Secret Picture Archive of China’s Cultural Revolution

Part 1. Secret Pictures (36 pages)

- These pictures were supposed to be destroyed.
  - They were hidden for 40 years.
- The pictures show a unique history of China’s terrible Cultural Revolution.
  - Pages 35-36 have a chronology of China events.


- This lady was very capable and tough.
- She was a good person.
- She spent several years in prison in the Cultural Revolution in China.


- Selected news articles in the USA.

- Ready to scan June 27, 2007 (Doc RJ0415, 60 pages)

Document RJ0415

Some other documents on China:

c. RJ0415 Secret picture archive of China Cultural Revolution, 60 pages.
My daughter Serena gave me this book in May 2004. It is a powerful book. Sad too. The China leaders inflicted huge pain on the people during 1957-1976. The wrong people were in power.    

Roy Yenne
The first visual history of China's Cultural Revolution (1966-76), which includes the only complete set of surviving photographs to document the entire period

- Drawn from thousands of original negatives that were hidden for nearly 40 years by photographer Li Zhensheng, at great personal risk, and accompanied by his own personal story

- Granted unusual access as a journalist, Li Zhensheng brings to light in this unique historical record one of the most turbulent, controversial, and under-documented periods in modern history

- Introduction by Yale University professor Jonathan D. Spence, eminent scholar of Chinese History

Li was ordered to destroy all of these pictures.
But he hid them.
I'm very very glad they did survive.
Among the many enemies of the Red Guards was a familiar nemesis of communism: religion. Traditional Buddhism, long tolerated by the communists, as well as the imported religion of Christianity, now came under attack as temples and churches were looted and destroyed, holy books and statues desecrated, and religious leaders condemned. In Harbin, at the height of the summer's frenzy, mobs pulled down the venerated hundred-year-old wooden Russian Orthodox church of Saint Nicholas with the help of a fire truck and rope, and the following day ransacked the city's famous center of Buddhism, the venerable Paradise (Jile) Temple.

Red Guards attack Saint Nicholas, the wooden Russian Orthodox church (opposite), before tearing it to pieces. The next day, they ransack the Buddhist Jile Temple, burning sculptures and holy scriptures (below).
PREFACE

Red-Color News Soldier is the literal translation of the four Chinese characters printed on the armband first given to Li Zhensheng and his rebel group in Beijing at the end of 1966, eight months after the launch of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. There are other, more fluent translations, but none retains the musicality of the four character words brought together.

For a long time in the Western world, Mao Zedong and the Cultural Revolution were perceived with amazement and fascination; only very rarely with horror. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, rioting students around the world were inspired by the finger-pointing, slogan-shouting style of the Red Guards, and Andy Warhol in New York was producing his renowned silk-screen paintings of Mao, the “Great Helmsman.” Even today, all the chaos of that period can seem somewhat romantic and idealistic in comparison to the contemporary Chinese society we see and hear about.

With this in mind, it was necessary to produce a clearer and more truthful image of the turmoil that turned China upside-down during the Cultural Revolution. Li Zhensheng was the one person who, through his exceptional photographic legacy, could convey this truth on the printed page. A few guidelines were established up-front with Li’s agreement: none of the photographs would be cropped; the images would be presented in the most accurate chronological order possible so as to best depict the historical process; and precise captions would accompany the images, with facts verified through additional research and double-checked against the archives of the Heilongjiang Daily, where Li worked for eighteen years.

Over a period of several years, Li delivered to the offices of Contact Press Images in New York approximately thirty-thousand small brown paper envelopes bound together with rubber bands in groups according to chronology, location, type of film, or other criteria that changed over time. Each envelope contained a single negative inside a glassine pouch. Some of these had not been removed since Li had cut them from their original negative strips and hidden them away thirty-five years earlier. On each envelope Li had written detailed captions in delicate Chinese calligraphy. Communes and counties, people’s names, official titles, and specific events were all carefully noted. Yet as Li’s written account clearly demonstrates, his memory of the period is still clear and detailed.

For three years, from 2000 to 2003, a small group including Li, translator Rong Jiang, writer Jacques Menasche, and I (and later to be joined by Li’s daughter Xiaobing) met nearly every Sunday to collectively piece together this history of a largely unknown era. In these exhausting and, at times, animated sessions, we pored over a variety of archival and scholarly documents, conducted interviews, reviewed images, and even listened to Li sing revolutionary songs from the time.

During the period of the Cultural Revolution the whole of China became a theater in which the audience was increasingly part of the play—from the poorest peasant attending a “struggle session” to the “class enemy” forced to bow at the waist in humiliation; from the rarely seen leader waving from a Jeep to the denounced and the denouncers; from the rebels to the counter-
INTRODUCTION

Li Zhensheng: Photographer for a Time of Troubles
by Jonathan D. Spence

It is a basic belief of most historians, including myself, that the more time elapses after an event has taken place, the easier it is going to be to interpret that particular event, and to understand it. In the case of the Cultural Revolution in China, which brought misery to the country for the whole decade between 1966 and 1976, that generalization ceases to have any meaning. To the contrary, the more time has passed, the harder it has become to make sense of one of the most catastrophic and complicated mass movements and political upheavals ever to afflict China. Was this the last flailing attempt of Mao Zedong to stamp his revolutionary vision on the nation he had come to control? If so, how did he relate his own cult of personality to the strictures of Communist Party discipline? Was he even aware of the consequences of his words and his actions? Were those politicians, especially those gathered around Mao’s wife in Shanghai, acting out their own cynical scenarios, or did they truly believe the extraordinary things they were saying about their former comrades? How was it that so many millions of the young — both boys and girls — were caught up in the rhetoric of Mao’s deliberate appeal to the forces of disorder? How did individuals in responsible positions in the Party bureaucracy so swiftly yield to slogan-chanting teenagers? From what source did the wellsprings of youthful violence emerge, and what was the rationale that led individuals to justify the vicious and often fatal punishments, beatings, and humiliations that they inflicted on their elders? And even if they could justify that violence, what inner justifications did they have for the pitched battles that they fought against other so-called revolutionaries from within the students’ ranks?

If we are one day truly to be able to answer such questions and to gain an understanding of not only their personal motivations, but also the hidden meanings of the Cultural Revolution, it may well be because of the evidence provided by witnesses such as the news photographer Li Zhensheng. In many thousands of rolls of film, shot between the mid-1960s and the early 1980s, Li tracked the developments of the Cultural Revolution in China’s northernmost province of Heilongjiang, in and around the city of Harbin. As an official photographer for a state-controlled newspaper he was, of course, to some extent doing no more than obeying orders in framing his photos; but as a young man with an acute eye, he was also achieving something far more complex: he was tracking human tragedies and personal foibles with a precision that was to create an enduring legacy not only for his contemporaries, but for the generations of his countrymen then unborn. And as Westerners confront the multiplicity of his images, they, too, can come to understand something of the agonizing paradoxes that lay at the center of this protracted human disaster.

Harbin, the focal point of Li’s Cultural Revolution images, is a new city by the standards of China’s long history. It grew initially in the late nineteenth century as a communications
The day after I was born, my father wrote my grandfather a letter asking him to name me. My grandfather was just a simple farmer in Shandong province, but he had studied for the county examinations during the Qing dynasty and was known as a very educated man for “ten li and eight villages around.” In time, he would name all nineteen of his grandchildren, both boys and girls.

Consulting the Book of Changes, the I-ching, my grandfather determined that for me the most propitious name would be written with twenty-nine brush strokes. According to the family tree of names, Zhen was the generation’s given name for boys; behind it, my grandfather added Sheng. Together these two characters were short for: “Like a soaring song your fame will touch the four corners of the world.” Using this name, my grandfather then divined my fortune: I would not be a manual worker, it predicted. I would go to college, make money, and my renown would exceed even his. It would also be a life full of hardships — but I would survive; I would always find help when I needed it, and by the time I reached old age, I would no longer have any worries.

That was in the fall of 1940. The port city of Dalian in Liaoning province where my parents lived was occupied by the Japanese along with the rest of northeastern China — part of the puppet state Manchukuo — and there was little reason for optimism. My father was a cook on a steamship, a very good cook, who sometimes sailed to Hong Kong, Korea, Taiwan, even Singapore, but because of the fighting during the Second World War, there was a slowdown in shipping and he lost his job. Then, when I was three, my mother died, a few months after giving birth to my younger sister. Of her, I don’t have a single trace of memory.

After my mother’s death, to escape the tumult of the war my father decided to move the family back to his hometown, a small village in Rongcheng county in Shandong province, which was under the control of anti-Japanese forces, both Nationalists and Communists. There was also another reason. Like many men of his generation, my father had two wives. When he married my mother in Dalian he was still married to another woman in his hometown. He even had a son with her. After my mother died, his first wife wrote him a letter telling him to come back to the village and offering to take care of my sister and me.

In September of 1944, when I turned four and my sister Shufang was less than a year old, we sailed off from Dalian. I remember that it was night and I couldn’t see a thing. But in the morning, after we arrived at Weihai on the other side of Bo Hai harbor, we rode in the back of a horse cart to our village, fifty kilometers away. Along the way, every so often we saw Japanese planes flying very low in the sky, and frightened, leapt off the cart and hid in the fields by the road.
In 1964, the first tremors of the decade-long cataclysm known as the Cultural Revolution began to shake the Chinese countryside. The Socialist Education Movement, launched by Mao Zedong the previous year, started as a campaign against corruption and ideological backsliding. In reality, it was a dress rehearsal for the great chaos to come, a prelude to the anarchy and class struggle the Chairman would unleash to deepen the communist revolution, purge all enemies, and establish himself once and for all as the sole and infallible ruler of China.

Five years earlier, Mao had retired to the political sidelines. His Great Leap Forward, which sought to boost grain and steel production and collect the entire nation into a vast network of "people's communes," had sparked one of the most colossal human tragedies in modern history: a famine that would kill over twenty million people. Stung by the movement's failure and the ensuing criticism of his policies, Mao left the rebuilding of the country largely to the new head of state, President Liu Shaoqi. By 1965, under a variety of liberalizing reforms that saw the Chairman's prestige wane and power in the communes decentralized, China had recovered — but at a cost Mao considered personally and ideologically treacherous.

Now the seventy-year-old former guerrilla hero whose peasant revolution had given birth to the People's Republic of China set out one last time to unleash the power of the masses. Goaded by Mao's cry to "nip the counterrevolution in the bud!" millions of "educated youth" — primarily high-school graduates from the cities — flooded rural areas to "learn from the peasants." Meanwhile droves of urban government and Party cadres — work teams — arrived at country communes for yearlong stays to propagate socialist values. Beginning with the "four cleanups" of accounting procedures, granary supplies, property accumulation, and the payment-compensation system of work points, these teams, together with local commune leaders, organized mass rallies and public criticisms against landlords, rich peasants, counterrevolutionaries, and other supposed bad characters — the "four elements." In the years preceding the official outbreak of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution in 1966, these events grew in both size and frequency, gradually evolving into an epic witch-hunt for all class enemies.
At the heart of the Socialist Education Movement, forerunner to the Cultural Revolution, was a phenomenon to have enormous influence in the years to come: the "struggle sessions." During these events, men and women condemned as one of the "four elements" were publicly criticized by friends and neighbors, even family members, while forced to bow their head in a display of guilt. These public spectacles and their key weapon — humiliation — would provide a blueprint for activity during the revolution to come.

Organized by work teams and commune authorities, struggle sessions, lasting hours, took place in lieu of work, with attendance by all commune members mandatory. Frequently what transpired was a freewheeling settling of scores as peasants, encouraged to inform against one another, manufactured accusations of often specious content under the guise of ideological purity. For the condemned, such as those in China's northeastern province of Heilongjiang, criticism typically resulted in consignment to hard labor, including breaking up frozen earth or carrying buckets of human waste. Those accused of being landlords or rich peasants additionally faced the confiscation of their property. In the years before the Cultural Revolution's start, these seized "mansions" — often rudimentary dwellings — were transformed into museums of bourgeois decadence throughout China and visited by millions.
II.

On 16 May 1966, the Chinese Communist Party Central Committee issued a document — the May 16 Notice — announcing the start of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

Everywhere people were genuinely excited. Their enthusiasm was real. They believed in Mao. They thought he was trying to prevent China from “changing its color,” that we were all marching forward toward prosperity and a powerful state. When Mao said, “destroy the old and establish the new,” everyone felt the same — that it was a right movement.

At the beginning of the Cultural Revolution I was very excited, too. Like hundreds of millions of people in China, I believed in Mao. He was the leader with the “great strategic thinking against imperialism and revisionism.” He said we were going to have revolutions like this every seven or eight years, so young men like me were thinking that we were lucky, we were only in our twenties and would have the chance to experience several of them during our lifetimes. Mao once wrote that even though there are a lot of Marxist teachings, in the final analysis there is only one sentence that matters: “It is right to rebel.” That summer, people took him at his word. Many students didn’t return home during the vacation. Instead they stayed on campus to be part of the revolution. That was the summer of the Red Guard.

The Red Guards were part of a grassroots movement that basically sought to overthrow all authority. They sprang up first at a middle school in Beijing, then swept through the high schools and universities, quickly joined by thousands of other groups known as “rebels.” Unlike the Young Pioneers or the Communist Youth League, none of them were under provincial control, and it was through them that Mao and the Central Committee would carry out the revolution.

Mao sat out the early turmoil of the Cultural Revolution in Hangzhou, near Shanghai. But after President Liu Shaoqi, his would-be successor, sent work teams to the universities to bring the movement under control, the Chairman returned to Beijing and decisively threw his weight behind the Red Guards — and against Liu. On 5 August 1966, Mao issued what he referred to as “my own big character poster.” It said, “Bombard the Headquarters.” The poster, an indirect accusation of Liu Shaoqi, pointed toward a “bourgeois headquarters” in the Central Committee of the Party. Thirteen days later, Mao appeared before a million Red Guards from a podium atop Tiananmen Gate and put on a Red Guard armband, giving the movement his symbolic blessing.

