



As this issue of Minus 7 is going to press, news of the brutal murder of Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin and Jan-Carl Raspe by the fascist German state arrived. While Baader, Ensslin and Raspe are not anarchists or libertarian communists as far as we are aware, and we have very serious reservations on the use of hijacking and kidnapping as suitable tactics to fight the capitalist state, we cannot hide our indescribable grief and sorrow towards the pass away of the three anti-capitalist fighters who have unceasingly and courageously confronted the capitalist state in the most direct manner. We are deeply enraged by the brutality and barbaric acts of the fascist German state.

The fascist German state shall be destroyed! And we will try our best to contribute to such eventuality.

Baader lives!

Ensslin lives!

Raspe lives!

The Free Li I-che/Yang Hsi Kwang Campaign

A Progress Report

The Free Li/Yang Action Committee was set up in March 1977 on learning that Li Ching-tien was officially identified as counter-revolutionary and thrown into labor camp. The committee published an appeal which was widely distributed in Hong Kong. The appeal generated substantial interest among the non-maoist students. The official publication of the College Students' Association reproduced the appeal. Students leaders at the University of Hong Kong through their publication "Undergrad" called upon their fellow-students to keep a close watch on the fate of Li & Yang.

At the same time, members of the Free Li/Yang Action Committee put up big character postes all over Hong Kong demanding the immediate of Li and Yang. Subsequently, the committee designated 5th June 1977 as an international day of supporting Li and Yang. **Libertarian** socialist/anarchist groups as well as groups supporting political prisoners were approached. Thousands of stickers in four languages (French, English, Japanese and Chinese) were made and sent to them for 'pasting' up outside Chinese embassies or consulates on 5th June 1977.

PA CHIN has often been mentioned fondly by anarchists in the West. This is probably due to the very sympathetic portrayal of Pa Chin by Olga Lang in her book "Pa Chin and His Writings". Pa Chin might be the only Chinese anarchist that many people can identify by name. It must however be pointed out that while Pa Chin was active in the Anarchist movement in China in the thirties and the forties and had an important impact on the ideological thoughts of many young people in those days (his novels were popular and instrumental in creating left-wing sentiments among the Chinese youths but his anarchist writings and translations had only a limited circulation), Pa Chin is no longer an anarchist. This is well demonstrated by the two recent essays he wrote which Minus 7 has translated and published below. The anarchists in Hong Kong owe little if anything to Pa Chin or the traditional Chinese anarchist movement to which Pa Chin belonged. Rather, they have arrived at their present position through their reading of English and French texts, through their actual contacts with anarchists overseas, through their own struggles and reflections and through their encounter with ex-Red Guards who had fled from the bureaucratic, repressive Maoist regime in China. Very few anarchist books in Chinese are available in Hong Kong or anywhere else. This is indeed a very important task facing the youthful anarchists in Hong Kong. It is difficult to estimate the influence and strength of anarchism or libertarian communism in China today. But certainly, various elements and movements can be identified as possessing anarchist or libertarian tendency. Such are to be regarded as spontaneous anarchism, the origin of which cannot be traced back to Pa Chin or the anarchist movement in Pa Chin's days. More exactly, spontaneous anarchism developed through popular instinct, through the readings of the more libertarian tracts of Marx and Lenin as well as through the total disillusionment with Mao Tse-tung and the Maoist regime.



巴金



(片照社新中)

影近金巴

A Letter from Pa Chin

1977

Comrade xx

I had not seen the letter you asked someone to bring over. In those days when the sky was cloudy and the '4 evils' were riding high, some people preferred to mind their own business. They were afraid that a cough would offend Wong, Chang, Chiang and Yao, the Gang of four and their lackeys who had dominated the land for over ten years, and were afraid that they would end up neck-high in trouble. This 'gang of four', these restorationists, ultra-rightists were imposters. Things that I read in books of the past I now experienced; things did not believe could have happened now happened to my friends; things like silencing by murder, framing people etc. I had written nothing in the past decade, except for numerous 'Reports on my ideological thought'. A slight hint on the truth would bring forth an accusation of "reversing the verdict". It was difficult even to scribble a few lines in the diary. I often crossed out and rewrote again and again, finally tearing the page out for fear of landing other people into trouble. I only knew that I would have to live in oblivion, let the people forget. Only in this way could I dodge the knife of the 'gang of four'. They labouriously spent their energy in all kinds of mental tortures and personal insults to prevent me from taking up the pen ever again. All in all, they trampled on the policy of the great leader and teacher, Chairman Mao, which aimed at uniting, educating and re-modelling the intellectuals. The Kuomintang spy Chang Chun Chiao had announced that 'not to shoot me was a just the policy in practice.' Before this happened, Chang Chun Chiao had gloatfully said that many in the cultural circle of Shanghai knew Chou En Lai, but he had spoken with Premier Chou not to pay any attention to the Shanghai literary circle. He also said that there wasn't a good man in the Shanghai writers Federation. In 1967, Yao Wen Yuan had pin-pointed me to be an advocate of anarchism and rebelliousness. Any form of anarchy including those they created, was blamed on me. My destiny was in the hands of these blackguards. I was at their mercy. Not even the beloved Premier Chou could ask about this. But in spite of the wilfulness, treacherousness and wickedness of the 'gang of four', they could not go too far in the presence of the great leader Chairman Mao and the beloved Premier Chou. Therefore I now live to witness their downfall. Some people who were familiar with me asked me whether I had offended Chang Chun Chiao to merit his maliciousness. They were worried that I could never get an acquittal. At first I could not understand why Chang and Yao hated me so much, but I gradually realised that I had known Chang Chun Chiao in the thirties, and had known that he was not well-reputed: he had advocated "national defense" literature. I had also seen Chiang Ching on stage in Shanghai and had heard about things people said about her, and knew that she had not been in the struggles with Lu Hsun. It was also because I had known Yao Wen Yuan's father Yao Feng-z, an infamous rebel at that time. I had known Chang and Yao bended with the wind, sometimes right, sometimes left, axing people while hiding behind the guise of theoreticians. I once protested in public while speaking at a meeting. They had not axed me to death, but they severed me from my political life, drove me from the literary circle. Chang Chun Chiao had gloatedly said once and again that 'could the likes of Pa Chin write?' It was as if they were being very lenient in allowing me to undertake translation of materials they had not allowed to be published. Even I was out of the literary circle, I worked for the service of the people. I firmly remembered what Comrade Lu Feng had said, that 'there was no limit in the service for the people'. During these past few years, I often looked back at the roads I passed. I had participated in creative literary compositions, had engaged in creative writing in the old society for 20

years. The first chapter in my first novel read: 'In the endless darkness a soul groaned'; my last novel ended with 'the night was indeed too cold'. My work was saturated with depression and anguish.

