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BLACKS & WHITE YOUTH VS. BRITISH COPS

# BRIXTON SHAKES

# A SINKING

# EMPIRE



Outside the Windsor Castle pub in Brixton police (far right) fall back under a hail of bricks and molotov cocktails.

Brixton, England. The predominantly Black ghetto of Brixton in south London has exploded in a massive rebellion against the police that is sending Britain's imperial rulers, from Whitehall to Downing Street, as well as the bourgeoisie internationally, reeling from the shockwaves. Brixton has been turned into a scorching battleground by hundreds of black West Indian youth in a righteous eruption of pent-up hatred for the savage national oppression they face, and in this revolt they have been joined by hundreds of white youth as well as other residents who live in this working class district. Together, in the flames that engulfed Railton Road—now known in Brixton as "the front line"—they are delivering a proletarian manifesto that will not soon be forgotten in England or around the world. And in the despicable attempts of the bourgeoisie to portray these events in Brixton as a "race riot," it is

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## May 1st, 1981

### INTERNATIONAL WORKERS DAY

# DOWN WITH THE OLD ORDER AND FIGHT TO BRING ALIVE THE NEW

# Tribunal Subpoenas a Dr. Strangelove

Dear Revolutionary Worker,

On April 8, 1981 the following "subpoena" was served in the name of the War Crimes Tribunal on Professor Barker as a representative of the UC Berkeley Livermore Lab where, in conjunction with UC at Los Alamos, every nuclear weapon in the U.S. arsenal has been developed:

### Text of the Subpoena

"To those who are involved in research and development at the Livermore Lab: the Mass Proletarian War Crimes Tribunal of U.S. imperialism summons you to appear at the war crimes tribunal which will open in the San Francisco Bay Area on April 24th, 1981, at the Women's Building, 3543 18th St., San Francisco, California. In particular you are called to testify at the hearing session on nuclear and other

weaponry from the A-bomb to the neutron bomb which include testimonies from survivors of the A-bombs dropped on the people of Japan in 1945 and also other victims of the products of the research and development in which Livermore Lab has led the way, and which has been used by the U.S. imperialists to try to exterminate, terrorize and intimidate these sections of humanity and which now threaten nuclear war. Today, as the rulers of this country carry on their criminal actions in El Salvador and elsewhere and prepare for even more foul deeds, the people of the world justly demand that those who have taken part in the development of these weapons appear before the tribunal and explain and defend their actions. Many scientists have over the years repudiated the unspeakable criminality that is concentrated in such weapons. We call on them to testify and help build the

tribunal and we challenge others who continue to support and take part in this activity to appear before the tribunal or be exposed as willing and conscious agents of imperialism."

We presented this demand to Mr. Barker at a debate on "counter force weapons" attended by several hundred. Barker was explaining why more nukes, particularly the MX, are needed to restrain the Russians while his opponents argued that the U.S. doesn't need the MX, but that if it was needed it should be debated.

We interrupted this criminal charade to serve the subpoena on Barker and pass out copies to the crowd. The mood of the evening changed; as one said later, "It was like a breath of fresh air." The moderator and a few others who said we shouldn't interrupt the debate were unable to rally support as the subpoena and the War Crimes Tribunal

became the focus of attention. Afterwards many people stopped to get extra leaflets and talk about the tribunals, including some of the organizers of the event who were themselves outraged at the terms of the debate.

Serving the subpoena focused a strong light on the monstrous crimes and complicity going on under the banner of academia. It challenged Barker and his colleagues to take their pontificating and arrogant posturing out of the sterility of such a "debate" and be confronted with the reality of testimony of people who survived the hideous results of their scientific research as well as progressive scientists who have repudiated the research and development of these nuclear gas ovens. This is to be one of the major sessions at the opening War Crimes Tribunal in San Francisco.

The Tribunal Subpoena Servers

## Mass Proletarian War Crimes Tribunals of U.S. Imperialism

The first of a series of mass hearings—with direct testimony from those who have first-hand experience and expert testimony from those who have researched and studied the questions—on U.S. imperialism's war crimes against the peoples of the world will begin this week in California:

### San Francisco Bay Area

Friday, April 24, 7-11 p.m.  
Saturday, April 25, Noon-5 p.m.; 7-11 p.m.  
Sunday, April 26, 1-5 p.m. 7-11 p.m.  
At the Women's Building  
3543 18th Street, San Francisco  
For further information call (415) 444-7664

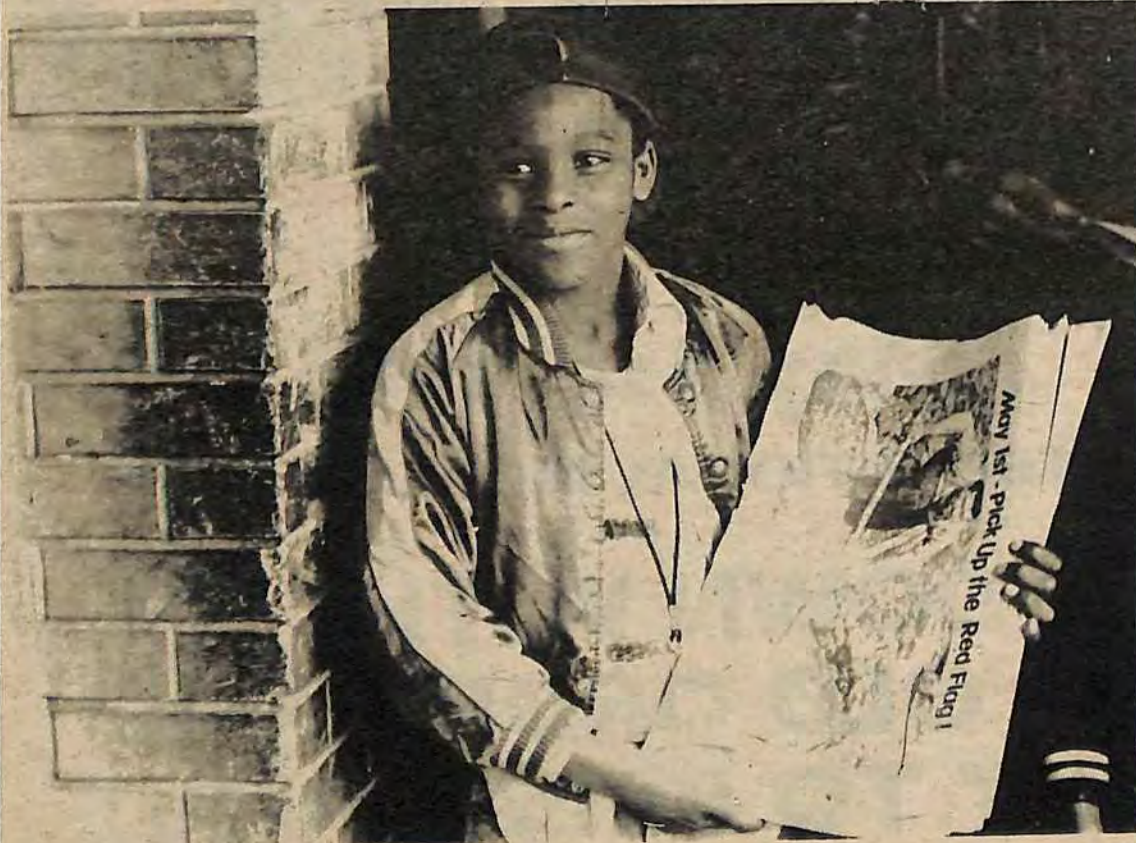
The next tribunal will be held in Los Angeles.

To participate in the tribunals contact:  
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# Wherever the Masses of People Are in Revolt the Red Flag Must Be Raised!

Why is it so important that the class-conscious section of the proletariat, together with the most revolutionary-minded from society more generally, raise the red flag boldly on May 1st and take actions this year that are as imposing as possible in form and in their class-consciousness? Why is this so, despite the fact that, while there will be many people engaging in such action involved in various ways this May 1st, still this will be only a relatively small minority of U.S. society and, yes, the risks in many instances will be high? What is the importance and relationship of these actions by the advanced, revolutionary proletarians on May 1st to the growing outbreaks, protests and rebellions in this country and internationally that we're witnessing today?

From Miami to the anti-draft protests—in various spheres and in various ways, with many different class forces involved—protests are mounting within the U.S. against this system and its outrages. Broader forces are involved than even a year ago, with today movements around El Salvador and Atlanta assuming a truly mass character. The revolutionary movement has advanced on a world scale as struggles on every continent continue to shake imperialists of all stripes. Minor crises of the imperialist system appear with increasing frequency; there are sudden minor leaps in the situation and the workings of the imperialist system itself thrusts many into political life. As Lenin pointed out, "Every minor crisis... disclosed to us in miniature the elements, the rudiments of the battles that will inevitably take place on a large scale during a big crisis." The represent in embryo what the revolutionary situation of tomorrow will be.

While overall the situation is not a revolutionary one in this country, hundreds of thousands are today being drawn into active political life in some form and the events of the world are jolting many times that number awake.

These protests and rebellions are an important part of the overall objective situation facing the Party and all class-conscious proletarians. They do not relieve the advanced forces of the responsibility of taking an advanced position—of leading—but rather pose

new, higher tasks in leading all this forward as part of a common revolutionary solution. To understand fully what to do in relation to these outbreaks requires a clear grasp of their origin. They stem from some of the sharpest contradictions of the imperialist system and in turn they react back on these same contradictions, contributing to their further intensification. They thrust forward on various levels fundamental questioning of the workings of this system and broad searching for the solutions to its madness. They bring forward new, advanced forms of struggle from the masses, which contain the seeds of even higher forms. But even the most resolute mass struggle does not reveal the full extent of the crisis or the road forward. Even as the imperialists bare their fangs, the depth of their rot and decay is not so immediately apparent.

## Historic Conjunction

Imperialism, capitalism in its most dying, decadent phase is in severe crisis. Today all its contradictions are gathering up into a single knot soon to be cast on the scales of history. War—world war—and revolution are the terms shaping up on a global scale. We can see the signs of it more clearly today from Central America to Poland to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan to the U.S.-instigated Iraqi invasion of Iran. As Bob Avakian wrote last year in "Coming From Behind to Make Revolution": "There is indeed the possibility that we may be approaching such extraordinary times, such a rare historical moment, when all the strengths of the system and the ruling class are turned decisively into their opposite." And these contradictions are boiling up and posing such potential opportunities on a world-scale. In this country we are still in a period of preparation for revolution, though significantly punctuated by key outbreaks. In other parts of the world at this moment there are revolutionary upsurges, even situations now pregnant with revolutionary possibilities, although still on a global scale the full crescendo of this crisis of imperialism has not yet hit.

It is in this light that we must look at events like those going on today in El Salvador or Atlanta. And it is in this light, too, that we have to see the significance of the actions of the advanced, class-conscious proletarians, including on May 1st.

The situation in El Salvador gives one indication of what's shaping up. That country is rocking with revolutionary crisis—splits among the lackeys of imperialism over which superpower to serve as millions of the oppressed are rising up in struggle together with revolutionary upsurges around the world, willing to die to rid their country of the U.S.-backed butcher junta. Naked imperialist logic streams from the mouths of the decrepit U.S. statesmen. These dogs claim quite truthfully from the point of view of the needs of their imperialist gangster system that they must wage a war on the masses of El Salvador because they cannot afford to lose one more inch of their "sphere of influence" (read: empire) as their contention over the world with the equally imperialist Soviets intensifies.

In Atlanta, 24 murders of Black youth in a year and a half—all part and parcel of the systematic terror being perpetuated on the Black masses in this country. The imperialists remember well their nightmare of the '60s, when millions rose in rebellion against their "Great Society," shaking it to its foundation like never before. This time the overall situation for the U.S. rulers is sharper, more tenuous. They are driven to go to war with the Soviets and to win that war to survive. They fear their inability to contain the Black masses who they've enslaved, oppressed and abused for centuries. They know they have no significant crumbs to dole out; they sense that the ability of even their most loyal Toms and Kennedy-types to keep the masses in line is shaky. Thus they very directly (and also indirectly through their sick ideological poison) unleash this reign of terror. They know that oppression breeds resistance and in their growing crisis they cannot tolerate this. They must restore order and oppress further. But they are stuck here too. They can't eliminate the fact that oppression does breed resistance.

The attacks in El Salvador or in

Atlanta are not accidents or isolated phenomena. Hardly anyone thinks that any more. Neither do they represent some kind of a "throwback" to a reactionary past. This—and far more vast and ugly crimes—is the future imperialism is offering the masses of the whole world. These policies are not the product of a ruling class that has lost its mind temporarily and simply needs a mass movement to pressure it "back" to its senses. On the contrary, this is imperialism's forward motion. But it is also, and most importantly, imperialism showing what this motion gives rise to. The ferment, the mass movements here and internationally, the desperate maneuverings of the imperialists show in embryo what is developing. They contain clues to, indications of the imperialists' basic vulnerability and the classes and strata that will be taking part (in various ways) in the struggle to actually topple them.

Events like those in El Salvador and Atlanta are not occurring in a vacuum. They occur in a world already seething with revolutionary struggles. True, these struggles, including in the U.S., are not now at the heights they were in the '60s. But in more than a few countries around the world they are even above that level, and almost everywhere things are stirring. The attacks by the ruling classes, particularly the U.S. imperialists, do not represent, as some have said, the acts of a resurgent, increasingly powerful ruling class battering a movement caught on the defensive. Not at all. These are actions arising out of the weakness of imperialism, revealing its present vulnerability—and even more its future potential fatal weakness. In such a situation, for all class-conscious proletarians, for all who do see further and clearer, the urgency of action is all the more evident. One should always uphold and fight for the future, no matter what the immediate conditions. But particularly when the future begins to appear so imminently, so forcefully in our immediate situation, then such actions take on even greater significance.

There could be no better time than now for the proletarian revolutionary

Continued on page 17

## A Proposal for a Red Bridge

"Everywhere the modern overlords look, they must see the unmistakable sights and hear the unmistakable sounds of May First..." In every sphere of society, there are healthy stirrings of rebellion, protests against the dominant order, strivings in the midst of imperialism's decay to bring to birth new things. Armed with a sweeping vision of the revolutionary transformation of all society, training for and bringing closer the seizure of power that is absolutely required for such profound change, what new things can the revolutionary proletariat bring into being on May First 1981? What liberating transformations of present relations can we create now, so that May First is the most powerful manifesto for the future?

In the sphere of literature and art, a gulf exists between workers and artists, a gulf which exists quite "naturally". "Naturally" wage slaves have no business creating and criticizing art; "naturally" this must be left to those with leisure, "natural" talent, and "refined" taste; "naturally" wage slaves are not interested in or able to influence the kind of art which is produced and consumed; "naturally" this must be left to those with the financial resources to patronize and invest in the arts and reap the rewards; and "naturally" artists and workers won't have close ties because they don't run in the same circles and their conditions of life are too different.

"Naturally" artists, "geniuses" that they are, are not interested in learning

from their audience. And when revolutionary and progressive art, which is in itself a kind of rebellion and which helps to nourish rebellion, is attacked in all sorts of subtle and open ways by the bourgeoisie, "naturally" the artists are content to fight isolated and alone. After all, they are "lucky" not to work for wages. This gulf, which is most precious to the bourgeoisie, even exists between the class-conscious revolutionary proletarians and those artists who to one degree or another represent the oppressed on the stage. And that is a product of economism in the history of the revolutionary movement, with its contempt for the masses of all classes of oppressed, and its acceptance of the "natural" development of things.

Wouldn't it be fine if on May First

some further steps were taken to change the state of affairs? Right now, in many cities, plays by Brecht are being performed. Progressive and revolutionary artists are among those doing them. What if, on the evening of this day of revolutionary offensive, May First workers organized themselves to go see a Brecht play, to meet with the artists and discuss and criticize the performance in the spirit of daring to learn and daring to lead? (The initiative could come from either the artists or the workers.) Wouldn't this be a revolutionary new thing? Wouldn't it be one more way of saying that the bourgeoisie has no turf where the line of the proletariat will not attack all of tradition's chains? Down with the old order and fight to bring alive the new!

**EXCERPTS FROM "BARRICADES IN BERLIN"**

**SECURING A  
BASE AREA  
FOR MAY 1ST**

The following is an excerpt taken from the novel *Barricades in Berlin* by Klaus Neukrantz. *Barricades in Berlin* is a vivid and partisan story about the historic May Day battle in Berlin in 1929 where the workers fought for the right to march through the streets on May First, daring to take history into their hands, after the government had banned all demonstrations and sent their police to crush the struggle of the masses who fought back heroically. It focuses on the armed barricade defense of the Red Wedding district in Berlin, a proletarian base area. The government at that time was led by the Social Democratic Party which called itself

"Marxist" and "socialist" while viciously directing the full force of the government and its armed thugs against the communist-led workers in Berlin. These "socialists" were none other than the followers of Karl Kautsky, who broke with Lenin and the Bolshevik Party before World War I, choosing to adopt the slogan "Defense of the Fatherland" and descended into complete opportunism and betrayal of the proletariat, becoming a direct part of the German government. The passages below take place in the heart of the Red Wedding district as the armed defense against the police is beginning to take shape.

About three o'clock the loud singing of a demonstration coming from the Wisenstrasse into the Köslinerstrasse was heard; it was led by a young communist. Everybody ran down the alley to meet the demonstration. Again the windows flew open, again they shouted "Red Front!" and waved downwards with their flags. In military formation with closed ranks the marchers passed through the alley gathering more and more men and women as they went along.

Anna ran by the side of the demonstrators. She was thinking how curiously the demonstration changed at once the expression on the faces of the people in the alley. The nervous tension had vanished. All at once they felt themselves filled with a sense of a new conscious, confident power, through the steady rhythm of marching shoulder to shoulder.

For the first time in her life Anna felt, as she marched through the alley with these thousands, a strong wave of elation rising from her heart to her burning eyes. It was a deep inner feeling of happiness that almost dazzled her. This, she thought, is the cause of the sudden light in the ashen faces. And she was happy that she was now going through the same experience...

She had not noticed that the demonstration had reached the Reinickendorferstrasse and was now returning to the Wiesenstrasse. Only when the singing suddenly stopped and the people around her started to boo, to whistle and to shout: "Down with the murderers of workers!" did she see the police helmets glittering closely in front.

She was seized by fear, but not for herself—for the others, for all, for the comrades who were now picking up stones. Someone shouted: "Stand where you are, comrades!"

She was pushed to the front with the others. The calm light had vanished from the ashen faces. A piercing woman's voice shrieked from a window: "B-L-O-O-D-H-O-U-N-D-S!"

Like a torn gust of wind the shrill voice echoed above the heads of the masses. Out of the Reinickendorferstrasse, behind them, the long-drawn signal of a police van was heard. Somewhere, far away, she heard a thin, cutting voice: "Fire."

The young man in front of her turned round. The red spot in his buttonhole danced before her eyes. It became larger and larger. A red circle in mad rotation...

Peng...peng...peng...The quick firing of police pistols cracked straight into the masses.

"O—o—oo!" the worker before her

clasped his stomach and collapsed with a painful groan. A few yards further along, the pale hysterical face of a policeman appeared.

A stone tore the smooth, beardless skin, his helmet flew off. Funny—how light his hair was above his bleeding face. After that Anna could remember nothing.

The police stormed over her, onward. Bullets and batons cleared the street. Behind them dark forms of bodies in cramped positions, faces on the ground, were lying in the roadway. From under the stomach of the shot young man a thin streak of blood trickled into the grey dust. A few paces further on an unshaven face the colour of ashes stared with wide eyes into the blue sky. Foaming red bubbles burst from the open mouth. The blunted bullet getting him in the back had torn his lungs. One man tried to crawl to the side of the street with a shot knee. A child ran aimlessly and screaming across the street with a drooping hand, apparently broken. Someone was calling for an ambulance.

Four or five young workers carried the wounded carefully into a house. The colourless head of the man with the gurgling mouth hung backward. Three dark puddles remained on the empty street.

In the alley the police were running past the quickly locked-up doorways. Shots cracked between the high walls like the furious barking of mad dogs. The enemy was invisible, the street empty. Behind the dark windowpanes lay the dangerous, hated enemy. Under the helmets the faces were terror-stricken. Before them—behind them—above them—crouched the enemy. The reds were waiting—hundreds—thousands—the whole alley is full of them—the town...

Peng...peng...Trembling fingers automatically pulled triggers. The explosion makes a man feel strong and secure. As long as the shooting continues the grey faces of the enemy remain invisible. Only the flags remain—the accursed, hated red rags!

"Down with those rags!" an officer shouted. Volleys rang out on the flags. A split flagpole snapped. Like a shot man it hung against the wall.

"Away with the flags from the windows." Glass jingled, mortar spurted through the air. Suddenly—a howl of rage from a hundred voices. A huge flag had fallen on the street from the fourth floor. The young policeman who picked it up and began to tear it, grasped the back of his head with a scream. He had been hit by a sharp-cornered stone.

The inhabitants drew the tattered red flags into the windows, lest they fell into the hands of those blue devils below. But over the entrance to number 3 a small red flag was still shining from the first floor.

"Down with the rag!"

"Take the flag down!..."

Four, five of them shouted one after another. The windowpane crashed on the pavement in front of the house. But the red spot did not disappear from the grey wall. A soft wind raised the small four-cornered cloth and made it swell as if it were mocking at the powerless fountains of lead.

And suddenly something unexpected happened. Something that was more terrifying and dangerous for the police than anything else. A woman laughed! Somewhere as if in the thin air, a woman laughed. A short resounding burst of laughter, the expression of a provocative feeling of strength that was certain of victory. Like a bird the bright sound hung over the heads of the frightened policemen, then it died away and was gone.

All in the street had heard it, its echo resounded from the house fronts, climbed up the walls in the back yards, rang in the rooms and cellars, and all at

once the colourless faces of the proletarians became alive and strong again...Go on shooting...shoot, shoot, murder, kill...Whom do you think you are killing? Can you shoot our slums...our hunger...our diseases...our unemployment? You murderers of workers! Long live, Long live what you can never kill with revolvers or cannon: LONG LIVE THE VICTORY OF THE WORLD REVOLUTION!

And now the faces of the young policemen paled. The unknown, invisible woman who had laughed aroused a cowardly, paralysing fear. They started shooting again, madly, furiously, against the walls, into the dark windows, through bolted doors...

