



REVOLUTIONARY WORKER

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

No. 269 (Vol. 6, No. 17), Published weekly in two sections — English Section 1

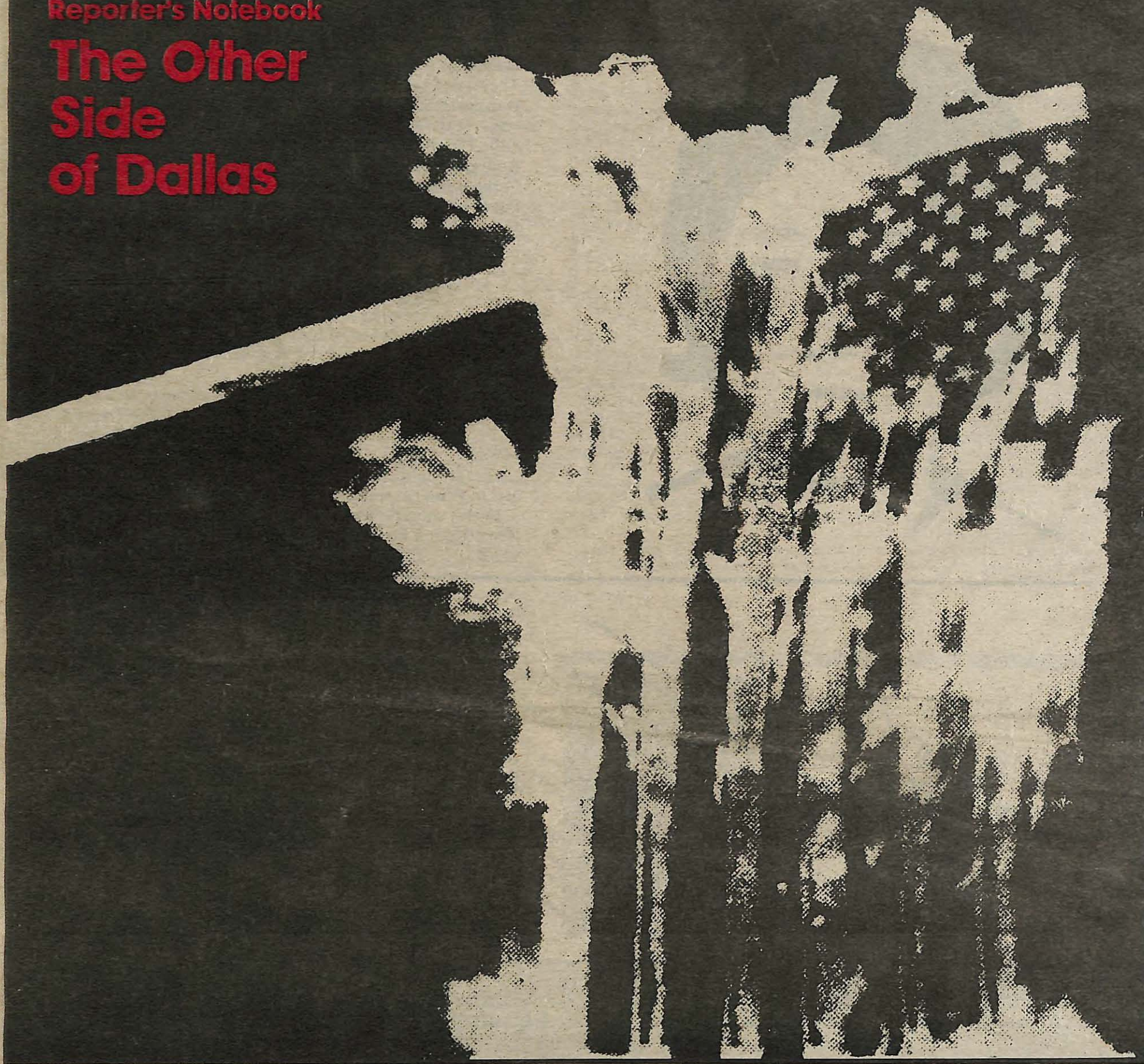
August 24, 1984

Editions in English, Spanish and Chinese

ISSN 0193-3485 75c

Reporter's Notebook

The Other Side of Dallas



Dallas police, at the direction of the U.S. Secret Service, are going about the business of turning a large portion of downtown into a compound.

*Dallas Times-Herald
August 12, 1984*

Dallas is one of the most buttoned-up, orderly cities in America, a coat-and-tie, walled-in subdivision kind of place that doesn't take to dissidents especially well.

*New York Times
August 18, 1984*

Dallas—they call themselves 'The War Chest Walking Tour,' and on Wednesday they lived up to their name, taking a tour of this city's downtown, spray-painting slogans on buildings, banging on windows and generally shaking folks up.

*Chicago Tribune
August 23, 1984*

The disloyal opposition struck again this week in Dallas, when a rude and aggressive demonstration of youth broke the deadly political atmosphere surround-

ing the Republican Convention. On Wednesday, August 22, youth took off on a Republican War Chest Tour through downtown Dallas, exposing and opposing various corporate centers of global plunder and U.S. preparation for World War 3. Political initiative was seized and a political offensive launched.

The Tour, inspired by the Democratic War Chest Tours, which were a dynamic element in the protests at the Democratic Convention last month, started at a site memorializing an imperialist war-maker of an earlier day, JFK. Most of the youth on the Tour were from other cities in Texas and elsewhere, including one from Canada and one from West Germany. From the outset the mood was festive and the scene colorful. One youth came on his skateboard, another was wrapped in red, white and blue bunting and wearing a pig mask. Red flags and a black flag were sprinkled throughout the crowd of about 150 who gathered. A man ready for the Tour came in, laughingly pointing to a column in a Dallas paper headlined "Jay-walking Is the First Step To Anarchy."

Things soon got more serious as the youths began to pull together to go out on the Tour. A banner that had been prepared by a group of revolutionary Salvadoran proletarians in Houston and signed by over 30 immigrant proletarians in Dallas was brought in. The message on the banner went after the similarities between the two major American parties and said, in part, "Democrats = exploitation, hunger, missiles of peace, World War 3; Republicans = oppression, aggression, World War 3; the international proletariat is the base, the struggle for revolution is the way." Someone spoke about the banner and how it had been taken out to a section of the people in Dallas that had been hit with over 1,100 immigration arrests and another cold-blooded police murder in the weekend before the Convention. Another youth then spoke briefly of the purpose of the Tour: to expose and oppose the war-related production of some major corporations with headquarters or offices in Dallas, and said that people should act as they saw fit.

With a red flag at its head, the march started out of the park chanting "No rape, no plunder, USA six-feet under," and "Ronald Reagan, killer of the hour, perfect example of U.S. power." Dallas corporations received at least \$8.2 billion in war-related government spending last year, and just about any building downtown could have been targeted by the Tour. Stops along the tour targeted some of the larger corporate killers, including the Dresser Corporation, which does a large part of its business with and in South Africa's racist apartheid state; LTV Vought, designer and developer of submarine-launched cruise missiles; and Diamond Shamrock, the manufacturers of Agent Orange.

The false tranquility of the futuristic lobbies of these and other banks and corporations was shattered and exposed when the Tour arrived. Youth leapt to their feet and spoke, PR brochures, bank forms, and pamphlets were torn up and tossed in the air, the outrages and plunder of U.S. imperialism were called out.

Continued on page 6

Peru

Free Meche!



Recently we received the following information from Peru:

"We would like to let you know that on the 20th of July of this year professor Laura Zambrano Padilla, also known as 'Meche,' was detained. She is a great revolutionary combatant and therefore we need to develop a campaign to save her life and against the cruel and savage tortures she is undergoing, since they are trying to assassinate her just as Gastelú, the director of DIRCOTE (Directorate against terrorism), has threatened to do. Therefore it's necessary to denounce this incident.

"Here we will be developing a campaign in defense of the political prisoners and to denounce the disappearances. Since the struggle has entered its highest level and likewise the repression, tortures and disappearances have also increased. Once again they are committing massacres and the bodies are found in the hills and creeks. On the 25th of July, 80 National Guardsmen, known as the 'Llapan atiq,' entered the prison in Callao where 84 women combatants are being detained and who have been violently mistreated. They stole from them anything of value and destroyed the rest; they launched tear-gas canisters and brutally beat them with sticks. As a result 12 of these comrades have been injured, they are: Delia Taquiri, Elizabeth Romani, Dihla Ruitón, Juana Cuyubamba, Jenny Rodríguez, Isabel Gonzáles, Nancy Burga, Dora Muñoz, Isabel Carhuantico, Aída Zaire, Lina Romero, and Marina Infanzón. But overall the focus of the campaign of exposures should be professor Laura Zambrano, known as 'Meche.'

"With revolutionary greetings,
Your friends from Peru"

We have received a report that leaflets titled "Save Meche" have appeared on the streets of Lima, the Peruvian capital, signed by the Communist Party of Peru (known in the press as Sendero Luminoso).

Worldwide support for Meche's freedom is developing. In Europe, some supporters have begun sending telegrams addressed to Peruvian president Belaúnde (Plaza de Armas, Lima), to the magazine *Caretas* (Jr. Camana 615-308, Lima), the magazine *Equis* (Jr. Soledad 416, 3° piso, Lince, Lima), other magazines, and to Peruvian embassies in Europe.

In this country, the address of the Committee to Support the Revolution in Peru is: 2483 Hearst Ave., No. 225, Berkeley, CA 94709. □

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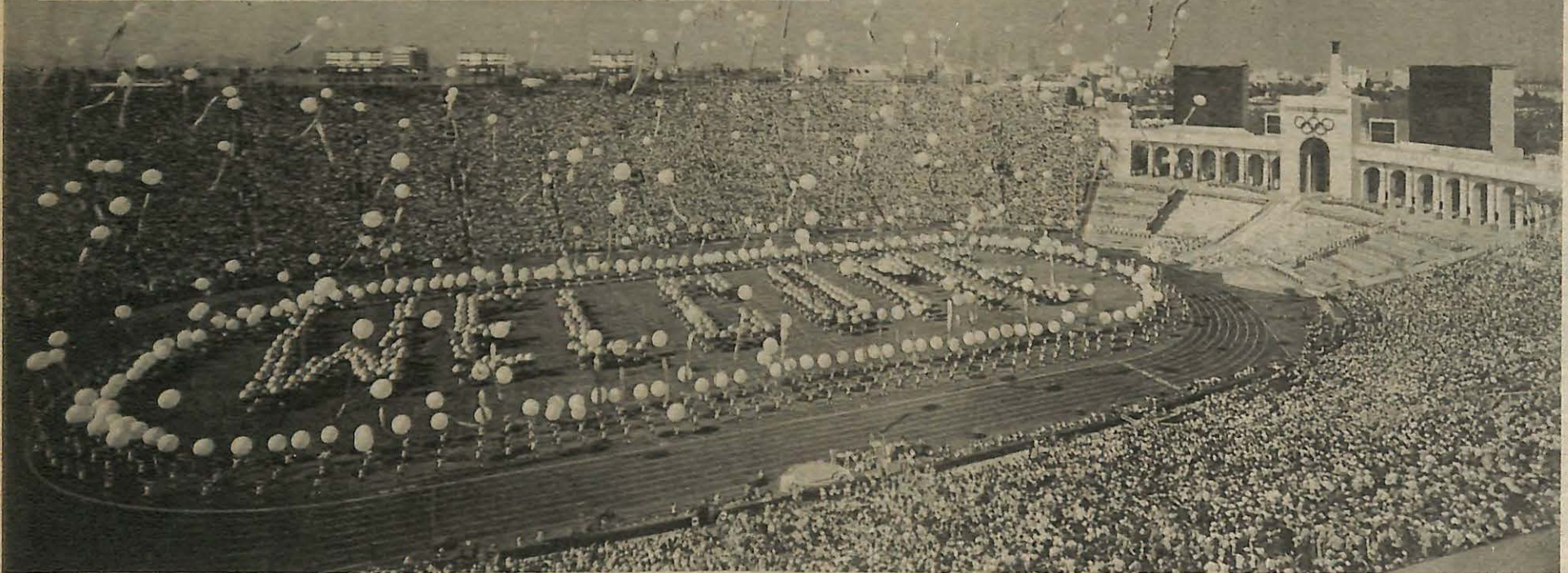
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The *Revolutionary Worker* (ISSN 0193-3486) is published weekly except for the 4th week of December and the 4th week of July, by
RCP Publications, 2525 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60614. Second class postage paid at Chicago, IL. Subscriptions and address
changes should be sent to RCP Publications, P.O. Box 3486, Chicago, IL 60654. Subscriptions are \$30 a year, \$9.00 for 3 months in the
U.S., Canada and Mexico, \$40.00 for institutions.

