

REVOLUTIONARY WORKER

Voice of the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA

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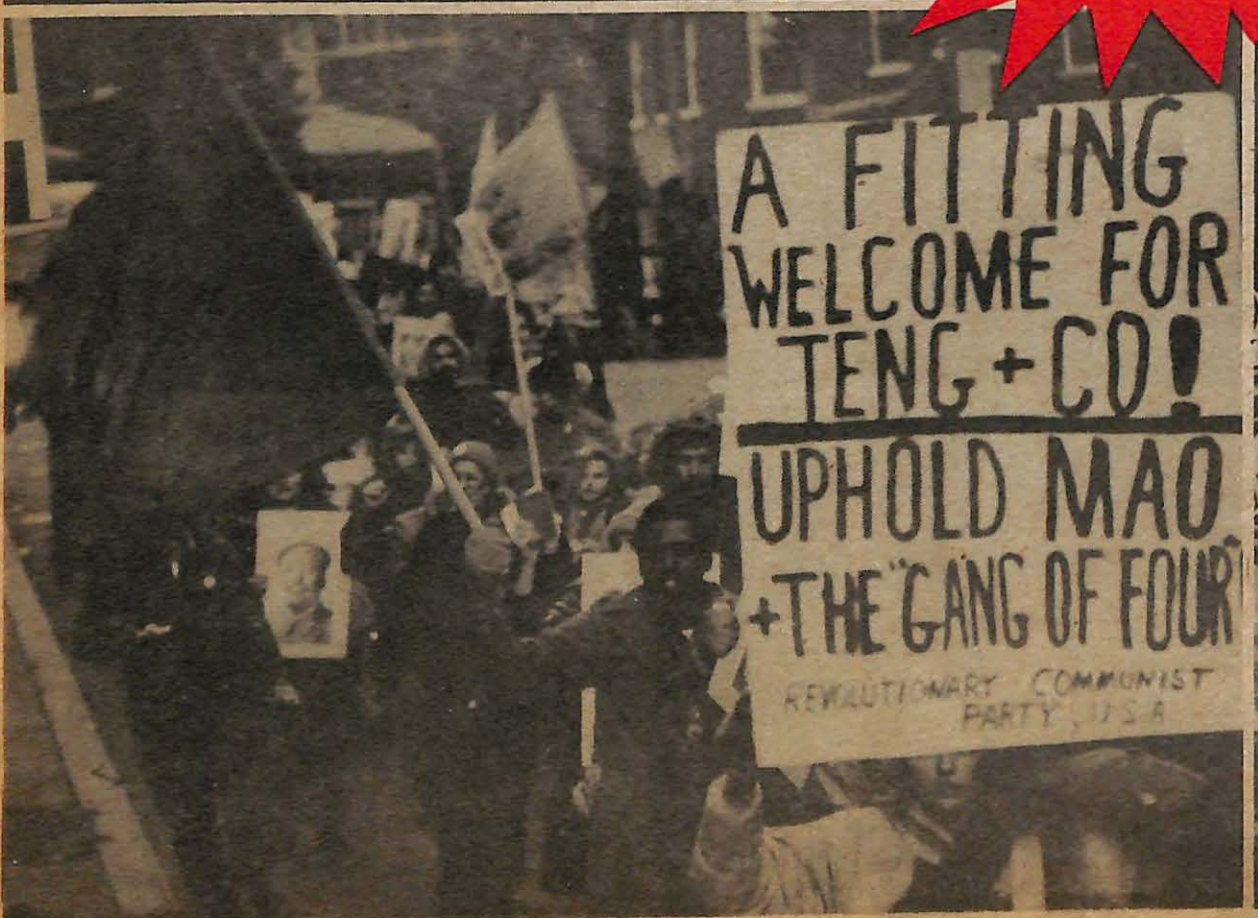
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DEATH TO TENG HSIAO-PING!



**LONG LIVE
REVOLUTION!**



TRAITOR TENG GIVEN FITTING WELCOME

Revolutionaries in Fierce Clash with D.C. Cops

January 29, Washington, D.C. (WPS) "We must go into the streets in the spirit of the Cultural Revolution!... Let's show Teng a sight he'll never forget!" In minutes the street outside a Washington church was transformed into a sea of flaming red banners and portraits of Mao Tsetung, the symbol of revolution to millions. Draped with a hangman's noose, a huge placard was hoisted up demanding "A Fitting Welcome For Teng!" Hundreds of Red Books shot into the air. The chants quickly swelled to a mighty roar. "MAO TSETUNG DID NOT FAIL, REVOLUTION WILL PREVAIL!" Five hundred people, led by the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA, were pouring into the streets to give Teng Hsiao-ping the promised greeting he so richly deserved.

As the march assembled, Teng was sitting down to dinner at the White House to celebrate his treachery to the people of China and the international working class with the U.S. imperialists. He was there to sip champagne with the likes of Jimmy Carter, Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger while lining China up to be cannonfodder for the U.S. war machine. He was serving China up on a silver platter to the top U.S. bankers and industrialists—the very jackals who are bleeding the life out of us here and itching to sink their teeth into China. And he was raising a toast to the end of "30 years of unpleasantness"—the very period of history when the Chinese people, led by Mao, were throwing off the yoke of these foreign exploiters.

But this rat—royally introduced as "His Excellency, Mr. Teng Hsiao-ping"—must have nearly choked on the splendid banquet that was set before him. Outside, hundreds of revolutionary fighters swore to ruin his pompous spectacle and raise high the red flag of his hated enemy, Mao Tsetung. The spectre of revolution was rising up like a vision of the future right in the heartland of U.S. imperialism, right at the front gate of Teng's superpower sugar-daddies.

Cops were swarming in the streets, sent by the bourgeoisie to smash the revolutionary message represented by the demonstration. Hundreds of riot police backed up by squad cars fanned out around the demonstrators. Menacing people with their clubs, they tried to intimidate the march with a blatant show of the armed might of the capitalist state. But already people passing in cars were grabbing leaflets, clenched fists were going up, horns honking. Agitators addressed the people on every street corner in open defiance of the pigs.

In the face of the threatening cops, people were pouring into the street, fresh with the memory of people's testimony at a powerful rally that had given vivid expression to the bright future that revolutionary China had



represented for all mankind. Faces were filled with hatred for the towering setback brought by Teng, who is trampling on Mao's legacy and dragging China back to capitalism.

The portraits of Mao were held still higher by the marchers. So were pictures of the Four—revolutionaries who heroically fought to defend Mao's line and working class rule in China. Banners were held more firmly with their slogans: Down with the Reactionary Treachery of Teng Hsiao-ping and Co.—Firmly Uphold the Revolutionary Banner of Mao Tsetung! Down with NATO and its Newest Member, China! Down with U.S. and Soviet War Preparations!

The marchers began to move out, fired with a sense of history in the making. The eyes of the world were focused on Washington—history demanded that a stand be taken.

Immediately the cops moved in, shoving people up onto the sidewalk, yelling that the permit to march in the street had expired. Red Books were raised in defiance, hearts steeled with determination. The revolutionaries who went down in China had not fought in vain! The march pushed forward, growing in intensity. The spirit of the Cultural Revolution was coming alive in the streets of Washington!

The march swept down Columbia Avenue, led by a militant contingent of

the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade whose blazing red jackets symbolized the revolutionary battalions of the Red Guards who had knocked Teng and his fellow rats from their high positions during the Cultural Revolution. People came out of their houses in the largely Black community where in 1968 a powerful rebellion exploded against national oppression. Many came up to say they remembered the support that Mao had given them when he said: "The Afro-American struggle is not only a struggle waged by the exploited and oppressed Black people for freedom and emancipation, it is also a new clarion call to all the exploited and oppressed people of the United States to fight against the barbarous rule of the monopoly capitalist class."

This was the most militant demonstration they had seen since the '60s.

But it was different, too—people, many of them workers, were being led by a revolutionary Party and consciously raising the banner of revolution, waving it right up in the face of the bourgeoisie. As one worker who was on the march said, "You know I worked all my life, I never knew I could fight back. I knew there was police killing people in the streets, that I was working my ass off and didn't have nothing. But now I know what we're fighting for, that we can fight, that we're going to make revolution. Through the Revolutionary Communist Party I learned it's this whole damn system that's gotta go—like little roaches we're gonna wipe 'em out!"

The street was alive with people inspired by the fact that the banner of revolution was still around and being held high in the streets. Two women ran





out shouting "Good luck, good luck!" Another stood holding a bag of groceries, her lips moving to the chant of "Down with Hua, Down with Teng, We uphold Mao Tsetung!" A man ran over and grabbed a large portrait of Mao and proudly held it as he waited for his bus. Hearing the chants of "Mao, Mao, Mao Tsetung, Revolution's gonna come!", a dozen youths came out of a pool hall yelling, changing the chant to "Revolution's coming now!"

against a vicious assault spearheaded by motorcycles and mounted police and unleashed the righteous fury of the international proletariat at Teng's betrayal of the cause of communism.

As the police regrouped, they began taking vengeance on the demonstration, furious that it had accomplished its political objective of exposing their masters' reactionary little dinner party. They clubbed many people and arrested 78, including Bob Avakian, Chairman of the Central Committee of the RCP.

A thundering cry reverberated down Pennsylvania Avenue, "Death, Death, to Teng Hsiao-ping!"

Suddenly the marchers could see the White House. The police were growing desperate. In a last ditch attempt to stop the week-long political offensive launched against Teng by the RCP, they announced that another parade permit to march in front of the White House had been revoked. Refusing to back down, the marchers pulled out hundreds of American flags and set them on fire. A man who had joined the march with his three year old son demanded a flag of his own to burn, waving it in flames in a blazing display of his hatred of U.S. imperialism.

As the cops began their attack, the marchers suddenly broke into a run toward the White House. A thundering cry reverberated down Pennsylvania Avenue, "DEATH, DEATH, TO TENG HSIAO-PING!" As the police moved on the crowd clubbing and beating, hundreds stood their ground

Many prisoners who were badly hurt were denied medical treatment and others were singled out and beaten in jail. But the revolutionary spirit of the demonstration continued to rock the walls of the jail cells and revolutionary songs and chants rang out in the courtrooms of the enemy.

While the march was a source of inspiration to revolutionary minded people around the world, it was a nightmare for the bourgeoisie. The intensity of the police attack and the severity of the charges—felony assault thrown at the 78 arrested—only underscored the desperation of the bourgeoisie that they were not able to stop this powerful statement from being made. It was definitely a "fitting welcome" for the ratfaced traitor Teng Hsiao-ping. And during the rest of his visit, the same message would be delivered again and again. □

Editorial

"Mao Tsetung did not fail! Revolution will prevail!" It screamed at him across the White House lawn... It shattered the night of his crystal service State banquet... It leapt at him as he hurried to his limousine outside a hotel. From Washington, D.C. to Atlanta, to Houston, to Seattle the force of this revolutionary call hounded Teng Hsiao-ping wherever this backstabbing rat dared to show his face. It was a direct challenge to the hideous spectacle staged by Teng and that grinning born-again hyena Carter.

And hideous it was. It was a spectacle of lies as they made pious statements about peace while taking major steps in preparing to fight a new world war. It was a spectacle of betrayal, as Teng swore that revolution was dead and buried in China. Our rulers paraded this traitor around the country. By the time it was over Teng must have had callouses on his knees from coast to coast crawling on the ground before capitalism. These dogs loved it. Even in China, they said—once the proud and revolutionary China of Mao Tsetung—"practical men" like themselves had now come to power, men who see things their way and were coming to worship at the altar of Disneyland and Coca Cola. Give up your hopes, your dreams of revolution, they said. And they broadcast it from their TV satellites for the whole world to see.

But revolution cannot be buried, not in China and not in the United States. And the name *Mao Tsetung* has come to stand for revolution in today's world. *Mao Tsetung* has stood for the wars of liberation that broke out in many countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin America in the years since the Second World War. *Mao Tsetung* has stood for China's great Cultural Revolution which showed the whole world the way to keep on making revolution against those bigshots who see revolution as a hustle—just a way for them to take the place of the old rulers in riding high over the masses. *Mao Tsetung*—the very name stands like a mountain of uncompromising struggle against every form of opportunism and betrayal.

So to revolutionaries in every country, Teng's U.S. visit was a sickening crime, a gauntlet thrown down by the oppressor. It was this commitment to revolution that fired 500 demonstrators with the determination to go up against the hundreds of heavily equipped riot police guarding the White House as Teng and Carter dined.

Many have said that the demonstrations that met Teng all over the country, particularly the one in Washington, D.C., were reminiscent of the 1960s. And in a way they were, because the 1960s were times of great waves of mass rebellion, times when the question of revolution was raised again in this country. But really these actions against Teng were more like an *opening shot*—a foretaste of the 1980s. For today's apparent calm is only superficial, and beneath the surface great forces are in motion and storms are gathering. Crisis and war and revolutionary storms will roar in the years ahead.