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An hour later, the police were drawn out of the alley, because of a large demonstration in the Reinickendorferstrasse. They were kept systematically busy in the more distant streets by the workers, and were thus kept away from the alley for a time.

The workers realised that the alley which had no side streets and only limited possibilities of escape through

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**BARRICADES in BERLIN**  
Klaus Neukrantz

Novel of armed class warfare  
May Day 1929

Communist-led workers battle police in the streets of Berlin—police acting on the orders of the Social Democratic government. The relation of the working class to the German Social Democrats is a central theme in this novel, which tells a lively and stirring story based on actual events.

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**WORKERS AND  
OPPRESSED PEOPLES OF  
THE WORLD UNITE!**  
May 1st, 1981  
INTERNATIONAL WORKERS DAY

# WE'RE PLANNING TO TAKE HISTORY INTO OUR HANDS



## correspondence on May 1st

*In response to the call in the March 27 issue of the Revolutionary Worker for class-conscious proletarians to initiate "broad discussion and concrete plans" for the most appropriate forms of struggle on May 1, 1981, the RW has received a good number of letters with a broad range of ideas for revolutionary activity on that day—revolutionary activity aimed at concretely implementing the slogans put forward for May Day: Take History Even More Firmly and Boldly Into Our Hands! Down With the Old Order and Fight to Bring Alive the New! While the particular ideas and suggestions in the letters printed below are not necessarily recommendations by the RW for forms of struggle on May First, they should even further fire the imagination and stimulate the formation of creative and above all bold plans for May 1, 1981. More is needed. Send correspondence to the RW right away—there's only 2 weeks till May Day!*

### Salvadoran Co-conspirator

In memory of Mario Martinez, a conscious revolutionary who devoted his life to the people of El Salvador and the liberation of mankind. Who died fighting against imperialism September 26, 1980:

May Day is very close. May Day is the day of the international revolutionary workers around the world. Being close to the proletarian day, exploited by the privileged bourgeoisie. Privileged—but not for much longer, because right now all over the world we have a revolutionary line that is leading us to liberation from imperialism—the line of Marx, Lenin and Mao. It will take us to the new society without class differences, a society commanded by the class-conscious proletarians.

May Day is the day to lift the red flag forever. The revisionists and opportunists know it—and are trembling. And May 1st will be the first surprise of the year for the imperialist bourgeoisie.

What does May Day mean to us? To me, as a revolutionary worker, it means an important leap in expanding our struggle against this system. In El Salvador I lived as many as 23 May Days, every single one showing great opportunities and signs of progress to the proletarian workers around the world. At the present time there have been some very beautiful, very significant developments all over the world. These advances, like in El Salvador, on the one hand, have been very bitter, sad, full of repression, killing, kidnapping, torturing, etc. But it did not stop us from getting stronger and more conscious in our struggle, and many more are rising in their millions all over the world.

So on May Day in the USA, like in the

rest of the world, we will raise the red banner of the revolutionary proletariat. It will show the whole world that in the USA there exists a party fighting to overthrow imperialism. Not just in the U.S., but worldwide. That's why this May First brings to my mind hopes that the time has come to demonstrate that we are united by one struggle to end all oppression—to destroy all imperialism, U.S., Soviet and any other kind. Now is the opportunity to take history in our hands. The hard way is just beginning now. We have to unite now to prepare for revolution ahead.

Long Live the RCP. Long Live the Revolutionary Movements All Over The World. Victory to the Guerrillas in El Salvador.

A Salvadoran Co-Conspirator of the Revolutionary Worker living in the U.S. and continuing to struggle to overthrow imperialism

### Salvadoran Youth

People have to take to the streets even if it's only for one day, to demand freedom even if it's only for one day, to shout and say what they feel, what they want—profound changes, then they can make it happen. Not by sending letters to the President but you can carry posters, paint slogans, well there's many ways of expressing yourself in a demonstration you know. In El Salvador the compañeros go shouting and everything. And if in reality the moment were to come where the authorities come to disperse the demonstration, we don't know what kind of trouble we would find, but faced with that situation we will see what we can do because neither can we remain with our arms crossed waiting for them to come to beat us. We have to defend ourselves, make them know, show them we are not cowards like they think. Like they killed compañero Damián García, well we're not going to wait until they do the same thing. If we have to take action before they do, we will do it even though it may cost us our lives later... We youth have to win this. So I think that well, yes we have some help from adults, and really it's not just something for us youth but if we youth have to do it, we will do it, and really, it's already being brought about and within a short time the final blow will be given!

17-year-old Salvadoran youth who was in jail and tortured when he was in El Salvador

### Watts

May First is a day that should be there throughout the world because it is a day for which the proletarian peoples of the world can feel complete. It reminds us that we have the ability to create revolution, to make the capitalistic system of class obsolete, to bring

the masses of people back to the front where they belong. (May Day is a day that all the working people should come out and support one way or another. Power to the people, Long live the Revolution...)

With May Day we should be in complete support of the peoples in Poland, Atlanta and Brixton District of London. People who know what the oppression of the imperialistic system is abound. Praise be with the young liberation fighters in El Salvador who have seen the capitalistic system deprive them of being human beings trying to live.

Signed,  
ex-member of the Black Liberation Army  
Watts

### Atlanta

When I was 12 years old, the teacher was talking to me about freedom. Mama had already told me about it. I told mama the principal was talking about freedom. This was during World War 2, when we were supposed to get iron and metal to fight for the country. We were living on welfare. I didn't even get lunch. Mama said, "Goddamn that shit, you tell them you ain't standing up for that flag. That flag ain't good enough to wipe a cat's ass. You can do what you want, but if I were you, I wouldn't stand up."

So I went to school. The auditorium was full. All the teachers and the principal were there. My class was the first one there, in the front row. I was nervous, this was my first experience. It seemed like it was hours and hours before all the kids got in there. The principal came out on the stage—she was always smiling. Since I learned so much about mama and the hard time she was having, I wondered what the principal was smiling about all the time. The first thing she said was, "Boys and girls, we're going to say a prayer, next we're going to salute the flag and then sing the national anthem." (I don't know that goddamn song—never learned it and am glad of it.) That's when I learned my first lesson. Everyone stood up when she said, "Rise up, please." I turned my head to my left and to my right and saw that everybody was already standing up. My classmate Betty said, "Stand up, stand up." The principal was staring straight at me. I was in the front row about 20 feet from her. She said, "Aren't you going to stand up and say the prayer?" My nervous voice said, "No." She said, "I can't hear you. Speak up. Are you sick?" I didn't say anything. My teacher came over and said, "Stand up," and told the principal I was hard of hearing. I still refused to stand up. She said, "You have to stand up." I said, "I don't have to and I'm not going to." The teacher backed away and went up on the stage to talk to the principal. Both of them came over to me and said, "What is the matter?" I was still sitting

down and the others were still standing. All this took about 15 minutes. The principal said, "Why are you refusing to stand up and say the prayer?" I told her, "The American flag is not real. The prayer is not real. The national anthem is not real." She said, "Why?" I said, "Because it ain't nothin' but a faker, faker, faker." I was looking her straight in the eye. I'd forgotten all about my nerve. I said, "Why is it that you have a good lunch when we don't have any? Why are we poor and you are not? Why are we fighting this war that's not ours? Why do you drive a nice automobile and we have to walk miles in the rain and snow to school to learn nothing?" This is what mama taught me the night before—we have a land of plenty, but nothing for the poor. That's what I told the teacher. The principal said, "Haven't you learned anything since you've been to school here?" I said, "Yeah." She said, "What have you learned?" I said, "I learned we steal from the poor and give to the rich people. I learned we robbed the land from the red man and got rich off of it. We robbed, we raped, we killed the red people. We got slaves here. Why do we mistreat negros? (We didn't say Black back then.) How come they are not like us? How come my negro friend can't come to school with me?" She said, "That's in the past." I said, "It is going on now. That's why we got World War 2. I refuse to stand up, because you are lying to us to begin with." The teacher said, "Where did you learn all this?" I said, "I learned this from my family, from my mama and the comrades." The teacher said, "That will be enough. Excuse yourself from the auditorium and go to your class." While I was walking out I turned my head and the principal wasn't smiling. I walked out straight home and the mess had just begun.

The principal and teacher came out to my house. Mama let them have it. Mama said, "When the time comes, you'll be damn good and glad to be part of the red revolution." That was the end of my school education. That was my first experience challenging this capitalistic society.

I was born here, raised here. I'm living here right now in the middle of this child-killing. Conditions are getting worse and worse and worse. Especially in the community and the children are afraid even of me. This is the most sick society in the whole universe. Not even the Roman Empire could compare with this. They tried to teach me and millions of others what a free country this is. The only cure that's ever going to happen, to cure the child murders, to cure the bloodthirsty, and to cure the racism—the only way is revolution.

On May Day, we should let the world know the time is now. That we cannot take any more of this shit.

Before May Day 1980, I was so depressed. No party to support. Nowhere

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# BRIXTON

Continued from page 1

possible to discern their profound horror in coming face to face with a portent of what the future has in store for them.

The week before the rebellion ignited, the London cops had begun to stage another in a long line of massive crackdown operations in Brixton, supposedly to "curb muggings, drug offenses and burglaries." Armed with Britain's notorious stop and search laws that allow arrests on the suspicion that a crime is about to be committed (popularly known as "sus laws"), the police swept through the community putting more than 1000 blacks up against the wall and making at least 100 arrests. It was the last straw for the people of Brixton—sick and tired of the occupation of their community by the cops, fed up with the endless string of harassment and abuse. On Friday, April 10, the pot began to boil as a crowd of about 100 youth scuffled briefly with police who were harassing them, injuring three of the pigs.

The following evening, the lid blew. As police stopped a black minicab driver, spreadeagled him against the car and tried to search his vehicle, a crowd of jeering youths gathered. When one youth was arrested, the others surrounded the cops and moved to free the busted brother. As the cops' radios began to crackle, hundreds of youth spilled into the streets hurling bricks at a line of advancing riot police cowering behind full length plastic shields and the lids of trash cans. A Special Patrol Group vehicle arriving with reinforcements was surrounded and attacked by black and white youth. As police attempted to advance, a petrol bomb sailed off the top of an adjacent apartment building, exploding in their midst and enveloping them in flames, sending three to the hospital. A youth dressed in camouflage fatigues dashed across the street pouring a trail of gasoline and setting fire to it as others lit pieces of wood from the flames and hurled them at the police lines. A fire engine sent to tackle the blazes that were breaking out all over was itself set upon and torched and dozens of police vans were similarly overturned and destroyed as youths dispersed and re-grouped throughout the night to launch further guerrilla-style attacks on the pigs. The battle of Brixton was on.

As we go to press, the masses in Brixton have waged unrelenting street warfare for 6 days and nights against the London police, hurling bricks, bottles and Molotov cocktails and giving far better than they have gotten. As one eyewitness put it, "they came in waves. There were mothers and children among them. . . . The police were just ineffective." The streets have been filled with scenes like the following, described by one reporter: "The view north up Railton Road was of an inferno. . . . Red hot debris dripped from a series of burning buildings. . . . Figures could be seen running through the smoke, hurling missiles at unseen police. . . . At 9 p.m. several police moved down Effra Road towards the center of the riot, many lacking riot shields and equipped only with plastic milk crates or wooden boxes to protect themselves. Within minutes there was a line of police officers sitting with bandaged heads on the curb beside a police first aid van. . . . As police began clearing the entrance to Coldharbour Lane, two milk bottles came flying out of the retreating groups. A police constable was carried away unconscious by four of his colleagues."

In all, close to 200 police have received their comeuppance, with dozens requiring hospitalization, as meanwhile hundreds of arrests have been made. Brixton resembles a combat zone from World War II with over a hundred buildings burned and smashed, millions of dollars worth of damage and the streets littered with the burned out hulks of police vehicles. As one black man interviewed on the run by TV

reporters angrily declared: "Until they realize that the people of Brixton will not be harassed, there's going to be more than bloodshed in Brixton, and all over England." In stark counterpoint to this remark were the shrill cries and hysterical expressions of shock and alarm emanating from the mouths of the bourgeoisie and reflected in the words of one commentator: "There was no remorse. . . with the implicit promise of more violence to come. One handsome and well-dressed woman only regretted that she had been home minding the children and not burning and looting!"

No sooner had the rebellion broken out than Britain's mummified Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher went on national TV to deplore the violence and screech that nothing justified the rioting "and I cannot condemn it too strongly. . . . It is totally and utterly wrong with all the ways of protest and demonstration and democratic methods that we have. . . . After all, we had much higher unemployment in the '30s and we didn't get this kind of behavior in any way!" Yes, Mrs. Thatcher, things are surely changing in the world, aren't they? The *London Times* whined similarly, with typical patronizing hypocrisy, "No amount of sympathy which might be felt for the unfortunate social and economic circumstances of the rioters should blind one to the unprovoked and vicious nature of the attacks on the police." The *Times'* sympathy for the British bourgeoisie's blue coated goons is truly touching, especially in light of the rabid and cowardly actions of the police. For example, the story of one woman who, along with her son and a group of youths, was herded into an alley by police, forced to lie down and then beaten severely with trash can lids, truncheons and flashlights.

Meanwhile, such democratic methods referred to by Thatcher were further invoked as 1000 Special Patrol elite riot cops were dispatched to seal off the defiant community and, in the words of Home Secretary William Whitelaw, to "do their duty to maintain the law on the streets of London." Whitelaw—whose name is quite appropriate considering his function as chief enforcer of the national oppression heaped daily upon Britain's blacks—then attempted to tour the still burning and rubble strewn community on Sunday afternoon ringed by a phalanx of police officers. He was greeted by hundreds of jeering residents who shouted, "Sieg Heil!", raised clenched fists defiantly into the air, and promptly proceeded to stone him right out of the area. As Whitelaw beat a hasty retreat, petrol bombs began to fly again as organizers called for the people to reassemble at Railton Road to continue the battle.

As the fighting showed no signs of abating, the shaken Whitelaw, along with a shocked British parliament, called for a national commission "to inquire urgently into the serious disorder in Brixton, and to report, with the power to make recommendations." This task was to be carried out by one Lord Scarman whose past activities on behalf of the British ruling class include the notorious investigation of the 1969 anti-British riots in Northern Ireland (described by the *London Times* as "a model of lucid analysis"). Indeed, the *Times* pointed out that the government has "become used to sending for Lord Scarman when faced with sensitive issues." The purpose of this "investigation" is, of course, to cool things out and provide a forum for the government to carry out further attacks. If there was any question about this, a *Times* editorial titled "There Must Be An Inquiry" made it perfectly clear: "Without suggesting that they had no right to be there, an independent inquiry could at least determine whether the police presence was insensitive in the circumstances. It could also pursue the allegations coming from the other side that political agitators were at work, some of them from outside the area." (Ah, the old outside agitators routine!—RW)



The scene on Railton Road, known in Brixton as "the front lines."

It would appear that the imperialists will be scratching their heads and investigating this one for a long time. They just don't seem to understand why it is that the masses of people keep rising up against their rule and these days rising up at an ever increasing rate. But it's really not that hard to understand. The roots of the rebellion in Brixton are deep and longstanding, originating out of British imperialism's domination of the West Indies, particularly Jamaica. West Indian blacks in Britain are direct descendants of African slaves who worked under the overseer's whip when Jamaica was one huge sugar plantation for the British slave-owners. In the 1950s, waves of immigrants began pouring into Britain, forced there in an effort to escape the deplorable conditions in their homelands whose economies had been stunted and distorted by decades of British imperialist domination (and increasingly after World War II by U.S. imperialism as it rapidly moved in to assume the position of dominant exploiter in many former British colonies). For many, their final destination was Brixton, two miles south of central London. Today there are over 60,000 blacks in Brixton, the largest concentration in all of Great Britain.

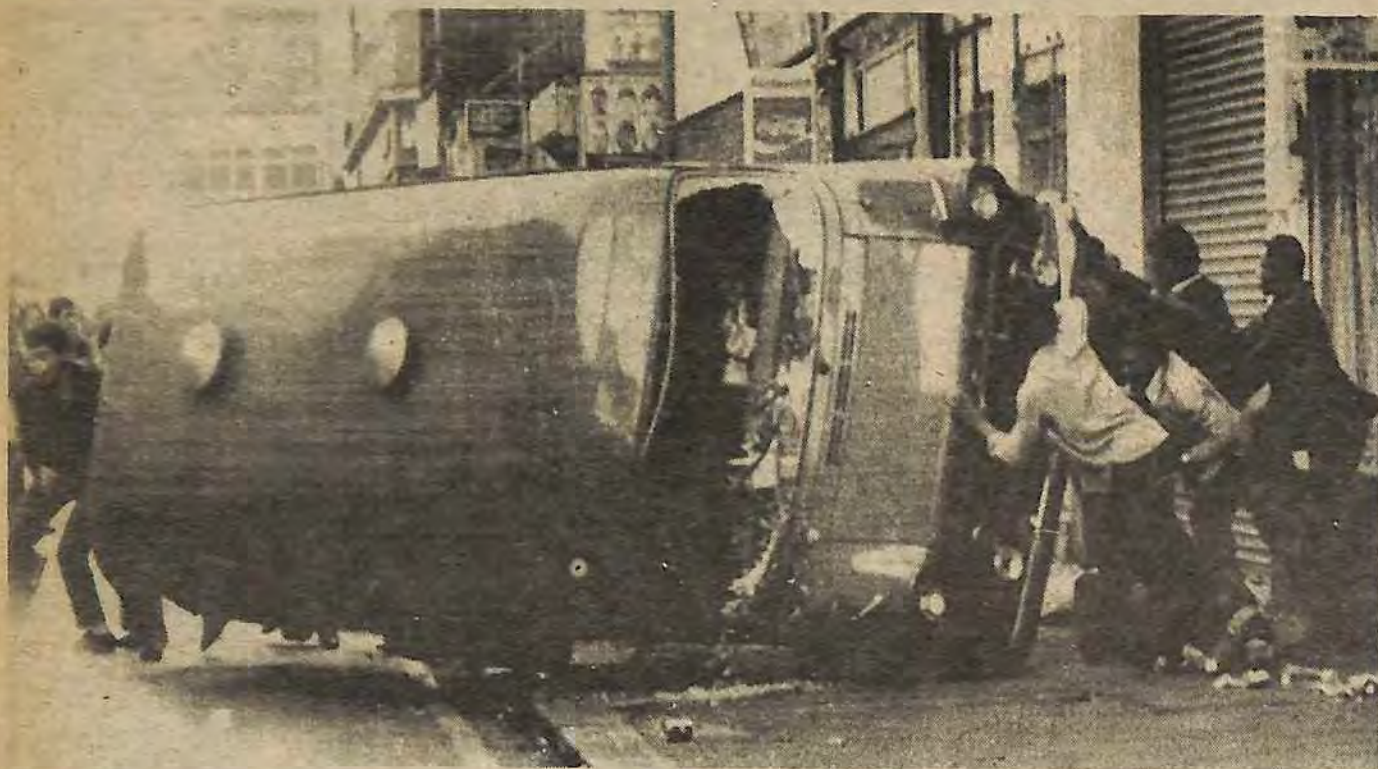
Packed into one of London's sprawling ghettos identical to others reserved for black Africans, Indians, Pakistanis, Asians and other immigrants from former British colonies, these West Indians quickly found that there was little difference between the horrible conditions at home they were trying to escape and the life reserved for them in the cold and austere bosom of the "mother country." The immigrants were forced into the most menial and lowest paying jobs, a fate no different than that reserved for colonial immigrants to any of the imperialist countries in western Europe or the U.S. In France, for example, during the '60s, one could not help but notice that all of the street-sweepers who cleaned the boulevards by hand were black Africans. As one liberal member of the British Parliament noted in 1968: "Every immigrant represents a store of capital. . . . Ask the Germans how they managed to win prosperity from the shambles of 1945. Hard work? Yes. But with a labour force strengthened by millions of immigrants. Germany lost the war and was paid reparations in human capital. . . ."

An essential feature of the whole imperialist set up has been the superexploitation of such immigrant populations, while maintaining the option of driving them from the country in times of crisis and high unemployment. Thus in order to squeeze the most out of their "human capital" from the West Indies, Britain's rulers kept them penned up in concentration camp communities, like Brixton, subject to savage national oppression and divided off as much as possible from the rest of British society. But in the last 15 years a number of changes have taken place that have had the armed agents of the British state scrambling to keep the lid on these ex-

plosive areas. Like all the imperialist countries, Britain is beset with numerous contradictions, caught in the grip of accelerating political and economic crisis. As Britain's moribund economy has deteriorated steadily, unemployment has jumped drastically. Brixton has an unemployment rate two or three times the national average of 10%. Thousands of youth, including a growing number of working class whites who have either grown up in Brixton or been forced to move there, mark time on the streets where they are constantly harassed by the police for "loitering," etc. In the face of rapidly deteriorating conditions and intensified national oppression, communities like Brixton have become giant tinderboxes.

In recent years the British bourgeoisie has unleashed a clamor by various reactionaries—most notably the National Front, a racist and fascist organization that is England's version of the KKK—blaming blacks and other immigrants for Britain's high unemployment and calling for their forcible deportation. These organizations have initiated numerous attacks on immigrants. But today, the authorities have to deal with an immigrant population and a growing number of whites that have gone through profound changes in political consciousness in the past two decades. In Brixton in particular they are faced with thousands of young second generation West Indians who have grown more and more rebellious and become infected with revolutionary ideas. The mid-'60s saw the rise of a national Black Power movement as Britain's blacks, influenced by what was happening in America, learned from the teachings of Black revolutionaries like Malcolm X. Thousands of West Indian youth, brought together by the reggae culture, frequented the local "shabeens" and "blues" (youth clubs and/or bars) which were systematically raided by police, much as their parents' homes had been in the '50s in a desperate effort to suppress their national culture and any revolutionary activity. There were sharp struggles over defending these clubs that served as political and cultural centers, like the famous demonstration to defend the Mangrove Restaurant in Notting Hill in 1970 that erupted into violent confrontation with the police. At the head of the marchers, who stormed toward several police stations which held the black community in that area in a state of siege, flew the flag of the Brixton-based Black Panther Movement, which took its inspiration from the Black Panther Party in the U.S.