On The Uses Of Cheap Victories:

Grenada and the Olympics



The Games may be over, but the testimonials to their all-American glory continue. "Celebration" seems to be a popular buzz word, especially of the fact, oft repeated, that the U.S. won more gold medals than any other nation has in a single Olympiad. "Spirit" is another one, as in the stirring *Newsweek* cover photo of five ecstatic gold-medalists (from you-know-where) raising their fists in triumph beneath the superimposed headline, "The Spirit Lives!"

The great victory took place, of course, in the absence of the U.S.'s main competitor. And so the U.S. teams swaggered and battered their way to success over weaker opponents who were entirely nations of America's own bloc! It was a sports pogrom on their own allies. (Undoubtedly, some differences over this enabled the Ban the Chauvinists Coalition to break through the cracks and garner a significant amount of media attention.) You can just imagine the chauvinist uproar if the Soviets had been there.

The great victory is resoundingly hollow — but no matter. The U.S. press well understands that there's nothing like a real bludgeon job like this one to inflate the American spirit.

The delegates to the Republican Convention understood, as well. They chimed in with their own testimonial, introducing some American gold-medal winners while the hall erupted in chants of "U-S-A!". Significantly, there were a few other moments when that particular battle cry was heard ringing from the rafters in Dallas — whenever a speaker mentioned the name "Grenada." It's no coincidence that the 1984 Olympics and Grenada are the calls to glory of the New Patriotism. For they are both just the kinds of operations that the doctors of the American psychology ordered — where overwhelming advantages of size, strength and resources can be wielded to crush the outgunned opposition.

Grenada and the Games

The similarities are indeed striking. In both cases the U.S. had the largest "team" by far — over 640 athletes and over 6000 troops "competing" (and in the latter case, there were another 14,000 at the ready just in case they were needed). In both cases the U.S. could pour on the high-technology; in the Olympics it was radically designed

bicycles with wheels made out of a special alloy, advanced biomechanical training machines, fast-speed, high-resolution cameras and computer analysis; in Grenada it was advanced bombers and warships, the latest in helicopter gunships and rapid-fire cannon, and more computer analysis. In both cases, the U.S. used its "home court advantage" to the max; in the Olympics, it meant surrounding the visiting athletes with tens of thousands of hysterical yahoos screaming for the blood of the foreigners; in Grenada, conveniently in the U.S.'s "back yard," it meant surrounding Grenada with U.S. puppets like the Organization of Eastern Caribbean States, the Organization of American States, and so forth, to make sure that there would be nothing but support from the "neighbors" and no possibility of Grenada receiving any material assistance. In both cases, it was just the way the bully likes it.

Failure Syndrome

But oh how the puffed-up arrogance of the American spirit disappears when the bully gets his ass kicked. In the real world, we can compare the Grenada

response to the one for Vietnam. That defeat, of course, summoned forth no crowds of euphoric cavemen, but it did result in countless instances of U.S. officers with serious mental problems — that is, those who didn't get fragged first — as the big, bad U.S. military began to unravel before the eyes of the world. In the sports world, Team USA's reactions to the agony of defeat are no less striking. Look at the 1984 U.S. Olympic hockey team — the one that failed so miserably in Sarajevo. Instead of leading the patriotic charge as their predecessors had four years earlier, these players suffered from severe depression, with whispers of a "fear of failure" syndrome taking over their psyches. Similar phenomena showed up in Los Angeles; perhaps the most telling image was the picture of dejection exhibited by the U.S. men's volleyball team as it got blown out by the Brazilian team in a preliminary match — after each point these Valley Boys stood around, staring straight ahead in stunned disbelief. It seems that when it starts losing, the American bully becomes a cry-baby real quick.

This is what provides the necessary

emotional uplift for the gloating gangs that sing "We Love It" across the Home of the Brave. This is how the U.S.'s yahoo social base gets puffed up and ready to roll. But we are told over and over again, the Olympics and Grenada are different from those old, awful days. Indeed, these cheap and easy victories, with the U.S. sweeping away the weaker obstacles in its path, are the stuff the New Patriotism is made of. There is nothing like a good pogrom to get the old juices flowing.

The "greatest Games ever" to American eyes, just like Grenada before them, represent an imperialist vision, one that is supposed to inspire the bullies, and all those they can drag along with them, to new heights—a vision of a world where there is nothing but vastly weaker opposition to contend with, a world where bullies can run untrammelled and the crybabies are always the other guys. It's the perfect vision for all those being mobilized by the American Spirit — and being readied for the frontlines of World War 3

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On the Death of Lenore Peters Job

Lenore Job died on August 7, at the age of 94. Her life, which spanned so many great changes in the world, has been an inspiration to many who came in contact with her. She was a dancer, choreographer, teacher, writer, and rebel. Even close to her death she grappled to understand the world, new ideas, and was always impatient to, "get on with it" to do away with hypocrisy, imperialism, and war.

Primarily Lenore was a teacher. Through dance, which she taught until her retirement at age 82, she unleashed in people their imagination and aspirations. The dances she choreographed and taught over her long career struggled to express new trends, the contradictions facing people in modern society, and the strength of those, particularly women, who challenged the roles imposed on them. To her students she imparted much of her sense of seeking something better in the world, her sense of movement, and

her love of life.

It is a rare accomplishment when someone of 94 remains so young in her views and actions towards changing the world. At 92, she decided it was time to check out The Clash at one of their local appearances. Shortly before her last illness she was reading a history of Peru along with the *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. She always wanted to join those in the streets, especially the more rebellious. In a word, she was impatient. Lenore was always pleased to hear of new outbreaks and developments among revolutionary forces in this country, but would often ask with concern, "But where is your army?", "Where will it come from?" Lenore did not hold onto the past blindly, but lived in the present and dreams of a bright future. We would like to extend our sympathies and warmest regards to her family.

RCP,USA

Looking Back While Surging Forward

The autobiography of Lenore Peters Job, *Looking Back While Surging Forward*, was published this summer by Peters Wright Creative Dance. In the final chapter she speaks of the continuing process of political development and change in her life and outlook which continued until her death at 94:

"Socialism was an ever-present ideal in the background of my life. I was always greatly concerned over events such as Upton Sinclair's being arrested for reading the Declaration of Independence in the streets of Detroit. Busy with my own life, I only nibbled at the edge of things but was greatly involved in the reaction to the Russian Revolution and gloried in reports we heard of the changes in the Russian peoples' lives.

"We modern dancers were disappointed in the ballet's being retained in all its splendor in Russia. Now that the Soviets have reverted to capitalism, I realize that they did not quite renounce that great treasure of the realm of the Czar!

"How different was the situation in China. The wonderful change from a country where the majority of the people lived and died in the most abject poverty — dead bodies in the streets was an ordinary sight, starvation common — while the other, the minority, wallowed in wealth, to a population of 700 million where everybody had enough to eat. That was a "big leap forward," as Mao called it.

"The Cultural Revolution, which is under the ax in the present regime, was a wonderful thing. Of course, the ruling class didn't like it. What did they care if the peasants starved and were denied the privilege of decent lives?

"Can the effect of thirty years of socialist change be so erased? Mao himself wrote to Chiang Ching in 1966, speaking of the danger of a right wing coup in China and the fact that if this should happen, the genuine left could and should rise up and overthrow the right. He said, 'The right in power could utilize my words to become mighty for a while...' This is what happened and is still happening now, like the pilgrim's progress, one step forward and two back.

"It is hard for people to accept and hold to the broad morality of communism as well as to its economic plan which is really the only solution to the

world's problems now. With the modern scientific discoveries the billions of human beings that inhabit the earth cannot go on killing each other and living degraded lives. The enormous extension of the means of communication shows them what life can be and they will continue to fight for it. They must, if the race is to survive. The multitudes are awakening, aroused, and many no longer go with bowed heads.

"I observe these ardent young people working night and day, Sundays and holidays, sans pay, for a great cause. So great, in fact, that it is hard to persuade people that it is real. A morality so broad that it takes in the whole world.

"When the Chinese were living in the new thought of Mao Tse-tung, some of it sank into the depths of my being. The idea of cooperation instead of competition, a step out of the "dog-eat-dog" snobbery that goes with "winner take all." The idea that intellectuals must learn to work with their hands and laborers cultivate their brains to match the work of their hands is a tremendous leap forward in civilized living.

"In observing the selfless labor of these communists I am reminded of the early Christians during their struggles to "take over" spiritually, persuading the Romans that there was only one god instead of many. Two thousands years later the world is round and revolves around the sun each year, and the lone God is about to join the Olympians in the pages of mythology.

"Clash! A successor to the Beatles, another gift from England, was in San Francisco. Scheduled for a concert at the Civic Auditorium Saturday, or maybe it was Sunday night. Judy and James were getting ready to go when I was suddenly seized with the desire to go too. It was a simple matter of sweater and sox, and a greenback to James.

"Not a devotee of jazz or punk or whatever the current development is called, still I wanted to hear what they had to play and be one of the thousands who came to cheer.

"Not minding the trouble of the wheelchair, James and Judy were glad I wanted to go.

"After listening to the music for an hour I said to myself, 'It sounds like a cry from the damned trying to make the best of it.' But I enjoyed the evening. In such numbers, youth was a pleasant novelty.



In my wheelchair I was a conspicuous figure. Though nobody paid any attention to the fact, I'm sure I was the only 92 year old in the Civic Auditorium that night.

"Suddenly I was conscious of the gentle pressure of a man leaning over me who kissed my hand and told me he was from the band and more that I couldn't catch. Yes, he was from England. I caught that. He kissed my hand and was swallowed up by the crowd.

"I got the message. The band was conscious of my unique presence in their audience and wanted to acknowledge it. I would like to know exactly what he said but you can't have everything, can you?"

