd of some 50 Nihilist athletes, judges, officials and fans visited a backroom of Al's Bar, located in a somewhat seedy warehouse district near downtown Los Angeles, for the closing ceremonies of the Nihilist Olympics. □



Revisionism and the Soviet Me-Generation

The following letters were part of a massive exchange which appeared in the Soviet official newspaper for youth, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* in Fall 1983. As the opening editorial commentary makes plain, this exchange was part of a Soviet campaign to trim the arrogance of upper-class youth, dampen the frivolous narcissism of a Soviet-style me-generation, and enforce a more blunt Russian chauvinism on the privileged young. It is part of an ideological batten-down-the-hatches now taking place within the superstructures of all imperialist countries.

The letters provide a precious insight into the highly stratified class society of the Soviet Union, into the degree of class antagonism raging throughout social relations. Obviously, such glimpses into social life are not in themselves "proof" that the Soviet Union is thoroughly capitalist; such proof has taken place on a much more all-sided level, such as that found in the 1983 debate called for by the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA, on the nature and international role of the Soviet Union. The reader is especially referred to the current issue of *Revolution* magazine, Summer 1984, which includes the article "Soviet Education: Reading, Writing, and Revisionism." But the letters reprinted below certainly represent excellent "snapshots" of Soviet life, which help illustrate the nature of social relations in that country, so similar to those found in any modern imperialist nation.

Some might argue that these letters, rather than indicting Soviet revisionism, show the Soviet state attempting to eliminate evils in their system. We suppose it all depends on what one means by "evils." Certainly there are real problems for the Soviet ruling class in how their younger generation has developed through the recent decades. Like the rival U.S. bourgeoisie, the Soviets are making great efforts to weld their elite youth into a strata more committed to defending their privileges and the system that provided those privileges, and one which is less caught up in the self-centered consumerism of "peaceful times." And they are obviously concerned about the disruptive effect of a too blatant class arrogance and openly flaunted wealth.

But the very way the campaign deals with these problems is itself an example of the bourgeois character of Soviet society. None of the letter writers or editors questions the roots or existence of these bourgeois privileges and inequalities. There is not a word, not a hint, that the whole point of socialist society is to restrict such inequalities and ultimately wipe them out. There is only the stern admonition that those "fortunate" enough to attain those privileges should not abuse them.

For the Soviet bourgeoisie, bent on revving up the "higher good" of revisionist nationalism, the problem is that its privileged youth have learned the twisted ideology of revisionism all too well.

Finally, please note that these letters are taken from the Western-published *Current Digest of the Soviet Press*, which selected, translated, and abridged them. We cannot, therefore, vouch for every aspect of translation or editing, but as a whole the picture which emerges here is not exceptional in the Soviet press, and gives some real insight into Soviet society and its ideological preparations for war.

Dialogue With a Reader: THE GUISES THAT ARROGANCE WEARS.

By Ye. Losoto, editor *Komsomolskaya pravda*, Aug. 30, 1983.

Let me begin by quoting a letter from a 16-year-old reader named Alisa. "I am from a so-called prosperous family: Since the fifth grade I have always had brand-name jeans, in the sixth grade my parents bought me a Japanese cassette tape recorder with all the accessories, in the

seventh grade—a leather coat, in the eighth—a first-class fur jacket, and now they've given me a fox-skin cap. Do I have to go on listing what's in my wardrobe? All the boots, sandals, shoes of all sorts, comfy boots and ankle boots?"

Alisa provides this list to make a curious point: that only young people who are well-off (and who eat the finest food) can get top grades and behave impeccably. She herself gets almost all "fives" [straight As].

"I am the cultural activities organizer for our class," she goes on, "and I have prestige (a lot, too) both in our class and in the school. I love to read poetry, I like Pushkin, Blok and Voloshin, and I adore the operettas of Strauss, Kalman and Offenbach, Chopin waltzes, various works of Beethoven and Mozart, and Bach organ music."

Alisa says she has two girl friends, Svetlana and Vika, both of whom are also from prosperous families and get excellent grades. "We do set ourselves apart somewhat from the others—we have other interests. We are interested in talking about the play we just saw at the Sovremennik, and the ability of the singer who performed the lead in 'Prince Igor' at the Bolshoi, and then simply about interesting and 'prestigious' new records."

"But all those little grey mice simply can't understand our conversations. All they talk about is clothes and who got hold of what. See, they don't have anything, and their parents 'haven't got what it takes.' So they just jabber away—it makes them feel better. Or they talk about boys (it's the same situation): No boys pay any attention to them, you see. Around us, though, the boys don't swear or smoke or take any liberties, and they run after us in a herd. But with those grey mice they act any way they feel like, and never once have they invited one to a movie or a discotheque. So just compare.—[signed] Alisa."

Since I have only Alisa's view, I can't compare her and her "aristocratic" friends to the rest of the girls in their class—the "grey mice." But her concern with personal possessions and her arrogance toward those less fortunate than she is a far cry from the ideal toward which we all are striving.

Alisa has obviously acquired her values from her parents, who, it is safe to say, are the first generation of their family to attain such abundance. One can just see Alisa's parents at the dinner table, urging her: "Eat more, dear, and you'll be smarter than Manya and Vanya. They have to buy their sour cream at the store, but we get ours at the market."

How mistaken are her parents, that money can buy everything—even brains and talent. And what about Alisa's classmates who elected her the cultural activities organizer, and the "herd" of boys who evidently are smitten with her? They, too, are to blame for allowing such a weed to bloom in their class.

(To the Editor:)

I Am Also Like That.—You are wrong to criticize Alisa, she was right in what she wrote.

... I am 15 years old. I have everything my classmates dream of. I have enough clothes and shoes to outfit 10 people (and outfit them gorgeously!). I have two imported tape recorders and other equipment, and we upgrade it all from time to time. I graduated from music school with an excellent record and am going to general-education school on a gold medal. I have prestige in my class, and I am the prettiest girl in my whole grade.

There are several other such girls in our class; they get superb grades and they are all my friends. But we don't set ourselves apart and we don't disdain our classmates. That is because the wealth we enjoy results from the fact that our parents occupy high positions, so they have a lot of money. And what can be

done with it besides spending it on clothes and tape recorders? To us all this wealth is a natural thing. My parents are cultured people. With respect—[signed] Milana, Alma-Ata.