Because of all this, because they know their promises of peace and plenty are a pack of lies, the rulers of this country want to trample and wipe out the banner of revolution. But these demonstrations and the Revolutionary Communist Party that led them, raised this red banner and held it high. They raised it right in the face of the traitor Teng, and right in the thick of the reactionary war preparations this trip symbolized, as the U.S. tightened its war alliances against their Soviet act-alike rivals.

And it was because the spectre of Mao Tsetung and revolution was being raised clearly and boldly that the U.S. government, from the highest echelons of power, unleashed a furious attack on the Washington, D.C. demonstration and on the Revolutionary Communist Party.

The U.S. ruling class hopes—perhaps they even believe—that by clubbing scores of revolutionaries and by arresting and threatening 78 of them with years in prison they might force the Revolutionary Communist Party to back down. They even thought that by busting Bob Avakian, the Chairman of the Party's Central Committee, and then using bail terms to order him confined to Chicago or Washington, D.C., there would be no further demonstrations against Teng in the cities that he visited. But even while the Party's Chairman was held in D.C. jail, Red Books and fists held high greeted Teng in Atlanta. Everywhere Teng went, the story was the same.

The red banner of revolution cannot be buried with the jailing, even killing, of revolutionaries. History has shown it to be so time and again. And the events in Washington, D.C. and elsewhere in the country where Teng's ugly face appeared, showed that there is a Party that refuses to go down on its knees, refuses to sue for peace with the exploiters and will carry forward the banner of Mao Tsetung.

And with such a banner, the growing hatred of the people for their oppression, their inevitable rebellions against the wars and crisis which this system is brewing can be led and built into an organized onslaught against capitalism. The hundreds who fought back against police in front of the White House will become hundreds of thousands and millions who will fight with guns.

Today the armed thugs of the ruling class can protect their White House. Tomorrow it will be captured and the working class will carry forward the task left to us by Mao Tsetung, of ruling society and remaking the world, in which there will be no exploitation, and the very basis for classes to emerge has been wiped off the face of the earth. □

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Storms Are Gathering — Carry the Red Flag Forward!

In the following excerpts from a speech, Comrade Bob Avakian, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Communist Party, exposes the towering crimes of Teng Hsiao-ping and brings to life the tremendous achievements and revolutionary banner of China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution led by Mao Tsetung.

During the January 29 Washington, D.C. demonstration, Comrade Avakian was arrested along with 77 others. All are currently charged with the serious felony assault on a police officer. He was singled out in court by the top Washington district attorney and by the judge because he leads and symbolizes the Revolutionary Communist Party, the Party which openly declares its intention to lead the working class and masses of people in this country in making revolution. Comrade Avakian was held on \$10,000 ransom, which was not reduced because, in the words of the judge, "he is a revolutionary leader."

Even after his bail was met, the judge put him under political house arrest—making a condition of bail that he remain in Washington, D.C. or Chicago until after Teng left the country.

But these attacks on Comrade Avakian and the Party have only further increased the determination of the Party and its supporters to defend the Chairman of the Central Committee with their every ounce of strength, and to redouble the Party's revolutionary work among the exploited and oppressed people in the U.S.

I remember a song, I think it came out in the 1960s, by Nina Simone. I remember the words to it very clearly: it said, "I wish that I knew what it felt to be free." It's a very moving song, but the song itself does not provide an answer to that question. But we know we have the answer. It's not an answer we have only from books, but it was an answer being provided in living reality by the struggle and the achievements of the Chinese people and the Chinese revolution taking our class of people and the oppressed people throughout the world to the greatest heights we have yet scaled but not yet the greatest ones we will achieve in the future.

The Chinese people knew, as we long to know. They had the taste of freedom in their mouth, and they knew what it meant to be free. Not yet free of all classes. Not yet free of every big shot who would oppress the people, but free of the kind of madness, that daily hell, that we have to go through in their so-called greatest of all countries. And Teng Hsiao-ping wants to tell the Chinese people and the people around the world that they should aspire to live like we have to live in this hell-hole that they call a country!

The Chinese people don't need Teng Hsiao-ping to tell them what it feels like to be free, because they knew what it felt like to be free, and Teng Hsiao-ping is trying to put them back in the hell-fire that they had to live in—and even worse than that—in the old society. But they knew what it felt like to be free. They knew what it meant to walk down the street any day of the week, any hour of the day and be able to hold their head up and not be afraid of anything in this world, not be afraid for yourself and not be afraid for your kids. They knew what it meant, not just from personal pride but with a class understanding of where they were leading mankind in going. They knew what it felt like to hold your head up and not have to bow before anyone.

They were tasting and they were bringing about in reality what we can only still dream about, though we're working every day to turn our dream into reality. They knew that dream, and sometimes it seems an impossible dream, of what it would be like not to have these goddam pigs coming down the street brutalizing us and shooting us down for nothing more than trying to walk with a little pride.

They knew what it meant to be free of discrimination, they knew what it meant to be free of back-breaking, mind-breaking, body-breaking grinding work for some boss who doesn't deserve nothing himself more than to be stuck in the ground. They knew what it meant to be free of all the decadence and decay and humiliation. They knew what it meant to be free of a society where people are driven so half-mad that they'll kill each other over a parking space. That's what this "greatest of all countries" is—all about and we know because we taste its bitter taste in our mouths every day. That's why we throw it all back up and we're going for revolution.

The Chinese people, they knew what it meant, not through some magical gift from a condescending saviour, or some god descending out of heaven, but through their own struggle on the soil which they nurtured with their own blood in their millions. But there were others, snakes in the grass, back-biters, double-dealers and traitors, sawed-off revisionist pimps like Teng Hsiao-ping, and the rest of these strutting peacocks who're gonna get cut down to size before too long by the Chinese people.

There were these people who maybe took part in the revolution, they even waved their achievements around like capital and told everybody, get in line and



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

listen to me because I'm a veteran of the revolution. Maybe they took part in it, even maybe they were heroes in it up to a point, but their view of revolution was still the old self-seeking one.

They thought the revolution was about taking the tanks away from Chiang Kai-shek and letting them ride on top of them. That's what they thought the revolution was about—taking away the palatial mansions of the old exploiters and letting them live in them. They thought it was about taking away the holdings of the old capitalists and letting them take them over. That's what they thought, it was just a change of faces. That it was just a struggle among bourgeois cliques. That it was a question of using the people's struggle for your own gain, using it as capital like always happens whenever the bourgeoisie gets control of everything.

And so they didn't like the way the Chinese revolution was gonna go. They didn't believe it when Mao said we've got to go on to communism, this is only the first step. They said, "Oh, no. This is quite far enough. I'm tired." "I want to settle down and have all this for myself. That's what we made revolution

"The Chinese people knew what it meant to be free of all the decadence and decay and humiliation. They knew what it meant to be free of a society where people are driven so half-mad that they'll kill each other over a parking space."

for, wasn't it?" "What good is this socialism of yours if it don't let me live high and mighty like a king?" "What good is it if we gotta keep on struggling?"

Now the masses of people, for whom it's a struggle every day, the people whose work, whose sweat, pushes society forward and whose struggle keeps things moving forward, they wanted to keep on making revolution. They wanted to keep on going forward because they saw there was much to be done to advance mankind to communism and that, as Mao taught them, even then we have to keep on struggling to resolve contradictions. We can never settle down and have a nice little tea party.

But Teng Hsiao-ping and them, they bitterly hated this. They had only wanted to make revolution in order for them to get in, in order for them to have their chance to ride on the backs of the people. And they were even willing to go down on their knees once again before the foreigners if they thought they could replace Chiang Kai-shek as the one selling the Chinese people and selling China like a whore. They wanted to be the new pimps and that was their idea of revolution and nothing more. And Mao Tsetung said, "No, we've got to go forward." And they isolated Mao, and they attacked him. Oh yeah, they had honey on their lips for him then like they have to now, 'cause the Chinese

people and the people throughout the world have learned from Mao and love him right down to the bottom of our hearts.

We ain't ashamed to say it. This class of reactionaries, this class of blood-sucking murdering dogs, of course they got nobody that they can stand up before the people and say here's a leader you should love. People would run him out of the room or laugh him out of the room. But we ain't ashamed to say we love Mao Tsetung to the bottom of our hearts because he stood with us and we're gonna stand with him and for everything he fought for. It ain't a one-man thing, but it's what he stood for. It's what he unleashed the masses to do and what we're gonna take up and continue to do.

But they hated Mao. They had honey on their lips but behind his back they plotted. And when there was difficulty. When the Soviets went bad, went backward, when the Soviets went back to capitalism. When Khrushchev got up and acted a fool talking about he wanted to go to Disneyland. When all these chumps got there and they said, just like Teng Hsiao-ping was saying, that revolution ain't nothing more than a chance for us to have yachts like you got yachts, all our people want is to eat goulash, that's all the masses of people want. They go out and work hard, they can't think about nothing more, they don't want to lift their heads up. Just give them a little food like slaves and let them stay in their place. When Khrushchev started running this trash, he said to Mao Tsetung, "You can't stand up and talk about fighting against imperialism and supporting people making revolution all over the world. You can't stand up and talk about continuing the fight for communism. That's too dangerous. You're going to bring down the imperialists on our heads and on your heads. You're a madman. You're crazy. You're a leftist. You're everything wrong."

And these back stabbers in China, Peng Te-huai—you know who Peng Te-huai was, just a forerunner of Teng Hsiao-ping—they went behind Mao's back and they went to Khrushchev, and said "We agree with you. This Mao is a mad man. He's an idealist. He don't know nothing about reality. He thinks the people care about politics, and changing the whole world and being free. We know all they want is a little more to eat."

So they jumped out and tried to knock Mao right out of a position of leadership, but the Chinese people wouldn't stand for it and these revisionists were the ones that got a good ass-kicking at that time. But they plotted. Khrushchev tried to strangle China, pull out all its economic assistance and told 'em, you'll starve, you'll see, without us, without big sugar-daddies from the Soviet Union, you'll be nowhere. Mao told them, you can take your aid and shove it right up your ass, 'cause we'll see who's going to go on and build socialism and advance towards communism, we'll see what is the real strength and what is the real bastion of iron—you and your little flaky machines or the masses of people transforming the world through their tremendous struggle.

So they couldn't knock Mao down, but they encircled him. They tried to hound him every day. They even bugged his office, they even followed him just like these pigs here, and tried to cut him off from the people and cut him off from other revolutionaries. And things got so bad that in the 1960s in China—even while these dogs were still pretending that they loved Mao Tsetung and loved everything he stood for and agreed with his revolutionary line—things got so bad that in most parts of China you couldn't even buy any writings by Mao Tsetung. Why do you think they had the Red Book—because the revolutionaries had to get Mao's line out to the people. You couldn't even buy it because these revisionists had control here and control there and they'd block everything.

So it had to come to a head and it did come to a head. It came to a head in the Cultural Revolution when Mao said, alright, we'll see... you think you've got control over the Party positions, you got the bureaucracy locked up, you're handing out the patronage jobs, well we'll see. We'll see who's got the real power down here when we unleash the masses. And all these revisionists ran for cover like rats and the people tracked 'em down like rats, club in hand. They smashed this dude Liu Shao-chi and Teng Hsiao-ping, they drove 'em out of office, and this dude Lin Piao who turned traitor.

I remember when I was in China the first time in 1971, I went to an exhibit in one of the cities in China and there was this young girl, a peasant girl there in her teens. She lived out in the countryside where, before the Cultural Revolution, there was almost no medical care because all these big shots like Teng Hsiao-ping said that the people of the countryside had to wait till they modernized the cities and then they could send some medicine out to them, but in the meantime, let them suffer. If we modernize them they'll all get healthy. But people were dying out there. We're talking about real things. People were dying out

there.

This girl had a disease they said was incurable. She couldn't even lie down. She had to sleep sitting up. She was a young teenaged girl. And now she had pictures of herself. She had an exhibit. She was exhibiting a lesson in the class struggle. She had an exhibit of what she used to look like because now she was grown and healthy, and the signs of her disease were hardly there. And I remember we listened with tears running down our cheeks when she said, "I hate that revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi. I hate revisionism." Because it was that revisionist line that said let the people, the masses of people in China go to hell, because we're going to modernize the cities for the advancement of a few big shots in the city and let the peasants die.

That's what Mao Tsetung and the struggle between revisionism and communism meant to the people in China. It meant things like that on an everyday level and it meant the big questions in society about which road and whether people were going to go forward.

And I remember one more thing in China 1971, there was this group of little kids about 5-6 years old. We went to visit a grammar school there. They talk about how terrible the educational system was under the gang of 5. I thought it was tremendous. I had never seen anything like it, because I'd never been to a country controlled by the working class before. And I thought this was the greatest thing an educational system could possibly have been.

These little 5-6 year-olds, and I'm telling you they weren't full grown adults but just like some of these young brothers and sisters around here now—they knew basically what they were talking about and they came out and did a dance about supporting the struggle of the people of the world against imperialism, and they *knew* what the hell imperialism was. If you were to ask some of these fools running around in the press, they could have talked circles around them about what imperialism and politics in the world is.