Looking Back While Surging Forward is available from the publishers: Peters Wright Creative Dance, Inc., 2695 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, CA 94115. It is available in paperback \$12.95, and hardback at \$25.00. Publisher will cover shipping on prepaid orders; otherwise shipping will be added to the invoice. (California residents must add appropriate sales tax.) Discount schedule available. □

CLASH BREAK-UP POSES IMPORTANT POLITICAL QUESTIONS ON CULTURE AND REVOLUTION

In the July 13, 1984 issue of the Revolutionary Worker, we published an interview with Joe Strummer by DJ Miller Francis of the "Revolution Rock" show, WRFG, Atlanta. The interview was reprinted in the RW because we believe that given the role of The Clash, important political questions are involved for all revolutionaries and especially revolutionary artists.

In our introduction to this interview, the RW said:

"The Clash represented by far the best in practice of the left upsurge that occurred in Britain and the U.S. among artists during the late seventies to the early eighties. They were, first and foremost, a truly great rock band. They also unleashed an advanced audience as no one else, with the exception of Bob Marley, had done for a decade or more. They had a tremendous impact on the struggle among artists, first and foremost the musicians.

"Perhaps their greatest contribution was that they allied themselves openly with the left and they did so in a truly pathbreaking way. They were revolutionaries, they said.

"Around six months ago, Mick Jones, guitar player and co-writer with Joe Strummer of much of the band's material, was fired from the band. Regular RW readers in the U.S. are no doubt aware of the fact that all this occurred on a not too friendly basis, to say the least.

"Our party wishes Joe Strummer and his 'new' Clash well, and we also wish the same for Mick Jones."

This week we are printing a number of letters from our readers addressing some of the questions posed by the Clash break-up and the interview; and all revolutionaries, and especially revolutionary artists, are encouraged to continue to correspond with the RW concerning their views. Readers who missed that issue of the Revolutionary Worker and wish to join the debate can contact your local RW distributor for a copy of the interview.

RW:

In the interview published in RW No. 264, Joe Strummer raised a lot of issues related to the experience of The Clash and to the creation and popularization of revolutionary art in general. Many of the things he talked about are questions faced by a lot of artists trying to contribute to the building of a better world. One aspect of The Clash's music that Strummer now criticizes and calls "Cultural Imperial-

ism" was their use of forms originating from different parts of the world, particularly from Jamaica. I disagree with Strummer's present views on this, and I'll try to point out why.

First of all, the term "Cultural Imperialism," as it's used in the context of the interview, is a misnomer. Imperialism involves the export of finance capital to, and the political domination of, the majority of the world's countries as the only means for the process of capital accumulation to continue in the countries from where the finance capital is based and exported from. If made analogous or related to this, "Cultural Imperialism" would refer to the export of bourgeois culture from imperialist countries to oppressed nations with the effect of repressing and stifling the development of national cultures, as part of the overall imperialist domination of oppressed nations. What Strummer is actually referring to is the co-optation of artistic forms developed by the masses internationally. These forms are developed as a product of objective circumstances, and related to this, as a protest against imperialism and imperialist culture, while at the same time incorporating elements of forms developed by the masses in imperialist countries into pre-existing cultural traditions. The development of reggae, for example, has been influenced by rhythm-and-blues and rock from the United States, as well as by forms from Africa and those from other Caribbean islands. The primary flow in the crossing of cultures during the imperialist era, however, has been from oppressed to imperialist countries. In the same way that millions of Black people were forced to migrate from the rural South to the industrialized cities in the North as U.S. imperialism increased in strength internationally, imperialistic economic relations have forced the migration of millions from oppressed nations to the imperialist citadels. From the first example came the adoption of the blues by many white kids in the U.S., creating the basis for the development of rock 'n roll, while the migration from the Third World to imperialist countries has resulted in white proletarian youth in those countries taking up as their own the cultures of oppressed peoples forced to migrate there. The Clash were an expression of this in the superstructure. Their exploration of forms was not a gimmick, but a synthesis stimulated by opposition to imperialism, and as a reflection of political internationalism. Strummer's view that The Clash objectively assisted the bourgeoisie's co-optation of these forms doesn't take into account the content of The

Clash's songs, that they were artistic expressions of the world outlook of the oppressed internationally, and that their use of different forms flowed from and gave added dimension to the political content of their songs. They hardly made reggae, or any other form they incorporated into their style, "safe." This is much different from, and objectively in opposition to, groups who appropriate these forms in connection with content that serves the repression of oppressed people and cultures.

The music of The Clash was built on what the masses of the world had already created. By exploring and synthesizing various forms into their style, particularly newly created ones where revolutionary and anti-imperialist content found most frequent expression, The Clash were standing with the oppressed people of the world. This gave them a certain freedom in creating and popularizing their music, as the only vital culture in imperialist countries exists in forms created and adopted by the masses. The material basis for this has been provided by imperialism, but taking up forms created by the oppressed worldwide as an expression of revolutionary internationalism is not "Cultural Imperialism." And in response to the accusation that The Clash were merely imitating reggae bands, or whatever, a listen to their songs brings out what they added to the forms they used and to the music scene as a whole — their outlook and their creative energy.

Strummer also seems to think that if white musicians stop playing in forms created by Blacks, then radio and video programming will change so that racial and cultural considerations will be eliminated as criteria for airtime. Neither The Clash nor The Police have had hits during the past year, but I'm still not hearing Big Youth or General Saint being played on the mainstream radio. The air-space occupied by a Clash reggae song will not be replaced by a Jamaican tune, but more likely by Duran Duran's latest or by Huey Lewis and the News. In fact, by playing in and popularizing different forms to a broad and varied audience, The Clash were contributing, in the long

run, to the greater integration of cultures and the combating of racism in the society, although this cannot begin to be truly accomplished in an all-round way until the proletariat seizes power. And the bottom line is that The Clash were consciously waging battle in the music scene on behalf of the international masses, and their use of forms developed internationally was totally consistent with the content of their songs. The Clash remained truer to the roots of forms created by Blacks than many Black artists whose art is in the service of the bourgeoisie, such as Lionel Richie, do themselves.

Strummer's current views on questions relating to form in art, as well as on other issues discussed in the interview, may partially be developing in response to attacks from different sides, as well as from the changes and intensification of contradictions in the world and in the music scene during the past few years. Many of these attacks were unleashed following the release of *Sandinista!*, where The Clash's internationalism, in form and content, blossomed to an extent unparalleled in the history of rock 'n roll. It is difficult for an artist not to be affected by an assault as multi-dimensional as the one delivered against The Clash, but it is particularly in circumstances like these that it is essential for artists to more firmly base themselves upon and with the people that their art serves, both in their audience as well as in a broader sense. Not doing so can only lead to disorientation. It is important for the questions involved in the creation and popularization of revolutionary art to be understood by artists as well as by others, because the class struggle exists in all arenas, including culture, and because the transformation of art and culture are part of, and act upon, the transformation of the world.

Musician in New York

Dear RW,

After reading the article/interview with The Clash, I would like to offer my

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Other Side

Continued from page 1

Soon someone would loudly start a countdown — six, five, four, three, two, one. With the beginning of these countdowns, panic-stricken looks inevitably became the expression of some of the onlookers, who scurried to avoid whatever it was that was happening.

Many of the marchers were dressed in typical punk rock garb—tattered T-shirts, emblazoned with avant-garde slogans, faded shorts and torn tennis shoes. They wore their hair either completely or partly shaved, some in Mohawk styles. . . . "They looked awful," said a well-dressed woman carrying parcels from a nearby shop. One of her daughters agreed, "Horrible. . . ." After charging across the skyway to the Sheraton-Dallas Hotel and tearing down a banner welcoming the Arizona Republican delegation, the demonstrators suddenly changed course and entered Neiman-Marcus. Demonstrators chanted, "Eat the rich, feed the poor," and "Let's Go Shopping!"

*Los Angeles Times
August 23, 1984*

The unacceptable politics of this rally were made clear even to the most obtuse of observers. In the Republic National Bank a revolutionary youth spoke on how the imperialists are preparing for nuclear world war, and the proletariat and other forces are preparing for revolution. Then a countdown began, and a die-in was staged. One youth leapt to his feet and yelled "I'm the only one who survived the bomb! Now I can rule the world!" Whooping demonstrators leapt to their feet, chanting "Reagan, Mondale, Same Old Shit," and "We Don't Want In, We Want Out, War Is What This System's About."

As the march hit the Bank of America, a youth held up the War Chest Tour leaflet and yelled to the assembled bankers and their customers, "Get your information here, get your information on the fascist state right here. Learn about the blood on your hands." Shouting "Red, white and blue we shit on you," the youth poured out of the bank. Here, as everywhere the Tour went, some spray-painted messages were left behind on the large glass fronts and the sidewalks of the corporations, such as circled "A's," "Sendero Luminoso," "War Chest Site." These were cited as "obscenities" by the press.

From the beginning, cops on foot and in cars had been in a frenzy trying to maneuver themselves into position for a

bust, but the quick pace, the hit-and-run mobile tactics of the youth, left them in disarray. As the *Dallas Times-Herald* put it on Thursday, "Dallas police were surprised by the frenzied pace and aggressive tactics of the roving bands."

Downtown Dallas was draped in American flags for the Convention, most of them inside store and business window displays. But the youth reversed direction, and took a quick turn down St. Paul Street and came upon several on poles planted in the sidewalk. They were quickly dispensed with, the poles twisted over and the flags removed, and the Tour headed on for the locked-in Dallas Power and Light Company which is building the largest nuclear power plant in the U.S.

Then it was on to City Hall, where a squadron of pigs was lined up in front of the entrance. The youth gathered in a knot in front of the building while a young woman spoke. Suddenly they burst apart, chanting and shouting. The beautiful sight of a burning American flag remained where they had been, at the very feet of the pork.

As the flag was reduced almost totally to ashes, Daniel E. Walker, who works for the Army Corps of Engineers happened by, picked up the still smoldering remnants and an unburned fragment of the flag, and wrapped them in the nearest thing he could find—a copy of the Revolutionary Worker, a newspaper of the Revolutionary Communist Party. "It's the first time I've ever seen an American flag burned," said Walker of Fort Worth who said he served in the Korean War. "Somebody had to pick it up. I didn't want somebody to pick it up with a broom and throw it away. . . ."

*Los Angeles Times
August 23, 1984*

People jumped in the pool in front of City Hall to cool off, and now the assembled cops were able to position themselves for an assault. Several hundred riot-equipped cops moved quickly to seal off the area, which is adjacent to the Convention Center, and a tense standoff ensued for several hours. The cops let no one in or out of the area they had blockaded, and finally brought off a police bust and began hauling people away one by one, arresting about 100 people.

The youth remained defiant throughout. A leaflet by the RCYB had called on people to "struggle in the spirit of the whole world is watching," and this War Chest Tour was emphatically in unity with the oppressed of the world. Different youths stood up to make their stand clear as they were being led off. "They want us to repudiate what we did today on the streets of Dallas, we say no way. We're standing with millions

As the overworked cameras of media extravaganza cut away from Los Angeles to Dallas last week, the transition appeared seamless. It was as if the same roaring reactionaries, bursting with the same mindless belligerence, had been electronically teleported to a new arena. And when "U-S-A!" chants actually did greet some flesh-and-blood Olympians at the podium it seemed quite natural. Although the focus of their bellowing was now "partisan politics," rather than sports, the message was the same: time has come for an unapologetic worship of everything American, and especially for the forceful reassertion of that arrogance over the globe.