(To the Editor:)

... I read the article "The Guises That Arrogance Wears" and reacted emotionally to it. I went through the same thing myself during my school years: I myself was a "grey mouse," or more precisely, the "leader of the mice." Our class was divided into "the elite," "the mice," and "the weathervanes," that is, the ones who turned the way the wind blew. In the "elite" were those whose parents were able (by hook or by crook) to make "big money." They had the same things Alisa had, or maybe more....

(By the way, about school grades. Success in school depends very directly on family prosperity. Not everyone is able to give the teacher a bottle of French perfume for March 8* or a gigantic bouquet of roses in midwinter. Yet in many schools this counts for a lot when grades are being assigned.)...

(To the Editor:)

Why have the readers ganged up on Alisa, the poor child? She is from a prosperous family. If you have a lot of money, why can't you dress your child—especially an only child—with chic, fashionably and expensively?

My parents also earn a lot. We have a Volga, a three-room cooperative apartment, a garden and a dacha. In late August I got married. His parents gave us a Zhiguli, and my parents gave us a furnished apartment. My husband will graduate from the institute this year; I still have three years to go. We are into contemporary music, and we have an expensive Japanese sound system; at the age of 19 I am wearing three gold rings, one of which contains a diamond with a value in four figures. I repeat, all this has been earned and bought with our own money.

As for our friends, they belong to the same category as we do. Their parents are like ours. And the only people who tell us that we are acting superior are those who envy us. And well they might! Not everyone has what we have. In our day, in order to live well you have to have money. If you have money, you have success, renown and connections.

I know ahead of time that "proper" readers will raise a cry: "Spoiled, corrupted, outrageous!"

No, that isn't true. If we were like that, we wouldn't all be going to higher schools, and many of our friends wouldn't be defending dissertations. I understand Alisa; she shouldn't be blamed. You're right, my girl, use everything you've got. If you have jeans, stylish things and imported shoes, you're riding high. You're independent, proud, formidable, and interesting to the boys (you choose them to suit yourself, don't you?) even if you don't have a great brain or a pretty face. Your success is guaranteed. I now from my own experience: My husband's a good-looking guy, with loads of possessions, my parents are go-getters who can get or arrange anything, our men friends are real gems, on-the-ball guys who've got cars, and our women friends are real sweethearts, with gold jewelry and sharp clothing.—[signed] M., Kazan.

(To the Editor:)

... "The extent of a person's usefulness to society determines how much society pays him. The more useful the person, the more he is paid. Such people cannot be stupid. And accordingly, their children attain a somewhat different level

* International Women's Day—RW.



of development. There you have a whole solution to the problem. It's not a question of prosperity, but rather that the concepts of prosperity, usefulness and intellect are closely connected nowadays.—[signed] Igor LAVROV, 19 years old, Omsk."

(Dear Editors:)

... I went to the same fashionable institute (now there's a coincidence!) in the same fashionable trousers, but God can do things that man is incapable of, and in a short time a great deal changed within me. I don't know whether I could have made myself over at will, but the sorrows that are visited upon us help where the spurious reasoning of a weak, flesh-and-blood man is powerless....

I was fortunate—I met a good person. Alas, he wasn't a Young Communist League leader or an institute instructor. He was an Orthodox priest. All talk is powerless unless it addresses the needs of the human conscience. But how is a person to convince Alisa, the 'high-living' young man and their likes (of which I was one) that what matters most isn't trousers with a fashionable label, or music pounding in our ears?...

A whole lifetime isn't long enough to rid ourselves of a disease that infects some of us in our youth—the disease of vanity, which sometimes manifests itself outwardly, but sometimes is hidden and in that case is especially unhealthy. It's good when the first step has been taken. Best wishes to you.—[signed] Aleksandr GAVRILOV, 25 years old....

(From the Editors:)

During the discussion of "The Guises That Arrogance Wears" the editors have received more than 3,000 responses. They have all been read. And they have prompted me to write about the young people whose world view is oriented toward the West....

This is a very serious discussion, because there is a very alarming trend that keeps manifesting itself among young people: unconditional acceptance of values spawned by the Western world, and rejection of our own values.... We have before us an iceberg, the tip of

Continued on page 10

GO TO SCHOOL ... GET DEPORTED

"A better future is waiting for you." Posters with this message are found everywhere in Chicago's Mexican and Puerto Rican barrios. In addition the same advertisement is handed out on leaflets and broadcast on the Spanish-language radio stations. The ads direct Latinos to St. Augustine's College, the only entirely bilingual college in the Midwest. The school, a two-year, accredited, private junior college started in 1980 with funding from the Episcopal Church, is located on a tree-lined side street on Chicago's northside. The student body of just over 1000 is overwhelmingly made up of Latino American immigrants. Almost all are adults who work full-time and have families and are attending in the morning or evening in order to study computer programming, accounting, business, stenography, typing, etc. English is also taught as a second language. Some hope to return to their home countries and start a career.

The traditional and somewhat conservative atmosphere at the school has been violently interrupted this past year by the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS). In late 1983, the INS initiated an investigation of the school which continues today and now includes the convening of a special grand jury. Cooperating in these efforts has been the Illinois State Scholarship Committee (ISSC), which has carried out a highly unusual and harassing audit of the school over the last several months. ISSC funds are the financial jugular vein of the school since over 98 percent of the students receive scholarships. Audits are

not particularly unusual by the ISSC: St. Augustine has been checked and approved with no problems in each of the previous years. This time, however, the ISSC checked all student records with "alien verification numbers" in INS computers and audited back not just one year but to the school's founding in 1980. In other words, they investigated every student who had ever attended the school. Their conclusion: 500 students had gone to the school despite improper citizenship or residency records from 1980 to the present. The ISSC then dropped a bombshell. They announced they would withhold \$950,000 in funding for the upcoming school year due to start later this month. Since the school's total yearly budget last year was only \$2 million this will surely place a severe financial handicap on the school and is an overt threat to shut it down entirely.

Teeth bared, the ISSC then demanded that St. Augustine's administration cooperate in the investigation by getting copies of green cards and/or birth certificates from all students. The ISSC demand included not just currently enrolled or registering students but *all students who had attended since 1980*. These records would presumably end up in the hands of the INS. Without informing the students or the broader public in general the school administration agreed, in its own words, to be "very cooperative with the federal and state authorities." Last spring, without warning, registering students were told they must bring green cards, birth certificates, naturalization certificates and other proof of their

status. This practice has continued during summer registration and the school says it is continuing in its efforts to track down all students who have graduated or dropped out for similar verification.