Now to me, that's education, because when you grasp politics and understand the way the world works and what the real forces shaping it are, you can grasp on that basis everything and move things forward step by step and through struggle. I remember that little dance and again we sat there choking to hold back the tears and I remember thinking to myself, I would die before I let those imperialists in the U.S. drop bombs on these little kids. Because I know that they hate everything that's going on here and they'd do anything they can to wipe this out, even drop bombs on these little kids. And I remember carrying that feeling with me, but then what happened?

The U.S. imperialists were not able to drop bombs on China, they were not able to wipe it out from the sky or from the outside, but Teng Hsiao-ping and Hua Kuo-feng did it. **GODDAMN IT!** They did it right from the inside, they did it without bombs having to be dropped. They wiped that out through their backstabbing treachery, that they carried off in their coup of October 1976. And the hatred, I'll tell you, the hatred that I felt and the feeling that moved me to say I'd rather die than let them drop bombs on those little kids, I've got ten times that hatred today in my heart. It fills me up with hatred for Hua Kuo-feng and Teng Hsiao-ping, for wiping out what those Chinese people had gained, for wiping out the future that was being shown brilliantly in the faces of those young kids.

And today, they want to wipe out altogether the banner of revolution. They want to use both sugar-coated bullets and real bullets to wipe out revolution. They want to hold up Teng Hsiao-ping and Hua Kuo-feng—I'm talking especially about the people who rule this country and their kind throughout the world. They want to hold up what's happened there, and say, "See? Revolution is impossible. Your dreams of being free will never be realized. You will never know what it feels like, not to have to go through this madness." That's what they're doing—they're using Teng Hsiao-ping.

Teng Hsiao-ping is talking about modernization, and praising the benefits of living in a country like this, an imperialist country. We know what modernization means. Look at Washington, D.C. Here you've got all these *modern* buildings, here you've got all these *modern* imperialists and the masses of people are living in ratholes, with *modern* rats, *modern* roaches, *modern* landlords, *modern* pigs, *modern* machines exploiting us.

No one has to tell us about the glories of modernization. Does that mean that we are against progress, that we are against having modern machines, that we don't want to conquer nature, and transform it for the benefit of mankind? Or that we want to see the Chinese people have to continue to suffer under the legacy of being dominated and carved up by imperialists, and the stagnation of feudalism, and what it's left behind in their country? Of course not, and no more did Mao or the other revolutionaries in China. But we know that modernization in order to benefit the working class has got to be carried out by the working class through its own struggle, and more than that, through its own planned and conscious activity, and with *it* in the driver's seat, and in control of society.

They're trying to trample the banner of revolution into the dust. Now why are they so concerned with that? Why do the imperialists of this country write articles every day and crow all the time about what's happened in China? They tell us that this means that revolution is only a dream or even a nightmare and that sooner or later sensible, practical exploiters like Hua Kuo-feng and Teng Hsiao-ping are bound to come to power, and that *that* is the only sensible way that society can be



"If the right stages an anti-communist *coup d'etat* in China, I am sure they will know no peace either and their rule will most probably be short-lived because it will not be tolerated by the revolutionaries, who represent the interests of the people making up more than 90% of the population." —written by Mao Tsetung in a letter to Chiang Ching in 1966.

run.

Why are they so concerned about this? Do they really think, as they try to tell us, that everything's fine, that the economy is getting healthier, that world peace is coming closer? Of course not. Why the hell you think they are building air raid shelters and talking about evacuating the whole cities, and why do you think they already got their underground headquarters picked out and prepared for when they start this world war?

They know all this stuff is lies they're feeding us about how things are going to get better, how the economy is going to get better, how world peace is right around the corner, that there isn't going to be any war, especially if they get it on with Teng Hsiao-ping. They know there's going to be tremendous storms and upheavals in the 1980s.

Now we say, good, and great. We say, as we said the other day, if you thought the '60s was heavy, check out the '80s. And if you liked the '60s, you'll *love* the 80s.

There are storms gathering. There are going to be upheavals. And they know it, and they want to strike down and wipe out the banner of revolution, because they want to go into this situation with nobody able to lead the masses in opposing them. Because they know the hatred of people for this system, the hatred that already burns in the hearts of millions, is going to spread and deepen in the hearts of tens of millions of people in this country.

People's ability to live one more day under this system is gonna grow shorter and shorter. The fuse is burning down. It's going to come to the point where people say, I'd rather die than live one more day in this way. And they know damn well that when it gets to that point, that if there's revolutionaries around—which there is gonna be—that we're gonna say when people stand up, we're gonna say, "Right. Let's go. The time is now. Let's go out there and put our lives on the line because we're not gonna live one more day this way."

So they want to wipe out the banner of revolution. They know big things are on the horizon. They want to prevent the people from being able to have a leadership, able to have a revolutionary banner they can rally around. Even the people who today have not learned the lessons that have to be learned, as the situation tightens up, the trivial and superficial things that people are caught up in today, the way that the grind grinds them down, and the rat-race runs them down, these things are going to fade. They're not going to be the important things on people's minds, as everything they thought they had is snatched away and beat over their heads.

People are going to look for a way out. They're going to look for a banner that's clear, that's firm, that's uncompromising, that stands for the way forward, and is held up by people who are determined to make a way forward. The imperialists and reactionaries want to wipe out revolution, and they'll shoot us down if it comes to that. They've already done that in this country. They shot Fred Hampton in cold-blooded murder and many other revolutionaries in this country. They won't hesitate.

But they would rather do it without having to spill blood, so that their bloody mask doesn't come all the way off. And they can still walk around talking about democracy. But they're not going to be able to do that, because we're not being taken in, and we're not going to lie, like they want us to lie, and tell people that revolution is impossible, and revolution can't solve these problems, that the capitalist system is the best thing there is, and as hellish as it is, you might as well get used to burning.

We're not going to do that. We're going to raise that banner of revolution up. We're going to prepare the people every day to make revolution. We're going to organize ourselves and strengthen our ranks. We're going to go out among the people and rip the mask off of this enemy. We're going to educate, we're going to mobilize, we're going to organize and most of all, we're going to prepare people for when the time comes when the contradictions boil up, when the system can't go on the way it's going on, when people are driven to the wall, and say I'd rather die than live one more day like this. We're gonna say, let's go out, and let's not only die but let's kill to make revolution.

"There are storms gathering. There are going to be upheavals. And they know it, and they want to strike down and wipe out the banner of revolution because they want to go into this situation with nobody able to lead the masses in opposing them."

The imperialists know this and we should *learn*. We should learn from everything and everybody, even our enemies. What they hate, what they fear, what they want to stamp out, what they want to crush is what we gotta love, what we gotta hold high, what we gotta cherish, what we gotta strengthen, what we gotta build.

And what they hate and what they fear, and what they want to crush is the banner of revolution, the banner of the Revolutionary Communist Party and its revolutionary line, the banner of Mao Tsetung. It's the banner of working every day for revolution, of seeing beyond the superficial and down to the essence of what this hellish society, and its mad-dog prisonhouse that they call democracy, is all about. And we gotta hold up that banner, we gotta hold it up today and rally the revolutionary-minded people, all people who look and long for a way out of this madness. □

Spectre of Mao on White House Lawn

"I Waved the Red Book in Teng Hsiao-Ping's Face"

(WPS)—When Keith and I arrived at the White House, I was out of breath. After a tense cab ride in rush hour traffic, we had been dropped at a gate that turned out to be the wrong one. We rushed around the corner to Pennsylvania Avenue. We wanted to be early so we would get good spots. We hoped we weren't too late.

We got in line behind others in the press, all with our green and white credentials on chains around our necks. I was anxious to get in and get started. The day before at Andrews Air Force Base we had gone to test the water and see if we could make it in. We met a lot of other members of the press who are interested in the Workers Press Service, and what it is. In another situation, I would have gone into depth, but yesterday I had tried to play it cool. Didn't want to get thrown out before the big day. "We cover news of interest to workers from the point of view of the working class," and invariably, they would reply, "Oh, are you connected with the people who attacked the Chinese mission?" A few reporters wanted to know our differences with the *Daily Worker* and how we viewed the current regime, "Are you Maoists?" they asked. "Well, yes," we answered, hoping the discussion would end. In addition, some of the reporters from a reactionary Chinatown paper recognized Keith. "I hope we get in," I thought. "I hope we didn't blow it yesterday."

"Press credentials and one piece of photo I.D.," said the secret service man at the gate. I was wearing my creden-



Sonia Ransom, Revolutionary Worker reporter, denounces Teng on the White House lawn.

tials for the trip, so I pulled out one other piece of I.D. I felt the Red Book next to my skin and thought of the Traitor Teng leaflets in an envelope in my purse. I was ready. Go right in, he said. We did. We were in. The first hurdle was crossed.

Walking down the path to the White House, my first thought was, how clean it is, so white. Nothing else looks like

that in D.C. The poster the Chinese made in the 1960s showing the Black liberation struggle storming and burning the Capitol flashed through my mind. We won't accomplish that, today, I thought, but it will be a taste of what's to come. The press was everywhere, outside waiting, inside the White House press room. There was press from everywhere—France, Bul-

garia, China. Anticipation was in the air. If they only knew what I'm waiting for.

I was thinking about the press. I knew everyone had been bored stiff at Andrews. Few writers had even bothered to come. Those who had, waited with the armies of photographers and camera crews in the cold snow, to snap a few pictures of a man getting off an airplane, a raggedy receiving line and a tiny welcoming demonstration. So I knew that the press was hungry for news, and that what Keith and I were about to do was definitely news.

They would be mad about us using our credentials to get in. We were breaking an unspoken rule of their press—we were openly, proudly taking sides and we were going to do something about it. When I lived in Seattle, we had fought for a press pass. After twice denying them, the Seattle police department finally backed down especially due to the support the *Worker* had won among the press in the fight. It had been an important victory for the communist press because it gave us the freedom to get into places which we previously hadn't, to hang the bourgeoisie with their own words. But today we were going to act—we'd write about it later—but our words and actions would bring the truth out right in Carter's and Teng's own backyard and before the eyes and ears of millions. I only wish it would get into China. Time was going so slowly.

Finally it was time to go out to the lawn.

When I got there, the press section was already cramped. Hundreds were cramped into this little tiny space. How was I ever going to be in a place where I could be seen? I walked behind the bleachers all the way around. The best I could do was in the second row. At least the podium was directly in front of me, and at least the woman I was behind was short. I couldn't see where Keith was.

I turned my attention to the arrival. I had certainly never been anywhere

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Teng Visits To Sign China Up Uncle Sam Wants You!



Mouthpiece for U.S. Imperialism

Teng had hardly landed in Washington D.C. before he began mouthing off in behalf of his American patrons, denouncing Soviet aggression and hegemonism and warning of the danger from the Soviet "Polar Bear." At the National Gallery in Washington Teng declared that "the danger of a new world war" was increasing because of Moscow's "zealous pushing of global strategy for world domination." From then on out, Teng used every occasion to denounce the Soviets—and to tout the "peacefulness of U.S. intentions." On several occasions he called for a "united front" between the U.S., Western Europe, Japan and China against the Soviets. And at the end of his stay in Washington, Carter and Teng signed a joint communique condemning efforts "by any country" i.e. the Soviet Union to establish hegemony or domination over others.

Teng continued to hammer at the arch U.S. rival at a luncheon with 1500 businessmen and politicians at Atlanta's posh Peachtree Plaza Hotel. As the assembled capitalists looked on, eyes bulging and lips smacking in anticipation of huge new markets in China, Teng proclaimed that "the danger of world war remains and hegemonism (i.e. the Soviet Union) is the greatest threat to world peace and security." "We consider," he said, "that the true

hotbed of war is the Soviet Union, not the U.S." Needless to say he received a thunderous standing ovation from his audience.

Throughout his tour the big shots of the U.S. capitalist class made clear their appreciation of their lackey Teng. And well they should. For 30 years under Mao Tsetung, China stood as a rallying point for people around the world fighting against domination by the U.S. and the other imperialist powers. The Chinese themselves led the way in dealing heavy blows to imperialism—kicking out all the foreign powers who had dug their claws deep into the country and boldly setting out to build a society that gave no place to exploiters or those who would grow fat and rich off the oppression of the labouring people.