Two-thousand-odd foaming conservatives were carted in to repeat the official line in hundreds of informal interviews. Nothing was wrong with America they chorused, once the stain of self-doubt and defeatism was banished; America now stands "proud." The turning point, four years ago in 1980 with the election of Ronald Reagan, had been, in the words of Jeane Kirkpatrick, "a reaffirmation of confidence in the American experience, confidence in the legitimacy and success of American institutions. . . confidence in the relevance of our experience to the rest of the world." In short, it is now gospel again that American subjugation of peoples is fine and for their own good.

Speaker after speaker hung out the red meat of military confrontation. "Go for the gold!" and "Do it for the Gipper!" have instantly become more than athletic slogans — they concentrate nothing less than preparedness to "go down for the big one," to fight, kill and die for the greater glory of America. Every reactionary American action was upheld, and the delegates roared approval for every bit of it; from the praise of Harry Truman, father of the first atomic bombing, to the

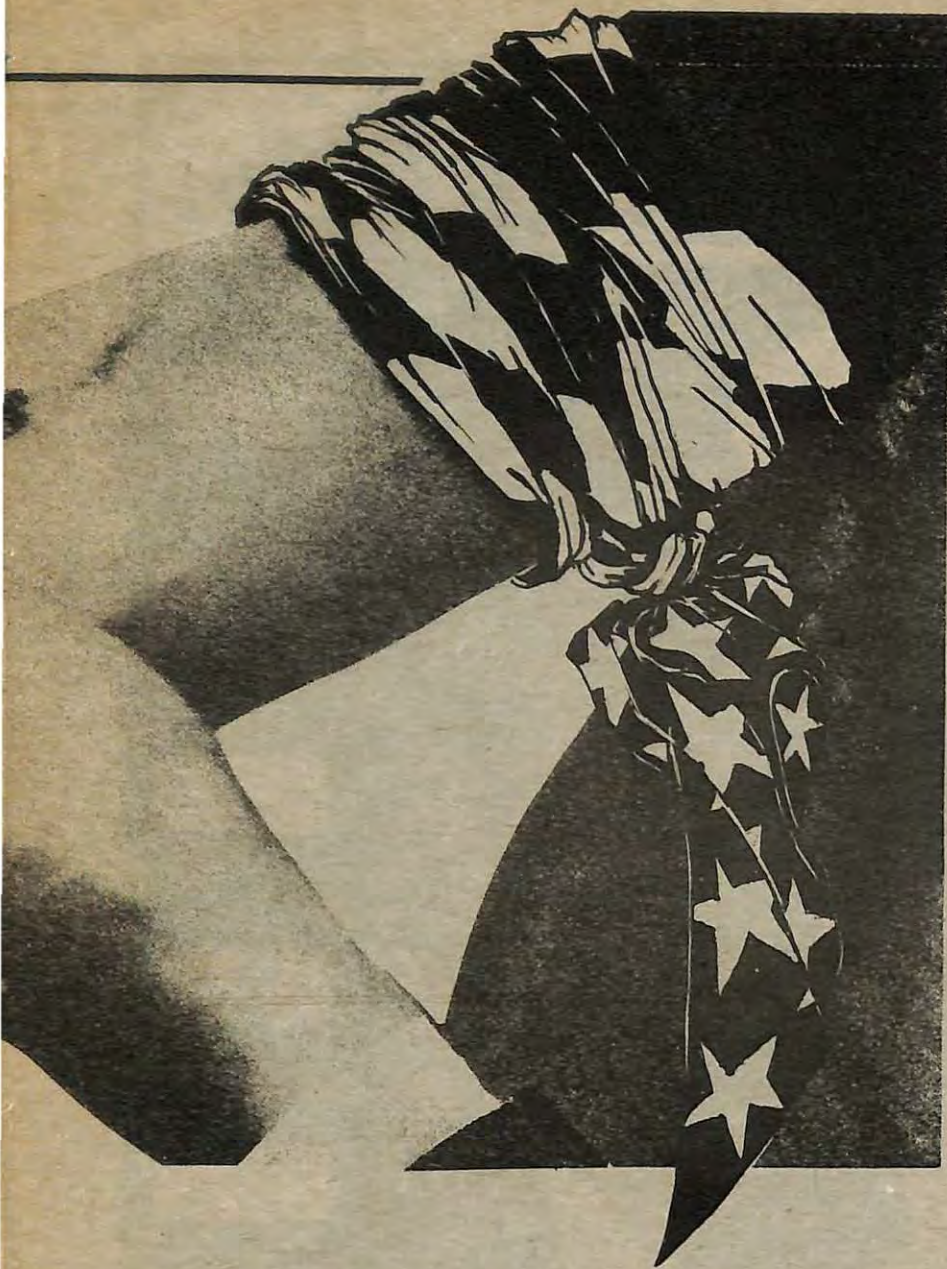
throughout the world, and we aren't going to be cannonfodder for either the Republicans or the Democrats. What we need is world revolution, not world war."

Shortly before the Tour hit City Hall one youth said to this reporter, "We took the offensive today. They've got cops everywhere, but still we took the offensive. This should show people they aren't all-powerful." The War Chest Tour was truly a bold plan that very successfully ex-

ecuted a political piercing of the war-mongering preparations emanating from Dallas.

The Republican National Convention was painstakingly scripted down to the last detail. The collection of war horses on the official stage briskly went through their paces before a cheering, flagwaving claque of Wayne Newton and Anita

An Ame



American Fix

the charge that the American mainland itself is under direct military threat from forward Soviet bases in Cuba "that permit Soviet nuclear submarines to roam our coasts, that permit planes to fly reconnaissance missions over the eastern United States, and that permit Soviet electronic surveillance to monitor our telephone calls and our telegrams." This is the stuff that can be counted on to get the patriots' blood boiling.

Perhaps nothing made the central theme of the Convention more clear than did the ascension of Barry Goldwater to the podium after twenty years in the political shadows. Clearly in 1984 the times had caught up with Goldwater. To thunderous ovation he opened with his 1964 battle cry, "Extremism in defense of liberty is no vice!" and built up to a call for the willingness to "sacrifice, struggle and die for the ideal of liberty." In a follow-up interview on TV he continued explicitly: "Some people would say 'what's wrong with saying you're going to bomb the Soviet Union?' They wanna bomb us."

The pretense of this prewar war rally in Dallas was, let's remember, partisan politics. All sides echo Reagan's claim that the two bourgeois tickets present "the clearest political choice in half a century." So it can be legitimately asked: where exactly is this head-to-head confrontation? This week, while the leadership of the Republicans proclaimed more openly than ever before its intent to chart a course directly to global nuclear war, the leaders of the Democrats muddled around in the world of budget deficits, the problems of Iowa farmers, and its own internal campaign problems. To listen to Mondale, Reagan's series of belligerent challenges to the Soviet Union

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Bryant clones.

Following the charge led by Walter "valium" Mondale and Geraldine "law and order" Ferraro at the Democratic Convention in San Francisco to firmly establish the desire and ability of the Democrats to lead the way to World War 3, the Republicans came out swinging. This was not intended to be a sedative. This was an injection of amphetamines into mainline U.S.A., a massive dose

designed to quicken the march toward Ground Zero. A Dallas reporter partially hit the mood when he approvingly noted "everything is booming but the gun." If he had added nukes, it would have been complete.

The sideshows enacted to complement this drama were intended to be equally orchestrated and equally constrained by the exigencies of an empire preparing for war. A menagerie of one of the largest

ensembles of reactionaries since John Wayne's funeral, rallying "pro Reagan"; and a humble collection of just-plain-folks, demonstrating "anti Reagan." On one side slither about the likes of "The World Association of Iranian Monarchist Students" and "Concerned Christians for Reagan"; the loyal opposition countered by fanning throughout Dallas neighborhoods registering voters, and gathering together occasionally to vow they were "not gonna take it anymore."

Monday: ACORN (the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now), which had bused in people from numerous states for the weekend and had set up a tent city near the Trinity River, broke camps. Their plans all along were to carry out voter registration that would, in the words of the *Guardian*, "demonstrate the grassroots strength and political power of the victims of the Reagan administration." It was well known that they intended to leave exactly as the Republican Convention began, but still their pulling out was seized on by media pundits to proclaim the failure and impotence of any effort to fight or derail the imperial juggernaut. A feature article in the *Dallas Times-Herald* on Tuesday morning proclaimed that, "Whatever else this Republican Convention proves to be, it can be said to mark the end of the age of political protest."

What these bourgeois hacks continue to cover up is that a politics that goes far beyond mere protest is being taken up, and taken out to the streets for political battle by an important section of youth. Even as the loyal left proceeded to the Convention Center on Monday morning, with their wheelbarrows of voter registration cards in tow, the stirrings of an altogether different type of activity were felt. A contingent of RCYBers in the march, in town only a few hours, began chanting, "Heads They Win, Tails You Lose, Glad We Got The Right to Choose," and some nearby youths joined in. A small group of youths from Austin broke into singing *The Internationale*. These forces linked up and set out throughout downtown Dallas, distributing revolutionary literature to the youths lining the street. It was an important beginning in piercing through the bourgeois reformism that had, thus far, dominated the proceedings.

Later, a group of about 40 youths stayed up well into the night Monday, wrangling over the politics and tactics of further tearing the political struggle in Dallas out of the deadly realm of "Reaganism vs. Anti-Reaganism," and mounting a political battle that targets the entire imperialist setup, including the elections. Revolutionary communists, anarchists, Yuppies and others without as clearly delineated a political philosophy

took part in this discussion. There were some who were veterans of the demonstration at the Democratic Convention in San Francisco, and the Olympics in L.A., and others for whom this was their first political activity. Some—the Yuppies in particular—were part of the Freeze Reagan-Bush Coalition which was endorsed by various feminist and anti-nuke groups around the country and which had put out an "action calendar" including a call for the War Chest Tour. The approach to this discussion was serious. People were struggling to find the ways to expose and hit at the war preparations of the U.S., while retaining the flexibility to develop and change these plans as the overall situation in Dallas and the world developed.

The officially designated protest area in Dallas was designed to be under the gun. It was in a large, fenced-in parking lot. All the surrounding buildings were government buildings, and they were always packed with cops of all types constantly monitoring and photographing the events below. Daytime events in this enclosure were mercilessly subjected to the grueling August heat, as the temperatures got as high as 100°. A menacing assembly of foot and mounted police was stationed nearby in large numbers on the Convention Center grounds, and obvious plainclothes pigs gathered in knots in the crowd.