The INS has also played a more direct role in the investigation. Over the past few months they have visited the school approximately six times. They demanded, and received from the school, student admissions and attendance records since 1980. Recently they have expanded the investigation to include workers at the school, taking photographs and handwriting samples from them. Possibly, some sort of federal and/or state criminal charges are being considered. This was hinted at by Charles Midby, Assistant District Director for Management for the Chicago INS. The INS has stepped up investigation into "entitlement fraud" since 1983, Midby stated. This includes investigation into those receiving food stamps and various types of grants and "in general the service has been investigating entitlement fraud in schools — this is a national policy decision." In other words, Midby said, if an out-of-status student received a loan or a grant, that could be fraud. If two or more people violated a federal law in this way that might constitute conspiracy. And of course, he concluded, an out-of-status student would be subject to deportation.

The effect of these various threats and attacks has been to create a certain climate of fear, caution and apprehension among many students. Registration for the spring semester at the school was down and the school actively tried to

recruit more Puerto Ricans and Chicanos and less Mexicans and Central Americans. A great many students have also not shown up for fall registration and many acceptance letters sent out by the school have been returned "address unknown." Another sentiment was reflected on August 6 when about 150 St. Augustine students and supporters, led by various aspiring Latino opposition forces in and out of office, took over the offices of the ISSC demanding the commissioners meet with the students and community. This meeting recently took place and negotiations between the ISSC and St. Augustine's administration continue over the amount of money to be withheld in the fall semester.

This kind of attack on Latino immigrant students is unprecedented in the Chicago area and it appears to be one of the first nationally. In all likelihood this school was targeted as a test balloon because it is one of the few all-Latino colleges in the country. The ISSC has stated that the INS is making plans to carry on similar investigations at other schools. □

Revisionism

Continued from page 9

which is visible to everyone in the form of "in" clothing and records, but it is only the tip.

Nevertheless, we need to touch that tip....

The letters give us glimpses of young men who wear "only imported clothing and only articles from capitalist countries." We also glimpse girls of the same sort. Both are sure of their superiority over ordinary mortals, and usually they have banded together with others of their ilk into "clans." They call themselves "the cream of society."

Of all the "in" clothing that is the privilege of "the cream," readers refer most often to brand-name American and British clothing "with all sorts of labels and appliques and even emblems and flags of the US and Britain." T-shirts with printed inscriptions and jeans are still de rigueur....

So much for the tip of the iceberg. We have a more serious discussion ahead of us.

Now we'll read a letter written by a *khailafist*. (This is what the author calls himself. We assume this is from the English "high life," meaning roughly a "high-society life-style.")

"Dear Editorial Staffers: ... I am 20 years old. I am a student at the Institute of the National Economy. I, too, am from a prosperous family. When I was in the fifth grade I too had Montana, Levi Strauss and Blue Dollar jeans. I wore only jeans from the States and openly disdained jeans of any other brand or country. In the sixth grade my father gave me a Grundig radio. In the seventh I had a Sharp—this is a Japanese tape recorder with all the accessories (an amplifier and upright speakers). In the eighth it was a Phillips record player—that's a Dutch firm. My family got ultra-modern records: The Police, Clash, Pink Floyd, Sex Pistols, and others. And now I have a JVC stereo system....

"I like the science-fiction writers my bookshelf is jammed with: Bradbury, Clarke, Sheckley, Edgar Poe, Burroughs, Asimov and others. As you've already noticed, they are the world's best-known science-fiction writers.

"I'm expressing my opinion on this

subject because I'm into high living [a *khailafist*]. And as such, I now how to dress fashionably, I spend big money when I'm with my friends, I go to a top-flight higher school, and I have my own pad for the night.

"Like [Alisa], I used to look down on my classmates because I had everything they didn't have. I got excellent grades. My father gave me a brand-new VAZ-2105. There were three of us who were friends, three named Vitalik, and all of us were from prosperous families. And we kept our distance from all the others. We also had our conversations. All three of us watched with a smirk as our classmates hunted for jeans that we were beyond wearing, and for records that we were sick of listening to, and books we were sick of reading. All our classmates respected us, and our authority was absolute.

"I am not signing this, I am not conveying any information about myself, and I am even writing this letter at home, because I don't want a flap at the institute."

Yes, that's a way of life—a way of behaving, a style, a choice of reading matter, a way of thinking, a language.

Calling attention to the English-language jargon used by a certain segment of our young people is nothing new. And I should say from my own experience that some letters are overloaded with English words. Some of the letter writers even sign their names in Latin letters. Sometimes even the name of the city on the envelope isn't in Russian.