After that, it was like a small flame bursting into a big fire. In Harbin, as in cities all over China, great rallies and demonstrations took place. Sports fields and stadiums filled with enormous crowds, hundreds of thousands of people, making a noise...
so loud I could hear it all the way in my office at the newspaper.

Within a week, the city's rebel groups went on a rampage. First they attacked Saint Nicholas, the venerable wooden Russian Orthodox Cathedral, tearing it down with their bare hands. The next day they sacked the Buddhist Jile Temple. Thirty-seven years later I still cannot understand why they did what they did — why they smashed all the statues and burned the sacred books. They even made the monks hold up a banner that said, "To hell with the Buddhist scriptures. They are full of dog farts."

That was one of the most remarkable events of the summer, and naturally several photographers were there, including a senior photographer for the *Northeastern Forestry Journal*. Wanting to get a picture of the monks with their heads bowed, he told them to drop the banner. He even tried to tear it out of their hands. But I asked the monks to hold on to it — and since as a film student I knew that nothing was more expressive than the face, I asked them to lift their heads and look toward the camera. Afterward, they put the banner down and assumed the standard heads-bowed position, and the photographer from the *Forestry Journal* made his picture.

Two days later, tens of thousands of people in Harbin gathered in the People's Stadium — freshly renamed "Red Guard Square" — for a rally. The event was very well organized. Banners with slogans were set up, flags were raised, and after being seated, everyone chanted the "four greats" — "Long live our great teacher, our great leader, our great commander in chief, our great helmsman" — and sang revolutionary songs like "Rely on the Helmsman While Sailing on the Sea." The accused "capitalist-roaders" — high-level Party officials considered to be taking China in a capitalist direction — were brought onstage and lined up with their heads bowed. One by one speakers were introduced, loudspeakers blaring their voices to the crowd as they detailed the crimes of the denounced.

During the speeches, one Red Guard confided in me that his faction planned a surprise. They were going to criticize someone who wasn't onstage, Ren Zhongyi, a provincial Party secretary and the first Party secretary of Harbin — one of the province's highest-ranking officials. The way they did it was to make it look spontaneous. Onstage, one of the speakers attacked the "black provincial Party committee carrying out the revisionist line" and mentioned Ren by name. Then, by prearrangement, a group
As the head of the province, the governor was a prime target of the Red Guards. He was also plotted against by his underlings, especially the younger cadres who belonged to rebel factions in the provincial government itself. They discovered that during official trips, the governor and his eldest daughter often shared the same room. They approached the governor's daughter with a sinister allegation: incest. Did they really believe the accusation? Probably not. For one, they didn't dare present the daughter in public. Instead, they wrote out a statement for her to copy. She had two choices: either sign it and receive a much sought-after army appointment, or refuse and be condemned as the daughter of a "black gang element" and sent down to the countryside. She signed the document.

On 4 September 1966, over one hundred thousand people gathered at Red Guard Square for a rally entitled "Bombard the headquarters! Expose and denounce the provincial Party committee!" The crowd was so large that it took quite a while just to get everyone to sit down. Governor Li Fanwu was taken to the stage with others and forced to bow to the waist while standing on a chair. They read his daughter's letter. Then they brought his niece onstage to reveal other "crimes." She was in her twenties and had lived with the governor and her aunt. Actually, she was brought up in his family, so she knew a lot about him. She read something prepared for her by Red Guards, exposing two major offenses: political ambition and "attempting to hide precious objects." The alleged riches were displayed at the rally: three watches, two pins, and two artificial-leather handbags. Worried about their discovery, the governor had given them to his niece for safe-keeping, but she had turned them over to the Red Guards. I looked at the watches closely. One had a worn leather band, another had a plain metal band, the third no band at all.

As for his political ambition, unfortunately the governor bore a striking resemblance to Mao. He once had a photo taken at the beach in Dalian that showed him with his hair swept back, wearing a trench coat and gazing toward the sea — very similar to a famous picture of Mao taken at the Chairman's summer resort on Bo Hai harbor. This picture was now introduced as evidence against him. "Comrades, look at his hairstyle, exactly like our beloved leader, Chairman Mao — so arrogant. How can we bear this?" The audience began to chant angrily: "Shave his hair. Shave his hair. Shave it into a ghost head."

I rushed in front of Li Fanwu and took several pictures with Mao's portrait behind so you could compare the two hairstyles. While I was taking these photographs a Red

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Guard warned me to be quick or I would be considered as “blocking the revolutionary action.” They were very impatient. After I stepped back, several rushed forward and without another word dragged the governor up and made him put his two hands on the back of the chair. A young man with his sleeves rolled and a female Red Guard wearing a military cap with a red star snatched the best positions, one on the right, the other on the left — both teenagers. The young man had a manual hair clipper, the girl scissors and a comb.

Without waiting for anyone’s command, they took action. The young woman combed the governor’s hair back off his forehead with her right hand, then cut with her left — a real “leftist,” I thought. The young man made two passes over the governor’s skull with the mechanical clipper, which cut very easily. Then he turned a screw on the shaver to make it more difficult. When he tried again, the governor’s hair got stuck in the shaver, so he just dragged it up, tearing his hair out while talking and laughing with another young man. After a few minutes, the original hairstyle was gone, replaced by the ugly monster head. Another young female Red Guard with glasses moved forward for a turn, but most of the hair was already gone. Frustrated, she just picked up the hair lying on the stage and stuffed it down the governor’s collar.

After the hair cutting, Li Fanwu was forced to stand on the chair again and to bend over down to the waist. I took another photograph, the portrait of Mao smiling behind him. His offending hair was gone, but his two criminal stains of being a “great careerist” and a “black gang element” were not removed. Nor, because of the incest allegation, was he ever truly rehabilitated. He had been a minister when the new China was founded in 1949, but he never again became more than a deputy director of a forestry bureau. And he never forgave his daughter. Not when she later knelt down at his feet and begged him. Not on his deathbed twenty years later, when in his will he barred her from attending his funeral.

During the revolution he would be criticized over two thousand times.

Because, like all Chinese newspapers, the Heilongjiang Daily was a branch of the local authority, the Red Guards viewed it with suspicion. A week before the attack on Jile Temple, rebels from Harbin’s Military Engineering Institute and University of Industry came to the paper for a heated debate. These two universities were a breeding ground for Red Guards. The military institute was the largest university in the province, and many of the senior leaders’ children studied there — including Chairman Mao’s nephew.
On 16 May 1966, Mao issued the document that officially launched the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Rejecting a more limited resolution made three months earlier, the May 16 Notice asserted that “The whole Party must follow Comrade Mao Zedong’s instructions, hold high the great banner of the proletarian Cultural Revolution, thoroughly expose the reactionary bourgeois stand of those so-called academic authorities who oppose the Party and socialism, thoroughly criticize and repudiate the reactionary bourgeois ideas in the sphere of academic work, education, journalism, literature and art, and publishing, and seize the leadership in these cultural spheres. To achieve this,” the document added ominously, “it is necessary at the same time to criticize and repudiate those representatives of the bourgeoisie who have sneaked into the Party, the government, the army, and all spheres of culture, to clear them out...”

The announcement coincided with the birth of the Red Guard at a middle school in Beijing. Marked by a fierce devotion to “die fighting to protect Chairman Mao” and inflamed by his exhortations to “start fires” to keep the revolutionary spirit alive, members of the grassroots student movement placarded the nation’s walls with slogans and personal handwritten statements called “big character posters” held rallies, attacked teachers and all forms of authority, and quickly clashed with government authorities. President Liu Shaoqi vainly pleaded for instructions from the Chairman before sending in work teams to the schools to restore order. But after the work teams restrained the violence on the campuses, Mao seized on the action as a pretext to launch an attack on the “bourgeois headquarters” headed by Liu, and began to make his way back to Beijing.

On 16 July 1966, a seventy-two-year-old Mao went for a swim in the Yangtze River in a two-hour public display of vigor that signaled he was back at the helm. Two days later he flew to Beijing. Forcing Liu Shaoqi’s public self-criticism for having carried out an “act of oppression and terror,” on 5 August Mao took a cue from the Red Guards and wrote his own big character poster. It said, “Bombard the Headquarters!” Having fought the Nationalists, the Japanese, the Americans and the Soviets, landlords and capitalists, the man who had once written that “politics is war by other means” now set in motion a guerrilla assault on his own Party.

Note: I understand that Liu Shaoqi was really a very good person - do now Mao clobbers him - grrt

Harbin, Heilongjiang province, 1 June 1966
On 18 August 1966 Mao stood atop Tiananmen Gate in Beijing before a million cheering Red Guards waving Little Red Books and pinned on an armband presented to him by a young female Red Guard. With this gesture he decisively threw his weight behind the student movement and against the entrenched Party establishment. Within weeks, this symbolic act reverberated throughout China, spawning thousands of rebel groups under no one's direct control, widespread demonstrations, epic criticism sessions, and a nationwide wave of violence.

Under the banner of eliminating the "four olds" — old thought, old culture, old customs, and old practices — school officials, newspaper editors, intellectuals, and bureaucrats from all levels of government were attacked and often overthrown in a revolutionary maelstrom as the campaign to eradicate all "snake monsters and ox demons" slowly made its way up the ranks of the Party hierarchy.

In Heilongjiang, the Cultural Revolution brought to power Pan Fusheng. A former first Party secretary of Henan province in the late 1950s, Pan had lost his position by opposing Mao’s Great Leap Forward, and was reassigned as chairman of a marketing cooperative in Beijing. Anxious to prove his loyalty to the Chairman, he subsequently embraced an ultraleftist line and in 1966 was rewarded with an appointment as the new first Party secretary of Heilongjiang. By the end of August 1966, with his public support, Red Guards organized demonstrations of hundreds of thousands of people in the capital city of Harbin, renamed streets, stadiums, and restaurants with new revolutionary names, conducted household searches, and confined, beat, and tormented those deemed enemies. Classes in schools were suspended, and industry came to a virtual standstill as the entire population was required to follow the crowd and join in the revolutionary events.
Senior Officials

- They were terribly abused

After a month of criticism sessions, Lü Qil’en, the mayor of Harbin (opposite, far left), Chen Lei, Li Fanwu, and Wang Yilun (opposite and above, right to left) are paraded through the streets of Harbin in trucks, their names and accusations — counterrevolutionary, local despot, and black gang element — prominently displayed on placards around their necks.
III.

At the end of September 1966, I went to Beijing to cover the “big networking” of the Red Guards and Chairman Mao’s fifth appearance before them in Tiananmen Square. Mao would review the Red Guards eight times between August and November of that year, receiving over eleven million altogether, and this was the biggest gathering yet, with well over a million and a half of the faithful pouring into the capital, the “center of world revolution,” from all over the country to catch a glimpse of the Great Helmsman.

I accompanied the rebel groups from the Harbin Military Engineering Institute. The whole trip — transportation, lodging, meals — was arranged by the central government, and it was all free. A special train took us directly from Harbin to Beijing. Once there, the students slept in middle schools on makeshift beds made out of tables. Journalists from the Heilongjiang Daily, including myself, stayed at a small hotel near the front gate of Tiananmen Square.

After National Day on 1 October, Red Guards filled the square day and night, waiting for Mao. They knew he would review them sometime soon, but didn’t know exactly when; this information was always kept secret until the last moment. In the meantime, zealous guards made passionate speeches promoting Mao Zedong Thought, sang revolutionary songs, and tirelessly danced the “Loyalty Dance.”

Finally, on the evening of 17 October, the loudspeakers announced that Mao would make his appearance the following day. At the news a surge of excitement swept through the crowd, and everyone stayed up all night celebrating. I was excited, too, and only slept a couple of hours. Then at dawn we were loaded on trucks and taken to Fuxing Road, to the west of Tiananmen Square. There we waited, organized in tight formation, very disciplined. We were asked to make sure we recognized all the people around us and to report any strangers. We waited a long time. Then, sometime after noon, we heard an electrifying hail coming from down the road: “Long live Chairman Mao!”

A few days earlier I had come to Tiananmen with my camera. After making tests on an approaching car, I knew that from the moment Mao’s vehicle became visible to the moment of its passing, I could shoot three to five frames. I’ll get at least one good shot, I thought; Mao in high spirits and his trademark smile that was always reported in the news, the “glorious image of Chairman Mao” — that’s what I thought I’d capture. But I was shocked to see the jeep with Mao approaching in my viewfinder. The Red Guards were hailing him from both sides of the road, hot tears in their eyes — but I didn’t see the so-called glorious image. Mao did not wave or smile. He looked straight ahead, expressionless. He held his hands as if clapping. But he wasn’t clapping. The jeep was moving very fast. If I didn’t act quickly, I would miss it. I pressed the shutter. One frame. That was the first and last time I ever saw Mao Zedong.
By the fall of 1966 Mao had become, to most Chinese, a living god. Popular songs like "The Sun in the East" and newspaper editorials extolled his limitless virtues, while millions traveled to the capital, Beijing, from all over the country, sometimes on foot, for just a glimpse of the Great Helmsman. Mao's elevation to superhuman status was all the more remarkable considering that his previous mass movement — the Great Leap Forward — had resulted in the famine-related death of over twenty million people.

Mao managed such sweeping control over the country through a propaganda campaign of unprecedented scope. Carefully coordinated by his new second in command, Marshal Lin Biao, the force behind the Little Red Book, and the Chairman's wife, Jiang Qing, who wielded her power over all aspects of culture and media, the cult of Mao splashed the Great Leader's "supreme instructions" onto the walls of every factory and across every newspaper page, and put his likeness into every home on posters, buttons, fabrics, and dishes. Two seemingly contradictory forces fueled the cult, as Mao was simultaneously ever-present (in image) and inaccessible (in person). With the exception of those who attended one of Mao's eight reviews of the Red Guards at Tiananmen Square between August and November 1966, few Chinese ever saw him. And although Mao Zedong Thought had become the ubiquitous official expression of Chinese thinking, replacing nearly all other writing, much of which was now banned, nearly one-third of all Chinese were still unable to read.