The "official protests" were feebly subservient throughout, precisely as anticipated. Political subservience to the enslaving electoral lie of bourgeois democracy was the point here. In a series of very boring rallies, in the tired drone of their chanting, in their efforts on August 19th to have the "country's largest single-day voter registration drive," the theme to their every activity was as monotonously stultifying as it is politically poisonous — "dump Reagan." The red, white and blue spirit infusing these "protests" was captured well by a speaker at Monday's rally at the Convention Center. "The Alliance for Justice has mobilized me, they've registered me to vote." The overriding fact of imminent world war looms closer than ever, the crudest jingoism is the currency, and as the bloated reaction gets puffed up and encourages the reactionary social base of imperialism to swagger in their war dance on prime time, nationwide TV, the "left" is offering — "anti-Reaganism." Perpetuating the idea that the madness of imperialism can be voted away is always an absurdity; the way some of these forces on the "left" are doing it now amounts to aiding and abetting in imperialism's most

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wasn't in the least bit controversial...

Ferraro, momentarily freed from the snarls of financial exposures, announced that she was back on the campaign trail, "back to the real issues." And what were these real issues? On a quick trip to New York, she embraced the American Federation of Teachers leader Albert Shanker, notorious for his Zionist and racist policies, and used the podium to hammer home her theme of...the need to raise taxes.

This is the perfect responsible opposition! While the Democrats cannot disagree on the critical issue of confronting the Soviets, they can snipe at lesser problems and raise certain bread-and-butter issues. Is it any wonder that Reagan, in his acceptance speech, can heap praise on Democrats past, like Truman, Humphrey and Scoop Jackson?

Meanwhile, the Republicans wound up their show with the coronation of Reagan himself. In a speech that plucked every harp string of patriotic symbolism, and featured a few required phrases about striving for world peace, what really got the faithful worked up was Reagan's declaration that "not an inch of soil has been lost to the Communists" during his term.

A slick package has been worked up to sell Reagan. This is a simple man, not burdened by intelligence. But one who will stubbornly trust in America and, especially, one who will lead it to conquer its enemy. It is a fine role model for all those who will be asked to die for imperialism. □

The Other Side

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monstrous of crimes.

An organizer for the official Dallas "protest" put it this way. "We're just Joe Average citizen in our concern for the direction America is taking," and common liberals have the nerve to wonder, "How could the German people have allowed such things to happen..."

Tuesday night at the protest ghetto was not Joe Average's night. Things began when a rowdy group of youths confronted the ex-SAVAK agents and other butchers from Iran who choose to align themselves with Iran's dead and deposed monarch, who had been coming on buses for their repulsive assembly every day. An RCYB member spoke, exposing the links between the prewar re-coronation of Ronald Reagan and these masters of death and torture who piously claimed that "constitutional monarchy is the only answer to bring stability to the Gulf." When the agitation would stop for a moment, chants of "Death to Khomeini, Death to the Shah" and "Down With U.S. Peacekeeping In the Persian Gulf" were taken up. The ex-generals and SAVAK agents shot back with a devastating "Shame on you," feeling secure behind the rows of wooden horses, Guardian Angels and Dallas police there to protect them.

Tuesday night was also "Rock Against Reagan." Many of the performers, and certainly much of the audience that eventually swelled to several thousand, clearly felt that there was more than Reagan to rock against, though opinions on what that meant were quite varied. A Dallas group called "Church of the Sub-Genius" satirized Mondale and Reagan, and one of their members, an ordinary looking fellow who introduced

himself as the Church Reverend from Little Rock, mockingly preached that "People call me a reactionary, and it's true, I react so bad that my blood will flow in the streets everytime I see a communist or anarchist burning the American flag — and I'm not able to join them. I get mad when I hear of people who are attacking this country, and I'm not a part of it."

Throughout the night more youth kept pouring in, many from Dallas, many coming from places such as Baton Rouge and Austin, and as far away as Wisconsin and Washington state. Black youths from Dallas were also coming in to check out the proceedings in fairly substantial numbers. Several of them were still in their McDonald's or Jack In The Box uniforms, and one of these youths was heard to say "I don't give a damn if I do lose my job, I'm checking this out."

Events took a turn toward the surreal when a parade of about 500 incense- and candle-burning Moonies made their way past the crowd. They were jeered and taunted by youths, who shouted things like "Don't call me brainwashed. Someone scrubbed your brain till there's nothing left." Soon after the zombies paraded by in a procession that appeared to be set in 800 A.D., a reggae band called Moja Nya was hitting the stage with a song called "Rise Up."

During the course of the evening, quite a few Reagan supporters meandered through the crowd. Some were terrified delegates who had taken a wrong turn somewhere, others were arrogant YAFers (Young Americans For Freedom) in blue blazers who came to scoff. Few, however, were so accommodating as the trio of rednecks who ambled in at the end of the Moja Nya set. They were all carrying cardboard placards with "Reagan/Bush" on one side and an American flag on the other. Easily available, highly combustible flags! The fun started when a neatly dressed young woman politely asked one of the cowboys for a placard. He complied, and, holding with the flag side right in his face, she tore it to shreds. Very shortly afterwards, flagburning ceremonies were taking place at a half-dozen locations in the parking lot. One of these was saved however. Near the end of the night a youth took the stage to announce Wednesday's War Chest Tour. Referring to a previous incident at the camping area,

he said that a friend of his had been arrested for "desecrating a venerated object" — shredding a flag. He pointed out that the people in the Convention Center were responsible for the death of millions, and plotting the death of millions more, but that is not a crime. Disrespect for the objects that sanctify that slaughter is a crime. He then boldly tore the flag to pieces, tossed the pieces to the crowd, and called on everyone to be at the War Chest Tour the next day.

The police made an effort to keep those they had arrested in jail through Thursday, the night of Reagan's re-coronation by the Republicans. It was a clear case of "preventative detention" — even the charges and bail people were being hit with were in many cases not disclosed until well into Thursday. The people remaining in Tent City were subjected to constant surveillance and harassment, and were often followed around by squads of pigs in full riot gear. One of the pigs threatened a youth, vowing that "yesterday was your day — today is our day."

The authorities in Dallas and beyond were stunned by the political straight-arm the youth had delivered. All the various media hacks in Dallas tried to outdo each other in slandering the War Chest Tour and the youth, portraying Wednesday's actions as "mindless violence." Quite the opposite was the truth, however. It was precisely the political *consciousness* manifested in the Tour, and the consciousness of the youth who had waged a determined struggle to launch actions that targeted the war moves of U.S. imperialism and its two principal political parties, that was causing such consternation among the respectable guards of imperial order.

While so many of the youth were in jail, some of the small group remaining thrashed out the most appropriate way to conclude the Republican Convention. For these youth, it was definitely a question of rising to the occasion in the face of counterrevolutionary attacks and persevering to make new advances. Some focused their attention on getting jailed friends and comrades back on the streets so they could be part of what the "action calendar," put out by the Freeze Reagan-Bush Coalition, called "our surprise

finale." Others put the finishing touches on the preparation of that finale.

By 9:30 Thursday night most of the activity in the "special event area," or "protest ghetto," had ended. The struggle mounted by the rebel youth in Dallas was not yet complete, though. A youth read a statement. It said, in part, "We'd like to announce the final Olympic event, which should have been held in L.A., but they missed it. It's the Olympic 'missile' toss. Since this Convention is definitely continuing along the same lines as the Olympics, we are going to follow the lead of the President. We are pleased to announce to the people of the world that we are going to declare imperialism illegal, at which point we will commence the Olympic 'missile' toss."

Two young women punks from Dallas came running up to this reporter. "Where's the 'missile' toss?" one asked. "I had to work during the march yesterday, and I'm not going to miss this." Inside the "special event area," about a dozen red, white and blue mock warheads were in position on a truck platform. At 10 p.m., as a crowd of about 200 gathered, the youths flexed their muscles and got ready for the toss. A countdown began. A young punk shouted "Nuclear war is hereby declared! You are illegal!" To the yells and applause of the audience, the papier-mâché "missiles" arched over the fence built to keep out the youth, and rained down inside the Convention Center grounds where the Republicans were cheering Reagan's speech.

In the face of the massive and ugly display of police force gathered in Dallas, in the teeth of the chauvinist frenzy whipped up inside and outside the Convention Center, this night and the day before certainly did not "belong to the police," or the imperialists they serve. These days of revolutionary political battle were fought for, and in unity with, the proletariat and oppressed of the world. □

CORRECTION

In last week's *RW*, in the article on page 6 entitled "Proletarians March," there was a transcription error in the first paragraph of the article. The phrase in Spanish for "Uncle Alligator" should read: "Tío Caimán."

He Tells Her Everything

I really meant it.



The Ordeal of Patricia Franklin

Over the last several years, one outrageous incident after another has come out revealing the policies and very concrete practices of the LAPD — and other L.A. area police agencies — towards women. A very cursory listing would have to include: the recent scandal in the LAPD Hollywood Division concerning the participation of on-duty officers in "sex parties" since at least 1980 (including one in the parking lot of the John Anson Ford theater); the firing of four Signal Hill cops following allegations of their having sex with a teenage Explorer Scout; the trial, acquittal, retrial and conviction of a California Highway Patrol officer for the rape and murder of a woman motorist along a desolate stretch of highway; and last summer's arrest of two LAPD Devonshire Division cops — who were later revealed to be running a prostitution ring — as they were about to drug, abduct and torture to death a North Hollywood woman in order to collect on the \$100,000 life insurance policy they'd taken out on her. So in light of all this, it's hardly surprising that the authorities have been so desperate to keep Patricia Franklin from telling the nightmarish story she revealed at an August 16 press conference in L.A.

Franklin, a Black woman who was working as a nurse's aide at the time, had been waiting for a bus at the corner of Figueroa and Florence on the evening of November 1, 1978, when an LAPD black-and-white unit pulled up and demanded her ID. She didn't have any, and the cops told her to get in the car. When she started to comply, she was pushed into the back seat and blindfolded. One pig forced himself on her while his partner drove them to a house. "You're right on time," a male voice greeted them when they arrived. "Always am," one of her abductors replied. Then, for the next eight hours, she was repeatedly raped and sexually abused by at least four men. When the attack was over she was warned not to tell anyone, or "they'd kill my children and...they'd kill me." They

then dumped her on a freeway off-ramp — in a state of shock — to wander aimlessly for hours in the middle of the night.

That was just the start of Patricia Franklin's nightmare. The very next day, shortly after she and her lawyer Lenita Gibson reported the kidnapping and repeated assaults, LAPD Commander Booth said that a police investigation has already "totally and thoroughly eliminated officer Norman Nelson (the only assailant Franklin was able to identify because of being blindfolded — *RW*) as having anything to do with Patricia Franklin." After the recent August 16 press conference, LAPD spokesperson Lt. Cooke said that Booth's original statement still stands. In fact, the August 17 issue of the *Herald Examiner* reported that Franklin has "thus far been unable to convince officials that she was molested." This despite the fact that Franklin had gone to a Torrance hospital the same morning she was dumped off by the LAPD pigs and was given a medical examination at the hospital as well as being interviewed by Torrance police.

Contrary to the above police statements, an ACLU staff attorney who is working on the case has said that an initial LAPD Internal Affairs investigation had narrowed the suspects to eight officers, including Nelson. Then the investigation was dropped and the cop who had begun the investigation was transferred out of Internal Affairs. Franklin and her attorney Gibson charged that the

police department obstructed the internal investigation and covered up the rapes so that no criminal trial would ensue — and, of course, none ever did. Now, the statute of limitations has passed. Thus, despite evidence identifying and proving the guilt of Nelson and his partner being brought to light, no criminal charges will be brought against them.