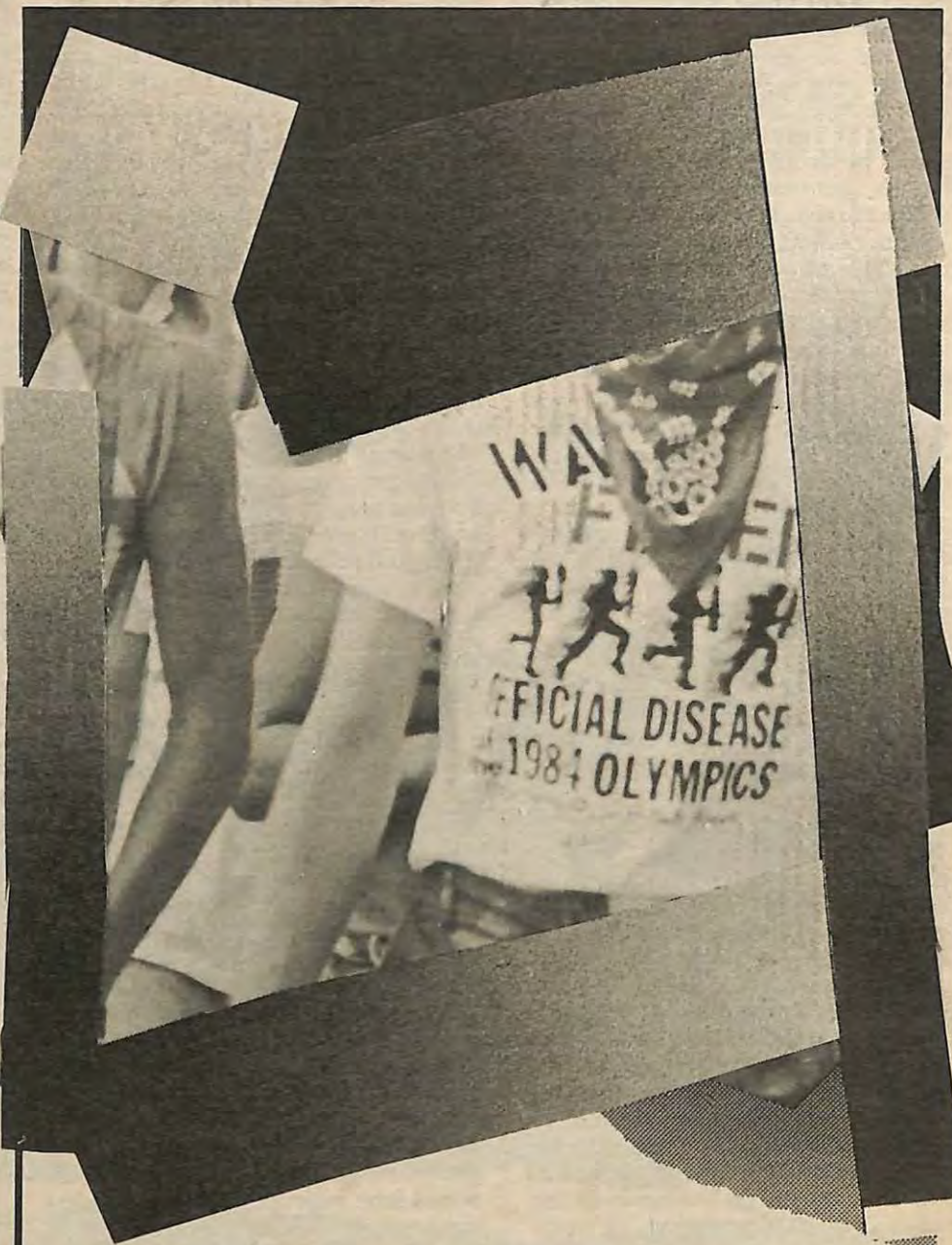
When the special English-language schools were opened all over the country, no one predicted anything of the sort. In the meantime, these schools have rapidly become prestigious. Aren't they what's giving us most of the English-language jargon that our young people are using?...

[Such people as Alisa and the "high-living" young man] are marginal personalities. They are borderline—between us and the West....

One such person is sitting across from me now, and every second breath he says: "But in the West, on the other hand—"...

[Finally, he says:]

"What does 'homeland' mean? My homeland is the place that feels right to me," he says, conveying the highest wisdom of his type of people.... □



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Report From the Chauvinist-Free Zones

On August 2, as the Olympic Games opened, a press conference was held to announce the formation of the Ban the Chauvinists Coalition. The group vowed to "work day and night to decontaminate houses, areas, and neighborhoods of all vestiges of Olympic droppings," and replace them with "a counter-spirit of fraternization and internationalism." The Coalition's "chauvinist pollution alerts" were widely followed and picked up by newspapers from L.A. to Chicago to New York. The following report on the final few days of Coalition activities was made available to the RW.

As the shrill message of the '84 Games got louder with each passing day (so high-pitched at certain points that even dogs couldn't sleep undisturbed), greater numbers found it necessary and desirable to escape the USA No. 1 hooray-for-the-hometeam and war hysteria contaminating the Los Angeles area and beyond. The Coalition hotline received a call from as far away as Australia for the latest chauvinist pollution alert report. Chauvinist free-zones and safe houses were secured around the city to offer respite to those disgusted by the ugliness of the U.S. breaking all world records of

spectacle, obscenity and nationalism to put itself center stage.

Some examples truly in the counter-spirit to all of this: The L.A. Dee Da column of the *L.A. Weekly* announced, "Ban the Chauvinist Coalition has designated the Anti-Club as a chauvinist free-zone, meaning there isn't a trail of red, white and blue streamers and the staff isn't decked out in go-for-the-gold-type hats, vests and jackets for a show there Friday night."

Two events of the Nihilist Olympics were declared chauvinist free-zones by its organizer who stated in a press release, "In the spirit of international humanitarianism, the Nihilist Olympic Organizing Committee feels duty bound to provide a refuge from the Olympic wave of Americanism. This refuge will be for the use of some of our more sensitive and sensible citizens and visitors who fear the accidental poke of a flagstaff in the eye." The refuge was offered at the Nihilist Olympics Arts Festival at the Lhasa Club and the Lazlo Toth art defacing competition.

Revolution Books featured a "special discounted collection of provocatively unpatriotic materials — the chauvinist free-zone theoretical kit." Also several stores flung open their doors as safe houses for defectors from the patriotism ad nauseam, some issuing the latest alerts and stacking their shelves with Dinosaur

Follies brochures. (A selection of articles from the *Revolutionary Worker*, and including the RCP's "Call to Oppose the Pre-War Games" — RW.) The Feminist Women's Health Center participated. Immigrant workers from the Damián García Park area designated the Park chauvinist-free.

A banner was made by one of the founding members of the Ban the Chauvinists Coalition which pictured Sam the Eagle in skeletal form carrying the Olympic Torch amidst a mushroom cloud and missile silos. This banner became something of an "official unofficial" rallying point, making its way from an Anti-Club concert to the John Wayne statue demo, to the rally and march in Damián García Park later that evening. (See articles in this issue for details of actions at the statue and at Damián García Park.) The banner finally ended up being hung by patrons at a local bar the closing night of the Games where Olympic ill-wishers gathered to watch (instead of you know what) videotapes from the Nihilist Olympics.

The Games are over now, the rockets-red-glare-bombs-bursting-in-air fireworks display has (finally) dimmed. The metaphors for war which were hurled around more than any basketball or volleyball in these Games are a signal that there is a bigger event on the program. The Ban the Chauvinist Coalition vows to remain vigilant and ready to respond as the need arises. □

From the "Running Isn't Everything" Dept.