The past two years have seen a resurgence of struggle among Britain's blacks—particularly in light of increasing reaction and stepped up lynching-style attacks. And notably these struggles have been marked by increasing unity between black and white youth and workers. In April 1979, 5000 demonstrators—blacks, whites and Asians—showed up at a London rally called by the National Front. When mounted police attacked the marchers,



A police van is overturned.

they were met by bricks, bottles and smokebombs as widespread street-fighting broke out. One important cultural manifestation of growing black/white unity in recent years has been the Rock Against Racism (RAR) movement that started in Britain and spread worldwide, as well as the embracing of reggae music and the popularization of West Indian culture among whites by British punk, rock and reggae bands, many of whom have taken progressive and revolutionary political stands in their songs. The Clash and reggae singer Linton Kwesi Johnson, among others, have come out of Brixton. In July, 1979 in Southall where a united working class community of whites, West Indian blacks, Indians and Pakistanis took on 4,000 police at a demonstration there against the National Front, not surprisingly the police went out of their way to attack a local musician's co-op and wreck the equipment of a number of punk and reggae bands active in Rock Against Racism.

In the last year, things have sharpened considerably. In April, 1980 the working class suburb of Bristol (where black unemployment is 35%) erupted as 2,000 West Indians took to the streets and fought the police after they attempted to close down a social club called the Black and White Cafe (named after the black Jamaican owner and his white wife). The cops were forced to release the arrested cafe owner after having their butts thoroughly kicked in the streets and receiving an ultimatum to release the man "or Haymarket (Bristol's main shopping center) will burn." More recently, only 6 weeks ago 6,000 West Indians supported by a number of whites marched right through central London in protest against the "New Cross Massacre"—an arson fire started by right-wing reactionaries who have been attacking black people's homes in the last year and in which 13 black teenagers died. School children whose gates had been locked specifically to prevent them from getting involved climbed over the walls to join the march. Two hundred youths took over the lead of the demonstration chanting slogans abusing the Queen and clashing with riot police, 17 of whom were injured in a futile attempt to disperse the march.

One bourgeois commentator noted that the power and size of this latter demonstration compared with the demonstrations of the unemployed in the 1930s and, more, with the time when the Victorian empire was seized with social panic at the threat of the "casual poor" from what the historian, Gareth Stedman Jones, has called "out-cast London." He went on to liken the demonstration to the battles between the unemployed and the police in 1887 culminating in Britain's notorious "Bloody Sunday," and quoted William Morris' description at the time of those

who had grown tired of "the wearisome struggle for riches, for place, for respectability, for decent livelihood, for bare subsistence, in the teeth of growing competition in a society now at last showing its rottenness openly."

An old description, but quite appropriate to the modern imperialist world. This is a new situation, and one loaded with frightening possibilities for the imperialists. For decades since World War 2, even as it slipped some from its former highest imperialist honors, the British bourgeoisie bought a relatively stable "home country." Even though class struggle continued, and even grew quite sharp at times, large sections of workers in Britain, in all imperialist countries, did occupy themselves with the search for place and position. This happy state of affairs for the imperialists was bought with spoils raked in from nations oppressed by British capital and also was propped up by the relative stability given the whole Western imperialist bloc by American imperialism, which was rising to superpower status. But this situation was undermined, even as it was built. Along with a bourgeois proletariat grew a section of real proletarians, with truly nothing to lose—made up increasingly of immigrants, some youth, as well as others. And today, with the further deepening of the international imperialist crisis, this section of the proletariat is increasingly breaking out of the stifling cocoon spun around society by the imperialists and reinforced by the smugness and philistinism of the more bourgeoisified workers. Now the utmost contempt for "riches, place, and respectability"—not to mention beatings and degradation—is beginning to break through in this social dynamite strata, and the potential to shake far more loose, including among broader sections of the workers and middle classes, is growing greater.

This is a nightmare for imperialism. As part of a deepening world crisis, it comes at a time when the tightening of the home front in preparation for war is an absolute necessity. Instead they get Miami, Brixton and the threat of more. This Brixton riot is no fluke, no mere story of "quaint old England"—it is another forewarning shock of the ferocious forces seething and gathering within every imperialist society.

In order to hide the significance of what went down in Brixton and in a desperate attempt to halt the growing proletarian unity among blacks and whites, the imperialists in Britain and in this country are attempting to portray the rebellion as simply a "race riot," "the worst racial violence to erupt in Britain since WW 2," going through ridiculous contortions and telling the most blatant lies. Even the *London Times*, which at first omitted any mention of whites being involved, was finally forced to admit that during the street fighting "Blacks and whites were there in equal numbers, often running in groups of a dozen or more, carrying

missiles in their hands." This, of course would be difficult to outright deny, considering the published list of those arrested. Among those included were, for example, a 23-year-old white butcher for throwing stones at the police, a 48-year-old white accused of being in possession of a brick, and a 25-year-old white woman, a housing advisor, accused of "threatening behavior and having an offensive weapon," etc., etc.

Perhaps the most ludicrous example of this blatant lying was on ABC's Nightline program where Tom Jarrel earnestly described the outbreak of "racial violence" in Brixton as the film footage shown on the TV screen showed blacks and large numbers of whites unloading fusillades of bricks and bottles into the ranks of the pigs. The *London Times*, while unable to bury the obvious truth, devoted a disproportionate amount of space to such sleazy (and pointed) features as HOW THE REGGAE MUSIC SOURED FOR MRS. X (a white, of course). One feature, an open apologia for the police headlined WHY WE STOP BLACK YOUNGSTERS, quoted without comment the remarks of one officer who remarked "There is an almost inbred tendency for the coloured people to believe they ought to be able to do their own thing." Naturally, there was no speculation on the genetic makeup of those rebelling whites who just happened to be doing the same "thing". Indeed, we might point out to those distinguished bourgeois mouthpieces who are so piously concerned with the "growing race relations problem" that to anyone with half a brain it was immediately evident (apparently, quite painfully for the bourgeoisie) that the race relations in the streets of Brixton were most comradely as far as the dif-

ferent sections of the proletariat were concerned—especially as regards their mutual relations vis-a-vis the capitalists' police! The confusion is, however, quite understandable since the imperialists no doubt consider these rebelling whites as merely another variety of "nigger"—i.e. "nigger" as in "proletarian"!

This rather shabby attempt by the bourgeoisie to paint the events in Brixton as "racially motivated" is a sharp example of an important point made in the recent Report from the Central Committee of the RCP, USA about the U.S. (included in excerpts from Part 2, Charting the Uncharted Course, published in *RW* No. 99). While the report is referring specifically to the development of a revolutionary situation in the U.S., this point is quite applicable to the situation in England as well: "...It is certainly possible, given past history, and our understanding of the proletariat, that a big section of the masses in the battle right at the start will be Black masses. Because of this, the bourgeoisie is quite likely to slander and to rally forces to attack this proletarian struggle as race war. Today, in Turkey, for example, the state is suppressing the masses' revolutionary struggle under the banner of 'stopping Left-Right violence.' (It would be the duty of the Party to expose this, and to work to further broaden the forces. 'Race War' would certainly be a lie. From the beginning there would certainly be other oppressed nationalities, youth, vets, whites in the 'real proletariat' and others in the battle. And beyond that the objective class content of such a struggle would be in the interests of the proletariat of all nationalities here and internationally. And from the beginning the Party would be working to lead and to broaden the struggle. But, still, the enemy would almost certainly be attempting to attack the struggle in this way...")

By the time two nights of rioting had passed, U.S. TV had been able to slightly regroup and get their act together. One network broadcast made no mention at all of the whites in this "race riot" and instead spoke of rioting blacks and racist whites and pictured white youth in fascist marches.

Though the police have cordoned off Brixton for the moment, the situation remains a smoldering powderkeg that continues to erupt by the day. Various forces in the Brixton community have announced the formation of a Brixton Defense Committee which has called for a massive solidarity rally on Easter Sunday to launch a campaign for the defense of those arrested. The *London Times* reporting on a stormy meeting of the defense committee noted, "youths from the front lines, otherwise known as Railton Road, wanted an immediate march on the police station." Clearly, more will be heard from the streets of Brixton and many other proletarian communities as well. □



# Space Shuttle One Giant Step for Chauvinism & Militarism

On the morning of Sunday, April 12, the latest weapon in the U.S. military arsenal, the space shuttle Columbia, was launched into orbit. Two days later it landed at Edwards Air Force Base. As the launch drew near and in its wake, virtually all public pretense that the shuttle program was for anything other than military purposes was dropped by the bourgeoisie—once again treating this country and the world to a crass orgy of "U.S. No. 1" chauvinism. After years of trying to disguise the real nature and purpose of the space shuttle as a vehicle to deploy U.S. weaponry and other military-related payloads into outer space, it was time to take the wraps off. It was becoming common knowledge what the whole thing was really about anyway, and more than that the open and flagrant flaunting of this new military "triumph" was a good opportunity to whip up the troops (you know, the type with the Winnebagos flying the U.S. bicentennial flag and such, and whose favorite song is "God Bless America" as sung by Kate Smith or perhaps Charlie Daniels) in preparation for World War 3, space wars and all.

"Hail Columbia" read the banner headlines. "The spectacular maiden flight of the space shuttle Columbia put the United States at least ten years ahead of the Soviet Union in the race for supremacy in outer space," boasted the *Washington Post*. "It put the United States so far ahead that it raises the question of whether there is a serious race between the two superpowers, particularly when the military applications of the shuttle are considered." The TV talk featured such things as a debate on ABC's "Nightline" between a U.S. and a Soviet representative over each other's preparations for space warfare, with each exposing the other for their maniacal plans for such things as killer satellites, space laser weapons, particle beam weapons, etc. Or check out this carefully prearranged exchange about

the shuttle between ABC newscaster Frank Reynolds and former astronaut Cernan:

Reynolds: This is a big step forward for science.

Cernan: Yes, certainly true.

Reynolds: But it also has a military application, doesn't it?

Cernan: Yes, it does.

Reynolds: Is that something that the United States should be ashamed about?

Cernan: No, I certainly don't think so. The Columbia is up there with the American flag and USA written on it. It should represent the U.S. in every area of human endeavor.

Cernan then went on to talk about the Soviets' use of space for military purposes and why the U.S. needs to be number one in the space warfare field.

Throughout the week the deluge of patriotic inanities so typical of the U.S. imperialists continued. The message to the astronauts from Commander-in-Chief Reagan was a classic piece of warmed-over trash from the hostage homecoming: "Through you, today, we all feel as giants once again. Once again we feel the surge of pride that comes from knowing that we are the first and we are the best and we are so because we are free." Newspaper stories on the launch at Cape Canaveral quoted spectators blathering things like, "It makes you believe in the United States," and "Doggone it, it's about time we showed somebody we could do something." A spectator at the space shuttle landing site dredged up by NBC news gushed, "I had a deep sense of patriotism watching it." And in case you still didn't get the message, the correspondent quickly added, "I heard people shouting, 'We're number one.' Some were saying, 'What should we do now, say the pledge of allegiance?' In all it seems to be a very patriotic feeling." All the imperialists' leading TV news mouthpieces were hauled out to the West Coast to host the exclusive coverage of the Columbia skidding to a halt in the barren, hot and dusty California desert. Dan Rather, apparently inspired by this setting, began recounting how such other great American firsts as John Wayne movies and the TV shows *Gunsmoke* and *Wagon Train* were filmed in this same desert.

U.S. imperialism's robot astronauts, following in the footsteps of the hostages, became instant heroes, receiving messages from the President, radio calls from the Vice President, medals from the governor of California and attending ceremonies presided over by such notables as the Secretary of the Air Force and the Commanding General of the Air Force system's command (who bellowed, right on cue, "This flight proves once again that the U.S. is number one"). Every ex-astronaut that could be scrounged up was trotted out for public display. Particularly revealing were the comments of the two ex-astronaut U.S. Senators, John Glenn and Harrison Schmidt, who were interviewed by the *New York Times*. Schmidt, ridiculing the idea that the shuttle could or should be justified in terms of its economic benefits, argued, "The justification is that we have to be a space-ferrying nation and we must push outward ahead of the Soviet Union and their civilization," and then adding, "We have not even begun to understand all the military uses in space." Senator Glenn, asked if private industry shouldn't pay for the shuttle, retorted, "What present industry would have been interested in the Manhattan Project (the project which built the first atomic bombs during World War II—RW)?"

There certainly can be no doubt left as to what the purpose of the space shuttle program and other U.S. space programs is. Nor can there be any doubt left that both superpowers are



planning to make space a key battlefield in the approaching war. Virtually all pretense to the contrary is being dropped along with any space programs that are not military-related, such as the exploration of other planets and so forth. Killer satellites and the like are only the beginning of what the imperialists are dreaming of. What about manned battlestations in space? A simply smashing idea. This is, in fact, the goal that both superpowers are frantically and desperately racing to achieve. (One U.S. newspaper dubbed U.S. plans for such an orbiting battlestation a "Pentagon in Orbit.") So far, the Soviets have relied on extended missions using the Salyut small-scale space stations and on developing hunter-killer satellites, while the U.S. has been able to launch its space shuttle program designed to make frequent flights with heavy payloads which could be anything from satellites

to parts for permanent space stations. In the short run the aim of the shuttle is to launch, service and repair a variety of military satellites, to directly spy on "enemy" activity, to photograph, destroy, and capture Soviet satellites, and perhaps even launch nuclear warheads toward earth from space.

All this should come as no surprise. After all, war on a constantly expanding scale is an essential and basic feature of imperialism. And as far as the good ship Columbia goes, as astronaut Cernan so aptly put it, "It's up there with the American flag and USA written on it." What else does that symbolize but the most hideous and perverse plunder and vicious aggression, and the preparation to reach even greater heights in their "glorious quest" to defeat their Soviet rivals and to be the undisputed No. 1 oppressor and exploiter in the world once again. □

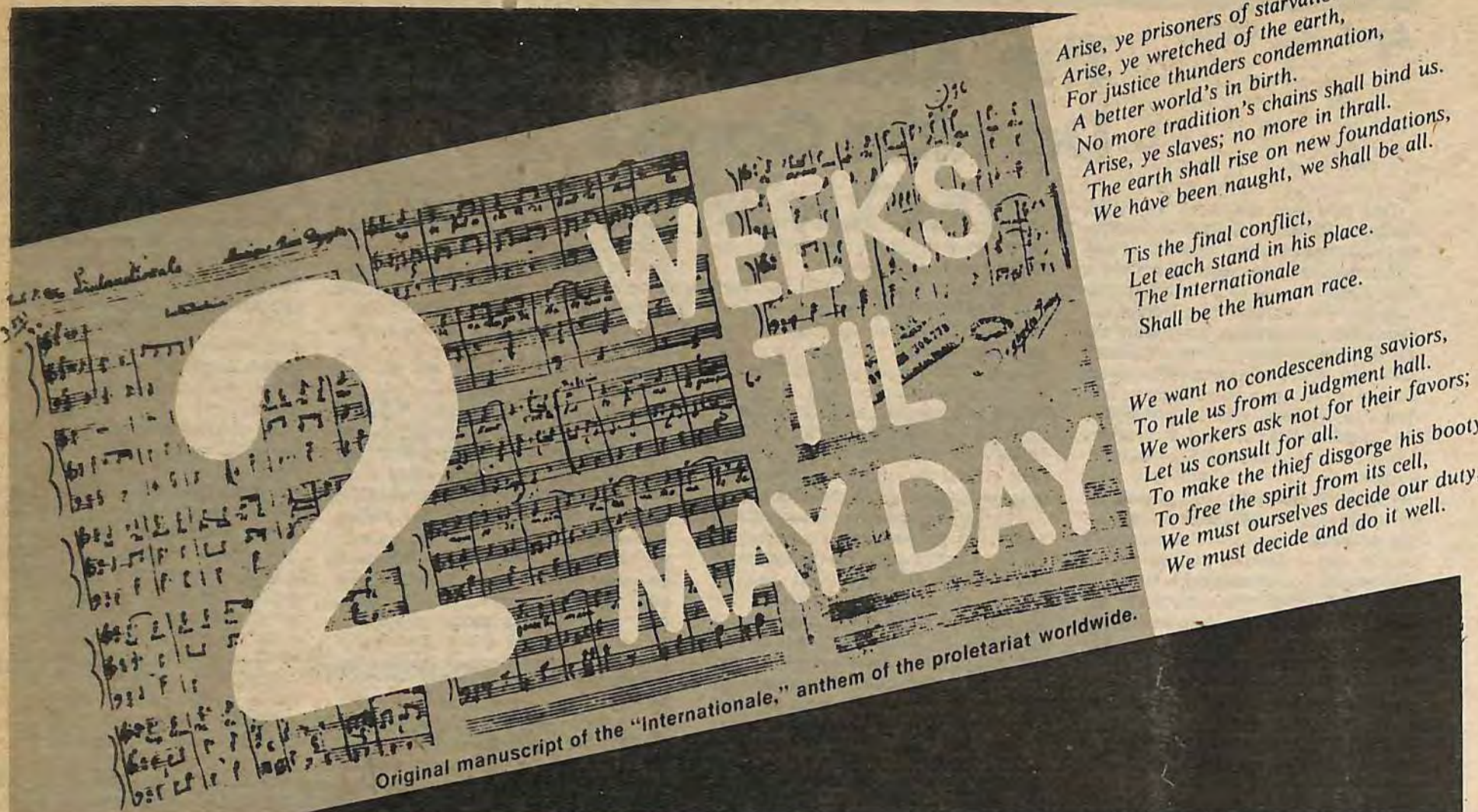
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**INTERNATIONAL WORKERS DAY**





Arise, ye prisoners of starvation  
 Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
 For justice thunders condemnation,  
 A better world's in birth.  
 No more tradition's chains shall bind us.  
 Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall.  
 The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
 We have been naught, we shall be all.

'Tis the final conflict,  
 Let each stand in his place.  
 The Internationale  
 Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
 To rule us from a judgment hall.  
 We workers ask not for their favors;  
 Let us consult for all.  
 To make the thief disgorge his booty,  
 To free the spirit from its cell,  
 We must ourselves decide our duty,  
 We must decide and do it well.

## KKK Routed in San Jose Red Flags and A Swirl of Controversy

When the San Jose Police Department gave the KKK a permit for a rally in St. James Park in downtown San Jose, California, they tried to keep it a secret for two weeks. But when word got out that the police had given the Klan the permit to hold what they called a "recruiting" rally, a torrent of outrage was unleashed. Right away, people began to talk about going to oppose the Klan. Party members and co-conspirators were approached with questions from the masses—what are we going to do? This was not just a question of tactics, but more profound questions, representing real advances in how the broad masses viewed the Party—they wanted to know what class conscious workers should do in this kind of situation. It was clear days before the Klan ever set foot in the park that the revolutionary minded had every desire to express their anger at the Klan and the bourgeoisie's use of them to rally their reactionary social base; and people were asking, "How much does it cost to get out of jail, and how long does it take?" in preparation for the rally. Plans were laid for revolutionaries to go to the rally, uniting all who could be united beforehand, particularly the youth, to raise the red flag and call on all those who came to oppose the Klan to take up building for May 1st. It was recognized that the Party would be faced with some new conditions, that as a result of the work of the class-conscious forces in the past period, the greatly expanded influence of the *RW*, that the masses would be looking to the Party to provide all-around political leadership.

Word of the rally sparked various political forces into motion. A coalition calling itself the Committee Against Racism (CAR), including the Peace and Freedom Party, some progressive individuals and a variety of reformist groups including a number long associated with the revisionist CP and the Communist Labor Party (CLP), pulled together to demand that the city revoke the permit. They went to the Ci-

ty Council which, as expected, voted unanimously to grant the permit, defending the democratic right of the Klan to spit their poison about town. As the day of the Klan rally drew near, and the local bourgeois politicians began to get some sense of the widespread anger among the broad masses, the mayor of San Jose, Janet Gray Hayes called for a "celebration of life" rally for the same time as the Klan rally, featuring Joan Baez, some local preachers and a lot of hypocritical handwringing, to be held in a park about five miles away from the KKK. The local TV news started to urge people to stay away from the Klan, and to go to the mayor's rally to celebrate the "glory of the melting pot that is this country." Apparently their conception of the "glory of the melting pot" includes lynchings and firebombings and other attacks on the oppressed nationalities, since one person singled out for praise in the days leading up to the Klan rally was vice-mayor of San Jose, Iola Williams, a Black woman whose father's cousin was burned to death when the Klan firebombed his home for speaking up for voting rights for Black people 15 years ago. As a headline in the *San Jose Mercury* put it, "Iola Williams Showed Real 'Class' on the KKK Rally Issue." She voted for the Klan rally.

The politicians' attempt to keep the masses as far away from the Klan as possible split the CAR forces down the middle. A group of poverty pimps and various "social workers" who work with the police—all of them on the city payroll—followed their bosses' lead and supported the Mayor's melting pot. Other forces in CAR organized and built for a rally against racism in St. James Park, across the street from the Klan, "to confront the Klan in an orderly peaceful manner."

All of this debate, deceit, and self-exposure by the bourgeoisie, and the way they rubbed their hypocrisy in people's faces all over the media, roused many proletarian and revolutionary minded forces from San Jose and sur-

rounding cities; and on April 11 in St. James Park, two thousand angry folks turned out to confront the Klan. They were not orderly, they were not peaceful, and what had been bourgeois democratic reaction ended up as an important advance for the proletariat and the oppressed—a day when the red, white and blue was stomped, burned and derided and the red flag of the international proletariat was picked up by many new hands with a clearer and stronger vision of May 1, 1981 and proletarian revolution. This caused one columnist for the *San Jose Mercury* to moan following the rally, in an article entitled, "The Klan vs. the Crowd—and Democracy Loses"; "It was a rotten morning at the park, a morning filled with obscenities, with flying missiles, with distressing scenes of democracy being twisted into perverted shapes." And one again is tempted to thank the perverted minds of the press for letting it all hang out about how unleashing the Klan to run their murdering mouth, spread their reactionary ideology and outright murder people is part and parcel of "democracy."

By the time the Klan was scheduled to appear, there were nearly 2,000 people in and around St. James Park, all of them keeping a careful eye on the movements of hundreds of police lined up on the opposite side of the street from the CAR rally. When it became clear that the ones in blue uniforms were getting ready to slip the ones in sheets into the park, the overwhelming majority of the people surged toward where the Klan would be speaking. Escorted and protected by over 200 pigs, including some mounted on horseback, the Klan marched into a police barricaded area. The people were hollering—a revolutionary agitator could hardly be heard at this point—and people associated with INCAR (International Committee Against Racism, dominated by the Progressive Labor Party) were throwing marbles and full coke cans at the Klan. The Klan lasted about 12 minutes and split. The pigs waded into the crowd grabbing people they said they had seen throwing things at the Klan, hauling them away and working them over while they were handcuffed. The whole scene was crying out for political leadership—the masses struggling to grasp what the hell the whole thing represented, as well as what to do next.