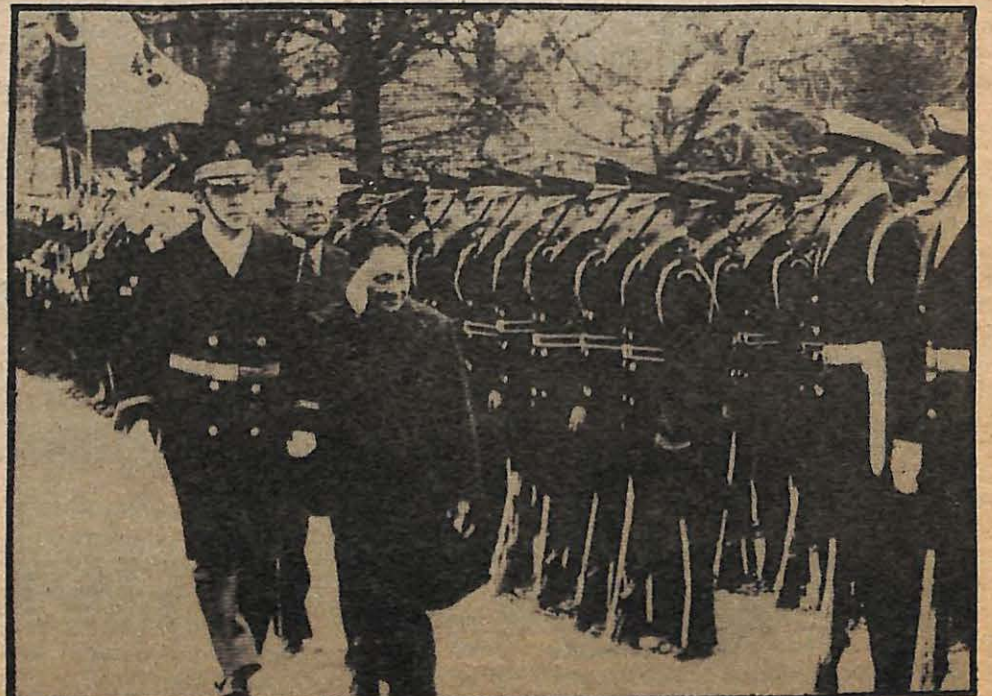
Now Teng has come, bowing and scraping to these same imperialists, saying that the tremendous accomplishments of the Chinese people amounted to nothing, that all Mao's policies

brought chaos and prevented development, humbly pleading for help. But more than that, take a look at the context of the world situation in which Teng's visit took place.

In almost every part of the world, the U.S. and the Soviets are going at it hammer and tong for control. In Africa, Asia, the Middle East, Latin America and Europe, hardly a day goes by without some move by one of these two superpowers to strengthen their own position and undercut that of the other. Meanwhile, they both talk about arms limitations and "peaceful coexistence." But both sides know that this is just a smokescreen to cover their preparation for the inevitable shoot-out to settle the question of who will be the top imperialist dog in the world.

Right now it's mainly maneuvering and jockeying for position, trying to line up the countries that will be behind

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Teng salutes U.S. military at White House welcoming ceremony.

"We are an insignificant poor country but if we unite with the United States it will carry weight,"—Teng Hsiao-ping.

It was disgusting. A so-called communist, that traitor Teng Hsiao-ping slobbering all over Western technology, kissing babies like some hack politician and glad handing with the kings of U.S. capital in fancy restaurants. Meanwhile his Minister of Science and Technology cavorted at Disneyland and his press entourage sent home glowing reports of "America the Beautiful," a land of lush fields, prosperity and industrial development that was a model to be imitated. They made every effort to use the trip to convey to the Chinese people back home the "fantastic" standard of living of the average person in capitalist America—including the broadcast of their visit to the home of a "typical American"—a \$34,000 a year IBM executive!

But the political purposes of the Chinese vice-premier's visit were far more significant than the barnstorming tour through Washington D.C., Atlanta, Houston and Seattle, arranged for him by the U.S. government.

Above all Teng's trip was intended by the U.S. ruling class as a slap at their rivals in the Soviet Union. Teng's parade through the U.S. was meant to flaunt a significant strengthening of the U.S. war bloc in the face of the Soviets. And every time Jimmy Carter announced that it was not aimed at the Soviets, he only emphasized the fact that it was. The U.S. bourgeoisie hoped to use Teng's trip to show themselves as champions of peace and friendship, but the underlying reality was that it represented another step towards war.

D.C. Jail Turned Upside Down

During the revolutionary White House street action, 78 demonstrators, including Bob Avakian, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Communist Party, were arrested. All 78 are charged with felonious assault on a police officer, carrying a possible 5-year sentence, with pre-trial hearings scheduled to begin February 8. In an open attack on the RCP, high bond and special bail conditions have been maintained on Comrade Avakian. This is an account of what went on in the jails and kangaroo courts of Washington, D.C. in the days following the White House action.

Tuesday Morning, January 30

We have been brought from the D.C. jail to a holding cell in the courthouse. 36 women together for the first time since the busts the night before. Later we were to hear stories of that night, how in the hospital a nurse who had been active in the Black liberation struggle of the '60s told some of the injured demonstrators, "You all may not know this, but people still have strong feelings about all this. I remember Mao Tsetung and the Red Book."

In jail, people started demanding phone calls—so-called democratic rights. "That's only on TV, honey," says one matron, "You're not in a free society. If this were a communist country..." One sister interrupted, "If we were in a communist country we wouldn't be in here, you would be." The men start raising hell, chanting, "We want our phone calls! No peace tonight!" and kicking the walls. The cops pull them out of their cells, strip them to their underwear, throw them up against the cell doors—handcuffed there, crucifix style. They expect them to stop. They don't.

Chanting and singing go on all night. In one cell block where some of us are in with other prisoners, people begin talking about Teng Hsiao-ping, the betrayal of the Chinese revolution, the battle with the cops and hitting at the fact that it is this same system that we are fighting that forces people into the hell-hole of prison.

The cell we are in now has no walls—it's bars on all four sides. At first some of the pigs eye us, smirking at the damage they've done—bandaged heads and hands, beaten faces. One woman, Linda, has 43 stitches in her mouth alone, both cheeks broken, and a head wound. They won't give her any pain medicine or antibiotics. One cop had said, "we should do all your faces like that."

Then the chant goes up, "What do we want? COMMUNISM! How're we gonna get it? REVOLUTION! Break the chains! Free the people! Long live the RCP!" "Put the pigs in the pokey and the people on the street!" "Long Live Mao! Down with Teng!" Prisoners are being brought out of the elevators behind us, handcuffed in twos. Many raise their free hands in a fist. One walks close by our cell and shouts, "Long Live Mao Tsetung!" The pigs aren't smiling anymore.

Two women begin to sing the revolutionary song "Who Will Dare." The song is so powerful that the jaws of the pigs drop, and all of the prison personnel turn around to face us. They must think they've locked up Lady Day or something. The entire jail is quiet. From where we are we can only see part of one cell, but we can see several fists thrust from between the bars. Then we hear other prisoners shouting, demanding more songs. Three women read the Party's Mao Tsetung Enrollment Call out loud, "To all who dared to torch bonds of oppression in streets of blood and fire...to you who have dared to dream the dream of REVOLUTION!"

At one point we hear some singing coming from a nearby cell, a song we'd sung earlier—"Your system is rotten to

the core. Hey mister, we're not takin' anymore." At first we think it's the men arrested in the demonstration, who we haven't seen yet. But then we see them come up on the elevator, singing the "Internationale"—anthem of the working class. We realize that it's other prisoners doing the singing.

Tuesday Early Afternoon

We've been put in a sardine can cell in the women's section—all 36 of us. None of the injured or sick prisoners are getting any medication. Besides Linda there is a brother, Ali, a Vietnam vet with 100% disability who has to take a dozen different medications to stay alive. Another brother has diabetes and they won't give him any insulin. We've seen one of the men dragged out of his cell and down the hall with two pigs beating him.

In the cell next to us some prisoners are screaming—at us—telling us to shut up, telling the matron to get us out of "their" cell. We yell back, and the struggle starts to heat up. We show them Linda's face, tell them this was done by the pigs, and they start to listen.

Almost all of the prisoners in here are Black. We talk about who's in jail and why; Mao Tsetung and revolution; the difference between Malcolm X, who was a revolutionary, and Martin Luther King, who told people to get down on their knees and pray for freedom. Later in the day, when the pigs refuse to give the men any food, these same women give them their own. This is the kind of unity, based on struggle, that's spreading in the jail.

The matrons try some petty remarks to divide us up. "What are you Black women doing in there." (The matrons are Black.) "Some of you ladies have kids. Don't you feel any responsibility for them?" One woman shoots back, "I have a 14-year-old son, and I hope like hell he grows up to be a revolutionary!" That shuts them up for a while.

In the men's section, a comrade is speaking—a moving indictment of this rotten system and the need to overthrow it. He talks about the contention between the two superpowers, the threat of war, and lays out that we stand with the working and oppressed people worldwide; that when war breaks out we will turn the guns around.

Tuesday Afternoon: Kangaroo Courtroom

The bourgeoisie intensifies its counter-attack—on another part of its own turf, the courtroom. Originally the 78 of us were charged with misdemeanors and held on \$300 bond. Now word has come from the top attorney general for the District of Columbia, a slimy government mouthpiece known as Earl Silbert, that the charges have been raised to felonious assault on a police officer, a charge that carries a 5-year sentence. The arraignment hearings are switched to take place in a courtroom in the basement. You can only get to the room through a door that looks like it should lead to a janitor's closet, and down a narrow corridor. Admission is limited. All observers have to go through a metal detector check, some are asked for I.D. while the court pigs write down their names. Pigs are lined up against the wall.

The prisoners are kept in holding cells behind the courtroom, brought into court one by one. The very first defendant raises his fist in court and shouts, "Death to Teng Hsiao-ping! Long Live Mao Tsetung!" The court marshalls drag him out as the judge orders, "\$10,000 surety bond." This goes on all afternoon. The arrogant toad, Judge Joseph M. Hannon, pounds his gavel in time to orders from above—\$10,000 bond for every defendant.

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WHO WILL DARE?

—Song by Prairie Fire

Who will dare defy
A thousand years of tradition's chains
And the venom of the snakes
Who would paint the red flag white?

Who will dare,
Dare to go against the tide
And hold high the banner of Mao Tsetung?
Who, when all he stood for
Is being heaped with scorn,
Who will defend his work and carry on
In the advance of history?

Who will dare,
Dare to brave withering fire
To hold high the great red flag?
Who when our leaders fall
Will heed their call
And raise our banner proud and tall
For all the world to see?

We will dare defy
Every last oppressor.
In our millions we will rise.
We are Mao's successors.
We the workin' people of the world will rise and...

We will dare,
Dare to go against the tide
And hold high the banner of Mao Tsetung
When all that he stood for
Is being heaped with scorn.
We will defend his work and carry on
In the advance of history.

We will dare,
Dare to brave withering fire
To hold high the great red flag.
We when our leaders fall
Will heed their call
And raise our banners proud and tall
For all the world to see.

We will dare,
Dare to scale the heights,
To conquer all oppression forevermore.
We will transform all the world with our class rule
Until o'er every land our flag's unfurled
And finally all mankind is free.

Atlanta

Atlanta, Feb. 2 (WPS)—Teng Hsiao-ping got into his chauffeured limousine in the garage of the luxurious Peachtree Plaza Hotel. He was trying to forget the frightening and humiliating denunciation he had received from revolutionaries in Washington, D.C. three days before.

An incident at the Ford plant in Hapeville a few hours earlier hadn't made Teng feel any better. He had toured the assembly plant in the company of his class brothers and soul-mates Henry Ford II, Leonard Woodcock and Doug Fraser. Marvelling at the grinding, back-breaking "efficiency" of modern-day wage slavery and drooling at the thought of one day squeezing 50 cars, trucks or tractors per hour out of Chinese workers, Teng's fantasies were rudely interrupted by the image of Mao Tsetung!

A worker with 15 years' seniority at Ford stood defiantly before Teng and his sleazy entourage wearing a Mao Tsetung T-shirt and a Chinese hat with a bright red Mao button on it.

From the time he had first learned that Teng would visit the plant, this worker had come to work every day with a black armband on. The company knew something was up and issued a warning: anyone doing anything to embarrass them during Teng's visit would be fired. They specifically banned the wearing of T-shirts with political slogans.

Houston

Houston, Feb. 3 (WPS)—By the time Teng Hsiao-ping got to Houston, his capitalist sponsors and their grinning mouthpiece Jimmy had had a bellyful of the Revolutionary Communist Party.

Word came down from on high: No more Washington D.C.s; no more Atlantas. Teng's Houston visit must go unopposed!

The powers that be were humiliated, intimidated and enraged. The Houston pigs in particular had an axe to grind because of the militant and unflinching offensive led by the RCP against police terror and in support of the Moody Park 3 and the Houston Rebellion of May, 1978.

Realizing that Teng's visit would *not* go unopposed, and that the best they could hope to do was keep the revolutionary opposition out of the public eye, Houston authorities mobilized a force of several hundred riot-equipped police to save the day. The very size of their force put the lie to subsequent reports that Teng had visited Houston without incident.

Two dozen people gathered at the Federal Building and began their march to the Hyatt Regency hotel where they planned to "welcome" Teng in person. They never got there.

