problem, which seems less capable of solution, is dependence on the Chinese media and the reports of those who have opted out of the society. It is not only that China does not appear quite the same from the inside, but that the Chinese who are committed to the society would find some western writing on China, of which there are also occasional instances in this book, irrelevant and unrecognizable in terms of their own experience.

STEPHEN FITZGERALD

Red Guard: The Political Biography of Dai Hsiao-ai. By GORDON A. BENNETT and RONALD N. MONTAPERTO. [Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1971. xx + 267 pp. $5.95.]

Study China's Cultural Revolution. Read the "Sixteen Points," Mao's "latest instructions," the Red Guard press and the new Party Constitution. Learn about the purges, power seizures, "adverse currents," military controls and revolutionary committees. Something is missing. There are no people.

"Bourgeois powerholders" and "proletarian revolutionaries" abound. Reds and experts, radicals and conservatives, revolutionary rebels, counter-revolutionary revisionists and the rest – these are the *dramatis personae* of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. They have names (Chairman Mao, "China's Khrushchev," Nieh Yúan-tzu, etc.), but they are not real people. They are mere stereotypes, caricatures created in the sterile, simplistic images of Manicheus and Machiavelli, but not of Man.

Amazing! There is one real person. He is Dai Hsiao-ai (pseud.), and he lives in the pages of *Red Guard*. Brought vividly to life through skilful interviews, translations and editorial narratives by Professors Bennett and Montaperto, Dai Hsiao-ai puts human flesh on the bare bones of China's recent upheaval. Here at last is a first-person, humanistic account of the Cultural Revolution.

November 1965. Dai Hsiao-ai is a 17-year-old youth attending an elite middle school in Canton. A member of the Young Communist League and an officer of the school student association, Dai's future is bright. Life is comfortable and predictable. The Party has carefully nurtured its "revolutionary successors." Dai recalls:

> We were all deeply committed to building the country and completing the revolution. . . . We thought of ourselves as the ones who would actually keep China moving. . . . Just before the Cultural Revolution, I felt that there was nothing we could not accomplish if we tried. We all felt this way. We were ready for anything. . . .

May 1966. Dai's optimism, his "readiness for anything," is about to be tested. The principal of his school, a Party cadre named Chen, calls a meeting of student leaders to initiate a schoolwide campaign of criticism against Wu Han and the "Three Family Village." A wave of

excitement and curiosity sweeps over the school as students seek vainly to unravel the implications of the new rectification movement. Tension mounts when, in late May, the campaign takes a new turn: repudiation of Wu Han gives way to criticism of local "demons and monsters." For the first time, Dai and his classmates denounce their own teachers.

Dai's initial response to this dramatic turn of events is to experience ambivalent feelings of doubt ("we found it difficult to believe that [the teachers] could have done such things") and an abiding faith in the correctnesss of Party leadership ("we trusted the Party and did not feel it could have made a mistake"). This ambivalence – born of the conflict between reason and conviction – sets the dominant tone for the remainder of Dai's story.

Through his narrative account of Principal Chen's various attempts to evade personal criticism in the early stages of the Cultural Revolution, Dai vividly illustrates such phenomena as "hitting hard at the many to protect the few" and "waving the Red Flag to oppose the Red Flag." And in recounting the division of opinion among his classmates on whether or not the school Party Committee's leadership was correct, Dai affords us a rare glimpse into the complex roots of student factionalism:

> We began to categorize [student] groups into "conservatives" and "rebels." The conservatives were those who hesitated to attack their school Party committees, while the rebels were those who would. I suppose because they were the ones who were most loyal to the Party, students of revolutionary class origin [*i.e.*, children of workers, poor peasants, revolutionary martyrs, cadres, and soldiers] tended to be conservative. I felt the same way at first, but it seemed strange to me that those who had been most committed should be labelled as conservatives. . . .

For a time, in the late summer and autumn of 1966, doubt and confusion were sublimated in a great surge of youthful exuberance. For this was the period of the *ta ch'uan-lien* – the "great linking-up" of Red Guards from all parts of China. Formed in late August at the call of Chairman Mao, Red Guard units sprang up in every middle school and college. Dai recalls the excitement of the time, as news of the formation of the first Red Guard contingent in Peking reached Canton on 18 August:

> Every student in the school was excited beyond belief, even the non-activists. . . . We demanded that our school form a similar organization. . . . Nearly every student wrote an essay stating his agreement. The walls were covered. All of this occurred within two hours or so. I had never seen such a rapid response. . . . It seemed as though the Red Guards were going to sprout like bamboo. . . .

Late August 1966. Latent student factionalism surfaces over the question of who is to be eligible to join the Red Guards and participate in the *ta ch'uan-lien*. Ultimately the issue is decided – not without acrimony – exclusively in favour of students of revolutionary class origin.