Patricia Franklin's only legal recourse, then, was to file a civil suit against the police. The authorities have moved to stop the civil suit as well through an ongoing campaign of threat and terror which has been waged against Franklin in an attempt to silence her. Objects have been thrown through the windows of her attorney's home on two occasions, and Franklin herself was stopped by cops on her way to the store and told she'd never make it to court just a couple of days before her court date in a civil suit against the police. The continued threats and attacks have forced her to live virtually in hiding, moving from family to family in fear of police retaliation, for the last five and one half years. She was late getting to the press conference, in fact, because she had to pass a group of L.A. police cars to get to the ACLU office where the conference was held.

But despite all this, Patricia Franklin has refused to remain silent. A civil trial suing Nelson, the three unidentified attackers and the Los Angeles Police Department resulted in a hung jury on May 1st; a second trial is set to begin November 5.

That a woman would persist, despite such threats and suffering, in her attempts to expose these crimes has astounded more than just the L.A. pigs. The press conference was well attended by reporters (though the *Herald Examiner* and the Spanish language *La Opinión* were the only newspapers to print stories on it), and a pretty consistent response to her tales of terror were, "Why do you persist in this trial?" "Why do you insist on going on with this?" and, from Channel 7 TV, "Who convinced you or forced you to come forward?" You could almost hear them asking, *haven't you learned your lesson yet?*

Her lawyer responded to this saying that she advised her to come forward because she and her children would be in less danger if the public understood what was happening. "She's in danger and the danger didn't start with this press conference. The danger started the day that she made the decision back in November 1978 that she was not going to allow men to pick her up on the street and do the terrible things they did to her without reporting it, because she has daughters. . . . I am a woman too and I am grateful that Patricia Franklin has had the nerve and the strength to come forward."

Before this incident, Franklin said that she had always looked upon the police as protectors — in fact, she clearly remembers looking at the words "To Protect and to Serve" emblazoned on the side of the police cruiser before she decided to obey the cops' order to get into the car. But Franklin's subsequent experiences, so like that of countless other women at the hands of imperialist "peacekeepers," serves to reveal the vicious social relations the proud bearers of that motto do indeed protect and serve. How revealing it is that Patricia Franklin could remember her nightmare beginning with LAPD officer Nelson, a Black cop, telling her, a Black woman, "Do what your people do best" as he assaulted her in the back seat of his car. □

The Well-Aimed Wit of Daley Thompson

In Shakespeare's *King Lear*, it is the character of the Fool who, as court jester, displays the firmest grasp on reality. Using an elliptical wit to circumvent the lies and hypocrisy which pervade the King's court, the Fool consistently cuts to the truth of the matter, the sting of his observations masked in the form of a wild and fanciful humor. Most of the play's characters, however, see only the Fool's humor and miss the point — all of which contributes to the tragedy of Lear's fate.

The barbed humor of Daley Thompson, winner of the Decathlon in the 1984 Olympic Games (as well as at Moscow in 1980), on the other hand constitutes some joy to the proletariat. While the press accorded the role of light-hearted jester to Thompson during the Games, a look at his comments — many of which were not carried broadly in the U.S. media — shows that he is nobody's Fool. In an Olympics marked by the nauseating, abject reverence of many athletes (certainly those given the widest exposure) to God and Country, Thompson stands out as one athlete who irrepressibly subjected some aspects of the chauvinist circus to a pointed ridicule. And while his wit didn't

rise to the political level of past Olympic protests, Thompson's actions contrast sharply to the behavior of Carl Lewis and other such "representatives of the oppressed."

Thompson made deliberate and brilliant use of the TV and other media, methods which could certainly be learned from. One high point came after his magnificent winning Decathlon performance. After completing the final event, Thompson, of course, had the attention of every TV camera; within a few moments Thompson had jogged over to someone waiting in the crowd with a special T-shirt which he donned. It read on the front: "Thanks America for good games and a great time." Close-ups lovingly dwelt on what appeared to be yet another tribute to the USA. . . . suddenly Thompson whirled around to display another message in a giant TV close-up on the back of the shirt: "But what about the TV coverage?"

ABC, incidentally, took immediate steps to counter the disruption, and in so doing made yet another grand contribution to the "Tell Us the Media Doesn't Lie" Department. Jim McKay came on

the screen and declared "Did you see the front side of his shirt?" and repeated the front-side message without mentioning the back. McKay's phrasing makes it clear that he knew very well about the reverse-side message — and censored it.

Then, at the press conference which followed the Decathlon triumph, Thompson found an opportunity to thumb his nose at the disgustingly omnipresent Family-God-and-Country worship at these Olympics. Princess Anne had gone down to the track following the Decathlon victory; what had the Princess said to Thompson?

"She said I was a damn good-looking guy."

What were his future plans?

"I am going to settle down for a while, maybe have some kids, and grow up."

What did you say to Princess Anne, and if you are going to have children, who is going to be the mother?

"In answer to your second question, you have just mentioned the lady and she hopes they are white."

(Earlier, an ABC reporter had asked Thompson — whose father is Nigerian, and whose mother is Scottish — if he

"considered himself white." This surely ranks well among the most ludicrous, ignorant and demeaning questions asked of the athletes by ABC reporters. Thompson, who would certainly be "considered" Black by American and British society, responded with a bit of a Richard Pryor-ism, looking at the skin of his arm in mock horror as though he had just made a terrible discovery.)

Thompson's well-aimed barbs did not end with the press conference. One example deserving of mention is the American-style baseball cap he wore, with a message written in the top-center spot usually reserved for some corporate name or logo; "This space for hire" he had written, in a jibe at the exploitation of sports achievement.

In England, Thompson's actions were met with howls of indignation by the respectable British press. The *Guardian* wrote that Thompson had "smudged his reputation. He has also bewildered many people at the very moment they are extending their admiration and showing wonderment for the dedication and application he brings to the event." □

Supreme Court Wants ELF... Now

One of the last remaining legal obstacles to the completion of Project ELF, a communications link to nuclear-armed submarines, was unceremoniously bulldozed by the U.S. Supreme Court on August 16. No scholarly opinions or gems of legal wisdom accompanied the decision to go full steam ahead with ELF — just a simple rejection without comment by Justice John Paul Stevens of a request by state of Wisconsin and Marquette County, Michigan officials to halt construction. Because of extensive studies which link ELF (Extremely Low Frequency) radiation to damage to humans and to plant and animal life, a lower court had originally stopped construction of ELF by the U.S. Navy until an environmental impact study could be made. This decision was overturned in a

federal appellate court and, with the Supreme Court's refusal to hear the case, that still stands.

Under the circumstances the terse, "no comment" approach was the best option open to the Supreme Court. For if the justices had stated their real opinion on why ELF should not be delayed for another minute, it would probably go something like this: "Get serious, folks. Radiation emissions that might cause cancer 20 years down the road are no reason to interfere with a vital link in the U.S.'s ability to perpetrate a nuclear holocaust!"

At present, U.S. nuclear-armed submarines, particularly the most recent and deadly Trident/Delta subs, are key weapons in the U.S. arsenal with one sub carrying enough nuclear megatonnage to

unleash 2,000 Hiroshimas. Their mobility and potential to remain hidden in the deep seas are qualities which lend themselves not only to a first-strike capability but also to protracted nuclear war fighting. But the same advantages that make the subs potentially invulnerable also mean that present communication systems are inadequate to remain in contact with them. And here is where Project ELF, a giant antenna capable of sending out simple signals, is a partial resolution to this problem.

Since the U.S. Navy built its ELF Test Facility in Clam Lake, Wisconsin in 1969, opposition to the project has existed, first on an environmental basis and now largely on the basis of opposition to nuclear war. Taking Project ELF before the Supreme Court was the culmination

of a whole process of on the one hand "letting the voices of protest be heard" through endless suits and hearings, while on the other hand always moving ELF ahead like a steamroller — albeit through various delays and changes, including cosmetic name-changes for the project.

With its decision, the Supreme Court has snapped the book shut on this case, so to speak, and indicated that no further disruptions in the project's production schedule will be tolerated. An additional ELF facility near Marquette, Michigan, involving 71 miles of antenna to be linked with the Wisconsin site, is scheduled for completion in three years to strengthen the ELF signal. And, according to the current feverish pace of war preparations and war propaganda, the 1987 date is, for the imperialists, none too soon. □

Clash

Continued from page 5

view on this band. I would like to add that I consider myself to be a revolutionary artist and appreciate your offer and encouragement for correspondence.

First off, let's try to disregard the writer's fascination for The Clash ("The Clash represented by far the best in practice of the left upsurge that occurred in Britain and the U.S. among artists during the late seventies to early eighties") and ask ourselves just which upsurge or fashionable trend is it that the writer is referring to. I'm assuming that s/he is referring to what was known as punk and has now evolved into new-wave. Now, within that framework, why is it that The Clash are the best? Is it because they've sold tens of thousands of records and sold out concert tours across the U.S. and Britain? Or does the writer believe that out of all the rock bands that spew forth "left/progressive/social/radical" lyrics, since The Clash are highest on the charts they must therefore be the best?

Now let's ask ourselves just what is it that makes The Clash first and foremost a "truly great rock band." If we listen to the form of the band's music, we find that it's not fundamentally any different from hundreds of punk/new-wave bands from the '70s and '80s. Now how is it that this music is suddenly being called so great — certainly there is nothing new, let alone anywhere near revolutionary in the form of the music they play. They are, quite simply, another bass, drums and guitar garage band playing all too standard 2/4 and 4/4 time rock music. Again, I ask the writer — what was it that made them such a great rock group?

Now let's turn our attention for a moment to The Clash's audience, whom the writer claims were an advanced audience unleashed only by The Clash. Let's ask ourselves just how it was that The Clash got this audience (and a large one at that). Were these fans drawn by any kind of conscious search or desire for new music with a political message? Or did most of us get our chance to hear The Clash because they were signed, recorded and promoted by CBS Records? Just what is the nature of this audience that makes them so advanced? I've only been at two Clash concerts, and it seemed to me the majority of the audience seemed to be more concerned about displaying their new-wave hair styles and army fatigue fashions than paying attention to The Clash's lyrical message. It seems they've unleashed more of a clothes fashion than a politically advanced audience of listeners.

While The Clash did openly ally themselves with the left, maybe the writer can explain how they did this in a truly path-breaking way. Was this pathbreaking way to sign with a major record corporation (CBS) — the whole while denouncing that corporation and all that it stood for? Besides being blatantly hypocritical, I think that this was a politically naive strategy (which incidentally Mr. Strummer seems to be filled with — i.e., his support of Gary Hart and the British Labour Party). This strategy of affecting change by buying into bourgeois politics can be likened to the folly of electoral politics. Did The Clash really believe that they would decide when and where to tour, when and where to record, which songs would be played on the radio, how much their albums would sell for, and numerous other facets of their work which they lost control of by signing with CBS?

Perhaps had The Clash either put out their own work, or even signed with an independent label, they could have launched a real material attack on bourgeois culture (i.e., the major record labels). Consequently, and according to the writer's logic, since they were such a great rock band their music would have stood up on its own and they would have sold just as many albums in the long run — all the while strengthening the position of the independents.