I had written about such immense amounts of anguish and darkness within the 20 years and had accepted all kinds of bourgeois ideologies of the old society so that they were incorporated into my work. I had not brought light to readers, nor indicated the way. Instead I complained unceasingly, shouted and bellowed, groped endlessly in the dark, torturing readers with my pain. This was my painful experience. Indeed I owe readers a debt I could never repay. Each time I thought about it in retrospect, I felt uneasy. Because of this, I gladly accepted the many criticisms leveled at me during the proletarian cultural revolution, especially when I had made mistakes and had written about things evil. Solemn and serious criticism had changed my mind, so that I could see myself more clearly.

Comrade xx,

Today, in the commemoration of the radiant writings of the great leaders and teacher Chairman Mao, 'The speech at the Yen-an literary seminar', which had been published for 35 years, I re-lived this painful journey again and I was tremendously moved. It was Chairman Mao's radiant speech that sent tremours into my soul, that showed me the great golden road. I remembered the kind smile and the firm handclasp of Chairman Mao when I first saw him in Chung King in 1945. Later, at the Literary Association in Chang's garden at Chung King, the beloved Premier Chou spoke about the spirit of Chairman Mao and of the direction for giving service to the labour and peasant army-men. At the same time he gave a lively and affectionate introduction of Yen-an literary circle penetrating deep into life and participating in active production work. He painstakingly tried to win everyone to follow the great bright road. Our Chairman Mao and Premier Chou always wanted more people to join the revolution. They never axe people down. Even a person like me, who was educated and raised in the old society for over 40 years received re-education. I began to understand: literary work should raise the enthusiasm of the people towards struggles, and confidence in victory; strengthen their unity so that they could, of one heart and mind, combat with the enemy. To co-ordinate the masses; to be the expression of the masses; to become an honest spokesman for the masses; to go into the ranks of the workers and peasant guards; to go into the heart of combat. These thunderous voices started to awaken me. Catastrophic changes followed – the Republic of China was born. Chinese people overthrew the 3 great mountains that crushed them. They stood up, masters of themselves. On 1st October, 1949, amidst a crowd, I saw an infinite number of red flags waving in the wind at Tienanmen Square; I heard thunderous ovations for 6 hours, starting from 3 p.m. which sent tremours into the heavens. I left the table which the sun never reached. Amid the vast mass of people, for the first time, I clearly saw the radiant, bright and sparkling future of the Chinese people. My heart leapt, I wanted to fly into the sky. The feelings of the individual became merged into the emotions of the crowd. I told myself repeatedly that I will write; I will write about the victory and joy of the people; I will sing out in praise of this great era, of the greatness of the people I will herald the great leader. At that time, among the oppressed educated people of the old society, who had not experienced these feelings?

The times and surroundings had changed. The readers of today are the worker and peasant army, the builders of the new society. They reached out to me and welcomed me into their midst so that I could re-model myself in my life of struggles. They let me give

service to the people with the dented pen with which I had written about pain and darkness. In this way I continued writing for 17 years, but I had not followed closely Chairman Mao's teachings and failed Premier Chou's frequent concerns. Sometimes I participated in struggles but I was not demanding in my own re-modelling. It happened intermittently, sometimes the effect was a fleeting glimpse, sometimes it lasted longer to effect some changes in thought and some new friends. But once I went into the sanctuary of my private library, old habits emerged and new friends were kept at a distance. Therefore within these 17 years, my writings were few, the quality of which was poor. At the same time I departed from the spirit of struggles, my well of inspiration went dry. Today, the re-learning of Chairman Mao's radiant proclamations had given me a clear picture of my mistakes. I sincerely am penitent about my past. But the works of the great leader Chairman Mao had its pronounced effect on me. In these 17 years, my pen had not issued forth sadness and pain. In spite of the 'softness' of my work, victory and joy could now be seen between the lines. As an encouragement, the beloved Premier Chou sent me to Vietnam in summer, 1965 to undertake some journalistic work. Upon my return to China, at the celebration banquet of Strong's eightieth birthday, Premier Chou gave me a toast, encouragingly said that I was one step ahead. Our good Premier had given much thought to the re-modelling of educated people of the old society. For even now, when I reminisce about these past events, Premier Chou's voice came back like real. The pen is inadequate to express my gratitude.

Comrade xx,

Chang Chun Chiao, Yao Wen Yuan and their clique of blackguard drove me out of the literary circle. They just allowed me to do some translation work. I would rather starve than ask them for pardon. I had my own ideas. In his life-time, Mr. Lu Hsun made great effort to contribute to world literature. He had given me courage and confidence. 41 years ago, I had told Mr. Lu Hsun that I wanted to translate Herzen's over 1,000,000 word memoir. It would be my greatest fortune if I could finish this work within my life time. The first few chapters of the memoir described the region of Tsar Nicholas in Russia. The further I translated the greater the similarity I saw in the of the 'gang of four' and Nicholas I with regard to the suppression of uprisings. In their wild hopes, the 'gang of four' had tried to simulate the despotic and terrorising region of Nicholas I in the China built by the great leader Chairman Mao through the bloodshed of the martyrs. It was impossible. I translated a few hundred words each day, and each day I plodded through the dark night of the 19thC Russia like Herzen. I cursed the fascist despotic power of the 'gang of four' as Herzen did to the region of Nicholas I. I believed that their days of power would not be too long for their evil doings had roused the dissatisfaction of many.

To be sure, the skies cleared. Chairman Mao personally selected his successor, the capable Chairman Hua, to execute his behests. This move shattered the devastating 'gang of four' and saved the revolution, the Party, the country and the people. Art and literature had then been distorted beyond recognition. Chairman Hua held high the banner of Chairman Mao, and acted according to the dialectic methods. He walked the road of the people, united them and cared about them, striving to do their wishes so that their hopes were his own. He was a capable leader well supported by the people of the nation. Under the personal supervision of Chairman Hua, the 5th edition of Chairman Mao's Selected Writings was published in spite of the interferences from the 'gang of four'. The Mausoleum of Chairman Mao had also been completed for the commemoration of the great works of Chairman Mao and to carry on his remembrance among the people for generations to come.

The eyes and hopes of the world focused on China. As a Chinese, in the face of such a radiant future, who would not be moved?