By the time the Klan was gone, at least the ones in sheets, the battle was actually just beginning. Besides the undercover police in the crowd there were

a significant number of Klan organizers in plainclothes (it was hard to tell them apart), and a number of other reactionaries and Klan sympathizers. Among the masses, there was a sense of excitement and frustration—there had been 12 KKK'ers, and hundreds of pigs their only protection and 2,000 people opposing them.

An agitator stepped into the middle of the street in the midst of the crowd, raised high the red flag and started agitating. All hell broke loose! He was immediately surrounded by screaming reactionaries and by microphones and cameras from the press. But he kept agitating, challenging people to recognize the tremendous potential to actually link up with the worldwide struggle against imperialism and that the red flag had to be raised everywhere in preparation for May 1st, that the red flag was the opposite of the red, white and blue, which was raised by the Klan and was rightfully theirs.

While the reactionaries were still very puffed up, and very much in the face of the agitator, as the masses began to step forward the scene changed. A Black Vietnam vet came right into the center of the debate, red flag in hand, and began to agitate to the crowd. He was from another city, read the *RW*, and had taken bundles several times. Off of his own experience, and the training he had received through the *RW*, he stepped forward to play a crucial role in helping give political leadership to much of what went on the rest of the day in the park. He said, "The red flag stands for the U.S. out of El Salvador, it stands for the U.S. out of Iran, it stands for the U.S. out of Zimbabwe, for the U.S. out of Atlanta!" When a reactionary came up and told him he'd better get out of California, the vet just flattened him. He told people it's not just a question of what the American flag means to us but what U.S. imperialism means around the world. "This is the red flag of revolution. Look at the KKK, how weak they are. Put the red flag in your hands, take this up!"

This Vietnam vet concentrated and helped unleash what increasingly came to characterize the rest of the day. The advanced stepped forward many of them fresh forces to take up the red flag, to defend revolutionary agitators, to agitate themselves, to spread May Day leaflets, and copies of the *RW* and *RCY* throughout the park and beyond, in the midst of sharp struggle and through tremendous turmoil. Debates broke out all over the park, with the red

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April 22, 1980

# The Assassination of Comrade Damián García

One year ago, on April 22, 1980, Comrade Damián García—a member of the Revolutionary Communist Party—was murdered by police agents in the Pico-Aliso housing project in East Los Angeles. The murder was a blatant assassination, an attempt to thwart the gathering momentum of Revolutionary May Day, 1980; an assassination which singled out a comrade well known as a May Day activist. One month before the murder, Damián and two others had seized the Alamo in San Antonio, Texas.

All along the LAPD has pushed the bankrupt story that Damián was a "victim of gang violence." But Damián's murder was a planned political execution bearing the unmistakable stench of a COINTELPRO-type action. On the day of the murder, Damián and others from the Revolutionary May Day Brigade marched through the housing projects (which are located in an overwhelmingly Mexican and Chicano area) building for May 1st. They were greeted enthusiastically by the residents. Typically, police cars swarmed around the marchers, but as they approached the last of the housing units, suddenly there were no uniformed pigs in sight. Just as suddenly, a man jumped out to confront the march. "You hate the government, I am the government. Your flag is red, mine is red, white and blue," he said, and then started grabbing at the red flag and throwing beer bottles. Soon, he was joined by several others who, on his signal, jumped the marchers.

Damián García fell to the ground. As the Brigaders rushed over to help him, they found blood gushing. Hidden in the fistfight, something else had been carried out. Damián's throat and abdomen had been slit.

As residents gathered around and attempted to save Damián's life, one of the assassins was overheard to say,

"We've got plenty of time, the cops won't get here for a while." The murderers knew the police were giving them time to make their escape.

This was a highly professional knifing. Hayden Fisher, the man who had been atop the Alamo with Damián, had also been seriously injured by a stab wound. Two people were stabbed out of 12 revolutionaries—and both had helped seize the Alamo. Suddenly reappearing, the police arrested all the other Brigade members and spent the rest of their efforts attempting to disperse the outraged crowd which had gathered.

At the Hollenbeck police station, where the revolutionaries were taken, the pigs snorted about being glad someone from the RCP was killed. But this was more than a local operation. One pig was overheard saying that he had been told to immediately contact the Public Disorders Intelligence Division (PDID—the red squad) about anything related to the RCP. It seems that the head of the PDID has taken a great interest in the RCP in general. He is personally attending all the pre-trial hearings of the May Day Defendants—those who still have charges against them stemming from the police attack on last year's demonstration. He also came to hearings on the arrests of RCP and Vietnam Veterans Against the War (AV) members and supporters, arrests which occurred after the police attack on a 1979 demonstration protesting the film *The Deerhunter* at the Academy Awards. And—surprise—he also happened to be present in the hallway during police commission hearings where the march permit for May Day 1980 was denied. Damián attended that meeting. It may appear that the only place the police—especially the PDID—were not to be found was at the site of Damián's murder. For the bloody task slated there, they relied on less-known faces.

The press immediately reported the police story that the assassination was a case of "gang violence," yet as one resident of the project told the *RW*, many people in the projects were saying straight up that it was "a police hit." "The youth gangs out here just don't fight like that," said the resident, "no warning, knives hidden till the last minute. We know the police did it." Within hours of the murder, the *L.A. Times* had the full detailed story of the killing straight from the police; the newspaper has consistently aided in the coverup of the murder. But others have operated on a more open and blatant level. *Soldier of Fortune*, a CIA/mercenary magazine which has as its social base any number of imperialist agents and cutthroats (and which, among other things, carries regular columns on the use of knives in combat and assassinations), ran an article about the Alamo seizure immediately after Damián's murder. The article was an open call to exact revenge on revolutionaries.

The police "gang violence" story was extremely thin from the start. Revolutionaries arrested after Damián's murder reported that police at the Hollenbeck station had drawn a "scoreboard" on a blackboard. On one side of the "scoreboard" the number 2 was written next to the name of a gang. On the other side "RCP-0" was written along with a stick figure drawing of a dead man holding a red flag. Only two weeks earlier at this same police station, Damián had been threatened repeatedly by these pigs who, for local cops, demonstrated a keen awareness of matters in another city more than 1,000 miles away. One said, "We just busted the big hero that climbed the Alamo," and another, "How did you get out of Texas alive?" "I'd have thrown you in the bayou," and "We may still have a chance..." Several days after the murder at an L.A. City Council meet-

ing where police and a city councilman were indicted by an RCP speaker for the murder of Damián García, an obvious police agent came up to RCP members and supporters and announced, "My people killed the son-of-a-bitch." He went on to explain that his people were the "Housing Authority" (which is certainly only one of the lower levels of the conspiracy behind this murder).

All of this information and more was taken out and broadly exposed to people across the country. Shortly after the opening of the San Antonio trial of the two others who had seized the Alamo, an ad was published in the *L.A. Times*, *San Antonio Light* and the Spanish language newspaper *La Opinión* exposing this murder. Over 6,800 signed this ad. (Again the *L.A. Times* played a police role, refusing to print the statement as it was written, insisting on deleting the phrase "police hit" and similar wording.) With the pigs' "gang violence" story now in shreds, the authorities made a desperate move to whitewash the blood from their hands.

Virtually unprecedented, the LAPD held a press conference one week after the ad had appeared, announcing a major breakthrough in the case—they had found Damián's killer. Most conveniently, the supposed killer, George Arellano, had himself been killed three weeks earlier. Arellano wasn't going to be making any embarrassing statements about the case, and since he was a gang member, with the help of the media, they breathed new life into their "gang violence" story.

Anyone remotely familiar with police methods realizes that even if Arellano was involved in the murder, this in no way lets the authorities off the hook. After the police announcement, the *RW* checked into Arellano's criminal record and discovered that he should have been in the final year of a three-year probation sentence. At the same time, he had been recently arrested for robbery and accessory to robbery. These charges would clearly be a violation of parole, and, under ordinary circumstances, would result in jail time. However, in this case, the court set aside the robbery charge, accepted a plea of "no contest" to the accessory charge, and gave Arellano probation "on the strength of the evidence." This "negotiated settlement," as it is legally called, occurred on April 14, eight days before Damián was murdered. (Another surprising connection between Arellano and the police that the *RW* has recently learned: the man who identified Arellano's body at the coroner's office was a cop—Detective Valenzuela—who wrote on the coroner's report that he "personally knows" Arellano.)

Arellano isn't around to explain the events—fortunately for the police. But it is far from unheard of for a government agency or department to arrange for the elimination of someone who knows too much. And it is also rather unusual that a lieutenant back at the Hollenbeck police station stated to the press, before any legal defense had been prepared, that the man charged with the murder of Arellano, Edward Aceves, would be using "mutual combat" as his legal defense and that "this would make a conviction difficult." Difficult, even though the police had at least three eyewitnesses who all said that Aceves started the fight, was the aggressor throughout, and was the first to pull a knife.

Government agencies from top to bottom were involved in one way or another in the assassination of Comrade Damián García. The evidence indicts the local housing authorities, the police and red squad, the D.A.'s office and the courts, and beyond. It is this "gang" on whose hands the blood of Damián García lies. □

*This poem was written by a 40-year-old Black man in the Atlanta city jail in April 1980. It was written on a brown paper bag, just after he received the special supplement of the Revolutionary Worker on the murder of Damián García. The poem was the first he had written in 5 years. It was read at May 1st rallies in cities across the country last year.*

## Damián García is Dead But in His Death I Came Alive

Damián García is dead  
But in his death I came alive

Every day we are murdered bit by bit  
I am 40 years old  
A veteran, and a Black man  
My brother has been murdered  
Cold-blooded, gangster scum death  
I'm running out of patience

Damián García is dead  
But in his death I came alive

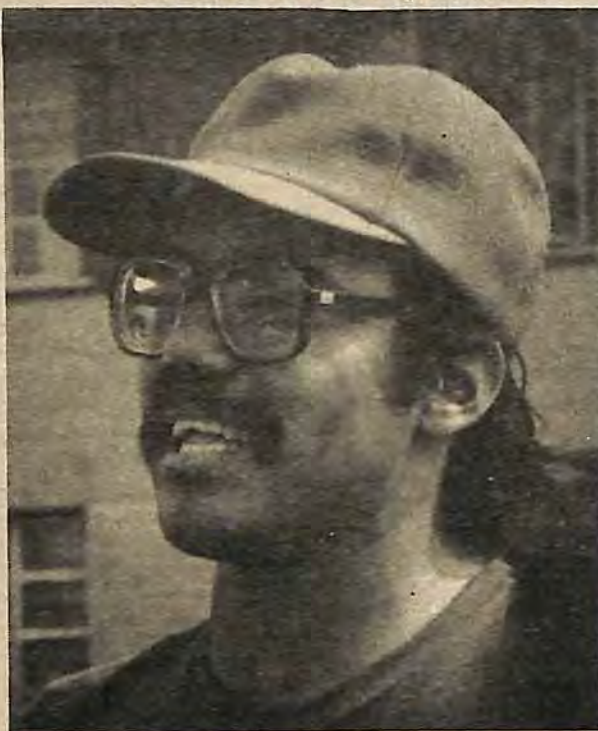
He held the blood-red flag as his own blood flowed  
I never knew, I had a flag  
Until Damián García died  
Rage is nothing new to me  
And I've seen death before  
But I'm 40 years old and running out of patience

Damián García is dead  
What you gonna do?

I'm gonna take his place, motherfuckers  
And if you slit my throat and open my belly  
I was dying anyway bit by bit  
I lost an eye in the army, got shot in the back by a pig  
I'm 40 years old, run out of patience  
Ready for Revolution

Damián García is dead  
But in his death I came alive

Pass me a red flag  
Hand me a gun  
And when the time comes and we' all ready  
I'll be one with the millions  
And I'll whisper to myself  
This one's for you, Damián  
Cause in your death I came alive



On March 20th, 1980, three revolutionaries, including Comrade Damián García, scaled the crumbling walls of the Alamo in San Antonio, Texas. On the roof of the Alamo—that “holy shrine” of U.S. imperialist plunder, that monument to slavery and to the slaughter of the Native American and Mexican people, that decaying symbolic bastion of imperialist rule down to the present day—the reactionary flag of the Texas Republic was lowered to the dust. Hoisted in its place was the red flag of the revolutionary struggle of the international proletariat.

The red flag flew over the Alamo for one hour, an hour agonizingly long for the bourgeoisie. Stunned and shaken by this revolutionary “desecration,” they sent their police scrambling to the summit to seize the “criminals,” and tried to blot out what had been done and prevent its impact from spreading among the oppressed. But they could not. The revolutionary significance of that hour inspired literally millions, in San Antonio, throughout the Southwest, deep into Latin America, across the country and in many other parts of the world.

# The Alamo: Crumbling Monument to Chauvanism & Reaction

It shot a shudder of fear up the spine of the imperialists and a bolt of joy through the hearts of many of the oppressed of this country and the world. In this country this was especially so among the Chicano people who know the true history of the Alamo as a sym-

bol of the theft of land and the expansion of slavery. And the word of this action spread around the world. In El Salvador and in Mexico, pictures of the takeover appeared in newspapers.

The fact that the flag had been raised in the course of the battle to build the historic May 1, 1980 demonstrations deepened its significance. It was, above all, the spirit of revolutionary proletarian internationalism which marked the takeover of the Alamo.

Naturally, reactionaries of various sorts haven't deserted the Alamo as an imperialist testament; if anything, last year's takeover drew a sharper line than ever. And even in recent months, the theme of the Alamo has arisen again and again. There is a made-for-T.V. movie in the works that glorifies the *Mexicans* who “took a stand” with those that manned the Alamo in its final days. (This idea, of course, has a modern application, and is right in line with the lavish praise heaped on the likes of ex-hostage Marine Sgt. James Lopez. His bootlicking and rabid defense of imperialism has been put on a pedestal, an example for Chicano people and all oppressed to follow.)

Larry Hagman (“J.R.” from T.V.'s *Dallas*) concluded a guest appearance on the rock show “Midnight Special” with a country ballad about the Alamo. And recently, the *Houston Chronicle* ran a picture of a helicopter hovering over the Alamo, an out-take from an Army recruiting film. On top of the Alamo were a number of troops, in

uniform. The setting bore a striking resemblance to a photo which was widely publicized in the press last year, showing Damián and the others atop the Alamo, also with a helicopter hovering overhead. The *Chronicle's* recent caption read: “The Alamo was seized again, this time by the good guys.”

But the topper has got to be the resurrection of the Duke's own personal production (which he starred in too) of *The Alamo*. The movie, a tribute to chauvinism and reaction when it was made in 1959, still finds use today. It is slated for showing on Houston T.V. in a prime time slot. The date? May 1st, 1981.

In light of all this, the significance of the seizure of the Alamo last year stands out all the more. And to underscore that dramatic action—as well as to recount just what the reactionaries remember when they “remember the Alamo”—it is necessary to once again expose the Alamo's history.

What has been glorified by a crumbling ruling class in the 260 year old crumbling shell of the Alamo—originally built by the Spanish as a mission for enslaving the Indians—is a history of failures never told, replaced by fantasies which extol aggression, oppression and murder. The ruins of the Alamo have long served colonialism and imperialism.

The San Antonio garrison, with the Alamo mission a part of it, was set up in 1718 by the Spanish colonialists as part of their plan to “civilize the Indians and take over the new world.” But the resistance of the Native Americans, especially the Comanches, proved to be more than the aggressors had bargained for. Out of 25 garrisons that were built in Texas in the 18th century, the Spanish could only hold onto three. The San Antonio garrison was one of these, a miserable colonial outpost, constantly threatened with extinction at the hands of the Indian warriors. The mission was known to be a terrible failure, unable to capture any Indians who could be forcibly converted and turned into slaves for Christ. From its very beginning, the Alamo was a symbol of the failure of the oppressors to break the spirit of those it was supposed to help subjugate.

In the early 1800s, American slave-

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Wednesday, April 22

## Carry Forward the Spirit of Damián García

April 22, 1981 is the first anniversary of Damián García's death. His life—and the degenerate imperialist crime of his murder—will be remembered on that day not only by those who knew him directly, but by many who never met him.

On April 22 the vision which the imperialists attempted to snuff out must appear again. In the course of building for May 1, 1981, the Revolutionary Communist Party is calling on all oppressed to honor the revolutionary spirit of Comrade Damián. The poster bearing the image of Damián García atop the Alamo with the red flag must appear again in the streets across the country, and wherever class-conscious proletarians or any progressive people gather. This poster is reprinted in this issue of the *RW*. It is also available in full color from Revolution Books stores across the country.

Letter

## Remembering Damián on the Alamo

On May 1st, 1980 a very important and historic step toward proletarian revolution was taken, when the class-conscious proletariat stepped onto the political stage in this country marching in step with the international proletariat worldwide. The preparations leading up to that day were very decisive, just as what we continue to do now, in wielding the *Revolutionary Worker* as the weapon it is in preparation for revolution is very decisive. I remember Damián, Hayden, and myself talking about how proud we were to be in the May Day brigades playing a vanguard role in calling on others to take history into their hands.

In the course of that toe to toe battle against the bourgeoisie, Damián, Hayden and myself scaled the walls of the Alamo and with a very powerful political statement hit at the jugular vein of the bourgeoisie, threatening their very rule, by raising the red flag of the international proletariat on top of that hated monument to the oppression of Mexican and Chicano people, and also a symbol of imperialist plunder here and around the world. That day was a beautiful day. I remember so well, Damián talking on the bullhorn and saying, “We've come to set the record straight,” and all of a sudden I didn't hear the bullhorn any longer. It was the same time I was tying the knot so the red flag would fly so brilliantly. As I looked up Damián was standing there with such a proud look and enormous smile, looking at the red flag.

After we got out of jail, we talked about that moment, thinking about the

future and how the whole world is coming up for grabs and really seeing the significance of that particular action. Once we were out on the streets, we really got a better understanding of how that action spoke to the sentiments of thousands of people and really unleashed joy within their hearts. Numerous people approached us, shaking our hands. There was a group of young Chicano boys who Damián started talking to when they saw us pass by; there was an old deaf man who came over to us with a huge smile on his face, raising his fist, pointing to the three of us and motioning like he was raising a flag; it was like a festival of the oppressed. And people not only in this country but places like El Salvador, Iran, Mexico, and Chile and I'm sure in numerous other places understood what the raising of the red flag in an imperialist country in solidarity with the struggles of the people of the world meant as far as advancing the prospects of worldwide revolution.

On the roof of the Alamo, Damián played a leading role, really having a deep understanding of the masses being the makers of history and relying on them fully. At one point after the helicopter left, which had cops with rifles pointed on us, the pigs came on the roof, tying me up and threatening to drop me over the side, “just like Joe Torres but without any water,” was their exact quote. Damián instantly started yelling down to the crowd about what the pigs had planned, which limited their ability to do that. I remember

the sentiments of the crowd were very mixed, some yelling to throw us off, some raising their fist to us; when the leaflets had reached the ground people would scramble for them, and right in the midst of all these pigs swarming around them like rabid dogs, this one woman broke through the police lines asking our names and yelling, “These three are heroes to the people.”

Later Damián and I talked also about how at one point we actually thought they were going to try to shoot us off the roof with the rifles they had pointed at us. And Damián's response to that was: everybody dies sooner or later but if he had the choice he would rather die fighting and preparing for the death of this decaying system.

Even after the Alamo action when Damián was arrested in Houston, he continued to prepare right in the halls of the pigsty, selling the draft *Programme and Constitution* of the Revolutionary Communist Party to people waiting for their friends and family to get out. That is what they hated about Damián. The fact that he was a threat to them, the fact that he refused to be a slave tolling the bell, but exactly because he was a conscious slave actively preparing for revolution. He would never go along with the sickening appeals of the imperialists to Chicanos and other oppressed people to be in the sickening service of the bourgeoisie like Sgt. Lopez who is played up right now as the right kind of bootlicker for the imperialists' rule. And when they murdered Damián they were trying to cut down that red flag, in-

timidate others from stepping forward, especially on May Day. But it was like a boomerang and it came right back on them, because revolutionary fighters stepped forward to pick up Damián's red flag, on May Day and since.

Throughout our whole trial as much as they tried to erase even the name of Damián García they couldn't; he was there in that courtroom and at that rally. Even the bourgeois press had a headline, “Ghost of Damián García Hangs Over San Antonio.” Only that so-called ghost was *real live* revolutionary fighters stepping forward. One in particular was an older Black man. When the pigs asked him how much he got paid to pick up that red flag, he replied, “I paid. I paid with fifty years of my slavery.” Other people joined the Damián García Brigade, going deep amongst the masses, youth raised the red flag from telephone poles in memory of Damián García. Even in their courtroom, pictures of Damián were there, and the spirit of Damián lives on in millions. They could never erase that.

In memory of Damián García I would personally like to put a call out to all co-conspirators and oppressed people to continue to pick up Damián's red flag on April 22 and in the battle for May Day by continuing to deepen and spread the conspiracy and actively prepare for revolution. Revolutionary fighters pick up the red flag!

Abigail Bayer

# New Indictment in Pontiac Frame-up

In a desperate attempt to patch up the ever-widening cracks in its case against the Pontiac Brothers, on April 7, 1981 state prosecutors announced the indictment of a totally new suspect in the murder of the three guards and the injury of two others. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Leon Jackson, also known as Tico.

This move for an 18th indictment, coming nearly three years after the July 22, 1978 Pontiac rebellion, is rather bizarre to say the least. But Livingston County state's attorney C. David Vogel defended the new indictment as perfectly logical. The charges against Jackson are the result of an "ongoing investigation" into the riot, he told the press. Defense attorney Larry Kennon saw it differently. "This is a cover-your-ass move," he said, "And you can quote me on that."

The indictment of Tico shows the state's dilemma around the Pontiac trial. Since the whole case against the Pontiac 16 rests on a web of lies and slanders, the state has had to go through pretzel-like contortions to explain away all the embarrassing contradictions in testimony that keep popping up from its own witnesses. The main reason for the indictment of Tico is that he has been named as responsible for the stabbings by a key witness for the prosecution, Angelo Robinson. Robinson, originally indicted for the murders along with the other Pontiac 16, has been the only defendant to turn state's witness. The indictment of Tico is a last-ditch effort to restore Angelo's credibility, which defense attorneys sliced to shreds in blistering cross-examination sessions. Unfortunately for the prosecutors, their frantic scramble to paper over the holes and fill in the cracks in the testimony, far from giving more credibility to their case, only reveals how transparently phony and trumped up the charges against the Pontiac Brothers have been all along.

