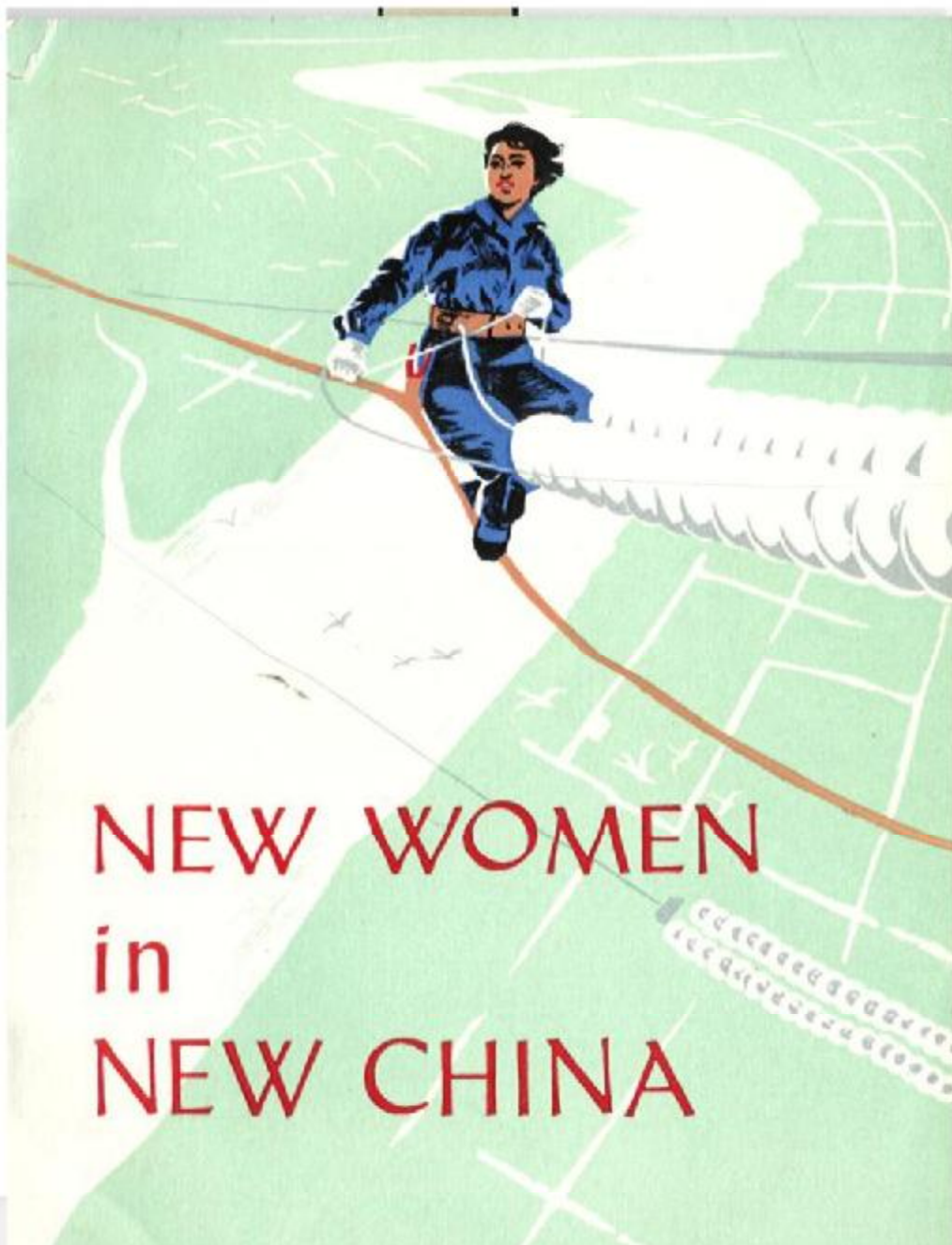




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NEW WOMEN
in
NEW CHINA

*Pasang**

A Slave Before, I Now Help Rule My Country

I was born in a slave's family in Konka County, Tibet. Under reactionary feudal serfdom, I was a slave and lived like a beast of burden for nine years. Chairman Mao and the Communist Party saved me from slavery and brought me up as a Communist and responsible cadre.