It delighted the heart of many that the 'gang of four' had fallen, and the Party Central Committee was headed by the wise leader Chairman Hua. Although for 10 years the 'gang of four' controlled everything in the literary circle, they were finally eradicated. Its remaining followers had to be seriously dealt with for their poison ran deep. In their attempt to influence thought, they improvised unfounded arguments, re-wrote history. Their form of art is still being appreciated today, and the fallacies they communicated had not yet been systematically criticised. Until thoughts that were confused were clarified, the line between right and wrong distinguished, and interferences dealt with one by one, the effect of literature could not be felt. It is too early to mention creative masterpieces.

The radiant pronouncements of the great leader and teacher Chairman Mao were strong weapons used to criticise the 'gang of four', whose advocacy and hence their literature was against the thoughts of Mao Tse Tung. Firstly, the 'gang of four' were against the method 'all flowers bloom forth, all birds sing out'. They allowed only one flower to bloom, interfering with the creativity of art. Chiang Ching had the last say in all matters. In 1949, the eve of the day the Republic of China was born, Chairman Mao announced to the whole nation that it was inevitable that a wave of cultural reforms would come about following the surge of economic survival. The 'gang of four' spiced propaganda to show that revolution did not concern literature. They preferred the uneducated worker. Chairman Mao encouraged the educated to mix with the worker and peasant army-men, to learn from them and work for them. But the 'gang of four' staged a drama and practiced nepotism, using literature as a step ladder to power and glory. A Chairman Mao indicated that '(the people) must inherit the fine heritage of Literature, absorb critically that which is good'. But the 'gang of four' severed history in criticising and estranging the heritage. They labelled the realistic themes of the political society and works on Russian life as conservative reactionary material. Chiang Ching called herself 'half a red scholar' and 'having some knowledge of Si Tang Da', yet mixed up the works of different authors. It was really shameless ignorance. These were only a few example. As for the writings by the capitalist roaders of the Party, the spear pointed at comrades of the Central Committee and a large group of old cadres of the revolution. There was no need to mention that literature was used as a weapon of 'coup d' etat' and anti-revolutionary enterprises. All in all, the 'gang of four' controlled the literary circle for 10 years. It was difficult to purge the poisons and anti-revolutionary ideas they had spread. But it was only through this purge that the literary circle could make progress. I believe that under the wise leadership of Chairman Hua and the concern and guidance of Central Committee, the radiant talks of the great leader and teacher Chairman Mao will be used as weapons to eradicate the 'gang of four', will take this struggle to the last and surely accomplish this glorious task.

Comrade xx, with pen in hand, I have written a lot to you. I have resumed my habit of working late at night and I am excited, like 28 years ago at Tienanmen. The night is still, but my thoughts are turbulent. I thought about the Ta Ching people, Ta Chai people. I cannot but think about this present moment what they have done for the great socialist fatherland. They are fine children of the country. To be living in the same era as they, is a glory. I heard the drums of the big step forward, like the hoof beats of a thousand galloping military steeds. A radiant heroic era has started; a bubbling, sizzling life has began. Now is the moment when hundreds of flowers bloom. Even though all kinds of difficulties

lie ahead, the 800 million people will follow closely the Central Committee headed by the wise leader Chairman Hua, and with co-operation, bravery, iron determination and revolutionary zeal, to overcome all difficulties to the end. We are very fortunate to have such a leader, party, country and people. The 800 million people is doing what no one has ever done in its ultra glorious achievements. Let us fight for these achievements, sacrifice ourselves for this monumental task. This is the most beautiful thing that can happen in life.

GAZING AT THE PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PREMIER

Pa Chin

I had written only one article among these eleven years. The day when that article was published, a middle-aged stranger called me up in the evening saying that he was from Peking and was staying in Shanghai for just a few days. He was coming to talk to me regardless of the drizzling weather just because I had written a few lines about Premier Chou in a grateful tone in the article. He was a northern cadre brought up in a poor family. He stayed at my apartment for a while and we talked like old friends. Only when I was seeing him off had I learned of his name but I felt like bidding goodbye to a very close friend.

This was a true story. Pouring out your feelings to a stranger whose name you had no idea of, not fearing him and not suspecting that he would incriminate you with what you had told him just because he had aroused your deepest emotion for both of you had this same shiny image of a great man in your heart – such a thing would never have happened a year ago. This illustrated well the fact that the present Shanghai was altogether different from the Shanghai held under oppressive control by the Gang of Four and their accomplices. I could still recall in August last year a friend of mine came south to escape from disastrous earthquake in Peking and fetched me up in my apartment when he was passing by Shanghai. With my address at hand, he could get in touch with me without asking for permission but he told me that another friend coming from Peking two years ago requesting to talk to me was refused by the authority. At that time, we very much wanted to pour out our heart to each other but at last refrained from doing so, only bidding each other to “take care of your health”. “Take care of your health” was a common sentence to say when friends met each other at that time because this was the least catchy topic to arouse other’s suspicion. Indeed, one had to live long enough to witness the annihilation of the Gang of Four. At times when I encountered in the street a friend whom I had not seen for a very long time, we could only, after holding fast each others hands for a long time, utter such a sentence – the meaning of which became so profound and intrigue! But once, a friend told me that he had paid respect to the remains of the Premier and felt that the Premier had lost much weight. He spoke laconically, trying to hide the emotional implication but his voice shivered and his eyes were lowered. I said nothing. We all knew it so well at heart that the all-vicious Gang of Four in order to slander, assault and incriminate against our venerable Premier, mobilised all means, utilised all propaganda in their control to write novels, fabricate history, launch allegorical attacks and even blatantly contaminate the shiny image of our Premier. The whole people witnessed these with their eyes and would never forget this deep hatred. When our

