

# EASTERN HORIZON

monthly review

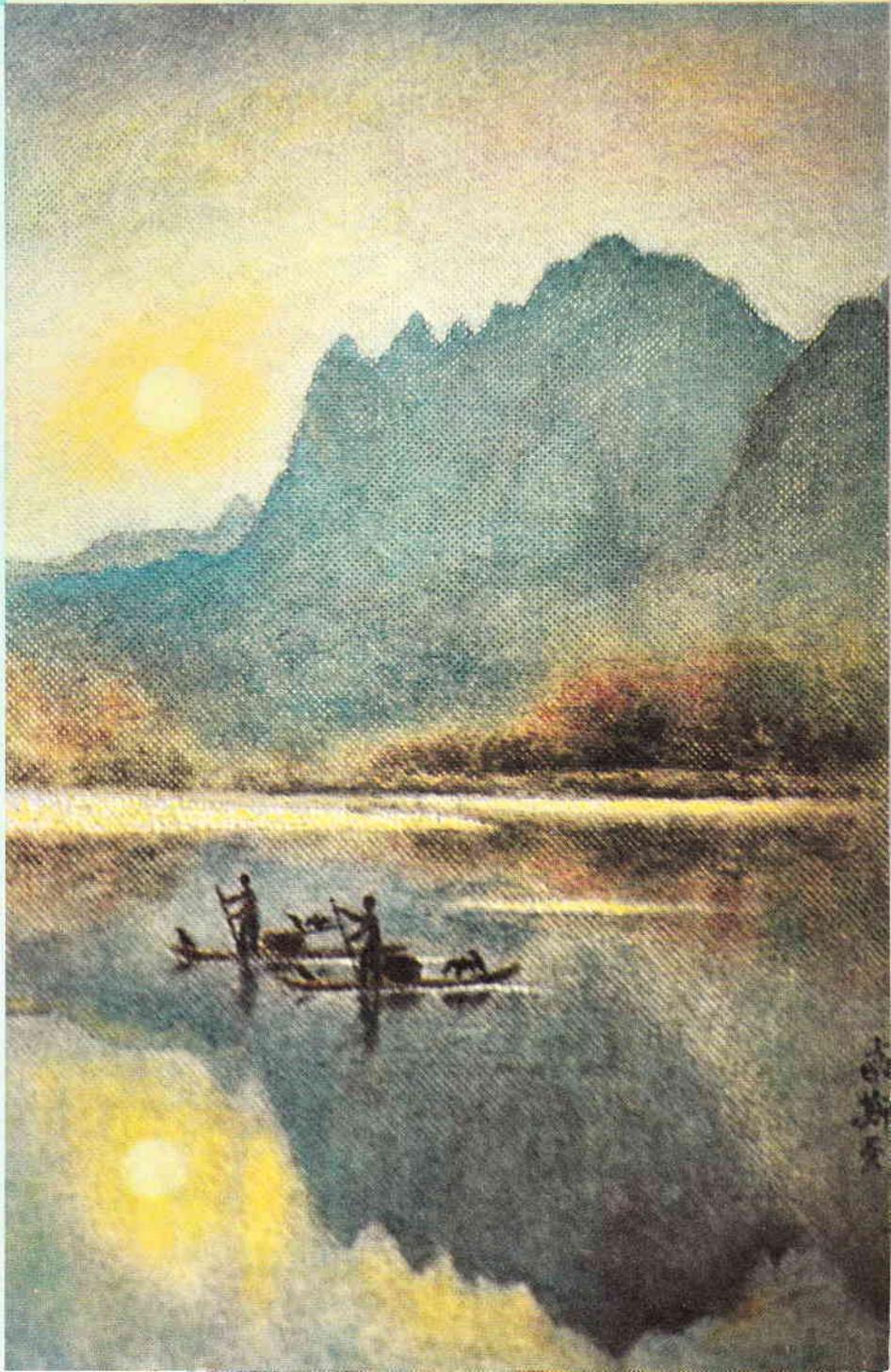
Volume XII Number 6

Short Story  
from  
South Vietnam

Chinese in  
Indonesia

Down the  
Old  
Silk Road

1973





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# EASTERN HORIZON

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*Kweilin.*

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## EASTERN DIARY

Undoubtedly the criticism of Confucius has assumed the scale of a mass movement in China since the Tenth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party. Though this has mainly been carried out in universities and among intellectuals, news reports about the campaign to criticise Lin Piao and rectify work style show that Confucius has also come under attack in factories and communes during criticism sessions held there.

Understandably this has roused great interest among China scholars and China watchers in the West. What is the movement for? Why should a philosopher who lived in the sixth and fifth centuries BC become the centre of such an extensive campaign? Surely this must have great relevance to the present-day struggle going on in China, but where does the relevance lie? Is it a continuation of the Cultural Revolution or the beginning of another?

*Guangming Ribao* (a Peking daily which has a big intellectual readership in China) recently reprinted from the *Bulletin of Peking University* (Section of Philosophy and Social Sciences) two articles by Professor Feng Yu-lan, octogenarian historian of Chinese philosophy, the first a criticism of Confucius and at the same time a self-criticism of the author's own adulation of Confucius up till the sixties, and the second an analysis of Confucian thinking in the light of two-line struggles in the ideological sphere. In reprinting these two articles, the newspaper, it seems, has also replied to some of the questions posed in an editor's note, the relevant part of which I translate as follows:

*Confucius was a reactionary thinker who obstinately defended the slave-owning system. For thousands of years, his thinking has been utilised by Chinese and foreign reactionary classes for their own benefit. Swindlers like Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao also adulated Confucius, and they used Confucian thinking to serve their schemes for counter-revolutionary restoration of the old society. Precisely because of this, the launching in depth of the struggle to criticise Confucius and the criticism of the viewpoints which exalt Confucius but disparage the Legalists have become necessary in the present state of class struggle in China and abroad. These moves have also become an important part of the campaign to criticise Lin Piao and rectify the work style, and a long-term task for socialist revolution in the superstructure.*

*One can see in Mr Feng Yu-lan's articles that his progress has been gained in the Cultural Revolution and the campaign to criticise Lin Piao and rectify the work style. It has also been gained through his active participation in the struggle to criticise Confucius. We welcome the broad masses of intellectuals including those who have been comparatively more seriously affected by the nefarious thinking of Confucius, to take an active part in the present struggle to criticise Confucius, and in the struggle to conscientiously study Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, to undergo self education, to heighten their consciousness of the two-line struggle, to transform their world outlook, and to endeavour to keep pace with the socialist revolution.*

This is in fact what Premier Chou En-lai called for in his Political Report to the Tenth Party Congress, in which he said:

*We should attach importance to the class struggle in the superstructure, including all*

*spheres of culture, transform all parts of the superstructure which do not conform to the economic base.*

The Confucian tradition for more than two thousand years has been an important part of China's superstructure, and the exposing of Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao must have revealed to what extent this tradition still maintains its hold in Chinese society today. The importance of the struggle against this ancient gentleman is underlined in Professor Feng's first article where he affirms:

*The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is developing in depth. In the sphere of the history of Chinese philosophy a new revolution is taking place. It is personally led and given orientation by Chairman Mao.*

\*

To the Chinese Confucius represents more than the ancient philosopher himself and *The Analects* and the *Spring and Autumn Annals* he left behind. The name also represents the accretions added to it through the annotations, interpretations and developments made throughout the centuries to form, together with the original works of Confucius, what is now called Confucianism. In the philosopher's own time, it was aimed at restoring the tottering slave-owners' rule, but in later times it became the ideological mainstay of the feudal hierarchy which followed. It has thus become a powerful retarding influence in the development of Chinese society. It has become a school of philosophy which preaches the restoring of the ancient way. As Professor Feng puts it:

*A basic point in the Confucian thinking is that it argues that the present is inferior to the ancient past. Therefore it is better to be interested in the past than in the present. It exhorts people to worship the past and scorn the present. It teaches people to look backward, blindly follow tradition and have unquestioning faith in authority. It stresses the importance of modelling the present on the ancient past.*

Throughout Chinese history, people who rebelled against feudal rulers or even those who advocated social and political reform were almost always consciously or unconsciously opposed to Confucianism. This became especially so after the Ming Dynasty when Chinese feudal society began to feel the impact of budding capitalism. Philosophers like Li Chih of the Ming period and Kung Tsu-chen of Ching were both very critical of Confucian thinking. The 18th century novel, *The Dream of the Red Chamber*, one of the greatest works of Chinese literature, depicts through its main characters the trend of thinking which went definitely against the Confucian tradition.

The Taiping Rebellion of the mid-19th century was clearly anti-Confucian. Confucius, exalted by feudal rulers as 'the Sage of Sages', was bracketed with the Manchu emperor and his courtiers and generals as incarnations of the devil himself.

The first recognition of Confucianism as a formidable retarding influence upon the development of Chinese society, however, did not come until the May 4 Movement of 1919. Then the slogan rang strong: 'Down with the Confucian junk shop!' But first the northern warlords and then the new warlord Chiang Kai-shek, who knew the worth of Confucius to them, did their utmost to keep alive the worship of the 'Sage of Sages'. The Japanese imperialists in the thirties and forties also saw in Confucius a symbol which could help them to subdue the Chinese people.

Liberation in 1949 did not put a stop to the struggle between Confucians and anti-Confucians. Under the assaults of the latter, the former put up rearguard actions one after another, and whenever they thought that the wind blew their way, they would never miss an opportunity to stage a counter-attack. Liu Shao-chi, for example, called a big conference on Confucius and staged a grand memorial service for him in 1962 in order

to re-establish his authority. To Liu Shao-chi, Liberation was the completion of the Chinese revolution. From then on there should be no more revolution, but a long period of 'new democracy' in which capitalism would not only be tolerated but encouraged to develop. For this he obviously believed that to conjure up the ghost of Confucius would help to throw revolution out of the window and stabilise the social order obtaining at the time. Confucianism, having served the slave-owners and then the feudal rulers, was once again called upon to serve the interests of another class in decline, the bourgeoisie and their friends in the Communist Party—the revisionists represented by Liu Shao-chi and his followers.

But on the other hand, criticism of Confucius never let up. Professor Yang Jung-kuo, for one, as early as 1952 depicted Confucius as an arch-reactionary of his own time who did strenuous ideological work to defend and prop up the rule of the slave-owners. With the outbreak of the Cultural Revolution, the attack on Confucius charged more boldly forth. In the late sixties and early seventies, articles appeared in Chinese publications, including the *People's Daily*, attacking Confucius for the reactionary role he and his thinking had played in Chinese history. One of such articles was written by the Writing Group of the Shantung Provincial Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. (Incidentally, Shantung is the native place of Confucius, where Liu Shao-chi staged the grandiose service to the memory of Confucius.) Entitled 'A Criticism of Confucius' Thinking on Education', the article denounced the ancient thinker as one who tried desperately to defend the slave-owning aristocracy, then in rapid decline and being superseded by an emerging feudal order.

Towards the end of 1972 Professor Yang published in the journal *Red Flag* an article on the two-line struggle waged in the ideological sphere during the sixth

and fifth centuries BC. In the article the Professor depicts Confucius as an advocate for the restoring of the tottering slave-owning society. 'Confucius—a Thinker Who Stubbornly Supported the Slave System', the now well-known article published in the *People's Daily* by the same author, is in fact an expansion of that part of the *Red Flag* article which is concerned with Confucius.

Since then, and especially since the Tenth Party Congress, a large number of articles on the same subject and other related subjects have appeared in Chinese publications. Some deal with various aspects of Confucius and Confucianism. Others are concerned with the ideological and political struggles waged between Confucians and the Legalists, and Chin Shih Huangti, the first unifier of China with the assistance of his Legalist Prime Minister, Li Ssu.

The latest of such articles are the two by Professor Feng cited earlier, entitled respectively 'A Criticism of Confucius and a Self-criticism of My Worship of Confucian Thinking in the Past' and 'The Two-line Struggle Between Those Who Advocated a Return to the Ancient Way and Those Who Opposed It', and an article published in the *People's Daily* by the criticism group of Peking and Tsinghua Universities: 'The Struggles Between Those Who Were Opposed to Confucius and Those Who Worshipped Him During the Past Hundred Years and More'.

\*

The most important feature of Confucianism is of course its advocacy of a return to the ancient ways; in other words, the reversing of the wheel of history. In his own time, Confucius advocated this and hoped in vain that he would be able to restore the tottering slave system to its former 'glory', to the good old days when all, and especially the slaves, knew their own place and would never attempt any change; when the slaves acknowledged that they were

born inferior and destined to toil in bondage in order to keep their masters in ostentatious luxury; when the masters' words were orders and it was for the slaves to be always at their beck and call with no questions asked; when the social order was like heaven and earth: what was above remained above and what was below remained below, and no change should ever be contemplated.

Confucius exhorted his students to respect knowledge, for 'a good scholar will make a good official'. As to manual labour, this was for the 'little men', the slaves. So when Fan Chih, a student of his, asked him about farming and gardening, Confucius dismissed him and said behind his back: 'What a little man Fan Chih is!' A scholar belonged to the ruling class and so should never soil his hands and bother about such undignified work as farming and gardening!

Confucius preached that 'the people can be made to follow a course, but should never be allowed to understand it.' For only 'those who are wise, possessing knowledge, are the highest class of men' and the slaves should always submit themselves to the rule of these wise men.

These and many other ideas, which Confucius and the later Confucians did their utmost to imprint upon the minds of the people, generation after generation, are obviously anathema to a really socialist society where the common people are the real heroes, the motive force in the making of world history; where labour is acknowledged as the ultimate source of all knowledge; where to rule is to serve the people, not to ride roughshod over them; where revolution goes on uninterrupted and change is the order of the day; where the ideal political situation is one in which there are both centralism and democracy, both discipline and freedom, both unity of will and personal ease of mind and liveliness.

What Confucius taught and his teaching has imprinted upon the minds of the people is that in any society only a few

were born wise and born to rule over the others, while the majority were but robots to do what the few bid. This teaching has helped not only to strengthen the rule of the few, but also to demoralise the majority by making them think that they were helpless by themselves.

But in a socialist society, it is important that everyone takes an active part not only in production but also in the running of the society, that the majority should watch jealously in order to prevent power from falling into the hands of the few again. In order that such a society progresses, and progresses rapidly, the combined wisdom of the people, especially the wisdom of those who are closely connected with practical and productive work, must be given full play. All feeling of superiority of the few and the feeling of helplessness of the majority must be swept aside. Thus it is evident that Confucianism must be thoroughly criticised so that a minority of people will never succeed in usurping political power or any leading positions in the future.

The Cultural Revolution was meant to be a revolution in the superstructure, the ideological sphere. What Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao did served only to sharpen the realisation of the importance and urgency of such a revolution, and the part Confucianism had played in all counter-revolutionary moves. The conclusion the Chinese people have drawn from all this has been well expressed by the criticism group of Peking and Tsinghua Universities in an article published in the *People's Daily*. They write as the conclusion to their article:

*The Tenth Party Congress called upon us: We should attach importance to the class struggle in the superstructure, including all spheres of culture, transform all parts of the superstructure which do not conform to the economic base. The history of the struggle on the ideological front during the past hundred years has told us: An important spiritual pillar of the old superstructure has been Confucius and Confucianism.*

*In the past two thousand years the reactionary ruling classes have been incessantly instilling the reactionary thinking of Confucius deep into the minds of the people. Some comrades, though they have never read any works of Confucius, have however been influenced by this or that aspect of Confucian thinking. Therefore to deepen the revolution in the superstructure, in the ideological sphere, the criticism of Confucius must be taken up as a long-term task. We must actively participate in this struggle and wipe out all the influences of the belief in the restoration of the old way and conservatism, in order that we may win victory in the revolution in the superstructure.*

*Throughout the historical period of socialism, there have been classes, class contradictions and class struggles: two-line struggles within the Party which reflect domestic and international class contradictions will occur ten, twenty or thirty times. Wang Ming, Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao had all poisoned*

*the people with Confucian thinking in different ways. In the future when people like them appear again, they will again wield Confucian thinking, but under different disguises, as a tool to oppose the dictatorship of the proletariat and restore capitalism. We must fully recognise that the struggle to criticise Confucius is strenuous and complicated. Under the correct leadership of the Party, and with as our guideline the invincible revolutionary theories of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, we are confident that we shall win the final victory, that we shall definitely win.*

In this sense the nationwide criticism is in fact an immunisation against future attempts at using the lingering Confucian thinking in the minds of people for counter-revolutionary purposes besides freeing society from the retarding influence the ancient ideology has exerted.

**Lee Tsung-ying**



# The Chinese Minority in Indonesia

*Adil Rakindo*

Available sources indicate that from the first conception of the idea of nationalism in Indonesia at the beginning of the present century up to the time of the proclamation of independence on 17 August, 1945, very little thought was given to the question of the Chinese element in the country's population composition. Things were then made more complicated by the insistence on the part of the former regimes of China, basing their policy on the principle of *ius sanguinis*, to regard all overseas 'Chinese' as her rightful citizens. These, as we remember, had later given birth to the infamous problems arising from the case of 'dual citizenship'.

The first mentioned, neglect of the said question by the nationalist regimes of Indonesia, has to a great extent enabled the perpetuation of an absurd policy towards the Chinese element of Indonesia's population up to the present time—28 years after Indonesia's independence and about a century since history taught us for the first time the futility of similar policies.

The attitude of Indonesia's ruling class in regard to its citizens of Chinese descent has so far been analogous to that of the mythical ostrich. Continually refusing to accept the fact that the Chinese element is part of the national legacy, the rulers of Indonesia are trying ever to avoid even mentioning it. That is, except

when they have to and this, more often than otherwise, is in times of crisis. The late Dr Sukarno gave a somewhat different picture. But when one probes into the realms of motivation, one cannot help suspecting that even his occasional mentioning of the Chinese was induced by the desire to keep or win, whichever the case may be, the support of the community for his political ventures more than a genuine attempt to solve the problem itself. This is indicated, for one, by the fact that, between 1964-65, when demanded by a representative body of Chinese-descent Indonesians—the BAPERKI—to erase the word 'native'<sup>1</sup> from the national constitution as one of the electoral requirements to sit for the presidency, Sukarno wilyly replied that the

1 From '*asli*'. The literal translation would have been 'pure'. Originally the proviso was intended to exclude any possibility of a Japanese sitting for the presidency. This makes sense when one recalls that Indonesia's declaration of independence was made possible thanks in no small degree to the indirect cooperation of the remaining Japanese forces charged with maintaining the status quo prior to the transfer of authority at the end of the war. Even the drafting of the text of the declaration on the night of 16 August 1945 was done in the house of a Japanese naval officer. Rear Admiral Maeda, in the presence of some Japanese observers (see Bernhard Dahm, *History of Indonesia in the Twentieth Century*, p.112; and J. D. Legge, *Sukarno: a Political Biography*, p. 201). With such a degree of collaboration, the Republicans were naturally not unaware that they would be in an extremely difficult position indeed should a Japanese demand to be made President. The spokesmen of BAPERKI argued that such a proviso should have been dropped from the constitution now that the justification no longer exists. Reservation should be made, they maintained, on the basis of citizenship.

**Adil Rakindo**, a student of Asian studies now living in England, was born in Indonesia.

community should 'struggle' for such abrogation. Here again, one cannot help wondering as to the extent of Sukarno's sincerity. Like virtually all the rest of the ruling class, Sukarno had never taken the necessary steps towards meaningful solution. He continued to shift from the school of thought propagating complete absorption—with the idea of eliminating the Chinese element altogether through the so-called assimilation process—to that which championed the acceptance of the community as it was—tolerating it, if necessary, as a culturally separate group. Sukarno must have been aware of the fact that the Chinese question, thus left unsolved, would provide him with an additional lever that from time to time could come in handy.

As a result of such a negative attitude, only a crisis could bring the question to public attention and, probably because the hypocrisy had been maintained for too long, even a nasty jolt was sometimes not enough to create more than mere ripples, soon to be forgotten again. Early in 1968, for example, a commando unit of the Indonesian army, RPKAD<sup>2</sup>—dressed in full uniform and combat regalia—conducted pogrom against the Chinese population of Glodog, the Chinatown of Jakarta. Although the crime—in broad daylight—took place within less than five miles from the presidential palace *Istana Merdeka*, no official statement of real meaning was issued by the government.<sup>3</sup>

Self-deception, of course, does not cure ills. Similar incidents, some worse and many which were not as bad, had happened to the Chinese community of Indonesia since the first recorded Chinese massacre in Batavia (the Dutch name of Jakarta) in 1740. What is important, one fears that the same will happen again, and again, if the question is let to remain unsolved. The whole business is inter-necine: it saps the nation considerably of energy and time crucial for its further development. Energy and time that could have been used in much better ways and

for more meaningful purposes.

### *A Colonialist Tradition*

Many of the prejudices against the Chinese, as the propagators must have been aware, are stereotyped clichés. All sums up to saying that the Chinese element constitutes a threat to national security owing to its 'alien' character. In one word, sinophobia. What some seem to have failed to realise, however, is that this sinophobia was acquired from Western colonialism, particularly that of the Dutch. And, by adhering to these prejudices, the present sinophobes are actually taking over the colonial policy and practices of the Dutch—and the Japanese for that matter—against which the Indonesians profess to have stood during the 1945 Revolution.

For those readers not yet familiar with the subject, a brief look back at Indonesia's historical past is perhaps expedient here. The Dutch traders, not being the first to come into the area, encountered many types of competition when they arrived in Indonesia in 1596. A fact which

2 *Resimen Para-Komando Angkatan Darat*, Army Para-Commando Regiment. This is the regiment infamous for the killing of hundreds of thousands of Indonesians during the witch-hunt against Communists and alleged Communists shortly after the military takeover of October 1965.

3 The only statement was that issued by the officer in charge of the barracks where the unit was stationed, denying any responsibility on the pretext that the whole operation had taken place without the knowledge of the commanding officers. This is as hardly plausible as the explanation of Governor-General Valckenier for the massacre of Batavia's Chinese in 1740 because, for one, the use of four army lorries and no less than one hundred bayonet-fitted automatic rifles must have required some sort of fiat from the barracks commandant. And it became less convincing with the circulation of rumours that the Governor of Jakarta, Marine Lieutenant-General Ali Sadikin, was so piqued that he demanded the banning of the initials RPKAD inside the jurisdiction of the Jakarta Municipal Government. Due to the fact that since 1965 there has been no free press, the diminutive reportage was on the whole a cover-up and at best an attempt to justify the crime. This virtual blackout made the writer unable to obtain any verification on the number of casualties which, it was widely rumoured, was in the brackets of three figures.

seems to have had no small bearing on Dutch policy and practices of the years to come. The Chinese, the Indians, the Arabs, and to a lesser extent the Spaniards and the Portuguese, had been conducting business with the natives of what is now called Indonesia for some considerable time before the Hollanders' arrival. Soon, however, the late-comers became the unchallenged masters of the whole area. European competitors were driven away, and non-European ones reduced to becoming the servants of the Dutch.

At first one particular group of servants was very much sought after by the Dutch. This was the Chinese. The primary concern of the Dutch, and indeed the very reason that had induced them to cross the oceans to such a remote place, was quick money. In conducting their business, partly because of their own limited numbers, the Dutch had to rely on indirect management. Practically everything was conducted on the basis of the farming system. This required the type of labour force which had had some tradition of working more or less on its own initiative and of being accustomed to money-economy.<sup>4</sup> And all this was of course virtually unknown to the natives of Indonesia, who were then still in the early stages of agro-feudalism. Whereas, on the other hand, the other Asians were out of the question on account of their inaccessibility.

Having picked the only candidate, the Hollanders proceeded in a spirit and manner not unlike those of the zealots. The first Dutch governor-general, Jan Pieterszoon Coen, for example, repeatedly stated that there was no people he desired to have more than the Chinese and that there could not be too many of them in Batavia.<sup>5</sup> Accordingly, in pursuance of this and not much given to scruples, Coen even went so far as to resort to the method of abduction. Quoting Boxer Purcell writes:

. . . he [Coen] carried out a series of piratical raids on the coasts of Fukien and

*Kwangtung in an endeavour to seize large numbers of able-bodied Chinese for transportation to Batavia, Amboyna, and Banda.*<sup>6</sup>

In time such practice led to the trafficking of Chinese slaves, the notorious 'pig-trade'.<sup>7</sup>

Although the 'pig-trade' itself did not end until the beginning of the present century, the influx of Chinese soon reached a level that alarmed the Dutch authorities. Moreover, themselves not unaccustomed to free enterprise, the Chinese were in fact reported to have put up stiff competition vis-à-vis the Dutch in the latter's capacity as entrepreneurs. Understandably, therefore, complimentary adjectives gave way to derogatory epithets. From verbal abuse to physical harassment was only a step. And the limit was reached in 1740, when the Dutch lost their sanity and massacred some 10,000 Chinese within the walls of the city fort.

In retrospect, the Dutch had every reason to harbour sinophobia. Amongst all the non-European subjects under their rule, in commerce it was virtually the Chinese alone who could really compete with, and not seldom even outbid, the Dutch. It was the Chinese, for example, who repeatedly succeeded in breaking the system of monopolistic trade arbitrarily imposed on the area by the Dutch. Characteristically, the colonial authorities then began to be quite liberal in the use of the term 'smugglers' when referring to the Chinese merchants and any of their acti-

4 This pattern remained consistent, on the whole, throughout the Dutch rule in Indonesia. Even after the development of local Chinese bourgeoisie as a result of the expansion of capitalism in the Western world, the Chinese—as 'middle-men'—were kept in the same position as that of farmers.