Dear Mary,

We just wanted to let you know how sorry we all feel about the unfortunate turn of events at the 3,000-meter race at the Olympic Games. We know that a lot of hard work and dedication has gone into your career. The stakes were high for all of us in the "Decker Meets Budd Race." But it is, after all, the true patriotic spirit of "winning" — the "golden quality" that made our American team so inspiring and successful.

We are sorry that your title of "America's sweetheart of track and field" is now, officially, somewhat in doubt. But, while your quest for a gold medal has been perhaps unfairly denied, much bigger things must be taken into consideration.

Zola Budd's disqualification was immediately reversed within the hour after the race and this was something we felt had to happen. It may seem like an unfortunate fact of athletic sports in today's world — but it is nonetheless true that other considerations sometimes enter into sports adjudication. All Americans should be proud that our country is a country "at the helm." But we must also realize that leading in today's sea of international complexities commands far-sighted considerations. Specifically, we think the publicity that would have resulted from an official finger putting the blame on Zola would have only added

to the strain which already exists around the whole circumstances of Zola's athletic career. While the problem of the sports boycott of South Africa continues, we feel that Zola's ability to get around this and actually become South Africa's representative in the Olympic Games (even though officially representing Britain) is a step in the right direction — and helps to nullify the continuing insistence of those who use politics to govern such decisions which should be based solely on athletic ability and sportsmanship. Of course, America's position on South Africa as a nation is quite clear — our governments have a cooperative and friendly, as well as politically prosperous, relationship. The kind of treatment Zola has received since her decision to run in international competition, such as anti-apartheid demonstrations and some public criticism, have reflected a tendency to unfairly and one-sidedly judge the system of apartheid. And while we are sure that the "booing" of Zola after you fell at the Olympics was in the spirit of "Team U.S.A." — it was unfortunate from another angle. Because of all this we felt that further "bad publicity" could not be tolerated with regards to Zola. In her home country she has become a national hero and we hope that her athletic ability will likewise help to transcend any negative world opinion which criticizes South Africa as well as the United States' economic and political support of the present government there.

Lastly, we have heard that you are a little disappointed at the way the U.S. press has treated this whole thing — that you

feel your side of the story has not been given due credibility and that Zola is being cast as the "innocent victim" of yet more unjust criticism. Perhaps you feel like you have been hit by something that you don't quite understand or have control of. Indeed things might have turned out different if the Soviet bloc had run in the Games or had tried to take your medal away from you. But this was not the case this time and this is why we decided to write you this confidential note — to help clarify our position in hope that you will understand and rise to the occasion of weathering this personal defeat so that we might all benefit from this in the end.

The picture of your strong and handsome boyfriend carrying you off the field and your look of disappointment will forever be emblazoned in the American annals of the "agony of defeat." But this too can be inspiring because even out of defeat can come more determination. And while you seem to have had a lot of trouble lately, we're confident you have many winning races still left in you.

Once again, we would like to express our sympathy and we applaud your courage and especially your ability to remain so poised throughout such a trying experience.

Sincerely,
U.S.C.C.O.S. '84
(The U.S. Committee to
Continue the Olympic
Spirit of 1984)

Hart miss a golden opportunity to catch Mondale

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Ronald Reagan's Magic

free years

workers from the Diablo plant heckled Mondale as he spoke. The clear message that came out of the incident was that Mondale was stronger on environmental issues, and less a captive of union interests, than his critics have charged. As the Democratic front

By FAY S. JOYCE

John Lewis of Atlanta, a veteran civil rights movement, who was with the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. "He's creating the image of a man of black woman in a white suit."

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We don't want our fair share...

We want to tear the whole system down!

Elections are the wrong arena.

It's going to come down to REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Revolutionary Communist Party, USA

Chicago Tribune, Thursday, May 31, 1984

The Campaign Trail '84

President shows his stu. The Reagan waves the flag at air acaden

James Coates

CHICAGO SPRINGS—Accompanied by a solar fly-over from six howling jet fighters, Reagan told a cheering crowd of Air Force Academy cadets Wednesday that they have the

CAMPAIGN

otographers for the Republican Party the spectacle on film and videotape, for that Reagan thinks he, too, has the this election year

increase so much our chances of peace."

The

By PAUL DELA

Ever since light-skinned and free themselves different from those with dark skin, and those still in slavery, blacks have disagreed over how to fight slavery, segregation and discrimination. The disagreements have not abated, and they may never. The candidacy of the Rev. Jesse Jackson for President demonstrates the gains that have been made. It also has put the disagreements in sharper focus. Perhaps the most nota