Perhaps in bringing the indictment against Tico the state was taking a tipoff from the *Chicago Tribune*. An article which appeared in the *Trib* only two days before the indictment entitled "State Faces Two Hurdles in Building Pontiac Riot Case," is aimed at giving a little friendly advice to the prosecution. "The credibility of the inmate witnesses has emerged as a major issue of the trial," the *Trib* notes. Because of this, news coverage of the case has dropped off considerably in sharp contrast to the early days of the trial when every detail describing the dead guards' bodies was gleefully broadcast far and wide.

The performance of two recent state's witnesses has done nothing to rescue the state's credibility. On April 8, Jesse

Harvey, the latest in a long string of degenerates to point the finger at the Pontiac Brothers, took the stand. The main person he implicated was defendant Michael Evans who supposedly hit guard Stanley Cole with a shovel.

As Jesse Harvey admitted, the state's beneficence toward him has been almost too good to believe. He was paroled on November 28, 1978, shortly after the rebellion. He admits that he has been involved in a number of crimes since he got out. In one instance he was caught committing a burglary and arrested. The bail was set at \$15,000 and Jesse ended up spending 60 days in jail. When he was brought before the judge, the state's attorney intervened, telling him that Jesse was a potential witness in the Pontiac trial. They were able to arrange a plea bargaining deal reducing the charges to criminal damage of property and the sentence was the 60 days time already served. Jesse is now up on another theft charge. Despite all these criminal charges, the state has made no attempt to revoke Jesse's parole.

Another prize witness for the state, William Moseley, took the stand on April 9. He testified that defendant David McConnell was among a group of prisoners attacking guards Thomas and Walker. Also, he conveniently happened to have a shank—a homemade knife—in his hand during the attack on injured guard Danny Dill. In a piece of testimony that is clearly the product of a very imaginative mind, Moseley said he heard defendant Kevin Tolbert call out for a shank. "I gave it to him," said Moseley, and he "stabbed the officer with it." Moseley claims he was not involved in this attack, but does admit to stealing Dill's wallet.

If anyone had a motive to testify against the Pontiac Brothers to save their own skin, it is Moseley. The authorities caught him with the wallet and he was a prime target for indictment. Moseley, who admits he was a gang captain in charge of more than a hundred prisoners at Pontiac, and a drug dealer and heroin addict while in the penitentiary, is a man who knows how to co-operate with the authorities. Moseley testified that he was a "privileged person" at Pontiac who the prison administration gave a free rein to. By January 1979, he had agreed to become a state's witness.

On cross-examination, defense attorneys showed that Moseley, in early interviews with the Illinois Department of Law Enforcement, never mentioned David McConnell and identified two inmates as responsible for the stabbings who were never indicted. After testifying before the grand jury which indicted the Pontiac Brothers in February, 1979,

he was paroled in April. Illinois Department of Corrections director Gayle Franzen personally sent Moseley a letter expunging any charges stemming from the rebellion from his record.

Truly, this was the start of a new lease on life for this eyewitness. Moseley, who admits he continued shooting heroin after his release from the penitentiary, has received a grand total of almost \$12,000 from the state in two years; he insists the money is for "living expenses and rent."

Since his release from prison, Moseley has been arrested twice on aggravated battery charges. But with guardian angel Thomas Breen, a state's attorney, watching over him, Moseley has led a charmed existence. Breen arranged for both charges to be dropped. Around the same time, armed robbery charges against Moseley's girlfriend Margaret Jordan were also reduced and she made probation. Within a week the state paid Moseley \$1,050 and the two

took off for a trip to Florida. Moseley denied none of this, except that the state had anything to do with his girlfriend's reduced charges.

This sordid little story is characteristic of how the state has built its case against the Pontiac Brothers and reveals how desperate they are to retaliate against the Pontiac rebellion. With typically bloated arrogance, the state assumed that it could dangle the carrot of cash money and early release from prison in front of the faces of stool pigeons and—presto! 16 prisoners would land in the electric chair. Drunk with its own sense of all-mighty power, the state has repeatedly threatened the Pontiac Brothers with the death penalty in the expectation that they would back down. But the cracks in this case lie on the side of the state, which must cover one fabrication with another and, in the process, only further expose its already widely known frameup. □

## The Alamo

Continued from page 11

holders and land speculators began hiring private armies of mercenaries—mainly made up of petty criminals—to fight their way into Texas. The southern slave system constantly needed new land to perpetuate its decrepit social order, and the whole southwest territory looked very promising. Meanwhile, the northern capitalists were eyeing this area for opening of trade to the west, as well as the land and minerals there. Texas, part of Mexico, was the gateway and especially important to the expansion of slavery. However, with the Mexican War of Independence against Spain emerging victoriously in 1821 and Mexico's subsequent abolition of slavery, the southern slaveholders (including some big landholders in Texas) were thrown into a frenzy. They stepped up their mercenary invasions, and while these were often defeated by Mexican soldiers, still the number of American settlers rose rapidly, with many small farmers moving in to settle the area.

Land and plunder was promised to "each man with his rifle" who would come. These were the famous "Texas freedom fighters"—mercenary adventurers in a war to rip the land away from Mexico in order to expand the chattel slavery of Black people.

While the invaders were able to quickly overrun the small Mexican garrison of east Texas, including the Alamo, the American mercenary force had trouble staying intact. Many of them ended up going home, while others pushed further west. Meanwhile, the Mexican general Santa Ana had led an army of 3000 men from central Mexico to smash this reactionary aggression. In February of 1836, his army reached the San Antonio garrison.

At this point there were only about 200 Americans left, holed up in the Alamo. Two thirds of them were mercenaries, including Jim Bowie, a Louisiana slave-smuggler, and Davey Crockett, a well-known charlatan and professional fortune hunter. This rabble became part of the rubble, as the Mexican army overran their reactionary fortress. However, contrary to modern mythology, they did not all go down fighting with their bare hands. Seven of them stayed alive long enough to surrender, including Davey Crockett, who

was justly executed for his crimes.

The immediate impact of this Mexican victory and others in Texas, was not to fan the reactionary flames of the Texas "independence" movement, but rather to nearly snuff it out. Many of the demoralized "Texas volunteers" deserted and packed up their belongings, heading for the U.S. border in the face of Santa Ana's advance. It was not until Sam Houston's mercenaries won a surprise victory in a clash with a smaller part of Santa Ana's army and got lucky enough to catch the General himself at San Jacinto, that support and money again began to pour into Texas. It was through glorifying this battle, where the mercenaries murdered every Mexican soldier who tried to surrender, that the slogan "Remember the Alamo" was created, as a rallying cry for national chauvinism, racism, and all reaction.

The first action of the new Texas republic was to legalize slavery. But the full propaganda of the Alamo fantasy and its reactionary cry didn't get utilized until nine years later, when Texas was annexed by the U.S. With this action, the American war of aggression on Mexico began—the murder, plunder and terrorizing of the Mexican people to drive them out of the Southwest. Actually, the patriotic appeal to "Remember the Alamo" wasn't sufficient to attract enough forces for this ignoble cause, and so once again, the American reactionaries had to issue a crude appeal to criminal elements "to revel in the halls of Montezuma." Mexican women were included in the bargain which guaranteed loot and plunder.

This was precisely the kind of war the U.S. ruling class had to wage to seize the Southwest, and force Mexico under the thumb of semi-colonial domination. And it is a fitting history for the U.S. imperialists to memorialize today. Past crimes are always defended to glorify future ones.

The seizure of the Alamo was a bold action by class-conscious proletarians which will be remembered by millions. It was a ripping exposure which spread the word of May Day 1980 far and wide. Its impact will certainly be felt this year again. □

### Letter

## "RW Is My Spokesman"

I am a slave fenced in here at XX prison and I'm writing to thank you for sending me five pieces of your Revolutionary literature last week. I have read the people's pamphlet "Bob Avakian Speaks" and in it on page six Chairman Avakian stated that the *Revolutionary Worker* once carried an article explaining the theories of Albert Einstein to the people. Well, that's one back issue of the *RW* I wish the Revolutionary Communist Party would send me so that I and a few of the Brothers here will have the opportunity to grapple and wrestle with the scientific theories of Einstein too.

Speaking for myself I enjoy and look forward to reading and analyzing the contents of the *RW* each and every week. My only regret is that I wasn't ex-

posed to the *RW* much earlier. I have come to view (and with good reason) the RCP and *RW* as my local, national and international spokesman. I can always depend on the RCP and *RW* summing up any situation correctly and from an oppressed person's point of view. And that's why I'm interested in what the RCP and *RW* has to say about the scientific theories of Albert Einstein.

Thank you,  
A revolutionary prisoner

\*The article referred to appeared in local editions of the *Revolutionary Worker* shortly before the *RW* became a national weekly newspaper. The article, entitled "Einstein: Physics and Metaphysics," can be found in *Revolution* magazine, Vol. 4, No. 4, April, 1979.

### Physics Prof. Writes

RW:

In re to recent article concerning CPML (*RW*, Vol. 2, No. 47, page 20, column 4): quote "In Physics an object falls at 32 feet per second..."

Actually, objects *accelerate* at a rate of 32 ft./sec<sup>2</sup> according to Newton's Laws (disallowing air friction, etc.) through the relation Velocity = accel. times time ( $v = at$ ). Thus, velocity increases linearly with time, irregardless of mass, rather than velocity increasing linearly with mass irregardless of time, as implied by article (Aristotle's

assumption).

However, your message was clear concerning revisionism. Read your tabloid regularly and enjoy it much. Continue the struggle!

A Professor of Physics

Editors Note: Thank you for your letter. The mistake was due to a typographical error. The sentence, which was quoted from The Call, should have read "In Physics an object falls at 32 ft. per second per second..."

## Call to RW Readers to Testify in Connection with Bob Avakian's Demand for Political Refugee Status in France

Astounding though it may be, some people are unable—or unwilling—to recognize that the much advertised democracy in the United States is in reality no more than a big joke. This problem will have an important bearing on the procedure involving Bob Avakian's demand for political refugee status in France. Already in the initial stages of this process it has been said that political persecution has not been proved—that it has not been established that the difficulties encountered with the authorities of his country of origin (the U.S.) were of political origin, in the sense of the Geneva Convention. As this case now moves into the next and more decisive phase, the *RW* is calling on its readers to provide from their own experience, and to help organize on a grand scale, information and evidence which will clearly demonstrate two basic facts:

1. That the U.S. ruling class (which has been responsible for the war in Vietnam, Pinochet in Chile, the Shah of Iran, South Africa, El Salvador and on and on) in fact exercises a vicious repressive dictatorship *within* the U.S. as well.
2. That, in particular, through its various government agencies (and in cooperation with various "private" reactionary forces) it is carrying out systematic and increasing repression aimed against revolutionaries in the U.S. and specifically against the RCP and its Chairman Bob Avakian.

*This is a chance to testify about the so-called "democracy" in the United States and its true meaning for oppressed and class-conscious people*

Statements that illustrate the above two points should be written down and, if *at all* possible, notarized\* (A notary does not have to somehow approve or verify what you wrote; they are only certifying that you are the person who is signing the statement.) These statements should then be handed over to the local Committee to Free the Mao Tsetung Defendants in your area, or if that is not possible, be mailed directly to the National Office of the Committee (P.O. Box 6422 "T" Street Station, Washington, D.C. 20009). If necessary, statements can also be handed over to a regular *RW* distributor. The kind of statements needed are those pertaining to such things as firings and harassment, frameups, brutality, threats, murder, etc. at the hands of police or government agents and especially as these incidents relate to Revolutionary Communist Party members and sympathizers (including people who sell the *RW*) and above all as they relate to Bob Avakian. There is a certain amount of urgency about collecting these statements, and the bulk of them should be in the hands of the National Office of the Committee before May First. Please note if your statement could also be used (with or without signature) for publication in the *Revolutionary Worker*.

\* (This can be done in many cities at banks, currency exchanges, and many other small business offices).

### L.A. Pigs Reveal Fears

## May 1, 1980 Trials Set for May 1, 1981

Los Angeles. With the First of May fast approaching, the trial date has been finally set for the 6 May Day defendants who still have charges pending from last year's demonstration in downtown L.A. The trial date, uncoincidentally, is Friday, May 1, 1981. For a year now the courts have hemmed and hawed, pulling an assortment of legal stall tactics from their bag of judicial tricks, all the while trying to hold the tattered sheet of "criminal charges" in place around a clearly *political* bust. And now, all that is cast off as the judge suddenly insists that the trial must begin on May 1st.

Why May First and not April 30th, or May 4th? Why May First when still important evidence required for the defense, that was requested months ago, is tightly in the fists of the LAPD? While the authorities have no qualms about tying the revolutionaries up in court on May Day, and thus keeping them off the streets, this is only a secondary aspect of why their trial was scheduled for this particular date. No, what the authorities are hoping to get across, in addition to nailing these defendants, is to spread fear and intimidation to others who are planning on taking up the challenges presented by May Day, 1981.

Similarly, and coming under the heading of "Pig Preparations," the *LA Times* recently ran a several page spread announcing the formation of a new horseback unit assigned to the LAPD and designated for "crowd control." The article ran complete with pictures of the LAPD training in Elysian Park. Indeed, this incredible combination of pigs riding horses would make a fascinating segment for "Those Amazing Animals."

The new unit has already seen action twice recently—protecting pro-Shah Iranian demonstrators from being torn apart by Iranian revolutionaries and

their U.S. supporters. In fact, as the article points out, Iranians actually play a significant part in the training of the unit. It seems that whenever the unit trains at Dodger Stadium, the sounds of angry, militant Iranians is piped in over the speaker systems! Obviously the LAPD cowboys want to make sure that their horses don't react as they did—panic-stricken at the resounding chant: "Marg Bar Shah/Death to the Shah."

That the article is for nothing less than a straight-up psych-job, is made quite obvious in the swaggering braggadocio of one of the LAPD rough-riders snorting over how 10 horses equipped with riot cops are as effective as 100 cops on foot. And that May Day itself is the horse unit's next target was made clear by the head of the squad: "They will be called up for upcoming demonstrations on May Day weekend." In fact, it was the LAPD's performance in the streets of the city during last year's May Day that kicked off the idea of forming an equestrian unit. This was part of the cops' frenzied scramble to come up with the whys and wherefors of how their bloody assault failed to stop the demonstrators in their tracks. As another cop put it: "People respect a horse more than they do a cop." And the LAPD is already salivating over its plans to use the unit against May Day, Iranian and Salvadoran revolutionaries, and any other "crowd" they are compelled to bring under their "control."

In addition to these attempts at intimidation, the authorities are continuing efforts to hamper the defendants' ability to expose the months-long police campaign against May Day, 1980. This calculated plan resulted in the over 100 arrests of May Day organizers (of which the 6 are a part) in LA alone; in the police-agent assassination of RCP member Damián

García; and the pre-planned baton charge on the May First demonstration itself. All along the judges have ruled that all this has nothing whatsoever to do with "confrontation" and the arrests on May Day, and have refused to turn over any evidence, or allow the defense access to information relating to these matters.

And even more recently, a California Appellate Court concurred and upheld these lower courts' decisions to bar access to the LAPD files containing the information that the authorities used to deny the march permit for May Day 1980. In addition, the higher court also barred access to any of the LAPD's "security preparations" for the day itself—despite the now well known fact that the pigs had informally tipped the news media *an hour before* the march that they would prevent it from reaching the downtown area (which they failed dismally in doing). That the

LAPD has no intention of handing over anything is further evidenced by their refusal to adhere to a court order to turn over the more than 600 pages of interviews and complaints of police brutality on file that were taken from more than 50 witnesses of the attack on the march. But, as the judge stated as he set the May First trial date for the 6 defendants: "Such stalling is not the Court's problem."

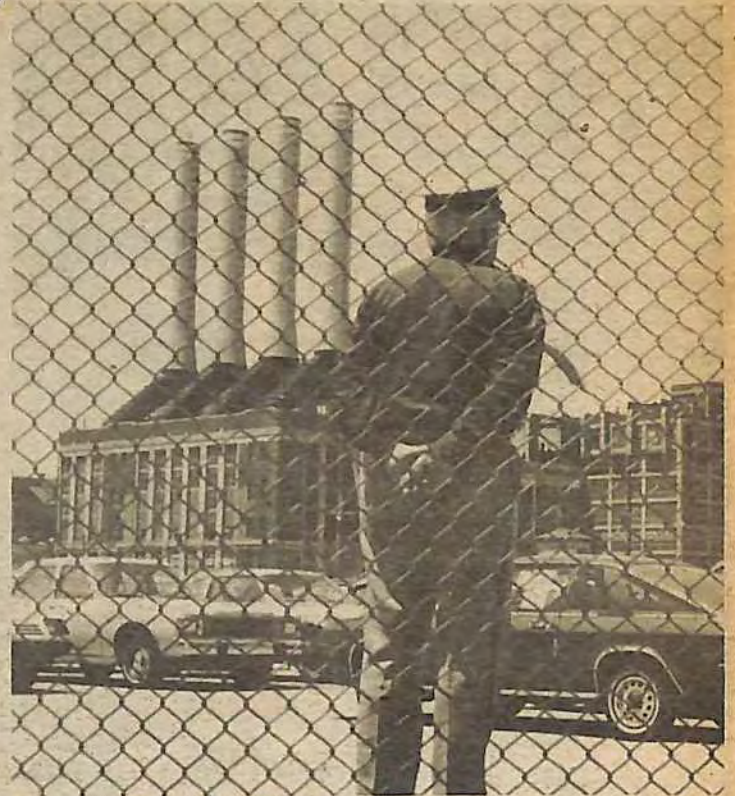
But the images of May Day 1980 have been burned deep into the memories of the rulers—the eluding of the police and the regrouping in the downtown garment district for a "pirate" rally, and the disappearing without a single additional bust. Indeed, the "problem" the rulers face with May Day 1981 is something that all the authorities' horses and all the authorities' men will be hard pressed to put back together again. □

**WE'RE PROLETARIANS—  
NOT AMERICANS  
OUR FLAG IS RED—  
NOT RED, WHITE AND  
BLUE  
May 1st, 1981  
INTERNATIONAL WORKERS DAY**

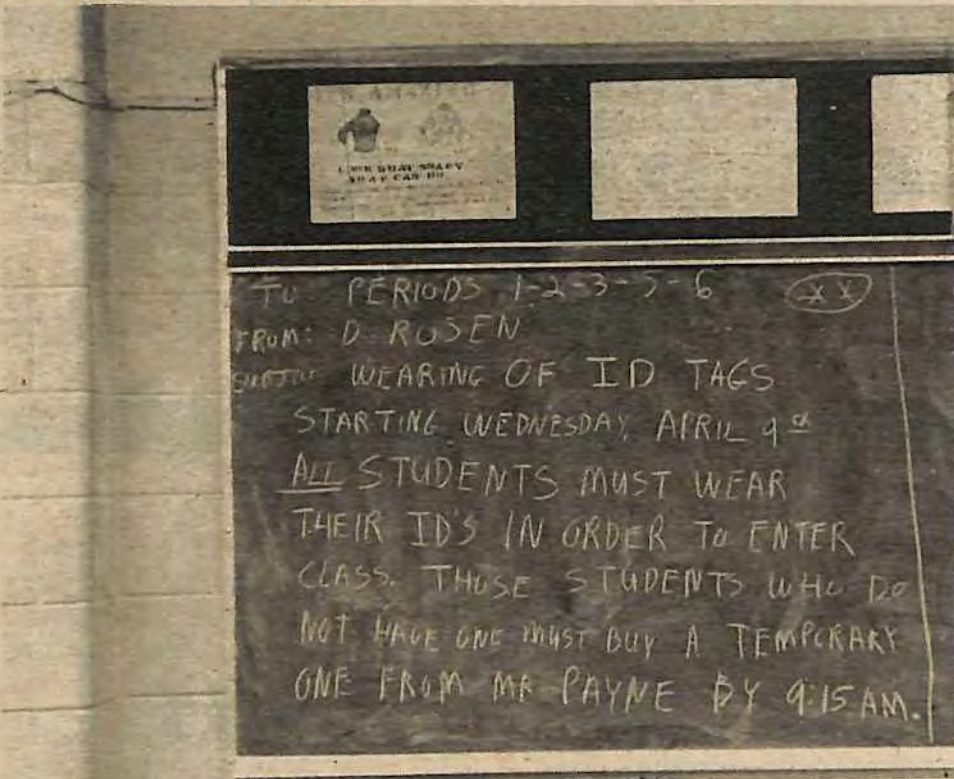
# A nation of cages



Typing Class, Chicago High School.



Dodge Main plant, Detroit.



Chicago schoolroom.

"Imagine an iron house without windows, absolutely indestructible, with many people fast asleep inside who will soon die of suffocation. But you know since they will die in their sleep, they will not feel the pain of death. Now if you cry aloud to wake a few of the lighter sleepers, making those unfortunate few suffer the agony of irrevocable death, do you think you are doing them a good turn?"

"But if a few awake, you can't say there is no hope of destroying the iron house." True, in spite of my own conviction, I could not blot out hope, for hope lies in the future. I could not use my own evidence to refute his assertion that it might exist.

Lu Hsun



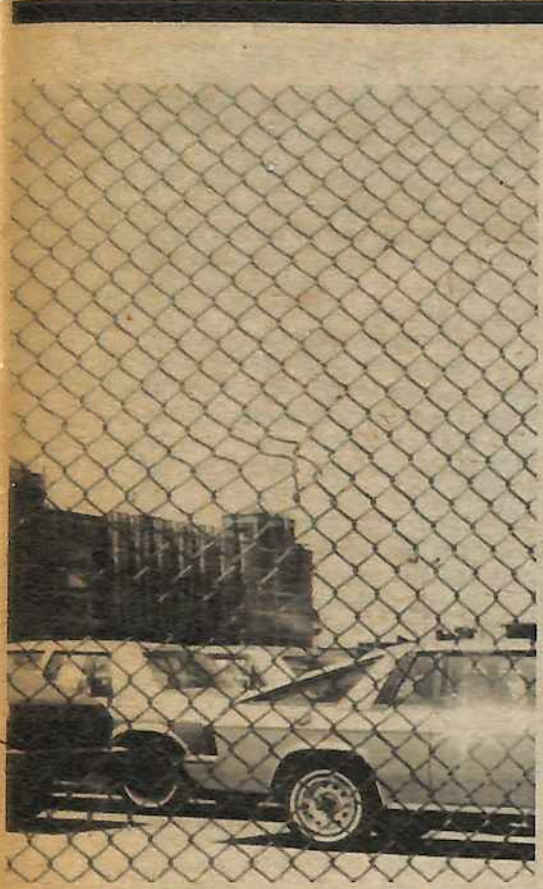
Garment shop, California.