The overall effect was to make Mao one of the most powerful men on the planet, puppet master of a swirl of destruction and fear from which he alone was immune. Schools shut down, and industry slowed to a crawl as rebels turned on capitalists, religious leaders, the press, local Party leadership, and each other. By the summer of 1967, the violence had reached its peak. Marauding Red Guards conducted random household searches, ransacked libraries, and held interrogations as millions were killed, tortured, or committed suicide before Mao finally sent in the PLA (People's Liberation Army) to pull the country back from the brink of total chaos.

During about 1960-62 there were about 26 million excess deaths

- Food very scarce
- The "Great Leap" was terrible

Mao caused this awful mess
- But he did not suffer any consequences
In 1967, former Party officials became prize exhibits in the ongoing publicity campaign against “black gang elements.” That spring, the blackest of all was Liu Shaoqi. Nominally still head of state, the public campaign against him began in April with an editorial in People's Daily, edited by Mao himself, which criticized the president as the “top Party person in power taking the capitalist road.” Liu’s home in Beijing was searched, and his wife was humiliated before a crowd of thousands of Red Guards at Qinghua University in Beijing by being forced to mount the stage wearing high heels, a sexy silk dress, and a necklace of ping-pong balls.

All over China, rallies were held condemning the once-revered leader. The campaign would reach a boiling point on 18 July, when the seventy-year-old Liu and his wife were roughly handled and made to bow for two hours during a criticism session inside Zhongnanhai, the leadership compound. After another criticism session a few weeks later, Liu Shaoqi was stripped of his duties.

For the next year he would be held in house arrest. When the Party finally officially ratified his overthrow the following summer as a “renegade, traitor, and scab,” the former head of state, suffering from pneumonia, was already bedridden, could no longer speak, and was being fed intravenously. In October 1969, he was removed to Kaifang, in Henan province, and housed in an unheated building. Refused hospitalization, he died on 12 November.
The seven provincial Party committee secretaries Li Fanwu, Wang Yilin, Chen Lei, Ren Zhongyi (present in both photographs), Li Jianbai, Li Rui, and Tan Yunhe (left to right), are denounced by Red Guards in front of the North Plaza Hotel. Each wears a placard with his name crossed out and a description of his alleged crime.

Seven provincial senior officials.
All are denounced by Red Guards.
Very very awful times.

Harbin 27 April 1967
June 1967

The Harbin Construction Institute is destroyed following a battle between rebel factions. Only softcover books are left behind on the library floor (above), because all hardcover books had been used by the rival groups as projectile weapons.
The eight criminals and counter-revolutionaries are forced to kneel on the ground. In the moment before their execution, a guard attempts to separate the two condemned lovers Cui Fengyuan and Guan Jinxian (left).

Eight criminals and counter-revolutionaries
IV.

In 1968, the political winds that would bring about my own downfall in the Cultural Revolution shifted. This was the era when ultra leftist forces — such as Vice-Chairman Lin Biao and Mao’s wife, Jiang Qing — held sway in the Party. Newly reorganized, the Central Committee had been purged of all moderate elements. Liu Shaoqi and Deng Xiaoping were now condemned as a “bourgeois headquarters.” The Red Guards had left behind a wake of infighting, school closures, and work stoppages — utter chaos. Now, under Mao’s national “three-in-one” combination policy, teams of rebel leaders, veteran cadres, and PLA representatives throughout the country took power of the new revolutionary committees and reasserted Party control.

The head of Heilongjiang’s provincial revolutionary committee, the province’s new number-one man, Pan Fusheng, was determined to implement an ultra leftist line. He dispatched five cadres to the Heilongjiang Daily. The standing commission of the revolutionary committee at the paper, to which I belonged, was expanded from six to nine members, and one of the newest members was an appointee of the provincial revolutionary committee, a cadre by the name of Nie Gang.

I wasn’t against the “three-in-one” policy, but I had some reservations. The newspaper was running just fine, I thought — and these “outside cadres” were untrained newsmen who had little to offer. “The provincial revolutionary committee doesn’t need to send anyone else to the paper,” I said during a meeting of the standing commission. “We can control the fate of our own newspaper.”

Nie took notes — notes that would eventually be my undoing. In April, several student rebels and cadres, seeking to gain a foothold at the paper, seized on these remarks and began criticizing other commission members who had sided with me as “attacking the provincial revolutionary committee” — meaning the Party. No one yet mentioned me by name, but that was a standard tactic during the Cultural Revolution, to “point at the locust tree in order to revile the mulberry,” and I knew it was only a matter of time before they got to me, too.

During the Cultural Revolution, photojournalists were not supposed to make so-called negative images — that is, of all the denunciations and torment of the time — and several different orders were given by the propaganda department of the provincial revolutionary committee, as well as the Red Guard organizations at the universities, for photographers to surrender their negatives. Most followed this order, and in the end their negatives were all set on fire and destroyed.

I usually processed all my film myself. Afterward I would cut out some of the negatives, all those images “beyond the assignment” — the condemnations and the
executions. These “negative” negatives I put into small paper pouches, then hid them away in a drawer in my office. The drawer had hidden slots I had designed myself. I rarely showed these images to my colleagues, but, of course, they’d seen me taking the pictures, and sometimes they also saw the negatives in the darkroom when I was processing them or when they were laid out on the drying cabinet.

In the fall of 1968, I was finally attacked by name. It happened when I returned to work after National Day on 1 October. The halls were covered with big character posters — and they were all about me: “Down with Li Zhensheng! Destroy the black underground headquarters!”

After that, more big character posters appeared, and I was suspended from the standing commission. The Red Guards of the opposing camp started an investigation. They went to my hometown in Shandong province, my high school in Dalian, and my film school in Changchun, searching for incriminating material in my family background, my school life, and my political dossier.

Luckily, I had already transferred my negatives from the paper to my home. Six months after we were married, Yingxia and I had finally found a place to live together. It was twelve square meters big and far from the newspaper. Actually it was part of a Russian-style villa that had formerly belonged to a veteran cadre. After he was denounced for living too lavishly, it was divided among many families. There was no heat or gas or sewage system, and everyone shared a single makeshift toilet with wooden walls and a pit in the ground.

I cut a book-size hole in the floor under the desk Yingxia and I had bought with our marriage coupon. The floor was made of good quality wood, two layers thick, and it took me several days to saw through it. It had to be done very discretely. Yingxia stood by the window, and whenever somebody approached on their way to bathroom, she signaled me to stop. I cut the wood at an angle so it would neatly fit back in, and attached a piece of string to the piece to be able to open it. Because we didn’t have any plastic, I wrapped the bundles of negatives in oil cloth. I hid everything under the floor — the negatives along with some incriminating coins and stamps — then closed the hole and put the desk back in its place.

Soon after, on 30 October 1968, my son was born. Expressing my refusal to be cowed by the attacks against me, I named him Xiaohan — “laughing at the cold.”

On the evening of 26 December 1968, Mao Zedong’s seventy-fifth birthday, student rebels organized a criticism session exclusively for me. I was put onstage, made to bow, and criticized for over six hours continuously in front of more than three hundred
was in middle school. He came up to me and ripped the Mao badge off my coat. "You are a foreign agent, a newly born bourgeois. You are not entitled to this!"

An even more despicable accusation came from Chen. "We accuse Li Zhensheng of sexual assault!" he told the assembly in a shocked voice. "Under the pretext of showing photographs to a very virtuous female Red Guard, he made his assault!" Chen didn’t mention the name of the "victim," but I knew very well what he was talking about. There were three female Red Guards at the time, one of them, Feng, actually lived in a small room close to the photography lab. Feng had a friend, another female Red Guard named Ma, who often came by to visit. Ma studied fine arts at Harbin Teacher’s College. Once she asked to see my work, and as I opened the cabinet to retrieve some photographs, my arm brushed her cheek. I apologized, but as it happened, her boyfriend was another member of the standing commission. He knew, as did Ma, that the accusation was ludicrous, but agreed to let cadres Nie and Chen use the incident if they promised not to mention Ma by name.

When I heard the allegation, I was furious. Even though I was supposed to remain bowing, showing humility, I raised my head and yelled out her name. "Let Ma come up here herself!" I challenged them. "Let me confront her — and then we’ll find out the truth about it!" Of course, Chen couldn’t let that happen; the whole scheme would unravel. So instead he just shouted, "The accused has no right to ask questions!" Later, he turned to the crowd. "In four days, it will be a new year," he said. Then he shouted a slogan that for the rest of my life I will never forget: "Down with Li Zhensheng so we can embrace a glorious 1969!" "What? The new year won’t come if Li Zhensheng isn’t overthrown?" I thought to myself.

The criticism lasted until the middle of the night. Then a team led by the tall Red Guard, Wang Wensheng, went to my apartment to find more evidence against me. At home, the only heat we had came from a coal-burning stove. It was freezing outside, and with the doors thrown open the room quickly became icy. Wang forced me to open all my drawers and cabinets while the baby cried in Yingxia’s arms. Having discovered some personal photographs of the two of us, he scornfully held them up to show his comrades. "Just look at these petty bourgeois," he sneered.

The negatives were under the floor. I didn’t think Wang would find them — but even so, as he and his cohorts rifled through our belongings, I stood in front of the desk covering the hole. They confiscated several stamp albums and many letters and photographs in order to "launch a complete political investigation." But when Wang grabbed
Lin Biao's alleged betrayal of Mao and his subsequent death would shape China's trajectory for years to come. Its immediate impact was to loosen the stronghold of the May 7th Cadre Schools and the associated ultraleft policies. But perhaps its biggest effect was on Mao himself. Reportedly devastated by Lin's betrayal, the Chairman, now seventy-seven years old and in failing health, took to his bed for two months at his residence in Beijing.

But Mao would rouse himself one last time. Threatened by escalating skirmishes with Soviet troops near China’s northern border at the Wusuli River, in a surprising reversal, he made several public overtures to the United States, including an invitation to the U.S. table-tennis team to visit China on a goodwill mission, even as American military forces continued to wage war in Southeast Asia. Following a few more rounds of “ping-pong diplomacy,” U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger secretly met his Chinese counterpart Zhou Enlai on January 1972 to arrange the meeting of the nations’ two top leaders in Beijing the following month. Between these two events, the longstanding claim of the People’s Republic of China for the United Nations’ seat held by Taiwan was finally granted.

The historic first meeting between President Richard Nixon, the staunch anti-communist, and Mao, the lifelong revolutionary, took place on 18 February 1972, marking the end of China’s period of “closed-door” isolation. Three months later, on the occasion of a state visit by deposed Cambodian Prince Sihanouk, Mao also decided to mend fences with another old nemesis, China’s principal reformer and future leader Deng Xiaoping.
V.

After we returned from the May 7th Cadre School at the end of 1971, life was very different from the one we had known before we were sent down. The Red Guards were gone. Lin Biao was gone. The mass criticisms, the dunce caps, the placards — all of it was over. In 1966, if you merely accused someone of being conventional, they would get angry. Five years later, everyone was more relaxed, wanted to stay home, bring up children, make furniture. The worst of the red storm was over. ——— 1971

Yingxia and I quickly made up for lost time. First, we fetched our son Xiaohan from his grandparents’ home in Shandong province. A toddler by then, he had no memory of us and was speaking with a thick Shandong accent — a real country boy. Then, two weeks before Mao met with President Richard Nixon in his Study of Chrysanthemum Fragrance in Beijing, our daughter was born on 6 February 1972. We named her Xiaobing — “laughing at the ice.”

After the cold and lonely days of manual labor, I suddenly found myself with a family. We all lived in one room, the same one where I had hidden my negatives. The days of searches being over, I no longer had any reason to keep them hidden and had since put them away in a locked drawer. Like me, people were being restored to their former positions, including the previous tenant of our apartment, the veteran cadre who had been denounced for living too lavishly. Eventually the entirety of his villa was returned to him, so we had to leave. But we were very happy; we moved into a two-room apartment instead, and started our new life.

But while the political winds had changed, it was not necessarily true of people’s hearts and minds. After the “climbing the slope” meeting at the paper, everyone became friendly again, but it was a facade. Resentments among old adversaries — even allies — lingered, sometimes carrying on among their children. Distrust and suspicion pervaded the Cultural Revolution until the end.

An example is what happened when I applied for membership to the Communist Party. I had made my first application when I was still in film school. At that time, every student wanted to become a member. It was a sign of being a progressive youth, and our motives were very pure. Only one of the 150 students at my school was a member, but I actually thought I had a good chance of being accepted. My brother was a revolutionary martyr, my father a model worker and a Party member, and I myself had joined the Young Pioneers in elementary school and the Communist Youth League in middle school. The Party authorities, however, decided that I focused too much on “personal fame and gain” and rejected me.
Party membership revoked. The head of the troupe told Wang he didn't dare fail to carry out instructions from Jiang Qing. Luckily for me, Wang reassured him. "You have reported the incident to me and are no longer responsible. You have done your job. Since the provincial committee asked me to oversee the troupe's visit, let me take it from here. I know how to handle this type of situation."

But bad as she was, personally I don't hold Jiang Qing fully responsible for the excesses of the Cultural Revolution. Really, she was just a thug. "I was Chairman Mao's dog," she once said. "If he told me to bite, I bit."

When I was young and lived in the village in Shandong province, my grandfather helped me with my education. He was my first real teacher. He had a lot of books, and I remember that he started by having me memorize the Three Character Scripture—a book of maxims of ancient wisdom all written in three characters. I still recall the first one: "When one is born, one has a kind heart."