venerated and beloved Premier left us for ever, someone even forbade us to wear black, hold commemoration ceremonies nor to present wreaths. The people were not allowed to openly mourn for their own beloved premier, the press was not allowed to report commemorative activities or to mirror the thoughts and feelings of the people. The masses waited for long time at the Shi-Li Changan Street in the chill just to peer through their tears at the hearse of the Premier, and uttered once or twice "Our venerable premier!" Many would hold the unattainable hope that the hearse would pull up in the midway and down walked the Premier from it! The night grew darker but there were still groups of children tearing out the white petals they wore and tied them to the wall of cedar trees at the back of the Monument of the Peoples' Heroes. . . . These moving true storeis widely spread among the people became "rumours" later because paying tribute to the late premier would constitute a crime. Some units even took note of the sorrow the people expressed for the death of the premier, to be ferreted out as wrongs in future. A friend of mine wore black for over three months and did not take it off until the Ching Ming Festival was over. During that period her other friends and I were all worried about her. The wrongs done by the Gang of Four to Premier Chou became public "secrets". The eyes of the people were clear bright. They saw it clearly who had not taken off their hats in front of the camera, and who had behaved in an abnormal way. When the reactionary literary scum Yao Wen-Yuan raised up his knife and axe to chop and kill blindly, I could only make silent curses in my heart and would not dare to openly express my true feelings. How ashamed I was of my cowardice! After hearing what that friend from the north had said that day, I stared at the portrait of the Premier in rapture, how I wanted a talk to the Premier! At night, I dreamt that I was also paying respect to the remains of the Premier together with the masses and also noticed that the Premier had lost much weight. When I woke up, I bit my lips, clenching my breast with my hands and could feel numerous small worms biting my heart. I asked myself in agony, "Why couldn't the tremendous modern medical advancement mitigate the pain of this great man?" At that moment, I cursed with extreme hatred the malicious Black Gang, knowing that many more people on this land of our country were just doing the same thing, I was certain that the rolling black clouds would not be able to obscure the bright rays of truth forever. I believed that the Chinese People's Republic so arduously accomplished through the lifelong efforts of our great leader Chairman Mao and of our beloved Premier Chou would never change its colour. I believed that the luminous image of Chairman Mao's close-comrade-in-arm and the Chinese People's Republic's venerable premier would forever live in our hearts. . . . So I could once again see the warm and gentle face of our Premier and hear his gay and crisp laughter. . . . the Premier had not forsaken us! The happy days when I had the opportunity to meet the Premier came back to my memory.

I met the Premier for the first time at the welcoming banquet held by the Chung King Literary Association To Resist The Enemy in the spring of 1941. His tight handshake and warm grin cast away the chill of foggy Chungkong. From then till July delivered 1966, during these 25 years I had attended many of the reports, speeches and talks delivered by the Premier and I had been received for interview for several times. My one regret was I had not recorded the premier's words and deeds. No matter it was in the war-time Chung King, the Liberated Shanghai or the Peking of New China, the sincere definite sayings of the Premier were always sparkling with the glory of Mao Tse-tung thought and the conviction of the ultimate triumph of communism.

The premier had had close contacts with the intellectual youths. He talked with them cordially, advised them earnestly sometimes criticised and sometimes used his own experience to enlighten those who wished to listen to him. The intellectuals of present day China often talked about our Premier with tears in their eyes like talking about their own respectful seniority and close friends – because he faithfully implemented Chairman Mao's policy of uniting, educating and reforming intellectuals, because he earnestly guided them onto the road of reformation so as to enable more people participate and contribute their efforts to the revolution. I had heard the Premier say several times that he was Chairman Mao's student. I noticed in particular the expression of admiration and affection when he talked of Chairman Mao. I myself came to study Mao Tse-tung thought only through the Premier's guidance. I still remembered the Kuomintang great retreat in Kweilin in late 1944. When the Japanese army invaded Kweichow, the literary members in Chungking were all very exasperated at the Kuomintang reactionary's retreatism. But they themselves could offer no good ways to resist the enemy. At this confusing and undecided hour, the Premier attended our forum on our invitation. We all took the Premier as our relatives and sought help from him. He resolutely and explicitly informed us of the brave resistance against the enemy by the Eighth Route Army to encourage us, and pointed out the road of continual resistance to us, enabling us to grasp a ray of hope in the hour of despair. His attitude was so sincere and his words so clear. In a night's time, he transmitted to us his unbending confidence. After Japan surrendered, the Premier once again was invited to Chungking to talk to us Chairman Mao's political directive of serving the workers, army and peasants and introduced to us the participation of the Yen-an literary workers in mass productive labour and their reward. These two forums deeply touched me and opened up a new, wide perspective for me. The bright, wide road of the intellectual's reformation was in front of me but I had not yet the courage to break with the old life. I could not jump out of the muddy ditch of bourgeois thought and was afraid of the painful training. Therefore I did not walk onto the new road, notwithstanding the Premier's teaching.

At that time, the KMT reactionaries dispatched a number special agents to spy at the Premier's Office in Tsang Jiah-ngan, Chungking. But the Premier held tenaciously onto his post, firmly and prudently fought against the enemies for eight years and accomplished the mission designated by the Party. One night in 1946, the Premier delivered a speech at the Literary Association and then left. He walked up the slope leading to the road, trailing behind him was only one comrade who escorted him. The premier was wearing a black coat. With a feeling of respect and admiration, I walked beside him. The night in Chungking was smothering. The surrounding was very quiet with not a person around. The Premier walked up the slope in steady strides. I asked him when would he be leaving for Nanking and he answered "Tomorrow". He explained that the Kuomintang was not at all serious about the peace talk and he would disclose their conspiracy of waging a civil war to the people. In Chungking, the KMT reactionaries' activities were so blatant that I couldn't help worrying the security of the Premier. Yet I knew that the Premier could always remain cool and calm in whatever situations. He never worried about his own life. I recalled the words of a friend: Once she flew with Vice-chairman Chou from Chungking to Yen-an and met an accident on the midway. At that critical hour, Vice-chairman Chou remained unperturbed and tried his best to help others. She said, "With him in company you would feel secure even in time of danger."

When the last step was in sight, I said, "The struggle was very difficult. Please take care." The Premier answered with full confidence, "If we persist in the struggle, the people

must finally triumph." Having walked up the slope, I saw him get onto the car with the other comrade and drove away. Suddenly I felt so lonely. I so very much respected and loved this person, one who had not a bit of selfishness. I also felt safe beside him. Listening to him, all my worries vanished into the air [^]

Be it in times of acute difficulties or imminent victory, in times of the revolution or socialist re-construction, the Premier was always high-spirited, and energetic, holding fast to his principles to carry on his task and continue the struggle. His sincere, definite and confident words kept resounding in my mind. In 1950, I joined the Chinese Commission and participated in the Second Conference for the Maintenance of World Peace. On the eve of departure, we were all interviewed by the Premier in Chungnanhai. The time was already midnight but the Premier still talked for more than two hours, analysing the present world situation and explaining the great implications of the Resist the Americans and Assist the Koreans Campaign. A few of us just coming back from abroad were at first not too sure of the significance of the campaign. I was one of them. After listening to the Premier, however, all my hesitations and worries were gone and I seem to have in sight a bright clear sky, everything entirely clarified. That night I was sitting at the back so the Premier failed to spot me when he walked in and with the list of names at hand asked whether I had arrived. When he saw me, he inquired after my living and working conditions. Leaving Chungnanhai, the morning chill sent me a few tremours but I was feeling very warm at heart as if I had seen the morning sun that would be rising in a few hours' time. When I returned to the hotel, I started writing my "An Open Letter To Western Writers". Several years later in the summer of 1957 when the Anti-rightist struggle was on the start, the Premier held a reception for the Literary circle in Chungnanhai. Again I sat at the back and the Premier again did not see me and mentioned my name. I was asked to move to the front. This time, the Premier talked particularly kindly and encouraged the intellectuals to seriously reform their world view and to entirely break with the past. He repeatedly advised us and even illustrated his point by using his own personal experience. One sentence he said I remembered well in particular: "Do not hold high the impressions you've got during your youth for when you had the chance to revisit the houses, places which you thought to be so great in the past you would feel quite different now." I always used this sentence to analyse my memories of the past and found it so true. The Premier was always encouraging people to look ahead, and brood not over the past. He often advised the intellectuals to cast away the parcels of the past to actively participate in the struggle against the rightists. When bidding farewell to the Premier, I always had the feeling that his smile and firm handshake had embraced a whole lot of concern!