5 Victor Purcell, *The Chinese in Southeast Asia*, p. 395.

6 *Ibid.*, p. 397. The Dutch were by no means the only ones to adopt this technique of acquiring a labour force. The native rulers of Palembang, for example, are known to have used Chinese miners recruited by special agents sent to the southern provinces of China (see Victor Purcell, *ibid.*, p. 426).

7 For the term, see Lois Mitchison, *Overseas Chinese*, p. 18.

vities which did not please the Dutch.<sup>8</sup> With practice, these two originally unrelated words—'Chinese' and 'smugglers'—became so wedded that until today one is hardly separable from the other. Earlier, as another example, it was the Chinese, too, who frustrated the Dutch attempt to colonise the place with European settlers. The free burghers from Europe, very probably because these people originated mostly from the non-productive classes such as ex-soldiers, turned out to be no match for their Chinese rivals in any free enterprise<sup>9</sup> and in no time were ousted. It might not be too fanciful to conjecture that, had the plan been successful, Indonesia now would possibly have become somewhat like South Africa of today.

The chauvinism of old China, 'once Chinese forever Chinese', provided sinophobia with its political reasoning. It enabled China, in theory at least, to lay claims over the whole Chinese population of the Indies. The Dutch, on the other hand, did not do anything positive to remedy the near comical status of their Chinese population in this respect. Although on the whole the Chinese were always classed as 'Foreign Orientals', to counteract China's claims the Dutch in 1910 enacted a law declaring all persons born in the Indies of parents domiciled there were Dutch 'subjects'. However, to circumvent the duty of providing them with the prerogatives, the term 'subjects' was not necessarily to be interpreted to mean 'citizens'. What was achieved by such an ambiguity, if anything, was more confusion because it meant that:

*... the Indies-born Chinese, who had been assigned Chinese citizenship by Imperial [China] decree just a year before, now acquired the status of Dutch subjects as well.*<sup>10</sup>

### *Sinophobes*

In connection with the indigenous population, this typically colonial atmosphere produced what is popularly known

as the 'colonial mentality'. And this colonial mentality, as all the indications show, unfortunately lingers on long after the condition that warranted it no longer exists. Today an important symptom of such mentality is the lack of self-confidence. A jailbird, accustomed to his limited confinement and the absence of the need for decision-making, often gets frightened when let loose in the open world of freedom. Similarly, being used to the absence of making their own decisions, nations with long spells under colonialism like Indonesia may at times find themselves longing for, if subconsciously, the simpler carefree life under the colonial rule: protected, if subjected.<sup>11</sup> And this is especially true of countries with pockets of alien groups like Indonesia where such 'protection' used to be provided not only against external foreigners, but also applied internally amongst the ethnic groups of the country.

Before the presence of the Dutch, arriving at natural rates, these aliens were in the process of being absorbed into the existing majority population of Indonesia. Around the region human migration from the north was a phenomenon that had been taking place since time immemorial. And modern Indonesians themselves are the descendants of the last two major such migrations, the Proto- and Deutero-Malays, who came from Yunnan on the Asian mainland. Dutch

<sup>8</sup> Boxer (C. R. Boxer, *The Dutch Seaborn Empire, 1600-1800*, p. 198) mentions, 'Chinese merchants were likewise very active in the Sumatran pepper-trade throughout the 17th century and it was a Chinese *'interloper'* who prevented the Dutch from achieving a pepper-monopoly in Borneo during the 1730s.' (quotation marks Boxer's original, emphasis added by the present writer).

<sup>9</sup> See *ibid.*, p. 218.

<sup>10</sup> Donald E. Willmott, *The National Status of the Chinese in Indonesia, 1900-1950*, p. 15.

<sup>11</sup> Hence, the persistence of the phrase 'the good old days', which in Indonesia—at least among the generation that has 'tasted the Dutch cheese'—do have psychological implications. Shortly after the declaration of independence, therefore, this phrase was actually considered as anti-national and officially discouraged.

power politics stopped this natural process altogether. Not only because they brought in too large numbers of foreigners in too short a space of time, totally disrupting the balance of nature but, more destructively, the Dutch also deliberately practised many rigid forms of segregation. Under the Dutch apartheid policy, to cite an example, the population of Indonesia was thoroughly fragmented from the time of their birth—babies were registered separately as Europeans, 'Foreign Orientals' with sub-divisions for Chinese and 'others', or *Inlanders* (natives) who were exempted from the registration requirements—up to the time of their death—there were separate burial grounds for Europeans, *Inlanders*, Chinese, Indians, Arabs<sup>12</sup>, and perhaps 'others'. Within the context of such rigid segregation, favouritism became a *sine qua non*. As regards indigenous Indonesians, partly to justify their self-appointment as 'possessor-cum-protector' of Indonesia, the Dutch always maintained that the natives of Indonesia were incapable of taking care of themselves. So much so that even the Indonesians themselves eventually came to forget that they had always managed without this unsolicited protection, as their history before the Dutch intrusion amply shows.<sup>13</sup>

In connection with the attitude towards the ethnic group to the concern of this article, such lack of confidence today manifests itself in various forms of persisting sinophobia. This, *nota bene*, in spite of the fact that there is no longer any ambiguity regarding citizenship. In April 1955, at the Afro-Asian Conference held in Bandung, Chou En-lai and the Indonesian Minister for Foreign Affairs Soenario signed a treaty to end the case of dual citizenship. China ratified the treaty in 1957 and thus, for the first time, relinquished her tradition of claiming automatic suzerainty over all overseas Chinese on the ground of their so-called 'Chinese blood'. Many are of the opinion that this was a magnanimous de-

monstration of good-neighbourly attitude on the part of a big power toward its smaller neighbour.<sup>14</sup> The implementation of the treaty had to wait until 1960, however, because Indonesia did not ratify her part until late in 1959. Generally speaking, the prolonged debates in the Indonesian legislature indicate a reluctance on the part of the ruling class for a real settlement of the problem. An extreme view was the issue raised by a member of the Moslem party MASJUMI that 'recognition of Chinese as Indonesian citizens would endanger the Indonesian nation.'<sup>15</sup>

Many native businessmen have the unflattering habit of demanding government protection and special privileges vis-à-vis their Chinese counterparts on the grounds of an alleged 'weaker' economic position. Although the fact shows that even in intermediary trade—the field

12 By the turn of the century segregation with regard to burial grounds came to be based on religious considerations and, thus, there came into being Christian and Moslem burial grounds. The Chinese, however, were kept apart and Chinese cemeteries survive to date.

13 'Two vast Indonesian-Malay empires are believed to have flourished—Sri Vijaya from Sumatra (about AD 650-1300) and Majapahit from eastern Java, overlapping Sri Vijaya but continuing to the fifteenth century. These kingdoms are reputed to have made vassals on the mainland (Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, and Malaya) and at times reached out to Taiwan (Formosa) and New Guinea.' (Guy Hunter, *Southeast Asia: Race, Culture, and Nation*, pp. 27-28) Then there was Demak, the first Muslim kingdom of the country which put an end to the Hindu era by defeating Majapahit in the 15th century. Demak was noted for its vigour as catalyst for the spread of Islam in the whole country, making Indonesia one of the centres of the religion outside the Middle East.

14 On the whole China practically let Indonesia have a free hand in this matter. Willmott (*op. cit.*, p. 62), for example, writes '... the major procedures embodied in the treaty were those advocated by the Indonesian side.' A legal analyst, Ko Swan Sik (quoted in *ibid.*, p. 62) says, '... the Chou-Ali exchange of notes even gave the Indonesian Government what amounted to unilateral power to abrogate the Chinese citizenship of any group of dual nationals.' Even the strongly anti-Communist paper, *Keng Po*, said that China had 'given in' to almost every proposal made by the Indonesian delegation (*Keng Po*, Jakarta: 26 April 1955).

15 See Dnoald E. Willmott, *ibid.*, p. 57.

in which the Chinese are traditionally assumed to excel—the Sumatrans, for one, can match the Chinese in any measure.<sup>16</sup> Furthermore, perhaps thanks to similar policies of favouritism from the government, it is now the native capitalists who control a major portion of the nation's capital.

Several native rulers unofficially endorse the arbitrary remarks on the alleged reluctance of the Indonesian-Chinese to serve the country during the struggle for independence and on their assumed pro-Dutch sentiments. Such, of course, is an unfunny case of making public remarks with tongue in cheek. The Chinese, suffering much during the Japanese occupation time, tended to view the Allies—Dutch inclusive—as their liberators. The indigenous nationalists, on the other hand, pampered and encouraged by the Japanese in return for their collaboration<sup>17</sup> regarded the Allied powers—particularly the Dutch—as a threat to national 'independence' as promised by the Japanese. Even in the short span of time from the moment the independence movement became truly national<sup>18</sup> to that of the landing of the first batch of Allied troops, the number of Chinese that did identify themselves with and take part in the struggles was still more than a mere token. Thus, a number of Chinese, both citizens of Indonesia and alien, are in possession of *Bintang Gerilja*, Indonesia's *croixes de guerre*. Names such as Tan Ling Djie,

countries into one family with a common well-being, under the leadership of Dai Nippon.' (*Djawa Baroe*, Vol. 1, No. 14, pp. 12f; *Asia Raya*, July 8, 2603 (1943), pp. 1, 2. Quoted in Bernhard Dahm, *Sukarno and the Struggle for Indonesian Independence*, p. 250). In his radio speech to the Japanese people on September 7, 1944, Sukarno coined a phrase that would become a slogan to be repeated again and again in the months that followed: 'Life or death with Dai Nippon until we are independent; life or death with Dai Nippon when we are independent!' (see Bernhard Dahm, *ibid.*, p. 278). Sukarno was far from being alone in his collaboration with the Japanese. All the Ministers of Sukarno's first cabinet, formed on 31 August, 1945—except Amir Sjarifuddin who was under arrest till after the Japanese surrender for refusing to compromise his anti-fascist attitude—had in one way or another collaborated with the Japanese (*ibid.*, pp. 117-18). Some are more unforgivable because—unlike Sukarno who was dead earnest in believing that collaboration with the Japanese was better than that with the Dutch—they collaborated with the Japanese contrary to their principles. Hatta, for example, wrote an article in December 1941 calling for struggle against the Japanese: '... Even if we believe that Japan will probably win, it remains our duty to come to the defence of our endangered ideals. It is better to die on one's feet than to live on one's knees.' (See *ibid.*, p. 216). For all that chest-beating, a year later Hatta chose the second option. For their collaboration, Sukarno, Hatta, and Dewantara were received by the Tenno in Tokyo on 16 November, 1943, and decorated with the order of the Holy Treasury—second-class award for Sukarno and third-class ones for Hatta and Dewantara (see *ibid.*, p. 258). Up to the very end of Japanese rule, the nationalists were consistent in identifying their 'national independence' movement with the Japanese war efforts. As late as June 1945, Sukarno and Hatta still maintained the importance of co-operation with the Japanese to 'lay the foundation for forthcoming independence.' (W. H. Elsbree, *Japan's Role in Southeast Asian Nationalist Movements*, p. 115).

16 'In most of Sumatra, but in particular on the west coast, Chinese never developed as strong a position in intermediary trade as they held in Java or West Kalimantan, for enterprising Sumatrans pre-empted that role.' (Mary F. Somers, *Peranakan Chinese Politics in Indonesia*, p. 4).

17 On the occasion of the visit of Prime Minister Tojo, Sukarno spoke before a rally at Gambir Park in Jakarta on 7 July, 1943: 'Your Excellency, our loyalty to Dai Nippon is greater and greater, we are more and more convinced that the present war of Dai Nippon for Greater East Asia is a holy war that will give Asia back to the Asian peoples, that will give the Asian countries back to the individual peoples, and that will join all these

18 Only well after the official announcement of the Japanese surrender did the nationalists manage to extricate themselves from relying on Japanese cooperation and support. This is the stage when the independence movement began to acquire a true 'national' character. And this was when people from the anti-fascist circles and those who for reasons of their own felt antipathetic to the Japanese began to see the justification to support and join in the movement. A well-known case is perhaps that of Sutan Sjahrir, who refused to be present at the drafting of the proclamation because 'he regarded the drafting of the proclamation in a Japanese officer's house as a betrayal of the Indonesian revolution.' (Bernhard Dahm, *History of Indonesia in the Twentieth Century*, p. 112).

Liem Koen Hian, Tjoa Sik Ien, and Siauw Giok Tjhan, are among the more widely known as unequivocal supporters of the Republican cause.<sup>19</sup> Besides, such remarks hardly do justice to the fact that from the early Dutch colonial era up to this date, the tacit policy of the ruling class has always been to discourage the Chinese from entering the armed services. Such is of course in keeping with the old fear, originating from as far ago as 1740, that the Chinese would 'revolt' as soon as they had the means to do so.<sup>20</sup> Even General Nasution, one of the few well-informed military rulers of the present regime, confused the notion of race with that of ideology. He is remembered for his statement that the Chinese population pose an ever present threat to the country because of their inherent potentiality as China's fifth column. Nasution, therefore, stated:

. . . that the real danger of Malaysia to Indonesia was that it offered the Chinese of the region an opportunity to establish their dominance and it therefore represented an opportunity for Peking to increase its influence[!]<sup>21</sup>

Among the first measures taken by the military regime after General Suharto obtained substantial power as chief executive resulting from the military takeover in 1965 was the sanctioning of the use of the term 'Tjina', in place of 'Tionghoa', to denote 'Chinese'. Although etymologically correct, the word 'Tjina' has come to be regarded as highly tendentious<sup>22</sup> and had been generally avoided in accepted circles. Without the boundaries

until 1919 in the case of Java and 1926 in the Outer Provinces (for the years, see Donald E. Willmott, *op. cit.*, p.7). In his banned book, *Hoakiau di Indonesia*, the noted Indonesian author Pramoedya Ananta Toer—now, together with thousands of other Indonesians, exiled without trial by the military regime on the remote Buru Island—said that the original Chinese ghetto was placed within the range of the cannons mounted on the Dutch fortress of Batavia. Obviously for reasons originating from the same fear. The services remained closed to Chinese until the very last days before the Japanese invasion of Indonesia in 1942. When their defences crumbled all over the place, the Dutch frantically recruited every able-bodied male, including Chinese. Even then the latter were assigned only for civil tasks, such as manning the fire brigade and first-aid stations. Prominent Indonesian-Chinese interviewed by the writer during the period 1961-65 maintained on the whole that as a rule live ammunition was never issued to Chinese. In fairness, however, it must be said that part of the reason was perhaps the scarcity of the commodity. Another part of the reasoning, though, must have been because the Dutch did what now, from the vantage point of hindsight, seems rather stupid, *viz.* they regarded their Chinese subjects as potential Japanese collaborators. The attitude of the Japanese authorities to the Chinese population of Indonesia was, to put it mildly, worse. Although probably not subjected to the most brutal of Japanese treatment like their compatriots elsewhere in the region, the Indonesian-Chinese were no doubt put under considerable pressures. Kuroda (cited in Willard H. Elsbree, *op. cit.*, p. 140f) writes, 'Everywhere the Chinese became the lowest social class, if one excludes Westerners who were interned soon after the Occupation began. They were subjected to a rigorous screening process and to the sharpest scrutiny by the Japanese secret police. . . . In general, the policy toward the Overseas Chinese was marked by extreme severity.' Generally speaking, the Japanese made good use of the myth of the Chinese being an ominous threat. Thus, albeit the Japanese trained and armed the other Indonesians through their many sponsored bodies such as *Peta* and *Hizbullah* (see J. D. Legge, *Sukarno: a Political Biography*, pp. 177-78, 192; Bernhard Dahm, *History of Indonesia in the Twentieth Century*, pp. 92, 98), the Chinese were again assigned only to the civil tasks. Perhaps to add ridicule to gall, the Japanese issued wooden muskets for the 'training' of the Chinese population (from the writer's interviews).

19 These names, generally omitted in national history books issued under the nationalist regimes, are literally tabooed now. Because of their Leftist leanings, two of them are known to be languishing in infinite detention under the present regime, one rumoured in exile abroad, one missing.

20 Under Dutch rule, the Chinese were not only excluded from the armed services but also, as a result of the 1740 troubles, segregated by special regulations within well-defined ghettos. This ghetto-system was in effect

21 J. D. Legge, *op. cit.*, p. 364.

22 'Today the use of the term *Tjina* is likely to be considered insulting by many Indonesian Chinese.' (Lea E. Williams, *Overseas Chinese Nationalism*, p. 61).

of sinophobia<sup>23</sup>, such a drive looks totally inexplicable.

Very recently, an unnecessary amount of racket is again being made by the sinophobes in their attempt to whip up sentiment against the current use of Indonesian-sounding names by some Chinese-Indonesians. It seems only yesterday that these same superpatriots busied themselves pestering the unfortunate minority people to drop their personal names altogether and replace them with more 'appropriate' names, the so-called 'Indonesian names'.<sup>24</sup> Quite apart from the breach of personal freedom with regard to the choice of one's own name, the apparent success of the earlier drive which led to the prevalent usage of Indonesian-sounding names among the Indonesian citizens of Chinese descent<sup>25</sup> created a better footing for further and more complete integration. With the elimination of what was about all that differentiates the Chinese element from the rest of the Indonesians, a condition not unlike that of the pre-colonial era had been achieved. This should have helped the resumption of the artificially stopped integration process. It should be noted here, however, that even without the disruption by the sinophobes concerned, the effect of this promising process had been somewhat mitigated by the habit of the Indonesian-Chinese themselves, who up to this date

harbour such animosity. The army paramilitary regiment RPKAD mentioned earlier, for example, has most of its Javanese members from West Java and is corporately noted for its Moslem devoutness. The reason for Islam's particular antipathy towards the Chinese itself is basically economic. Islam has always been the religion that effectively freed the Indonesians from their traditional magico-mystical ties with the land and introduced them to the world of commerce. In commerce the Moslem businessmen directly, and to a certain extent daily, encounter Chinese competition. It was therefore not a mere coincidence that among the first indigenous organisations in Indonesia was the *Sarekat Dagang Islam* (Moslem Business Federation) and that its *raison d'être* was originally to combat Chinese competition in business, particularly that of *batik*.

24 Futile debates and polemics have arisen in the attempt to define what is an 'appropriate' or, indeed, an 'Indonesian', name. Personal names in Indonesia are derived from Sanskrit, Arab, European, or Chinese origins. Those from Malay, or what used to be Malay, origin have become so out of fashion amongst the literate that they are nowadays becoming less and less common. Although the drive was at first alleged to be applicable to any 'foreign sounding' names, the preposterousness of the idea became so obvious as soon as it was started that eventually none bothered to try keeping up the pretence. A considerable amount of cash must have been collected from the sale of *Surat Ganti Nama*, certificates of new names, through the local courts of justice by the end of 1969.

25 It is interesting to note that during the Sukarno period, mindful of the failure of a similar venture—the attempt to discourage the use of Dutch-sounding names during the anti-Dutch campaigns before the return of West Irian (because in the eastern parts of Indonesia, including West Irian itself, the use of Christian (read: Dutch) names is the rule rather than the exception—the Chinese always resisted any such attempt. At the time their resistance carried sufficient strength to render most attempts along that line abortive, thanks largely to sympathy from the socialist camp which now, retrospectively, seems to be the only group of the indigenous population suffering from no diffidence vis-a-vis the Chinese, or even the Dutch who for 3 centuries had been the master race of Indonesia. It was the Communists, for example, who staged the first uprising against the Dutch colonial rule back around the 1920s. Now it was also this sector of the nation, represented by the *Partai Komunis Indonesia*, that had enough generosity to accept unequivocally the Chinese citizens as they were (for PKI's acceptance, see Mary F. Somers, *op. cit.*, p. 52). After the army takeover of 1965, the Chinese as an ethnic group was in an extremely vulnerable position. Deprived of its only formidable ally and carrying the stigma of having maintained close relationship with the now banned party, the group was in effect outlawed. Many Chinese-Indonesians told the writer that to continue resisting such a triviality as changing their names would then be just as good as committing suicide.

23 It shows rather too obviously the animosity of the military class toward the Chinese. For this élite group animosity, Mary F. Somers (*op. cit.*, p. 40) says, 'Certain army leaders are deeply suspicious of the Chinese. This suspicion stems, in part, from a fear of Chinese support for communism or for Communist China's power politics.' In another part of her book (*ibid.*, p. 29) she writes, 'These leaders [Islamic teachers] look with greatest distaste on the Chinese, who are their business competitors, in addition to being of a different religion. This attitude might be extended to many of the military in West Java . . . ' It should be noted here that the mention of West Java, being the present stronghold of Islam on the island, is not merely fortuitous. For even among the army commanders, animosity towards the Chinese is by no means widespread. As a rule it runs along the lines of the religion: only Moslem army personnel

often put their Chinese names, usually in parenthesis, as well as their 'Indonesian' names in public announcements such as marriages or deaths.

As for sinophobia itself, Thailand provides a good example that, although the number of her Chinese subjects in comparison to the total population is much greater than that of Indonesia<sup>26</sup> and, despite the fact that until a brief period of Japanese occupation during World War II, that country was never 'protected' by any foreign power, and, again, despite the fact that China is just across the border, Thailand is far from being 'dominated' by the Chinese. The current history of the wars in the Indochinese Peninsula all these years has been refuting the allegation of overseas Chinese becoming Sudetenlanders in times of crisis. In spite of the comparative proximity, China, to begin with, does not seek among the local Chinese population for alleged 'recruitment' of communist cadres. Neither did the local Chinese become willing 'agents of Peking' overnight.

The history of Indonesia itself shows that, given the right conditions or, rather, not given the prohibitive situation, the Chinese community of Indonesia had produced at least one of the most famous statesmen of the country's history, Raden Patah, founder-monarch of the 15th century Moslem kingdom of Demak.<sup>27</sup>

### *Whipping Boys Wanted*

As has been implied briefly earlier, Indonesia's rulers are not unaware of these basic truths and simple facts. Indeed, to suggest that all these are unknown to them would be as preposterous as to assume that the ruling class is comprised of *hominis ignorami*. General Nasution, for example, said back in 1962 that with the settlement of the Dutch-Indonesian conflict over West Irian, the Chinese would find themselves in the position—previously filled by the Dutch—of scapegoat for Indonesia's troubles.<sup>28</sup> With such a

scheme thus publicly endorsed, it therefore becomes quite obvious that the so-called 'complete assimilation' of the Chinese element into the Indonesian majority—despite the protestations of the more histrionic parties among the ruling élite—might well be exactly the last thing the ruling class wants.

Under colonialism, the Chinese were kept as a buffer between the ruling powers—the Dutch and later, perhaps to a lesser degree, the Japanese—and the ruled mass, to absorb the brunt from both sides. The institutionalisation of sinophobia became both unavoidable and necessary. Today the Chinese minority is still kept in the same place, this time to be manipulated by the nationalist ruling class. Integration in its real sense would of course blur this neat arrangement, and in time might altogether deprive the ruling class of its handy whipping-boy. Therefore, not only is no attempt ever made to combat sinophobia but, quite the contrary, it is deliberately maintained by the ruling class.

The keeping of the Chinese minority thus as a political lever must have been of such usability that the nationalist rulers, knowing full well the consequences, appear to be willing to carry on with it at all costs. Within the context of colonialism, official discrimination is just a cornerstone of rule by division. The very survival of the system depended on it. Furthermore, it was practised by an alien power which was transient both in nature and intention. Unlike the Chinese,

26 Using round numbers, in Thailand more than one person in ten is Chinese whereas in Indonesia around one in forty. See, for example, Lois Mitchison, *op. cit.*, p. 13.

27 According to the version during the writer's school-days in 1950s, Raden Patah's mother was a Chinese concubine sent directly from China as a gift to one of the last monarchs of Majapahit. Another version (Prof. Dr Slamet Muljana, *Runtuhnja Keradjaan Hindu-Djawa dan Timbulnja Negara2 Islam di Nusantara*, p. 96) maintains that the same 'Princess China' was the Indonesia-born daughter of a Chinese trader. Raden Patah is accredited with pioneering the spread of Islam in Indonesia.

28 See Mary F. Somers, *op. cit.*, p. 40.

for an obvious example, the Dutch did not come to Indonesia to emigrate. And, like most other versions of the trade, Dutch colonialism was run essentially on the morals of *après nous le déluge*. Under self-government, official discrimination against citizens is quite obviously self-destructing. In the 1950s, to cite an example, government policies of favouritism accorded to indigenous businessmen as opposed to those of Chinese descent undertaken by the then Minister of Economic Affairs, Iskaq Tjokrohadisurjo, created an almost comical economic situation. The reservation of the allocation of foreign credit, 'import licences', to indigenous businessmen created an unproportionately great demand in the Chinese sector of importers in Indonesia. The situation eventually reached such proportions that the sale of these licences became more profitable than conducting the business itself. The indigenous 'importers', therefore, simply sold their licences to their Chinese colleagues, thus collecting 'net incomes' without performing the required amount of work, and asked for more licences. In turn, of course, such a system created an area for corruption and bribery, involving 'party leaders and members of Parliament'.<sup>29</sup> At the other end of the line, such discriminatory measures created—in the words of a contemporary opposition party, the rightist Indonesian Socialist Party (PSI)—'a class of economic parasites instead of a 'national middle class'.<sup>30</sup>

It would appear now that, in aspiring for the creation of an industrial economy, the Indonesian Communist Party and other progressive groups of the country were not concerned with developing capital for its own sake. And, aware of the limitations of even the aggregate total of the national capital, the said groups believed that the mobilisation of all components of the existing domestic capital—indigenous or otherwise—is a *sine qua non*. So was the encouragement of the nascent domestic industry, even if a major part of it was

in the hands of citizens of foreign descent. To these groups, therefore, discriminatory economic measures based on racial considerations were not only undemocratic but also nationally disastrous.