The idea behind the saying was this: People's vicious aspects are developed, cultivated; social and political changes can and do alter human nature. That's why I don't think one can attribute an evil spirit to the Red Guards or students. The girls and boys who shaved the head of the governor, for example, were really quite young, just teenagers. I don't think they had vicious natures. They were just following Mao, heeding his call. "Revolution is not a dinner party," he said. "It is a violent act of one class overthrowing another."

My generation had not experienced the purge of the landlords or the anti-rightist campaign in the 1950s. We had been raised by the Communist Party and taught to believe that without Mao, there would be no new China, that he had liberated us from the old society and sought only the happiness and well-being of the people. But he used us. He didn't invoke the old anti-Chiang Kai-shek slogan "It is right to rebel" to win power, but once he already had it. He used it against his own regime, to purge President Liu Shaoqi. That was the real root of the Cultural Revolution.

But if Mao had wanted to purge the president, he didn't need to mobilize the masses to do it. But then if he'd had a more humanitarian thinking, *everything* would have been different, a different China, a different world. Only he forgot his humble peasant background, the very humanity he promoted in his writings, and as a result all China suffered. And in a sense he also suffered. Yes, Mao was a
nothing wrong with revolution, if the objective is to free each person to fulfill their potential. During the Cultural Revolution this was considered “seeking too much success.” Publicly, maybe, I agreed; but in reality I always sought success though many — the Red Guards, my superiors, even my colleagues — tried to prevent me. They all thought I was merely someone who didn’t want to listen to the Party. But more than thirty years later when you look at the photographs I took, you see the real image of the Cultural Revolution. And it exists for the same reason I was never accepted as a member of the Communist Party: because basically I’m a person with a rebellious nature. I make my own choice according to my own will. And if I achieved something, including these photographs, I would say the reason is that I always believed I should make it by myself.

Gang of Four Smashed; very happy

On 6 October 1976, about a month after the death of Mao, the Central Committee of the Party in Beijing headed by Hua Guofeng smashed the Gang of Four. I remember the day the news was formally disclosed very clearly; I was at the newspaper, and I was happy beyond description. We all were. The fall of the Gang of Four meant that the Cultural Revolution was over, the madness at an end. The radical bunch, responsible for so many unconscionable acts, was headed for jail.

That afternoon, the staff of the paper gathered in the cafeteria to celebrate. The mood was euphoric. After ten years of fear and uncertainty, a spontaneous sense of joy overcame us all. We laughed and clapped one another on the back. We made toasts and drank alcohol, and everyone became very emotional. Many people, including myself, got pretty drunk.

By that time, Yingxia and I had already moved into our new apartment, which was quite close to the newspaper, and after work she picked up our daughter Xiaobing from nursery school and met me at the office so we could all walk home together. Xiaobing was four years old at the time and a real beauty. Her nursery-school teacher had nicknamed her Doudou — “little bean.”

I remember that it was snowing that day. A coating of white powder and ice covered the road. The whole way home, I was dancing. People on the street were laughing at me, but in a friendly way — they knew what it was all about. Then, because it was quite slippery, when we were about a block away from home Yingxia asked me to carry Xiaobing across the street. I picked her up, but
In the mid-1970s, behind Mao’s promotion of “unity, stability, and development,” China set about redressing the economic ruin wrought by the decade of social unrest. Even political enemies — the radicals, represented by Jiang Qing and the Gang of Four, and the moderates, represented by Zhou Enlai and Deng Xiaoping — seemed in agreement about the need for economic renewal. However, the two camps held different views regarding the means. For Zhou Enlai and Deng Xiaoping it meant embracing foreign capital and technology, and with their help, pursuing the “four modernizations” in industry, agriculture, science and technology, and the military. For the radicals it meant revisiting the principles of the Great Leap Forward, reinvigorating the commune system, and increasing production in the spirit of “self-reliance.”

Overall the moderates would have the upper hand. The campaign to “criticize revisionism and rectify working style” in 1972 had returned to power many cadres who had been purged for their alleged opposition to the extremist polemics of the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution, and new agreements with the West in the wake of Richard Nixon’s visits to China prompted increased international trade. Yet the radicals would not go silently. Their power rested increasingly on the Chairman’s fear that the entire Cultural Revolution, and he himself, would be discredited in the process of liberalization. Now, against the backdrop of Mao’s failing health — he would be diagnosed with Lou Gehrig’s disease in 1974 — Jiang Qing and her Gang of Four set about reconsolidating their power base, launching new attacks directed against “those in power still taking the capitalist road,” and heaping scorn on the “worship for all things Western.”
Peasants break up the frozen fields of northern Heilongjiang (opposite), while teams of female workers are sent to retrieve cartloads of mud to enrich the heavily salinated soil.
It had been Jiang Qing's orchestrated attacks on the play *The Dismissal of Hairui from Office* that had launched the Cultural Revolution in the mid-1960s, and long after the political power of the ultraleft began to wane, her control over the cultural sphere remained unchallenged. To the extent that the Cultural Revolution was indeed a battle over culture, Jiang Qing fought it to the end.

Central to her purpose were her eight "model operas." Performed for millions throughout China, each was intended as a lesson in the evils of the old society contrasted with the new "realm of red virtue." One of the best known, *The White-Haired Girl*, tells the story of a young peasant, Xier, who flees her evil landlord and for years survives outdoors in blazing summers and icy winters that turn her hair from black to a ghostly white. A stand-in for Jiang Qing herself, Xier in the opera's climax shakes her fist toward heaven and shouts, "I am water that cannot be mopped up, fire that cannot be put down. I shall live! And vengeance is mine!"

Jiang took one last star turn on the political stage after the death of Zhou Enlai in 1976 sparked a spontaneous memorial in Beijing. On 5 April tens of thousands of people defied a national order and poured into Tiananmen Square to build a shrine of wreaths at the monument to the People's Unknown Hero. An implicit criticism of Mao and the policies of the Cultural Revolution, the event was ascribed to an "anti-deviationist wind" and blamed on Deng Xiaoping, who was stripped of his position two days later. Jiang helped organize the anti-Deng campaign that inevitably followed, but her victory would be short-lived. The new Party chairman, Hua Guofeng, ordered her arrest along with the rest of the Gang of Four three weeks after Mao's death. Jiang narrowly evaded execution and spent the next fifteen years in prison. In 1991, at the age of seventy-seven and suffering from cancer, she hanged herself, like so many of her victims before her.
Compared with the spontaneous outpouring of mourning that erupted following Zhou Enlai's death half a year earlier, or with the exuberant rejoicing upon the arrest of the Gang of Four soon to come, Mao Zedong's death elicited a subdued reaction. After years of turmoil, the revolutionary hero and founder of modern China was viewed as neither god nor myth, but simply as an all-too-human leader for whom reverence had largely eroded.

But Mao would not undergo the public criticism that followed the death of Joseph Stalin in the Soviet Union, in part because in China there was no way to separate Mao from the Communist Party — Mao was the Party. Similarly, there was no way to separate the Party from the Cultural Revolution it had helped to unleash. The result was a nation of silent accomplices and victims, often both at the same time. Quietly, scores of purged cadres would be returned to power over the following years, many rehabilitated by Deng Xiaoping, who took power in 1977.

Deng, who had been purged three times and repeatedly criticized and humiliated, was in the strongest position to discredit Mao, but he never did. The Cultural Revolution, however, was a different matter. While the Central Committee continued to insist that Mao's mistakes were "secondary, his merits primary," in June 1981 the 11th Party Congress issued a historic resolution that held: "Practice has shown that the 'cultural revolution' did not in fact constitute a revolution or social progress in any sense. . . . Chief responsibility for the grave error of the Cultural Revolution, an error comprehensive in magnitude and protracted in duration, does indeed lie with Comrade Mao Zedong. In his later years . . . far from making a correct analysis of many problems, he confused right and wrong and the people with the enemy. . . . Herein lies his tragedy."

During Mao's memorial, provincial Party leaders, some of whom had been denounced at the height of the Cultural Revolution, pay their respects to the deceased leader. From left to right: Wang Yilin (with bald head), Yu Hongliang, Ren Zhongyi, Liu Guangtao, Zhang Lienchi, Yang Yichen, Li Lian, You Haoyang, Xia Guangya, and Li Jianbai.
Chronology

1911 Overthrow of the Qing dynasty that had been in power since 1644. Sun Yat-sen proclaims a provisional republican government on 10 October. Mao Zedong joins the insurrectionary army.

1912 Foundation of the Chinese Nationalist Party (Guomindang).

1914 The First World War breaks out in June.

1915 Japan seizes Qingdao, a German colony in China.

1917 China joins the allies in the First World War. (October): Bolshevik Revolution in Russia.

1918 (November): First World War ends. Mao Zedong receives a diploma from the Teacher's College of Hunan province, where he was born on 26 December 1933.

1921 Foundation of the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) in Shanghai with Mao Zedong as secretary.

1921-22 China regains sovereignty over Shandong, a German concession given to Japan by the Treaty of Versailles in 1919.


1925 Joseph Stalin becomes the successor to Vladimir Lenin, who died in 1924. (March): Death of Sun Yat-sen.

1926 Mao writes Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society.

1927 Chiang Kai-shek crushes the communists in Shanghai.

1928 Creation of the first "soviets" and the first elements of the "Red Army" in the southern provinces by Mao and Zhu De.

1930 Yang Kaihui, Mao's first wife, and Mao's younger sister are beheaded by the nationalists in Changsha (Hunan).

1931 Sino-Japanese crisis over Manchuria. Mao becomes Chairman of the Chinese Soviet Republic, which includes only three provinces (Heilongjiang, Jilin, and Liaoning).

1932 Japanese occupation of Shanghai. Japan creates the puppet government of Manchukuo, headed by the former emperor of China, Pu Yi, inheritor of the Manchu Dynasty.

1934-35 The Red Army carries out the Long March from the provinces of Hunan and Jiangxi to the province of Shaanxi in the north with Zhou Enlai, Zhu De, Lin Biao, Deng Xiaoping and Liu Shaoqi under the leadership of Mao Zedong.

1935 Mao establishes a communist base at Yanan (Shanxi). He Zichen, Mao's second wife, undergoes treatment for cancer in Moscow. Mao meets Jiang Qing and divorces He Zichen.

1936 His older brother Mao Zitan is killed in combat at the end of the Long March. (December): Student revolt against the Japanese in Peking.

1937 (December): Japanese army enters the city of Nanjing (Jiangsu), headquarters of the communist government. Nationalists and communists unite against the invaders.


1939 (August 21): Birth of Li Zhensheng in Dalian (Liaoning). Pearl Harbor in Hawaii is attacked by Japan. The US enters the Second World War. China declares war on Japan, Germany, and Italy.

1940 Mao Zemin, Mao's younger brother, is executed by the nation Guomindang.

1941 (8 May): Germany capitulates, putting an end to the Second World War. (August): US drops two atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, leading to Japan's surrender and the return of Taiwan to China.


1945 (September): Li Zhenli, older half brother of Li Zhensheng, voluntarily joins the communists and is killed at the age of seventeen. Li is brought to Rongcheng (Shandong), his family's ancestral home. (1 October): Proclamation of the People's Republic of China; Mao becomes President of the Chinese Communist Party, Head of State and Chairman of the Central Committee Military Commission. Zhou Enlai is appointed Prime Minister. Chiang Kai-shek takes refuge in Taiwan. (November): During his first trip abroad, Mao meets Joseph Stalin in Moscow, where he stays for two months.

1946 The Korean War.


1951 First hydrogen bomb test in the US.

1952 (March): Stalin, Chairman of the Council of the People's Commissars of the USSR, dies.


1955 Li Zhensheng attends High School in Dalian, and begins taking photographs.

1956 (February): The XXth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party denounces "cult of personality." (May): Hundred Flowers Campaign in China. (September): VIIIth Congress of the CCP; Deng Xiaoping becomes General Secretary of the Central Committee and criticizes the USSR.

1957 The Hundred Flowers is extended by an "anti-rightist" campaign of "rectification."

1958 (4 October): The USSR launches Sputnik, the Earth's first artificial satellite. (November): Nikita Khrushchev greets Mao Zedong in Moscow. This is his second and last trip abroad.

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1969 Li
The Great Leap Forward: Creation of agricultural communes.

1959 Failure of the Great Leap Forward; famine ravages the country. (March): Chinese authorities put down the rebellion in Tibet. The Dalai Lama flees to India. (April): Liu Shaoqi becomes President of China. (October): After a trip to the US, Nikita Khrushchev arrives at Beijing for his second and last visit to China.

1960 Li Zhenheng enters the Film School of Changchun (Jilin). Lin Biao releases the Little Red Book for use as a handbook by the PLA. (April): Student riots (125 dead and 1,000 wounded) in South Korea; President Syngman Rhee resigns. (July): The USSR recalls all its advisors from China.

1961 China is strongly criticized at the XXIInd Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Zhou Enlai leaves Moscow; breaking-off between the two countries. (August): The German Democratic Republic (GDR) erects the Berlin Wall, which will remain in place until 1989.

1962 The Film School of Changchun is converted into a School of Cultural Revolution. Socialist Education Movement in rural China. Crisis between the USSR and the US over Soviet missiles installed in Cuba. Khrushchev pulls them back in October.

1963 Li finds a job in the photography department of the Heilongjiang Daily newspaper in Harbin (Heilongjiang). (November): John F. Kennedy, president of the United States, is assassinated in Dallas, Texas. Zhou Enlai visits several African countries.

1964 (27 January): Recognition of the People's Republic of China by President Charles de Gaulle of France. (October): Li Zhenheng goes to the countryside as part of the Socialist Education Movement. (October): First test of the Chinese atomic bomb.


