DEATH TO TENG HSIAO-PING!

LONG LIVE REVOLUTION!
TRAITOR TENG GIVEN FITTING WELCOME

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 to a Traitor!" 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 promising 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. imperialism. He was there to sip champagne with the likes of Jimmy Carter, Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger while lining China up to be cannon fodder 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 "750 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 rain—royalty introduced as "The Valiant Teng!" "Mr. President, Mr. Red 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 spectacle of revolution was rising up like a vision of the future right in the heartland of U.S. imperialism, right at the fringes of Teng's superpower sugar-daddies.

Cops were swarming in the streets, sent by the bourgeoise to intimidate the international revolutionary movement represented by the demonstration. Hundreds of riot police backed up by squad cars fanned out around the demonstrators. Mounted police with their dogs were sent in 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 pugs.

In the face of the threatening cops, people were pouring into the streets, fresh with the memory of people's democracy 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, showing people up onto the sidewalk, yelling that the permit to march in the street had expired. Red Books were raised in defiance, hearts steered 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 basaltics 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!”

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 blaring 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 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 74, including Bob Avakian, Chairman of the Central Committee of the RCP.

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—felonv 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 rafated traitor Teng Hsiao-ping. And during the rest of his visit, the same message would be delivered again and again.

REVOLUTIONARY WORKER

Voice of the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA
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“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 greeted him as he hurried to his limousine to leave a hotel. From Washington, D.C. to Atlanta, to Houston, to Seattle the force of this revolutionary call bounced 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 blazing born-again hyena Carter.

And blessed 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 gristle around the country. As it was, time after time Teng must have had cainouses on his knees from coast to coast crawling on the ground before exploitation. These dogs loved it. So when in Chicago, this was—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, newdreams of revolution, they said. And they broadcast it from their TV satellites for the whole world to see. The 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 hate—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 oppression 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 mass rebellion, times when the question of revolution was raised again and again in this way. But really, as against Teng were more like an opening shot— a forecast of the 1980s. For today’s apparent calm is superficial, and beneath the surface great forces are in motion and storms are gathering. Crisis and war and revolutionary storms will rear 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 Mao’s teaching of the working class will fight back.

The U.S. ruling class—perhaps they even believe—that by clubbing scores of revolutionaries and by arresting and threatening 78 of them 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 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 Teng in Atlanta. Everywhere Teng went, the story was the same.

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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, USA, listens to me because I'm a veteran of the revolution. They may have part in it, even if they were heroes in it up to a point, but their view of revolution was still the old self-seeking kind.

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 capitalists and letting them live in them. They thought it was about taking away the holdings of the old capitalists and letting them live in them. That's what they thought it was, just a change of face. That was just a struggle among bourgeois circles. That was a question of using one 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 going. They didn't believe it when Mao said we've got to go on to communism, this is the only first step. They said, "Oh, no. This is far too soon. I'm tired." They would go down and try to work all this for themselves. That's what we made revolution.

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

This girl had a disease they said was incurable. She couldn't even lie down. She had to sleep sitting up. She was so thin. And she had pictures of herself. She had an exhibit. She was exhibiting a lesson in the class of science. 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 remember we used to stand 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 make the country according to 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 advancement in industry which road and whether people were going to go forward.

And I remember one thing more in China 1971, that was little kids, that little kids. We were old. We went to visit a grammar school there. They talk about education system there was under the gang of 5. It was tremendous. I had never seen anything like it, because I'd never been to a country controlled by a dictatorial system before. I thought this was the greatest thing an educational system 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 adults. They knew basically what they were talking about and they came out and did a dance supporting the struggle of the people of the world against imperialism, and they knew what the hell imperialism was. If you were to ask them about the education system under the press, they could have talked circles around them about what imperialism and politics in the world is. They knew that because you grasp politics and understand the way the world works and the way we live. You can cover up, you can cover up on that basis everything and move things forward step by step and through struggle. I remember that little dance and I remember there were so many of us who were back the tears and I remember thinking to myself, I would die, 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 it out, even drop bombs on these little kids. And I remember carrying that feeling with me ever since it has happened.

The U.S. imperialists were not able to drop bombs on China, they were not able to wipe it out from the sky. We didn't have the bombs to drop. They tried Hua-Kuo-feng did it. GODDAMN IT! They did it right from the inside, they did it without bombs having to be dropped over their heads through airplanes, through the stabbing treachery, that they carried off in their coup of 66. I say that, 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 got ten times that hatred today in my heart. It fills me up with hatred for Hua Kuo-feng and Teng Hsiao-ping. And I say, these Chens, those Chinese, who have had gained, for wiping out the future that was being shown brilliantly in the faces of those young kids.