Now, however, the picture appears to be quite different. To accuse Suharto's 'New Order' of completely abandoning the idea of national industrialisation is perhaps to indulge in a sweeping statement. Yet the fact remains that Suharto flung wide open all doors to foreign capitalism. Exactly the sort of economic policy that would damage any national economy, the foundation of industrialisation. The damage is, of course, more disastrous in the case of an inchoate national economy like Indonesia's. Yet, instead of being alarmed, the present regime ballyhooed the *flooding* of foreign investments as the 'proof of international confidence' towards the regime. It is not clear here whom the regime tried to fool but it ought to be quite clear that when it comes to making profits, investors in general are not bothered with regimes any more than wolves with the owners of the lambs. Besides, the fact remains that none of the foreign investments up to date is of any long-term nature.

One need not be an economist to foresee the long-term effects of these grab-now-talk-later business ventures. Official reports spoke, for instance, of vast tracts of timber forests and sea-fishing grounds being farmed out to foreign capital indiscriminately.<sup>31</sup> Soon, however,

29 Donald E. Willmott, *op. cit.*, p. 76.

30 *Ibid.*, p. 91.

31 Parenthetically, this is reminiscent of the habit of native potentates of the past. On traditional extortion by proxy, Clive Day (*The Policy and Administration of the Dutch in Java*, p. 21) says, 'The higher officials spent their time at court, drawing revenue from their lands through agents, but visiting them rarely, and sometimes, it is said, ignorant even of their geographical location.' And the system must have been so well established that even the lowest office in the native village administration was rigged, as Day says further (*ibid.*, p. 33), 'It was notorious that the office of *bekel* was for sale to the highest bidder, . . .'

unofficial reports reached the public on the callousness of these foreign farmers who, using technologically advanced equipment, squeezed the in-shore waters barren and reduced the 'forests of giant trees to a wilderness of weeds and scrub.'<sup>32</sup> In 1969, as another example, the Suharto regime granted permission to an Australian firm for operating a sweetened milk factory in the suburbs of Jakarta. Predictably, domestic firms which had already been in the field were unable to compete and forced to close down business. The popular quip was that by calling it a 'joint-venture'—whereby the Indonesian part was in no position beyond providing merely the labour force and fresh water—the Australian firm was able to enjoy a three-year tax exemption<sup>33</sup> on top of gaining a cleared market in Indonesia. A similar fate befell domestic industries dealing with the products of the areas farmed out to foreign capital mentioned earlier. Boards made from Indonesian timber and canned fish from Indonesian waters reached the Indonesian market as imported goods, draining ever further the country's pathetic reserves in foreign currency as well as forcing the domestic industries concerned into unemployment. The list would be too long to continue.

In the pursuit of capital accumulation for its own sake, speed is of prime importance. The participation of the domestic sector is not only of no concern but also—because of its slowness which, in turn, is due to its embryonic stage—has no place in such an economy. Discriminatory measures against Chinese-descent businessmen, therefore, become justifiable as well as possible. Thence, for instance, attacks against Chinese were often justified by some on the pretext of 'eliminating the gap between the rich and the poor'. The idea being that every Chinese in Indonesia is rich. This seemingly naive justification, however, actually implies more than just meets the eye. Attacks against Chinese are actually a manifestation of the desperate attempts, if subcon-

sciously, by the native capitalists to keep alive in the tightening stranglehold of foreign capitalism. Unfortunately, however, by thus destroying what is in fact part of the national economy, such racist schemes are in effect stripping barer the soft belly of the nation's economy and making it still more vulnerable to the tentacles of foreign capitalism. Thence develops the vicious circle.

Under foreign capitalism, compradorship is the only opening left for many. Only brokers working for foreign capital and, especially, comprador-bureaucrats can survive.

*Meanwhile, the military-bureaucrat élite has prospered from close association with investment concentrated in the country's cities, mines, and plantations; it has formulated a Five-Year Plan (1969-74)—costing the equivalent of half of one year's national income and 66 per cent supported by foreign aid—to expedite 'development'; and it has put the country still deeper into debt by borrowing [US] 1.5 billion in five years, on top of 1.3 billion foreign debt inherited from Sukarno—now, 20 per cent of Indonesia's foreign currency earnings go to debt repayment.<sup>34</sup>*

Bureaucracy, as we know, produces nothing other than more bureaucrats. Similarly, brokers beget nothing—aside from the inflation of prices—but more brokers. Now Indonesia's economic situation has reached such a level that even the one-time productive classes, such as domestic manufacturers and capitalists investing in cottage-industries, are compelled to join forces with the army of brokers. In this way is rounded off the process of national looting.

32 'Planet Earth', *The Sunday Times*, London, 1971, p. 86.

33 The so-called 'tax holidays'. In complete disregard of protests from domestic circles, the Suharto regime scattered around 'incentives' which included many privileges never enjoyed by domestic investors.

34 Keith Buchanan, 'South-East Asia', *The Far East and Australasia* 1973, p. 364.

Although it might sound like crying wolf, one cannot help anticipating that this process of pauperisation will eventually make Indonesia a country of servants. Or, to use a disparaging catch phrase from colonial times, 'a nation of coolies and a coolie among nations.' And, incidentally, a portent of such national tragedy has been spelled in a press conference by no less than the then Minister of State for Economic, Financial and Industrial Affairs, now Vice-President, Sultan Hamengku Buwono IX who,

*... addressing a selected group of US and European businessmen assembled in Geneva by Time-Life, spelled out the attractions of Indonesia; they included 'the abundance of cheap labour' and 'a treasurehouse of resources'.<sup>35</sup>*

The Sultan's mention of 'a treasurehouse of resources' brings us to another gloomy picture. Now, with more and more people becoming suckers, there will soon be no more wealth to suck but that which comes directly from the soil. This includes the exploitation of natural resources which, *nudis verbis*, is no more than a primitive 'gathering economy'. So much for the progress of Indonesia's economy the generals have been vaunting about. Besides, the trouble with 'gathering economy'—such as timber-felling, fishing, mining, etc.—is that it is non-recuperative: once consumed forever consumed. Compared to this, even the colonial plantation system is blessing itself: it reproduced what it consumed.

### *The Responsibility*

Never becoming the ruling class themselves nor the possessors of real political power, the Chinese of Indonesia have always been on the receiving end. Their influence, if any, is infinitesimal in the making of any particular situation. Rather, they are made by the situation they find themselves in. In a non-prohibitive situation such as that prevailing in the

pre-Dutch era, they have never been reported to have caused any major trouble to their hosts. Dutch power politics, later to be aggravated by the bungling political performance of chauvinistic China, made Indonesia's Chinese a group apart—aliens in their own country.

Now China has relinquished her destructive attitude, opening the way for a real solution. This means that the solution, or non-solution, of Indonesia's 'Chinese problem' now lies entirely in the responsibility of whatever group of the country happens to be in the possession of political power at any given time. In turn that depends very largely upon the purpose and intention of the governing body.

The intention of the colonial powers was to draw off the wealth of the colonised country. Its basic motivation was that of self-interest. Because the mother-country was abroad, outside Indonesia, the colonial economy in Indonesia had always been export-oriented. In order to be competitive in the world market, the domestic standards of the economy had to be kept at the lowest possible level. This is why, no matter how 'enlightened', colonial governments had never really bettered the lot of the colonised people as a whole. This is also why, after so many centuries of colonial 'guidance and protection', no former colonial country has been any better off than before the intrusion of the exploiters.

Up to now the whole political setup of Indonesia remains colonial. The economy is still run on the basis of servant-master relationship, because the basic intention of the native governments remain the same; self-motivated, to serve the needs of their own interests rather than the people as a whole. Export-oriented economy, therefore, remains the backbone of the so-called 'national economy' of present-day Indonesia. And this is largely because of the fact that in order to bring about a

<sup>35</sup> Keith Buchanan, *loc. cit.*, p. 388 (with emphasis added by the present writer).

complete economic re-orientation—like that necessitated by an industrial economy for instance—the domestic standards must of absolute necessity be raised in the first place. This, needless to say, requires a great amount of reconstruction work whose results might not be yielding to be savoured in one's own lifetime. Such great sacrifice, of course, has no place in the domain of governments concerned solely with their own immediate self-interests.

As long as the politics of Indonesia remain geared to fulfilling the self-interests of the rulers, the Chinese question will remain unsolved. This is because such politics by necessity divides the society into two, due to the conflicting interests, opposing groups. Servants as opposed to masters, the ruled and economically oppressed as opposed to the economically op-

pressive ruling class. The end result is an ever present tension. In order to mitigate this tension, and thus forestall a direct showdown between the two opposing factions, the need of a scapegoat's services is a *sine qua non*. The Chinese, remaining a distinctly separate group as a result of the power politics of preceding rulers, is nowadays the most likely candidate to provide such services. Had not the Chinese been thus distinctly apart, it would have been difficult for the rulers to find an excuse for making them a scapegoat. As it is, the excuse that the Chinese are 'different' and, therefore, 'alien' is quite sufficient. It is therefore in the immediate interest of the ruling class to see that the Chinese remain a group apart. That they remain a problem.

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# Through the Kansu Panhandle and Down the Old Silk Road

*Rewi Alley*

For many, many centuries, people on both sides of Asia have known of and wondered about the Old Silk Road, the main line of intercourse between East and West Asia. A road stories about which are still told, a system of temple-studded oases that it was the aim of travellers to reach on each section of their journey. Then in modern times becoming a place of warlords and bandits, that only began to be opened up as a highway was built through to Sinkiang and oil was found at Yumen.

After an absence of a decade or so, it was good to be going back there, for it had been home to me for many years. We left the Guest House in Lanchow before dawn, to go out to the Chung Chuan airfield to take the plane to Chiuchuan, as a first step. It was an education indeed to go by the air route on a clear day, for the wild wastes of West Kansu deserts have to be flown over to appreciate their immensity, and their stark reality. It was fascinating to look

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For 10 years during the thirties and forties, **Rewi Alley** worked in China's North-west to help develop industrial cooperatives and train skilled workers and technicians. In Sandan, where he had his headquarters, he set up the first technical training school in the area. Recently he visited this area. From Lanchow he flew to the western tip of the Great Wall, and then picked his way back to Lanchow. Here he writes about the impressions he had on his trip along part of the Silk Road

down on Edson Gol, coming out of Changyeh, to seemingly bury itself away out amongst the Gobi sands, and to know that the ruins of the old Karakorum lay near there too.

## *Westward to Yumen*

After landing at Chiuchuan, we set out immediately up a macadamised highway to the oil municipality of Yumen situated up on the slopes of the Chilian Mountains in what was once known as Yumen County. I had first come to the oil fields in 1941, with Dr Joseph Needham of Britain, my last appearance here being after my Sinkiang tour of 1957. I felt it very good to be able to come again. Happily I wrote the following lines:—

*Chilian Alps  
push lesser peaks  
snow capped even in summer  
right to the fringes  
of the oil town of Yumen,  
pioneer oil field of all China,  
from where men and machines  
have gone all through the last  
two decades to build a nationwide  
self-sufficient oil industry  
free of intriguing, clutching  
old world monopoly, an industry  
now in the service of*

*an advancing people.*

*High up on the escarpment  
we look down along the old Silk Road  
which goes west through  
the ancient Jade Gate into the old  
Chinese Central Asia that  
nourished Li Po the T'ang poet  
to manhood.*

*Now deserts and stony  
plains, studded with camel thorn  
tamarisk, and an occasional  
sand date, await the hand  
of organised man to turn  
them into farms, like those  
on old and new oases which  
stud the grim landscape  
like emeralds; first oil  
is found, to drive trucks,  
tractors, take burdens from  
the feet of men; drill wells  
to capture waters that would escape  
underground, giving more  
strength to hands that have  
battled so long and so bitterly  
in what seemed to be an ever  
losing fight, now with victory  
no desert mirage, but something  
warm and vital, and near to hand.*

At 2,300 metres above sea level, the oilfields, which have now become the seat of the Yumen County administration, today reorganised as the 'Municipality of Yumen', have had a vitally important role in the building of China's oil industry, which has now achieved self sufficiency for the whole country in its products. No fewer than 63,000 technicians and technical workers have been sent out from Yumen to oilfields all over the country, as well as some 2,314 pieces of equipment made here. This has been magnificent assistance indeed. In the late forties, I remember one foreign technician saying how within ten years the Yumen wells would be all worked out, and that then China would have to import its total oil supply from abroad. Actually in 1949, 156,000 tons of diesel oil and gasoline products were made at this field. Ten years later in 1959, the peak of 1,500,000 tons was scaled. By

1972, this production had dropped to 620,000, but now two new adjacent fields are being worked on and will soon be in production. Today the refinery turns out a whole range of products, whereas in Kuomintang times, most were simply wasted. It is estimated that there will be ample supply here for the next fifty years.

In helping with self sufficiency, the staff families have done well in reclaiming bits of land around the oil city, and growing rich crops on it, as well as gaining fruit. Some of this land was alkaline marsh, other pieces up on the slopes of the Chilian Mountains, and more out on uncultivated grassland around. This is following the practice of the staff families in today's industrial pace-setter, the Taching Oilfield. The men who set up Taching were originally trained in Yumen, and now old Yumen learns from the practice of young Taching.

### *The Municipality*

Yumen Municipality is now an area of 15,060 square kilometres. It has eight communes, 61 production brigades, and 351 production teams. In its local industry, in 1949 it had 181 people counted as industrial workers, in the main operating small coal pits, and small handicraft production. In 1950, the value of their production was assessed to have been around 220,000 yuan (US\$110,000). Now with a clothing factory, machine shops, food processing plants, and consumer goods manufacture, the municipality is better able to help to fill requirements of the oilfields than ever. Out of its 29,000 hectares of land that can be used, 12,300 hectares grow barley and wheat, which brought in 1.44 tons a hectare in 1949, and 2.82 tons a hectare in 1972. One commune can grow cotton but the altitude of the rest of the land precludes such. Some three hectares were forested in 1949. In 1972, 533 hectares were. In stock, the poor stock amongst

donkeys, mules, horses and camels have been weeded out and replaced with better breeds, the 20,000 of such animals in 1949 now having their numbers raised to 30,000. The municipality carries 82,000 sheep and goats. There is still much to be done with pasture improvement, and sheep breeding, as elsewhere in the Northwest. This is a slow process, however, having to be taken step by step. In fruit growing, apricots do best at this level. A total of 9,000 tons of fruit were harvested in 1972.

Today, there is much more use being made of underground sources of water than in previous years in West Kansu. Most of the water coming down from the Chilian Alps has gone underground. Now in Yumen County, 187 new wells have been dug, and 14,000 hectares of land irrigated. The county (or rather the municipality) has some 36 canals, together over 350 kilometres in length, in its communes, and also has the Tze Hsia reservoir which stores 12,000,000 cubic feet of water for irrigation use. Lest this all seem too optimistic, one must remind the reader that Yumen, like other West Kansu towns, is an oasis in shifting sands, and wide stretches of stone-covered waste, they call 'Gobi Tan', which still await reclamation, when waters are found. Sheep find some fodder apparently, when grazing them, but they are and have to be the local hardy sheep. These oasis fields have now been made to produce more, and make still further advances in production, at times with astounding results. The West Kansu weather is not very predicable. Burning hot one summer's day, then suddenly changing to a storm with big hail stones raining down. A calm autumn day, suddenly changing as a wild west wind at times blows in bearing clouds of dust, so thick that light is blotted out.

### *Yumen Then and Now*

Yumen at Liberation had one middle

school with 41 students, mostly children of landlords. Now there are 12 middle schools with 4,400 students in them. There were 33 primary schools with 1,300 pupils in 1949, and 133 with over 10,000 pupils in 1972. There are now 200 night schools for political study, with 6,300 students in them. The well-equipped oil administration hospital with 29 doctors leads in health work in the municipality. Now clinics and local medical services are in all places where they might be needed, both on the oil fields and amongst Yumen villages, all adequately staffed.

Workers on the oilfields number 17,000 or, with their families, 46,000 people. Many of the housewives work on producing food, and there are 55 kindergartens and nurseries, with a total of 3,300 children in them. Eighteen primary and middle schools with 7,540 pupils. The history of the oilfields goes back to the Tang Dynasty in the 8th century AD. Seepages of oil were mentioned by later travellers down the Old Silk Road. The present oilfields were started in 1938, after a geologist had made favourable findings. The first drilling team lived in a small Taoist temple to Lao Tse—the 'Lao Chun Miao'—which was erected by gold miners operating in the back valleys of Chilian Mountains, Lao Tse, the old Taoist, being the patron saint of miners. The temple now no longer exists. At first workers were paid around 5 *yuan* a month, the highest 13 *yuan*. By 1949, their wages had risen to an average of 23.50 *yuan*. In 1973, they are 73 *yuan*. The State Emporium in the municipality is richly stocked with everything one would find in cities, as we noted after a walk around the store.

When I came to the wells in 1941, the Lao Chun Temple was maintained by the Oil Well administration, and workers were encouraged to burn refinery-produced candles there in front of the image. With Liberation, however, it was no longer useful to feed old ideas to

workers to keep them quiet, for it was now the workers who took charge, and they were not interested.

The Liberation of the wells was done swiftly before the Kuomintang elements left there could do any sabotage. At Sandan we were asked to put all our trucks at the service of the PLA to get them there quickly. We had taken the trucks down so as to save them from being confiscated by the retreating Kuomintang, but now the students went to work with a terrific will and finally we had 22 that could take the road west. But that is all old stuff now.

We went to see a new well being drilled at Baiyanghai, about ten kilometres from the city centre. The two big diesels driving it were made in Shantung, and the other equipment in the oil administration shops in Lanchow. Even well drillers these days do not have the tough rugged problems of those in other times. The new machines that have been built have cut out many of the mistakes of the old time ones, most of which were imported from the USSR. On this field, too, we visited a very modern control tower, from which 120 pumping wells were directed in their operations. A calculating machine typed out its tape and sheets, lights on a wall model showed each machine working, and all other information needed was shown on an instrument panel. It was all quiet and leisurely, seemingly, though one realised, there must be tough moments at times.

The same air of everything running smoothly we found at the pumping station at Laochun field, where in a central control room the oil from various wells was speeded on its way. The average old well supplies about six tons of oil a day. We visited one of the new ones where there was still high pressure, and no pumping was necessary. It gives over 30 tons a day. It will go on doing this for around five years before pumps are necessary.

In the Yumen Oil Refinery we went through one old installation, now kept

in reserve, so not producing. It had equipment that had come from 14 countries, in the early days of the industry. Lastly we went through a new streamlined one that has been completed with Chinese equipment, and is working out excellently.

### *Oil Workers Speak*

We talked with a number of workers, men and women, lads and lasses. Their stories are always fascinating, even the brief outline one gets. The first, Wang Huei-yao, was a young lass of 23. She had come from a big family of brothers and sisters in Linhsia, South-west Kansu. She had thought of the work at Yumen as something great and glorious when she set out to come here in 1970, but was at first taken aback by the tough surroundings, and the lack of much she had had at home. In the first month or so she wrote a letter a day home. Now she had found her place and rich comradeship, so that she no longer wants to go home for more than a brief visit to see how they are all getting on. She has three elder sisters there, one younger sister and one young brother. She is proud to be a member of the Youth Communist League.

The next talked to was Chen Su-er, a woman engineer, aged 37, and a graduate of the Peking Oil University in 1958. Originally she came from Chungking in Szechwan. She has her parents, two brothers and two sisters in Peking, but her husband and two young sons with her here. She is well known on these fields for the way she brings in workers for discussion on her design and planning. Sometimes she takes a holiday and goes to Peking. She loves being in Yumen, where she finds much kindness and warmth amongst those she works with. Life has much meaning for her on the oilfields.

Hsu Man-yi is a man from Wuwei, aged 42. He grew up outside Wuwei city in West Kansu, in the usual poor

circumstances of that time. His father was killed in a truck accident, and his mother, brother, and two sisters had to get what warmth they could in the long winters from one very worn old quilt. Today they have four rooms and are part of a commune. He himself found new life when he became an oil worker. As a sixth grade worker, he gets 140 *yuan* a month, and is able to save on that. He has a wife and four children, all still in school. He is leader of a group of workers, and apportions tasks to be done.

Liu Yi-nan is a bright, up-and-coming boy of 23, son of a now 66-year-old railway worker. He came to the oilfields from the Yumen Railway Middle School, thinking that to be a real oil worker would indeed be a glorious thing. While at the middle school he was sent out to work on a commune for two and a half years which was no hardship at all for him. He found that being an oil worker on a drill was, however, another thing. He had to work hard, think hard, and it was not so easy going as his life had been before. He goes to see his parents, brother and sister at times, but now feels that he has really grown up.

Lin Chien-seng of Huahsien in Shensi is 25 now. She came to the oilfield in 1971, being one of seven children whose parents are in Lanchow Hospital, where they are doctors. She came to Yumen as a schoolgirl sent out to a Yumen Production Brigade to gain practical experience, and is now a happy member of a drilling team. She was a bit scared at first at night out on a lonely drilling site, but she feels that she has completely gotten over that by now. In fact she is already beginning to look back on her schoolgirl fancies with some amusement.

Such then are some of the folk who work at Yumen. I also met some of the students who had struggled along with me in Sandan. Chang Yu-ying, who had been smashed up in a traffic accident caused by a mad Kuomintang army driver, now a sedate old cadre. Liu Chu-

hua, once an orphan from famine-stricken Honan and now a doctor, as is Kang Kuo-fu, once a bright and lovable West Kansu child, now all of them with wives and families of their own, very fully occupied with their tasks and full of the zest for them. It was an emotional experience to meet them again, for relationships became close in those never-to-be-forgotten years of working together.

### *Gobi Village*

Gobi Chuang—the Gobi Desert Village—is a fabulous place, once just a waste of stones and sand under the Yaomo mountain peak, some 13,000 ft high, which no one yet has been able to scale. In 1959, the family dependents of the oilfields out to gain self sufficiency started to set up a farm there, using water from wells which had been mechanised, and managed to do the first work on 53 hectares. In 1963, this work was consolidated, improved and enlarged, being rapidly extended in 1965, when the whole of the present 460 hectares was made part of the whole group of farms, one farm for each department of the oil well complex—including the hospital. Some of the land has to have more done to it yet, for to convert such a barren waste to rich wheat fields is not a simple matter. Leveling has to be done, alfalfa crops grown for fertiliser, soil to be studied and improved and reservoirs built that will permit the water to be warmed up a bit by the sun before going out on to crops. Tree windbreaks have to be grown, village amenities constructed, nothing coming so simply even though the workers of the oil wells are at the back of it all. The work of the wives and families has been epic. The whole place reminds me very much of the state farms in Shihhotze in Manass County in Sinkiang, where large-scale transformation of the desert has taken place so successfully. In Gobi Chuang now, the trees have grown. The reservoirs have been put in and one at



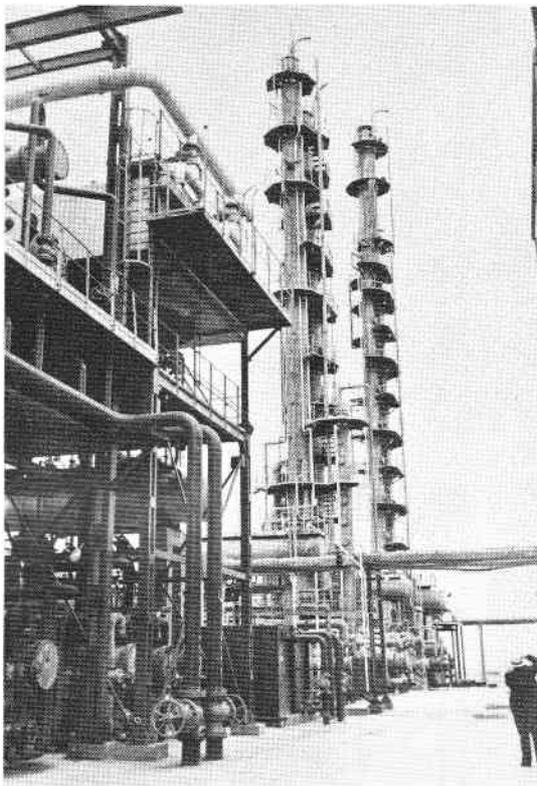
Top: Out on Gobi Chuang, an agricultural settlement founded by the family members of Yumen oil workers. Above: Yuku folk and Tibetans from Sunan in Kansu.