Living Hell

For generations my forefathers were slaves ruled by manorial lords — the reactionary Tibetan local governments, the nobility and the monasteries. We had mouths but no right to speak. We had legs but no freedom of movement. When my mother and younger brother died of hunger, the manorial lord took my elder sister away as payment of "death tax" and forced me to become

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Pasang and other Tibetan women cadres voicing satisfaction with the results they have got by learning from the advanced experience of Tachai.

his slave. His agent threatened my father: "Pasang is born our slave. If you dare to resist, we'll clap you into prison and drag her away tied to a horsetail."

I was nine when I was taken to the manorial lord's estate. Two years later, they took me to Lhasa, and I became house-slave of his wife Choma and her daughter. I was treated inhumanly, had to perform the most demeaning serv-

ices, and was driven from one estate to another at the will of the manorial lord.

They beat and abused me every day. If the butter-tea I served was too hot the vicious Choma would throw it in my face. If it was cold, she used her whip on me. I was always black and blue, so that I hurt all over when I lay down and tried to sleep. I had only one badly worn Tibetan robe for winter; the rags I used to mop the floor were my only bedding. In winter I shivered all night with the cold.

Choma and her daughter called me "ape" as though I had no name, to debase my personality. When they called me that, I had to answer immediately or they would beat me. Every night while Choma chanted her sutras before

she went to bed, I had to kneel behind her and massage her back. If I didn't do it right, or dozed off, Choma would take her brooch and poke it into my head. Blood would stream down, and my head would swim. Nine years of this enslavement had been almost the death of me.

One day in July 1956 — I was 18 years old — Choma's daughter beat me unconscious because there was no mutton in the market and I couldn't buy her any. Covered with bruises and blood, I groped in the dark. . . . Who could save me? I thought of my People's Liberation Army brothers and sisters. Tibet had been liberated peacefully in 1951, but before Democratic Reform was carried out the manorial lords continued their rule over the serfs. At the thought of the P.L.A. I forgot my pain and looked up at the sky. It was pitch dark, but the sky seemed filled with stars. I made up my mind. That night the masters were having a party and I took advantage of their drinking and carousing to run away. Finally I found the P.L.A. I had longed for day and night.

I Grow Up with Mao Tsetung Thought

My life reached a turning point. I began to see the sunshine and live like a human being. The Armymen treated me as their own sister. At first I became a worker, later I was sent to study in a medical training class, then in a Tibetan cadres school. In the autumn of 1957, I was given the opportunity to study at an inland institute for Tibetans. I studied politics and learned to read and write. I began to understand many things about revolution, and my class consciousness gradually rose. I used to think that it was fate that the manorial lords should own large herds of cattle and sheep, and we slaves nothing. In the

Tibetan institute I studied Chairman Mao's theories on classes and class struggle and understood why we were oppressed and exploited. The reason was that political power was not in our hands, and the root of my suffering in the old society was a class root. When we had a meeting on class education, I took the floor to accuse the serf-owners of their monstrous crimes. I decided to be a Communist and dedicate my life to the struggle for communism.

In May 1959 I had the honour of being admitted into the Communist Party of China. For several days I was so excited I could hardly sleep. I thought of my past life and realized I owed my new-found happiness to Chairman Mao and the Party. I reminded myself that I was no longer an ordinary emancipated slave, but a vanguard fighter of the proletariat. From now on I must redouble my effort to study Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought in the course of struggle, and make revolution all my life by closely following Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line.

I returned to Tibet in summer 1959 to take part in the struggle to put down the rebellion by Tibet's reactionary upper strata ruling clique led by the Dalai Lama, and in the Democratic Reform Movement to overthrow the reactionary system of serfdom. The sharp struggle educated and tempered me as nothing else could.

I became chairman of the Langhsien County women's association and later deputy head of the county. It was not easy for me to step from thralldom into the position of leading cadre, but I studied and acted according to Mao Tsetung Thought and resolved to overcome difficulties.

In autumn 1965, I was asked by the county Party committee to direct the work of 1,500 people in building a

highway. It was shock work. As we neared the last stretch of the highway we hit a precipice. We blasted for two weeks, but progress was slow. It looked like we'd lag behind schedule. I organized the road builders in conscientious study of Chairman Mao's brilliant article *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, and the builders were encouraged. They said that in the manner of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains, they, the emancipated serfs, could trample down the thousands of miles of plateau if need be. We organized a shock brigade. With the concerted efforts of the masses, combining muscle with brain, we removed the precipice in four days.