And they stood up and advanced the banner of revolution. They want to use both sugar-coated words and unpleasant facts. They want to have up the Hsiao-ping and Hua Kuo-feng. I'm talking especially about the people who rule this country and use this kind of treachery.

They want to hold up what's happened. 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, that hatred already burns in the hearts of millions, is going to spread and deepen in the hearts of tens of millions of people.

People's ability to live a 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 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 them down, and the rat-race runs them down, these things are going to fade. They're not going to be important things on people's minds, as everything they thought they had is snatched away and before their heads.

People are going to look for a way out. They're going to look for a better path, a better, that's their firm, that's uncompromising, that stands for the way forward, and if they're going to be defeated, they will go on the way forward. The imperialists and reactionaries want to wipe out revolution, and they'll shoot us down if it come to that. They've already done that in this country. They shut 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 just 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. They can 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, let's go, 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 got to 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 standing beyond the superficial and down to the essence of what this hellish society, and its mad-dog prissness that they call democracy, is all about. And we gotta hold up that banner, we gotta hold it up today and rally the revolutionaries-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 lawn it was nearly dark. After a tense cab ride in rush hour traffic, Keith had been so wound up that he turned out to be the wrong one. We rushed around the corner to Pennsylvania Avenue and waited impatiently for the big day. We covered news of interest to workers from the point of view of the working class. Meanwhile, some of the reporters from a reformist press would turn around and say: "Oh, are you connected with the people who attacked the Chinese mission?" A few reporters wanted to know our differences with the workers of the world, how we would grow far and rich and to view the current regime, "Are you Maoists?" they asked. Well, yes, we answered, hoping the disavowal would be taken seriously. "No, we would reply, "Oh, are you connected with the people who attacked the Chinese mission?" A few reporters wanted to know our differences with the workers of the world, how we would grow far and rich and to view the current regime. "Are you Maoists?" they asked. Well, yes, we answered, hoping the disavowal would be taken seriously. "No," we said, "we are not Maoists." "Oh, we are just like you!" they said. "We also want to see the world grow rich and strong." I hope we didn't blow it yesterday. "I advocate the establishment of photo I.D.," said the secret service man at the gate. I was wearing my creden-

cials 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 paths 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 showed the Black Liberation struggle storming and burning the Capitol flashed through my mind. We won't accomplish that, to-day, but we 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, Britain, China. China. Anticipation was in the air. 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 octaves 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 new. They would be mad about using our credentials to get in. We were breaking an unspoken rule of these press—were we 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, saying: "You're Journalists. Support the World Press 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 see—we'd write about it later—but our words and actions would bring the truth right in Carter's and Teng's own backyard, and before the eyes and ears of millions. I only wish we could get into China. Time was going so slow.

Finally it was time to go out to the lawn. When I got there, the press section was already cramped. Hundred were cramped into this little 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 I was in front. I couldn't see where Keith was. I turned my attention to the arrival. I had certainly never been anywhere before.

Continued on page 10

Teng Visits To Sign China Up

Uncle Sam Wants You!

"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, only kitten babies like some hack politician and glad handling with the kings of U.S. capital in fancy restaurants. Meanwhile his Minister of Science and Technology cavorting on Wall Street and his press entourage sent home glowing reports of "America the Beautiful," a land of lush affluence, 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 as the home of a "typical American"—a $34,000 a year IBM executive! But the political purposes of the Chinese vice-president's visit was far more significant than the bannermongering 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 Communist world. Teng's very visit to the U.S. through the Western Europe was meant to flaut 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 toward war.

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

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 the danger from the Soviet "Polar Bear." At the National Galler, in Washington, Teng declared that "the danger of a new world war" was increasing because of Moscow's "reckless, pushing of global strategy for world domination." From on then, he is used in 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 agreement committing all 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 more 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 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 brought chaos and prevented development, humbly pleading for help. But many there has, taken on the new text of the world situation in which Teng's visit took place.

It was also at 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 one of the two superpowers trying to strengthen their own position and undercut that of the other. Meanwhile, the U.S. talks 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.

Teng salutes U.S. military at White House welcoming ceremony.
During the revolutionary White House action, 78 demonstrators, including Bob Avakian, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Communist Party, were arrested. All 78 are charged with felony assault on a police officer, carrying a passable 5-year sentence, with pre-trial hearings scheduled to begin January 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 jail and keep going on 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. 56 men together for the first time since the busts the night before. Later we were to hear stories of that night, how in one hospital a nurse who had been active in the Black liberation struggle sold some of the juiced demonstrators, "You may all not know this, but people still have strong feelings about all this. I remember Mao Tsetung and the Red Book."

A people's demands. Phone calls—so-called democratic rights. "That's only on TV, honey," says a Stewart. "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 people have a right. "We want our phone calls! No peace tonight!" and kicking the wall. The cops go out of their cells, strip them to their underwear, throw them up into the cells. They have changed their style. They expect them to stop. They don't.