While The Clash may be revolutionary poets — they can hardly be referred to as having created any revolutionary music. It seems that the writer has little or even no knowledge of any other musicians (es-

pecially outside of the U.S. or Britain) and the revolutionary stance they are taking and the paths that they are truly breaking. Just four examples of this would be:

1) Music against capitalism/Music for socialism — a collective formed in 1976.

2) Rock in Opposition — a European collective formed in 1978.

3) Plastic People of the Universe — a Czechoslovakian rock group that continues to perform despite the fact that various members have been jailed for practicing and performing revolutionary music in a "socialist" nation.

4) *OP* magazine — a publication devoted to all kinds of independent music in the interest of creating a network of artists in North America who are trying to facilitate each other's work.

It seems to me that the writer is making a huge blunder in her/his sincere and wholehearted support of The Clash as being the best in practice of the left. Just because one band writes revolutionary lyrics and then fits them into a form that is commercially tried and true and popularly accepted — and then because that gains a huge following — does not mean that they should be hailed and dogmatically followed. I think you ought to consider the truly revolutionary artists who are struggling throughout the world to smash this colorful culture of ours.

A reader from Cleveland

Dear RW Readers,

We are revolutionaries. We are also artists. We try to be revolutionary artists, that is, our goal is (and we *think* now that we are speaking for many artists including Joe Strummer) to do work that is of good artistic quality while at the same time giving expression to revolutionary ideas. This goal can become very complicated with people arguing in favor of either art or politics. Which should be primary? There is really no need for argument since there is no contradiction between the two. While in no way do we think that any art form can be more effective in agitation, propaganda or education for creating public opinion in favor of revolution than an educator or agitator, i.e., the RW, we do not see anything wrong with creating art that does exposure, creates debate or generally attempts to raise people's level of political consciousness. After all, if we believe that all art is a reflection of some class outlook, then shouldn't we make it clear where we stand? In reading the Joe Strummer interview we can understand his confusion on the role The Clash could and should play in raising consciousness especially but not limited to the whole cultural sphere. We too, as revolutionary artists, feel we "have a mission" to achieve a balance between art and politics and still remain good artists.

Kosmo Vinyl said "I think it's the music first" then we "got interested in trying to make it purposeful."

There are some examples of this balance of art and politics, in particular, reggae music is really great music that makes you want to dance yet speaks of fighting oppression and exploitation. Peter Tosh calls for people to "Get up, Stand up, Stand up for your rights." Strummer criticizes The Clash for imitating rather than influencing or being influenced by Black music. He calls it "cultural imperialism" and fails to really see how The Clash did influence the music scene broadly. The struggle on the cultural front takes many forms — we see nothing wrong with rebels from one place immersing themselves into another rebel's place. This is an expression of breaking down the walls between us rebels. If this is cultural imperialism then what gives Peter Tosh the right to do such a powerful re-make of the rock classic "Johnny B. Goode"?

By witnessing some backward reaction to Black music at Clash concerts, Strummer has become frustrated that The Clash's message is not getting through to everyone. He also thinks that the fault of this lies with the band and their music, that their message is not clear enough. Maybe the message was not as clear as he had intended but while not catering to the backward elements you have to expect and accept them along with the progressive elements. We should understand that the consciousness or lack of consciousness of the audience is *not* the

responsibility of the band or their music but that it has everything to do with objective conditions of the world today. Further, it is not the role of a band to educate people in revolutionary thought, that is the role of the party.

Strummer wants to express his ideas and he wants to "make it clear, but then again, if it's boring, you ain't gonna get through to anybody; if it's repulsive or if it's preachy, you ain't gonna get through to anybody. So there is always that high-wire act of attracting people and yet still having content. And that's really the challenge of a music with a message, getting the balance right between those two factors." This is a difficult challenge that we, as artists, share with Strummer. Since the impact of art or music is defined by the audience it is only through practice that we can expect to achieve this balance. It seems that Joe Strummer thinks that while the band was producing and being popularized for good music it was also being subtle with its messages. Now he thinks that the message has to be more blatant in order for the broadest audience to be able to understand what they are trying to say. We say go for it Joe, just so long as the music doesn't suffer — because when the political message becomes primary over the art or music then the piece ceases to be art and attempts to become dogma — we all hate dogma therefore it will never become popular and you will defeat your misdirected purpose anyway! So this leads to the next question, "Can anything with real content be top 40?" It doesn't seem that under imperialist rule that anything anti-imperialist will be that popularized. Even the stormier reggae music is not top 40. Popularization of art in this society is based on how artistically an artist can promote bourgeois ideological bullshit. The popularization of art in a revolutionary society will be based on how artistically an artist can give expression to revolutionary ideology, the level of which will depend on the people's level of revolutionary consciousness.

Impatient Artists

RW:

There is a strong tendency — in fact, it's an outright rule — among the youth, punk and other progressive artists to reject the word "art" when dealing with their creations and the artists they respect. The Clash's Joe Strummer, a first-rate artist, angrily insisted on a local radio station the last time he was here, "Don't call us artists!" I sometimes wonder if this isn't all related to the confusion generated directly by the bourgeois and its establishment around the definition of the word "art," as well as confusion around "good" and "bad" art — a confusion deeply intertwined with a basic, healthy and rebellious rejection of establishment art and its stifling grip of this cultural arena.

I began thinking of this after my partner (mate/lover/comrade) and I had a really dumb, hilarious (though not at the time) argument about — Lawrence Welk. Lawrence Welk??! My partner is an artist. And that memorable day my partner had described Welk as an artist. I gagged, caught my breath and entered the fray claws extended, voice shrill. I had mixed up my own definition of art with an idea that somehow all "real" art is "good," i.e., progressive, stimulating, exciting, possibly revolutionary. (What do you want from art, someone once asked Jean Cocteau. "Astonish me," he replied.) Art is a function of human consciousness put into practice by a group or individual which *entertains*. It can also uplift or enlighten, outrage or disgust, but mainly, it entertains. And like any other social function in a class society it is related to class structure in that each work of art reflects and propagates a worldview and class outlook — sometimes in a very complicated and confusing way, but some aspect or another of that will be primary. Entertainers — musicians, actors, painters, dancers, filmmakers, etc., etc. — are artists. Good or bad. Lawrence Welk (I am still gagging) is an artist. He stinks, he reeks of mediocrity, middle America, patriotism and senility, he is a joke, but he is also an artist.

Welcome to the ranks, Joe Strummer. There's nothing to be ashamed of, but there's nothing to be proud of either.

Your performance and your ability and your stand alone will determine what there is to be proud or ashamed of, not your category.

The most primitive groups of people create art. The Australian aborigines, once an unclothed, unhoused tribe of wanderers eking out a living in the Australian outback, create art. They did it firstly as a form of sympathetic magic: if I paint this symbol in the sand (and they are wonderful sand painters) a certain effect will be achieved, I will conquer the overwhelming forces of nature that I neither understand nor control and which brutally determine my life. But that goes quite quickly into entertainment, into the genuine emotional pleasure derived from either creating or observing a creation. There is a moment in Fred Schepisi's magnificent and lacerating film *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* when Jimmie, an aborigine brought up by missionaries and crushed between his own culture and the culture and brutal racism of the whites, is sitting outside on a cold night awaiting the birth of his first child. He has been excluded from the birth process by the whites. He is utterly alone. Finally he hears not the screams of his wife but the cry of the baby. He smiles, rises and does a little dance all by himself in the yard. I salute you, life, I salute you, my gods, I am utterly full of joy. A human being is a conscious being. Jimmie was not an artist, but he practiced art, like all of us. Mao said art is not life, life is "incomparably livelier and richer in content," but that "people are not satisfied with life alone and demand literature and art as well. Why? Because while both are beautiful, life as reflected in works of literature and art can and ought to be on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated..." A human being is a conscious being, and though Jimmie could never be an artist, given his oppression, he could dance for joy. Even if an artist must respond to the ugliness and hypocrisy of life around him with a fluorescent red mohawk and music that screams fury and disgust, not joy, he is creating something and that is a concentration of his own feelings and experience, and if it speaks to a universality of experience, something others have felt too, they will respond — he is entertaining them.

Stephen King, who writes very entertaining, often very progressive and sometimes excessively long-winded books, said in *Danse Macabre* that art — his own definition — is something that allows an audience to come out of it with more than when they went in. Not incorrect, but certainly a truncated definition, as well as somewhat demeaning to an audience, as if they were leeches on the body of the artist (given the excessive, and bourgeois-generated, idolatry of certain artists today, it is not a surprising definition, however). Art is more a giving thing on both sides. I also think that if the artist is "good" he will find an audience. I don't believe much in the "great artist in the garret" who automatically starves and dies unknown until after his death; it has happened, Van Gogh being an excruciating case in point, and it definitely does have to do with the bourgeoisie's stranglehold on culture. But if an artist has that universality of content with a profound understanding and ability of form, he is not necessarily a sell-out the minute he achieves fame. Besides all that, an audience often does not entirely grasp all of an artist's work — that was pointed out in The Clash interview (most recently in the RW). "Death Is a Star" is much higher art than "Shall I Stay Or Shall I Go"; how many of us, in fact, have caught on immediately (and with great joy) to "Go Straight to Hell, Boys" and never even noticed "Death Is a Star"? To reiterate, it is not the good or bad of the art that determines if it's art, nor is it whether or not the audience even sees it as art or "gets" it. The question is, does it entertain? Strummer's greatest impact is not as a general in the revolution, nor is Tosh's for all the particularities of the situation in Jamaica. Does their art answer our needs for something on a higher plane, something that concentrates some or much of our own experience, something that — and I tread dangerous ground here — ultimately fills us with a sort of dizzy joy? "Dizzy joy" because I can't think of any other way to describe my own feelings when I experience someone else's art (or even my

Continued on page 11

Stoney Burke is a radical street comedian who has worked various spots around the Bay Area and has developed a following on some college campuses, particularly U.C. Berkeley. During the Democratic Convention he appeared at the Livermore Action Group (LAG) rally and at a cultural event, the Counter Convention, which featured a number of comedians and other artists. In the last few years he has traveled to Europe and across the U.S., particularly visiting college campuses. He has been attacked by college administrations and police forces and thrown in jail for such high crimes as causing groups of people to laugh at the government, patriotism, and other reactionary obscenities.

On Monday, July 16, the first day of the Democratic Convention, he dressed up as Uncle Sam and got inside Moscone Center. When he began to do some exposure of the system, the Secret Service snatched him up and tried to have him locked up on grounds of insanity, using a little known law which allows authorities to hold anyone declared "crazy" by a single psychiatrist for up to 72 hours, with the victim allowed no contact with a lawyer, another doctor, or anyone else. In Stoney's case, he was able to convince the psychiatrist deciding his "case" that he was not "crazy," and he was then released.

The use of psychiatric charges as a tool of political repression has a long history in the U.S., and an article in the local press a week before the Convention indicated that this aspect of the repressive apparatus had been geared up for the Convention (and beyond), along with other police preparations. Activists from Network Against Psychiatric Assault (NAPA) had approached the Livermore Action Group, calling attention to this aspect of American justice and enlisting the cooperation of LAG in opposing the plans of authorities to lock up certain people with supposed "histories of mental instability."