In a control room at the Yumen Oilfield

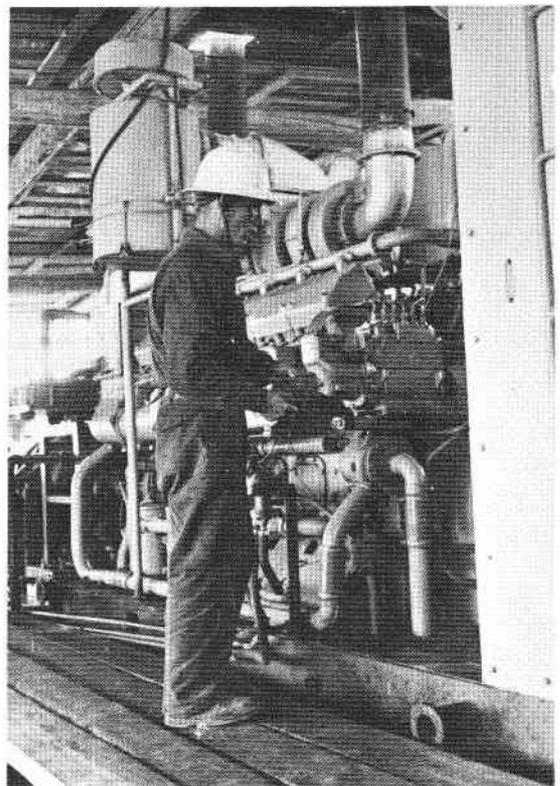


Drilling workers at Yumen.



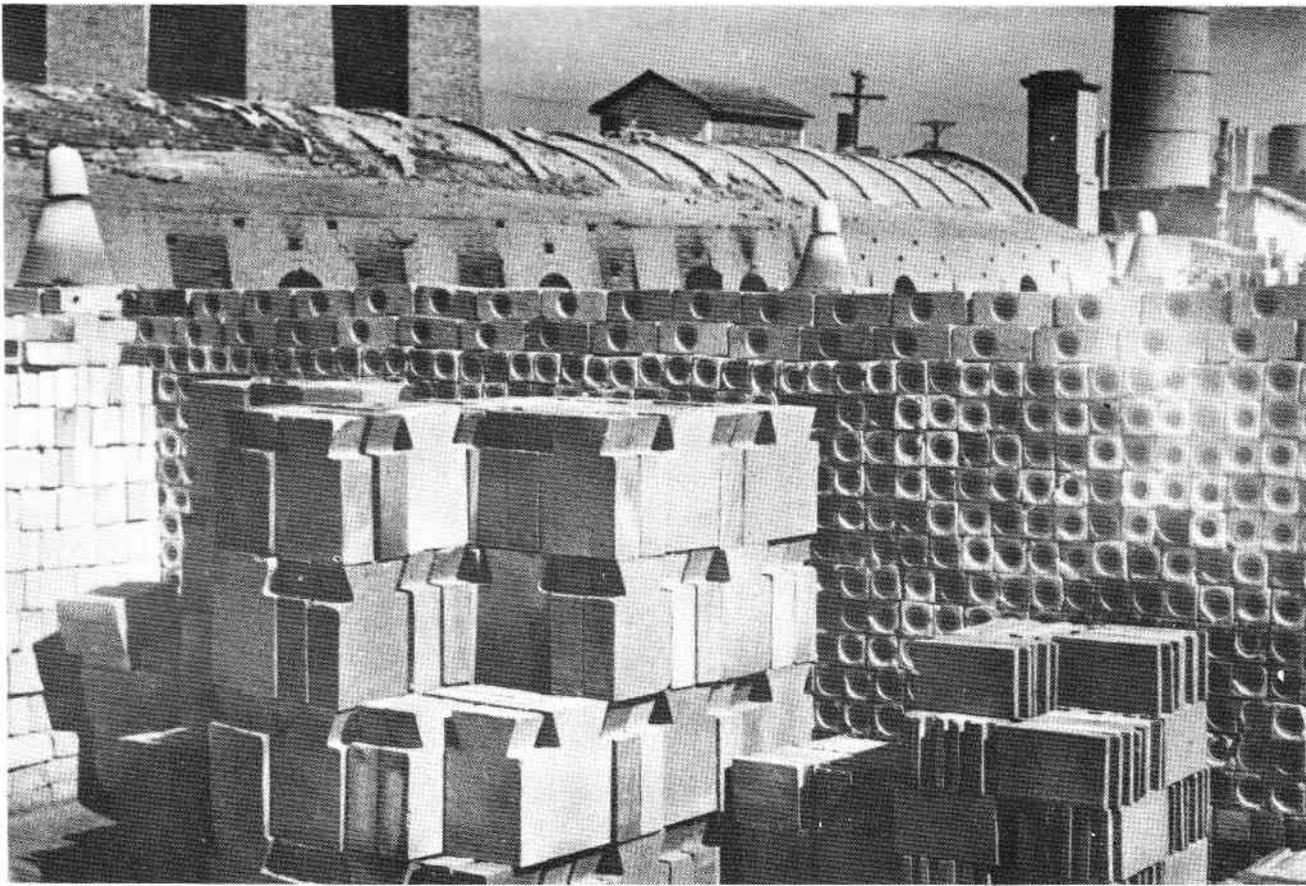


A corner of the Yumen oil refinery.



A worker working on a diesel for well sinking.

Refractories are made at Sandan.





The Drum Tower in Yungchang, a city near the bend of the Great Wall in central Kansu.



Chiayukwan, the gate at the west terminal of the Great Wall. Over the gate one sees the inscription on a tablet: 'The Most Magnificent Gate Under Heaven', whereas over the gate at the east terminal of the Great Wall the inscription reads simply: 'The First Gate Under Heaven'.

least stocked with fish, which snap at the blue dragon-flies that skim the water from grassy banks. Seven are practically completed now.

This year, Gobi Chuang has 333 hectares in wheat, 53 in oil, and 20 in vegetables. It has two orchards, and 880 orchard trees. It is also having success with vines brought in from Turfan in Sinkiang. Grain per hectare averages 3.2 tons, though over 7.5 tons a hectare is already being brought in on experimental plots.

The people on Gobi Chuang are all the dependents of workers on the oilfields, their husbands visiting at weekends and holidays, or when their worker group comes to help with some rush task. There are 1,025 families in all, 4,225 people. Work points can bring 1.50 yuan a day. Grain allowance is 250 kilos a head, while oil and vegetables are free, as well as some meat in holiday seasons. Gobi Chuang runs 800 sheep and keeps 1,500 pigs. In 1971-2 they passed over a surplus of 2,750 tons of grain to the oilfields, and also send in vegetables, meat, fruit, etc.

The people on Gobi Chuang have now 37 deep wells. These which cost 60,000 yuan each to sink a few years ago can now, with improved methods, be sunk 80 metres for 30,000 yuan.

There are fifteen schools, one a middle school, with 600 youngsters in all.

*Devils dance in  
whirlwinds of dust  
and snow, around the peak  
of Yaomo Shan, but down  
on the once barren plain  
wives and children  
of oilfield workers create  
a living epic, a new  
domain; having to be seen  
to be believed, so lovely  
a thing it is; sparkling  
canals turning laughing  
waters over waiting fields,  
running through groves  
of orchard trees, vineyards.  
then through a village where*

*now things run so smoothly  
that it is hard to believe  
the whole place was simply  
a waste of stony plain  
and sandhills; now the eye  
rests quietly on graceful  
white trunks of poplars, with  
the sun glinting through them;  
heavy crops standing proudly;  
fish ponds; tractors almost  
leisurely adding new land  
from the expanse beyond;  
all staffed by women who have  
fought well for their equality  
and independence against  
so many odds, and who now  
go on working and bringing up  
their children they hope  
will be as tough and hardy  
as China's frontier  
North-west demands, though  
better equipped to carry  
through the struggle  
to make that frontier one  
behind which all can progress  
and create in peace.*

#### *Women at Gobi*

We talked with some of the women from other farms who had come to meet us, including two who had come from the toughest of all the oilfield's farms, those up the slopes of the Chilien Mountains, over 2,800 metres above sea level. Their story was interesting, full of great struggle. These groups of women went to start their job in 1966, finding the soil poor, and the plots scattered—in the first one consisting of 712 pieces on hillsides making up 47 hectares in all. Not more than 90 days a year there are frost free, and folk are buffeted by almost constant winds, so it was not an inviting place for a lass who was born in mild Szechwan to come to with her comrades. Most of the South China ones first got headaches with the altitude, and contracted bad stomachs with the hard water, many wondering whether or not it would be better to return to their home provinces and join communes

there. 'Then a special study class was set up,' she said. She herself felt most influenced by the story of Dr Bethune, who had given so much so selflessly, under such bad conditions. They all learnt that they were like soldiers, fighting for their country, and that their task was to reconstruct the Great North-west. If environment was bad, then it was their privilege to change it. So they flattened out the 712 pieces of land and brought them together so that they could be plowed by tractor. There was struggle at Taching and Taching was the pace-setter to learn from. We must face up to all the needs also. After two winters and three springs, 35 hectares were well terraced, and planted in barley, the highest yield on any one terrace of which was 363 kilos of grain, the land being extended to make up 67 hectares. The part of the Yumen Oilfields the husbands work in is only 6 kilometres away, though the Lao Chun Miao centre is 30 kilometres. There are now around five hundred living on the farm, 125 of whom are active farm workers. The others are children and old folk, most of whom can lend a hand at times. Those who were homesick for the south are no longer so. They get 1.50 *yuan* a day for work points, and other benefits as in Gobi Chuang, and are pleased with what they have created. When they take the train, which now comes right up into the oilfields, they can go south on holiday leave with their husbands, and tell folk there about their struggle, with a good deal of confidence and satisfaction. She herself has two children.

The other high altitude farm worker was the Shantung girl Wang Tse-hui who followed the first speaker. She was on another farm at about the same altitude as the first. It now had 266 families living there, who provided the 276 workers. They got 1.5 tons a hectare from their land at first, but have increased this now to 3.2 tons. She has three girl children. She would have

told me a great deal more about irrigation, home building, canal digging and tree planting, but looking around those waiting to have their little say, then at my watch, I had to cut her short and go on to the next, who was Hsin Hseuh-fa, a 36-year-old woman from Shensi, who has three children and whose husband works on the Yaerhsia field, one of the Yumen complex. The farm she works on is about ten kilometres from the field, and is on a previously waste marshy stretch lying up a valley. When they started work, the marsh was alkaline, and had to be properly drained, and the soil of 84.6 hectares changed, or washed clean. Her group now gets 3.08 tons of grain per hectare, and are building up the same kind of collective village as at Gobi Chuang, with its school, kindergarten, hairdresser, consumer goods shop, and so on. Chao Su-yuan, aged 32, with two children, lives in another farm settlement for worker dependents. They have an area of 267 hectares of waste alkaline land, on which they have brought in 252 hectares, and are gaining 2.93 tons a hectare on the average from it. They are proud of the fact that they have made 150,000 trees grow, and are able to improve livelihood all the time. Fu Yen-chu is a woman of 32 with three children. She is one of the dependents of a member of the administration and works on the farm for 45 other families who are like herself. It is not a big farm, just 18.2 hectares of land, but they get the big figure of 5.72 tons a hectare on the average from it, the highest yield on any field being 6.35 tons. The land was once unused waste, just one kilometre away from the main oilfield centre, and well watered with surplus water from the fields.

The last speaker in the group was the woman Tan Yu-lin, 32 years old, from Shansi. On the farm on which she and her fellows have settled, they have brought in 84 hectares and get 3.8 tons of grain a hectare on the average from

it. They have dug four wells and get an ample supply of water for irrigation from them.

### *Scientific Farming and Family Planning*

We spent one afternoon at the 4th production team of the Baiyangho Brigade of the Chiangchuan Commune, down below the oilfields out on the desert waste. Its moving spirit is the farmer Li Tze-chi, a 52-year-old Yumen man, who leads his group of 52 families, 290 folk in all, who have a work strength of 84. They have 35 hectares of land, watered by an irrigation channel that comes in from another part of the commune. In 1949, they got 0.9 ton of wheat a hectare from their one crop a year land. By 1973, they had raised this total to 5.1 tons. They average 6.14 tons a hectare on their experimental plots, for they experiment with wheat so well that some of their hybrids go out to many parts of the land, 22 provinces in all. They also experiment with linseed and broad beans. Some of their experimental plots bring over 7.8 tons of wheat, and 7.13 tons of beans a hectare. They have a cadre from the National Bureau of Agricultural Research working with them, and perhaps it is he who has been responsible for the very neat and clear exhibition of the different crop seeds, the pests that attack, the good insects that help, and so on, though the cadre insists that it is Li Tse-chi and his fellows who are the chief inspiration around the place.

The production team group for scientific advance and planning is made up of two women, two middle-aged farmers, and three young lads, with Li Tse-chi as Chairman. Planning like this, done at ground level, is the basis for agricultural advance, and it is taken very seriously, as indeed it should be. On family planning, the lass in charge of promoting it said that, a very few years ago, families were often having six or more

children. Now with education on the need for family planning, no one is having more than 3 children, the increase of births over deaths now being not more than 1.37 per cent, lower than the 1.5 per cent aimed for.

We watched workers making irrigation channels of big stones, that would prevent water seepage. They do not use cement to hold the stones together, but stuff straw rope into the cracks. This swells and later gets impregnated with mud, making it more water-tight than cement would be, for thinly laid cement cracks in the intense cold of winter, while the straw rope holds.

The team has a target of 6.77 tons of wheat a hectare for the 1973 harvest which will be in September. It has 192 pigs, and in the main uses compost fertiliser. Team members get a grain allowance of 260 kilos a year per head, and daily work points bring in 1.25 *yuan* a day. They have 120 cattle and draught animals, 750 sheep, 12 rubber-tyred carts and one hand tractor. The brigade big tractor comes to help in the plowing season. While they once had to rely on spring wheat alone, they now have learnt how to plant winter wheat so that it will grow and come to harvest so much sooner than the spring wheat does, which is a great help in farm working. The area has 90 frost-free days a year, but is often bothered by late frosts, and by hail storms in summer.

One evening while at the oilfields, the friends there invited us to a concert put on by children from the schools and kindergartens around. It was a very lively and enjoyable show. Then the last morning before we left for Chiayukwan municipality, we went to one of the Yumen kindergartens, and met 150 joyous youngsters who did some more items for us, and gave us many smiles to carry us on our way. The last visit at Yumen was to the hospital, which my old Sandan fellow students Li Chihua and Kang Kuo-fu insisted that I at

least walk through before leaving. It is a modern one with 342 beds and 380 medical workers, 29 being doctors. They have all the departments a hospital needs, with modern equipment, and have sent many medical workers off to other new fields. An average of 700 out-patients come each day, some from Mongol pasture areas, and so on. Many of the medicines they use are made in their own medicine-making factory.

### *One End of Great Wall*

At Chiayukwan, a thousand meters lower than Yumen, the air felt better and one had more energy. We climbed up the ramps of the fortress that marked the Ming period end of the Great Wall, and admired the great towers that form so impressive a sight. I had come in 1941 with Dr Needham, when it was a deserted place indeed. Now it is part of a special municipality, with iron and steel works, a cement plant and so on, a city of 130,000 people, which has 40,000 industrial workers in 20 factories, 17,000 farmers in three communes. Before part of Chiuchuan city, it was made a municipality in its own right in 1965. The iron and steel works, which is the main plant, was closed by the Liu Shao-chi line until 1970, when it started up work again, now growing from small to big.

A good deal of water has been found in wells, so that farms around the old fortress do not have to depend on the springs near there as they had to do in the old days. Some of the relics recently excavated have been brought to a room here for display, together with photos of many bricks with paintings on them of life in the Latter Han period. They were all excavated at a grave some 30 kilometres north-west of Chiayukwan in 1971. Amongst relics were found some of the copper cash of Liu Pei of Shu in the Three Kingdoms period, which makes it certain the grave is of the Tsin period

after Tsao Tsao, or his successor. There are pieces of fabric of the period, seeds, metal images, one of a long-legged man with wings instead of arms, ornaments, fertility pig images found clasped in the hands of the deceased, a fertility goddess with legs apart on a tile over the tomb entrance, and a wealth of other material. The things of gold and silver had been looted by grave robbers, but the really interesting things, the wall paintings of rural scenes, mulberry leaf picking, pig slaughtering, plowing, kitchen and dining room scenes, the lord being entertained by music, and so on are wonderfully well preserved. Chang Shu-hung, the veteran keeper of antiquities at Tunhuang, came down to help with the excavations here, to see that everything was well preserved. There also have recently been found, in the mountains, caves with hunting scenes carved in the rock faces, very like other rock carvings in many parts of the world, and reminding me of scratchings on pre-historic pottery shards found in the years I worked in Sandan.

Amongst the articles found in the Tsin tomb were a few unglazed pots, some that had been turned on a wheel, some built up with coils. There was a black pot, a small one, glazed all over, including the base. Had it been in an antique shop one would have suggested Sung, but scarcely Han.

One of the most interesting things we saw was a photo of some wall paintings in the tomb, showing a group of mounted officials, obviously, from the position of their legs, using stirrup irons. Recent excavations of pottery figures seen in the Sian museum showed Han riders without stirrup irons with their feet forward towards the horses' chests, as one sees in pictures of medieval knights in Europe. The Chiayukwan ones were Eastern (Latter) Han (or Three Kingdoms) period, showing that the stirrup iron was well in use by that time. We know from old pictures and pottery

figurines it was universal in Tang, but the only Han stirrup iron I had seen was one on a buffalo saddle at the tomb of Ho Chu-ping, near that of Emperor Wu of Han outside Sian. Whether this was original or had been carved in later one does not know, but anyway, here at Chiayukwan is proof that Latter Han had found the use of the stirrup iron, which enables a bowman to stand in his stirrups and take aim at the enemy, a method the Saracens in Palestine used so successfully against Crusaders there, who were without.

On the murals depicted, the stirrup iron and the black boot worn are not quite distinguishable, but the position of the legs and the bent knees show that stirrup irons must have been there.

There is a tablet on the west side of the gate which has the characters, 'The Most Magnificent Gate Under Heaven'. And that at Shanhaiwan where the wall comes to the sea, the inscription is simply 'The First Gate Under Heaven'. For some reason or another, stones when thrown at the Chiayukwan gate wall in one place sound like chirping birds. As the throwing of stones has become so common amongst Chiayukwan holiday visitors from the new city below, a notice has had to be put up asking people to halt the practice as wall bricks begin to suffer. I wrote the following lines on Chiayukwan when we arrived at Chiu-chuan.

*A great stone tablet standing  
at the western approach proclaims  
'Here the most magnificent  
gate under heaven,' and in  
the late fourteenth century  
when it was built, it must  
have been just that.*

*Ever has China's northern  
frontier, and strength there  
decided the fate of the reigning  
dynasty; the Ming withdrew  
from Yumenkwan to Chiayukwan  
hoping like Sung before them  
that such would bring peace;*

*but peace just did not come,  
and at Shanhaiwan, the gate  
by the sea, invaders streamed in  
and the dynasty went down.*

*All that is ancient  
history; today by the same  
Chiayukwan which raises  
haughty battlements into a vivid  
blue sky, lies an iron and steel  
works, cement and fertiliser  
plants, throwing their haze  
over stark mountains  
beside, while farmers turn  
streams that tumble down stone-  
lined canals over new acreage  
they have snatched back from  
the desolate Gobi.*

*Now diesel hauled  
railway trains pass through  
the old walk beside; fleets  
of China made trucks come  
along the highway, folk  
looking up at the high battlements  
and saying 'see, there is  
Chiayukwan!' then from  
planes above, others look down  
and say the same.*

*And in the old Chiayukwan  
buildings, a museum now  
displays relics of a time  
China was tough and powerful;  
an era that because of  
clear thinking, swift action  
with mass backing for it all  
she now enters so decisively  
once again.*

### *Wine Spring*

In the old days, the Chiayukwan fortress was garrisoned by a thousand men, who controlled 39 watch towers, each with their five beacons. Ordinary folk going through the gate had to pay 125 cash. More for horses, carts or camel trains of course. The traveller of that day must have breathed a sigh of relief when he finally got through! The old Tang gate at Yumenkwan, on west of present day Tunhuang city, is in ruins. Tunhuang, by the way, from being an oasis back-

water, has now become a modern and impressive model for agricultural production, using new irrigation to bring in more land, and fast becoming a vanguard county.

Chiuchuan prefecture centres at the old city of Chiuchuan, where a Han general was said to have poured wine in the local spring for an army victory celebration, he not having enough wine to go around his whole army and celebrate in the usual manner. In Tang the place name of Chiuchuan, meaning Wine Spring, was changed to Suchow, but in Republican days after the fall of the Manchus back to Chiuchuan again. There are eight counties in the prefecture, three mainly pastoral, and five mainly agricultural. The pastoral ones are the Orchinachi Mongol Autonomous County, and the Kazak Akasai Autonomous County. The mainly agricultural counties are Tunhuang, Anhsi, Yumen, Chinta and Chiuchuan. There are 660,000 people in all, one third of whom approximately live in the cities, most of the 190,000 being workers. Chiayukwan municipality is not included. In 1949, grain per hectare of agricultural land did not exceed 0.93 ton. In 1972, it averaged 3.08 tons. Not counting the original forest in the Chilien Mountains, there are now 940,000,000 trees in the prefecture planted since Liberation, the number being added to each year. There are 70 communes, fourteen of them being pastoral, and 56 agricultural in the main. A total of 97,000 hectares of land is tilled, and 163,000 hectares of barren land awaits reclamation. Twenty per cent of the communes have electricity, and every brigade has around four tractors, and 17-18 rubber-tired horse or camel carts. There were 170,000 sheep in the prefecture in 1949, and 900,000 now. There are now 250,000 camels, horses, or cattle.

With regard to grain increase, the following figures are interesting. In the years 1950-1965, the average grain increase per

year was 4,500 tons. From 1966-1970, this doubled to 9,000 tons. For the years 1970-3 it doubled again to 18,000 tons. Spirit added to ability and determination can do a very great deal.

In 1949, there was but one reservoir in the Chiuchuan prefecture. It had 12,000,000 cubic metres of water. Now there are 61 reservoirs in all, holding 315,000,000 cubic metres. There are 4,000 irrigation canals, some lined with cement, some with stones, and some with grass sod. Together they are 9,000 kilometres long. The biggest new one is at Anhsi, with 120,000,000 cubic metres capacity.

The historic and beautiful little city of Tunhuang was in the centre of a diminishing oasis. In 1949 its grain production was around 0.75 ton a hectare, usually less. Now it has extended land holdings to 12,000 hectares off which it gains 4.1 tons of grain a hectare, and for that in cotton, 40 kilos of cleaned cotton.

#### *Mongol County*

It is 600 kilometres to the Orchinachi Mongol Autonomous County, and this time it took Chomochier, a Mongol cadre there, five days to make the trip to Chiuchuan. He had come with others to an animal husbandry conference, so that I was lucky to see him and some of his fellows before they went back. They were kind enough to postpone their departure a day so as to be able to tell me about their work. He explained how there were five communes and two state farms in their region. One commune and one state farm were agricultural in the main, the others all pastoral. There is plenty of room for everyone in the county, as it is 110,000 square kilometres in area. Chiuchuan is around 1,400 metres above sea level, but the Orchinachi area is only around 950 metres. Cotton grows quite well there. They run 120,000 sheep and goats, one third of the sheep being improved crossbreeds of the breed in these

pastoral areas called 'Kalakor', which gives from 3.5 to 4 kilos of wool. Hand shears are used, and shearing takes place twice a year, in the old fashion both spring and autumn.

This region is especially suitable for camels, there being 28,000 of them, and their milk being a staple food. Goat's milk and cow's milk is also used, but not so much. There is plenty of underground water, and wells do not have to be deep to get it. The land is worked by tractor, there being over 30 in the county. For seed sowing, a camel is preferred, because of his slow, steady gait.

In winter, herdsmen bring their flocks down to winter pasture where hay is fed out. They then live in houses, rather than tents. Though tent floors are of heavy felt they make themselves, yet they are rather damp and rheumatism is the most common complaint amongst older people. There are 30 schools, both Mongol and the common language being taught. Water for stock out on the grasslands is pumped up by diesel engine. The area is very suitable for windmills for stock watering as used in Australia, but this method has not caught on here as yet.

Chomochier has five children, the eldest being 13. But so far the boy's riding has been confined to donkeys! There is a medical staff of 150 in the county, and 30 veterinary workers. There is one piece of marshland where there are mosquitoes in summer, but it is not a very frequented place. Local youth likes to stay in the countryside and not go out to outside cities. Full work points bring 1.20 *yuan* a day. Meat and grain are not rationed. People eat all they need. Last year they produced 3,000 tons of grain and sold 1,000 tons to the State, surplus to their needs. I asked about games. Do they still have horse races? No, horse races were out now; basketball, football and wrestling are in. No dogs are used for shepherding sheep yet. The county has 9,600 people in it.

### *Han, Hui, Mongol and Kazak*

From Mongols, we turned to Kazaks. Shadachi is a 29-year-old cadre in the Akesai Kazak Autonomous County, in the Aergin mountain region, a part of the Chilien mountains. He had come down with a girl cadre, the 23-year-old Makeshi, who is in charge of women's affairs in one of the communes. Of the 4,000 pastoral folk in the county, 2,800 are Kazaks, the rest Han. Though they are about the same distance away from Chiuchuan as the Mongols are, communications are easier. One day by truck through Tunhuang to the Liuyuan railway station near the Sinkiang border, and then a quick rail journey down to Chiuchuan in comfort.