and Political Divisions

Black Vote

Black views of Jesse Jackson

The New York Times/CBS NEWS POLL

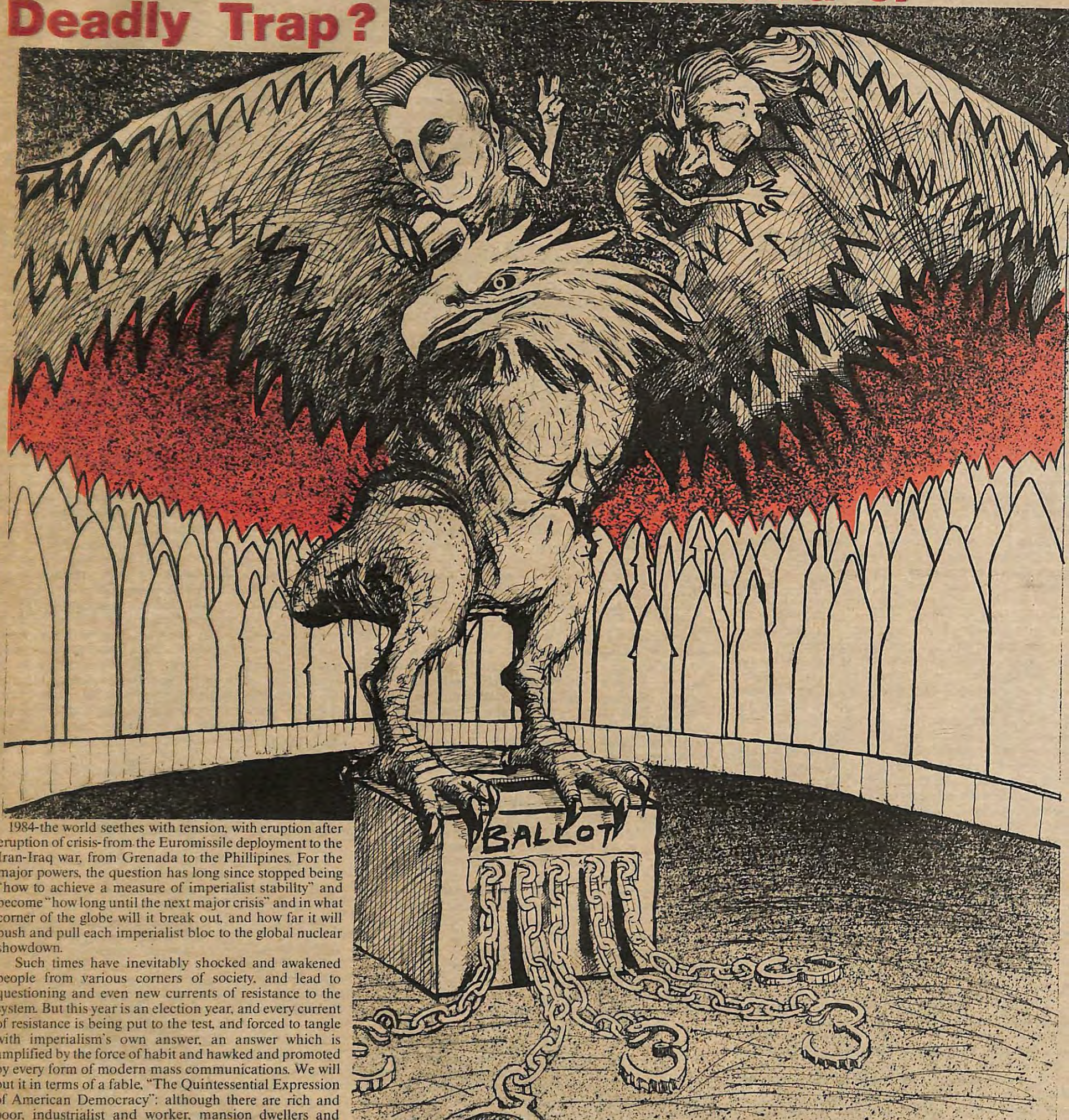
	Favorable	Unfavorable
Men	52%	19%
Women	50%	13%
	55%	13%
	47%	9%



REVOLUTIONARY WORKER

Voice of the
Revolutionary Communist
Party, U.S.A.

Elections 1984: Road Forward or Deadly Trap?



1984-the world seethes with tension, with eruption after eruption of crisis-from the Euromissile deployment to the Iran-Iraq war, from Grenada to the Philippines. For the major powers, the question has long since stopped being "how to achieve a measure of imperialist stability" and become "how long until the next major crisis" and in what corner of the globe will it break out, and how far it will push and pull each imperialist bloc to the global nuclear showdown.

Such times have inevitably shocked and awakened people from various corners of society, and lead to questioning and even new currents of resistance to the system. But this year is an election year, and every current of resistance is being put to the test, and forced to tangle with imperialism's own answer, an answer which is amplified by the force of habit and hawked and promoted by every form of modern mass communications. We will put it in terms of a fable, "The Quintessential Expression of American Democracy": although there are rich and poor, industrialist and worker, mansion dwellers and ghetto residents, generals and foot soldiers, there exists a Great Happiness because Lo! the government is "by, for and of the people". Political leaders are chosen fairly and equally by all; in this way the future course of events is determined by sober and reasonable political debate and shaped by the "will of the majority".

Even if shabby and timeworn, the fable continues to prove itself extremely useful to those who actually rule society; elections have allowed society's rulers to drape their rule in the guise of the "people's consent" and at the same time have given them complete freedom of action. Elections have never stopped a single covert CIA action, and single Marine invasion of an oppressed country. Elections have never even pulled any imperialist country out of a world war, let alone ever stopped such wars from happening. Elections have never stopped the vicious round-up and expulsion of immigrant workers from the U.S., they have never stopped police murder in the ghetto, they have never even begun to affect the rape and degradation of women. Elections never stopped the cold-blooded police murder of revolutionaries in the '60's, including over 25 members of the Black Panther Party; elections have never stopped or even slowed down the use

of police, troops, and even tanks to put down dangerous rebellions and threatening demonstrations at times of political turmoil and domestic crisis.

Elections have in fact always existed to mask real power in this society, to hide and cover the underlying dictatorship. The life of the oppressed, the political experience of all who have dared to challenge anything important about the system, scream out that society is fractured into antagonistic classes, that there is systematic oppression of minorities and women, that real decisions are made in backrooms and always on the basis of strengthening and extending imperialist relations and oppression. Still, the illusions linger. "At least," the fable goes, "everyone has the chance, and duty, to voice their opinion equally with everyone else in the voting booth. At least those with power and influence are forced by democratic elections to listen to, and be swayed by, the voice of the people." They listen alright. They listen for signs that the illusions are weakening, that there is a need for fresh faces in high places, the need for new images to bolster old illusions.

The fable's lingering vitality does not mainly come from the inherent charm of a stupid fairy tale. The fairy tale promises domestic political peace and relative prosperity-

even if the peace grows tense and the prosperity grows thin. The hard truth is that these don't come from a fable, but from the spoils of a worldwide chain of investment and plunder. American democracy is the "crowning glory" of an international network of exploitation enforced by the guns of Salvadoran death squads, the instruments of torture in Brazilian prison, the massacres in Palestinian refugee camps. Elections in the U.S. are the bloom of a hot-house flower, cultivated to delight and distract those shielded from the harsher realities of the world by Marine bases across the globe, border patrol murder of "illegals", the tac squad in U.S. ghettos.

And today, when accumulation and plunder begin to strangle in their own excesses, when mortgages on whole nations come due, and the imperialist world squares off war blocs to redivide shares of plunder and purge their whole structure with rivers of blood, what banner is raised to rally the millions to fight and die for the empire? What else? The banner of American democracy, with free elections its centerpiece.

Elections are always a vicious trap; the citizenry is hounded from all sides to accept the limits and boundaries of the elections as the very definition of "serious and real"

Carl Dix - ANTI-CANDIDACY DECLARED

In this year of presidential politics, we've been bombarded with appeals to base our activities on getting a Democrat elected president. All who are dissatisfied with the way things are must make dumping Ronald Reagan their main task, we're told.