Around the corner from the hotel, armed with shields and riot sticks and outnumbering the demonstrators by more than 10 to 1, the pigs surrounded the march, shoving and hitting people to the ground. These "brave" pigs, who only a few weeks before had cowered in their pen in the face of a militant march led by the RCP to Defend the Houston Rebellion and Free the Moody Park 3, arrogantly flaunted their power to stomp on people in behalf of the capitalists' state. In short order 21 people lay handcuffed on the ground, with the police punching anyone who looked up. The cops, who videotaped the whole bust, announced that they were doing this to show that "there was no police brutality"! All 21 were arrested.

The charge: carrying "prohibited weapons" (picket sticks mounted with pictures of Mao Tsetung). Clearly it was Mao and all he stands for that was the real weapon, the genuine threat to the rulers of this country.

In jail, with FBI and Secret Service agents scurrying around taking pictures, the demonstrators shook the walls with chants of "Death to Teng Hsiao-ping! Long Live Mao Tsetung!" and "Long Live the RCP!"

People tracked him down

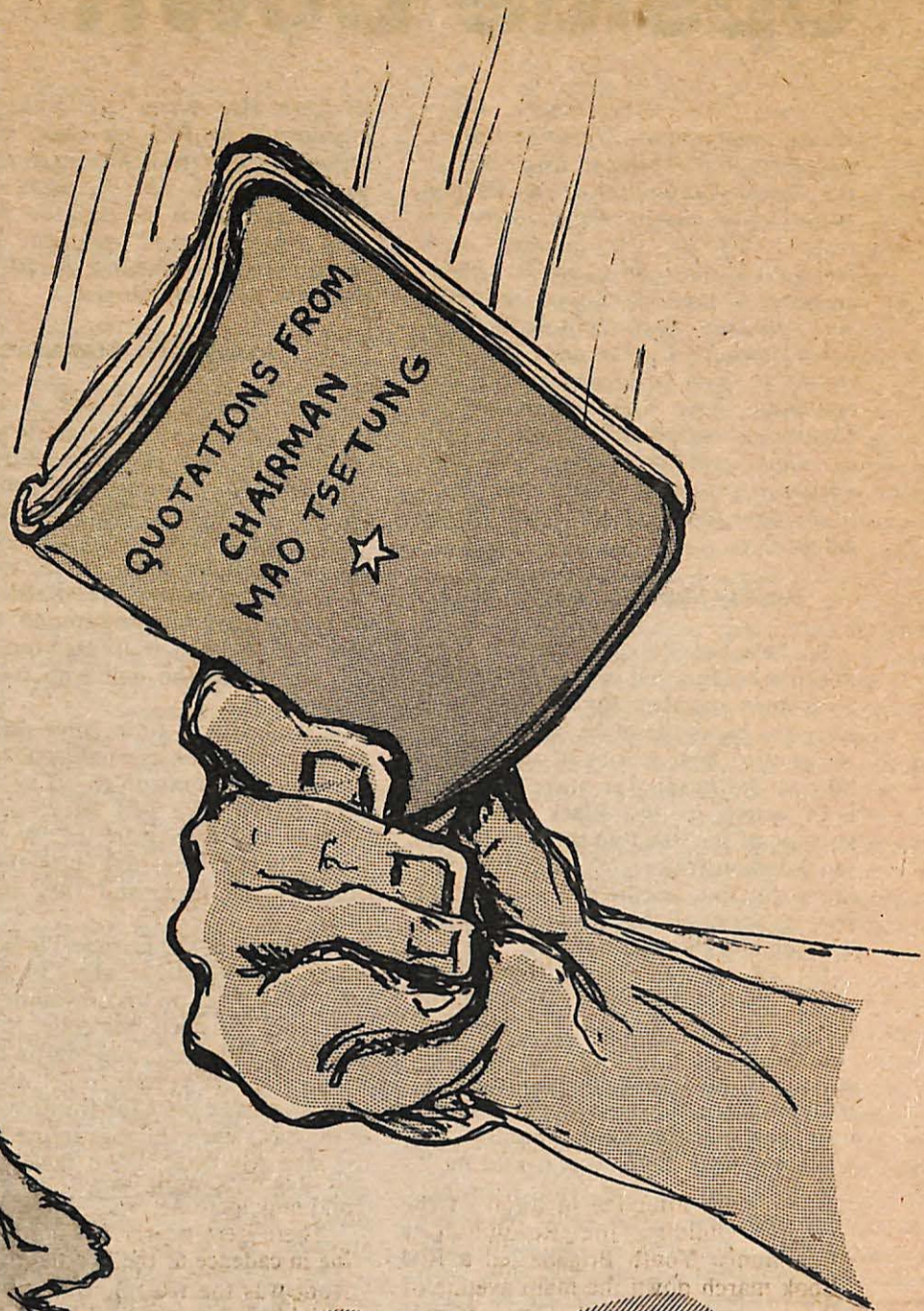
This rebellious worker told them to take their windy warnings and put them where the sun never shines. He was determined to show Teng and his cohorts that they could never escape the spirit of Mao Tsetung!

Now as the limousine pulled out of the Peachtree Plaza, Teng hoped he had seen his last Maoist, at least until he got back to China. But he had barely pulled out into the streets when he was greeted with a scene politically reminiscent of the Cultural Revolution.

Loud, militant chanting filled the air. "Death, Death to Teng Hsiao-ping!" Demonstrators waved Mao's "Red Book" and held aloft bright red flags emblazoned with Mao's image.

Teng and his crew were visibly shaken. They wanted nothing more than to get the hell out of there as fast as they could. Their black Cadillacs jerked back and forth as they hit the gas, then the brakes, then the gas again in their frenzied effort to get away without smashing into each other. They longed for the more friendly turf of the Georgia Governor's mansion where a lobster and champagne banquet awaited them.

Before they could make their getaway, however, they witnessed the blazing finale of this "fitting welcome" to Atlanta. A pint-sized effigy of Teng, complete with dunce cap, went up in flames. □



Los Angeles

L.A. (WPS)—One of Mao's poems describes a conversation between two birds—a revolutionary roc and a revisionist sparrow. The sparrow speaks:

"This is one hell of a mess!

O I want to flit and fly away."

"Where, may I ask?"

The sparrow replies,

"To a jewelled palace in elfland's hills..."

Well, they made it. It was some 22 years ago that the Soviet Union's predecessor to Teng Hsiao-ping, arch-revisionist Nikita S. Khrushchev, in the U.S. for a state visit, wanted to go to Disneyland. Unfortunately for Mr. K., he was denied this pleasure and this no doubt upset him for the rest of his rotten political career. But the Chinese revisionists finally achieved this historic mission where Khrushchev had failed. Their bootlicking paid off when China's Minister of Science and Technology, Fang Yi, was granted a visit to the "magic kingdom" (sic).

And what a trip it was. The Sunday adventure began on the right note as over 30 Highway Patrol pigs blocked off all five lanes of the Santa Ana Freeway (allowing no one to pass) forming a protective bubble around the entire entourage all the way to Disneyland.

But, try as they might, Fang's superpower hosts were not able to insulate him from the anger of Southern California revolutionaries—even as

they sped down the highway. For there, on billboards and concrete overpasses that they had to drive under, were dozens of spray-painted messages. All along their journey, these "people's billboards" blared "Death to Teng!" "Long Live Mao Tsetung!" "Long Live the RCP!" "Free Bob Avakian!" and one included a drawing of a gallows and hangman's noose meant for Fang's boss Teng Hsiao-ping.

Actually, Fang's hosts were well aware that protecting their guest would be no light matter, especially on the heels of the battle in Washington, D.C. On Saturday morning, February 3, the day before the demonstration, dozens of Disneyland officials, Anaheim civic leaders, and cops called together a meeting to beg the RCP not to upset things. They literally gave the Party a piece of the parking lot of the Disneyland hotel, pleading "Don't come into the lobby or anything like that, please." In other words, you can have anything but the Matterhorn!

These officials had good reason for their fears. Later that Saturday Fang Yi got a little taste of the reception that would await him at Disneyland. L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley put together a list of 200 invited guests, whom he described as "a representative cross-section of our people" to officially greet Fang at the Mayor's mansion. This "cross section" included mink coat clad society dames, famous actors like Charlton Heston, political hacks like Senator

Alan Cranston—all of them brought to the red carpet, spotlight affair in chauffeured limousines with red-jacketed valets.

However, there was a different reception across the street from this spectacle. Fifty demonstrators raised Red Books, banners and pictures of Mao, carrying with them an effigy of Teng Hsiao-ping. Everytime one of the "official" guests looked over at the demonstration, "Teng" was literally getting the stuffing kicked out of him.

All of this forced the hand of Disneyland officials the next day, who decided for the first time in the history of the park to open early. The officials closed the facility to the public and let their guest have the park to himself. Alone in Disneyland—he was chauffeured from one ride to another in a black limousine, while park and city officials nervously eyed the demonstration outside of 150 Revolutionary Communist Party members and supporters, along with a militant contingent of Iranians. While Fang toodled around on the Pirates of the Caribbean ride, dozens of Red Books and red banners accompanied with shouts of "Death to Teng" echoed off the walls of the Disneyland hotel.

Inside the walls of Disneyland, a happy Fang Yi admired his new Mickey Mouse watch and danced with two giant Disney characters in front of the Magic Castle. Outside, the people raised the red banner of Mao Tsetung. □

like a rat.

Seattle—A Fitting Send-off

"You hold Comrade Bob Avakian, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA, hostage. You have chained and beaten our class brothers and sisters in your dank basement jails. But you will not intimidate the RCP, the revolutionary workers and supporters, from taking action every time Teng shows his face. Hear this: Release our Party's Chairman and all these revolutionary fighters, or there will be hell to pay!"

The voice was that of Robert Hughes, a Mediator in the Seattle office of the U.S. Department of Justice. A contingent of some 15 members and supporters of the RCP and the Committee for a Fitting Welcome had stormed into the Federal Building and up to Hughes' office on the 35th floor, where they demanded that he phone his superiors in Washington, D.C. and read the Party's ultimatum. Uniformed guards and undercover goons looked on in astonishment and disbelief as their boss placed the call.

Meanwhile, demonstrators outside demanded freedom for all those arrested in D.C. The ruling class in Seattle was beginning to feel the effects of the revolutionary force generated by the police attack in Washington. It was also becoming clearer by the minute that Teng Hsiao-ping's visit to Seattle, only a couple days away, would not go unchallenged. Officials began making changes in Teng's itinerary in a futile attempt to protect him from what was in store.

Two days after the invasion of the Federal Building the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade led a Red Book march down the main avenue of the university district. City officials were frightened.

The entire Seattle Tac Squad was called out to halt the 30 marchers from making their statement. In front of hundreds of onlookers lining the sidewalks, 70 pigs in riot gear threatened violence in an effort to intimidate marchers and bystanders alike. Undaunted, the demonstrators intensified their agitation, going right up in the faces of these swine and exposing the pig's harassment as a clear sign of fear.

A few hours later, about 50 revolutionaries went to Boeing field to give Teng Hsiao-ping his initial "welcome" to Boeingtown. The press and TV milked it to the last drop in an attempt to whip up hysteria about "communist



terrorists." You could almost see them drooling at the prospect of a physical confrontation between the pigs and the revolutionaries. But in doing their service to the ruling class, the media's enormous coverage spread the word widely and aroused great interest.

At the same time, printed and spoken communist agitation at every turn summed up the political significance of Teng's visit and boldly pointed to revolution as the only road to the future. By the time of the big demonstration on Sunday thousands of people in the Seattle area were awaiting it with excitement and anticipation.

There were nearly 200 in all, marching in cadence at the Westlake Mall. In front was the RCYB, with red jackets and black berets. Within minutes the area began filling up as the message rang out like thunder: "Death, Death, Death to Teng! Long Live Mao Tse-tung!" Agitators fanned out with leaflets and stacks of the *Revolutionary Worker and Revolution*.

Excitement ran high as people learned that the same Maoists who had given Teng his fitting welcome in D.C. were dead serious about disrupting his rendezvous with capitalism in Seattle. Press and cameras climbed all over each other. Red flags and Red Books were proudly raised. The deeply moving strains of "Who Will Dare?" filled the air as 200 revolutionaries held high the banner of Mao Tse-tung. Several onlookers joined in. One, an older

French woman whose hopes had been shattered years ago when her husband betrayed communism and broke up their marriage said, "Today removes much bitterness and disillusionment."

The demonstrators surged like a mighty fist out of the mall and straight for Teng's plush sanctuary at the Washington Plaza Hotel. "Teng and Carter, reactionary to the core, squeal about peace as they plan for war." They ran doubletime into position across from the hotel. A phalanx of terrified cops rushed into formation to guard the building. They were backed up by horsemen, while dozens of squad cars blocked off nearby streets.