At Liberation there were but a thousand people in the region, and 7,800 sheep and goats. Now the population is four times as great, and sheep and goats are 160,000, of which 110,000 are wool sheep, shearing 2.5-3.5 kilos of wool each. The sheep are mainly of improved breeds. The county is 46,000 square kilometres in area. It runs from 2,800 metres above sea level, to 4,000 metres. At the latter altitude, summer pastures only are used. Oats and barley grown are for animal fodder. The State gives grain for the people's wheat ration. There are 4,000 horses, but not many camels. Milk is mainly from goats, though some cows are kept. Dr Needham and I on our visit to the Tunhuang caves in 1941 had met some of these Kazaks who were then feuding with Mongol pastoralists near Tunhuang, and even scaring the then Tunhuang Kuomintang officials. But that was a time of 'divide and rule' on the part of the Kuomintang. Today the policy is to unite all under the banner of the thought of Mao Tsetung, and it works well. Relations between Han, Hui, Mongol and Kazak in the Chiuchuan prefecture are excellent, and full steam ahead in production is the slogan of the moment.

Makeshi did not speak the common language so well, but we did get out from her that the women of her commune had helped to save 98 per cent of the lambs at last lambing season, bringing those who needed it into their yurts, and caring for them like children.

We spent an interesting afternoon in Chiuchuan, going first to see the famous spring where Ho Chu-ping, the Han Dynasty General, is said to have poured his wine. It is in quite a large park, full of children at the time of our visit, which gave us a good opportunity of meeting young West Kansu again. We visited the museum of objects recently unearthed, most of which were from the Han period. Then we went to the city jade factory, where jade wine cups have been made for the past two thousand years,

sung of by poets, and prized by courts. Today local workers fashion articles in the same green jade, and from other local stones, which go off to the trade fair in Kwangchow for export. There are some astoundingly beautiful pieces being made by the 72 men and women engaged in the task. The old Han period round disc plate jade cutter is still used, but has been mechanised. Nothing has been found better for cutting jade blocks than this up to date.

From the Jade Factory we climbed up to the first floor of the Drum Tower. It faces four city streets, and is used for mass meetings. Recently renovated and with a new top portion, it is covered with coloured lights at night, giving quite a gay effect.

*(To be continued)*



# Two Line Struggle Travel Notes

*David Crook*

Two line struggle. We heard about it everywhere during a recent tour which took us 1,200 miles south of our home in Peking. In Loyang, which had a university with 30,000 students 2,000 years ago and where to-day one can study stone-age tools and 75 h.p. tractors. In Chengchow, which before Liberation was beset by four calamities: floods, droughts, locusts and warlords, whose troops in 1923 shot down strikers who advanced to the points of their bayonets. In Wuhan, where Mao Tsetung in 1926-27 headed the Central Peasant Movement Institute, whose students suppressed a counter-revolutionary uprising as part of their field-work. In Kweilin, where cormorants dive from commune fishing boats into the Li River, which meanders between limestone crags rising up from the plain like pine-cones on a card table. Even there we learnt about two-line struggle.

## *A Peasant Who Went Astray*

A member of a commune near Kweilin, before the Cultural Revolution, scamped work for the collective, saved up and bought a cart and went around with his wife and children picking up haulage jobs. But living on the road with his family was expensive, and instead of getting rich he fell into debt. Besides, the

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family was cut off from the collective life of the commune; the parents took no part in the political movements to study Communist Party policy and learnt nothing of the current education in birth control and the free facilities provided for it. So the number of children increased from three to six. (There is a humorous jingle about family planning, these days: 'One's not too few. You're alright with two. Three just won't do.') The children had no schooling and none of the family could avail themselves of the co-operative medicare recently set up in the communes. The commune brigade Party secretary grew concerned about them. So did the head of the brigade Women's Association. They tracked the family down and, in their own words, 'did painstaking ideological work with them,' convinced them that the capitalist road of Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao was a dead-end and persuaded them to come home and work in and for the collective. They did. Result: their debt is paid off, they have 300  *yuan* in the bank and have adopted family planning.

The tale of the carter on the capitalist road was not strictly an example of two-line struggle; it was a 'struggle between the two roads', the road to capitalism and the road to socialism. Two line struggle is 'a reflection of class struggle inside the Communist Party'—especially within its leadership. There have been ten such struggles since the CCP was founded in

1921, the ninth being between the line of Mao Tsetung and that of Liu Shao-chi, the tenth between that of Mao and that of Lin Piao. In both cases Mao's line was always accepted by the great majority of the Party leadership, of the rank-and-file membership and of the Chinese people.

### *Two Lines in Power Plant*

But somewhere on our trek south we were taken to see a reservoir-cum-power plant. Its story presented a clear-cut case of two line struggle. We from the West had thought of it first and foremost as a power-plant. This turned out to be wrong. Mao Tsetung says, 'Agriculture is the base of the economy and industry the key lever' . . . 'Industry must serve agriculture.' It was Liu Shao-chi who maintained 'first mechanisation, then co-operatives', which meant postponing if not preventing collectivisation. This was a two line struggle at the top level of Party leadership, in which Mao's line prevailed and had its effect all over China.

So the reservoir was primarily for irrigation. Electric power was a by-product. The dam, 200 feet high and 750 feet long, was built by men and women carrying baskets of earth on shoulder-poles. The reservoir has a capacity of 517 million cubic metres and irrigates land in 17 communes in two counties and in the suburbs of a near-by city—40,000 hectares in all. Eighty per cent of this area was previously subject to drought. Yet in 1972, when for two months there was not a drop of rain, one commune work team of 19 families, because of the irrigation, still managed to produce 95 metric tons of grain. Without the reservoir they would have had to seek relief from the People's Government; before Liberation they would have starved. As it was, they had a sizable surplus to sell to the State.

The power plant was started in 1966 and began to generate power in 1969, the water which flowed to the fields turn-

ing the turbines. More irrigation, more electricity—unless, in exceptional cases, there is a surplus of water or an emergency need by industry. The dam was built in 1958, the year of the Great Leap Forward; the power plant during the Cultural Revolution. It was not only some Western wiseacres who predicted that these two movements would wreck China's economy. Liu Shao-chi and his followers opposed the Great Leap and during the hard years of 1959-61—when Khrushchov suddenly withdrew all Soviet experts from China, tore up hundreds of contracts for massive construction projects, stopped sending spare parts for machinery already sold to China, etc.—Liu advocated capitulation to Khrushchov's pressure and dependence on foreign aid. Liu's line would have turned China into a Soviet satellite and ultimately have led to the restoration of capitalism. Mao's line was self-reliance and to go all out in building socialism.

What makes Chinese men and women carry tons of earth on their shoulders to build dams? What makes China tick? The bait of high pay and lush living? That was Liu's theory: 'Material incentives.' Mao Tsetung's line has always been 'faith in the masses', coupled with ideological education to help them slough off the selfishness bred by centuries of struggle for existence under small-scale individual production and feudalism and capitalism.

At the Loyang Tractor Works—perhaps the biggest in China—we were told: between 1960 and 1962 the Works management, under the influence of Liu's line of material incentives, would bargain with the workers: 'Get this job done by such and such a time and we'll give you a bonus of 30 *yuan*.' And the workers would reply: 'Make it 50 and it's a deal.' Liu's line was wooing the workers 'away from socialism onto the capitalist road.' But it was not doing much to turn out more tractors. Until the Cultural Revolution the highest output was 8,000, though

the plant was designed to produce 15,000. By 1972 output had been raised to 20,000 a year. This was done not by money bonuses but by the ideological education of the Cultural Revolution, which stepped up the workers' enthusiasm for socialism.

It was the same at Wuhan Steel Works. Under Liu's line it took 12-15 days to do a certain job. When the management switched from material incentives to 'rousing the workers' political consciousness', the time was cut to 3 days. Before the Cultural Revolution they offered a bonus of 4 *yuan* a ton for iron salvaged from the slag of one furnace. Result: 50 tons of iron saved each month. In the course of the Cultural Revolution the workers turned down the bonus and salvaged 150 tons a month. What roused their enthusiasm? Studying the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and Mao Tsetung! That played a key role. But theory must be combined with practice. Reversing the trend started by Liu Shao-chi and continued by Lin Piao of building a top-heavy bureaucratic structure; getting chair-polishers back to the work bench, put new heart into the workers. There was a return to the spirit of '58, the year of the Great Leap Forward.

### *Ups and Downs*

It was the same in the communes when, as a result of the Cultural Revolution, the leaders spent less time at meetings or merely inspecting the fields and got themselves covered in sweat, mud and muck working in the fields.

In a commune brigade near Kweilin we got the following figures for the average output of vegetables: Before Liberation (1949), the figure was around 37.5 tons per hectare. Between 1949 and 1952, when land reform was completed (i.e. a small-holders set-up replaced landlordism), the figure rose to over 45 tons per hectare. It continued to rise, though with ups and downs, during

the ensuing co-operative movement. In 1958, with the founding of the communes and the Great Leap Forward, it went up to 82.5 tons per hectare. Then, during the hard years of 1959-61, Liu Shao-chi, advocating capitulation to Khrushchov's pressure, called for a retreat from collective towards individual production. This trend was embodied in Liu's policy (pithily summed up in four Chinese syllables) of: extension of private plots and free markets, promotion of small private enterprises responsible for their own profit and loss, and the fixing of output quotas by the household instead of the collective (e.g. the work team). In short, back onto the road leading to capitalism. Under Liu's line output fell, at its lowest to the pre-Liberation figure of 37.5 tons per hectare. The Socialist Education Movement, proposed by Mao Tsetung to counteract this capitalist trend, brought output up to 60 tons per hectare in 1964-65. The Cultural Revolution has boosted it to an average of 101.3 tons per hectare. These figures are a record of 'the struggle between two roads and two lines' which goes on all over China.

### *Education in Wuhan*

We met it in the field of education in Wuhan. There we visited the building which had housed the Central Peasant Movement Institute in 1926-7. This was not the first time Mao Tsetung had headed a school. In his youth he had studied at Changsha Normal School and on graduating with honours was prevailed upon to head the primary school attached to it. In 1925, too, he had headed a Peasant Movement Institute in Kwangchow. So the educational principles he has advocated up to and during the Cultural Revolution are based on personal practice as well as on Marxist theory. Indeed, one of his primary educational principles has always been the combination of theory and practice. He applied it in Wuhan in 1926-7, for there he both taught peasant students

and wrote his 'Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan.' This work, written in March, 1927, was based on a just completed 32-day tour of the province as a 'Special Revolutionary Envoy' and was no mere academic exercise. It played a key part in overthrowing the opportunist leader of the CCP, Chen Tu-hsiu. Chen was terrified of the revolutionary peasant upsurge, which he described as 'terrible.' Mao, in his 'Report' quipped, 'it's not terrible, it's terrific.'

Under Mao's leadership combination of theory and practice ran through the whole of the Wuhan Peasant Movement Institute's curriculum. Courses included not only general education and Marxism-Leninism, but military science; the armoury was as important as the library. When a landlord organisation staged a counter-revolutionary uprising near Wuhan, the students put down their books, picked up their guns and went with the revolutionary troops to suppress it.

Mao then as now advocated running schools with the doors opening both inwards and outwards. Not only did the students go out to take part in revolutionary struggle, but working people entered freely, as both students and teachers. Workers living in the neighbourhood, after coming off shift, flocked to Mao's lectures and also to tell the peasant students about their own conditions and struggles.

The regular students, who came from 17 Chinese provinces, sat no formal entrance exam. They were recommended by local revolutionary organisations and entered the Institute on the understanding that they would go back where they came from as 'special revolutionary envoys' to help guide local peasant organisations along revolutionary lines.

For over 20 years these educational principles were developed and applied in the Liberated Areas, and Mao called for the continuation of them after the Communists entered the cities and set up the People's Republic in 1949. Liu Shao-chi

immediately launched a counter-attack. In the name of 'raising academic standards', he demanded 'regularisation of schools' and 'overcoming guerilla work-style.' The old-style intellectuals, long entrenched in the cities, found Liu's line to their liking. Following Liu's lead they nibbled away at Mao's principles of making education 'serve proletarian politics', 'combining education with productive labour' and maintaining the Yen-an tradition of plain living. The nibblers naturally enough endorsed Liu's line of leaving education to the experts—i.e. themselves—rather than putting it into the hands of uncouth workers and peasants.

In the mid-fifties Liu's line gained support and even inspiration from the Soviet experts. These, in the main, worked conscientiously and systematically, but they had not sloughed off all the academic influence of Czarist days (which Lenin had trounced), were unfamiliar with Chinese conditions and needs, and advised the use of teaching methods and material which could not realise Mao's aim of turning out 'socialist-minded, educated working people.' They were better suited to the cultivation of an intellectual élite. A see-saw struggle between Mao's line and Liu's went on for over ten years. In 1958 the spirit of the Great Leap Forward spilled over into education and Mao's line prevailed for a time. But with Liu's willing capitulation to Khrushchov's pressure, from 1959-62, it suffered a setback. From 1963-65 the Socialist Education Movement pushed it forward again, but not to a decisive extent. So despite the great advances made in the 17 years since Liberation, the Cultural Revolution launched in 1966 was, in Mao's words, 'most timely and necessary.'

#### *Wuhan University Today*

Now, visiting Wuhan University, we found progress being made in the struggle to implement Mao Tsetung's educational principles. Mao had actually visited the

university in 1958. At that time he found that, under the impetus of the Great Leap, the students were demanding that the university should be changed into a 'half-work, half-study' school. Mao encouraged them and said they should set up small factories in their spacious grounds. But during the hard years of 1959-61, under Liu's influence, the factories were scrapped. Since the Cultural Revolution they have been started again. New students are being recruited from among workers, peasants and soldiers. As with the Central Peasant Movement Institute led by Mao in 1927, there is no academically exacting entrance examination for Wuhan University these days: merely modest requirements in Chinese and general knowledge. On the political and ideological side the demand is decidedly higher. The applicant must have had a good record during at least two years of work on a farm, in a factory or in the People's Liberation Army. Then he must be recommended by his mates ('the masses') and approved by the local leadership before being considered by the university. This is the procedure all over China. It cannot be said to be working perfectly yet, for China has a centuries-long tradition of personal pull. But 'getting in by the back door', as it is called, is fast being done away with. This is part of the struggle against the élitism of Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao. Wuhan University has hook-ups with factories and communes in the locality, and especially with the docks, so that the students and those teachers who are young and fit enough can do their annual stint of manual work. They also cultivate the land on their own campus.

Besides this, the students play their part in running or supervising the university, according to the CCP's policy that workers, peasants and soldiers should 'go to school, take part in running the school and reform the school according to the Thought of Mao Tsetung.' The university is administered by its Revolutionary

committee, an elected body of 30, led by the university Communist Party branch but including non-Party members. It includes Wuhan industrial workers (who are members of the propaganda team working at the university) as well as teachers, university clerical staff and manual workers, a representative of the housewives or staff families. Last but not least it includes three students. Each department or faculty has its own Revolutionary Committee, similarly constituted and including students. Activities of the Student Union (which lapsed during the Cultural Revolution but have since been resumed) include student-teacher meetings every two or three weeks, at which students and teachers speak their minds about each other's teaching and studying. Criticisms and suggestions are also put to the university leadership. Since 1970, seven 'Great Debates' have been conducted at which the entire university population—not only students and teachers, but also cooks, drivers, office workers, housewives—are all entitled to take part. Debate topics have included: length of the university course; how to compile teaching material suited to the needs of the incoming worker-peasant-soldier students; teaching methods; proportions of time to be spent on class-work and homework, on professional studies, politics and manual work, etc.

All this accords with Mao Tsetung's line in education. He has always preached 'faith in the masses'—and practised it. His launching of the Cultural Revolution—the most colossal mass movement in history—is evidence for it.

Liu, too, to give the devil his due, also practised what he preached. He not only put his faith in experts, Chinese and foreign; he held it was the highest duty of the rank-and-file Communist Party member to 'be a docile tool.' And when, at the start of the Cultural Revolution, the students rose in answer to Mao Tsetung's call to 'overthrow power-holders in the Party who are going along the road to

capitalism', Liu sent work teams to suppress them with a reign of terror. Lin Piao was a double-dealer: 'Always with the red book in his hand and long live on his lips', as Chou En-lai has described him, pretending to support the Cultural Revolution but secretly egging-on the ultra-Left to acts which would have discredited it at home as well as abroad and would ultimately have wrecked it. It was Lin who took the lead in lavishing all those 'greats' and 'greatests' on Chairman Mao, who himself adhorred them. Lin praised Mao to the skies, so as first to win the name of his most devoted follower and then to take his place. But when his 'adulation' was exposed as ambition, he realised that though he had managed to get himself proclaimed successor, in fact he would never succeed—by legitimate means. Then he resorted to coups d'etat and ultimately at attempted assassination. What could be further from faith in the masses, relying on them, learning from them, which is the source of Mao's greatness?

So despite these personal contrasts, the struggle between the lines of Liu and Lin on the one hand and that of Mao Tsetung on the other, was not a personal one. Liu and Lin were representatives of a class whose philosophy is individualism, the capitalist class. Mao is the representative of the mass of the people, of collectivism, of socialism. While Liu Shao-chi relied on 'experts', Lin went further and established a cult of 'geniuses'—big ones at the very top, lesser ones a little lower down. (His own son, Lin Li-kuo, was to have been the greatest genius of all time.) The struggle, first against Liu, then against Lin, was thus a struggle between two political lines, a struggle over what road to take, the one to socialism or the one to capitalism. This struggle is not yet over. Mao says it will last throughout the whole historical era of socialism, the transitional period between capitalism and communism, and that this may last another five to ten generations. But he has boundless confidence that socialism will prevail, based on his boundless confidence in the common people.

# The Fantastic Landscape of Kweilin

*Nancy Kuo*

The word 'Kweilin' in Chinese means the forest of cassia trees. In October, the cassia trees are in full bloom and their fragrance fills the air of the whole city. Mr Trudeau had certainly chosen the best time to bring his pregnant wife to tour the most beautiful scenic place of China. He is perhaps the first foreign Prime Minister to visit this region, which was opened to foreigners only recently.

Kweilin is known not so much by its lovely cassia trees as by the grotesque, eroding landscape along the jade-green Li Chiang River, which looks like a beautiful hand-scroll painting stretching a hundred li long. Every turn of the river brought forth a scene of grandeur. The scenery was enlivened further by the screams and shouts of those happy little boys who raced into the river for a swim, or just stayed still in the water with only their little heads visible beside their big buffaloes. The rhythmic sound and dance of the fishermen when they were in the act of catching fish with the help of cormorants on bamboo rafts were extremely interesting, and there is always something more to see on the river banks when the visitors can take their eyes off the gorgeous hills.

Kweilin is a cultural centre in Kwangsi,

a province now known as Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region because the Chuang nationality represent 35 per cent of the population and occupy 60 per cent of the area.

The Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region is bordered by Yunnan to the west and Kweichow to the north. In these provinces there are extensive limestone formations which give rise to a karst topography with countless bizârre mountains looking like spires, pinnacles and domes towering above the plain. It is said that there 'no mountain is without a cave, and each cave has its own attraction.' There is indeed a profusion of caves and caverns, sink-holes, underground streams and intermittent streams.

Poets have sung their adoration for Kweilin over the ages; it has been said that 'the mountains and water of Kweilin are the most beautiful under Heaven.' The high point of Kweilin is Yang-shuo, a place that the tourists can reach by boat or by car where more surprises and delights are waiting for them. Many well-known Chinese painters and photographers have recorded the beauty of Kweilin in their particular media, just as the poets have done with their words. The first foreign photographer allowed in recent years to visit Kweilin was Emil Schulthess, one of the most brilliant photographers in the West. He had long cherished the hope of visiting this region and when he

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Nancy Kuo, art critic and dancer, is the author of *The Chinese Paper-cut Pictures* and *The Taiping Revolution*. Now living in England, she recently visited China with her husband.

was preparing for his trip to China he exerted every effort to enable him to visit Kweilin. Only after protracted and wearying discussions, he recalled, could the authorities in Peking be persuaded to give him special permission to go to Kweilin. The result was some magnificent photographs which are at once dramatic and poetic.

A large handsome hotel has been built near the Yun-wu (Banyan Tree Lake) and opened in May this year. More new luxury hotels in the same area are being constructed at high speed; undoubtedly, China is prepared to share the scenic beauty of Kweilin with the world and is doing her best to provide every comfort for her 'foreign friends'.

The staff of the Yun-wu Hotel are very attentive and thoughtful; straw hats or umbrellas were provided on journeys. The food of this hotel was really delicious, the menu changed with every meal, and it was served in an artistic way which even surpassed that of the Soochow Hotel.

Kweilin is drained by three rivers: the Lichiang, Yangchiang and Marble River, among which Lichiang is the biggest. It runs from the north-east of the province southwards to meet the Yangchiang, winding like a silken green belt around the city of Kweilin. It is just like what a poet once wrote:

*Thousands of mountains stand around the city,  
The jade-green river encircles to embrace her.*

On the way from the city of Kweilin to Yang-shuo by boat (a large vessel towed by a motor boat) one encounters countless mountains of fantastic shapes as if they were gigantic sculptures carved out by nature. If anyone finds this hard to believe, just read through the list of names of some of the famous mountains among which men and beasts abound.

The 'Lohan Rock' has a strikingly naturalistic profile of a man with shaven head and long neck popping out of the rock, and the 'Old Man Peak' has eyebrows and whiskers clearly visible, while

the 'Elephant's Trunk' is sucking water up eternally from Lichiang, and the 'Fighting Cockerel' has been sustaining its high spirit for centuries.

Somewhere, a colossal crown ('Crown Hill') is left on the ground, also a memorial tablet ('Tablet Hill'), an insignia of office formerly held by the official at court—stuck to the ground at another place. They perhaps both belong to the same giant?

There are a pair of Ram's horns—'Ram's Horns Hill'—which have yet to be picked up by any collector, and the magnificent 'Painting Hill' (the well-known Nine-horses Hill) that has been missed by art thieves.

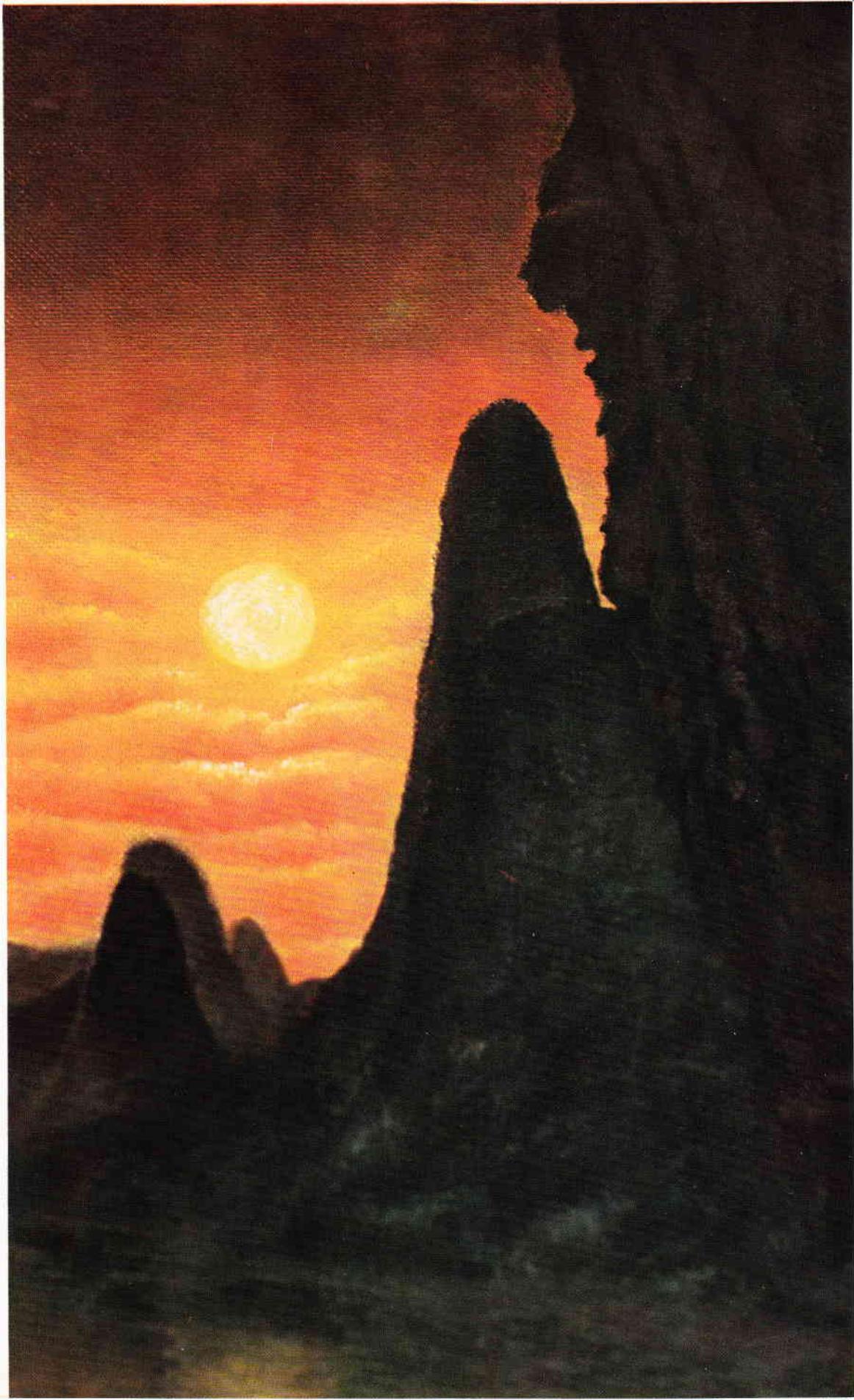
The face of 'Painting Hill' could be seen from Lichiang after passing Erhlang Gorge. It is a huge perpendicular cliff about three hundred feet in both height and width, with fissures and plants covering some parts of the rock to give the impression of nine horses—some standing, some galloping and one kneeling down to drink water from the river.