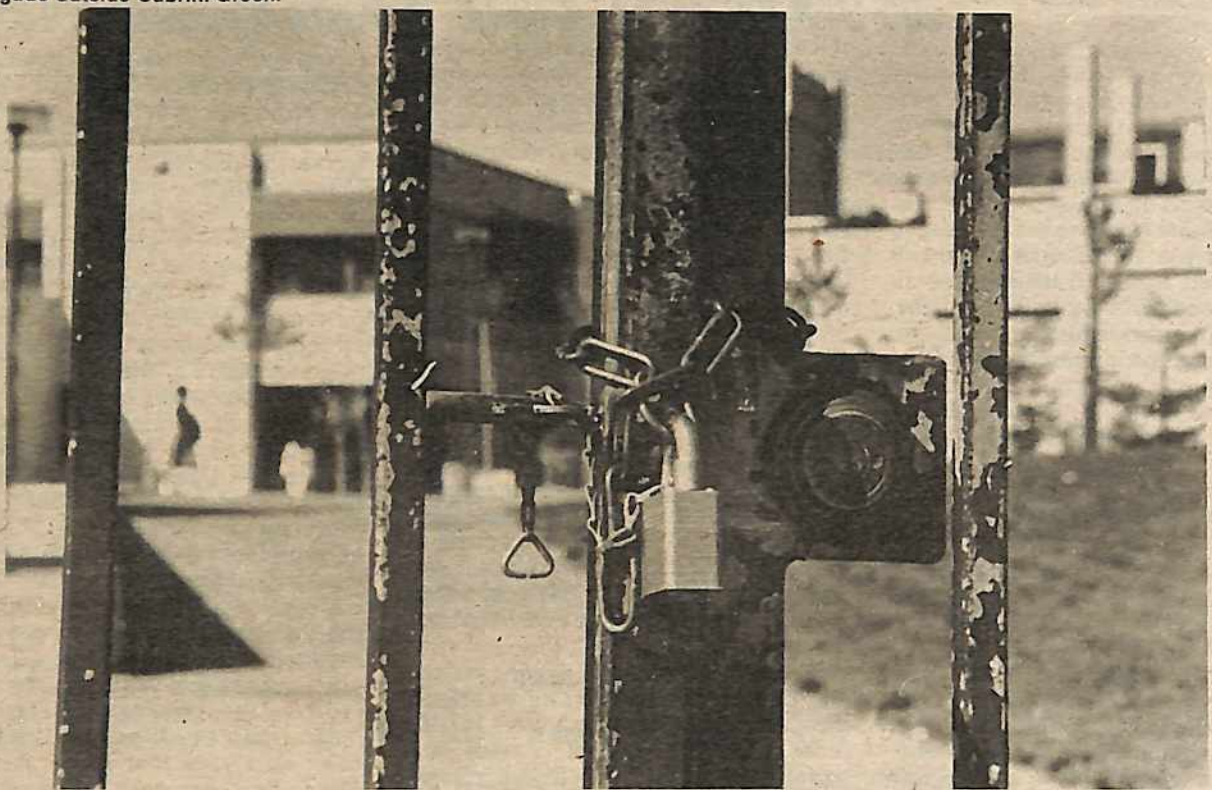
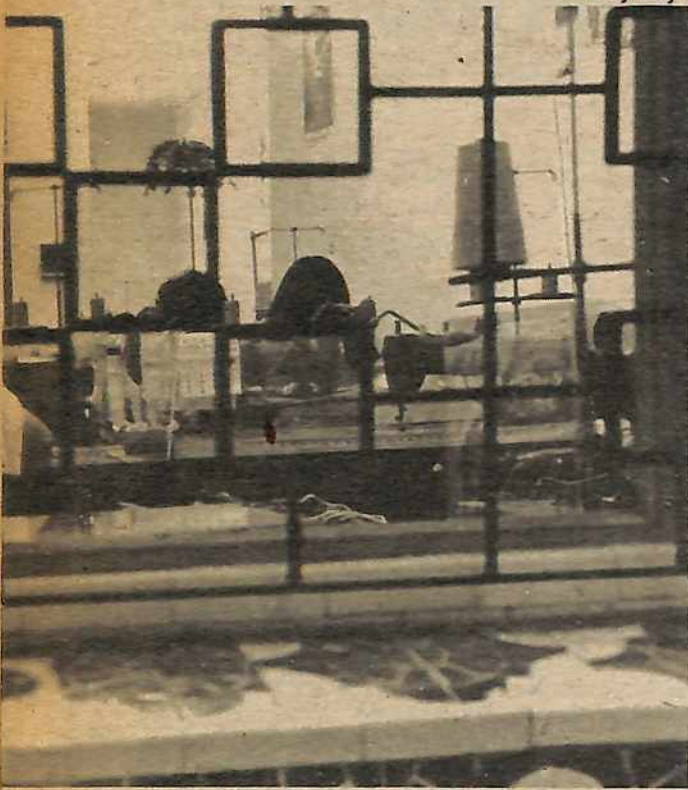
Cabrini-Green projects, Chicago.



Walpole Prison, Walpole, Massachusetts.



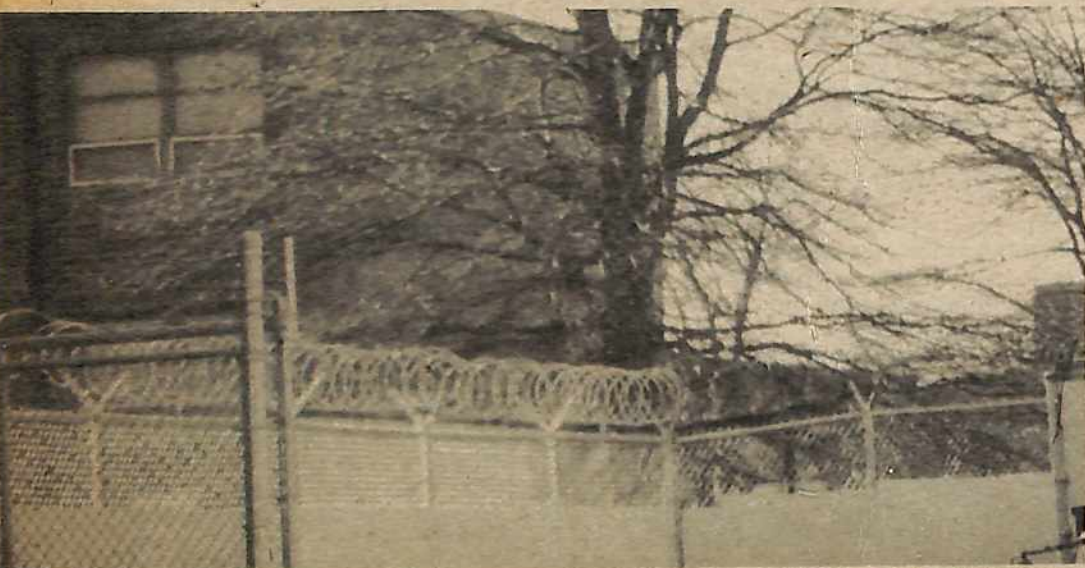
May Day brigade outside Cabrini-Green.



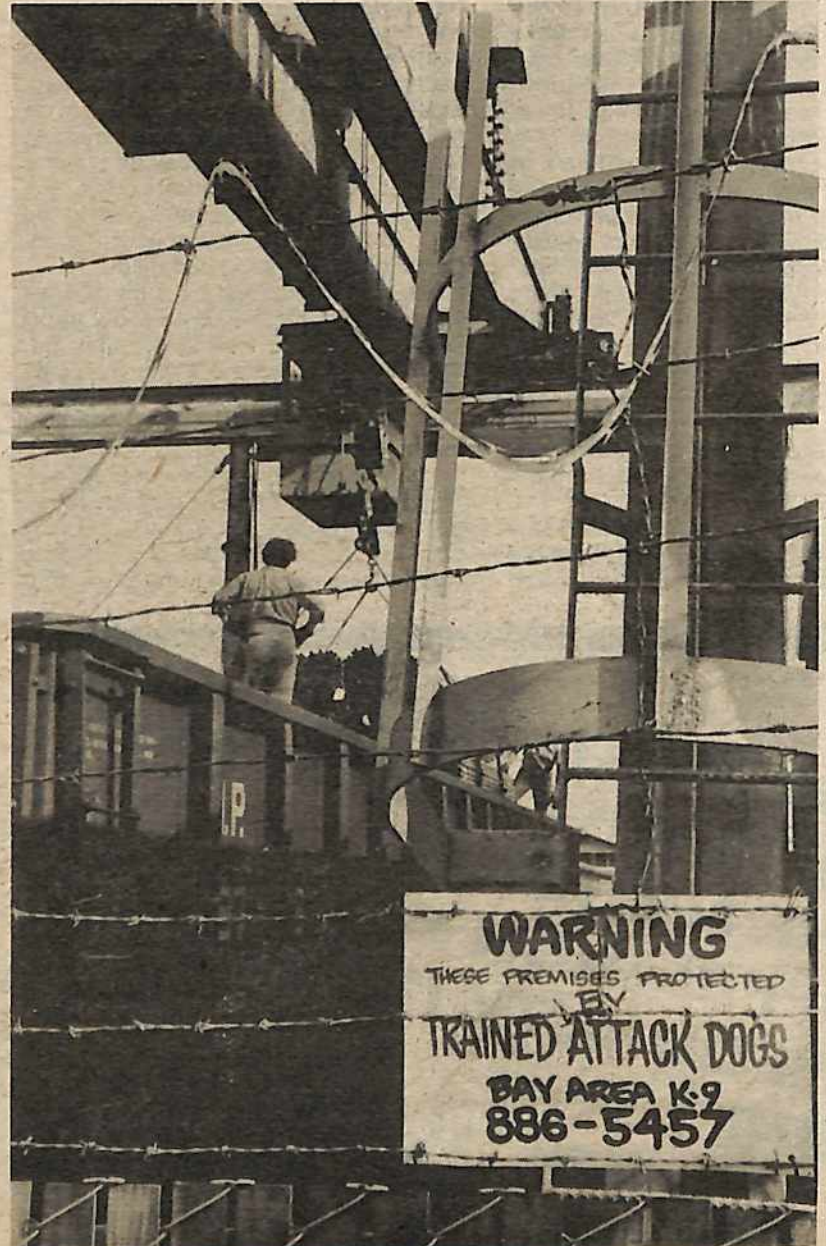
Main entrance, California high school.



Bethlehem Steel, Seattle.



Housing project, Baltimore.



Freight yards, California.

# correspondence on May 1st

Continued from page 5

to turn to. I went for the first time in my life to march with the Revolutionary Communist Party on May Day. It wasn't like the old Communist Party and the October League who have fish fries to raise money on May Day. I marched with the finest comrades you ever wanted to meet. They carried the red flag. I felt chills running up and down my spine. I felt like I was in the revolution of 1917 and 1949. This is the May Day that will never be forgotten because it was a turning point from the old to the new world.

What we should do on May Day 1981—it's about three weeks off. The way to know if revolution is coming is to go to the people. I go downtown and everyone is talking about the child-killing... and more. There's going to be a breakdown. But the people have got to be educated. We have to look back and show the world what we've done in the last year and the advances we've made for revolution and world communism. You have to let the world know—not just Atlanta or New York or the U.S., but the world that we've made progress among the people. Capitalistic society is on the way out. If you don't believe it, look around. People are sick of it.

May Day is not to show off. You can't go in front of the TV on May Day and smile. The point is you expose to the world that we, the Revolutionary Communist Party, is here, we are alive, we want revolution. No more and no less. I went up there in 1980. I'm here and I'm ready. I could show you bullet holes in my knees, scars on my body from the KKK. But I'm just one and I'm lucky I'm here. Look at the murdered kids. I'm ready.

A revolutionary proletarian  
from Atlanta

## Chicago Youth

RW:

Last week, in a small suburban town outside Chicago, an RCYB chapter at the high school took the school building American flag into the cafeteria at lunchtime and, to the consternation of school officials, ripped the flag to shreds. Throwing away the white stripes and blue field with the stars on it, they turned the red stripes into small red flags and red armbands to pass out to build for May Day. This is truly putting the Red Flag in command and tearing down the old order to fight for the new (as well as an instructive philosophy lesson in the unity of opposites and their transformation).

This act comes hot on the heels of some dirty political repression at the school, with one RCYB member being "framed" for putting up posters against another student, rumoring that that student is gay. While others caught doing this were given suspensions of one day, this brother, who was just standing next to one of these posters, was called before the school administration and given over 3 days' suspension with threats of expulsion if he doesn't cut out "you know what" (political organizing in the RCYB).

Most youth at the school saw through this, and when he returned, he was greeted as a sort of hero, in his own

words. When the suspended RCYB returned from his 3 days, he was asked by his literature class to read some poetry that was revolutionary. He chose two poems from the RCY, "Damián García is Dead, But With His Death I Came Alive" (in preparation for 22 April), and "From the Ghettos of Tehran to the Ghettos of America". Afterwards, hot discussion followed on the question of "American Democracy versus Communism," and "The U.S. As An Imperialist Power." The latest activity has greatly increased the interest around May Day at the school, and a couple of Red Flags have appeared in study classes. The RCYB is being interviewed in the school paper, and a fight is already ensuing over school censorship of the article.

## Cuban Refugee

I am a Cuban recently arrived here with the 80,000 Cubans who have come to the U.S., but I believe that not all ideas are the same, because I know that part of the Cubans who have come to the U.S., don't share the same idea—being that the "communism" of Cuba is really a different communism from the true communism of Mao Tsetung. Now I find myself working with the Party of the U.S., giving my efforts as a foreigner and as a revolutionary, since I want to make revolution to end imperialism and to end this great oppressive yoke. I never thought that here in the U.S. where this great capitalism exists, where this country is the first world power, I never thought there would be a Revolutionary Communist Party, and I never thought I'd find myself with so many comrades, anxious to make a real revolution... Well, I never thought that May Day would be celebrated in this country with such struggle, such a red May Day, since in Cuba it's different; in Cuba on May Day there are festivals, where everyone participates at May Day, but I know and I have realized that this May Day is not like that, since here in the U.S. many youth who are anxious to make revolution feel like true communists, celebrate that day with struggle so that all the people know and take the true road.

I know that I have a great task for May Day, but I know that I will be able to measure up to it. Having a great task in order to fight against Yankee imperialism, since we have a great powerful weapon which is the newspaper the *Revolutionary Worker*, since every week we distribute it to the masses, to the people, to the workers, to everyone in general we put forward our revolutionary position and what we have to offer. And now a great day for the masses is drawing near, a great day for the proletariat, for the workers, for the students, for all the peoples here in the U.S., for our Latino class which is oppressed by Yankee imperialism.

We revolutionaries are sure that we will celebrate and will put out our effort to bring about this great day May 1st. We know that we have a great struggle to make revolution because we are living in the heart of the monster. But we are sure that we will do it.

I believe that this great celebration of May Day here in the U.S. will have an impact all over the world since in many parts of the world, they don't believe that we here are making revolution, that

we have a great revolutionary Party, that we are fighting to make this great revolution with the masses, with the proletariat to try to end this imperialism. It's a difficult task, but we will succeed.

A Cuban recently arrived  
in Los Angeles

## Bolivian Worker

Fellow Revolutionary Workers:

I bring revolutionary greetings from the Bolivian proletariat who like you is also preparing for May Day, historic day of the workers' movement and a day when we bring together once again the international unity of the proletarian working class and now more than ever it must unite in struggle against the oppressor's imperialist system.

The Bolivian proletariat, conscious of its class, and of the role it must carry out in the international workers' movement, is preparing for May Day. Confronted with the brutal repressive measures of the most uncompromising brutal military junta which exercises its dictatorship over the people, jailing and deporting thousands, and killing hundreds more, will be the class conscious and the hopes for freedom which again, as in years past, will bring the masses into the streets, defying the violent police and military repression since the proletariat knows that on that day, carrying its red banner, they won't be alone in the battle for freedom, because the people know that in dozens of countries and hundreds of cities, thousands and thousands of workers, miners, farmworkers, students and other oppressed of the world, who also will carry the red banner as their own, will shake the foundations of this unjust system based on repression, oppression, racism and slavery. The history of the workers' movement in Bolivia is full of heroic struggles and great victories, like the nationalization of the mines, of oil, the agrarian reform and many more, having the miners in front of the revolutionary struggles and as a bastion of resistance against all oppression. Since some workers' leaders are influenced by lowly and reformist economism (trade unionism), the masses always knew to seek out the correct line and unmask and denounce the traitors to the working class (who tried to postpone or block May Day marches in previous years in order not to provoke the government's repressive measures). They filled the streets with demonstrations that made the ruling class and its paid assassins, the military, shake with fear.

The force of the ideas of Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tsetung Thought is reaching to the most remote corners of the land, generating hopes for a better future under the dictatorship of the proletariat, from the Bolivian Andes to the Chinese rose gardens from the Harlem ghettos to the African villages, and El Salvador, Poland, Afghanistan, all over the world, this day belongs to the oppressed of the world, and on that day we should make a great step forward so that soon, very soon, the future will be ours. United around May Day, holding the red banner high, and pledging not to step back in the struggle against imperialism, we leap to conquer what belongs to us... the future. Forward friends and comrades! Long live May Day!

A proletarian from Bolivia

## Los Angeles

May Day, oppressed workers' day. The International "Martha Tijerina" Red Brigade (named after a Sandinista guerrilla killed in the struggle in Nicaragua), a group in sympathy with the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA, sends fraternal revolutionary greetings and at the same time calls on different revolutionary parties to let them know that the strength of the oppressed masses, that is to say, we the exploited class, are carrying out plans on the eve of May Day. To the students, professionals, workers and oppressed classes:

One of the first tasks for oppressed workers' day is to criticize, analyze and create public opinion... seize power. Many ask us in what form we will do it, but the actual main work is through the role of a revolutionary newspaper that is going to create a political awakening and righteousness and which is in favor of the oppressed classes and does not

make it a game like some in many countries which call themselves socialists or communists, but they are no more than traitors to Marxism and the oppressed classes. Raising the red banner means freedom for the proletariat and the unity of all to unleash us from the humiliating slavery. This truly will create a political situation for the two great sovereign powers, as they see unleashed in every corner of the world the call of revolution by the masses, like what happened in Iran, in our true interests—this class that for many centuries has suffered exploitation, hunger and war. Only our revolution, mass popular revolution led by the proletariat and the Revolutionary Communist Party. Our task is the radical elimination of the different exploitative systems and all their ruling classes, and the most decisive work of our revolution is the seizure of power, by armed struggle, because the ruling class isn't going to give up its pie that it has held for many centuries.

We remember May Day, holding the red banner high with our left fist, for the destruction of imperialism and social imperialism, but we ask many questions: Who will wave our red banner of freedom? Who will carry the placards with slogans? And we will show that the dictatorship of the proletariat will win out even if we lose our lives. Everyone for freedom, no one for slavery! Workers of the world unite! The fallen are not defeated, since the revolutionaries hold them dear in their hearts.

International "Martha Tijerina"  
Red Brigade  
Los Angeles  
Translated from the Spanish by the  
RW

## Indian Activist

To my brothers and sisters everywhere  
c/o the *Revolutionary Worker*.

Most nations, groups, religions and movements among the people, large and small, have their central day of celebration; an occasion which serves as a renewal of faith and dedication, a demonstration of solidarity and togetherness and as a broadcast and reminder of their existence and growth to those not of their persuasion. Everyone used to be much more aware of the Irish as an oppressed group. But in recent times, the Irish have been less a conspicuous element in American society (due perhaps to the massive bourgeoisification of many Irish people), were it not for St. Patrick's Day we might forget for years about the Irish. Christmas carries on the yearly reminder of Christianity long after its religious significance has been obscured. My people, the Lakota (Indians) have the sun dance each summer which renews our faith and unity as a people, and is a prayer for the survival and well being of the people during the next year. Not only do these celebrations remind and inform the world of a group's existence and aims, but they serve as a rallying point for self identification for the members.

For the international proletariat—the oppressed of all peoples and nations—that day of celebration is traditionally May Day. It is a day to remind ourselves of the real status of our lives and our society, and to make others who are less aware, acutely conscious of the revolutionary movement, its existence, its aims, and of the realities which it represents. It has been truly said that revolution is everyday—not just occasionally on May Day. That is true for the advanced and for many millions worldwide. But it is also true that for those who are not aware one great explosion of affirmation on one day serves as an invaluable alarm clock which goes off regularly and on schedule each year. The parades, demonstrations and other activities are broadcast on international media—the only time when the red flag of revolution is up everywhere and in front of everybody. Therefore for the oppressed of the world, no day in the year is so significant.

Why May Day 1981 is particularly important has been discussed in analyses of the history of revolution in its current phase in the world situation in two recent articles in the *RW* quoting excerpts from papers of the RCP Central Committee. They probe in depth why both the historical forces of the development of revolution and the current conditions developing between imperialist nations require more than ever

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**DOWN WITH THE  
CAPITALIST SYSTEM AND  
THE NATIONAL  
OPPRESSION AND  
INEQUALITY IT THRIVES  
ON!**  
**May 1st, 1981**  
**INTERNATIONAL WORKERS DAY**



# on May 1st

Continued from page 16

the gathering together, the statement of awareness and its broad base among the masses, as well as the generation of enthusiasm and solidarity amongst the working class that May Day in all its forms of celebration provide. So I need not elaborate further on the significance of El Salvador, Afghanistan, Poland, Iran, and on and on—except to say do it! Now! Read and study the *Revolutionary Worker*, get it out broadly, discuss it, support it, correspond.