About 250 reactionary Taiwanese and American right-wingers showed up immediately. American and Taiwan flags in hand, and acting as provocateurs for the pigs, they began circling the block around the revolutionaries. They shouted anti-communist slogans, hoping to provoke a clash and divert the demonstration from its target. But they went down in defeat quickly. "Teng, Hua, KMT, all lick the boots of the bourgeoisie!" Each time around the block the pipsqueaks shrank back further, leaving an ever-growing berth between themselves and the revolutionaries. Drowning out the KMT national anthem, the words of the *Internationale* could be heard for blocks.

For an hour and a half, Teng's hideaway was bombarded with the

mighty revolutionary message: Mao Tse-tung did not fail—revolution will prevail! Teng's burning effigy outside the hotel was testimony to this message.

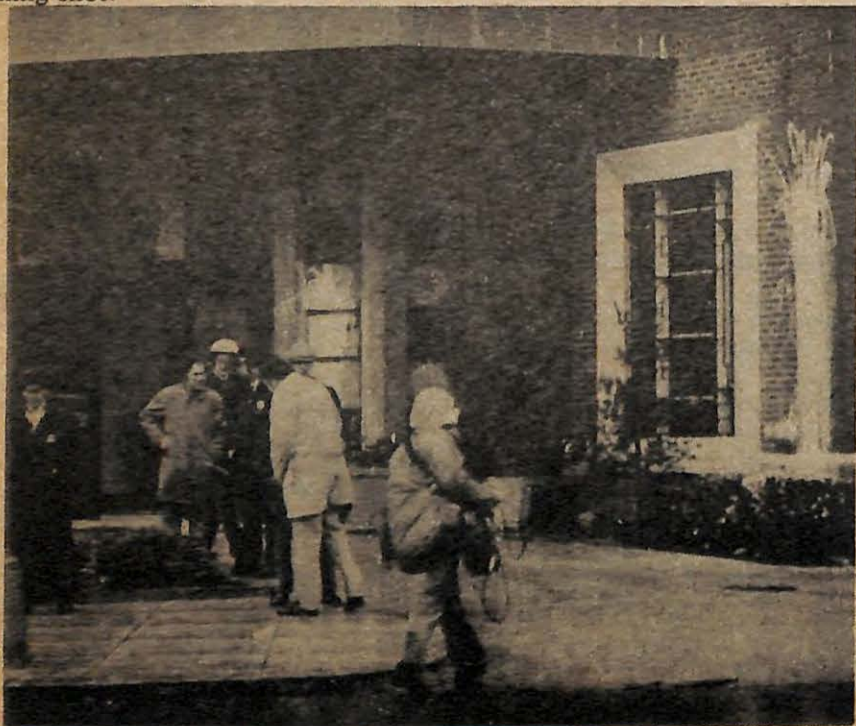
Many onlookers were excited by what they saw, for they thought all the fire of the '60s had been doused with the muck and slime of reaction, and now counter-revolution in China. For them the fire of revolution was being rekindled, while for many others it was being lit for the first time.

The Fitting End to Teng's Fitting Welcome came at about 3:30 that afternoon, as he left his hotel and walked toward his limousine for a visit to Boeing's Everett plant. Will Au, a Boeing worker, and Marie Lommel, another revolutionary fighter, followed the entourage. Just as Teng got to the car, they rushed up to him, Red Books in hand. "Death to Teng! Long Live Mao! Long Live Revolution!" First in Chinese, then in English. Teng could not escape this revolutionary message, courtesy of the RCP. Hundreds of Secret Service agents reinforced by Seattle's "finest"—in riot gear, on horseback, on motorcycles, in cars and scubagear—all had flopped again in the face of this determined stand.

His "protectors" rushed to the scene. Grabbing Teng, they hurled him into the car and slammed the door. He was shaken. All the advanced technology of the U.S. imperialism, the subject of Teng's dreams and the object of all his grovelling, could not protect him. □

Washington D.C., January 24th

The building housing the Chinese Mission in Washington D.C. was under attack. It was less than five days before that scurvy little rat and traitor Teng would arrive in the U.S. The Revolutionary Communist Party and the Committee For A Fitting Welcome had declared war on the bastard, and the assault on the embassy was the opening shot.



Windows shattered and white paint flowed down the front of the building, symbolizing the reactionary treachery of the current Chinese regime. An effigy of Teng Hsiao-ping was left at the front door with a placard tied around its neck: "Traitor Teng Hsiao-ping—Beware!"

Five people were nabbed in the aftermath of the attack. One faces a weapons charge, all five stand accused of destruction of property of a foreign country.

The action was an inspiration to revolutionaries. Their high spirits and exemplary revolutionary conduct while in jail served as a model for the 78 who were arrested the following Monday. They rapped, they agitated, they got down with the other prisoners, and they generated a hell of a lot of enthusiasm.

The five issued a statement from inside the jail: "The people in jail with us have had their sights raised by the revolutionary movement that the action represented... and they have been generally moved by our stand. The walls of our cells will continue to reverberate with the words of the *Internationale* and the slogans of Monday's demonstration. Our revolutionary spirit could not be higher, you must convey that we are with you." The statement was received by the Committee For A Fitting Welcome and signed by Mark Jackson, Curtis Mohn, Gregory Ford, James Nelson and Jim Loudermilk.

"The sound of breaking glass became a clarion call and set the tone for the 'fitting welcome' that awaited Teng Hsiao-ping,"—one of the Embassy Five.

It was not until the following Monday that they were finally all released on bail from jail—just as the forces were gathering to continue the battle in the spirit of the Embassy Five. □

Red Book

Continued from page 6

before where there were so many representatives of U.S. imperialism. Kennedy and other senators. Congressmen and their wives. Mondale and wife arrived. Everybody smiling. How wonderful that Mao and his followers no longer ruled China. How wonderful that China was joining militarily with the United States.

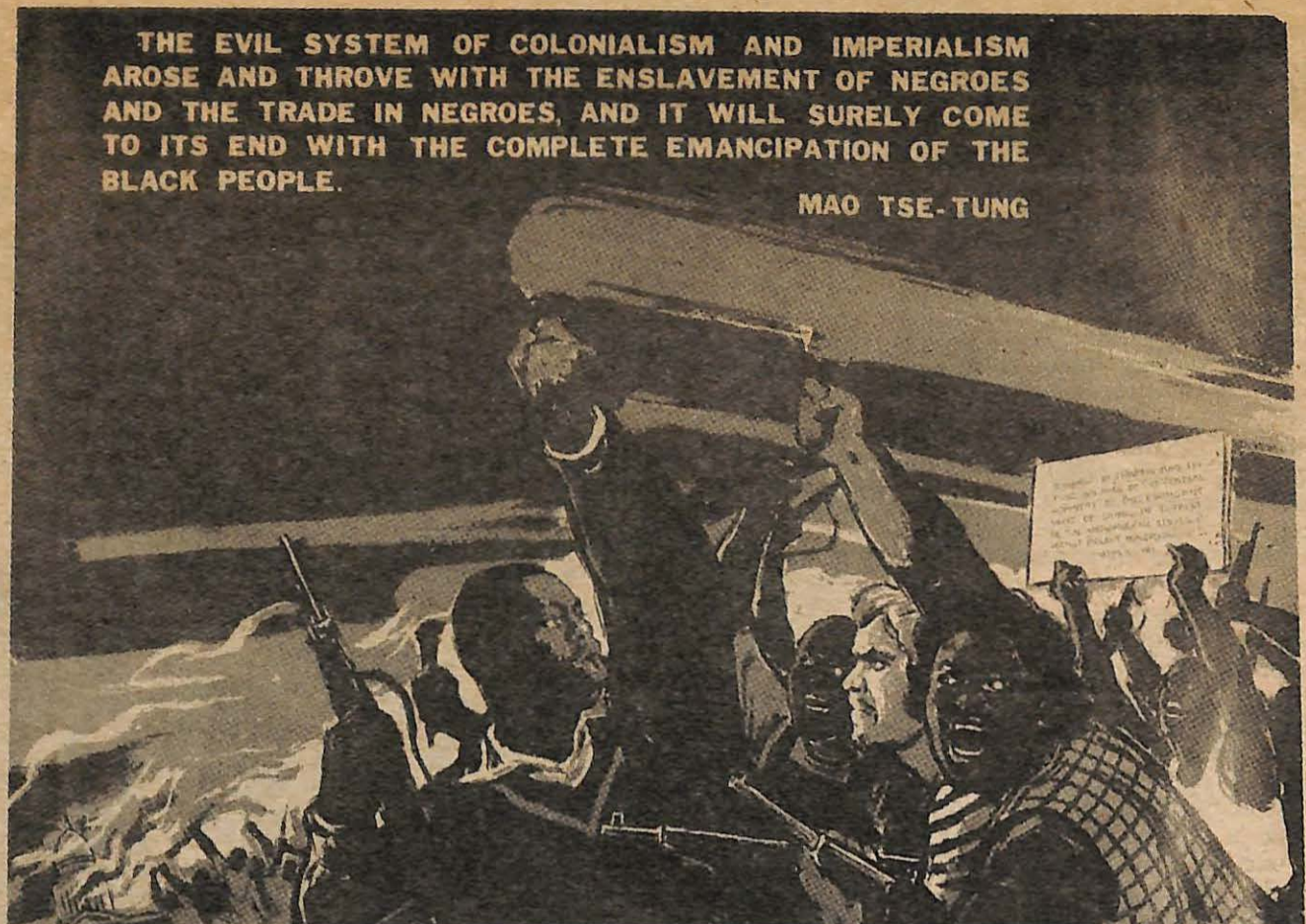
The Chinese delegation lines up. Someone hands them an American flag which they start waving happily. What traitors! Only a few short years ago, effigies of U.S. imperialism were smashed and harpooned and beaten in the streets of Peking. It flashed in my mind and I knew Keith must have been thinking about it too—Mao's statement in 1970, when the U.S. imperialists were raining down bombs in Indochina, when they were shooting people down, Black and white, here, at Jackson State, at Kent State. Mao Tsetung had made a statement and mobilized the Chinese people to stand shoulder to shoulder with the people of Indochina and the people of this country and the whole world—to make revolution. Revolutionary China! It had meant a world of difference and now Teng and his entourage kiss ass, wave the flag and like it. I can't wait to expose these fools.

Enter Jimmy Carter with the biggest smile of all. Seeing Jimmy Carter I can't help but think of Iran. Were you smiling, Jimmy, as you watched the U.S.-backed Iranian army gun down hundreds of thousands of Iranians? Were you smiling, Jimmy, when your friend the Shah of Iran was forced to leave his country due to the strength of the revolution? Before I came, I thought I would be awed, or maybe afraid of Carter and the secret service and the ceremoniousness of the occasion. But it wasn't that way at all. They seemed hollow and insignificant compared to the task we had ahead and the millions we represent.

Then Teng arrived in a chauffeured Cadillac limousine—that is, his excellency, as he decided to call himself. Keith and I both felt least nervous about what we were going to do when we saw him for the first time at Andrews. I had had a tremendous opportunity to confront him face to face that day, as he had walked only about three or four feet from where I was standing. And I was tempted. The sight of him had aroused such hatred and disdain that this puny rat, this smug little fascist, was the main person responsible for destroying the great achievements of the Chinese people. I wish I had seen this little traitor being paraded in the streets of Peking in a dunce cap when he was ridiculed by the people for his reactionary capitalist schemes and proposals. The "unrepentant capitalist-roader" as Mao called him, stood before me offering up China to the U.S. imperialists. He may have been able to seize upon Mao's death to launch an armed coup, murdering and purging tens of thousands of revolutionaries, but he'll never suppress what they stood for. They'll find that out today.

I couldn't believe they had Teng and Carter jointly inspect the troops. What a fitting symbol of what normalization of relations really means. As much as they crank out propaganda about peace, the reality of their war moves asserts itself. It's enraging to think of the Chinese youth being drafted and forced to die for U.S. imperialism, when before they were willing to die fighting against it.

Carter and Teng came back to the platform. I tried to move to the front. "When should I break in," I thought. I wanted to wait for Teng, but I wasn't positive that he was going to speak. Carter stepped forward to the podium. "On behalf of the American people, I want to welcome you." You don't speak for the American people, I thought. "Our peoples have had a long history of friendship marred by only 30 years." Yeah, the 30 years led by Mao. The 30 years when the imperialists were thrown out of China. Standing there, face to face with Teng and Carter, it came over me—the significance and magnificence of what had been lost. The tremendous achievements of the



Flames lick U.S. Capitol in Chinese poster from Cultural Revolution days.

Chinese people—not just that they had made revolution, but their continuing battles against the bourgeoisie and the remnants of the old society, and their struggles to transform society completely to eliminate all oppression and inequality had surpassed anything that mankind had ever seen before.

I unbuttoned my coat and got out my Red Book, a symbol internationally of revolution and communism. During the Cultural Revolution, the youth and the workers took up the Red Book and vowed to master the science of revolution, Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tsetung Thought. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution sent shock waves throughout the world. In large part through this little Red Book, Marxism was spread through every corner of the globe, including the U.S.A.