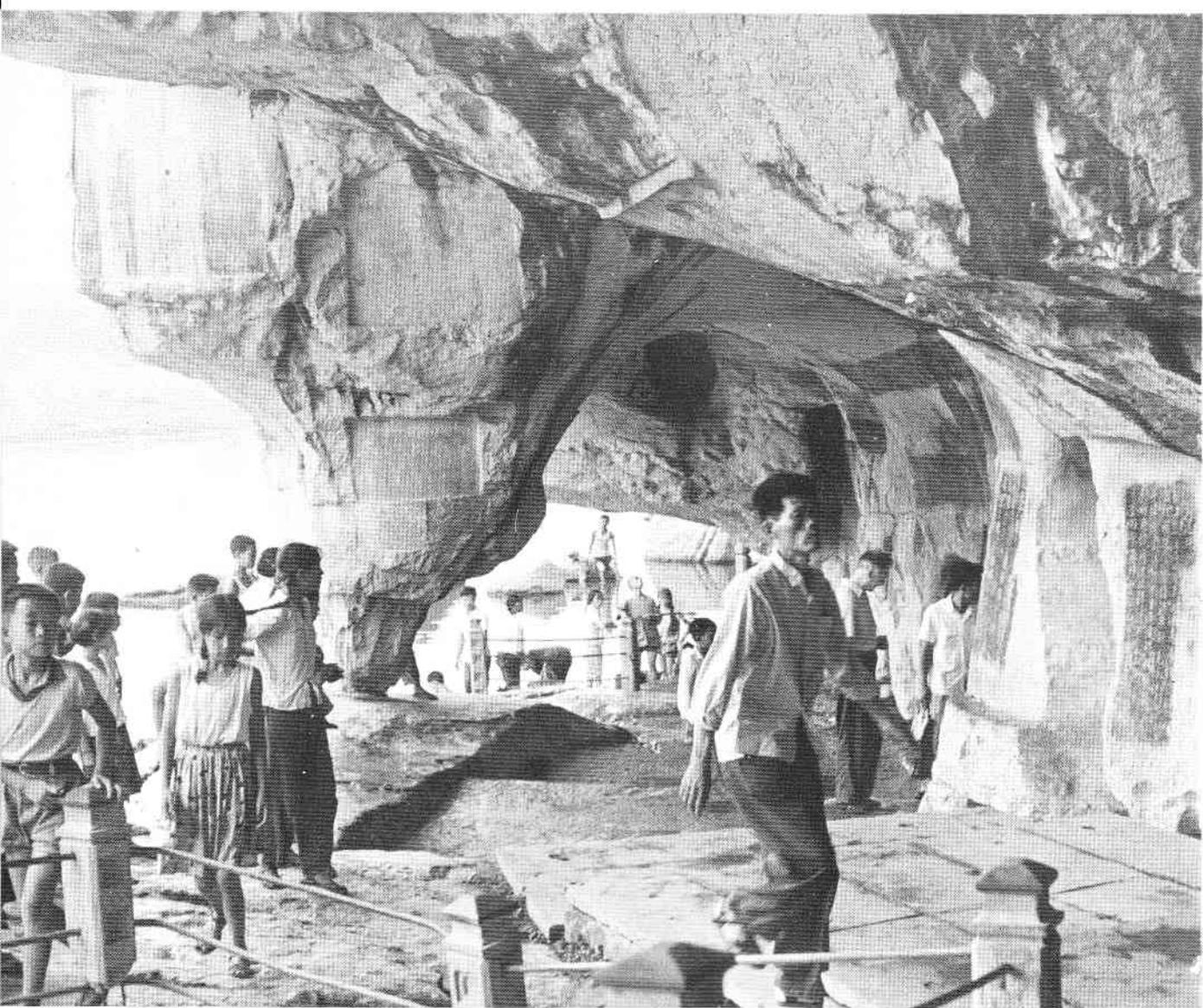
There is also another picture mountain which is called 'Brocade Hill'. It has gorgeous colours of red, yellow, brown, green, blue and purple produced by the trees and plants thickly covering the surface of the rock, which looks like a brilliant hanging piece of tapestry.

Near the Maple forest, there is 'Boat Mountain', and in Hsinping (the most charming part of Yangshuo) 'Brush Stand Hill'.

'Moon Hill' at Yang-shuo is absolutely unique, the top of the hill being eroded flat and looking like a screen with a hole in the shape of a half moon right through. One can go on discovering delightful surprises if one has the time to explore, and who wouldn't like to linger on a while longer to probe deeper into the mystery of nature?

Kweilin is a very ancient city, founded during the reign of Chin Shih Huangti (214 BC). It became the provincial capital in the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644),



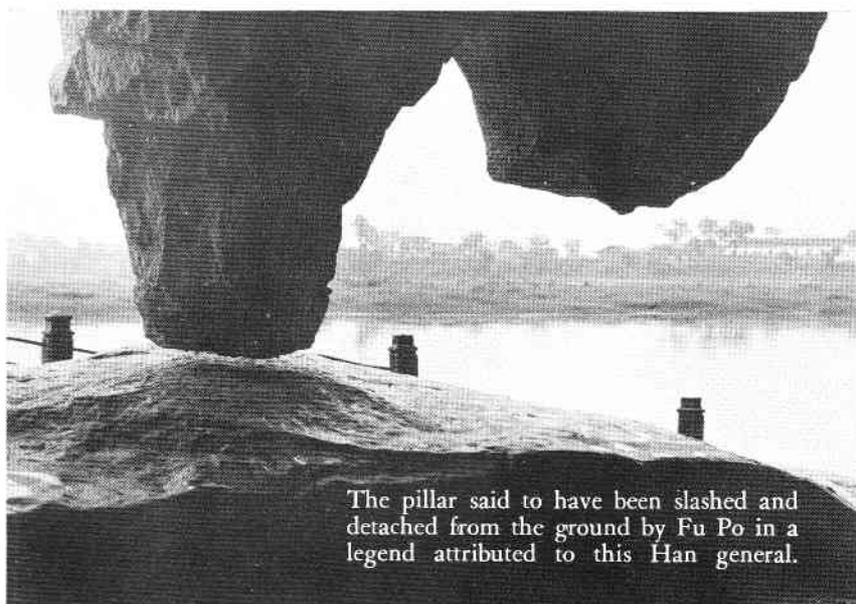




The Cave of the Returned Pearl.

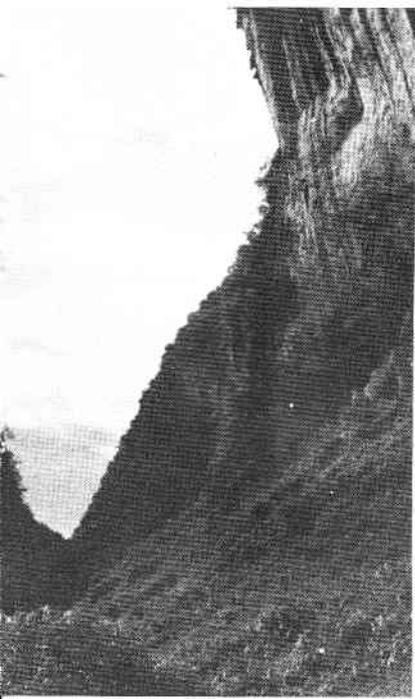


Statues in the Cave of the Returned Pearl.

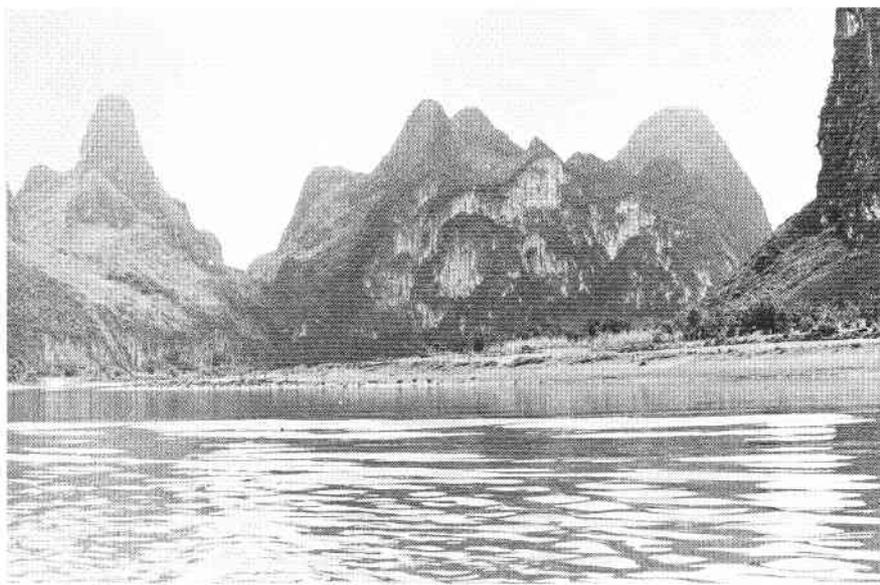


The pillar said to have been slashed and detached from the ground by Fu Po in a legend attributed to this Han general.

Moon Hill at Yangshuo near Kweilin.



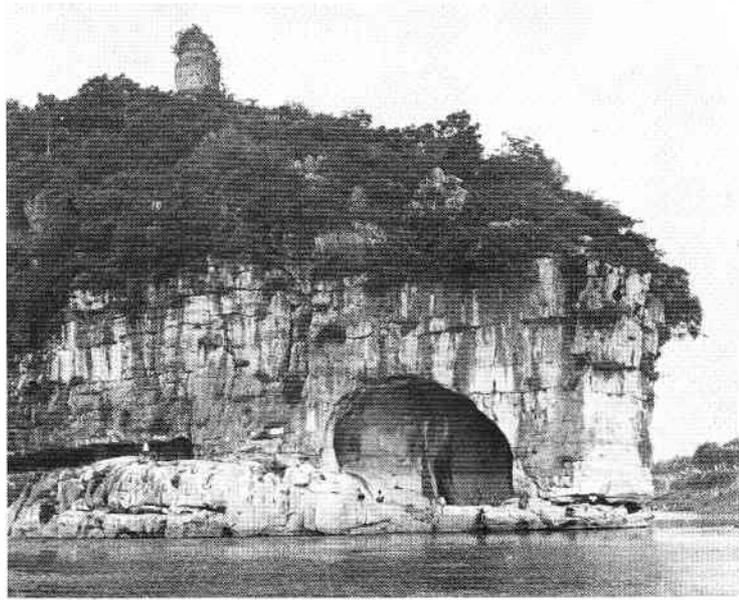
The Nine-horse Picture Hill.



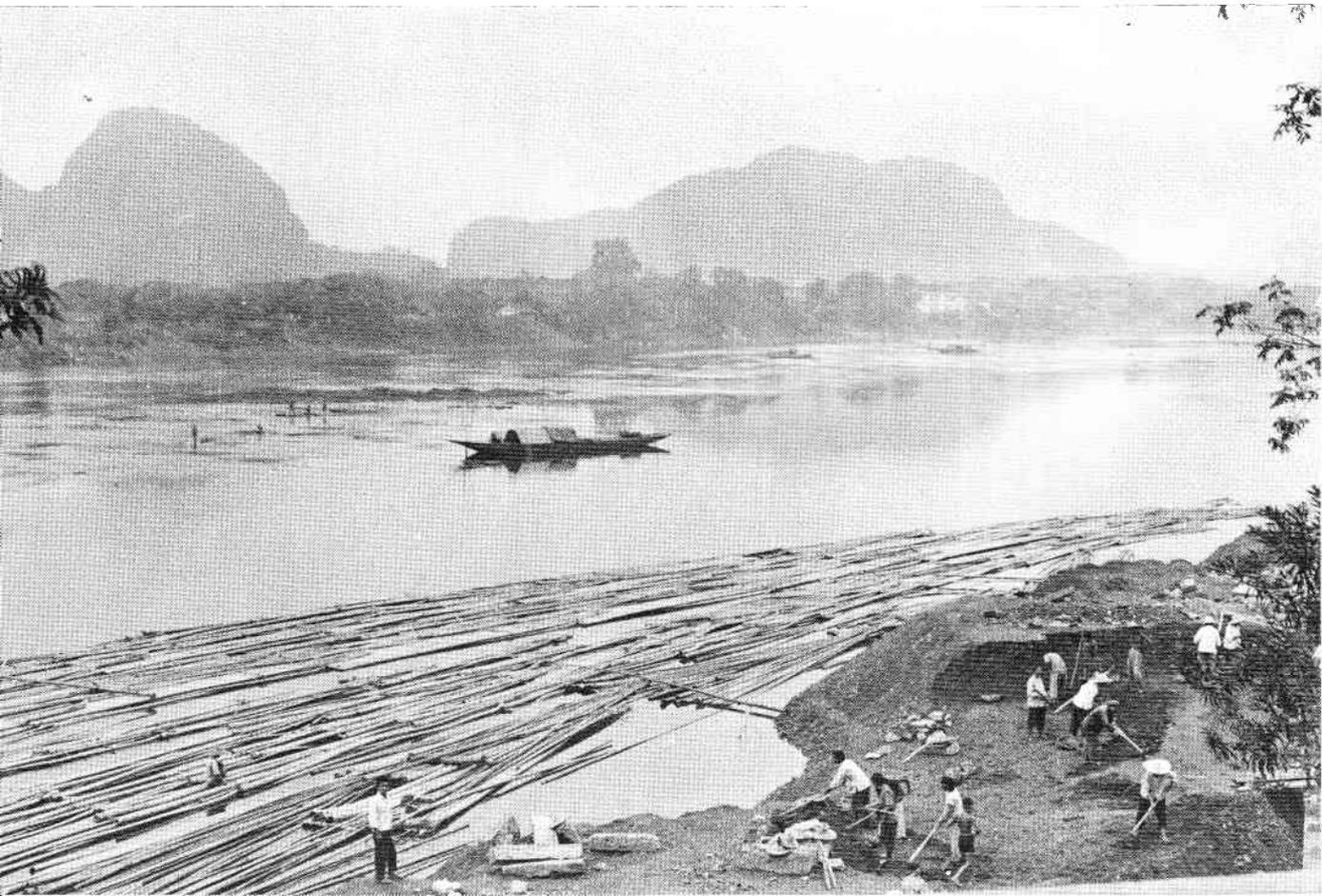
A little rest.



Elephant Trunk Hill.



Construction work goes on by the Lichiang River.



and remained so until 1914, when Nanning superseded it. But in 1936 it again became the temporary provincial capital. During the 19th century, the Taiping revolutionaries started their armed struggle at Chintien not far from Kweilin, and later they besieged the city, some of them camping at the 'Elephant's Trunk'. During the war of resistance to the Japanese invasion Kweilin became a centre of revolutionary activities when printing houses and theatrical companies took refuge there. Now it is a growing industrial city, with 260 factories in operation.

Within the city limits, the 'Moon Peak' of 'Techai Hill' is the highest point and from there at a pavilion called 'Grasping the Clouds', one can have a panoramic view of the city. Techai Hill is also named 'Wind Cave', for it has an opening at both ends and no one can stand there for long even in the hottest days of summer. The walls are covered with inscriptions, including a poem by Yuan Mei and engravings by Li Ping-shou. There is a statue of Buddha and an iron statue of a Lohan.

The 'Returned Pearl Cave' is at the foot of 'Fu Po Hill'. A legend has it that an old dragon, living in a pool in the cave, used to play with a beautiful big bright pearl in the evening and it lit up the whole cave. An old fisherman who often passed by was spellbound by this mysterious flickering light, and one day he plucked up enough courage to enter the cave. There he found the old man fast asleep, with the pearl beside him bright as a lamp. He could not resist the temptation and stole the lovely pearl. But soon he was overcome by remorse and returned the pearl to its owner; hence the name of the cave. A stalactite and stalagmite in this cave form a stone pillar without actually joining together. Another legend tells how Fu Po used to come and try his sword here and that he once cut the pillar into two.

'Elephant's Trunk Hill', which has a pagoda built on its summit, stands on the

south bank of the Lichiang. A legend tells how once the Celestial Emperor toured the south of China carrying a celestial elephant with him in a precious flask. The elephant fell ill during the journey and the celestial Emperor left him on the roadside to die. Later, a man saw the sick animal, took it home and nursed it back to health. Whereupon the grateful elephant decided to devote his service to man and never to return to Heaven. The Emperor was furious when he heard of this and soldiers were sent to punish this rebelling animal. The elephant fought back bravely, but in the end he was killed by trickery when he drank from the river, and immediately turned into a rock. The pagoda on his back is the hilt of the sword which killed him, it is said.

The most moving legend is perhaps that of 'Zi Family Island'. Zi Chia Chow Island, about half a mile wide and over a mile long, lies south of the Liberation Bridge spanning the Lichiang River. The legend tells how two gifted young people who worked for a rich landlord had fallen in love with each other. When the landlord discovered this he killed the boy in a fit of rage and threw his body into the river, for he had intended the girl, Zi Ying, to be his concubine. A few days later, a patch of ground appeared at the spot where he had thrown the body. It grew larger and larger and soon a forest of bamboo covered the island. Then one night Zi Ying heard a voice coming from this island and recognised the song her lover used to sing; she took a boat and rowed across to the island. Her master chased her and was drowned in the water. Zi Ying finally reached the island, united with her lover and they lived happily together there. Hence the name of the island.

These are but a few from the rich store of fascinating folklore of Kweilin.

'The Gardens of Prosperine' in Kweilin are, perhaps, the loveliest in the world.

With their glittering stone flowers, draperies, globules, columns and other strange images formed by stalactites and stalagmites; with their gem-like colours from the purest white through bright yellows, honeys and orchres to deep bronzes and browns, red as corals and green as the feathers of a kingfisher.

The 'Seven Star Cave' was the largest and most famous in the past. It extends 1.5 kilometres long, large enough to hold 10,000 people, with a height which is equal to a three-storey building. The well-known scenes in this cave are the 'Dragon Playing with Water' and the 'Pillars of Hercules'.

In recent years the 'Reed Flute Cave' has been discovered, which is much larger and even more beautiful than the 'Seven Star Cave'. It lies half way up Maomaotou Hill, some six kilometres to the north-west of the city of Kweilin. The reeds which grow near the entrance of the cave, and have been used for making flutes by people living near by, give the cave its present name. Some of the stalactites and stalagmites, which ring clearly if struck, make the cave a musical place and a crystal palace filled with unexpected colours and forms.

The 'Reed Flute Cave' is divided by a pool into two parts. The outer part consists of a number of concaves which are linked by a gallery in the shape of a horseshoe. The inner part at the other side of the pool has a large space capable of holding 3,000 people. It is surrounded on four sides by huge stone pillars. There is an enormous stone platform which stands near the entrance to the rear part of the cave, and in front of the platform there sits a white fairy with beautiful eyes and in shimmering attire.

This fairy-tale world of crystals that glistens magically under the rainbow rays of artificial illumination throws out strange and haunting images. You will find, as these images are now called, a 'pack of lions looking toward the sun', a giant goldfish half immersed in water', and 'stone

cabbages and carrots'. There are also 'stone spring and waterfalls' where, looking through two huge 'red curtains' (40-50 feet high), one sees jade-green mountains beyond.

After seeing the 'pine forest', and the '108 rebels of Liang Shan', the 'Long March of the Red Army' is, perhaps, the most exciting place. It is a scene of thousands of mountains formed by the stalagmites, and water reflecting the stalactites hanging down from the roof of the cave produces another landscape, as if there was an under-world one could view through a sheet of glass. It does remind one of the poem written by Chairman Mao in October 1935 which begins with 'The Red Army feared not its Long March trials, ten thousand crags and torrents but easy miles.' In fact, one of the first dramatic events in the Long March took place north-west of Kweilin at the crossing of the Wuchiang River.

The 'Reed Flute Cave' had been a paradise for refugees in time of war since the end of the Ming Dynasty (1644). There are more than a hundred inscriptions on the cave walls dating back to 1,170 during the Tang Dynasty. Most of the inscriptions give names and dates of those who visited the cave, but there are also records written by labouring people who sought refuge there about their misfortune: 'In the seventh year of the Ching Tai period a rebellion broke out in Yining and Hsiyen; a great number of women were captured and carried away.' Another inscription tells how, since the occupation of Kweilin by the Ching army in 1652 and 1653, they looted the place and massacred the people; and how many escaped and took refuge in the cave.

For generations the inhabitants of Yuchia Village close to the cave have taken refuge in the deep end of the cave from time to time. They planted trees and brambles in front of the entrance in order to hide it, and blocked up the opening with stone slabs. After Liberation, the elders of

Yuchia Village revealed their secret to the People's Government, and now part of the cave has been cleared and is open to the public.

The karst formations of Kweilin were originally soft limestone being eroded by water over the centuries when this area was under the sea in the early Pleistocene period nearly a million years ago. Later the crust of the earth underwent a great upheaval and the area of Kweilin rose, forming steep hills to the height of hundreds of feet in isolation or in groups.

The very high summer temperature and massive rainfall have eroded the mountains further. The carbon dioxide content in rain water seeping through the cracks of the rock formations acted on the limestone, which is calcium carbonate, thus widening the cracks to produce more caves. The mineral accretion grew downwards with the dripping of water into stalactites or upwards as stalagmites where the drop fall. When these isolated stalactites and stalagmites multiplied they formed clusters in a great variety of striking shapes and gorgeous colours. Such mineral formations take thousands of years to come into being, and therefore they are rare and precious, as well as a thing of beauty. No wonder the limestone was used as one of the ingredients for making 'elixir' in the Han and Tang periods.

Fossils found in the limestone caves show that they were used by China's primitive men (*Sinanthropus*). Underground water is said to be plentiful in the karst areas and suitable for industrial, irrigation, and household use. Water from some of the streams and hot springs has proved useful in treating various illnesses. The minerals in the caves and the limestone itself are also valuable resources.

Yet, the disadvantages of the karst lands cannot be ignored. The underground water is a hazard in mining and

tunnelling, and dams and reservoirs are often damaged by seepage. On top of this, underground water also causes heavy concentration of water (after rain it often leads to waterlogging), doing much harm to agriculture. The Government of People's China has, therefore, organised groups of hydrogeologists and construction geologists to survey and study the karst lands and try to turn this hazard into a benefit.

They started by studying the detailed record of Kweilin's karst formation written by Hsu Hsia-ke, a celebrated traveller and geographer of the Ming Dynasty (17th century), who wrote it after his survey trip through the south-western provinces of China, and intensive research was conducted with increased vigour and with greater and greater numbers of experts engaging in the project. They studied the karst formations of dam sites and reservoirs in the valleys of big rivers, and they studied their composition, solubility and intensity with the help of aerial photos, geological and geophysical surveys. National meetings were organised in 1961 and 1966 to review this work, and to sum up their experience as well as to formulate some fundamental theories from the records gathered over the years of their observations and analyses.

The Hydrological and Construction Geological Team of the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region have found a multitude of underground water sources for Kweilin's industry and agriculture, and provided hydrogeological data for setting up mines and factories. They were able to draw maps based on their research and thus provided data for Kweilin's construction work.

This beautiful land has become more beautiful with its cleaner and more prosperous city, its stronger and happier people.

# Free to be Human<sup>\*</sup>

*Felix Greene*

I am going to talk quite personally and informally about some of the ideas that have been going through my mind, particularly since my last visit to China, where I spent five months earlier this year. I do not intend to give you a list of China's achievements, although the achievements are very great, because they must be fairly well known to this audience. Even if they are not, that's not really what I want to talk about this afternoon.

I have come to think that knowing a great deal about China, accumulating many facts about China, has very little meaning in itself unless we can in some way relate it to ourselves, to our own society and to ourselves as individuals. I know many people who have a tremendous knowledge about China, who read everything they can about that country, and have been there, but have nonetheless missed the essence. There has been a gap between what they see, the facts that they accumulate, and their own consciousness. What has been going on in China has been an encouragement to everybody throughout the world who has been aware of it. What they are doing there I think constitutes a milestone in the history of human development.

But we can't just leave it at that. Speaking personally, what China has done and is doing—especially since the Cultural Revolution—has acted like a powerful searchlight illuminating our own society,

the relationship that we take for granted here, and, again speaking personally, my own behaviour and my own consciousness and my own relationship to other people.

Now the pointlessness of merely accumulating facts about China was brought home to me a few days ago when I listened to a talk by a very eminent American Chinese expert who has just returned from five weeks there, and who has considerable influence in his own country. He has a vast mental file-index of information about China which has been to some extent brought up to date during his recent visit. But after listening to him, I felt that he might just as well not have been there at all. He went with a number of preconceptions and, looking through his own particular coloured glasses, saw only what those glasses would permit him to see. He said he was sad (and this is merely an example of his thinking) that the Chinese would not enjoy all the technical achievements of the West. He saw a coming crisis in China between the inevitable demand for more consumer goods and the inability of Chinese technology to provide them. And he went on to say that modern technology really requires an élite.

It seems to me that he has missed the real point of what the Chinese people are trying to do today, which is to use technical achievements for the service of the people and not to allow it to control the society. They believe that the quality of relationship between people is more im-

<sup>\*</sup> This is a speech made by Felix Greene after his trip to China last year.

portant than the accumulation of possessions, and that people can possess technical skills without it resulting in their becoming an 'élite'.

This American professor is a fine gentleman in himself—I do not want to denigrate him as a human being. I am merely using him to show that the accumulation of factual information on China does not necessarily help one to penetrate into the reality of what they are attempting to do. But it illustrates, at least to me, something even more important, and that is the depth of the conditioning process to which we are all being subjected in a capitalist world.