1967 (January): The Cultural Revolution reaches the army. (April): President Liu Shaoqi is accused of fomenting a coup against Mao in January 1966; attacks against "bourgeois" and "revisionists." (May): Serious incident involving the People's Liberation Army and the Red Guards in Beijing and in other cities of the country. (June): Explosion of China's first hydrogen bomb. (August): The Eighth Central Committee of the CCP approves the Cultural Revolution and the economic policy of Mao. (Summer): Insurrections in some cities and provinces, particularly in Wuhan (Hubei) (October): Pu Yi, the last emperor of China, dies in Beijing.


1969 (30 December): Li Zhenheng is publicly accused of being a "newly born bourgeois" and a "foreign agent."


1971 Rehabilitated, Li Zhenheng is appointed director of the photo department of the Heilongjiang Daily. (February): Birth of Xiaobing, the daughter of Li Zhenheng. (February): Meeting between Mao and American President Richard Nixon. Establishment of diplomatic relations between China and the United Kingdom, followed by the Federal Republic of Germany.

1972 (January): Confrontation of factions within the Chinese Communist Party between radicals led by Mao's wife Jiang Qing and moderates like Zhou Enlai and Deng Xiaoping. (April): Deng, protégé of Zhou, is appointed Vice Prime Minister. (September): President Georges Pompidou of France meets Mao in Beijing.

1973 (August): In the United States, Richard Nixon resigns following the Watergate scandal. Portraits of Mao painted by Andy Warhol in 1972 are exhibited for the first time (Galíèra Museum in Paris).


1975 (August): In the United States, Richard Nixon resigns following the Watergate scandal. Portraits of Mao painted by Andy Warhol in 1972 are exhibited for the first time (Galíèra Museum in Paris).

1976 Deng Xiaoping is rehabilitated. Deng is appointed Vice Prime Minister at the head of the Military Affairs Commission from 1981 to 1989. He launches economic modernization and the "open door" policy.

1977 (January): Diplomatic relations with the United States are officially reestablished. (February): Official visit of Deng Xiaoping to the US under the presidency of Jimmy Carter.

1978 Li Zhenheng begins teaching photography in the journalism department of University Beijing's International Political Science Institute.
LIFE AND DEATH IN SHANGHAI

Publ 1986 by Grove Press, NY

Printed in USA in 1987
"Of the scores of books on China, Life and Death in Shanghai stands apart as a deeply moving personal document. One is drawn into the incredible events of the Cultural Revolution not only by the surreal circumstances but also by Nien Cheng's narrative power and her amazing mastery of English. That she survived years of solitary confinement and torture to write this account is surely a triumph of the human spirit.

—Arthur Miller

"An extraordinary tale of the triumph of dignity in the face of humiliation, political pressure, and great physical suffering. Compulsory for anyone concerned with understanding China's all too recent nightmare."

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"A haunting, beautifully written account of one very patriotic, civilized, and stoic woman's endurance through the Cultural Revolution. In the most human way it reveals the dark side of the Chinese Revolution, reminding us all of the awesomely defoliating power of politics when they are allowed to run amok."

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—Charlotte Y. Salisbury

This is an amazing book. By a very brave woman. Many real-life events are described in some detail. The reader gets an inside view of what the Cultural Revolution was like.

The period 1966-76 was awful, especially 1966-68.
In August 1966, at the beginning of the upheaval known as the Cultural Revolution, a group of fanatical young Red Guards invaded and ransacked the comfortable, elegant Shanghai home of the fifty-one-year-old widow of a former Kuomintang diplomat. A few weeks later, Nien Cheng was arrested and taken to the No. 1 Detention House, where she would remain imprisoned, in solitary confinement, for nearly seven years. Life and Death in Shanghai is her own powerful and inspiring account of those harrowing years and their aftermath.

Nien Cheng and her husband—they had met as students in London in the thirties—chose to remain in China when the Communists took over in 1949. With the approval of the new government, Mr. Cheng became general manager of an international oil company’s Shanghai office; after his death in 1957, Nien Cheng in turn went to work there. They had a daughter, Meiping, twenty-four and an actress at the Shanghai Film Studio when the Cultural Revolution began.

Nien Cheng was an all too obvious target for the paranoid, xenophobic, and culture-hating Cultural Revolution. Her lonely, deprived years in prison were punctuated by relentless interrogations designed to extract the false confession that she had been a “spy of the imperialists.” To the sometimes devious, sometimes brutal tactics of her inquisitors, Nien Cheng opposed her indomitable will and uncommon qualities of mind and character. Under great psychological and physical duress—her wrists were at one period painfully and damagingly manacled, and she suffered from a number of inadequately treated ailments—she withstood her persecutors by adamantly insisting on her innocence.

Unable to break her, the authorities finally released Nien Cheng in 1973. During her entire imprisonment there had been no word from Meiping, but she soon received news of her daughter’s tragic fate.

Nien Cheng’s description of her last seven years in China, spent under watchful eyes in a crowded dwelling, is as moving and vivid as the story of her prison years. A sharp observer, she draws sympathetic and remarkably unembittered portraits of the people she encountered and lived among—even those who, willingly or not, informed on her. For all its suffering and sadness, Life and Death in Shanghai is an exhilarating book, affording the privilege of intimacy with a wonderful writer and a courageous woman who embodies the nobility of the human spirit.

Nien Cheng wrote this extraordinary book in English, a language she mastered a half-century ago as a student at the London School of Economics. She now lives in Washington, D.C.

(continued on back flap)

A Book-of-the-Month Club Main Selection

Author’s photograph © Thomas Victor

Published by Grove Press, Inc.
Both Cook and Lao-zhao came in.

"The vice-chairman of the Shell Labor Union, Qi, came again tonight just before you returned. He asked us to give you a message," the cook said.

"What did he say?"

"He told us to tell you to be careful when you talk to the Party officials. He said that after you left the meeting, they complained that you were rude to them. Qi wants you to know that the Party officials were annoyed," the cook said.

"Qi is a good man," Lao-zhao chimed in.

"A good man? You should have seen him denouncing Tao Feng at the struggle meeting!" His ugly performance was still in my mind.

"He can’t help it. He had to do what he was told. If he weren’t a good man, he wouldn’t have bothered to come to give you this warning," Lao-zhao countered, defending Qi.

"What do you think is the purpose of their getting me to attend the meeting?" I asked her.

"To frighten you, of course."

"I’m not easily frightened."

"That, I think, they don’t know. All they know is that you are a rich woman who has led an easy life and who has never been involved in any political campaign before. They probably think you are easily frightened. As a rule they underestimate our courage."

"Why do you think they want to frighten me? What for?"

"That’s very hard to say at this juncture. Whatever it is, be prepared for unpleasantness. Be alert and keep your mouth shut. Don’t say anything inadvertent, whatever the provocation."

"What about yourself? How are you getting on?" I asked her.

"I’m worn out. We spend all our time at meetings or writing Big Character Posters. Classes have been suspended. Several professors and medical experts have already been denounced. The situation seems even more serious than in 1957 at the beginning of the Anti-Rightist Campaign."

"Are you likely to become an object of criticism?"

"Of course one can’t be sure. But I don’t think I’m important enough. I’ve been a junior lecturer for sixteen years, without promotion or a raise. I always humbly ask my Party secretary for instructions and never indulge in the luxury of taking the initiative. I carry out his instructions even when I know he is wrong. At indoctrination meetings I never speak unless told to do so.

WITCH-HUNT

absolute power to decide your fate. If they send you to a labor camp, you will have to go."

"How can they send me to a labor camp? Winnie," I said, "I don’t even work for the government. Besides, I haven’t broken the law!"

"Don’t be naive! They can if they want to. You live here. You can’t get out of the country."
As she munched her sandwiches, she told me about the day’s events at her film studio. — Her daughter is speaking

“I spent the whole day writing Big Character Posters for the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. We were told that the more Big Character Posters one writes, the more revolutionary enthusiasm one demonstrates, so everybody wrote and wrote until the notice board and all the wall space in our section were completely covered.”

“Was that why you didn’t come home for dinner?”

“We gave up having lunch and dinner to show our revolutionary zeal. Actually everyone was hungry, but nobody wanted to be the first to leave.”

“What did you write about?”

“Oh, slogans and denunciations against those who had been labeled ‘cow’s demon and snake spirit,’ and all China’s enemies such as Taiwan, Japan, Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union.”

“How do you know what to write? Do you make things up?”

“Some people do. But I think that’s too dangerous. Most of us get materials from our section leader. I concentrate on enemy countries.

WITCH-HUNT

Chairman Mao has given his wife Jiang Qing full power to deal with everybody in the field of art,” my daughter said.

“Hasn’t she been putting on modern Beijing operas?”

“Yes, it seems she has been in disagreement with the leaders in the Cultural Department for some time. In any case, I heard that the actresses who got better parts than she did in the old days when she was an actress in Shanghai have all packed their bags in preparation for going to labor camps. It’s said she is very cruel and jealous. But it’s best not to talk about her at all.”

“Surely that’s farfetched. She is the number one lady of China now. Why should she care about a few old actresses?”

Interval before the Storm

They never went beyond insinuating that Shell had done something wrong and that I was a part of whatever the crime was.

Indeed, I had the impression that the men were marking time, waiting for instructions from above before going any further. Actually, unbeknownst to me and to the Chinese people, the delay in activating the movement was due to a fierce struggle among the leaders of the Chinese Communist Party. The point of contention was who should conduct the Cultural Revolution: the established Party apparatus or a special committee of Maoists appointed by Mao Zedong as chairman of the Central Committee.
When we were seated again in the drawing room, I asked Mr. Hu a question that had been in my mind all the time I was with my inquisitors.

"These men gave me the impression that they wanted a confession from me even if I made it up. Could that be the case?"

"Oh, yes, yes. They don't care whether it's true or not as long as they get a confession. That's what they are after."

"But what's the point? Won't they themselves get awfully confused if everyone gives a false confession?" I was genuinely puzzled.

"To get a confession is their job. If they fail, they may be accused of not supporting the movement.

"How long do they have to wait for rehabilitation?" I asked.

"Maybe a couple of years. Maybe it never happens. In each organization three to five percent of the total must be declared the 'enemy' because that is the percentage mentioned by Chairman Mao in one of his speeches."

"How terrible!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it's really bad. There isn't really such a high percentage of people who oppose the People's Government. To fill their quota, the Party officials often include people whom they dislike, such as those who are disgruntled and troublesome, in the list of enemies. But no individual should make a false confession, no matter how great the pressure is." Mr. Hu said this with great seriousness. He looked at me steadily, as if to make sure I got his message, and added, "That has always been my policy during each political movement."

I understood that this was the advice he had come to give me.

"There always comes a time when a man almost reaches the end of his endurance and is tempted to write down something, however untrue, to satisfy his inquisitors and to free himself from intolerable pressure. But one mustn't do it. Party officials will never be satisfied with the confession. Once one starts confessing, they will demand more and more admissions of guilt, however false, and exert increasing pressure to get what they want. In the end, one will get into a tangle of untruths from which one can no longer extract oneself. I have seen it happen.

"What do you think of the communiqué of the Central Committee meeting?" I asked him.

Mr. Hu shook his head and sighed. After a moment he said, "Chairman Mao has won. It's not unexpected." Then he added, "The beginning of a political movement is always the worst period. The hurricane loses its momentum after a few months and often fizzles out after about a year."

"A year! What a long time!" I said.
Mr. Hu got up to leave, asking me to telephone him whenever I wanted to see him to talk things over. As a final piece of advice he said, "Nearly all lower-ranking Communist Party officials suffer from an inferiority complex. Although they have power over us, somehow they have a deep feeling of inferiority. This is unfortunate, because some of them feel they need to reassure themselves by using that power to make our life uncomfortable or to humiliate us. When you are being questioned, be firm but be polite also. Don't offend them. They can be mean and spiteful. They can also be very cruel."

While I was in the dining room doing the flowers, she returned. I heard her talking to the cook in the pantry in an unusually agitated voice. When she came into the hall, I saw that she was wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

"What's happened, Chen-ma?" I called to her.
She was silent but came into the room. "What's happened at the temple?" I asked her.
She sat down on a dining chair and burst into tears. "They are dismantling the temple," she said between sobs.

"Who is dismantling the temple?" I asked her. "Not the government, surely!"

"Young people. Probably students. They said Chairman Mao told them to stop superstition. They also said the monks are counterrevolutionaries opposed to Chairman Mao."

"What did the monks do?"

"Nothing. The students rounded them up. Some were beaten. When I got there I saw them prostrate on the ground in the courtyard. There was a large crowd of onlookers. One of them told me that the students were going to dismantle the temple and burn the scriptures as they had done at other places.

But he was certainly acceptable to the Maoists, because he had been given the job as interrogator. The old worker was not a true Maoist. I thought he had probably been chosen because he was an old industrial worker of many years' standing, the sort of man put on the Workers' Propaganda Teams for cosmetic purposes. The young man who took notes appeared indifferent. He merely participated as a secretary; that was probably his job. I detected no real annoyance in his voice or in his expression when I spoke up for Liu Shaoqi. The young worker and the military man were the true Maoists. They looked and behaved like Mao Zedong-era young people from poor family backgrounds who had received so much political indoctrination that they had completely lost the ability to think for themselves.

The behavior of the guard on duty at the women's prison was the most strange. What had I done that morning to earn her goodwill? That was the question I puzzled over as I chewed the tough cabbage leaves. The only thing I had done that could be considered unusual was speaking my few words in defense of poor Liu Shaoqi. Did she reward me because I had said what she thought but could not say because of her position as a prison guard?
the opportunity of the lull in the Red Guards' activities against me to visit his friends and mingle with the crowds on the streets. The cook's son, a factory worker, paid his father a visit and told him the conditions at his place of work. The stories they related were so astonishing and the reluctance of the Shanghai Party and government officials to exercise their power was so unusual that I began to wonder whether there wasn't something more to the Cultural Revolution than its declared purpose of destroying the remnants of the capitalist class and purifying the ranks of officials and intellectuals.