Like many before me, I raised the Red Book high. I knew Teng would know what it was. I wonder if he thought he'd seen the last of it. That bastard! I wish we could give him what he really deserves. I thought of the purge of the Four, and Mao and the Chinese people. Compared to what they went through, this was nothing. Knowing millions worldwide would stand with my words, I shouted as loud as I could, "The Revolutionary Communist Party says Down with Teng Hsiao-ping!" Carter and I looked right into each other's eyes. He started to talk louder. I yelled,

"The Revolutionary Communist Party says Long Live Mao Tsetung!"

I can't remember exactly when the secret service agent grabbed me. They must have been shocked that after all their tightened security we made it into their impenetrable fortress. These members of the palace guard were all decked out in black uniforms, gold braid and white shirts. They looked like little tin soldiers. They grabbed both my arms and tried to push down my head.

When I got outside the press corral, as they were dragging me out, I somehow was able to face Jimmy Carter again, and I yelled, "Teng, you murderer! You may have killed tens of thousands of revolutionaries, you may be kissing the boots of U.S. imperialism, but you will never stop revolution. The Chinese people will overthrow you once again." Then they started pushing me harder and faster.

All the secret service, Teng and Carter breathed a sigh of relief. I was listening intently, since I knew it was just beginning. I wanted to hear what Keith had to say.

Later, Keith told me that at first, where he was, other photographers and reporters couldn't see me, they could see the Red Book, and heard my words, but they couldn't see what was happening. As I was being dragged out, he started in, waving the "Traitor Teng, Beware" leaflets which had achieved

notoriety earlier in the week when they had flown through the broken windows at the Chinese mission. "You may be able to drag the Revolutionary Communist Party out of your garden party, but you can't stop the demonstration today. And you can't stop the revolution." He was eye level with Carter. Carter's jaw dropped, and he forgot Teng's name and title. Teng paled visibly.

This time the secret service men knew what they were aiming for. They muzzled him, trying to stop his words. But he was able to knock the hand off his mouth, and he cried, "Long Live Mao, Long Live the Four, Long Live the Revolutionary Communist Party."

"Lots of people told me later that it took guts to do what we did," Keith said. "But I wasn't scared at all." We drew confidence from the fact that we represented all those inspired by Mao and the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Glad to disrupt this spectacle and to draw even greater attention to the demonstration and the fitting welcome we planned for Teng.

The secret service took us to the other side of the White House, handcuffed us, searched us and our belongings, and photographed us. They asked us if we were ready to talk about "the incident." We said we'd never be ready for that. They kept trying to get information out of us. We refused to talk. They xeroxed my notes, confiscated my two press passes, one from Seattle and one issued by the *Worker*, and photographed us again, since the first set didn't come out. They took us in separate paddy wagons to the D.C. district police station.

They confiscated everything. They confiscated my comb, toothbrush and pens. When I said, hey, I need a pen and paper to write my story, they replied, "You can't keep dangerous weapons in your cell." A pen in our hands exposing their crimes is a dangerous weapon. Although the secret service kept hurling threats at us, including the one that they thought would really throw us, "spending a night in the women's detention center with all the 'criminals,'" it was they who were threatened. One of them even said, "You can do a good story on this detention center."

I was only in Washington for a short time, and made two main stops, the White House and jail. I infinitely preferred the company in jail. While I was isolated for a large part of the time, I did get to talk to a handful of other prisoners and it was inspiring. After a long discussion with one woman, about what we did and why, as they kept us in a paddy wagon in a garage somewhere for an hour or two, I said to her, "Well, what do you think about what I've been saying to you about revolution and communism?" She replied softly, "Revolution is definitely right." So I said, "You better get involved then." She answered, "How?" □

HEAR THIS CALL!

From the Mao Tsetung Enrollment Call of the Revolutionary Communist Party:

To all who dared to torch bonds of oppression in streets of blood and fire;
To all who defied Uncle Sam's lies and his blood-soaked flag of plunder;
To all who refuse to kneel to the bosses in hellish foundries,
robot assembly lines, dungeon mines and back-bending fields;
To you who have dared to dream the dream of REVOLUTION—

Realizing history's demand and in the face of the setback in China and the situation before us in this country and the world, the Revolutionary Communist Party announces the Mao Tsetung Enrollment into the Party. We call on every revolutionary fighter to pick up the banner of Mao Tsetung and the hundreds of millions who stood with him, to work with, join and help build the Revolutionary Communist Party as the vanguard of the proletarian revolution in this country.

Revolutionary Comrades All:
If you would put an end to all exploitation and oppression and the conditions that give rise to them;
If you would act in accordance with the forward advance of history to hasten the overthrow of everything reactionary and the final emancipation of mankind the world over;
If you dare to scale the heights and to lead the masses in the greatest ascent in human history—to communism...

THEN HEAR THIS CALL! REVOLUTIONARY FIGHTERS STEP FORWARD!

Contact local Party representative or RCP, Box 3486, Chicago IL 60654

Uncle Sam ...

A SWORD FOR SLAVES

Continued from page 6

them when they go at it. The Soviets grab Ethiopia and Angola and the U.S. strengthens its strangle hold on Egypt. The U.S. tries to make inroads into the Soviet's Eastern European front yard, while the Russians try to use the phony communist parties in Western Europe to weaken the U.S. position there, and on and on.

Mao Tsetung, along with Lenin, the great leader of the Russian revolution, had exposed the fact that it is imperialism itself, the very nature of the capitalist system, that drives these countries to war—that the capitalist law of "expand or die" operates as much for capitalist countries as it does for individual capitalist enterprises.

So along comes Teng Hsiao-ping, a self-proclaimed communist and sham follower of Mao and Lenin, to deny what they taught and what history has time and again proven to be true. World war is coming, he says. And that's a fact. But what does he say the cause is? Not imperialism, certainly not the U.S. imperialist. Nope! Just those dirty Soviets. So let's all line up behind the U.S. and take them on! No wonder the U.S. ruling class gets such a kick out of this "blunt speaking" revisionist.

In fact, Teng's blasts at the Soviets were so strong and frequent that the U.S. press tried to play up the idea that it was really China who was trying to drag the U.S. into its conflict with the USSR. But that would indeed be confusing appearances with the essence. The tail doesn't wag the dog. It's the other way around. Teng's mission, as it was accurately described by one reporter for a capitalist newspaper, was to "pin China firmly into the Western (read: U.S.) orbit." He came to capitulate to the U.S. imperialists and to offer the Chinese people as pawns in their global conflict with the Soviet Union.

Teng even expressed concern about the ability of his new masters' ability to maintain security and stability within their domain. He seemed particularly upset by the revolutionary struggle of the people of Iran. "And now there is Iran," he worried, "where there seems to be no end to the troubles." Of course he also wanted to show that he had confidence in them. "While we are concerned about the situation in Iran," he said shortly after arriving in the U.S., "we cannot do anything about it. We hope the United States will be able to do something effectively in that field."

Yet there was a note of sourness in the wake of Teng's nine day visit. In certain circles of the U.S. ruling class there seemed to be the fear that Teng's single minded determination to wrap China in the Stars and Stripes in order to defend against the Soviet threat, might disrupt some of the "larger global considerations" of U.S. policy and push towards open conflict with their Russian rivals prematurely. Hence Carter felt the necessity to point out that "obviously the security concerns of the United States do not completely coincide with those of China, nor does China share our responsibilities."

In other words, don't forget your place, punk—we are calling the shots and not you. The U.S. has got interests all over the world and a lot of important moves to make to strengthen their camp before the showdown, so don't get pushy. Others put it more bluntly, making it clear that China only had a supporting role to play for the U.S. imperialists and that the big scene was to be acted out between the two super-powers. Or as a correspondent in *Time* magazine said, the dealings with the Soviets are the "big casino." There Carter is dealing with a real super-power, "not a nation of poverty that happens to reek with potential."

Teng: Bootlicker Par Excellence

For the most part however, Teng showed little inclination to unbend from his proper position of bootlicking. In fact, rumor has it that the reported "cold" that Teng suffered in the last leg of his tour was nothing more than a raw tongue.

How many slaves in their chains
Every muscle torn with pain
Dream that someday they should hold
A shining sword.

That calloused hands should one day wield
A deadly weapon of cold steel
A shining sword, a sword for slaves
Shall soon be forged.

The slaveowners then shall fear
That their bloody end is near
When they hear the name slaves call
Their shining sword.

Far and wide, one and all,
Revolution we shall call
Our shining sword, the sword for slaves
That shall be forged.

Spoken:

Now this sword we're talking about, its name is revolution.
And this sword is so terrible that only millions and millions working
together Can forge this sword.

And this sword is being forged in the blazing furnace that you and me
And millions of other slaves live in and struggle
and fight in every day of our lives, Straining against our chains
and fighting every lash of the slavemaster's whip.

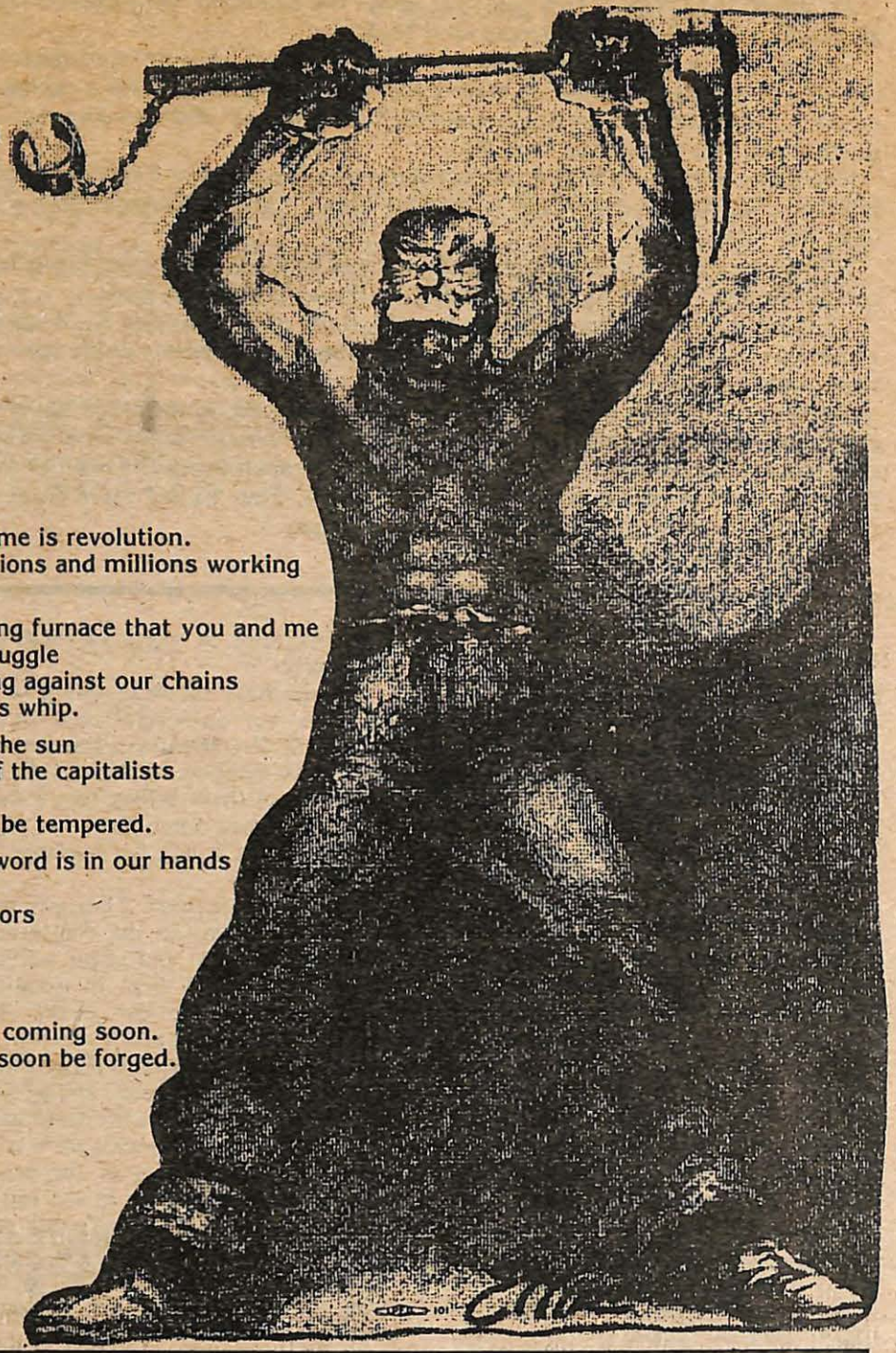
But only when this furnace is hotter than the sun
Will it burn as hot as our burning hatred of the capitalists
And our burning desire for freedom.
And only then will the sword of revolution be tempered.

But we pledge here today that once that sword is in our hands
We will never lay it down.
We will not only wipe out our own oppressors
but we shall wield our sword
Until slavery in all its forms
has vanished from the earth.