This last visit to China made me more aware than I have ever been of the complexity, the subtlety, the total pervasive influence, that bourgeois capitalist ideology exerts upon us from the moment we are born. It influences every aspect of our lives. It certainly influences our educational system and our moral values, our relationships with each other. Our fears, our aspirations, our ambitions. The very structure of our thinking is influenced by the prevailing ideology of our society, starting while we are so young that the cement had not set, so to speak.

It is extraordinarily difficult for us to overcome our conditioning and its pervasion of our whole existence—or even to be aware that we have been conditioned. One need only look at the kind of 'cultural' stuff that is dished out to us, the West End theatre (most of it), the cinema, the entertainments, the BBC—you know, the whole range of it, to realise how totally non-political it is or how very carefully and deliberately it supports the status quo.

I'm thinking also of the various mythologies that have influenced us—the religious mythology; the mythology of royalty which is so deeply rooted in our tribal unconscious; and another mythology that one might call the 'democracy' mythology. Those who support the status quo have succeeded in putting it across

to us that by putting a cross on a voting paper every four years for Mr Tweedledum or Mr Tweedledee we are 'democratic'. But democracy, to my way of thinking, has much more to do with the way we feel and act towards each other than the mere machinery of voting. We concentrate on the formal aspects of the democratic processes which I believe to be the least essential element that is required of a society to make it truly democratic. A democracy means that there exist between individuals a thousand invisible threads, threads of trust, and mutual respect and liking—everything that makes us feel at one with each other. Creating an atmosphere that does not call for us to be tough or competitive. And I have come to think that democracy and competitiveness are self-contradictory—that as competitiveness comes in, the sense of democracy goes out. We need only look at the society that has developed capitalist competitiveness to its ultimate extreme, the United States, to see to what degree of sadness and isolation, human deprivation and violence it drives people.

The United States is a society whose ideology of competitiveness denies very essential human values. There is no society that has developed the forms of democracy to a higher degree, and yet the living spirit of democracy there has died. So unrelated and fearful are people of each other that few these days ever dare walk in the streets of the cities alone at night.

China has moved in a totally different direction. There's no place in China, in any city, where one would feel the slightest anxiety walking alone at any time of the day or night, stranger, foreigner, it doesn't matter. You feel in China the extraordinary inter-relatedness of people, so that in one sense no one is a stranger to anybody else.

Our educational system of course does its best to buttress these already deeply-set prejudices and conditionings in ourselves. For some, education establishes

a built-in sense of prerogatives and superiority. I don't blame the kids who come down from Eton or Harrow or the other public schools for feeling members of an élite. They are not to blame, it's the structure of the society as a whole. Thus for a few, education provides the climate in which they come to feel they are something special, and removed from the common run of mankind. Our educational system also establishes in other people—indeed the vast majority—a deep feeling of inferiority. And for all, the privileged as the unprivileged, it creates a belief that this society with these divisions is in accordance with some natural law and therefore cannot be changed, or even radically modified.

If in fact the working people of this country wanted to change things, the power lies in their hands. But they have been conditioned to have a kind of pseudo-respect for the supposedly educated, so they too have been inhibited from action.

All this (as of course it was intended to) has given rise to our deep-seated Western scepticism, our inability to believe that we could take hold of our society and transform it.

It is no wonder then that Mao Tsetung emphasised right from the start the importance of the class struggle. We mustn't forget that China had all these conditioning factors in her society too and in some ways they were practised there to an even greater extreme than in our Western societies. China had her élites—the educated, the rich, the landlords, the big industrialists. She too had her intellectuals with their profound conviction of their social superiority. The Chinese were guilty of a chauvinism that led them to believe that China was the repository of all that was finest and best in human culture and that all others were lesser breeds.

Thus the Chinese revolutionary leaders had all this to contend with, the same problems that are confronting and confusing us, the same deep-seated scepticism,

the same doubt that fundamental change is impossible. Power, as with us, was in the hands of a few; the Chinese educational system was designed to provide an intellectual élite. No wonder that from the first, Mao Tsetung said 'Understand class struggle'. And this is, to me at least, the very heart, the root, the very essence of what China stands for and what China tells me. I don't mean the class struggle only in its formal Marxist sense, though that of course is included, and certainly I don't mean it in the very flabby use we make of the word 'class' when we are referring to social divisions in our bourgeois society; the 'upper middle class', the 'lower middle class', and so on. But I'm thinking especially of the struggle within ourselves as individuals. I think that our effort must begin with the realisation that we are class-conditioned creatures. We are judging society here and everywhere through our particular kind of coloured spectacles and we had better begin to come to terms with that in ourselves—and for those of us with a bourgeois upbringing that's no easy job. The Chinese found it was no easy job either. It not only took the original revolution, but it took a second revolution, the Great Cultural Revolution, really to awaken people in China to the extent they were still carrying within them the legacy of division, classes, privileges, élitism, and that the overcoming of this was just as important a part of the revolutionary transformation as the initial struggle to gain state control.

The lesson I have come back with from China is really a very profound one, and I cannot do it justice because I'm not a very learned person. It is the conviction that not only must the structure of society be changed so that control is in the hands of the working class, but that such change will be dissipated, and eventually subverted, unless there is a change within human beings too.

The professor whom I mentioned earlier, raised another question which I

think we need to touch on here. He said that he had not found in China that respect for individuality and the development of the human personality on which we in the West place so high a value; in other words, he felt that there is in China a lack of individual freedom. This deserves to be mentioned briefly because it is indeed one of the big stumbling blocks for anyone who talks about China to groups in the West.

I have come to believe that our ideas about the nurturing of individuality and our concepts of freedom are also class-conditioned ideas. They also are part of what has been built into us by the prevailing social system. Our present ideas of 'freedom' of course derive largely from the 19th century idea of bourgeois freedom, capitalist freedom, freedom for the emerging industrial owners from any social control. In essence this freedom could be expressed as 'Me first', 'Everyone for himself', 'Grab what you can', and if everybody acted thus, society (so the theory went) would somehow be benefited. That was the basic philosophy of the new 19th century capitalists.

We have since given up that rather crude definition of capitalist ideology, but we are still basically operating within the 'We first' capitalist jungle. Individualism in a competitive capitalist society is necessary for survival. To get on I must push, I must develop myself, I must make more money, and out of this has grown the idea of the sacredness of 'me', 'my' individuality, and 'my' creativity, and so on. This is a very difficult concept for us to feel and think our way through to, but the question I'm beginning to ask myself is: is this development of 'my' individuality on which we place so high a score, is this the only possible kind of freedom? Or indeed is it really freedom at all?

The Chinese are showing us that this concept of individuality which has been developed in the West under capitalism, is really not freedom but another kind of

imprisonment. It is the imprisonment of 'me', inside myself. It is this enclosure of me. With all my personal strivings, ambitions, fears, defensiveness, which divides me from other people. It is this 'me-ness' which is the prison and in the very depths of our consciousness we know this. And how we hate it all! The perpetual struggle to compete, to be cleverer than other people, to get a better education than other people, to have a better job—the constant striving of me against others to get ahead, or to give my ego a boost, knowing that any advance up the ladder of success has almost always to be at the expense of someone else. And we call this freedom!

A co-operative society develops an entirely different kind of ethic, a wholly different concept of freedom, and this is what I learned in China. What we all long for, surely, is to be part of a society which doesn't divide us from one another, which releases us from the prison, the small, boring world of me; which allows us to be members of a community in which we do not have to push ourselves. I have seen how the skills and initiative of the Chinese people have been enormously enhanced by the fact that they don't have to compete, or worry about finance or what's going to happen to them when they get old. They are free of the myriad anxieties that burden us who live in a supposedly free world, and thus are free to relate to each other as human beings, without fear and without defensiveness, all involved in something bigger than themselves.

Many of you have not been to China and may feel rather out of it because of that. But you should not think that you cannot understand what they are doing in China or be disheartened if you cannot go there. For the Chinese message is universal, it is not just for China. It is in the very air around us if we listen to it; for it is expressing what we all have in our hearts: the need for a world in which we can be really human.

# The Flute

*Huai Uo*

On the day I prepared to leave for Nhi Binh, Anh Nam gave me careful instructions, for I was a guest from afar, and he, the head of the County Security Office here. During those ominous days, he was a veteran leading cadre of the Nhi Binh area. After handing me the letter of introduction, he held my hand for a long time and said warmly:

'Keep up your spirits, my friend! The place isn't far from here, but you've got to be careful on the way. I'll send Comrade Cao Lon to escort you to your destination. If anything happens on your way, he'll help you overcome it.'

With a feeling of fond attachment, I bade goodbye to Anh Nam, and hurried to the security section in search of Cao Lon. At that moment, if somebody were to ask me how I felt, I would have told him honestly: 'Very happy.' There were two reasons to this: one was that after several years of ups and downs, the revolutionary movement in Nhi Binh was now developing rapidly. Although the enemy's watch tower was still present, it was quite obvious that every inch of the land had been turned into a fortress against the American bandits. The other reason was that, in carrying out this mission of mine, I was lucky enough to have a companion to keep me from feeling the loneliness I had experienced last time. To a person like me, who was physically weak and was yet preparing to complete a heavy

mission in the enemy zone, the name Cao Lon (meaning tall and big) instilled in me faith and confidence! In my imagination, this future companion of mine must be a renowned goliath.

I smiled at the thought of this, and strode light-heartedly into a house concealed under a bamboo grove. The comrade in charge of the security section took my letter of introduction, glanced it over once, and gave a hearty laugh. He pulled over a chair for me. However, I didn't pay much attention to his warm hospitality, for my attention was attracted by a big, husky young fellow on the other side. He was tying his knapsack as he talked with the comrades surrounding him, his voice loud and clear. While people listened with admiration on their faces, he relished in telling them how, with bare hands, he fought with American troops. He bared his brawny arms, showing the protruding muscles, which sparkled as though they were made of bronze. What attracted me more was that as he repeated the gesture, his eyes were nailed on me, as if telling me, 'Don't worry, I won't abandon you halfway on the road!'

While I savoured the sight of this muscular young man, I believed deep in my heart that he must be my future companion. Suddenly, a small, scrawny hand patted me on the shoulder, and I heard the brittle voice of a boy:

'Let's get ready to go, Uncle. It's better to move at night!'

I jumped in surprise and turned my head around. In front of me was a boy, about twelve or thirteen years of age. He stood there clownishly, thin and short, like a stumped shoot of rice. The bones stuck out from his withering, yellow face. A pair of shorts was all he wore: people could see his shrivelled chest and reedy legs at one glance. Perhaps, his total energy and spirits were concentrated in his crop of thick, steely hair, those bright round eyes and that upturned nose, which looked as though it were standing up against the wind.

It might be because I seldom came into contact with boys, for I stood there looking curiously at him for a long time. He, on the other hand, took no notice of me, but sat down nonchalantly on the ground. He pulled out a flute from his waist and began playing on it.

From his looks, I could guess that he must be the son of the owner of the house. The comrades in charge must be away, and, afraid that I might forget to make the necessary preparations, had sent him to remind me of them. At this moment, I suddenly thought of my companion. I said to the child:

'Hey, little friend, can you get Cao Lon for me? I want to ask him something.'

As I said these words, my eyes were not on the boy, but on the husky youth who was still retelling his tales to his comrades. When I turned around, the child was still motionless. Once again I hurried him on.

He stuck the flute back to his waist, looked at me shyly and stammered, 'Uncle, I am Cao Lon! What do you want?'

'Good heavens!' cried I. I clapped him on the thigh and suddenly burst out in laughter. So this little fellow was Cao Lon? Reality had shattered all the beautiful hopes and dreams given me by that wonderful name. To speak the truth, I

was truly disappointed at the time, but somehow, I just couldn't help laughing incessantly. But how could the boy understand the meaning of my laughter? Thus, he too began laughing innocently. He clapped me on the shoulder and commended me:

'You must be over-excited! That's right, it's great to feel this way when you get into an enemy zone!'

That night, Cao Lon and I began our journey; I, with a feeling that was quite different from what Cao Lon had surmised. As I walked along, my eyes kept gazing at his diminutive figure, feeling quite uneasy inside. After travelling a distance, I hurried my steps. I wanted to catch up and have a little chat with him. He, however, speeded up step by step. He suddenly left the main road and clambered up the slope towards an isolated bamboo grove.

He stopped there, untied the gun from his shoulder and looked at me solemnly.

'Please be quiet, comrade. Let me call your attention to what you should keep an eye for on the road.'

The way he addressed me and his sombre appearance were quite hilarious, but since I knew nothing about the area, I could only force myself to sit down and listen. What he said was neither much nor important. They were nothing more than: no smoking in the night; no talking; remember the signals; follow closely the people in front; if anything happens, report immediately. He finally coughed and asked, 'Comrade, do you have any more questions?'

When he saw me shaking my head, he picked up the gun and hurried on. I thought he was going to change direction, but after meandering around, we finally threaded back to the main road. I began to feel that the little fellow was a little 'petty' in his concerns. But on the other hand, it might be because that, this being a dangerous area, it was necessary for him to tell me to keep quiet. We walked on for a while when suddenly he pulled

out his flute and started playing it. The shrill notes soared to the sky and echoed on the plain. It had neither melody nor rhythm but only long and short pitches, according to the volume of breath he had at the time. I was anxious like hell. I hurried towards him and tugged at his sleeve.

'Do you know this area well? What the heck are you doing with the flute?' I asked.

'It's safe as anything here. You can even jump and yell all you want, so what's wrong with playing the flute?' My nerves were relaxed after hearing those words, but the thought of his seriousness a moment ago made me angry again.

'Then why did you drag me into the grove instead of giving me the instructions as we walk along? Why did you pull that joke on me?'

'Uncle, that's the rule set for guests by the authorities!'

'But you should use it according to the situation! There's only one guest here!'

'Yo, but one guest is still a guest!'

He answered casually and took out his flute again. I had nothing more to say but smacked my lips and sighed. I only wished I could reach my contact from Nhi Binh as soon as possible. That would very well rid me of him.

That night, Cao Lon and I slept in a little shack in the wilderness. Winter had already come; the cold wind chilled me to my marrow. If it were under ordinary conditions, I would have buried my head into the hay and slumbered till morning, but tonight, I could not quell the turmoil in my heart. According to arrangement, somebody from Nhi Binh should have contacted me by eleven at night, but it was already two hours past midnight now. There was still no trace of them. In front of us, the village slept in a haze. A deadly silence lay around. Only the accidental sound of barking or casual firings from Watch Tower N could be heard from afar. I sat up with difficulty.

'Hey,' I called to Cao Lon. 'If the contact from Nhi Binh doesn't come, what will you do?'

'I might go back, because something must have happened to stop them from coming.'

'Do you know anyone around here?'

'I know a lot of people, such as Auntie Lieu. Her house is less than a kilometre from here, near that tall coconut tree over there. But then, I don't know where the fellows from the commando take cover tonight.'

He sat down quietly, flapping away the mosquitoes now and then. Suddenly he stood up and ran out. He looked towards the village and gave me these instructions:

'Uncle, you wait here for me. I'm going out to check out that bunch of fellows. Don't fall asleep. If anything happens, just head for this direction!'

He took me by the hand and pointed towards the marshland on the other side of the shack. He whispered in my ear:

'I'll call you by whistling on my flute three times like a bird.'

He stuck the flute back to his waist and unlocked the gun. Slowly, he walked out. I gazed at the frail body that swept across my face, gradually disappearing into the night haze. I was very worried for him. I chased after him.

'Cao Lon, can't you let me go with you?' I asked.

'Ah yo, how can that do! This is a matter of principle!'

'Are you afraid that I can't beat the enemies when we bump into them?'

'Of course you can, but this is not your business now. This is *my* business, don't you understand!'

His face was cold and blank. But on the other hand, afraid that I might feel hurt, he took me by the hand and smiled naughtily. The next minute, he was already gone.

His footsteps faded by and by, while the low croaking of frogs sounded louder and louder in my ear. At first, it was only one or two frogs, but in a moment's

time, hundreds and thousands joined the chorus. Croak, croak. . . I huddled amid a stack of hay in the shack. The more I detested that disgusting croaking, the more I yearned for the sound of Cao Lon's footsteps. My hand reached into my pocket for a smoke, but suddenly I remembered what Cao Lon had said—no smoking. I stretched myself and stood up. It was still a span of pitch-dark outside. Only a few dots of twinkling light could be seen from afar. My eyes kept staring at the dim light, for it was much better than listening to the terrible croaking.

'Chirp, chirp!'

The crisp chirping came from a distance. This was a common bird's call at the season when rice crops turned into golden yellow, and when fruits began to ripen. When I thought back on what Cao Lon had said some time ago, I realised that the call was his signal with Nhi Binh. As the sound of the flute died away, I listened with a throbbing heart for an answer from the other side. However, except for the croaking of the frogs, nothing could be heard. Maybe Cao Lon had come into contact with the other side, maybe he hadn't; but no matter what, my heart seemed to have reached solid ground. For the sound of the enemies' firing had died down with the whistling of the flute. Cao Lon had at least reached safety! I sighed in relief and leaned against the haystack, my face uplifted towards the twinkling stars.

Suddenly, an abrupt rustle sounded from the left side of the shack. It must be a frightened bird grazing past. The croaking pounded at my ear drums. I stood up instantly. With grenade in hand, I crept out to investigate. The sky wore a heavy black shroud. Nothing could be detected except the splashing sound of wading in water, drawing nearer and nearer. While I was wondering if this was Cao Lon, a beam of light flashed towards me. The beam flashed back and forth several times, and landed on the

shack for a long while. The several stacks of hay in front of me became more distinct than ever. I lay frozen on the grass, like a corpse, while the light flashed above my back. A man shouted:

'Mr Vietcong, have you got any more half-hatched eggs? Why don't you bring them out? They taste good with wine!'

Another fellow added:

'Hurry up and come out!' 'Hey mister, we want to warm our stomachs! Heh, heh, you know it doesn't feel good to play in the water at night!'

A burst of guffawing followed. The torch was still flashing, but the sound of splashing was gone. Maybe they didn't dare to come in. I clutched the grenade tightly. One throw from me and everything would happen spontaneously. I held it firmly in my hand. While the enemies' torch beam swept towards the left, I immediately scurried to the back of a haystack. This was a good spot for refuge and observation. From here, I could vaguely see several puppet troopers marching along a high bank bounding the field, about a hundred metres away. They were mumbling about something.

Suddenly one of them complained:

'Let them go. They must have chickened out. Let's go back now!'

'Hm, O.K., let's go. Ha ha! Mr Vietcong, we wish you good health!'

The torch light turned towards the village, as the splashing went further and further away. I remained in the same position, listening intently. A little murmur similar to what I heard on the bank a moment ago reached my ears again. It rustled and rattled for a second and then quieted down. Then emerged several blurred shadows. The bandits must be up to something! I climbed softly up a little mound of earth, all set to throw the grenade at them when they drew near, so that I would have time to escape. However, just when the bandits' shadows appeared over the bank, a volley of bullets blasted towards them. The bandits fell into the water.

'Oh no, Lieutenant, it's the Vietcong!'

'Damn it, what are you crying for! Go get them!'

As they screamed and shouted, their guns fired in the direction of the shots. Torrents of bullets rained; a streak of blazing red pierced through the sky, blasting past my ears. Knowing that Cao Lon was in ambush on that side, I found a chance to throw the grenade at the enemies, so as to decoy them away. Then I turned around and ran among the reeds along the bank towards the place appointed by Cao Lon. After running a distance, I suddenly heard a weak chirping.

As I turned around, a shadow appeared from the bank. I darted towards it like an arrow. But just when I could discern the face of Cao Lon, he jumped on me vigorously, and pressed my head to the ground, whispering.

'Get down, be careful of the enemies' fire!'

My face touched the ground, as several bullets battered on the bank, screaming on top of my head. It was such a close shave! When I looked up after the enemies' fire had subsided, Cao Lon was already gone. I looked towards the left and saw him about thirty metres from me. He was propping up a bundle of hay on the bank. He then fired a cluster of bullets towards the enemies, stooped and ran towards me. 'Retreat along this direction!' he ordered.

I straightened up and ran after Cao Lon as fast as I could. At this time, the enemies were firing at the place we had just left. They shouted as they ran in the fields:

'Don't kill them. We want them alive!'

'Surround them from three sides. Don't let them run away!'

My heart pounded; a fire burned in my chest. I clung to Cao Lon, looking at him anxiously. But he only handed me the flute with indifference.

'Uncle,' he said softly, 'Hold this for me, so that it doesn't get in my way. You've got to stay calm; it's really noth-

ing!'

After running another distance, he jerked to a stop. He placed his ear on the ground, listening carefully.

'Uncle, can you hear anything?' he asked.

I shook my head. He pulled me to his side. As our heads lay side by side on the bank, he pointed towards the little shack. Among the shrieking bullets, I could hear the enemies shouting:

'Stop fighting, it's a waste of bullets. Damn it, we've been hoaxed again!'

'What's happening, Lieutenant?'

'We've wasted a ton of bullets on a bundle of hay, you dummies!'

I was wild with joy. I squeezed Cao Lon's hand, smiling at him in the dark. But he lay motionless, his ears still pressed to the ground. At the sight of his anxiety, I pulled his hand and asked him what was happening. However, he refused to answer, but only pressed my head to the ground. I could only act like a robot under his command. As soon as my ear touched the ground, I could hear the enemies wading, closing in on us. I pinched his leg, hoping to catch his attention, but he totally ignored me, his eyes nailed to where the noise came from. Something seemed to be tumbling in his breast, forcing him to inhale deeply from time to time.

Boom, boom. . . .

Suddenly, two explosions shook the entire field. The bandits yelled and screamed, clambering to save their skins. Cao Lon jumped up in excitement. Dragging me by the hand, he ran like the wind, panting on the way.

'Oh how lovely! How lovely!' he exclaimed.

'So they're fighting among themselves?' I asked.

He stopped at my words and pulled my hand into the empty grenade bag at his waist. He chuckled. It began to dawn upon me:

'Oh, you must have buried them near the little shack, right?'

'No, at the place where the stacks of hay are. Ai, it's too bad. Uncle, if I had a few more with me, I would have finished the whole lot of them. That way, we can have a jolly trip back in broad daylight!'

At this point, he nudged his head against my chest and took back the flute from my hand. He whistled it once and returned it to his waist.

When my work in Nhi Binh was near its end, there suddenly came a vital piece of news that shook the whole area. One day at the market, which was a place for collecting all sorts of explosive news, the people began talking about a young hero, who had been captured by the American bandits. He would be paraded in the streets of S Market as a warning to other people.

. . . That morning, during the busiest hours of S Market, there suddenly came the sound of whistling and shouting. Files of puppet police dressed in camouflage fatigues surrounded the market. They pushed aside the people with their clubs and announced through the loud speaker:

'This is a government order: everyone should gather and witness the execution of a hardcore Vietcong!'

For the last ten years, innumerable of our people had been murdered at this place. Thus whenever such an event took place, everyone could feel a dagger tearing at his heart. People wanted to hide away, simply for this reason: they didn't have the heart to see those shameless dogs slaughter their own people. But the bandits' whip lashed out on top of their heads, and guns were pointed at their chests:

'Hey, are you going or not? Move on!'

Just when the crowd was hustled into the market-place, a van stopped at the entrance of the market. Two bandits dragged a boy of twelve or thirteen out to the barb-wired execution platform. The boy wore only a pair of tattered shorts. His body was black and blue all over; blood trickled down his legs and chest,

until the bandages were soaked with red. His head was covered with burns and some spots were swollen with beating—an undistinguishable mass of flesh and blood. Two distinct knife cuts marked his cheeks. His lips were red and swollen, carved with countless wounds and sticking out like a loudspeaker. After all this torture having been inflicted on the boy, the bandits were still afraid that he would run away. They tied him to a near-by car, while policemen flanked his side, as if guarding against a massive enemy assault. However, no matter how brutal the bandits were, the youngster still stood straight and at great ease. His eyes never rested on the petty actions of the bandits, who from time to time inspected his ropes, tugged at the wire, or looked down from the platform. Neither did his eyes rest on any of his wounds, even though they were trickling with blood. His shorts and legs were dyed red. He kept gazing ahead, at the broad sky, the clouds floating by and the luscious, coconut tree soaring into the sky. The gentle wind from the plain was caressing it, murmuring softly to it.

'Bastard, have you seen enough?' asked a bandit who came up from behind the platform, cackling in satisfaction. The fellow then stepped to the other side, tapping a ruler on his palm. He gawked at the youngster.

The youngster remained silent, without even glancing at him. The man strode forward haughtily and yelled, word by word, Lit-tle Bas-tard!

It was at this moment that the youngster turned his head. He glared at the man with fire in his eyes and shouted:

'Stop bragging! I'm not any smaller than you!'

The crowd stirred in commotion. Several women who were weeping now took out their handkerchiefs to dry their tears. The bandit saw everything that took place. Like a red-eyed loser, he turned around and cursed the crowd. He took out a sharp knife and waved it in

front of the youngster.

'Little bastard, kneel down!'

'I only know how to stand, not like you people who are used to kneeling!'

'Stop playing hero. I'm going to cut you open and see how much guts you've got! How dare you kill two of our soldiers and one American adviser!'