I could still remember the Crimean Princess Incident which occurred in April 1955. The Indian Plane Crimean Princess carrying Chinese reporters to attend the Conference exploded in the air – a result of the conspiratorial deed of the Kuomintang spies who had planted a bomb in the plane to assassinate the Premier attending the Conference. I was then attending a meeting in New Dehli. Our rather large Commission came here 10 days ago by an Indian plane which took off from Hong Kong. When the Conference ended and we were ready to travel by the same plane back to Hong Kong, we suddenly received an order. The premier told us to wait for further instructions and prepared to fly directly back to Kunming via a different route. The Premier, even at that busy and critical moment, had not failed to attend to the security of cadres! I always felt that he was not merely concerned with a certain person but the whole country, the whole people and all cadres. Late 1965 after the party held in Shanghai in celebration of the eighteenth birthday of Anna

Louie Strong ended, the Premier stayed around to talk to several singers who had attended the Party and requested "Song of the Long March" be sung again. The Premier said. "I loved this song very much.", his eyes expressing deep emotional concern I couldn't help recalling the verse of the old prefect in the play "Guard under the Neon Light" once mentioned in the Premier's report. "They feed me with rice, and sent us across the Chiangkiang in small carts. Was I to let her go back with tears in her eyes? What would the fellow countrymen say when they learned this? "Every time I heard this verse, my tears would fall" the premier said, his voice shaking. His sentiment was aroused – he once again recalled the difficult days of the past. The Premier had really an intimate brotherly concern for the people. This time when the Premier explained the profound meaning of the lyrics of the song "Chairman Mao's Resourceful Strategy" to the singers, he sang along with them, gesticulating and even directing together with Szeto-han. He loved "The Song Of The Long March" so much that he asked to listen to that song again when he was seriously ill in the hospital. But the Gang of Four would not let anyone send him the tape of the song! It was in this party that I again met the Premier. He made a toast with everyone. When he came to me, Comrade Chan-yi who was accompanying him told him, "He just came back from Vietnam." The Premier nodded smilingly, "I know." His encouraging smile instilled me with hearty grateful feelings.

The last time I talked with the Premier was in July 1966 when the Premier held a reception in Peking's Great Hall of the People for the foreign guests participating in the Afro-Asian Writers Emergency Meeting. The Premier arrived early. I said to him, "Premier, you worked too hard." He replied, "I don't think so. I have got used to it." Seeing his kind grin, I remembered two or three years ago, the Premier called up a forum in the Shanghai Chin-zin road Cultural Club on the Fourth Day of the New Year. During the dinner time, Comrade Tang Yung-chiao said, "The Premier had not rested for these several years, except for this occasion when he took a few days' rest because of the bleeding." In fact how could one call this a rest? The Premier called up such a forum to acquire better understanding of all aspects so as to better his work. When had our Premier had a day of rest?

Next day I met the Premier again in the meeting held in the Great Hall of the People to support the Vietnamese people to struggle against the Americans. When the meeting ended, the Premier and Chan Yi left the stage talking and laughing to each other. His steps were steady and firm, his voice loud and strong. I looked at the shadow of his back – never imagining that this could be the last time that I saw him . . .

Reminiscences of the Premier were too numerous to be recounted. I would just talk of several incidents in brief here. Ten years ago I read of a report of that Kuomintang special agent Chang Chun-chiao. Chang said furiously that there were some people in the Shanghai literary circle so that he had talked to the Premier bidding him not to interfere with affairs of the Shanghai literary circle. From then on, some comrades in Shanghai were robbed of the right to see the Premier and fell completely a victim to the Gang of Four and their Shanghai accomplices. Uncontented at heart though I was, personal encounters were but trifles. What really concerned us was the health of our great leader Chairman Mao and of our beloved Premier. For ten years I have been longing to see the Premier once again and to listen to his preachings. I was willing to accept the Premier's criticism and to ensure him that I would start again and really reform myself. Yet from the photos on the newspaper, I noticed that the Premier was getting more and more slim, his illness more obviously surfaced. In the September, two years ago, a photo of the Premier

taken with the Rumanian guests in the hospital provoked the people's great apprehension. How could the Premier's life be saved? Nobody would believe that the Premier would really leave us. Everybody shared this wish: try all means to alleviate the Premier's sufferings and let him live on. The Gang of Four would however think otherwise: they did their best to assault the Premier and to impede his medical treatment. The Premier even in times of illness not only had to worry about the state affairs and the people, but also had to struggle against the malicious Gang of Four and the disease. Up till the last moment in his life, he was still listening to the recitation of Chairman Mao's poems and repeatedly singing the Internationale.

This clearly indicated that our beloved Premier, even in the plague of immense sufferings, had still a resolute faith of the Communist enterprise.

In the midnight of last January 9th, my hope finally fell to pieces when the radio broadcast funeral music. When I turned on the radio and heard the funeral music by chance, I was shocked. My son who was sleeping on the bed next to mine instantly made an exclamation: "The Premier!" and could not utter another word any more. The youths brought up in the New China loved our Premier as much as the older generation did "Beloved Premier of the people, we cannot leave you!" The people weeped and cried. Our Premier had put in so much effort and concern for the eight billion people and the New China established by Chairman Mao. Everyone's happy livelihood was insinuated with the Premier's tremendous concern. How could the eight billion people express our passionate love for our Premier? How could the eight billion people express our deep hatred for the Gang of Four who had conspired against and assaulted the Premier?

When I met my friend last year, when I talked about the Premier with a few close friends, when I thought of the mind and soul the Premier had put in to reeducate us few, when I witnessed the conspiracy of the Gang of Four against this selfless great man who even contributed his ashes to nourish the country land . . . a fit of rage was boiling in my heart. I asked myself again and again: How can we . . . how can we really express ourselves and answer the Premier's last lyrics" reiterated in his deathbed?