Authorities in San Francisco are still patting themselves on the back for how well the police "handled" the Democratic Convention protests, and how marvelously democratic it all was. What the Secret Service did to Stoney Burke shows one way the authorities deal with those who go outside the framework of legitimate "protest."

The RW was able to interview Stoney after he got back on the streets. Here is the story of what happened inside the Convention:

S.B.: "Monday (the first day of the Democratic Convention—RW) I dressed up as Uncle Sam and I walked around for a while, and it just so happens I walked past a phone booth, and you know with the merger/breakup of AT&T, I guess they must have left one of the security passes for the Convention inside a phone booth, so I picked it up and walked inside the Convention. I walked around pretending I was Uncle Sam, kind of like wearing the enemy uniform. I stood up on a chair at one point and talked to people about 200 companies controlling two-

Stand-up Comic Stands Up To Democrats

thirds of the nation's wealth. The dynamics of capitalism are more than just voting — they are a whole lifestyle."

RW: What was it like inside the Convention?

S.B.: "It's kind of like walking into a Holiday Inn and seeing the kind of people who really feel comfortable with the biggest exploitative Disneyland trip that has ever been invented. It was flat! It was like a fern bar where these people are clinking glasses and tending to their interests. They were showing videos of Harry Truman, one of the most reactionary Democratic presidents of all time. The man who dropped the atomic bomb first. Sent all kinds of money to Europe along with repressive anti-leftist laws..."

"I had been there four hours. I knew that national TV went off at 8:00 p.m. and this was my historical time to make a symbolic protest. So about a quarter to eight I started to crank things out for about a minute. There were some people inside who knew me and started yelling 'all right Stoney!' It was like seeing a fresh breath of light, when you get up on the chair and start to really crank. People were listening to me, and I was right there in the middle of the police state. The thing is highly controlled. As you walk along, all you see are these granite-like blockheads, corporate heads with their eyeballs rolling from right to left trying to check you out and look in your eyeballs to see if you belong there. You have to give back these really cold corporate stares and then they kind of think you really belong there. If you do anything that looks creative or fun you really stick out. I just walked around and acted like them for a while."

RW: Isn't this what you had on: red striped pants with a blue jacket with stars on your lapel, a real Uncle Sam?

S.B.: "If you believe in the myth of America and you get socialized into it, what I was wearing goes right along with the whole thing. Of course you would have an Uncle Sam inside! After a while I couldn't stand it any more and had to get up on a chair and let it out... I said I believe in world peace and that we can really work it out without killing each other, and if we really want to find out how the country is really run we have to explore the avenues of the multi-trans-

national which drive around sucking up oil and other resources faster than we can put them back..."

"For me it was beautiful! When you know you're at the right place. I was really inspired that day. Earlier 80 people had gotten arrested for standing on the sidewalk. I said who am I to stand here with an opportunity to say something and not say it, me being inside the Convention, while they were in jail. So I stood up on the chair and felt real good. You get kind of high. I didn't use any swear words, I didn't point any fingers. I didn't call anybody scum or anything and it was really a sanitized version of what I do on the streets. I stood up on this chair in the Nevada delegation. This one guy came up and was mad: 'How dare you get up and speak, they are talking about Martin Luther King,' you know. I just told the guy, 'Oh, I'm sorry,' and I was really laughing at him. This was all in about the span of a minute. Time moved quick. I knew they were going to come out pretty quick and make a pretzel out of me..."

RW: What did the authorities say to you?

S.B.: "They said, 'Let's go, let's go.' So I started yelling, 'Free speech, free speech.' They turned my arm and told me to shut up so I kept yelling 'free speech,

free speech, free speech (choking noises).' They tried to interrogate me... this is important to get out. None of the media picked this up. There is a law called the 5150 and it's on the criminal code, the mental health code, which means that if they think you are a danger to yourself and others, they can put you away for 72 hours if a doctor says you are crazy. They wouldn't arrest me. That means I get no lawyer and no civil rights. Then I am way away from the whole thing. So finally the doctor said, 'I have to let you go. There is nothing wrong with you.' He said, 'Get out there, get out there man.'"

RW: The doctor said 'Get out there'?

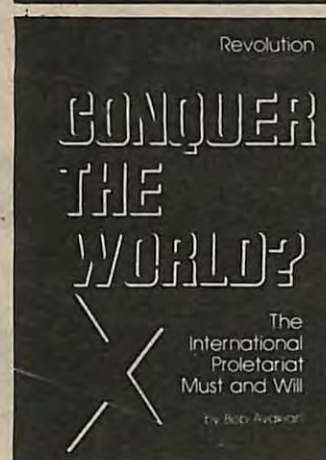
S.B.: "Well, he said, 'I can't say that you... I can't keep you here. What's this business about?' I ran it down to him and he said, 'OK, I'm going to call the Secret Service. Either they pick you up, or you're going back on the streets. You are not crazy.'"

RW: Do you have any comment on the fact that the U.S. talks so much about the Soviet Union using mental hospitals to shut political dissidents away?

S.B.: "You know, with the whole movement of things the U.S. has to compete with the Soviet Union on a lot of different levels including police tactics. That's a tactic they're going to use against the left in the future — committing people. If a doctor says you are crazy, and let me tell you doctors are cops too, that means they can drug you. It's a vicious thing to be able to put someone in a mental hospital for dissenting. It's a story that should be written..."

"When these people are doing these things to me it's just like a movie being played before my eyes. It's about something that could really be beautiful is caught in this little white room with Secret Service guys — for standing on a chair, standing on a chair."

"Sometimes it takes only a minute before they haul you away. They don't want that. And the news doesn't want that. The media says, 'Squash the story' and there is their history and people's history." □



This special issue of Revolution contains the full text of a talk given by Bob Avakian, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA. Three short excerpts from it were published in the Revolutionary Worker newspaper.

Its sections are:

- * Further historical perspectives on the first advances in seizing and exercising power—proletarian dictatorship—and embarking on the socialist road;
- * More on the proletarian revolution as a world process;
- * Leninism as the bridge;
- * Some summation of the Marxist-Leninist movement arising in the 1960's and the subjective factor in light of the present and developing situation and the conjuncture shaping up;
- * Some questions related to the line and work of our Party and our special internationalist responsibilities.

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Clash

Continued from page 10

own, now and then) and it answers that need, even the excruciating moment that brings on tears of rage. (I'm going into dangerous ground because I don't really want to debate the necessity or lack of it for a "cathartic" experience in art — a task Brecht took on mightily. Frankly, I tend to believe cathartic art is more a form than content, and just as valid as any other form. Debating whether or not that form must be followed seems to be about as smart as debating whether or not the paintings on the subway cars are art vs. the paintings in the MOMA. Of course they [all] are.)

Maybe some of this problem occurs because so much entertainment is not only reflective of a worldview that is putrid, but is also blatant escapism (there is a dialectic there). Again, let's throw out the rules. Escapism is not necessarily bad,

though it certainly often is. Let's face it, when we go into that wonderful dark theatre, settle down in the exact center seats with our feet up (hope nobody sits in front of me), popcorn in hand, we're not there to take on the problems of the world. But we do bring our world experience to the theatre, our whole lives and thoughts and prejudices. A lot of people were actually *not* entertained by *Indiana Jones*: Lavish sets can't hide bad acting, stupid writing, racism and a worldview that is openly reactionary. But others are entertained by that sort of movie, a lot of people. That doesn't mean all escapism is the worst thing imaginable and anathema to any progressive-minded person.

Another point: the individual artist, this culture and society being what it is, is often a pretty fucked up human being. Artists are no different from other human beings, but they are subject to some horrendous pressure including mind-boggling swings from total lack of recognition to idolatry. Joe Strummer rejects the image of the snotty artist "above it all" and rightly so. But for reasons which have to do more with place and time any individual occupies in this socie-

ty, sometimes some very fine and progressive art comes from some very confused and strange people. I have had the opportunity to meet a few of my "idols" and got hit smack in the face with the fact that they are not idols. Janis Joplin was depressing and sad; Carolyn Forché was beautiful and gentle, and told an audience that the very best thing they could do for El Salvador was vote Ronald Reagan out of office. Perfection of line and lifestyle is not the job of the artist. Brian DePalma, to take an extreme example, is a pretty misogynistic bastard, but *Carrie*, *Blow Out* and *Scarface* are very fine movies (now I know that will generate some response). And during the '60s we marched on People's Park to the strains of "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and "Street Fightin' Man." Two weeks later, the bodies having been cleared away, I heard an interview with Mick Jagger on the radio. In response to the question, "Why do you write this stuff?" Jagger replied, "If revolution is what they're buying, that's what I'm selling." I still like those two songs — can't help it. Jagger is a pig, but he's also a child of his times. This is not an apology for pigs. I do agree that an artist must ultimately

take responsibility for his work, but I also think that material reality is more important than individual hangups (actually, there is an interpenetration with material reality primary, but that's another set of notes...) and it is that reality that is going to determine an awful lot about someone's creations and an audience's response to them.

So. The "Yes, but it is Art" shit that permeates much of the establishment art scene is not a lot different from Joe Strummer's angry rejection of what looks like a presumptuous, holier-than-thou art and artist above the masses. "Art" ain't so special, Joe. It can stink. It can reflect a class viewpoint so putrid, so stultifying, so boring that no young, young-minded or progressive person can bear it. (Hi, Larry, how's the bubble machine?) And it can soar and take you with it, too —

By chance or escaping from misery by suddenness, or in answer to pain smoking in the dark cinema you could see the bad go down again.

And that's nothing to reject or be ashamed of.

M.
San Francisco

Hart miss a golden opportunity to catch Mondale

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Ronald Reagan's Magic

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-

Mondale caught Hart's

Margolis

LOS ANGELES—The Democratic campaign a ritual dance toward Mondale as Walter Mondale's presidential nomination seemed to acknowledge his claim by his manner, even giving it with his words. "He is the nominee," Mondale said, claiming 2,008 delegates, more than the 1,967 needed to win at the Democratic convention next month.

MONDALE
NOMINATED
HART

By ROY
alter Mondale in the presidential nomination race. Mondale, former Vice President and competitor, Galt, Mondale declared Thursday, May 31, 1984.

Politics '84

and talks of fairness and free and open debate. rolls down Jefferson.

Jack Dem
By Basil Talbott Jr.
riting from

CURRENT

Mondale But Under

Walter Mor

**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 student Reagan waves the flag at air academy

Armed Forces

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

CAMPAIGN

photographers for the Republican Party the spectacle on film and videotape, that Reagan thinks he, too, has the

increase so much our chance 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.

Black views of Jesse Jackson

The New York Times/CBS NEWS POLL

	Favorable	Unfavorable
Men	52%	19%
Women	50%	13%
	56%	13%
	57%	9%

and Political Divisions

Black Vote

ape to Politics in C

By FAY S. JOYCE

John Lewis of Atlanta, a veteran civil rights leader, who has worked with the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. "He's creating the historical man or black woman to be the president of the United States."

Democrat plan

Donn Korb... the Clinton... primary purpose... of a new... to prevent... the

TY EFFORT MADE

President Gain

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