In the rush work of building the highway, we not only successfully fulfilled the task the state had entrusted to us, but also there emerged a good many Tibetan activists in the study of Mao Tsetung Thought, and the study of Chairman Mao's works became a county-wide mass movement. I always try to keep in mind Chairman Mao's teachings, persistently disseminate Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought among the emancipated serfs, and patiently help them, looking forward to the day when they mature.

Paimachiatso was also born into a slave family, suffered as I did in the old society and has a deep class hatred. I met him in 1962 when I was working in Tengmu, and we became fast friends. We studied Chairman Mao's writings together and recalled our past sufferings in contrast with our present happiness. Discussing how to wield power well for the Tibetan people, we talked over a plan for changing Tengmu's backwardness. Now Paimachiatso has become one of the most competent township Party branch secretaries in the county, and

Tengmu is an advanced township. To help in the study of Mao Tsetung Thought, I used my own money to buy Chairman Mao's works and other political books and periodicals, and gave them to the cadres and commune members. Emancipated and educated by Mao Tsetung Thought, I want to propagate Mao Tsetung Thought. The Party has brought me up. I want to tell my own experience to encourage my class brothers and sisters to advance together along the revolutionary road pointed out by Chairman Mao. This is my thinking and what I have tried to do since I became a cadre.

Leadership in the Interest of All of Tibet's Nationalities

In 1968, when the Revolutionary Committee was set up for the Tibet Autonomous Region, I was elected vice-chairman. I became concurrently chairman of the Langhsien County Revolutionary Committee when it was organized in 1970. I often remind myself: Though my position has changed, I must not lose the fine qualities of the working people; I must never waver in my determination to make revolution all my life. Nor must I withdraw from the masses, but act in accordance with what Chairman Mao teaches us: "Direct reliance on the revolutionary masses is a basic principle of the Communist Party," and always keep close ties with the people.

Aunty Chihliehpaichen of Chienhsien People's Commune, Chintung District, was well known in Langhsien County. Over 60, she is an active propagandist of Mao Tsetung Thought. During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Aunty Chihliehpaichen was elected vice-chairman of the Chienhsien People's Commune Revolu-

tionary Committee. I used to stay at her home when I was in Chintung, and we studied Chairman Mao's works together. We talked about our misery in the old society and the happiness of the new. Once she said to me with tears in her eyes, "Pasang, it would be so nice if you were my daughter!"

I answered immediately, "Aunty, I am more than your daughter!" and Chihliehpaichen smiled. I explained Party policies to her, and together we criticized and denounced the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his agents in Tibet for their crimes. She kept me informed on the situation in the village and made revolutionary suggestions. When she had news or wanted to set me right on something, she would walk miles to see

Pasang discusses with other cadres and commune members new things they have learned from their study of Chairman Mao's works.



me in the county town, or send the message to me in Lhasa. I learned much from this revolutionary aunty and she always encouraged me forward.

In August 1971, at Tibet's First Party Congress, I was elected secretary of the Chinese Communist Party Tibet Autonomous Region Committee. This Party committee wielded power on behalf of the million Tibetan emancipated serfs and broad masses of people. For a former slave, and a woman, to hold such a post was a first ever on the Tibetan plateau!

My 72-year-old father used to say to me earnestly: "Daughter, Chairman Mao is the great emancipator of us Tibetan people, and he is your personal benefactor! You must be loyal to the Party and people whatever happens, and wield power well for the emancipated serfs of Tibet." I will always remember the road I have travelled — from the edge of the grave to a second life, from slave to a master of my country — and never forget Chairman Mao and the Communist Party!

During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution I was most happy to see Chairman Mao five times. He is the great leader of all China's nationalities. National Day of 1966 is the most unforgettable day of my life, for on that day, as a representative of China's minority nationalities, I met Chairman Mao on the Tien An Men rostrum. How happy I was when I shook hands with Chairman Mao! There were so many things I wanted to say to him, but all I could do was to weep tears of grateful happiness and say to myself, "Chairman Mao, I'll never forget the misery we have been delivered from. I must arm myself with your great thinking, and wield power well for the proletariat. I will live up to your expectation."