Comrade, Come rally, and the last fight let us face,
The International, unite the human race.

The answer at came last. The wish of the eight billion people was realised. The Party Central Committee headed by the wise leader Chairman Hua carried on Chairman Mao's behest adopted resolute measures and smashed the Gang of Four at one strike. This lot of freaks and monsters were beaten to the ground, never able to stand up again and the eight billion people were determined not to let them do so. The thought of Mao Tse-tung was shining bright over the vast land and the joyful singings of the masses echoed all round the country. People could now light-heartedly and unreservedly pour out their feelings. On the newspaper, at the stage and in the meeting, people would talk about the great tasks and meritorious deeds of the Premier. The stage and the screen featured almost nothing but the songs sung to commemorate the Premier. The actors were shedding tears, so were the audience. Tears constituted the scene and yet the actors kept on singing and the audience kept on listening. People always talked about the Premier in their usual chattings with tears in their eyes even today. When had such things happened before? These endless sentimental tears tied the heart of the eight billion people together. What were these tears for? For the expression of our boundless gratitude, respect and love for our Premier. Chairman Mao's great flag resolutely defended by the Premier was held high now by the

Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua. The revolutionary course Chairman Mao created and Premier fought for all through their life had now a successor. The eight billion people were more than ever united like one person, closely following leader Chairman Hua and vigorously marching forward in firm and strong strides.

Once again I opened the pamphlet commemorating the Premier. Looking at the Premier's portrait, I could not help bursting into tears. I would not be able to listen to the Premier's teaching any more. But I must speak out my own thoughts so that my heart could be at rest. One simply must not be too lenient to those who incriminated the Premier with all possible means. We must carry through the struggle against the Gang of Four, entirely eliminate the poison of the Gang of Four, and work for the betterment of socialist construction in China. The ashes of our Premier will stay on forever in the rivers and seas, hills and valleys of our great country. His glorious image will last on with the hills and rivers, sun and moon and his name will be well remembered by our many future generations.

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ON MONOPOLISTIC CAPITAL IN CHINA

The Question:

Since the downfall of the Gang of Four, the Chinese communist leadership and its representatives in the provinces have been attributing the collapse of the economy, the chaos in society, the poverty of the people and the emptiness in the cultural field to be the result of the policies of the "Gang" Like Pilate, they have washed their hands so smartly and cleverly.

However, thinking people will understand that the "Gang of Four" commanded only some propaganda machines and a limited number in the militia. The power in the party, government or army, the "Gang" never managed to grasp. Such power was vested in Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and others. It was due to this that the "Gang" could be eliminated so very easily on the death of Mao Tse-tung. We must ask whether the line, the policy, the theory and the practice of Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and the Chinese Communists were correct. We must ask where they were leading the Chinese people.

Another name for "Monopolistic capital"

If we view human society as an economic whole, we will discover that it is made up of "capital", large and small. The largest is "monopolistic capital" of the Russian Communists and Chinese Communists. It has enormous competitive capabilities in the world market (including the political market).

The Russian communists and Chinese communists make fools of their own people and those in the rest of the world in self-claiming their societies to be "socialist", "owned by the whole people", and "owned collectively". Such are but names for "monopolistic capital"

Marx said something to the extent that "as soon as capital arrives, it brings blood and filth."

The primitive accumulation of capital was accomplished by "acts of piracy". The 'primitive accumulation of capital' by the communist party of the east was completed through wars and bloody repressions so that even the tiny pieces of land distributed to the peasants deceitfully during "land reform" were "collectivized", "communized" into the hands of the ruling clique. The awakened peasants commented, "Mao Tse-tung and the Communist Party are the biggest landlords. We are the proletariat who possess nothing." The working masses' perception was even clearer: "With the new capitalists, exploitation intensified. Even the right to sell one's labour power was taken away." Labour power can be freely sold and mobile under competitive capital but under monopolistic capital within the domain of a state, labour power can only be sold to the only capital and thus became immobile. Under the rule of the Chinese communists, the people do not have the freedom to choose their occupation or employment; they do not have the right to choose their place of residence. They have to "obey the needs" which is the "only way".

It is said that one characteristic of a socialist economy is its "planned" nature. In reality, for any capital, there is a certain degree of "planning". However, because of the enormous character of "socialist" monopolistic capital, it does not correspond to the development of the productive forces. In addition, power is over-centralised, giving rise inevitably to bureaucratic style and bureaucratism. Thus "planning" not only fails to guide the development of the economy, it damages the economy in varying degree. The most classic example was the 'Great Leap Forward' organized in 1958, lasting for three years, which brought unforgettable destruction and agony to the people. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, from an economic point of view, was a life and death struggle within the monopolistic ruling clique over the right to possess social wealth and property. The capitalist Mao Tse-tung defeated capitalists Liu Shao-chi and Teng hsiao-ping. After the death of Mao until the present time, a similar struggle has been waged inside the party, manifested as struggles for power to control the party, the government and the army. The split and the struggle at the highest level affected all strata of society, creating disturbances and dislocation in the economy, the result of which was disastrous for the people.

In a local Maoist magazine, an author has written "there is a fundamental difference between the Chinese communist system and the capitalist system and that is in China the prices are not determined by supply and demand." This illustrates just only too well that the Chinese communists are practising in the economic arena monopolistic pricing. Even wages (ie, the price of labour power) are controlled by a handful of monopolistic capitalists. They will raise and lower prices in accordance with their long term and short term interests. In reality, over the long run and because of the interdependence within the whole, monopolistic pricing is ultimately determined by supply and demand. For example, the price of rough cotton cloth in China has not increased substantially over the years but the prices of better quality ones are very high (because supply is insufficient in meeting the demand) and as a result the prices of textile products are obviously on the increase. From an examination of the figures released, the rate of increase in the total value of textile products is much greater than the rate of increase of the total output and the increase in prices (monopolistic prices) can be related to the difference of the two rates.

When there are drastic changes in the economy, the ugly heads of monopolistic pricing rear. People would not forget that during 1960 when the economy was in great difficulty and inflationary, in order to withdraw the large amount of currency issued from circulation, Mao Tse-tung accepted the proposal of Chan Yuan and utilised some of the

war materials in stock to make "high priced commodities" such as "high priced dim sim and candies etc," and they were sold at very high prices (several to several ten times the prices of lower quality products). Because of the dire lack of commodities and the fact that all social production was monopolised in the hands of the communist party, the people were reluctantly purchasing the "high priced commodities" and the party was able to fulfill its aim to withdraw currency from circulation.