Dai is mildly disturbed, as he feels that discrimination against student activists from the so-called "backward classes" is a violation of the Party's mass line. Nevertheless, being himself of "good" class origin and therefore eligible for membership, he acquiesces. And in early September the "Kaochung Doctrine Guards," as his local group is called, elects several representatives (Dai among them) to go to Peking to take part in the *ta ch'uan-lien.*

The atmosphere surrounding Dai's departure for Peking is one of great adventure and expectation – a festive mood tempered only partially (if at all) by the realization of the seriousness of their mission: to protect Chairman Mao (from unknown bourgeois powerholders) and to "exchange revolutionary experiences" with their counterparts from other areas of China:

> The train was so packed that four of us were assigned to every three seats; we struggled to find a place to sit amid quarrels and shouting. . . . There was much singing of revolutionary songs. One fellow said exultantly, "Even when dreaming I never imagined being able to go to Peking without spending a cent!" Another remarked hopefully, "When we get to Peking we can see snow!" . . . A few even had great expectations of sampling Peking's famous cuisine. . . . I cannot remember anyone proposing that we exchange revolutionary experiences in the capital.

Accompanying Dai on his various travels, we note his growing mood of scepticism, as youthful exuberance gives way to sober reflection. Upon seeing several Red Guards queued up in a Peking park waiting to pay 20 cents for a boat ride, Dai is aware of the Red Guards' – and his own – hypocrisy. "I wondered," he recalls, "if all the Red Guards who spoke out against revisionism would themselves let a single opportunity for enjoyment pass." In Tsinan, he and his classmates run out of funds. Entering the municipal Party committee headquarters to apply for a cost-of-living supplement, he encounters the following scene:

> Upon entering we saw ten or so Red Guards confronting two of the staff:
>
> "Rotten egg! Call out the secretary of the Party committee!"
>
> "If we don't obtain money today, you gentlemen will not be permitted to leave!"
>
> "Do you know how you will be punished if you fail to support the activities of the Red Guards?"
>
> One staff member whined: "It's not that I don't give support, it's just that we are in financial difficulty; I offered to lend you one dollar each but you refused to take it."
>
> "Of course we did! I want five dollars!"
>
> "I want ten dollars." . . .

And so it goes, the unmaking of a revolutionary. As *ta ch'uan-lien* gives way to sanguinary struggles to "seize power" early in 1967, Dai's psychic discomfort grows. When his own "Red Flag" faction is suppressed by the Canton military authorities in March, Dai's deep commit-

ment to the Party, to the PLA, and to Mao's Revolution itself is called sharply into question:

> Nothing can describe the anger at the way the situation had developed in March. Those sons of bitches had thrown us all out the window. In January and February we had risked our lives. Several of my fellows had been injured. . . . We had been through all of that and now we were penned up in the school while the army, our former heroes and models, consorted with the conservative bastards. We had virtually succeeded in seizing power, in making a true revolution. Now the bastards had thrown it all away. . . . I was actually being attacked and suppressed by the very authorities to whom I had dedicated my life. It seemed they had used me and then cast me aside when I had ceased to be of value to them. My bitterness knew no bounds. . . .

It's a familiar story of bitterness and disillusionment – the God that failed. But it is told with unusual poignancy and compassion in the biography of Dai Hsiao-ai.

The book is not without flaws. There are recurrent problems of chronological discontinuity in the narration. Some Chinese terms are mistranslated (most notably *ta ch'uan-lien*, which is erroneously rendered as "exchanging experiences"). And there is an annoying quality of repetitiveness in Dai's lengthy accounts of the *ta ch'uan-lien*. But such shortcomings do not detract from the overall importance of the book. Alone among the *dramatis personae* of the Cultural Revolution, Dai Hsiao-ai *lives*.

Reflecting on his decision to leave his native China for Hong Kong in October 1967, Dai captures the existential essence of his plight:

> I could no longer build my life around conflict. I wanted peace, stability, and physical safety. . . . I wanted to try to find some new answers and to explore other alternatives. I thought I could start a new life. . . . Whether I was right or wrong, I still don't know. . . .

RICHARD BAUM

Mao's Revolution and the Chinese Political Culture. By RICHARD H. SOLOMON. [Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971. 604 pp. $16.75.]

One somehow imagines that Richard Solomon, promising young political scientist, has endeavoured to include in his first major work all the insights acquired through a decade of work. The result is a big book, filled with diverse threads, some of which are left dangling.

The book begins where Solomon's former teacher, Lucian Pye, left off in his *Spirit of Chinese Politics*. With unabashed boldness, Pye had sketched out what he regarded as the characteristic Chinese hang-up, ambivalence toward authority. Armed with several years of Chinese language and history, TAT's (Thematic Apperception Tests), Rorschach's, and a battery of questions, Solomon set out for Taiwan and