In opposition to this poison, I declare my Anti-Candidacy in 1984, running against the notion that the interests of the oppressed can be advanced through electoral politics in '84. What gets decided in their elections is which representative of the imperialists will preside over doing whatever is necessary to maintain their worldwide empire. Today, this means feverish preparations for a showdown for world domination between the U.S. and Soviet led imperialist blocs.

Those who tell us this election is shaping up between a Democratic dove and Reagan, the warmonger, have forgotten (or perhaps wish us to forget) that the authorization to build the MX and Trident II missiles and the decision to place the Pershing and Cruise missiles in Europe date from 1979 when Carter was president.

Look at candidates from among whom we are expected to choose a savior. Mondale and Hart; obviously either would be a fitting representative for U.S. imperialism. Jesse Jackson we are told by Time, Newsweek and Network T.V., who crowned him the leader of Black people before he ever announced his candidacy is different. He is the proof of the new and progressive rebirth going on in the Democratic Party.

But the Democratic Party is still the same old imperialist

party. And if Jesse Jackson is truly different or progressive then:

1) Why did he go to Syria to serve the release of Robert Goodman who had been captured while dropping bombs on the Arab people, but say and do nothing about the incarceration of Alfred Griffin, a Black Marine who refused to go to Lebanon and Grenada?

2) Why didn't he support the rebellion in Liberty City in 1980 instead of trying to cool it out or as he did in Overton in 1982, tell the people to "turn your anger into votes for me"?

3) Why didn't he condemn Duarte and the death squad regime in El Salvador instead of hugging him and calling him "the legitimate representative of the Salvadoran people"?

4) And finally, if he is really a "peace candidate", why doesn't he say that there is no military adventure the U.S. engages in the world that should be supported?

Jackson's progressive agenda comes down to criticizing certain government policies but staying within the limits of what's best for the "national interests" of U.S. imperialism. In this way it helps to limit the terms of debate and draw the political opposition behind the bourgeoisie and against the people of the world. Such a candidacy is truly the "right stuff" for U.S. imperialism.

The point is that we, the workers and oppressed people living in the U.S., share no interest in the U.S. empire or any of the candidates the rulers want us to give a mandate to in their elections. The only outcome that their system

offers the world is war between them and their equally imperialist Soviet rivals, no matter who ends up president. Only revolution, the armed overthrow of imperialism, which the RCP is preparing to help bring about as soon as possible can stop the threatened terror of WW III and end once and for all the horror that life under their system means for countless millions worldwide.

Falling for their electoral con game only aids the imperialists. Out in the street going up against the dead end road is the only place to be. The right to vote has been won. Now we need the political awareness and sophistication not to use it.

By Carl Dix

Carl Dix is the author of the article "Jesse Jackson: The Right Stuff For U.S. Imperialism." He is a founding member and a spokesperson for the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA. He participated in a London Press Conference with revolutionary leaders from other countries who announced the formation of the Revolutionary Internationalist Movement in March 1984. He was one of the Fort Lewis 6, U.S. soldiers who refused orders to Vietnam...sentenced to two years in Leavenworth Prison. He was a revolutionary activist in the Black liberation struggle in the early '70s...from the Black Workers Congress to the African Liberation Support Committee.

84 Elections

cont'd

politics and to see their actions as voters as the very highest form of participation in politics: the candidates through their differences and their agreements set the terms for what can be considered reasonable and official political debate in society generally; after the election, the ruling class does what it has to do anyway, under the leadership of a new (or old) President blessed by the election with the "people's mandate." It's an old game; there was Woodrow Wilson, who campaigned in 1916 under the slogan "He kept us out of war", then lead the U.S. into WW I. There was Lyndon Johnson, in 1964, who charged that Barry Goldwater would try to bomb Vietnam back into the stone age and upon LBJ's election, he proceeded to try to do just that.

After four years of hysterical anti-Reagan tirades from various quarters, the system has finally coughed up the official alternative. Walter points with pride to his "vast experience" during the Carter administration- to make the point that his would be a steady hand on the nuclear button. He does not promise not to push it. He did indeed have a lot of experience during the Carter administration- as one of the officials charged with formulating and implementing U.S. strategic doctrine for the 1980's. His accomplishments? In a couple of years, the Carter-Mondale administration introduced the highest peacetime increase in the military budget to date, announced the development of the MX and the Trident II missiles, organized the Rapid Deployment Force, reintroduced draft registration, reached agreement to station the Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe, massively expanded the production of plutonium and the construction of new nuclear warheads, and mandated the achievement of extended nuclear war fighting capability through Presidential Directive 59. Secretly, work was started on the antisatellite weapons and nuclear weapons like the x-ray laser. Since leaving office, Mondale has upheld as quite necessary this massive leap in the preparations for WW III- with a few quibbles over the MX. Reagan the "arch-warmonger" has only extended and continued what was in the main begun under the Carter-Mondale administration.

There is in fact virtually no debate over the basic questions of defending and expanding the empire today between Reagan and Mondale. This election year, the vice-like pressure of what the U.S. has to do in WW III has so constricted the political stage in the U.S., and demanded such a degree of social discipline and national unity that the ruling class cannot set terms for even the sham debate of the election campaign that pose any alternative but war. This is what the people are to troop to the polls to give their "mandate" to. This is the limit and bounds of acceptable and reasonable deviation in official political life today.

Locked in this vice, the terms of the great presidential debate seem almost entirely focussed on image. And Walter's image? He's the solid, calm experienced, back-room imperialist politician; the very fact that he's so boring stands as his sharpest contrast to Reagan. It is as if Walter Mondale is being offered as a kind of political tranquilizer for mainstream America. For those uneasy with Ronald Reagan, and unsettled by his openly reactionary image, the Democratic Party offers Walter "Valium" Mondale: the opportunity to stay numb to what time it really is, and numb to the fact that what the system is bringing to a head will shatter the foundation of people's lives and destroy the small bits of comfort they may have been able to scrape together from the spoils of empire. And so in the vast mainstream of America, the ruling class has set the terms of debate, and given the voters the choice: to march off to WW III with the upbeat, apocalyptic, Ronald Reagan, to defend motherhood, baseball, and apple pie; or, to march off still half-numb, "protected" by the political tranquilizer, Walter Mondale. The system desperately needs the result a genuine, truly American, democratic people's mandate for WW III.