And you know, fellow workers, that day is coming soon.
A shining sword, a sword for slaves, shall soon be forged.

The slaveowners then shall fear
That their bloody end is near
When they hear the name slaves call
Their shining sword

Far and wide, one and all,
Revolution we shall call
Our shining sword, the sword for slaves
That shall be forged.



We all know that it's not shelter and protection that the U.S. has in store. It's war, imperialist war between the U.S. and the USSR and all the countries in their camps. Teng is lining up China for the U.S. and the U.S. is whistling.

But it's not that simple for these bloodsuckers. They've got some basic problems. They have to get the support of the people behind them. In particular they have to get the youth to go out and fight their damn wars for 'em. But we don't want our brothers and sisters, the tens of millions of them around the world, we don't want them going off to fight for imperialism.

We're going to wear their green uniforms, their stinking green uniforms. We're going to carry their M-16s. We're going to be on the front lines. But we're going to be on the front lines saying take those red white and blue bayonets and stuff them right in the gut of the officers and blow their heads off. Mr. U.S. Steel, Mr. General Motors, Mr. MacDonalds, Mr. Teng Hsiao-ping, someday your heads are going to roll.

Youth. We've got a whole life ahead of us and we don't intend to live dying for you M.F.s. And if we do die young, we're going to do it fighting you, fighting for the working class and the masses of people. That's the only way we'll die young.

—From a testimonial by a member of the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade

From Henry Ford's auto plant in Atlanta, Georgia to the giant Boeing works in Everett, Washington, Teng could not stop expressing his admiration for the wonders of U.S. capitalism. "Particularly in the South and what you call the Sunbelt," he told the vultures gathered at the Peachtree Plaza in Atlanta, "there has been rapid development in the last 30 years. There is much in your experience from which we can benefit. We would like to learn from you." Rapid development in the last 30 years! What a vicious joke! What in fact is this development Teng lauds so profusely? People driven off the land and into unemployment lines and the expanding ghettos of cities like Atlanta? Thousands of people going from share croppers to wage slaves? Runaway factories from the North setting up shop in the Sunbelt to take advantage of more intensified exploitation of unorganized workers in the South and Southwest? That's the development capitalism has had to offer. But of course Teng wasn't concerned with the conditions of the masses of laboring people. His eyes were feasting on the prosperity of the capitalists, prosperity gained off the sweat and misery of the working class.

And to underscore his point, Teng said that he wanted to "learn from the experiences of the developed countries,

especially in the field of *management*!" You can bet that he and his cohorts are studying the capitalist countries carefully to learn the most advanced techniques of blood-sucking!

One of the few discordant notes heard from capitalist politicians during Teng's trip was from those fretting over the future of the Chiang regime on Taiwan. But Teng made it explicitly clear that Taiwan could keep its capitalist economy and even its military. On every step of his tour he proved that what he has in mind is the Taiwanization of all of China. In Houston, Texas, which will receive one of the first two Chinese consulates in the U.S., Teng was agog over U.S. technology and the possibilities of help from the oil monopolies in mortgaging China's petroleum resources to the West. The U.S. capitalists must have gotten quite a chuckle out of Teng posing in a ten gallon hat and tripping out in a space shuttle simulator, acting like a starchy eyed kid in a Sears Roebuck toy department. E-Z Credit terms. Just turn over the keys to your country and have your pick!

Teng and his entourage seemed to especially enjoy their stay in Houston. The story has it that the Chinese reporters accompanying him got almost as much of a bang out of the big barbeque and rodeo that was thrown for

them as they did the pornographic movie they watched back at their hotel.

Unfortunately for Teng and the U.S. rulers, their efforts to use this nine day pilgrimage at the shrine of capitalism to sing a final requiem for revolution was notably unsuccessful. So unsuccessful in fact that Walter Cronkite felt compelled to comment on the fact on national news. For every place that Teng went he was met by revolutionaries, proudly upholding the banner of Mao Tsetung, denouncing his reactionary treachery, exposing his trip for what it was and boldly proclaiming the inevitability of revolution in China and the U.S.

It was an embarrassment, said Cronkite, to have the Revolutionary Communist Party raising such a revolutionary ruckus. After all, the U.S. bourgeoisie had done its best to make it seem like the only real opposition to Teng's visit were their jilted lovers, the Taiwanese. But here were "Maoists" of all things, real revolutionaries, coming up against them every time Teng turned around, making clear that they could not kill revolution, chanting "Death to Teng!"

Yeah, Walter, Teng's trip did turn into something of an embarrassment for the ruling classes of both the U.S. and China. And you know something? They haven't felt anything yet! □

Washington D.C., Feb. 8—(WPS) One of the 78 arrested in Washington had just flown back for his preliminary hearing. He walked out of the airport and hailed a cab.

He asked the driver, "Did you hear about the demonstration against Teng Hsiao-ping last week?" That was all it took.

The cab driver laid it all out. About how Teng and his cronies were destroying the revolutionary China of Mao Tsetung. Turning China into a capitalist country. Going back to the old system of education to produce an elite class of intellectuals. He didn't like it at all.

The driver went on. He said the Revolutionary Communist Party didn't like it either, and last week they did something about it and he thought they were right on.

He had seen the demonstrators marching and he knew something heavy was coming down. After he had dropped his fare, he had driven back.

Everybody was talking about it, he said. Lots of people dug it. What he wanted to know was, where did this RCP come from? Where had it been all these years?

The driver said lots of people dug what the RCP did, and though many of these were not now ready to join in themselves, he thought many would when things really hit the fan. As they approached the courthouse, the brother told the driver that he had been one of those arrested. They pulled up in front of the building and he reached into his pocket to pay.

The cab driver wouldn't accept the fare. □

Jail

Continued from page 7

The lawyers ask for a court order for the prisoners to get medical care in jail. The judge refuses. When Ali is brought into court, the lawyer again requests medical care for Ali and the other prisoners. The judge replies coldly, "If you need medical treatment, I'm sure you'll get it." Ali answers, "The only treatment people are getting in here is a beating." Then several marshalls jump him, throw him up against the wall and drag him out the door, as he shoots back at the judge, "Fuck you, judge, and your capitalist system of justice!"

From our cell we can see the pigs beating Ali in the hallway. We start yelling, then chanting and singing. From here on out the court proceedings have to take place amid the sound of "Long Live the Revolutionary Communist Party."

Shock and disbelief at the judge's arrogant railroad begins to sweep the courtroom. One lawyer stands up to the judge and says, "I can't believe this is 1979. . . it's like the 1968 Chicago convention trials. . . it's like the 1971 Washington Mayday busts." Another observer says, "I'm no Maoist, but this is a lynching!"

Wednesday Morning

We are in a couple of holding cells in the D.C. jail, discussing what's happened so far. We spent last night in individual cells in with the rest of the prison population. Talking through cell walls to other prisoners, there were lots of questions. Some prisoners who are out sweeping the floors bring us coffee and cigarettes. One walks up to one of our cells, peers through the slit in the door and says, "We know what you did was for all of us. We saw it on TV."

Early in the morning the cellblock is dark and quiet. Then someone starts whistling the *Internationale*. Soon the anthem of the international working class is ringing up and down the length of the cellblock. The matrons bring Linda down from the infirmary. She still hasn't gotten any medicine, and her face is swelling badly, threatening encephalitis. When she demanded to be treated right in the infirmary, the doctor had just told her, "This isn't a hotel, you know." The day before, when a pregnant woman two cells down began having labor pains and screaming for a doctor, the matrons took her food away, to "shut her up."

We start yelling, "Give Linda her medicine!" The matrons walk away. We bang on the bars with pop cans and start throwing everything that isn't nailed down through the bars. Everyone with boots on is kicking on the door. The walls are shaking. About 10 pigs are brought in. We can't see most of them but we can hear them taunting and jeering. They start pulling people out of the cell one by one, slamming the door and throwing the lock after each one to scare everybody still inside. But every taunt gets thrown back in their faces. We start chanting, "Remember Attica!" One woman says, "You know why the pigs hate Attica so

much—because so many of them got killed there."

The pigs have taken us into a room that faces out on several cells on the men's jail. Prisoners are standing on their bunks, hanging on the bars, listening—some of them yelling too. Finally the nurse comes down from the infirmary and gives Linda her medicine. A victory.

The pigs are furious. They give us a 7-car police escort to the courthouse. Lights are flashing and sirens wailing. Bob Avakian, now kept in isolation, gets his own motor-car escort. His guard carries a pistol and a shotgun. So much the better. It attracts the attention of the people in the streets, and we hear someone shouting, "It's the demonstrators." Now our red books are waving from between the bars of the prison bus, and we're chanting at the top of our lungs. A man on the sidewalk yells to us, "Right on for the revolution!"

Today the courtroom scene is different. With word of the kangaroo court in the basement beginning to get out, and their jail popping with talk of revolution, the bourgeoisie has been forced to change tactics. The court releases most of the prisoners on their own recognizance. Still the arrogant judge revels in the fact that he controls our "freedom," harassing especially the Black prisoners—lots of extra questions for them! Maybe you're not "reliable"; maybe 15 years seniority on a job isn't enough either; do you have enough money to get back to Washington for the trial, to pay a lawyer?

At the same time they reveal their plans to focus the courtroom attack on Bob Avakian. His bail is maintained at \$10,000. the D.A. makes a demagogic speech, vowing to nail him. Not to be outdone the judge points out that Bob Avakian—is a revolutionary leader, saying that revolutionary leaders usually flee to Algeria or something. The judge then says that the bail should really be much higher, if it were up to him. Later he sets down additional bail conditions—that Avakian not be allowed outside of D.C. or Chicago until Teng has departed from the United States.

Leaving the courthouse we are more determined than ever to continue on the high revolutionary road, and to defend our Party against all attacks. Our comrades still in jail continue to struggle with the other prisoners. When they leave the jail on Friday, the prisoners give them more cigarettes than they can carry and they in turn promise to get our Party's paper and more revolutionary literature into the prison. And it'll get around. Friday someone heard two prisoners talking and swapping a copy of the red book for a copy of Mao's *Military Writings*. "I've finished with this one now, you want to trade?"

We think of the enrollment call that we read in the jail, "The Revolutionary Communist Party exists for one reason and one reason only—to end this modern day slavery and all forms of dog-eat-dog existence. . . ." Today we must prepare our ranks and the masses for the future, for the day when the slaves will break down the prison doors and together we will storm the heavens and make revolution. □

FREE THE D.C. REVOLUTIONARY FIGHTERS! DROP THE CHARGES AGAINST COMRADE BOB AVAKIAN!

Revolutionaries are under attack. We must defend all those arrested giving Teng Hsiao-ping a "fitting welcome," including: January 29 at the White House; the Embassy 5; February 3, Houston, Texas. Funds for legal defense are urgently needed. Send to:

Fitting Welcome Defense Committee, P.O. Box 1992, Baltimore, Maryland 21203.

REVOLUTION WILL PREVAIL!

Clubs on skulls and the blood flows,
Steel Bars, cold walls, thugs in blue—
bourgeois hospitality
—but revolution will prevail

Death, death, to Teng Hsiao-ping
CRAVEN TRAITOR FLIES IN TO LICK BOURGEOIS BOOTS.
Courageous voices speak of a bright red future
While capitalist roaders and peanut farmers
Shit in their pants
Revolution will prevail

Blue on blue,
the clean clothes reek
with the stench of a rotting system
Give us our blood encrusted clothes,
Blood of struggle, blood of revolution
Time worn badge of the working class
Brilliance that pales their rusty tin badges
of capitalism's
Pork prostitutes
Revolution will prevail

"Arise Ye Workers"—"We want communism"—
U.S. BACON TREMBLES APPREHENSIVELY
"Mao Tsetung did not fail"—"Long live the RCP"
Within their dim wits the fear grows
of the onrushing wave,
Crushing them with its thunderous force
Revolution will prevail

Exercises in futility
More popped heads as more blood flows,
Hit and beat what frightens them,
What they can't control
—Always when the odds are in your favor
Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun
Revolution will prevail

Can't jail it, can't beat it,
can't stomp it, can't kill it
Proud. Defiant.
The spirit of revolution
Refuses to be broken
It bursts forth
With renewed vigor and intensity.
Revolution will prevail

Look out, here comes the express
\$10,000 fuck you all—
The Honorable mummy croaks,
Isn't bourgeois democracy great?
For the bourgeoisie.
Revolution will prevail

A capitalist rock is lifted,
But a revolutionary avalanche
crashes down upon them
As imprisoned communists fan the flames
Within their dungeons of decay
While our class world-wide watches
And looks to the future with renewed hope,
Pride, and direction
Revolution will prevail.

Clubs on skulls and the blood flows
Steel bars, cold walls, thugs in blue—
Bourgeois desperation
Their bite is sharp,
reacting upon the growing millions
Intensification of determination
Rip out the teeth, crush the head,
Burn the paper tiger
in the flames of revolutionary communism
Because revolution will prevail.

—written in the D.C. jail