One day Xiao Xu, a schoolteacher friend of Meiping's, came to our house to see her when she was away at the film studio. He told me that the Red Guards had dismantled the Catholic cathedral's twin spires, which were a landmark in Shanghai. During the night, he said, the Red Guards had broken into the Shanghai municipal library and destroyed a large number of valuable books. When they went to the historical museum, they failed to break down the strong iron gate. So they went to the home of its director and dragged the old man from his sickbed to a struggle meeting.

"The old man is now in the hospital. Some say he has died already. The Red Guards are getting quite wild. I think you should take Meiping and try to escape to Hong Kong," he said.

"Do you think Meiping would want to go?" I asked him this question because once he was at our house, just before I was to make a trip to Hong Kong, both he and my daughter said they would never want to live as second-class citizens in colonial Hong Kong.

"The situation is different now. After the Cultural Revolution, young people from non-working-class family backgrounds will have no future in China at all. In the past, if we worked twice as hard as the young people of the working class and expected no advancement, we could have a reasonably happy private life. In the future, we will be like the untouchables in India, whose children and children's children suffer too. The only way out is to escape. You have many friends abroad. Why don't you take Meiping and go?" he urged me.

"I think it's too late to escape now. You know the penalty for attempting to escape to Hong Kong is very serious, something like ten or twenty years in prison," I said.

Please read the whole book too!!
N. Viets Not Panicked By U.S. Bombing Raids

Ex-President Johnson Dies

Mass Grave With 100 Reported in Cambodia

'Final' Negotiating Session Ends

'Go Against Tide'

Chinese Dissidents Urging Masses to Oppose Government

MODERATES, EXTREMISTS CLASH

China's Internal Rift Grows, but Chou Forces Prevail

Soviets Rap China as Threat

Mao's War Over Confucius Has Significant Undercurrents

China's anti-Soviet policy—and parallels

Roy Janne
July 2006
United Nations Debacle Marks The End Of An Era

WASHINGTON — The seating of the Chinese People’s Republic was, of course, on the American agenda. But what followed, when the Republic of China was expelled, has literally enraged high Administration sources. Those who watched the event on TV were particularly struck by the lynch-mob atmosphere; it was an orgy of anti-Americanism.

True, our foreign economic policy has not been designed to win the hearts and minds of the world at large, but even critics of the Nixon game-plan were first stunned and then infuriated as the pack, smelling blood after the important quixotic resolution failed by a whicker, bowed and brayed as Taiwan was sent off the plank.

It would be foolish to overestimate the practical significance of this event, but in symbolic terms it marked the end of an era. While it is an exaggeration to say the United States has dominated the U.N. over the last quarter century, it is clear that we always had a veto if we chose to exercise it. But this time the mini-states ganged up with the Arabs and the Communist bloc and really jumped on us.

For years we have been attacked for not accepting a “flexible,” “reasonable,” Two-Chinas policy. Now, when we finally accept the eminently sensible principle of universalism, we find ourselves deserted by our erstwhile critics, who have adopted the most inflexible policy imaginable towards the Republic of China.

Probably the most amazing vote for the expulsion of Taiwan was that of Israel. In normal times the Israelis have a very strong sense of reality and they must be aware that they are — with the Republic of South Africa — the next candidates for expulsion. Indeed, the votes were hardly counted before (to quote the Associated Press) “several Arab governments today praised the election of Communist China . . . and said that the expulsion of Nationalist China opens the door to the ouster of Israel.” The Syrian state radio announced that a needed precedent had been set, and this view was endorsed by Jordan and the Palestinian guerrillas.

Was It Unconcerned? The search for a scapegoat is on. The general line at the White House — as is usual in matters of this sort no matter who is President — is that the State Department let our side down. Ambassador George Bush did seem to have problems in counting, but under the circumstances he can hardly be crucified. It was a bit hard to persuade anybody that the United States believed in Two Chinas when Henry Kissinger had just spent a quiet week with Chou En-lai in Peking — and Chou had made it clear that from this viewpoint Two Chinas simply were not on.

However you look at it, there was an unparalleled demonstration of Occidental inscrutability. At the risk of sounding paranoid, there is evidence for the view expressed here some time ago that down deep inside the Administration was not that concerned about Taiwan, that it really did not put on the usual “Chirrip” (as the State Department calls it) pressure.

Whether or not that is true, the way things happened made the situation into a brand new, different kind of ball game. People who don’t know Taiwan from Iceland began, as they watched the shameful savaging of the United States and listened to the cackling and hooting as votes were registered, to burn inside. It is one thing to lick the United States; it is something totally different to rub our nose in our own impotence. Most Americans have not taken the UN terribly seriously, but they have invariably demonstrated good-will towards the organization and hoped that something worthwhile would come from its efforts.

From talking to influential Senators and Congressmen, one gets the distinct impression that this era of good feelings is over. There is surprising agreement from liberal and conservative sources alike that “something must be done to straighten this one out,” that the United States simply will not tolerate being “treated like a micro-state somewhere in the Indian Ocean.” The first item on the agenda is naturally enough to cut back on the UN charge account — “we have picked up the tab for 25 years,” said one Senate Democrat — “let Peking pick it up for the next 25.”

Are We Going Isolationist? In a broad perspective, the United States has under the Nixon Administration been rapidly moving towards disengagement from military commitments throughout the world, and towards a policy of economic nationalism. In a sense, the President seems to have decided to trade world responsibilities for domestic tranquility, to be moving toward a new “Continentalism,” complete with affluence in one country.

In the short run, it may work: imports and exports account for only about 8 per cent of American Gross National Product, and the old notion of “Fortress America” has a new viability. We don’t need foreign bases, and a defensive nuclear posture on our part would hardly stimulate attack. We might well be able to sit it out in a “generation of peace” and let the world slide off into chaos.

One frail hope that this incredibly rich nation would be willing to continue its commitment to the development of emerging nations lay in our endorsement and subsidization of the United Nations and its countless functional agencies. If the Chinese debacle results in our turning away from this fragile instrument of international order and responsibility, the joyous lynchers will bear a heavy burden of responsibility. Perhaps the real problem is that nobody under 50 can realistically visualize an isolationist America. But there are those of us who can, and we shudder.
The Word on Campus This Year Is Sober

MOUNT PLEASANT, Mich.—This is Thursday, so it must be—where? Central Michigan University, somewhere north of Saginaw, the country sheeted in snow, flat as a queen-sized bed. It is the sixth campus since the lecture trail resumed the first of the year, and everywhere the story is about the same: Things are quieter now.

The peripatetic lecturer operates like a beetle on a grapevine of shared impressions. He talks with students and professors who have just talked to other speakers who have talked with other students and other professors. The word gets around. The word this year is sober.

That was not the word three years ago. Then the word was, maybe, crazy. It was as if a master chef had marshalled the ingredients and given instructions: In a bowl of young people, mix together four parts Vietnam, two parts draft, two parts Nixon, two teaspoons Swahili, seasoned with sex, marihuana and Mao Tse-tung; and bring to a rolling boil.

In those days you felt the ferment, the pot tops trembling, the hall full of steam. Campus bulletin boards were shingled with notices, nailed on with bang-marks: “Rally! This means you!” Ad hoc committees were huddling everywhere, for black studies, for pass-or-fail grading, for open dormitories. A visiting activist—Jane Fonda, Dick Gregory, William Kunstler, Julian Bond, Jerry Rubin—could expect an audience churning with hot blood and bursting in wild acclaim.

The heat has been turned down. Not off. Just down. The campus revolution has not ended, but the burner now is set at simmer. Here at Central Michigan, primarily a teacher-training institution, the mood is anxious; teaching jobs are not easily found today. Faculty members share the disquietude; a young speech instructor active with the American Civil Liberties Union, wants a new post in the fall at a livelier institution, but in what is known as the academic slave market, bodies are selling poorly. The supply of hungry teachers far exceeds the demand.

The economic outlook, a visitor is told, is only one among a dozen factors that have contributed to the new sobriety. Vietnam has almost ceased to be an issue with the draft effectively ended, the risk of personal commitment has lost its cutting edge. There is some concern about amnesty, but the concern is not keen.

Faculty members, after a long period of permissiveness are recovering a sense of values; as Will Herberg and Sidney Hook recently have observed, in a report on academic freedom prepared for The American Enterprise Institute, order is indispensable to the teaching process.

Leadership is a tidal force; it comes and goes. Now it ebbs. A part of this phenomenon is attributed to the media; student radicals have lost their role as romantic novelists; they no longer can summon the red-eyed geniuses of TV; they have run out of hot-blooded causes.

The trouble is, says a frustrated rebel, that many of the old campus wars have been won a few years ago, student leaders were demanding departements of black studies; they wanted to sit on boards of trustees, they cried out for curriculum reform, for greater personal freedom, for an end to quasi-parental controls. They got most of what they sought, but it proved to be no millennium after all. Like the Shropshire Lad, they had thrown their binge at Ludlow Fair. They woke again; hi-ho, they found the old world yet.

Here and there, the red fire flickers: Ed Muskie is shouted down at Wisconsin, otherwise the mood is quite different. Walking across the University of Missouri campus, the other night, a visiting newsman heard wild halloes in the distance. A budding revolution, perhaps? Were these students out to hang a dean? No, indeed. Their basketball team had just downed Kansas. It was something, at last, worth shouting about.
N. Viets Not Panicked By U.S. Bombing Raids

HANOI — President Nixon's "massacre game" as American bombing raids are described here, has failed to panic the North Vietnamese people.

This was the view of foreign observers Friday as the aerial pounding of Hanoi went into its 11th day.

The entire foreign colony in the North Vietnamese capital is now asking when these attacks will stop.

For it is no longer just a case of fighter bombers raiding the outer suburbs, but of waves of giant B-52's releasing their massive bomb loads over central Hanoi, usually at night against civilian areas of the city. Foreign newsmen have seen the effects with their own eyes.

But if the Americans wanted to sow panic among this war-torn people, they have not succeeded, observers feel. After their initial surprise at the violence of this new American escalation, the citizens of Hanoi quickly recovered their calm.

With water and electricity supplies cut, they set up emergency systems to provide these civilian services, although sometimes only for several hours at a time after nightfall.

They have done their best, too, to ensure that foreigners do not go without.

Nevertheless, newsmen sometimes have to prepare their dispatches by candlelight, or wash in just two pints of water.

Despite the many evacuations ordered by the authorities, the capital's essential workers remain at their posts. Food supplies are assured, although some shops selling non-essential goods have closed down.

Because of the frequency and the intensity of the bombing and the alerts, Hanoi is now in the habit of living largely as a troglodyte city, the people hurrying to the shelters at the first wail of the sirens. They sleep there, and eat there too, if necessary, waiting until "it's all over."

Despite the privations, and the mounting toll of dead and wounded, however, morale remains intact, and people still smile in the streets.

But the people are also showing signs of aggression and readiness to fight which were not so noticeable before.

LA Times-Wash, Post News Service

French Correspondent Says U.S. Bomb Raids Are Devastating Hanoi

By JEAN LECLERC DU SABLON

Agence France-Presse

HANOI — American official statements persistently denying that civilian objectives are being razed in Hanoi provoke not only the indignation of North Vietnamese authorities, but the astonishment of foreigners, including westerners, living here under the bombs.

The press office of the North Vietnamese foreign ministry showed journalists yesterday a map of Hanoi indicating about 15 points where American bombers struck at the city itself, either by carpet bombing or by individual bombs, and 20 regions hit within a radius of 10 miles of the center.

Shortly after we saw that map, Saigon presented its own version, in which only two "military" objectives, including the central railway station, were hit. The previous day, the U.S. pentagon spokesman Jerry Friedheim had denied that civilian targets were being bombed in Hanoi itself, and described as "propaganda" reports that he Bach Mai hospital, for example, had been damaged.

The fact is that that 900-bed hospital, where 300 persons were undergoing treatment at the resumption of the air raids against Hanoi, was not only "damaged", it was literally razed by several giant bombs.

Foreign diplomats and journalists here, including the correspondent of Agence France-Presse, visited the ruins. Walking between the giant craters and the piles of stones from which the bodies of young nurses were still being extracted, they had no heart to make "propaganda."

Bach Mai, one of the two big hospitals in Hanoi, was bombed twice, on Dec. 19 and Dec. 22, according to North Vietnamese officials. It had already been damaged by a U.S. bomb last June, in what Washington called "an error."

Observers said this was not the first time the U.S. administration has denied what reliable witnesses have seen with their own eyes. It issued a denial, for example, when A.F.P. correspondent Jean Thoraval reported last July the bombing of dikes, after he had seen the bombs falling 200 yards away from him during a visit to the dikes.

The same thing happened when Thoraval saw a bomb fall last October on the French general delegation (diplomatic mission) in Hanoi, at a moment when he was in the garden of the mission. The pentagon suggested at first that the damage was caused by a spent North Vietnamese anti-aircraft rocket, before finally admitting that it was a bomb that had hit the mission, killing Pierre Susini, head of the French mission, and several other persons.

Without taking into account the hit targets shown on the North Vietnamese map, which are sometimes difficult to visit for security reasons and the frequent air raid alerts, this correspondent has along with other foreigners seen zones which look like they have been hit by earthquakes.

Among them is Hanoi's Gia Lam airport, where not only the runway and the buildings have been partially destroyed, but also the residential quarters around it.
Harry S. Truman Dies At 88

Day Of Mourning Set For Nation's 33rd President

KANSAS CITY (AP) — Harry S. Truman died today, com-
posed badly by the information of 10,500.

President Nixon led the morn of the after the death of the 33rd president, calling him "a right-
cise who won best than he did..."

The President also predicted that the former

President's death would be a "great loss to the

nation and the world."