The chant goes on all night. In one cell block where some of us are in with other prisoners, people begin talking about Teng Hsiao-pin, the betrayal of the Chinese revolution, the basic lie that this 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 "International," anthem of the working class. We realize that it's other prisoners doing the singing.

Tuesday Early Afternoon

We've been put in a sclerosis cell in the women's section—36 of us. None of the injured or sick prisoners are getting any medication. Besides Lisa, there is a brother, Ali, a Viet nam 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 marron 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 knee and pray for freedom. Later in the day, when the pigs refuse to give the men any food, these same women give them their food. This is the kind of unity, based on struggle, that's spreading in the jail. The marrons try some petty remarks, to divide us. "What are you Black women doing in here?" (The marrons are Black.) "Some of you ladies have kids. Don't you feel any responsibility for them?" One woman shouts back, "I have a 14-year-old son, and I hope he'll go up to be a revolutionary! That shuts them up for a while.

In the men's section, a comrade is speaking—a mass meeting indictment of the rotten system and the need to overthrow it. He talks about the contenton 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 be 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 shady risen minister /personnel piece as Earl Silber, 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 new building. You can only get in 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 signs 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 rates his fit in court and shouts, "Death to Teng Hsiao-pin! Long Live Mao Tsetung!" The court marshal drag him out by the judge orders. "$10,000 surety bond." This goes on all afternoon. The arrogant road, Judge Joseph M. Hannon, pounds his gavel in time to orders from above—$10,000 bond for every defendant.

Continued on page 12

WHO WILL DARE?

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?

Who will dare
Every last oppressor,
In our millions we will rise,
We are Mao's successors.
We the working people of the world will rise and...
People tracked him down

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 brothers and soul-mates Henry Ford II, Leonard Wood and Doug Frazer. Marvelling at the grinding, blank-faced efficiency of the modern-day wage slavery and drooling at the thought of one day squeezing 20 cars, trucks, tractors and other machines 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 encourager wearing a Mao Tsetung T-shirt and a Chinese hat with a bright red armband 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 arrived in Houston, his capitalist sponsors and their grinding mouthpiece Jimmy had had a bellyful of the Revolutionary Communist Party.

Word came down from high: No more Washington D.C.; no more Atlantas. Teng’s Houston visit must go unmentioned.

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 pigs and 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 send a message to Teng. 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, shouting and hitting people to hold them back. The “traffic” police—who only a few weeks before had cowered in their pen in the face of a militant march—were determined to protect Teng’s Houston Rebellion and Free the Moody Park 3, arrogantly flaunting their power to protect those who express the capitalists’ state. In short order 21 people were arrested, including the leader of the police punching anyone who looked up. The cops, who videotaped the whole thing announcing they were doing this to show that “there was no police brutality”! All 21 were arrested.

The larger than “usual” amount of “pre-emptive weapons” (picket sticks mounted with pitties) was impressive. It appeared Mao and all he stands for was the real weapon, the genuine threat to the ruling class.

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

In Los Angeles

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

“This is only the first of a mess! O I want to flit and fly away. Where, may I ask? The sparrow replies: “To a jewelled palace in Holland’s hill...”

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 run in top political career. But the Chinese conservative has actually 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).

Fred MacMurray was in it. The Sunday adventure began on the right note as over 30 Highway Patrol cars 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. There they tried as they might, Fang’s super-power hosts were not able to isolate 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 Masterminds.

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 local 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 feminists. While Fang toted 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 jail. But you will not intimidate 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 blood in 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 went to Boeing field to give Welcome a declaration of war on the bastard, and the assault on the embassy was there.

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 ago, was in vain.

The day 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 SeattleTac Squad was called out to halt the marchers from making their statement. In front of hundreds of onlookers lining the sidewalk, 70 pigs in riot gear threatened violence in an effort to intimidate marchers and bystanders alike. Unhinged by rage, they were overcome by their agitation, going right up in the faces of these white and exposing the pigs' harassment as a clear sign of fear.

A few hours later, about 50 revolutionaries occupied the 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 RCPD, 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 sentiments of "Who Will Dare?" filled the air as 200 revolutionaries held high the banner of Mao Tsetung. 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 toward Teng's plush sanctuary at the Washington Plaza Hotel. "Teng and Carter, reactionary to the core, squawk 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 henchmen, 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 bourgeois!" Each time around the block the pigpipes shrank back further, leaving an ever-growing birth between themselves and the revolutionaries. Drowning out the KMT's snarls and the shrill "Internationale" could be heard for blocks.