In some cities, high priced commodities like roasted food, textile goods and garments are available for sale without the need to present ration-tickets and this reveals the real nature of "monopolistic pricing". As for the wages of the working masses, they were solely controlled by the monopolistic capitalists and were suppressed to the lowest possible level. Any opposition would risk the condemnation as "practising counter-revolutionaries". Thus the last drop of blood of the workers was extracted. It seems that the desire of "communist" monopolistic capital for exploitation is insatiable.

A Debate of Long Lasting Consequence

Before the Cultural Revolution a group of economics students from a university in Peking waged a debate with the professors of the party on "political economy under socialism." The students believed that the "investment funds" under "socialism" was the same in essence as "capital" under "capitalism". The process in the accumulation of both and their expansion through further production, their competitive nature externally, and their exploitative elements internally (the professors were firmly against this contention) were exactly the same. The students pointed out that this was the reason why the U.S.S.R. was transformed from "socialism" to "social imperialism" – the basic nature of the economic base of the two was common. Therefore, to avoid "revisionism", the transformation of the economic base is the first step.

Looking back, the analysis of the students is correct (although the purpose of their analysis was primarily aimed at "avoiding revisionism"). The politicians and economists were very good at borrowing words and concepts to fool the intellectuals and the masses. Yet their deceitful acts could not fool the "young calves which fear the tiger not."

The so called "investment fund under socialism" is the "monopolistic capital" controlled by the ruling class of the communist party. Its formation and evolution (beginning with the purchase of labour power and other means of production, followed by completion of the products and the circulation and consumption of the finished goods, and then a new process of production) in essence, are the same as ordinary capital with the exception that the scale is enormously expanded. And because of this, people can not see its true faces and people feel that they are standing on flat ground and not on a round globe.

The working of small scale private capital can be observed easily. However, monopolistic capital of the state and the capitalists which control it are so enormous and at the same time, they have been so covered up with labels like "the socialist mode of ownership", "the proletariat in power", "the people are in charge" that people do not see through their capitalist essence. The people who live under the rule of this monopolistic state capital will not find it easy to grasp this source of their poverty and sufferings. Even if they become aware, it will not be easy to resist because the forces of repression and persecution were simply too powerful. Yet any blood or tears shed will precipitate the awareness of the masses one day and the day for eruption of the volcanoes will not be too far away. From the Hungarian uprising in 1956 to the Tienanmen revolt in 1976, have not sufficient blood and loss of life been accumulated?

The Capitalist Class is the Communist Leadership Clique

Mao Tse-tung has said, "making socialist revolution and not knowing the whereabouts of the capitalist class. They are inside the communist party – the capitalist roaders in power. The capitalist roaders are still taking the capitalist road." It seems that even Mao Tse-tung admitted that "the capitalists were inside the communist party." As a matter of fact, Mao was sacrificing "the castles and the bishops" to save "the Queen and the King". It should be pointed out that "the capitalist class is the communist party; it is the leadership clique of the communist party. The words of Mao Tse-tung, quoted above should be explained in the following terms to make the monopolistic state capitalist revolution must be led by the communist party. the monopolistic capitalist class was the leadership clique of the communist party.

The communist leadership clique constitutes the new monopolistic capitalists and has the following features in addition to those characteristics of monopolistic capitalism that Lenin talked about.³

1. The monopolistic capitalists hoist the flags of "Marxism-Leninism" and "proletarian revolution" hiding their true capitalist face and were both deceitful and inflammatory in relation to the working masses.
2. The monopolistic capitalists are integrated with the authoritarian state power. The monopolistic capitalist class would live and grow and perish together with this state power. On the one hand, the monopolistic nature of the economy forms the basis of authoritarian state power. On the other hand, authoritarian politics is the precondition for the birth, the strengthening and the development of monopolistic capital. Does Marxism-Leninism not recognise that "politics is the concentrated expression of the economy"? If this were the case, then the authoritarian politics of is the concentrated expression of monopolistic state capitalism. The enormous political repression is based on the extremely exploitative economic relation.
3. The monopolistic capitalists are backed up by military might. Mao Tse-tung has said, "political power grows out from the barrel of the gun"; "the whole world can only be reformed with the use of the gun." The origin of the monopolistic capital of the communist party (ie primitive accumulation) is based on the backing up by military might. All properties were expropriated from those owning them by all kinds of means. All means of production of the people were also gathered together. Before the communists seized power in Mainland China, they used all kinds of deceitful means to unite with the "national bourgeoisie" and the people. Mao Tse-tung said, "in the seventh national party congress, there are people who are sceptical about the Chinese communists who disagree with development of the individual, disagree with the development of private capital and disagree with the protection of private property. This is not so. National oppression and feudal oppression brutally restrained the development of the individuality of the Chinese people, the development of private capital and destroyed the property of the people. The task of New Democracy, a system that we propose, is to eliminate such restraints and to stop such destruction, so that the masses will freely develop their individuality in common living. The people will be able to freely develop the private capitalist economy which will benefit the livelihood of the people. The national economy will not be controlled. All forthright private property will be protected." (Mao Tse-tung: On Coalition Government)

But when Mao had seized power, he began to cry, "the powerful state machine is in

the hands of the people and we do not fear rebellion of the national bourgeoisie" (Mao Tse-tung: On People's Democratic Dictatorship) The national bourgeoisie at the time would not have expected their end and would not have thought of rebelling at all. (Otherwise they would have aligned with the Kuomintang and not the Communist party!) What Mao Tse-tung really meant was this: "The communist party has concentrated into its hands enormous military power and the national bourgeoisie will have no alternative but to yield their property." As for the expropriation and control of small owners, beautified with word like "collectivisation" and "communization", the operation was actually backed by the threat of violent repression. Have we not witnessed numerous innocent people jailed as "practising counter-revolutionaries who destroy collectivization."?

4. The monopolistic capitalists will ultimately control the areas of culture and education, making both to serve monopolistic capital and authoritarian politics. In the words of Mao Tse-tung, it is "carrying out dictatorship in every aspect, in the superstructure including every cultural sphere. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution may be considered to be a very bold attempt by the monopolistic capital of the Chinese communists to create its monopolistic culture. When the Cultural Revolution was at its height, ninety percent of the publications on sale at the bookshops were the works and quotations of Mao Tse-tung (The head of monopolistic capital) and the other ten percent were works of Marxism-Leninism and policy statements of the Chinese communists. It appears that at the present moment, the Chinese communists have "relaxed" their control of cultural activities. In reality, this "relaxation" is beneficial to monopolistic capital and serves to blunt the mood of resistance prevalent among the people. As long as the fundamental economic and political system of the Chinese communists remains unchanged, there will not be any real changes in the monopoly and domination in the cultural and educational spheres.