But what shall we do, besides the parades, demonstrations, meetings, etc. being organized around the country and the world on May Day by concerned groups? What can those of us do who, for whatever reason, aren't able to participate broadly in the celebration? I think the answer is whatever, and wherever you can, take notice of May Day and spread that notice to others! If nothing else—if you can't join your comrades in the streets—then wear something red or pin a piece of red ribbon on your jacket or sweater or dress. Wear it proudly and talk about it. If millions would do only this as many Irish do no more on St. Patrick's Day than wear a green shamrock, it can serve to reach many more people with an awareness of May Day and the struggle for revolution. This together with all the other actions will intensify May Day's impact throughout society. May Day is coming. Let's prepare for it! Let's love it! Let's do it now!

A long-time Indian activist  
in the Bay Area

## Farmworkers

I am a woman farmworker who cannot write well, but I would like you to know what I think about May Day 1981, so that we may prepare ourselves and so that it will not be like any other day. But I want to know what that day means to you; for me that day means a lot because that day is international, for the working class who on that day deals blows to the imperialists throughout the world. You might ask yourselves why? And that's a question you must think about. For me it is when millions of workers rise up against all the oppression that the capitalists impose on us, no matter what our race is. One thing we must do is become co-conspirators of the *Revolutionary Worker* so that we may know how to make revolution in this country. The thing that all of us must do is distribute the *Revolutionary Worker* to raise the consciousness of millions that hate this system like I do. One thing we must do is read the *RW* to understand that we must break the chains of the working class, that is why we must continue on this road.

When I first started reading the *RW* I thought, it was a paper like all the rest, but then I began reading it and started understanding a lot. All I used to think about was working, but now I see things differently because one learns a lot from the *RW* and you also have to struggle with everyone else, plus it is for the working class. One of the things I learned from the *RW* is why it raises not only my consciousness but everyone else's too. I started selling the *RW* and then I realized I had to do more. Now I am a co-conspirator and I want the *RW* to reach all the people.

A comrade, wishing much success to all the sellers of the *RW* in making

revolution here and throughout the world.

Maria R.  
(translated from Spanish by the *RW*)

## San Francisco Veteran

May Day, 1980, was the first May Day I have ever participated in. I had always thought May Day was for Russians or something, and when I learned it had originated in this country, I was shocked. I have always held a very cynical attitude toward America, largely due to my ignorance of the rich history of class struggle here. To me, the multi-racial and cultural makeup of the Oakland march and its militant *working class* character was its most profound and revolutionary aspect. Seeing a thousand of my brothers and sisters storming the streets, fists and red flags raised proudly against pig/Klan intimidation, and how bravely to the future, was a powerfully uplifting experience, putting the lie to the bourgeois myth pounded into my skull for 3 decades that Americans were nothing more than indifferent, "Donna Reed Show," zombies, or thick-headed, flag-waving hardhats. I've had to struggle time and again against this cynical brainwashing, and it's held me back to a certain extent politically, but the memory of the virtual sea of red flags lining the sidewalks along the march route reminds me again and again that we were not alone out there, a bunch of "isolated crazies," as the pathologically insane ruling class always paints us, but that we stood for millions the world over.

I must admit that, at first, I was disappointed that more people hadn't turned out for the march, and that even more weren't able to join it along the way. Perhaps the murder of Damian Garcia, and the phalanxes of riot-clad police all over downtown and along the march route had something to do with it! Yet, in the intervening year since that day, I have come to see that our actions held far more impact than mere numbers would indicate. The military tenseness of the march was high, we had a great deal of political freedom because we had put the bourgeoisie on the defensive, and most important of all, we showed the world that there is a revolutionary force deep within the empire's vitals, haunting it and preparing rapidly for the time when revolution will explode in fury, to rid the world once and for all of this ghastly monster.

May Day 1980 started the '80s off with a bang, May Day '81 must continue the explosion. The world situation has gotten immeasurably hotter, as our rulers prepare for the slaughter of millions, perhaps billions, as those same millions begin to rise up against them. These times are fraught with great dangers, but simultaneously even greater opportunities and responsibilities present themselves to us. The actions we take now may well determine the future of humankind, and only the boldest actions will do. To take history into *our* hands is the only course open to us as international proletarians.

Long live revolution! Break out on May Day 1981!

A San Francisco Bay Area Veteran  
and class-conscious worker

## Scene

from page 3

and internationalist actions of May First to burst on the scene. May First will have the effect of diverting the mounting protests on a grand scale, of directing things forward, of being a living manifesto of the content, goal and even to some extent the form of the determined struggle that awaits us in the future, not too far ahead.

Of course it will take more than May 1st, 1981 to accomplish this. This is the ongoing and overall work of the revolutionary forces, and involves especially the key role of a newspaper, of agitation and propaganda, in order to fulfill our role in the process, "Create Public Opinion... Seize Power." All this was elaborated on in depth in the article "Support Every Outbreak of Protest and Rebellion" in *RW* No. 84 and is most relevant today. But May First itself will play an important role in this process, further accelerating it. At a time when broader and broader forces from all classes and strata are in motion, a force of class-conscious proletarians storming the political stage with the red, internationalist banner of the revolutionary struggle firmly in hand will give things a great push toward their necessary goal.

Through their experience, people awakening to political life can come to see that what is wrong is more than one particular abuse, but rather it is an entire system that is rotten. But these people's experience must for one thing include May First—a manifesto of the future and the way to achieve it. All who now see this truer, fuller picture must act today to openly and boldly declare their sentiments and to influence others in that direction.

Already within the movements and rebellions of today, and among those people influenced by them, there are many who because of their overall experience and understanding of society are welcoming revolutionary prospects, already see themselves working for proletarian revolution or who can be decidedly influenced in a revolutionary direction. Many more are becoming more open to this daily as they seek an end to these outrages and as things continue to sharpen in the world. May First will change the world; it will accelerate the process of revolution worldwide.

Raising the red flag of revolution May First will affect all the oppressed and struggling masses in this country—all the classes and strata who are

politically coming to life. It will thrust the class-conscious proletariat powerfully onto the political scene. These proletarians are the advanced representatives of the propertyless class, the one force which, owing to its very social position, has no stake in the class relations of this system and is thus capable of leading the struggle through to smash the old order and bring forth the new. Those who put the red flag in command this year will serve to raise the sights of the masses to the truly international character of our struggle and to the major events and developments in the world that indicate most strongly the road forward. May First will serve to fuse the outlook and understanding of the international proletariat with the advanced in this country.

## Worldwide Influence

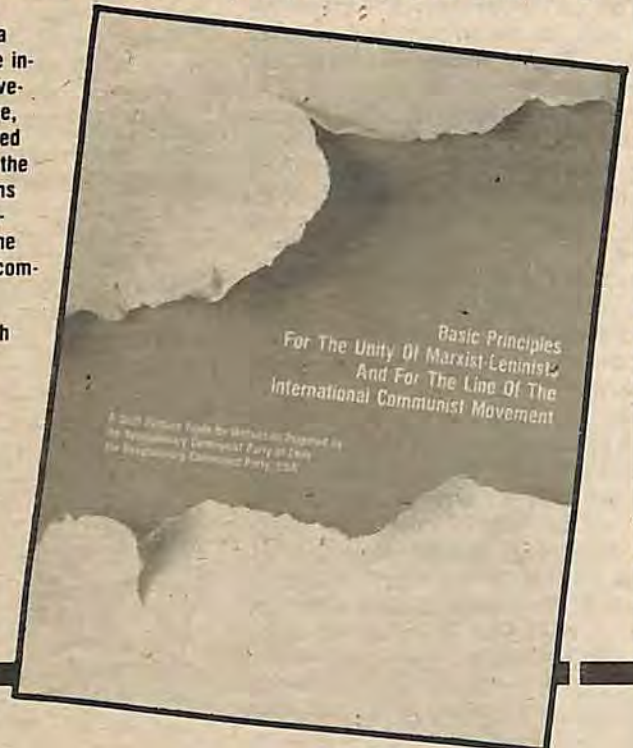
What goes on in this imperialist superpower can and will assist the whole international proletarian revolutionary struggle. This is true not only in the sense that all over the world, as we said last year, the giant heart of the international proletariat will skip a beat as it sees a battalion of its ranks in action on May First inside the belly of that world-renowned beast, U.S. imperialism. It is also true that even within the existing broad revolutionary movements around the world, which involve many different class forces arrayed against imperialism, class-conscious actions on May First by proletarians in the imperialist U.S. will strengthen the influence and line of the proletarian revolutionary forces inside of these movements. The worldwide leadership of the revolutionary proletariat and its red banner will be strengthened. We will be that much closer to the ultimate victory of communism and the elimination of oppression and class distinctions everywhere.

The action on May First will be no ordinary action, no end in itself. Even the forms of struggle on that day will point to the future. All sorts of things, in every sphere of society, will happen on May First—giving a sense of the ultimate ability of the class-conscious proletariat to transform the world from top to bottom. And when in certain key areas across this country, together with many worldwide, the stand is taken that "this place is red today" and obstacles are pushed aside, then as the call to May First put it, "the formerly suppressed political energy of the masses, their activism, their search for

A draft document from the Revolutionary Communist Party of Chile and the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA for discussion in the international communist movement and within their respective Parties. The document was submitted to the autumn 1980 international conference of Marxist-Leninist Parties and organizations, which held that, "on the whole, the text is a positive contribution

toward the elaboration of a correct general line for the international communist movement. With this perspective, the text should be circulated and discussed not only in the ranks of those organizations who have signed this communique, but throughout the ranks of the international communist movement."

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revolutionary ideas and theory will blossom." Friend and foe alike will take note and real life will be given to the slogan, "Down with the old order and fight to bring alive the new."

One thing May First will not do. It will not improve or seek to improve imperialism. The class-conscious proletariat cannot afford to spread these illusions. They will be spread in plenty of other ways—promoted by misleaders and opportunists, those blinded by privileges that keeps them on their knees praying that things can improve without damaging imperialism. Most fundamentally these illusions will abound because even as the masses in their millions are awakening to political life many will opt for the allure and false hopes of more painless progress—at first. But the developments in the material world will be greatly changing that. Socialist revolution and then the transition to communism is called for by the real demands of the world and is the only concrete solution. And what's more is that things are developing rapidly to the point where there is going to be a leap in the situation and this "concrete" step may be *very shortly, very immediately* on the agenda, if not here (though very

possibly here), in large sections of the globe.

By the end of the decade, the whole world as we know it will be radically different. But as it all goes up for grabs, as it may well, the preparations, the actions today of the advanced section will have been decisive. These actions today and the all-around revolutionary work of the class-conscious can make the difference about whether the proletariat succeeds in *winning* in a revolutionary war.

On May 1st, worldwide, the class-conscious proletariat and the struggling masses of the world will rise up as one, though in various ways and numbers, as conditions differ. Together, they will be signalling that though the bloated beasts still rule the world overall, their days are numbered. For in all corners, their opposite, the only class that can lead the determined and decisive assault against them, is not simply anxiously waiting, or begging for crumbs, but actively preparing, daring to strain the limits of what is possible in each and every situation, braving and advancing through today's attacks by the enemy to be able to seize any and all opportunities to the maximum to make a breakthrough in the liberation of all mankind. □

# BASE AREA

Continued from page 4

backyards, was a dangerous mousetrap for them. They were driven there, to find themselves exposed without protection to the revolvers of the police who had cut off the street at both ends. Wiesenstrasse lay across the Köslinerstrasse like the stroke of the letter T, and made a blind alley. Moreover the houses were no longer a sufficient means of protection, since the police had begun to storm them and to follow the workers into the tenements. On the one side of the alley one could at best reach the Wedding—or Reinickendorferstrasse by way of the backyards, and these streets were easily kept in check by the police. On the other side the backyards were cut off by the Panke. And even if the fugitives waded through the water they would only reach Panke—or Wiesenstrasse.

It was easy to see that the surrounding of the whole block of houses was no difficult task for the police, and sooner or later it would surely come to that. What then?

In numerous rooms in the alley, traces of bullets were to be seen on walls and furniture. Several children had already been hurt by flying pieces of mortar. Immediately above the bed in which a twelve-year-old child was lying, four bullets had crashed through the wall and covered the child with fallen plaster. It was sheer luck that more people had not been wounded or killed.

To remove the children now from the alley would mean carrying them through the firing zone. On the stairs crying, desperate mothers were standing cursing "the blue devils" below.

"Are you men?" they shouted to the workers.

"You're white-livered, cowardly curs, who let the women and children be shot! Throw stones like little boys and run away!"

"You've muck in your bones instead of blood, you sots! Because these lousy swine hold cannon in their hands, you rather dung your trousers than take the things away from them—you 'communists'!"

"You don't understand—" the men could only reply. "We can't simply start a revolution on our own to-day!"

"No—but you can make grand speeches all right."

Then the men went out into the streets again and thought to themselves: Right they are, those women—but cowards? No, we aren't cowards. The Red Alley isn't cowardly, not that—but—what should we do? What on earth shall we do? Damned cossacks! They were asking it on the stairs, on the yards, in the street, in the pubs—in the "Red Nightingale."

The narrow passage of the "Red Nightingale" was thronged with excited faces. The crowd was drawn towards the light of the electric lamp over the corner table. Thomas was carrying his bandaged hand in a leather strap hanging from his neck. Next to him sat Paul, whose cap was lying somewhere on the Nettelbeckplatz.

"Comrades—" Kurt was saying calmly, "—in a few hours it will be dark. If the police remain in the alley by then, you know what will happen. We won't have two dead in our houses tomorrow, but twenty perhaps."

He paused for a moment and looked into the faces of the workers behind him as if to read their thoughts, then he continued: "It seems to me, comrades, that the police must not be allowed to enter the alley again."

"You're right, Kurt."

"Comrades, that is sheer madness," Paul shouted, and jumped up excitedly, "Do you want to start a civil war on your own? I protest—"

Thomas pressed him back in his chair: "Just be quiet for a moment, Paul, we'll see what Kurt has to say."

Kurt looked at Paul with stern brows. He was thinking of the workers standing around the table who knew that Paul was the deputy leader of the Communist street-cell for to-day.

"Comrades," I said, "the police must not be allowed to enter the alley

any more. We—not the police—must block the street. Particularly we must prevent cars from entering!"

"Yes, that's the chief thing, those damned police tanks."

"There's building material at the corner. We must build a barricade across the street at once, like this." He pressed the large forefinger of his broad builder's hand on the wooden surface of the table. "This is the alley." He drew a line with his finger, "and this the Wedding—and this the Pankstrasse."

The finger drew an irregular triangle. The workers gazed intently at the scratched, spotty table and followed the invisible lines of the plan.

"And here," he tapped on the wood with his broad nail, "we build a barricade—from here to here: and a second one from the corner there, across to here, and the third straight across the entrance to the alley. Then the whole corner is blocked up and they can't enter either from there or there!"

Attentive eyes followed the broad finger-tip on its travels across the table.

Kurt looked up. His face was no longer so calm as before. He knew that his plan implied a decisive sharpening of the struggle, but there was no other way out if they wanted to protect the populace from further police terror—a terror which, as experience had taught them, would grow fiercer and fiercer towards night. Before the last attack some people had already started to place wooden poles across the street. Kurt knew the people of the alley too well—they would not look on calmly for very much longer while one after the other was shot down, without resistance. He had seen and heard enough just now on the stairs and in the yards.

Thomas stood up and banged the fist of his sound arm on the table. "Settled, Kurt—get on, boys, to work—we haven't a second to lose!"

The workers pushed their way out of the pub, taking with them everyone who was standing about. "Quickly—get out all of you! There's work to do outside!"

Everyone shouted and ran about excitedly. The atmosphere of helplessness and despair gave way at once to a strong, determined feeling of power.

Kurt and Paul remained alone at the table. The room was quite empty; from the front-room he heard Black Willi polishing his glasses. Kurt would have preferred to go out at once with the others, but he did not want to let Paul sit there passive like that. He had to have a quick word with him. The matter was too important.

Paul slowly lifted his head and looked at Kurt. His face was quite changed. Then he began to speak with a low voice trembling with excitement: "Kurt—do you know what you have done? For what follows now I refuse to take any responsibility. You know that I have been in the movement for twenty years. I am not a coward, do you hear?" His voice was raised threateningly. "I am not a coward, but I won't take part in that!"

His face was colourless. Kurt looked at him in surprise. Why did Paul speak in such a strange manner? He bent down slightly towards him and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Paul, what is the matter with you? The whole alley knows that you are no coward. But—just listen to me—you have not yet clearly realised what has happened outside to-day, on the 1st of May. We in this alley aren't the only ones, everywhere in town the police have been acting like this. What do you think, Paul, what is happening in Neukölln just now! And why are they doing it? And why have they prohibited demonstrations on the 1st of May, of all days? And why do the S.P.D. leaders with their Social Democratic police president, let the police loose on the workers with the order to shoot?"

Kurt was now shouting at Paul. He caught him by the shoulders with both fists. "Why on earth, Paul? Because we communists are to-day the only leaders of the revolutionary workers. Don't you understand, Paul; to-day they want to smash us, so that the masses run away from us, leaving us completely isolated, like a general who suddenly finds himself without an army! They

are beating down women and children and all the time they mean the Communist Party. The Reichswehr, the police, all are brought into action against the Communists, who are 'inciting' and mobilising the masses against the starvation government of the social fascists."

Suddenly he was struck by an idea; he searched his pockets excitedly and finally took a few printed pages from the many papers and cuttings that filled them. He smoothed a crumpled newspaper page on the table. Across the page ran the headline: *Lenin and the May-day celebration!* It was to-day's May-day number of the *Rote Fahne*.

He had marked a passage printed in display type in the top left-hand corner with a thick pencil mark when he read the article early in the morning. He now pointed his broad finger to this passage. "Here! here it is, Paul!" He read aloud, slowly: "Events of this kind show clearly how armed insurrection against a despotic government does not merely develop as an idea in the heads and programmes of revolutionaries, but as the..." he made a short pause and continued with emphasis: "...the natural, the practical and the inevitable next step of the movement itself, as a result of the growing indignation, the growing experience, the growing courage of the masses. *The courage of the masses*," he repeated with force, emphasizing every word by tapping his finger on the table.

"And who wrote that, Paul? Comrade Lenin wrote that for the workers of Moscow when he commented on a political mass strike in 1902. Do you understand now, Paul? The revolution does not come, as if Stalin said, 'when I press a button to-day there is armed insurrection in Germany,' but it must grow gradually, with every action, with every economic struggle, with every political mass strike—and that's what the 1st of May is. It's no holiday, Paul, out there on the streets! Why don't the workers sit still any longer, now they are being shot down and batoned?" He banged his flat hand on the paper in front of him. "The growing indignation of the masses! And if we of the Party don't see this, then we are lagging behind and they will lose confidence in us. But we are the leaders and must always be at their head." And as if he wanted to summarise all he had said, he continued: "*Self-defence—Paul—is not armed insurrection!*—but only in this way will we grow in strength, until one day we shall be able to give up the defensive and go over to the attack!"

Kurt was silent and looked self-consciously out of the window after his long speech. Presently he turned round. Paul was still looking at the paper in front of him. In large, bold type five letters headed the article LENIN! He saw the masses on the streets, the batoning, shooting police, the red flags shot down, the worker Heider lying in the dark passage on the floor with his torn open belly... He saw stones in the hands of the proletarians.

Paul was a functionary of the old social democratic school, raised in the long-past revolutionary days of Social-Democracy. His thoughts and feelings moved within the limits of the old accustomed methods of agitation and struggle. He felt himself that they were out of date to-day, that what he saw outside required completely new tactics. The capitalist system of to-day with its intensified exploitation was putting the youth through a harder training in the class struggle than those who had gone before. Perhaps Kurt was right, after all! He did not grasp it all quite as quickly. But, it was true. There on the page it was printed in plain language, language everyone could understand. And then—Lenin had said it!

He rose and went with Kurt into the street in silence...

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With a hollow crash the advertisement board fell across the street. The big, heavy iron sewer pipes which lay in preparation for repair work in the Pankstrasse were rolled up. Beams and boards fell noisily to the ground.

"Look out, comrades!"

Crash,—the heavy builder's waggon lay on its side at the entrance of the alley like a huge, lazy animal, its wheels stretched helplessly in the air. With a

splintering of glass, street lamps fell into the street. Hundreds of hard hands helped. Pickaxes tore up the hard asphalt. Sand flew from the shovels and was piled up an irregular heaps which were stamped into shape by the women. From a distant street shots were heard. The sound only hastened the work.

Slowly the barricades grew up in the shape of an irregular triangle outside the "Red Nightingale." They blocked the Weddingstrasse, the alley and the entrance from the Pankstrasse.

For days an old, torn mattress had been lying in a backyard. Two women now carried it along and threw it on to the barricades. Out of the houses came the iron dust bins—useful obstacles! The workers scrambled between the heaps of sand and the beams. Women helped to pile up stones torn from the pavements.

Everyone laughed when they saw two young workers run down the street with a large gate which they had lifted from its hinges.

"Jupp, won't you bring along the beds as well?" a young woman called out after them.

"You bet your life. If we take your bed, the bugs would carry away the whole barricade."

"Don't say that. My bed is first class. It's stood many a bump, though not from the police!"

They laughed and shouted over their work. Packing cases, old baskets, sticks, boards, everything they could lay hands on was rushed to the spot. An old woman went with bent back along the street and gathered up stones in her apron. The window of her little flat looked out on the street immediately in front of the barricade.

The shooting came nearer. Thomas sent off a group of young workers with instructions to keep the police away from the alley as long as possible. He was no longer calm as at first. He had had to take a gun from the pockets of more than one of the men. There was no time now to explain to them that the barricades were designed merely to keep out the police lorries. Against the present weapons of the police, barricades were no longer a special means of protection, particularly in a regular street fight. Much less were they a base for an offensive.

"Hallo... Thomas?"

"Where is Thomas?"

He turned round. The workers standing on the barricade were calling for him. He hastened across to them. A courier with a bicycle was standing on the other side. When he saw Thomas he dropped the cycle and ran towards him. His young face was covered with sweat.

"Thomas..." he said in a low voice when he was standing in front of him... "two cars with a machine-gun mounted on the first are on the way from Wedding Station!"

Thomas scarcely waited for him to finish. He turned round to the workers: "Comrades—back into the houses at once. Lock the doors. The special detachment into the back room of the 'Red Nightingale.' No one is to shoot. Watch the street! The street to remain empty!" A few young workers ran along the alley: "All into the houses, Lock the doors!"

The loud penetrating signal of the police cars was now heard from the Nettelbeckplatz. The bright faces turn grey. The danger had suddenly returned like the dark shadow of a great revolver pointing towards the alley...

A young woman with smooth blonde hair grabbed up two little children who were playing in a puddle before the fountain.