Despite the intimidation from the bandit, the youngster only stirred his lips in a smile of contempt. His face turned unusually bright and clear all of a sudden. His eyes gazed at the sky peacefully and then at his people, who rushed to him. He said mildly:

'That bastard has been reporting my deeds to my uncles and aunties here! But unfortunately his report is inadequate. He left out something!'

The bandit jumped at him furiously.

'What! We left out something?' he howled in the boy's face.

'To be correct, you should say, in this battle, I got rid of two puppet soldiers and two American invaders. What do you mean by "adviser"!'

Hatred overwhelmed the youngster. His voice thundered; even the platform and the barbed wires around it trembled. The horde of policemen rushed forward and lined up in front of him, their guns pointing to his chest. When the people saw that the murder was going to take place, they dashed up like a violent tide.

'Down with the traitors!' their voices shook the sky. They brandished their sticks, pots and boxes and swarmed towards the enemies.

'Down with the murderers!'

'Save our boy! Save our boy!'

At first there were only the people in the market, but soon everyone around and in the streets joined in. They lashed at the enemies; their fury was like the upheaval of mountains and seas—fighting, struggling and clashing with their foes. In a state of confusion, the bandits quickly loosened the ropes and pushed the youngster back into the van and sped away. . .

When I heard the exciting story from the people in the market, I was curious about the identity of this young hero. Nobody knew his name; and there were various reports about his facial characteristics. This might be because the people were reluctant to expose him for the sake of his security, or it might be because he was so cruelly beaten that nothing was discernible except his blood and wounds.

I began to suspect: could this youngster be my brave and close companion, Cao Lon?

One time, when I was on a mission, I visited on my way Auntie Lieu whom Cao Lon told me about that night when we lay in the shack.

Auntie Lieu was only a little over forty, but her face was so withered that she looked like she had just recovered from a serious illness. When she recognised that I was Cao Lon's friend, she knit her brows and became rapt in thought. Her pair of deep-set eyes were fixed on the marshland at a distance.

I told her the story I heard at the market-place, but after a few sentences, I could no longer go on calmly, for her face was distorted with agony. Everything became clear to me. Auntie Lieu burst out in tears and rushed into the room. She came out with a knapsack and a flute. The colour of the knapsack had already faded; a few clumps of soil clung on to it. At one end of the flute was a red ribbon and on the other, the name Cao Lon was carved.

I took up the flute and followed her out into the yard, silently gazing at the marshland. The little shack rose in front of me like a little island in the ocean. It was here that Cao Lon twice battled courageously with the enemies. The wind whistled as the morning symphony of the plains echoed in my ears. Standing with a mixture of sadness and pride, I could almost hear the soft chirping of Cao Lon's flute.

## Letter

With deep interest and great pleasure, I have read 'Letter From Khartoum' about Chinese in Sudan, by A. Kheir, published in Volume XII, No. 3 of 1973 of your magazine.

The article, in general, is well written and very interesting, impressive and reflects the real facts about China's internationalist policy and the revolutionary spirit of Chinese experts and people in serving the people of the world whole-heartedly.

Some points, however, in the article conform not to the historical facts. In the third paragraph of the article Kheir says: 'The story of friendship between the Sudanese and Chinese people goes back to the year of 1958 when Sudan first gave official recognition to the People's Republic of China and established diplomatic relations with her.' Certainly, Kheir intended to write about the friendship between the two States, Sudan and China, but not the two peoples. The friendship between the two peoples goes back to the year 1884 when the revolutionary fighters of El-Mahadi's Revolution killed General Gordon, the British officer who led the British colonialist troops to invade China in the year 1840. Thus, the Sudanese and Chinese people established militant friendship in a common struggle against the same enemy, British colonialism. Their friendship had struck root into the depth of history. With the development of history, the two peoples have strengthened their friendship and unity, help and support each other in their struggle against colonialism, imperialism, Zionism and Soviet social-imperialism.

At another place in the article, Kheir says:

'The Soviets and their satellites began to exert economic pressure' after the failure of the military revisionist coup of July 1971 in Sudan. 'Treaties and contracts with the Sudan Government,' the article continues, 'were abrogated and the Soviets and their satellites refused to abide by any of them. Thus the regime realised through its own experience that the Soviet leaders were following a double-faced policy in their relations with the Sudan. They retaliated. At this juncture the Sudan turned to the People's Republic of China for help and assistance.'

As a matter of fact, the relationship between the Sudan and Chinese Governments improves and develops daily since 1969. In August 1970, one year after he took power in Sudan, President Nimerie came on a visit to People's China and signed with the Chinese assistance and help agreements, by which China provided Sudan with two long-terms loans. Thus Sudan turned to the People's Republic of China for help and assistance one year before the revisionist abortive coup in Sudan.

H. Mahmoud Wafi

## Correction

*The fourth paragraph on page 59 in our last issue should read:*

'At the cadres' meeting described in this excerpt, Ma Lien-fu, a farm team leader and demobilised PLA man who has come very much under Ma's influence, fires the first shot. . . .'

## A Spiritual Rebirth

### Cambodia in the Southeast Asian War

By Malcolm Caldwell and Lek Tan.  
(*Monthly Review Press, New York, 1973.*)

### My War with the CIA

As related to Wilfred Burchett by Norodom Sihanouk.  
(*Penguin Books, 1973.*)

Malcolm Caldwell, a distinguished historian, and Lek Tan, a Cambodian journalist, have given us a rich historical canvas that straddles the period of the first protectorate; the events prior to May 7, 1954, that led to the collapse of Dien Bien Phu; the pursuit of neutrality 1954-1966; the upsurge of Cambodia's fascist imitators; the anti-Sihanouk rabbit punch, and the consequent forward thrust of the national liberation forces. The story unfolds in a fast moving narrative and with a scholarship that never flags. In the immediate aftermath of the October Revolution, it was Lenin (with what appeared to H. G. Wells as a laughable paradox) who spoke of 'advanced Asia and backward Europe.' Today it is the struggles of the coloured masses of the universe in Asia, Africa and Latin America that have become, now more than ever, the advanced guards of newer social order. During the colonial period they were judged by their occupiers to be a historyless people, save when their monuments were being plundered by the occupiers.

Cambodia's history during and after the 'protectorate' served to mask the nature of an implacable colonisation. From its inception resistance was marked. The historical parallels which, naturally, should not be pushed too far between the imposition of French colonialism

in 1863-1864, and the shorter but more savage American occupation in the sixties and seventies, are striking indeed. The colonialists' incursions in the 1860s were impelled by their own expansionary logic which, in another context, was well summarised by Neville Maxwell. 'Empires in their expansive phases push out their frontiers until they meet the resistance of a strong neighbour, or reach a physical barrier which makes a natural point of rest, or until the driving force is exhausted.' The capitulation of France to Prussian militarism in 1871 coincided with two other world-shaking events: the Paris Commune that threatened the entire social order, and the onset of the first major world capitalist economic crisis which lasted intermittently well into the nineties. It was against this backcloth that Garnier, one of the leading assassins of the Communards, preached for expansion in Indochina.

Containment of the domestic proletariat was predicated on expansion abroad to the 'empty lands' of Southeast Asia and the scramble for Black Africa. Skinning the blackskins, and in the process creating a servile labour aristocracy, became an instrument for the perpetuation of class rule in the metropolis. But for France the conquest of Cambodia was a stepping stone for other unrealised ambitions: the seizure of

Yunnan Province in southern China. After all, France had played no minor role in the earlier destruction of the Taiping revolutionaries. The grip on Indochina would make possible the rape of the Chinese people in the era of the concession hunters.

The conquest of Cambodia was trailed by mass 'pacification' campaigns. But as with all conquest, pacification fathered revolt and rebellion of which that of 1884-1886 was the high watermark. The leader of that revolt was the great grandfather of Prince Sihanouk. Indeed, 'Norodom's bitter resentment against French arrogance,' write Caldwell and Tan, 'was mirrored eighty years later in his great grandson Sihanouk's equally bitter resentment against similar American tactics designed to force him into the American camp.' A Sisowath then was prepared to play the role of a major quisling of French colonialism. By one of the comic twists of history, his descendant, 'in the following century, Sisowath Sirik Matak, became the American puppet.' To be sure, the great revolt of 1884-1886 was a people's upsurge against a colonial government and in the epoch of emergent imperialism was, together with the North African rebellions, one of the very first of its kind.

In summarising the parallels between 1884-1886 and 1970-1972, Jean Claude Pomonti and Serge Thion have noted:

*In both cases, it is the same regions that have led the way—the east of the country between Phnom Penh and Vietnam; the guerilla bases are in the same areas—in the Cardamones and Elephant Mountain chains, in the forests to the north of Kompong Cham, in the foothills of the high plateau stretching between Tay Ninh and Kratié. In both cases, a section of the local élite has adhered to the guerillas, resisting in the name of the sovereign. The Westerners have committed the same mistakes, supported by the same local collaborators, corrupt and often suspected of playing a double game. The same arguments have been exchanged in the legislative bodies of the respective metropolitan powers between the supporters and the opponents of military intervention. When history repeats itself, according to Marx, it becomes farce. But not in Indochina.*

Today, however, the geographical extent of Lon Nol's domain is restricted to a handful of

enclaves.

The colonial period with its foundations in traditional forms of indirect rule did not contribute to Cambodia's economic development. The familiar problem of traditional peasant poverty was intensified by colonial exactions which, distressingly, in the post independence period continued unaltered. 'The taxes,' wrote Langlois, 'imposed in all of France's overseas possessions were heavy, but it was generally admitted that those exacted from the Cambodian peasants were by far the most onerous in the empire.'

In Phnom Penh's miasma of corruption and court intrigue, coupled to Cambodia's continuing underdevelopment, Norodom Sihanouk remained totally divorced from the mass movements that were ripping through the social fabric of the Indochinese peninsula. He possessed neither ideology nor a party structure and organisation that was capable of infusing a new dynamic into the congealed neo-colonialist society that was his Cambodia. This point is brought out by Caldwell and Tan and it illustrates pungently the distance that must be traversed if a new socialist Cambodia is to emerge.

*By 1968, therefore, Sihanouk was increasingly cut off from reality by the euphoric pap of his sycophants. In the government, men of the right were in theory helping to administer an economic system they totally disapproved of and wished to see dismantled as soon as possible. Outside government, the 'affairists' were trying to undermine the system they despised. The economy was thus subject to forces inimical to any kind of orderly progress. . . . Those who flourished had friends in the right places, were ruthless, and turned their capital over in the quickest and most lucrative way open to them—which, in the absence of 'serving the Americans', meant smuggling, protection rackets, gambling, and every known form of extortion of man by man.*

Sihanouk had lost control or never had control. There are few books more favourable to the Cambodian revolution than that of Caldwell and Tan and it is because of the authors' commitment to the revolutionary ideals of the Cambodian masses that the lacerating commentary on Sihanouk himself—his personal shortfalls—assumes such tragic dimensions.

The right wing backed by their mentors exploited these shortfalls for their own purposes to put an end to Cambodian neutrality and to transform it into an armed counterrevolutionary camp as in Thailand. The perverse testimony of a Sirik Matak and a Lon Nol are not the same as those pronounced by friends of the revolutionary forces that have now surfaced in Cambodia. And as far as this reviewer is concerned the putsch of which he was the victim has had a cathartic impact on his personal vision of world history.

The very year that Sihanouk was ousted (March, 1970), one of the master organisers of the Vietnamese revolution had written in words whose contrasts with Cambodian realities were sufficiently gripping: 'Prior to the seizure of power,' wrote Le Duan, 'and in order to seize power, the sole weapon of the revolution and the masses is organisation. The salient feature of the revolutionary movement led by the proletarian class lies in its sophisticated organisation. All activities aimed at leading the masses to advance step by step toward the uprising to overthrow the ruling clique can be summed up in one word: organisation.'

By the late sixties conditions were being prepared to push Cambodia into the satellite status which even in its enfeebled state it would not accept. 'The only thing I had not anticipated,' said Sihanouk, 'was that the United States would take part directly in trying to take our country to pieces. . . . We were being punished, humiliated, and prepared for the chopping block because we had stood on our dignity. We refused to become US puppets, or join in the anti-communist crusade. We spurned the billion dollar rewards for such a role. That was our crime in the eyes of successive US administrations.'

That is correct, but Sihanouk was being prepared for the chopping block because of his alienation from the masses. An alienation that did not exist in China, North Korea, Albania and in Vietnam. The lessons to be learnt from Sihanouk's pre-putsch Cambodia are in certain remote ways akin to those that occurred in Chile.

But what is indicative is the transformation of Sihanouk himself and his preparedness to continue the struggle. And that is of the essence. In the last three years the revolutionary Khmer movement has made gigantic strides and today Lon Nol is a funereal figure. But there should be no illusions that there are serious internal contradictions within the Indochinese liberation movement, if Sihanouk himself is to be believed, as quoted by Sulzberger in the *New York Times*, as well as the *Far Eastern Economic Review*. In time, the national liberation movements in all of Indochina will overcome these afflictions. But in the interval we cannot lose sight of their existence, and of their longer run impact on the present struggle and their implications for the future.

Both these highly informative books—the first an historical study in depth; the second Sihanouk's recollections since the coup—gave us insights in the process of change and renewal. For him there has been a considerable measure of personal growth, an enhanced sense of kinship with his people. I liked the anecdote that he recalls of one of his meetings with Chairman Mao: 'I would rather shake the hand of a prince like you, who is a patriot,' Mao stated, 'than with the so-called "sons of the people", like certain other heads of state. You have played a splendid role. You deserve to be a communist.' Compare this with the position of France. 'The French ambassador presented me with a message from his government, to the effect that if I retired to France, they would place a villa, a car and a chauffeur at my disposal. I thanked him and said: the Chinese Government just offered me these things. But they were only the first instalment. The second part consists of support for my cause. So I must accept their two-part offer and refuse yours.'

Acceptance of aid imparted a new lease of life not only to Sihanouk, but to the Cambodian revolutionary masses. And it is due to his new spiritual rebirth and the solidarity of his genuine allies which have made victory of both a military and social nature, protracted as it must be, a certainty.

Christopher Collingwood

# ON MANY HORIZONS *news and views*

## *Flood Warning System*

The Philippines, which is battered by about 20 typhoons a year, has installed a flood warning system in central Luzon which may minimise the havoc wrought by floods in the country every year.

The new flood forecasting and warning system was recently set up in the Pampanga River basin covering the three central Luzon provinces of Pampanga, Bulaca and Nueva Ecija, north of Manila.

The Information Department, announcing this today, said that floods destroy an average of US\$26 million in private and public property in the Philippines every year.

AFP, Manila, 4 October

## *Of Indian Bondage . . .*

Paran Paswan is a labourer in bondage, like his father and grandfather. 'My sons will also be in debt to the landlord,' he says with a shrug. 'The landlord keeps us.'

Standing beside a sun-drenched rice field with several other labourers, Paran laughs gently. 'It's my fate, it's my children's fate,' he says. 'If we have enough food, I'm happy. If we don't have enough, I beg the landlord for more.'

The powerful system of bondage has no basis in law in India. But custom, illiteracy, political manipulation and corruption have merged to make the system dominant in backward states such as Bihar in the northeast. Today, 26 years after Indian independence, the system shows few signs of withering.

Bondage—or 'kamyoti' as it is called here—puts a peasant in permanent debt to a landlord. If the labourer dies, the debt and bondage pass on to his son.

*New York Times Service,*  
Ranisarai, India, 5 October

## *70,000 Murders Suspected*

There have been 70,000 people probably murdered in Japan since 1967 whose bodies have not been found, police said today.

Applications to police to search for people who have left their homes have numbered 90,000 yearly, 10,000 of whom are still missing. A total of 70,000 have completely disappeared in suspicious circumstances since 1967.

AFP, Tokyo, 5 October

## *Most Popular Residents*

The most popular residents of Tokyo's Ueno Zoo are by far two frolicking pandas presented by China a year ago this week.

Some 3.5 million people, mostly ecstatic schoolchildren who may wait in lines for as long as three hours, have visited Kang Kang and Lan Lan since their arrival October 28, 1972.

Besides the daily crunch of callers, the two pandas are receiving bundles of fan mail. To date, an estimated 4,000 letters have arrived and addressed simply: 'Panda, Tokyo.'

AP, Tokyo, 26 October

## *Unborn Baby Talks?*

An Indonesian woman who once fooled national leaders by claiming her unborn child talked, is being sought by the police for embezzlement, a police spokesman said today.

Zahara Fonna and her husband Tengku Sharifuddin were alleged to have cheated several people out of considerable sums of money, the spokesman said.

About two years ago, President Suharto, Foreign Minister Adam Malik and other leaders accepted her claim that her unborn baby could talk, cry and pray.

But police discovered that she used a tape recorder hidden under her clothes and she had

the ability to move her stomach like a pregnant woman.

Reuter, Jakarta, 27 October

### *Pollution Even in Himalayas*

Even the mighty Himalayas, which have withstood 500 million years of natural wear and tear, have fallen victim to pollution, a joint US-Polish scientific team said today.

Mr Zbigniew Jaworowski, leader of the expedition, said the pollution—found mainly in the layers of ice which have accumulated along the peaks—is so prevalent it can be seen with the naked eye.

'You could see the precipitation was thick and dark, particularly in those samples of ice which have accumulated in the last 25 years. Samples from earlier years contained very few pollutants,' he said.

'The pollution, surprisingly, is not from existing sources in Nepal. It is comparable to pollution in the Alps,' Mr Jaworowski said.

UPI, Katmandu, 31 October

### *Acupuncture for Mentally Ill*

Acupuncture has been used successfully to treat mental disorders such as schizophrenia, the executive director of the National Acupuncture Research Society said Wednesday.

The ancient Chinese art of applying needles to designated points of the human anatomy also has had good results in blocking withdrawal symptoms of drug addiction, Dr Frank Warren said.

'Some day, needles may replace shock therapy in treating such disorders as manic depression, schizophrenia and mixed psychosis,' Warren said.

AP, Atlanta, Georgia, 31 October

### *Narcotics in Hongkong*

Speaking about the possibilities of the formation of an organised drug trafficking network here, Mr N. G. Rolph, Hongkong's Commissioner for Narcotics, said that with Turkish supplies drying up in recent months, organised crime may take a new interest in Hongkong as a base of operations. He said that the situation is being watched closely.

When asked about rumours that China might be involved in the supply of raw opium, Mr

Rolph said: 'Absolutely not.' He said that there has never been any evidence to support such a contention and that such an activity would go strongly against the strict moral code that exists in China today.

*Hongkong Standard*,  
Hongkong, 1 November

### *Diehards Know*

Mr Hsu Yi-chiao, adviser to the former Kuomintang mission in Japan, and his wife visited China recently, where the couple met Premier Chou En-lai, Liao Cheng-chih and others.

On his way back to Japan where he now lives, Mr Hsu talked to our reporter on prospects of China's unification.

'As far as I can see,' he said, 'the liberation of Taiwan and unification of our motherland is now merely a matter of time. I am sure even the diehard of diehards knows this in his heart.'

*Ta Kung Pao*,  
Hongkong, 1 November

### *Motorists not Welcome*

Kyoto welcomes tourists as long as they take trains or buses to visit here but it would not welcome sightseers coming in motor vehicles, says Mayor Motoki Funahashi today.

In a bid to oust cars swarming into Japan's most popular tourist spot, Mayor Funahashi said motor traffic to Maruyama Park in central Kyoto would be banned starting today.

AFP, Kyoto, 5 November

### *New Virus Found*

Japanese scientists have discovered the virus that had caused severe hemorrhoid conjunctivitis among millions of people in Africa, Europe and Asia—to be named by the World Health Organisation (WHO) as 'Enterovirus 702', it was announced at the 21st virological congress in Tokyo today.

The eye disease had been commonly called 'Apollo Sickness' simply because it began to spread at the same time that Apollo-11 landed in 1966. The infected eyes begin bleeding, eyelids swollen as if after a severe punch. Sometimes nerves are affected and paralysis of the limbs sets in.

AFP, Tokyo, 5 November

### *4,000 Die of Cholera*

About 4,000 people have died from cholera in Bangladesh over the last two months, the official Banglar Bani newspaper reported here today.

The newspaper, which reported that its claim was based on Health Ministry statistics, said 12,000 people had been affected by the disease.

Reuter, Dacca, 6 November

### *Mini-skirt Haters*

Manila's satellite city of Quezon has banned the wearing of mini-skirts and long hair not only by its female and male employees, respectively, but also by all other persons 'who do business' with the city government.

Norberto Amoranto sent home more than ten female employees violating the mini-skirt ban and emphasised that the ban—to restore decency in the city government—also covered the public doing business with city hall, the Phillippine News Agency reported.

AFP, Manila, 7 November

### *Chile Today*

The cost of living in Chile went up by 87.6 per cent in October, the steepest monthly rise in recorded history, the National Statistics Institute reported.

This was a direct result of a decision by the country's ruling military junta to raise the prices of many essential goods and services by between 200 and 600 per cent, observers said.

*Hongkong Standard*,  
Hongkong, 13 November

### *Young Drug Addicts*

Since the ceasefire narcotics, and particularly heroin, have begun to ravage the ranks of the next generation.

There are no precise figures and officials in charge of the anti-drug campaign are generally forced to use estimates. Police say there are about 130,000 addicts, but it is difficult to say what percentage are young heroin and opium addicts.

Agents in Saigon of the American Narcotics

Bureau estimate there are some 100,000 elderly opium addicts and between 30,000 and 50,000 young people hooked on heroin.

AFP, Saigon, 14 November

### *A Joke in India?*

The Prime Minister, Mrs Indira Gandhi, rode to work the other morning in a horse and buggy.

She has called for austerity measures and sacrifice among Government officials—a request that has been termed 'a joke, a stunt, ludicrous,' by restive opposition politicians.

Austerity requests have since been made from time to time by Indian Prime Ministers, including Mr Jawaharlal Nehru, Mrs Gandhi's father, who asked Indians to skip a meal a week to fight food scarcities.

*New York Times Service*,  
New Delhi, 15 November

### *Court Martial for Trio*

Instructions to investigate the unlawful actions of Field Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn, Field Marshal Prapas Charusathara and Col Narong Kittikachorn have been given by the Defence Ministry to the Judge Advocate General Department.

The Department will raise charges against the trio for a court martial.

'The charges will be valid for a period of 20 years although we cannot get the trio to the court. So they will not be able to return to the country for the next 20 years,' a source said.

AFP, Bangkok, 18 November

### *War Costly for Israel*

Israel's balance of payments deficit in 1973 will be more than US\$2,500 million because of the October war, the adviser to the Finance Minister, Mr Ephraim Dovrat, said.

Mr Dovrat said in the latest issue of the ruling Labour Party's bulletin, Ot, that the expected deficit for the year, before the war, was \$1,360 million.

He said this meant that the war was responsible for an additional \$1,240 million de-

ficit, which is about equal to the total foreign currency reserves held by the Bank of Israel on the eve of the hostilities.

He said loss of production during the war had cost the country 2.22 million Israeli pounds, and predicted a loss of another 1,000 million Israeli pounds in production during 1974.

Mr Dovrat also said that Israel would lose \$250 million in exports this year as a result of the war.

Reuter, Tel Aviv, 19 November

### *Extinct Elephant Fossil*

The fossil skeleton of an extinct elephant—one of the world's biggest and best preserved individual stegodon skeletons so far found—was recently excavated along the bank of Malian River in Hoshui County in Northwest China's Kansu Province.

Belonging to an old stegodon, the skeleton measures about 4 metres high and eight metres long. The tusk is 3.03 metres long.

This type of elephant lived from the end of the Tertiary period three million years ago to the Quaternary period 10,000 years ago. It was taller than the modern elephant, the tusks were longer and the chewing surface of the molars had a transverse ridge. Only cranial bones or teeth of the elephant were formerly discovered in China and other places of Asia and Africa.

Hsinhua, Lanchow, 1 December

### *Higher Bicycle Sales Expected*

Although the oil crisis has so far not affected motoring in Hongkong, local bicycle sales are expected to go up in the near future.

Already, the sole bicycle manufacturer in the Colony—Hongkong Bicycles Limited—has launched a local sales drive.

According to the Managing Director of Murjani Holding Limited, which owns 80 per cent of the bicycle company, which was established about a year ago, exports for 1974 and 1975 are expected to go up from \$20 million at pre-

sent to around \$50 million.

*South China Morning Post,*  
Hongkong, 6 December

### *Muslims Married by Christian*

Fifty Muslim couples in the Pasaman regency of West Sumatra have been married by a Christian pastor because he offered his services free of charge, the daily newspaper *Pedoman* reported today.

It said that local religious services officials had reported that the young couples also went to the pastor because the local Muslim religious affairs bureau had pensioned off its only official early this year and he had never been replaced.

Reuter, Jakarta, 12 December

### *Corruption Rife*

A leading Indonesian economist has warned that the government would lose more money while carrying out its current development programme unless it checked quickly what he described as 'widespread corruption.'

Dr Kadarman, head of the Institute for the Promotion of Management, was quoted by *Kompas* as saying corruption had now totalled about 30 per cent of the national income.

He dismissed a theory that corruption was necessary for the developing countries to accelerate national development.

Reuter, Jakarta, 13 December

### *X'mas Not Happy Here*

Taiwan announced a prohibition on 'extravagant' celebrations and on post-midnight Christmas or New Year's festivities in private homes or places of public entertainment.

The Taipei Police Department announced that it will organise special patrol units to roam the city enforcing the order and that any violators will be punished 'in the harshest manner permissible under the law.'

*Hongkong Standard,*  
Taipei, 17 December

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