Truman's death came at 5:25 p.m. at his home in

Osage Beach, Mo., where he had lived for the past

14 years.

Truman was 88 years old and his death marks the end of a period known as the "Truman Era," during which he served as President from 1945 to 1953.

The former president was survived by his wife, Bess, and their daughter, Margaret.

Funeral arrangements have not been announced.

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Truman was 88 years old and his death marks the end of a period known as the "Truman Era," during which he served as President from 1945 to 1953.

The former president was survived by his wife, Bess, and their daughter, Margaret.

Funeral arrangements have not been announced.

Harry S. Truman Dies At 88

Day Of Mourning Set For Nation's 33rd President

KANSAS CITY (AP) — Harry S. Truman died today, com-
posed badly by the information of 10,500.

President Nixon led the morn of the after the death of the 33rd president, calling him "a right-
cise who won best than he did..."

The President also predicted that the former

President's death would be a "great loss to the

nation and the world."

Truman's death came at 5:25 p.m. at his home in

Osage Beach, Mo., where he had lived for the past

14 years.

Truman was 88 years old and his death marks the end of a period known as the "Truman Era," during which he served as President from 1945 to 1953.

The former president was survived by his wife, Bess, and their daughter, Margaret.

Funeral arrangements have not been announced.
Final Rites Thursday After Tribute

SAN ANTONIO, Tex. — (AP) — The body of former President Lyndon Baines John-
son will be flown to Washington to lie in
state in the Capitol rotunda and receive
the nation's final tribute.

Johnson, whose dreams of a Great Soci-
ey were dashed by divisions at home
ever a war in Asia, died Monday of a
heart attack at 64.

Johnson's coffin will be carried on a
horse-drawn caisson in a procession to
Capitol Hill Wednesday afternoon. A cer-
emony will be in the rotunda.

National Church

Services will be Thursday in Washing-
ton's National City Christian Church,
after which the body will be returned
to Texas for burial in the family cemetery of
the LBJ Ranch.

Before the body of the nation's 36th
president is flown to Washington, it will
lie in state from 11 A.M. MST Tuesday
until 7 a.m. Wednesday at the LBJ Librar
in Austin, Tex. There will be a
full honor guard.

Johnson was pronounced dead at 3:49
p.m. MST Monday aboard his private
plane at San Antonio International Air-
port.

The sudden attack ended a distinguished
career which saw Johnson rise from simple Texas roots to both houses of
Congress, to the powerful post of Senate
Democratic leader which earned him the
reputation as a masterful politician, to the
vice presidency and finally to the
presidency after the assassination of John
F. Kennedy in 1963.

First Time in 40 Years

His death leaves the nation without a
living ex-president for the first time in 40
years. For only the second time, flags are
being flown at half-staff for two former
chief executives.

Johnson's death Monday night came
within a month of former President Harry
S. Truman's demise Dec. 26. The only other
time flags were flown at half-
staff for two ex-presidents was
after the assassinations of
Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. die-

Ex-President Johnson Dies

THE DENVER POST

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Tuesday, January 23, 1973 10 Cents, 68 Pages

Vol. 81 No. 175

Final Negotiating Session Ends (Vieton)

PARIS — AP — Henry A. Kissinger
\n
Denver Post Photo

in from Saigon to be on hand for what
many expected to be the final nego-
tiations. The two also lunched together later.

Visits with President Johnson before

Breitche lasted more than 13 hours, a
record for the almost daily meetings that
began soon after President Nixon stopped
the bombings of Laos and Vietnam.

"Tis a Privilege to Live in Colorado

THE WEATHER

The sun rose in Denver at 7:25 a.m
the sun set at 5:00 p.m.

Denver Temperatures and Humidity:

The Past Twenty-Four Hours

Page 3 - 6

PRESIDENT LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON APPEARS IN CHARACTERISTIC MEET-THE-PEOPLE CAMPAIGN POSE

Johnson stands above the crowd during a 1964 presidential campaign visit to Denver as he stops to speak along route from Stapleton International Airport to the Coliseum.

Jan 23
1973
'Final' Negotiating Session Ends

PARIS—(AP)—Henry A. Kissinger conferred with Hanoi's Le Duc Tho for 3 hours and 45 minutes Tuesday and then flew back to Washington, ending a negotiating season that the White House said was to complete a Vietnam peace agreement.

Kissinger and Tho emerged from their secret meeting and posed shaking hands in front of the International Conference Center on Avenue Kleber in sight of the Arc de Triomphe.

But they gave no indication of whether the ceasefire agreement was complete or whether further decisions would be required from President Nixon or President Nguyen Van Thieu of South Vietnam.

It was noted, however, that official U.S. and North Vietnamese photographers were admitted to part of the session.

Neither South Vietnam nor the Viet Cong took part in the meeting.

But shortly before the meeting, Kissinger conferred for the second time in 10 hours with South Vietnam's foreign minister, Tran Van Lam, who had flown in from Saigon to be on hand for what many expected to be the final negotiations. The two also lunched together later.

Kissinger, President Nixon's top foreign affairs adviser, arrived four minutes later than Tho at the conference center, the former Hotel Majestic, where the long-deadlocked semipublic talks have been held. Both were smiling.

It was Kissinger's and Tho's first meeting there. In previous negotiations, they had met in suburban villas with each acting as host alternately. Some observers concluded that the move was another indication that agreement was near.

There was no official word on whether a date had been set for signing the agreement. Outgoing Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird hinted to newsmen in Washington Monday night that the text might be initialed Wednesday.

Reports from Saigon said President Thieu had approved the agreement in principle but might still have to be consulted on the final wording.

Technical experts from the United States and North Vietnam continued until almost midnight Monday their drafting of the protocols or annexes that will prescribe in detail the operation of the agreement.

Their meeting at suburban St. Nom la Bretèche lasted more than 13 hours, a record for the almost daily meetings that began soon after President Nixon stopped the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong on New Year's Eve.

Nixon and Haig Closeted In Strictly Private Study

WASHINGTON—(AP)—President Nixon went to his hideaway in the Executive Office Building, next door to the White House Tuesday morning.

He was joined there shortly after 9 a.m. by Army Gen. Alexander M. Haig Jr., the Army's vice chief of staff and former deputy to foreign affairs adviser Henry A. Kissinger. Haig has been Nixon's liaison to South Vietnam's President Nguyen Van Thieu.

American News Post
Policy to defend Liberty in Europe & World

1. The USA helped Europe to get free from Hitler during 1940-45
2. Launched Marshall plan to help Europe recover from WWII, and avoid communism
3. Ordered big bomb use against Japan to end WW II
4. Gave aid to Greece and Turkey in 1947 to defend against communism
5. Truman ordered Berlin airlift (1948-1949) to save it. The suit started a complete shutdown of roads, rail, and water ways to free Berlin in June 1948. The airlift of supplies was a big operation to save free Berlin.
   * Truman was President from March 1945 (age 60) to Jan 1953 (age 68). Then Eisenhower took over.
   * In June 1950 the communists launched a full scale invasion of So. Korea. A lot of damage was done. Truman quickly launched a counter attack (led by MacArthur). The end of fighting was in July 1953 after Eisenhower took over. There were bad times, but So. Korea stayed free.
7. With Truman gone, Lyndon Johnson is the only surviving president. (And Johnson died Jan 1973)
8. Moscow. The Soviet press described China in very strong terms as a threat to world peace (December 1973)
MONTAGNARDS FLEE TUESDAY COMMUNIST ATTACK

Government troops recaptured their home town of Kien Duc Saturday.

Soviets Rap China as Threat

MOSCOW — (AP) — The Soviet press described China in exceptionally strong terms Saturday as a threat to world peace.

The Maoist leadership in Peking was accused in a foreign affairs weekly of “adventurism, unscrupulousness and hegemonistic ambitions.”

The weekly Zavodzhonom (Abroad) concluded in an editorial that China’s policies “pose a threat to all states and to universal peace.”

“At the same time, Pravda said that Maoism ‘represents the greatest danger in the entire history of the Communist revolutionary movement.’”

SPEECH QUOTED

—Quoting from a speech by Czechoslovak party official Vasil Bilak, Pravda said “all facts graphically demonstrate that the Maoist leadership has finally abandoned Marxist-Leninist positions.”

New Times, another foreign-affairs journal, joined the verbal assault on Peking with a report, that the Chinese are flooding Hong Kong with former Red Guards from the cultural revolution.

The emigrants, the paper said, are using the British colony as a jumping-off point for the southeast Asian states of Indonesia, Malaysia and the Philippines, where they intend to undermine the existing regimes.

Drought, Bugs Hit Wheat Crop

ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. — (AP) — New Mexico’s winter wheat crop has been hit hard by drought and greenbug infestation, David Turner of the state Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Service Committee reports.

Turner said the crop has been reduced by as much as 50 percent, and 90 percent of the crop shows signs of visible damage.

Turner said Friday the situation might worsen if the crop doesn’t get additional moisture and cooler weather soon.

TONGANESE HUNT OLD WAY

NUKUALOFA, Tonga — Tongan fishermen are among the few who still hunt the humpback whale from small boats, using hand harpoons. Few whales are caught each year, but when one is towed into the harbor here, crowds turn out to buy some of the meat.
Mass Grave With 100 Reported in Cambodia

PHNOM PENH—(UPI)—A mass grave containing the bodies of more than 100 persons—some of them children—believed to have been executed by rebels was reported uncovered Saturday by Cambodian troops.

The decomposed bodies were apparently the remains of people executed after insurgents last month overran the town of Tram Khnar, 21 miles southwest of Phnom Penh on Highway 3, according to Capt. Ouch Chan, a local commander.

Col. Am Rong, the high command spokesman in Phnom Penh, said he had received no word of the reported discovery but would investigate.

Tram Khnar was evacuated Nov. 4 after 100 persons were killed in a heavy rebel attack.

But days later, more than 100 of its inhabitants, mostly soldiers and their dependents, were still missing.

In South Vietnam, a government military spokesman reported 39 Communist cease-fire violations in the 24 hours ended at noon Saturday, the lowest number for such a period since the Jan. 28 truce agreement.

3 Rebels Killed

Elsewhere in Cambodia, rebel forces continued their pressure on Highway 4, which has been cut off by the insurgents at a point 36 miles from Phnom Penh for almost a month.

The Cambodian military command said that four government soldiers were wounded and three rebels killed Saturday in fighting two miles north of the provincial capital of Kompong Speu, on Highway 4 about 25 miles southwest of Phnom Penh.

The road, which links the capital with the deepwater seaport of Kompong Som, was lined with a steady stream of refugees, their belongings in high-wheeled carts drawn by teams of oxen, seeking relative safety in Kompong Speu.

The refugees were from villages on both sides of the highway which came under attack during the night.

In South Vietnam, a spokesman said that government troops had "completely" recaptured the Central Highlands district town of Kien Duc, 110 miles north of Saigon. The town was taken by the Communists earlier last week.

The rebel forces in Cambodia are very active.

In South Vietnam there were 39 Communist violations of the cease-fire agreements (in 24 hours) that were signed Jan 1973.
Chinese Dissidents Urging Masses to Oppose Government

The left wing was trying hard to win -- and came close

By ROBERT S. ELEGANT
(C) 1973, Denver Post Los Angeles Times

HONG KONG -- The decisive provinces of China have responded diversely to the call for obstructionism and resistance to central authority issued by a powerful dissident group high in the Communist party.

Under the slogan "Go against the tide," China's extremists are exhorting the "masses" to oppose the policies of the Communist party and the government.

A few provinces have endorsed the concept in principle, but most are busily rewriting -- and toning down -- the basic directive issued, it is claimed, with the approval of Chairman Mao Tse-tung himself. After all, provincial leaders must administer the day-to-day affairs of the nation, and they know that the extremist "leftists" in Peking and elsewhere are trying to stir up a mass revolt which would make orderly government almost impossible.

"The appeal to revolt against the Communist party and the people's government is the latest political spectacular in the People's Republic.

After the great proletarian cultural revolution of 1966-67, specialists felt it would be almost impossible for China to produce another shocking surprise. "What," they asked, "can Mao Tse-tung do for an encore after rallying tens of millions of adolescent and preadolescent Red Guards against his own government and party?"

The answer now has appeared.

In practical terms, it hardly ranks with the violence of the cultural revolution -- yet. But, in formal terms it is almost as astonishing as those events.

The tidal wave now rising first became visible in August with the enactment of the new constitution of the Communist Party -- the fourth since 1945, a new constitution being promulgated by each successive party congress.

That latest constitution's first article included two startling statements.

"All comrades throughout the Communist party," it asserted, "possess the revolutionary spirit of daring to go against the tide (that is, the policies of the Communist party, as laid down by the majority of the governing central committee)."

Rarely -- if ever -- before the constitution passed by the 10th Congress of the Chinese Communist party had a government or a ruling party exhorted its citizens or followers to oppose its own policies.

The same first article also declared that "contradictions... (like) class struggle... can only be resolved by depending on the theory of continuing revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat..."

That statement could be taken as a declaration of abstract principle, rather than a prescription for practical action. But Wang Hung-wan, newly elevated to the No. 3 position in the party, chose to interpret both statements as a call to immediate action -- and, implicitly, to revolt against the moderate government and policies of Premier Chou En-lai.

Commenting on article one, Wang declared, "When confronted with issues that concern the line (of Chairman Mao) and the general situation, a true Communist must act without selfish concerns and dare to go against the tide (the party's announced policy), not fearing removal from his post, expulsion from the party, imprisonment, divorce or the guillotine."

"With very few exceptions, the provinces have stressed that the movement must be conducted "with discipline and must go against the incorrect tide."

In setting the word "incorrect" is a highly significant variation of the original version, which sanctioned almost all resistance.