A Short History of the Development of Chinese Communist Monopolistic Capital

The development of monopolistic capital in China can be separated into four periods:

1. From the seizure of political power in the Mainland in 1949 to the termination of the Land Reform Movement in 1953. At this time, the Chinese communists' monopolistic industrial capital constituted 70% of the total industrial capital. The remaining 30% was controlled by private national industrialists and commercial representatives. In agriculture, the Chinese communists were unable to bring about an immediate monopolistic take-over. A "land reform" movement was carried out to win over the confidence of the majority of the peasants. At the same time, the communists implanted their machinery for domination in the villages all over China in order to create the basis for the next step of monopolising agriculture (Mao Tse-tung called it the socialization of agriculture.)
2. The year 1953 saw the beginning of the mutual co-operative movement. By 1957, the socialist reconstruction of agriculture, handicraft industry, national industry and commerce had been completed. The "communist" dictatorship, backed by violence, used very careful and articulate means to embrace the several billions of peasants, handicraftsmen, national industrialists and businessmen into the loci of

monopolistic state capital. There were many who beat the gongs to give up their properties to the "communists" during the day. In the evening, they buried their heads and cried because they knew that they had lost everything. A few peasants insisted to be on their own but as a whole, the monopolistic state capital of the "communists" had now made up of 80% to 90% of the total.

As soon as such monopolistic state capital was formed, it started to bleed the people. The "anti-rightist" movement of 1957 and the "Great Leap Forward" of 1958 were attacks by monopolistic state capital on the masses politically and economically.

3. Between the "Great Leap Forward" in 1958 and the eve of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution 1965, Chinese monopolistic state capital, through "communization," had matured and towards the end entered a period of decadence. At this point of time, the social contradiction was manifested in the discrepancy between the desires of monopolistic capital and the reality of the social productive forces. Through political pressure the people were forced to exercise their "greatest enthusiasm" and were super-exploited and suppressed so that the accumulation of monopolistic capital might be increased. The "paradise" of "communist" monopolistic capital was to be reached by one attempt. In the end the social productive forces were severely damaged. The economy was dislocated; supplies were extremely inadequate; hyper-inflation occurred and the people were grumbling restlessly. Eventually, Mao Tse-tung and the faction he led, being responsible for initiating the Great Leap, had to withdraw from the front-line of power. Liu Shao-chi and his faction had to deal with the ruins. What followed were: adjustments in the industries, contraction of the scale of the communes, disbandment of the village communal dining halls, the transformation of ownership (from ownership by the whole people to collective ownership or from collective ownership to private ownership), all industries would practise the policy of "rearrangement, strengthening, reinforcement and elevation." After some time, the intense contradiction was blunted (but not resolved) and the social productive forces were slowly recovered. At this juncture, the monopolistic capitalist class was divided into two camps. The Mao and Liu cliques started off with disagreement over policies but ended in struggling for "leadership." From 1963 to 1965, both camps vied for leadership of the "Four Clean-Ups" Campaign. It was a rehearsal of a continental fight for power and an overture of the open split between the two camps during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

4. From the Cultural Revolution in 1966 to the present time, there were splits and tremors within the Chinese monopolistic capitalists. They have caused great confusion and degeneration in the arena of economics, politics and culture. The internecine fight within the monopolistic ruling class is one which cannot be settled by compromise. As early as 1959, at the conference of Lushan, Mao Tse-tung had banished Peng Teh-huai, Chiang Wen-tien and Chou Hsiao-chiu away from the top ruling stratum of the monopolistic capitalist class identifying them as "right-wing opportunists." Till now, their cases have not been reversed. The episode became an immediate cause of the Cultural Revolution. The essay that fired the first shot of the GPCR was Yao Wen-Yuan's "On the Historical Play, the Dismissal of Hai Jui" and the spearhead of the criticism was directed at the faction which sought to reverse the verdict on Peng Teh-Huai. During the Cultural Revolution,

Mao Tse-tung's faction made use of the students' movement and the mass movement (in reality manipulation of the students and the masses) to eliminate Liu Shao-chi and Teng Hsiao-ping who were accused to be capitalist roaders. Then Chou En-lai and his clique succeeded Liu and Teng and took advantage of an opportune moment to get rid of Lin Piao. Mao Tse-tung was forced to admit the facts and had to recognise Lin Piao also as a capitalist roader. The Chou clique reinstated Teng Hsiao-ping and many others but soon the Maoist faction created the "Counter right deviationist wind" to combat such developments and succeeded in freezing Teng Hsiao-ping as the "unrepentent capitalist roader." But as soon as the leader of the Maoist faction passed away, the "Gang of Four" who were closest to Mao Tse-tung were quickly and soundly thrown into the hell of the capitalist roaders by a newly elevated gang of representatives of monopoly capital. During the intrigues and struggles mentioned above the contenders provided "ample and sufficient proofs" to demonstrate the "capitalist nature" of their opponents. In the end, all the people inside and outside Mainland China would be acutely aware that they all are capitalist roaders, they all are part of the monopolistic capitalist class although they may be painted with different colours. The capitalist roaders are still on the move and the struggles among the communists themselves continue. It can be predicted that more vigorous struggles are developing and such struggles will end only on the destruction of the "communist" monopolistic capital by the people.

On Monopolistic Capital in China has been written by some one who had studied economics in China and come to Hong Kong only recently. Such analysis of the Chinese economic system as expressed in the essay, is prevalent among a good number of educated youth in China today. The Chinese version of this article appeared in issue No. 3 of the Northern Star Magazine.

Now it is 1977 and just seven more years, it will be 1984. Minus 8 then is now Minus 7 Like Minus 8, Minus 7 will continue to be published by the Alternative Press Syndicate (Asia-Pacific) which is the co-ordinating body for the underground and alternative press in the Asian-Pacific region. Minus 7 is distributed free of charge to all members of the APS. Subscription rate for institutions and individuals who can afford it is \$10 US. Send draft or money order to Minus 8, 180 Lockhart Road, 1st floor, Wanchai, Hong Kong.

We apologise to those who have subscribed and not heard from us for some time. We hope that Minus 7 will come out much more regularly than Minus 8 (hopefully, once every month). Our difficulty is of course in the main a matter of finance. Donations and contributions are therefore greatly appreciated. In the past months, much of our financial resources has been diverted to financing the 300 page publication in English, "The Revolution is Dead; Long Live the Revolution!" subtitled "Readings on the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution from an ultra-left perspective" The price of the book is \$8.00 US per copy to readers of Minus 7.