And this year, with the mountains of nukes on each side, with the U.S. leading its war bloc and sure to continue duking (or nuking) it out in Central America, the Middle East, and elsewhere, with the corrosion and rot of American society more obvious than ever, there have been

special inducements and special efforts made to bring discordant and alienated groups and people into the electoral process and onto the electoral road. This "special promotion" has operated within and through the overall incredibly limited and strangled political terms set by the major candidates- it is as if the Democratic Party has suddenly opened up a bargain basement annex to sell what are essentially the same old shoddy goods.

Suddenly the political air is full of wild claims of the marvelous things that can be done for the oppressed people of the U.S. and the world inside the old Democratic Party- and only within the Democratic Party. The fact that the Democratic Party is (and will continue to be) the same old imperialist Democratic Party offering another warmonger for president makes the promises and enticements offered harmless enough to the system. But the promise of "someday" utilizing the Democratic Party as a vehicle for progress has become a keystone for a variety of political miracle workers- from Jesse Jackson, to the revisionist and social democrats of the left. When in fact the "miracles" they work inside the suffocating bourgeois political process all serve imperialist agendas, whether U.S. or Soviet. And these "Miraculous" agendas demand that anything that stands outside of and in opposition to the electoral arena, even something like a commitment to civil disobedience, must be suppressed. That's 1984 political "realism".

The political agenda offered Jesse Jackson and company would be harmless enough anyway, to imperialism. "Oppose the Arms Race"- but always stay firmly within the need for U.S. national "defense", and within U.S. national interests. "Oppose U.S. Intervention in Central America and other parts of the World"- but never challenge the basic economic and political relation of imperialism. Jesse himself carried this out in a truly exemplary way in El Salvador: he embraced Duarte, U.S. puppet and butcher of the Salvadoran people, and proclaimed him the "legitimate representative" of the masses. "Justice and Equality Inside the U.S."- exemplified well enough by the massive promotion of crude and cruel illusions that a few black faces in high places would change the systematic national oppression rooted in this system, or that the possibility of a woman vice president would end the oppression of women.

Such "opposition" is hardly a threat to the system. It is instead a necessity, considering how many have already been driven down and driven out of the electoral system, and how many more will be driven into opposition by what is going on in the world right now. The ruling class needs a program to catch and ensnare society's outcasts and rebels; it wants to bring a measure of electoral discipline to these "outsiders", and it needs to extract a promise of loyalty to the basic political framework of imperialism in explosive days to come.

And of course, this year all the proponents of the "loyal opposition" program call on people to campaign and vote for Walter Mondale. Whatever intricacies of phrasing are offered, whatever promises of future Rainbows, this year "more than ever" 1984 political "realism" finds a real choice and a real difference in the general election. And thus greases the skids for the "people's mandate" for WW III that the ruling class has so carefully set up with the Reagan duet.

For those who refuse the role of 1984 "realists", there remains the question of dealing with U.S. imperialism. The one that, as a casual part of daily business has made life an endless horror for the majority of people of the world- to the point of 40 million people a year dying of starvation. The same U.S. imperialism that, in order to maintain and extend those very conditions of operation, is methodically calculating how to fight and win WW III. And is willing to take the risk of "Nuclear Winter" in order to do it.

Extreme times require and make possible extreme solutions. Preventing world war and taking strides toward liberating the people of the world demands the historic revolutionary initiative of hundreds of millions of people on this planet, acting to tear the fabric of world imperialist

relations enough to alter the whole dynamic of the convulsions gripping the world. The "realists" say such things are impossible- and in fact highly undesirable- but the intensity of the collision of the basic forces in the world is already forcing tremendous conflict, and in its wake opening cracks and fissures in the grip of imperialism over the world- fissures through which the mass revolutionary initiatives of the oppressed and exploited people of the earth can assert themselves. Such extraordinary times are bound to throw over every political convention and standard of "normal" times inside imperialist monstrosities like the U.S., to force open tremendous possibilities and pose historic challenges to the people who live in such places. Contrary to the dreary "realism" that clings to imperialist exploitation, the fact remains that seizing such times for revolutionary offensives holds the only possibility of actually preventing world war and all the horrors that entails.

Such possibilities of revolutionary times in major imperialist citadels have been rare in history so far. Making the most of such times requires the kind of realism that takes advantage of every ruling class blunder and every opening up of the system's basic weaknesses: the kind of realism that seizes on every opportunity to intervene in the imperialists preparations for war, to mobilize people to oppose them and to prepare people to launch and win a revolutionary civil war, to be in a position to smash and destroy the U.S. government as one part of the worldwide process of revolution. Such a road of course demands risk and sacrifice- but even more it demands the kind of global historic vision that is content only with accelerating the liberation of the people of the world, the kind of vision that frees people up to take the only course that will ultimately eliminate the under lying causes of war, by eliminating the oppressive class relations that spawn it.

The imperialist system itself, driven by its own mad, anarchistic compulsions, is bound to unleash forces that throw whole regions and continents "up for grabs." Time is pressing, and the words of Mao ring out, more relevant and timely than ever: "Cast away illusions, prepare for struggle."

In order to achieve their strategic goals, and advance their overall program, the ruling class has siezed on this election to awaken certain sections of the people into political life- only it is political life in an arena and on terms favorable to their agenda. In the face of this, should those who see further and understand something of the nature of the system prostrate themselves under the banner of "realism", and cheer the electoral motion of the "masses"?- who are being pulled into a politics that are profoundly against their real and fundamental interests? Or should we take advantage of the fact that the system is shaking people awake for its own ends, and enter into the election to expose and oppose the agenda and the road that imperialism is trying to ram through?

The ruling class is making a serious attempt to shape the whole political stage in the U.S. in a way that conforms to its interests. They are fighting for a very deadly future- and fighting to surround and outlaw even the possibility of any other roads. To all who can see beyond the limits they set and the terms they mandate, they are hurling a challenge and a crossroads: to "buy in" to the seduction of electoral progress and the spoils of imperialism, and to pave the way for WW III- or, to take up the challenge, to enter the political battle the elections pose, and to do all possible to expose and shatter the terms the ruling class has set, and through this, to open wider the road of mass independent historical action.

This is no time for deadly dreams of condescending saviors, of "miracles" pulled from the citadels of power. The world already shakes with the tremors of the nuclear "miracles" they have to offer. The elections are a fine time for us to begin to do some shaking of our own.

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