For an hour and a half, Teng's hideaway was bombarded with mighty revolutionary message: Mao Tsetung 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 fear of the '60s had been drowned 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 scabagers—all had flipped again 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 groveling, 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 scurrilous 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 high sights raised by the revolutionary movement that the action represented ... they have been generally moved by our statement. The walls of our cell 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 Mohs, Gregory Ford, James Nelson and Jim Loundermiik.

"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."
Red Book ...

Continued from page 6

Before there were so many repeating lies, I liked President Kennedy and other senators. Congressmen had a clear, straightforward way of speaking. They knew when they made a mistake. They could be wrong, but we knew what they were doing. This was the way we supposed things to work. We knew that China was joining militarily with the United States.

The delegation line-up was there. Someone hands him an American flag which he starts waving happily. There it is! Only a few short years ago, citlges of U.S. imperialism were smashed and crushed in the streets of Peking. It flashed in my mind and I knew he had told about this, but I was not about it too—Mao's statement in 1970, when the U.S. imperialists were raining down bombs, missiles and bullets. We are shooting people down, Black and white, here, at Jackson State, at Kent State. Mao The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution called and mobilized the Chinese people to make a revolution to sweep out the people of indochina and the people of this country and the whole world—to make another revolution. It had meant a world of difference and now when China was on the Warpath, it was impossible just to wave the flag and like it. I can't wait to expose these fools.

Death sentence to Carter with the biggest smile of all. Seeing Jimmy Carter I can't help but think how far we've come. You were smiling, you were waving, you were in the U.S.-backed Iranian army run down hunters. You were smiling, you were waving. You were smiling, Jimmy, when your friend the Shah of Iran was forced to leave his country. What the hell was the revolution? Before I came, I thought Teng was in trouble. I was afraid of Carter and the secret service and the ceremoniousness of the occasion. I thought, what do they want? They seemed hollow and insignificant company. They looked like something ahead and the millions we represent.

Then Teng arrived in a chauffeured Cadillac, by the way. He entered the lobby, as he decided to call himself Keith and I both felt least nervous about, and then Carter said, "We saw him for the first time at Andreyev's Russian restaurant, and he looked very embarrassed to confront this face to face that day, as he had walked only about three or four minutes from where I was standing. And I was ripped. The sight of him had not left me. He evaded questions and signed his Michigan-state license this party. We wish I had seen this little traitor being paraded in the streets of Peking in a dance cap when he was ridiculed by the people for his reactionary capitalist policies and pro-posals. The 'unrepentant capitalist-ruler' as Mao called him, stood before China and the U.S. imperialists. He may have been able to select a death march 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 that Teng and Carter could be meeting at the White House. Standing there, the imperialists. He may have been able to select a death march 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.

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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. "Pardon me, you call the Sunbelt and I call you the Sunbelt!" he exclaimed to the 100,000 people streaming into the largest factory in the world to see the world's largest airliner. "Yes, there is a revolution in progress here!" Teng told the workers. "What we are doing here is truly a revolution!"

From March 1979 Revolutionary Worker Special National Edition page 11

A SWORD FOR SLAVES

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 camp. Teng is lining up China for the U.S. and the U.S. is whistling.

But it's not just for these bloodsuckers. They've got some basic support. They've got to have 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, don't want them going off to fight for imperialism.

We're going to wear their 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. Steel, Mr. General Motors, Mr. MacDonalds, Teng Hsiao-ping, someday your heads will roll.

We will not lay down our lives. We will not yield our heads to the U.S. imperialist.

We will not lay down our lives. We will lay down our heads to the U.S. imperialist.

If we don't want to be the slaveowners, to own slaves, then we had better 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 only way we'll die young.

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

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

That calledous 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 names slaves call
Their shining sword.

Far and wide, one and all,
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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 prevAIr!

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

Death, death, to Teng Hsiao-ping
Citizen of the capitalist state to LICK Bourgeois Boots.

Courageous voices speak of a bright red future
While capitalist roaders and peanut farmers
Shall be our prey.

Revolution will prevail

Blue on blue,
the clean clothes reek
of the 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 the capitalist’s.
Pork prostitutes
Revolution will prevail

"Arise Ye Workers!..."—We want communism—

U.S. BACon ThROubLES A PPLieD

"Mao Tsedong put an end to it..."
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 and more, as more blood flows,
Hit and beat what frightens them,
What they can’t control
More always in your favor
Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun
Revolution will prevail

Can’t kill it, can’t beat it,
You can’t stop it, can’t kill it
Proud. Defiant.
The spirit of revolution
Revolution will 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 it a glorious democracy great?
For the bourgeoisie.
Revolution will prevail

A capitalist rock is lifted,
But a revolutionist is crushed 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 Barzs cold walls, thugs in blue—bourgeois desperation
Their bite is sharp,
Bourgeois hospitality

—written in the D.C. Jail