Anna had fetched all the children living in number 6 and had taken them to the relatively safe room of a worker who lived facing the Panke in the second yard. She was now running about the street gathering all the other children she could find.

"Come here at once, you young rogue!" she shouted after Hermann's twelve-year-old boy, who had been in the thick of it all day long.

"No, Mrs. Zimmermann, the back-end is no place for me," the boy shouted back laughingly and slapped his pocket, which was crammed full of stones, with his dirty little fist. He ran into the "Red Nightingale" with the men.

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## BASE AREA

Continued from page 18

The doors had not all been closed yet when the first police car took the corner of the Pankstrasse at full speed. The brakes screeched as they tore the heavy lorry back. Scarcely a yard from the car there lay, a silent menace—the barricade! The alley beyond was deserted. Only from the windows the red flags were again flying, they moved gently, almost playfully in the wind.

There was deathly silence. The motor continued to hum and sing in the same indifferent and monotonous way. From their hiding places and corners the workers saw in front of them the faces of the police, which looked like white spots on the cars. The other lorry came along and stopped just behind the first. Waiting, puzzled, undecided, terrified—

Through the glass-pane in front of the driver's seat the eyes of Major Beil wandered across the barricade into the silent, deserted street. Minutes passed before his brain grasped the fact that straight in front of him the street was blocked by a large, wide barricade. And what—what was *behind* the barricade?

He felt his hand in the leather glove grow moist with perspiration. This ex-

pectant silence was unbearable. Why did that gang in the alley not whistle and howl as usual?

"Damned nuisance—a fine intelligence service!" He jumped out of the car.

"Wüllner."

"Sir?"

"I shall negotiate. At the sound of the first shot or when I blow the whistle, you storm the barricade!"

"Very good, sir!"

He turned and went towards the barricade. The leather strap of his helmet stood out, a dark line on his colourless face. In his hand he waved a white handkerchief!

Hundreds of invisible eyes were fixed on this white spot which suddenly appeared outside the barricades. A trap? Capitulation?

The door next to the "Red Nightingale" was opened and Thomas came out.

For a moment they stood opposite one another in silence. The grey jacket of the proletarian with its crushed red paper carnation, and the blue, immaculate uniform of the officer with its silver epaulettes. One on one and the other on the other side of the barricade. They looked at each other across a black iron pipe.

"Are you the leader?" The sharp military voice of the major was not as provocative as usual. At present he was not standing there as a victor.

"What do you want?" The major

took a step towards the barricade.

"Stop! Stay where you are!" Thomas called out sharply. He knew that the officer wanted to look at the strength of the barricade. The major stopped at once. "If you clear the barricade, I shall give orders for my men to withdraw for that period."

"Only to storm the street afterwards, isn't that so, Major?" Thomas replied mockingly. "The barricade will remain until the last policeman has disappeared from the whole of Wedding and until you give us your guarantee that the workers can demonstrate without interference!"

"Bravo!"—The major turned round startled—a woman's voice from a window. He again turned to Thomas and said nervously:

"I guarantee that you can clear this whole thing away without interference."

"You know our terms, Major!" The door next to the "Red Nightingale" slammed. The major stood alone in front of the barricade.

He felt how each of his movements was followed by hundreds of sharp, hate-filled eyes. He knew that he was the vanquished now. He had been treated like a schoolboy. Brazenly and full of scorn this woman had looked at him from the window just now, with no fear that he would draw his revolver and blow her brains out. He returned to the car.

"Start—back to the station!"

At that moment the silence of the alley was broken by piercing shouts and

boos. The windows flew open.

"Go to hell—you bloodhounds!"

"Cowardly skunks!"

"Red Front!"

The alley almost burst under the screaming and scornful laughter of the men and women. Like a salvo of bursting shells the shouting and laughing tore the air and rang out over the bent heads of the police.

The furious but powerless roaring of the motors became softer. They had gone—withdrawn. Vanquished, without a shot, without the throwing of a single stone. One sole miserable barricade, thrown up in a hurry, had sufficed to fill them with panic. They had not been prepared for resistance.

A few minutes later the alley was again filled with people who tried to strengthen the barricade as quickly as possible. No one doubted that the police would return in a short time and storm the obstacle by armed force. But all felt at the same time that the red alley had just won a victory over the police.

Slowly the evening shadows fell on the houses. □

## Red Flags and A Swirl of Controversy

Continued from page 9

flag at the center, so many debates that there were not enough reactionary agents to cover them all! Co-conspirators and youth trained on the exposure in the *RW*, people who had stood on the sidelines but very carefully watched the twists and turns of May Day 1980—fresh revolutionary forces stepping forward to looking forward to tearing down the old order and fight to bring alive the new!

It was the youth in particular who stepped forward with boldness and daring to seize the initiative and push forward to revolution. Some of the advanced youth who came with the RCYB to the rally were among the boldest fighters for May Day, going through the crowd with May Day leaflets and revolutionary newspapers, carrying red flags, telling everyone, "If you really want to bust loose, May Day is the day to do it." Where struggle was the sharpest, they were there in the midst of it, agitating about May 1st, world war, the red flag and proletarian internationalism.

When the debates first broke out in the park, the people holding the red flag were a small minority. Among the youth particularly, the battle over whether the red flag was in fact the only real answer to the red, white and blue and the Klan was very sharp. The Klan youth were puffed up and on the offensive, saying, "this is our flag, many have died to defend the red, white and blue." At first some of the more backward youth reacted violently to the burning of little American flags by RCYB members, saying this was the best country there is, and pretty soon some of them started saying that if the KKK supports the flag that was ok with them. That was too much! Another white youth jumped in and attacked them for being ignorant and said, "Are you prepared to die for that flag?" Then the agitator challenged the crowd, "How many really stand with this red, white and blue rag?" Only a few dared put up their hands and a cheer went up from the crowd. A Chicano youth jumped in saying, "This red, white and blue isn't our flag, take up the red flag,"—followed by "Viva La Raza," which showed the contradictoriness of her own understanding.

Through sharp struggle over the role of U.S. imperialism and its criminal plunder of the whole world, as well as its foundation on genocide of the American Indians and Black slavery in this country, the junior Klansmen were put on the defensive. As they tried to

turn things into a struggle between white vs. the oppressed nationalities—"We're not Chicanos, we don't smoke KJ, and hang around on corners doing all this nasty shit"—a young woman from a private high school stepped forward to denounce the KKK's bigotry, backed up by a white youth who had just arrived in the area from another part of the country where he had been reading the *RW* and the *RCY*. The group of people in this crowd started chanting "Pigs get out" (referring to the Jr. Klansmen). At this point one of the Klan agents, who had been running back and forth with police all day, pulled out a long knife, near the RCY agitator, and the pigs in blue stepped into the crowd to bust him—clearly an attempt to bust up the debate and turn the political deceit of the Jr. Klan into its opposite by making them appear an enemy of the police. Several of the youth who had come forward to take up the red flag sized up the situation, and exposed this to the crowd, and the masses spread it broader, letting everyone know, "He's not one of us, he's Klan."

One group of Black youth had little American flags and matchbooks—they held up a flag and said, "This is for the first kid killed in Atlanta!", then burned the flag. "This is for the second kid killed in Atlanta," then burned another flag, etc., until the crowd began to chant "Atlanta, Atlanta...". They then threw the rest of the flags on the ground, and stomped on them, yelling, "America, America..."

Youth especially, as well as others, stepped forward to take up every aspect of what was required to carry the field that day, as well as to prepare for revolution. Youth protected the agitators from the reactionaries and the police. One Black man, about 6 ft. 5, was playing the role of a provocateur and threatening an agitator. A 19-year-old Black youth, a boxer, about 6 ft. tall, stepped in front of him, and spit right in his face! The goon backed down, recognizing he was in dangerous territory. Youth also stepped forward as agitators, including one woman who had clearly been listening to the tape of Bob Avakian's May Day 1979 speech; she tore into this system, talking about how the U.S. forces old ladies to search through garbage cans for food. Many youth came up to brigade members, and gave them money, sometimes taking papers, other times just saying "I dig what you're doing."

A group of Iranian students played an important role during the day. At the beginning, when the red flag was

first powerfully raised, some came up to the agitator and questioned whether the masses were ready to raise the red flag. They protected the agitator, and then raised the red flag themselves in a bold and powerful way. When the press came over to interview someone from the Party, one of them came over and demanded the reporter write that the Iranian students support the RCP and what it's doing. Other Iranian students talked to the people in the Party, and struggled how to raise the political level of the crowd, and started up a chant, "Death to U.S. Imperialism." As the day went on, some of the Iranian students said that before the day started, they did not think that revolution was possible in the U.S. They said that they had read the *RW*, but had never seen the RCP in action. But after seeing the masses take up the red flag through sharp and high level political debate, they felt that revolution may well be possible in the U.S., as well as everywhere else in the world.

As the day went on, more and more the masses began to look for the red flag to provide political and tactical leadership when the struggle got the sharpest and the questions the most entangled and complicated. By the end, there were nearly 200 flags in the hands of the masses. Just as the Brigade was putting down bundles of newspapers and calling on youth to join up and form bands of rebel youth to build for May Day, the pigs in blue swept the park, driving people out, to end the struggle and to do what they could to stop the damage that had already been done.

At the same time, people in the RCYB were summing up afterwards that, despite these advances the potential to unleash these youth still got somewhat shortchanged. Rather than trying to gather everybody together and "organize" it would have been better to send the advanced Brigade members off with the bands of youth, letting the youth themselves determine the whereto and the forms of struggle, with political leadership from the Brigade members. In particular there were some groups of young punks, some Black youth and some Chicano youth and it would have been fine for RCYB members to go among each group and offer to run with them, taking May Day, red flags, posters and newspapers out to their neighborhoods, and so on. As it was they tried to get some to wait here, while they gathered others over there, and as a result most just split. Furthermore, in an overall sense, the events of the day brought out very sharply the

necessity in the midst of such outbreaks of having a Party organization that can function in an all around way, and the necessity to guard against tailing spontaneity and always set our sights on raising things to a higher level.

Overall the day was a sharp blow to the bourgeoisie and all its agents. Not only did the Klan leave the park with its tail between its legs, the day was a demonstration of the growing revolutionary strength of the people, thrust into motion by the intensifying world situation, and increasingly trained and influenced by the all-around work of the class-conscious forces. This was made clear to one Junior Klansman—among others—who went around whining about the scratch put on his belly with the red flag wielded by an older Mexican worker.

The Chicano youth who bought berets and headed off to town with a bundle of papers, to build for May Day; the group of white college students who came with cameras, and then by the end of the day had red flags and bundles of papers and were sitting in a circle and discussing the events of the day and the articles in the paper; the woman who was a veteran of the student movement in the '60s and who came to the rally to fight the Klan and to find some revolutionaries and who left with a bundle of papers; another youth who was building May Day throughout the crowd and he told them his own plan for May Day—he's a mountaineer, and he is planning on dying a big sheet red, and climbing up to the highest branches of a big tree near his house, which is near a freeway, and hanging the flag for May Day—these are only a few of those who left the park that day with revolutionary newspapers and an eye to May Day, unleashed to one extent or another of playing a leading political role on May Day and beyond. □



# Wherever the Masses of People Are in Revolt the Red Flag Must Be Raised!

The Red Flag: revolutionary battle standard of the international proletariat. The Red Flag: embodiment of the goals and aspirations of a force so radical that it defiantly, boldly and consciously declares its leadership in the struggle to end exploitation and oppression throughout the world. The Red Flag: our common banner. It crosses all barriers of country and represents the future—the world of communism, and the elimination of all distinctions of class and nation.

The actions of thousands of proletarian fighters in this country on May 1st will be linked together with those around the world by the red flag. In this way, we declare that the struggle in the U.S. is part of the worldwide struggle against imperialism, and in unity with our brothers and sisters in all countries.

Last year's May Day provided a glimpse of the venom with which our enemies attack the red flag. As proletarian fighters across the country chanted "Red, White and Blue, We Spit On You," old laws were invoked and new ones invented. Comrades were arrested, beaten and even murdered for raising the red flag. The reactionaries should attack the red flag: it spells their doom. But more, it spells the bright future of mankind, now in the process of being born.

The red flag carries with it the historical legacy of the international proletariat: From the revolutionary struggles which swept Europe in 1848 to the proletariat's first successful attempt at the seizure of power with the Paris Commune in 1871; from the 1917 October revolution in Russia, launched in the midst of imperialist war, to the Cultural Revolution in China in 1966, launched to beat back counter-revolutionary revisionist efforts to restore the rule of capital. Not without defeats and setbacks, proletarian fighters the world over have raised the red flag, confident of ultimate victory.

From the very beginning, Marx and Engels—founders of scientific socialism, or communism—analyzed the historical significance of the birth of the proletariat as distinct from all other classes. Its relationship to production is not based on the ownership of property, but the opposite—it is a class of propertyless wage slaves. Its historic mission is the revolutionary overthrow of capitalist rule and the transformation of society in its image. Marx outlined this historic mission in his work, *Class Struggle in France*. In opposition to various non-scientific (or utopian) theories of socialism, he stated:

"This socialism is the *declaration of the permanence of the revolution, the class dictatorship of the proletariat as the necessary transit point to the abolition of class distinctions generally, to the abolition of all the relations of production on which they rest, to the abolition of all the social relations that cor-*

respond to these relations of production, to the revolutionizing of all ideas that result from these social relations."

This is the historic mission that the red flag has come to symbolize. Moreover, from the beginning Marx stressed that contrary to the interests of the bourgeoisie, the interests of the proletariat are *international*. The bourgeoisie, with its need for markets, forged the modern nation-state in its struggle with feudalism. Countries, as we know them today, are a creature of the bourgeois epoch and will go out of existence when the proletariat ushers in the era of communism. As the *Communist Manifesto* puts it: "the communists are further reproached with desiring to abolish countries and nationality. The workingmen have no country. We cannot take away from them what they do not have."

This is all the more true today under imperialism, which raises capitalism's fundamental contradictions to a more intense level and where they assume an even more international character as the imperialists divide and redivide the whole world. It is true for the proletariat in the advanced capitalist countries and also in the countries oppressed by imperialism, where the struggle must necessarily go through a distinct national stage. *Internationalism is the outlook characteristic of the proletariat*. And from this outlook flow practical political tasks and responsibilities, as V.I. Lenin pointed out in 1916: "There is one and only one kind of real internationalism, and that is—working wholeheartedly for the development of the revolutionary movement and the revolutionary struggle in *one's own country*, and supporting (by propaganda, sympathy, and material aid) *this struggle, this, and only this, line, in every country without exception.*" Thus, raising the red flag means internationalism.

Throughout the world, in the countries oppressed by the imperialists, revolutionary struggles have battered the empires of these parasites, waging sharp blows and contributing to the ultimate downfall of the imperialist system. In these countries, it is generally possible for the proletariat to play a leading role, unite the various class forces opposed to imperialism, and guide the struggle through the stages of national liberation, socialism and on to communism. In fact, this is not only possible, but absolutely necessary. Without the red flag in the forefront of the struggles in these countries, there can be no complete break with imperialism, no way out of imperialist enslavement.

In a country like the USA—an imperialist superpower—raising the red flag on May Day has special significance. Imagine what joy will be struck into the hearts of millions worldwide—millions who correctly



view the U.S. government as worse than Hitler—when word comes that on May Day, 1981, proletarians in the U.S. put the red flag in command. We must go straight up in the face of the crimes which our rulers are now perpetrating against the world and also the far greater crimes they have in store in the near future. The red flag must fly in the face of their feverish preparations for world war, and their attempts, as part of this, to rally the masses of people in this country around the red, white and blue. The red flag is a declaration of war by the proletariat, a declaration of our intention to seize on every weakness of the imperialists to advance the revolutionary cause. Raising the red flag means the active preparation for the day—possibly soon to come—when we can take things all the way and launch an armed insurrection.

It is true that there are those who are still deceived by the illusion that some good can come by cloaking struggle against the government in the flag of the U.S. imperialists. Whether representing honest or dishonest intentions, the idea of "reclaiming the American flag" to "make it serve the people" is not only a dead end, but must ultimately wind up in the camp of imperialism, in the camp of social-chauvinism. Of course, many who hold these ideas are squarely in this camp already, and this will become more pronounced in the period ahead.

These ideas do have a material basis, rooted in society inside the imperialist country. This, we have learned especially from Lenin. With the outbreak of the first imperialist war, the leaders of the socialist parties throughout Europe overwhelmingly rushed to side with the ruling classes of their own respective countries. Lenin drew the connection between this and the opportunist (especially economist) currents visible in these parties even prior to the war's outbreak. He wrote:

"Opportunism and social-chauvinism have the same economic basis: the interests of a tiny stratum of privileged workers and of the petty

bourgeoisie who are defending their privileged position, their 'right' to crumbs of the profits 'their' national bourgeoisie obtain from the advantage of their position as the ruling nation, etc.

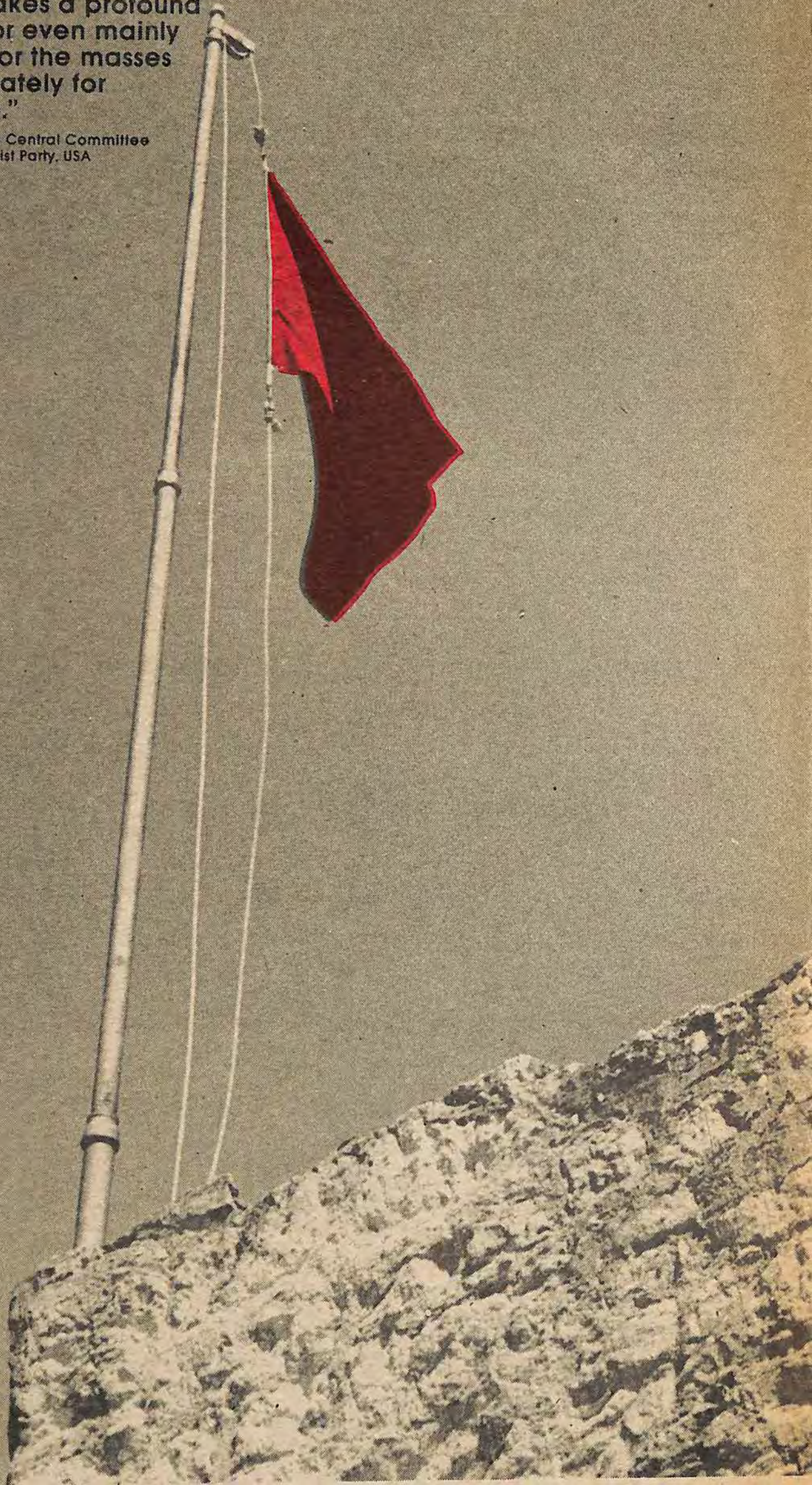
"Opportunism and social-chauvinism have the same ideological-political content: collaboration of classes instead of class struggle, renunciation of revolutionary methods of struggle, helping one's 'own' government in its embarrassing situation instead of taking advantage of these embarrassments for revolution."

The red, white and blue has been exposed the world over. At the same time, the red flag has been dragged through the mud, usurped by traitors to the international proletariat—the revisionists. This means the now imperialist rulers of the USSR, and with them the revisionists in China and others throughout the world. Trading on the legacy of the Soviet Union when it was a socialist country, the Soviets mask their imperialist designs worldwide with the red flag. Mao Tsetung once said that revisionism must raise the red flag to oppose the red flag. At bottom, this is a sign of the international proletariat's growing strength, not weakness. That the bourgeoisie must disguise itself in the banner of the proletariat shows how far the proletariat has advanced in its historic mission which will one day cast down all shabby imposters.

As economic and political crisis grows deeper, as world war grows closer, the political situation in this country will become increasingly polarized. There will undoubtedly be other flags in the field, some in unity with the proletariat. But the principle dividing line will be between two roads, two flags—theirs and ours. And only a programme representing the revolutionary interests of the class-conscious proletariat will be able to unite and lead the struggle to a genuine revolutionary solution. The red flag aloft, we are fighting for the future today. □

"Death comes to every man or woman—this is something that no one can avoid or change, but the content of people's lives, and their deaths, the cause to which they are dedicated and given, this is something which people cannot only affect but something which makes a profound difference, not just or even mainly for themselves, but for the masses of people and ultimately for mankind as a whole."

-Bob Avakian, Chairman of the Central Committee  
of the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA



**DAMIAN**

Member of the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA-M



-RAISING THE RED FLAG OVER THE ALAMO, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1980

# N GARCIA

ordered Tuesday, April 22, 1980 By Police Agents in Los Angeles