Most provinces, following Premier Chou En-lai, also made one other major emendation. They insisted that the policy of Chairman Mao always was correct, though the Communist party itself might err. They further noted that Chairman Mao had 10 times opposed the party line -- always correctly, but "with discipline."

Despite the generally defensive reaction at the provincial level, the extremists are press-
MODERATES, EXTREMISTS CLASH

China's Internal Rift Grows, but Chou Forces Prevail

By ROBERT S. ELEGANT
(C) 1973, Denver Post-Los Angeles Times
HONG KONG — The struggle between moderates and extremists for control of China is intensifying and sharpening daily, but the moderate group of Premier Chou En-lai so far holds the upper hand.

Specialists in Chinese affairs have reached that general conclusion after careful examination of the spate of words now flooding Chinese periodicals and the air waves.

Among several other subsidiary controversies, the main attack of the extremists is launched under the slogan “Fight Against the Tide,” which means the official policies of the Communist party and the government.

That attack on established authority is sanctioned by a directive attributed to Chairman Mao Tse-tung. But the extremists appear to be making only slight headway — in good part because of Premier Chou’s adroit defense of his position.

The extremists have tried to capture the provinces of China, as did the Red Guards during the great proletarian cultural revolution (1966-69). Though they are still seeking adherents and fomenting revolt in the hinterlands, the “leftists” have so far been unable to seize major provincial strongholds.

They are, therefore, once again attacking the central authorities — and quite unmistakably identifying Premier Chou as their chief target. Chou for his part, is resisting the temptation to strike back too vigorously.

An excessively strong response could inflame the influence of the rebels and create the open strife they desire. Instead, the premier is, as the Chinese say in the exact equivalent of the English idiom, “letting his enemies exhaust themselves by flailing the empty air.”

At the same time, a muted public polemic appears to be developing between the two contending groups. Careful not to inflame contention by vituperation, the moderates are trying to divert the attacks from themselves.

Two recent articles from the official Chinese press are particularly revealing. One was published in Red Flag, the Communist party’s ideological journal, and the second in the Peking People’s Daily, the organ of the Communist party’s central committee.

Both groups apparently still have access to both publications, for the difference in tone is striking.

The People’s Daily article clearly spoke for the extremists. Calling for stronger — even violent — opposition to established authority, it asserted:

“The struggle between the two lines within the Communist party did not end with the collapse of the reactionary faction of Lin Piao.”

Lin Piao, once the designated heir to Chairman Mao, was killed in 1971 after an abortive coup d’etat. Considering the intense opprobrium heaped upon him, the assertion that the struggle between his “line” and the presumably correct policy line still goes on means quite flatly that the “reactionaries” are still in power.

That assertion is underlined by the extremists’ frank admission that they are a minority.

“At the beginning of the movement against the tide,” the People’s Daily article said, “only a minority has participated. At first truth is usually not in the hands of the majority, but in the hands of the minority.”

The attack became more pointed with the recollection that, in previous intraparty struggles, “truth was definitely not in the hands of the executive organs of the party.” The People’s Daily urged good Communists to distinguish between appearance and reality “by not tamely accepting the fact that this group (the men in power) are formally the legal authorities, but rather considering

whether their deeds are truly in accordance with the party’s policies and principles.”

The formal legal authorities are, of course, the government of Premier Chou En-lai.

Red Flag, for its part, took a subtly conciliatory line. The journal endorsed the movement to go against the tide, but exhorted the party faithful to make very sure they were opposing the “erroneous line,” rather than the correct line.

Red Flag avoided the inflammatory language of the People’s Daily, while warning that indiscriminate opposition to authority wasn’t justified.

The master hand of Premier Chou, China’s most astute political strategist, is clearly apparent in that adroit defense.

President Liu Shao-chi, who was destroyed by the cultural revolution, made the major error of organizing a wide-scale movement to oppose his enemies. He thus poured oil on the fire — which finally consumed him.

But Chou is superficially endorsing the movement that seeks to destroy him. He hasn’t, for example, denied his enemies access to the central organs of opinion in Peking, which he virtually controls. He is apparently determined to avoid a direct confrontation.

Instead, Chou is employing the same political guerrilla strategy which has enabled him to survive more than 50 years of intraparty strife.

He isn’t expected to meet his attackers head on, but to turn their flanks. He isn’t expected to counterattack strongly, but to hold his entrenched position. He is expected to avoid pitched battles in favor of inconclusive skirmishes that exhaust his opponents and leave him in control.

He did not have the power to stop the Cultural Revolution.

The rebels still had a lot of power.
Chou Defends Confucius Campaign

China To Keep 'Open-Door' Policy Alive

TOKYO (AP) — Premier Chou En-lai has made clear that though China's anti-Confucius, anti-Lin Piao campaign will be pushed "to the end," it will not be allowed to interfere with his open-door foreign policy.

In his first public comment on the new nationwide purge, the Chinese premier criticized Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists, the Soviet Union and "foreign diehards" for opposing the movement.

But he made two references to China's international role which served notice that, far from curtailing its new internationalism, Peking will expand that policy.

"China is a developing country, and our contribution to the people of the world has so far been rather modest," he said. And later he added that under Mao Tse-tung's leadership, China will "strive to make a greater contribution to the people of the world."

Chou's brief reference to the "surging" campaign against Lin, the late defense minister accused of plotting against Mao, and Confucius apparently was to rebut persistent reports that Chou himself was the target of the movement.

His name has not been specifically mentioned, but some students of Chinese affairs have interpreted the attacks on the Confucian virtues of moderation as attacks on the 75-year-old premier. Leftists reportedly last summer began a major offensive against the premier and his moderate course in foreign policy.

But Chinese and other informed sources last week said Chou had turned the tables on his critics.

The purge has not yet emerged from the stage of generalities. Amid a wordy screen of denunciations of Lin and Confucius, those who oppose the reforms in education, politics, literature, art and medicine produced by the 1966-69 Cultural Revolution are being attacked as a class.
Mao’s War Over Confucius Has Significant Undercurrents

June 27, 1974

TOKYO (AP) — Over the past 2,000 years Chinese rebels unsuccessfully fought a daunting foe named Confucius. Communist revolutionary Mao Tsetung has joined the seemingly endless battle.

To outsiders, the campaign being waged by the 80-year-old chairman of the Chinese Communist party seems a curious one, wrapped up as it is in denunciation of a recently dead Red hero named Lin Piao and entwined in the threads of political intrigue.

But to Mao — a scholar, poet, calligrapher, historian and political thinker — it is as significant and important as any past battle he has fought on his way to power.

For millions of Chinese still living by the ethical system handed down by Confucius 25 centuries ago, precepts which have seeped into the Chinese bloodstream.

The sayings of Confucius are legion. But essentially what he stood for was perfect order in human society. To achieve that, he advocated a freezing of the Chinese classes, a place for everyone and everyone in his place.

Above all, he counselled loyalty — of sons to fathers, wives to husbands, of the ruled to the ruler, of the people to the emperor.

Though there were periodic uprisings — chiefly by peasants — in Chinese history, little changed. The new rulers applied the Confucian formula and stability returned. The first real revolution in 2,000 years is said to have been the Communist one, which swept Mao to power in 1949.

But was it?

The intensity of the campaign against Confucius suggests Mao believes it has not yet succeeded. Confucius’ hold on the Chinese heart and imagination remains largely unshaken. Un-

This seems very strange.

Confucius was a rather good philosopher.

But likely Mao hates any competition.

R. Fenne

until it can be loosened and thrown off, Mao’s rival system, a mixture of the Chinese experience and the alien philosophy of Marxism-Leninism, cannot push up through the undergrowth and grow roots of its own.

This, diplomats and China experts here say, is the central fact of the continuing and worthy movement against Confucius.

Others may see it as a devilish intrigue, involving Premier Chou En-lai, or a stage for confrontation between the left and the right wings of Chinese communism.

But Mao regards it as a struggle for the survival of the body of political thought called “Maoism.”

Lin Piao, a shy, diffident man primarily a military leader, shot to the Chinese heights during the 1966-69 Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Taking the lead, alongside Mao’s wife, Chiang Ching, his personal secretary Chen Po-ta, and a handful of other radicals, he pictured himself as Mao’s most faithful disciple.

He became deputy chairman of the party, and Mao’s publicly acknowledged successor after the cultural purge ended, only to die in a plane crash in Mongolia in September 1971, branded as a traitor caught red-handed plotting to murder his old chief.

In the campaign against Confucius he is seen as accomplice rather than chief villain, an over-ambitious schemer tainted by the ideas of Confucius.

Except among the scattering of people who supported him — now driven underground — his influence is not believed to be great in the China of 1974.

But Mao counts on him, and the horror he believes was aroused by his treason, to serve as a bludgeon with which to beat the still animate Confucius.

His objective appears to be to convince the ordinary Chinese that a bright future is in store for him if he follows the road of Chinese socialism.

But Mao’s dream of creating a new kind of Chinese human — mentally alert, politically intelligent and militarily adept — must compete with the deeply ingrained notions of the Golden Mean, of virtuousness, of tolerance — and passivity — which Confucius so successfully brought into the marketplace many centuries ago.

Mao admits the struggle against Confucius will last a long time, certainly for years after his own death. Its outcome will determine China’s course for perhaps another 100 years.
China’s anti-Soviet policy—and parallels

A dictatorship that wants to dominate the world is building up great military strength. Other nations should combine forces to contain it and prevent another world war.

That message is both old and new.

The line that Chinese Vice Premier Teng Hsiaoping delivered during his American visit in warnings about the Soviet Union is an ironic echo of the line the Soviets were preaching almost half a century ago.

Then, it was a weak but rapidly modernizing Soviet Union warning about Hitler’s Germany. Now, it is a weak but modernizing China warning about Brezhnev’s Soviet Union.

Part of the Soviet reply to this current Chinese message contains another ironic echo. Just as the Soviet Union has become a global power, so the Kremlin warns the West against helping China become stronger because it might grow into a threat to other countries.

The Soviets are now using this warning to try to discourage the West from selling weapons to China. But this is not a few dozen Harrier jump-jet fighters or a few hundred French anti-tank missiles that worry the Kremlin leaders.

What does worry them, causing some of the uniformed leaders to think of preemptive strikes against China, are the long-term implications of a billion or more Chinese on their border with the military power that economic modernization can eventually produce.

The United States and Western Europe are not looking that far ahead — toward the possibility China will follow the Soviet pattern, surviving a costly war and eventually becoming a threat to others.

The Carter administration takes the position that an economically developed China will be a satisfied nation, a factor for stability in the world. U.S. officials seem to expect China to use its future economic wealth for the benefit of its consumers, rather than following the Soviet pattern of turning consumers to fatten the military machine.

Warfare has changed greatly since Hitler began devoting a large share of Germany’s wealth to weaponry. His weapons threatened only Europe. Today’s weapons threaten all parts of the world with total destruction.

Teng warned of the political use of such weapons in Soviet hands to obtain domination — he called it hegemony — more than of their actual uses. Similarly, once warned of Nazi domination of Europe.

Teng’s call for “a common understanding of the situation and common efforts” against the Soviets puts him in the role once filled by Stalin’s foreign minister, Maxim Litvinov.

When the League of Nations was founded after World War I in hopes of preventing another major war through collective deterrence, the revolutionary Bolsheviks who had taken over Russia scorned it as a capitalistic protection device. The new Soviet Union had nothing to do with it.

But then Hitler took power in Germany. He began to rearm, devoting perhaps as large a proportion of Germany’s gross national product to armaments in the 1930s as the Soviet Union is doing now.

Stalin became worried. The Soviets were just beginning their five-year-plan to develop the heavy industry that could produce armaments in large enough quantities to defend their nation. They were not ready.

So, with some of the abruptness of Teng’s decision to go ahead with normalization of U.S. relations, Stalin changed policy on the League of Nations. The Soviet Union joined.

Litvinov became the league’s leading advocate of collective efforts to oppose and contain “Germany” — to use Teng’s phrase about hegemonism.

Litvinov pointed with alarm at German intervention in the Spanish Civil War and at the capture of Ethiopia by Hitler’s ally, Benito Mussolini of Italy. Litvinov urged the league to stand up to such aggression.

China’s policy is now the same. Substitute Cambodia for Spain and Ethiopia. The Soviet Union is arming Vietnam’s invasion of that nation.

The West did nothing in the 1930s to stop Hitler. So there was another development that might suggest a future historic parallel.

Failing to get collective action against Germany, Stalin reversed himself again. Litvinov was fired. The new Soviet foreign minister, Vyacheslav Molotov, signed a non-aggression treaty with Hitler’s foreign minister, Count Joachim von Ribbentrop.

Historians consider Stalin’s attempt to buy time to have triggered Hitler’s 1939 invasion of Poland and the beginning of World War II in Europe. But two years later Hitler turned on the Soviet Union, starting a war with it that killed some 20 million Soviet citizens.

History never repeats itself exactly, but another parallel might raise questions about the constancy of China’s anti-Soviet policy.

If the rest of the world fails to respond to Teng’s alarm over hegemonism, China might feel it needs a modern version of the 1930s MolotovRibbentrop pact to buy time for its modernization program.

During his U.S. visit, Teng parried questions on whether China might ever unite with the Soviets against the United States. The questions revealed all the old fears of the 1950s and John Foster Dulles about the monolithic Communist menace.

Teng asked in reply if the Soviets would ever change their aggressive policies. He seemed to leave open the possibility of a recreated monolithic Communist threat.

But, whatever historic parallels might be attempted, history does move on.

Centuries of competition between Russia and China were only briefly hidden by a common Marxist ideology. That ideology has evolved in different ways in Moscow and Peking, and the collision of national interests has resumed its status as the predominant factor.

For a time, however, China’s national interests have a curious similarity to those the Soviet Union once possessed.

Henry S. Bradsher has reported widely from abroad during his newspaper career. He’s The Star’s former Asia correspondent and now covers foreign affairs.