

**The original documents are located in Box 17, folder “November 28 - December 7, 1975 - Far East - Briefing Book - China - Mrs. Ford and Susan - Mrs. Ford's Copy (2)” of the National Security Adviser Trip Briefing Books and Cables for President Ford, 1974-1976 at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.**

### **Copyright Notice**

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. Gerald R. Ford donated to the United States of America his copyrights in all of his unpublished writings in National Archives collections. Works prepared by U.S. Government employees as part of their official duties are in the public domain. The copyrights to materials written by other individuals or organizations are presumed to remain with them. If you think any of the information displayed in the PDF is subject to a valid copyright claim, please contact the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

D



# ANTI-MEMOIRS

by André Malraux

## LA CONDITION HUMAINE

There are now no more than twenty thousand survivors of the Long March—and eight hundred “responsibles,” it is said. On the other side of the bay, it pervades the popular imagination as the *Ramayana* still pervades the imagination of India, as Olympus once pervaded the imagination of Greece.

Everything had begun with victories.

In the autumn of 1928 the Sixth Congress in Moscow finally recognizes the importance of peasant action in the revolutionary struggle.

It is the end of the first schism. Red armies spring up: mutiny after mutiny breaks out in the armies of the Kuomintang, and the mutineers join Mao in the Ching Kang Mountains. But his supplies will not feed an army.

In January 1929 Mao's principal general, Chu Teh, breaks through the blockade and joins up with other Red troops. In December, the whole of southern Kiangsi is conquered, and the first provincial soviet government proclaimed.

The Kuomintang, now the Nanking government, opens the first “Encirclement and Annihilation Campaign” with one hundred thousand men against Mao's forty thousand. By a war of maneuver, in which the bulk of the Red forces is always brought to bear on isolated columns which Mao has lured deep into his territory, and thanks to the support of the local population, the army of Nanking is scattered in two months.

Four months later, the Second Campaign commits two hundred thousand men in seven separate columns. Same tactic, same results.

A month later Chiang Kai-shek takes personal command of three hundred thousand men. Mao's forces attack five columns in five days, capture a considerable amount of war material, and in October Chiang withdraws the forces of the Third Campaign of Annihilation.

The Chinese Soviet Republic is proclaimed under the chairmanship of Mao.

In December 1931 two hundred thousand men come over to him from Nanking. The Red Army starts offensive operations of its own. In 1933 Nanking opens the Fourth Campaign of Annihilation, loses thirteen thousand men in a single battle, and sees its best division destroyed.



But Chiang Kai-shek's advisers (among them Von Falkenhausen and Von Seeckt, former chief of general staff of the German army) have taken part in the campaign and learned its lessons. For the Fifth Campaign of Annihilation, Nanking assembles nearly a million men, with tanks and four hundred airplanes. Mao has at his disposal one hundred eighty thousand soldiers, about two hundred thousand militiamen—armed with pikes!—and four aircraft captured from Nanking. No fuel, no bombs, no artillery, little ammunition. Chiang Kai-shek no longer advances into communist territory: he surrounds it with a ring of blockhouses, a new Wall of China hemming it in. The Red Army realizes that it is trapped.

Was it then that Mao thought of Yenan? Japan had declared war on China, and Mao wanted to become the symbol of the Chinese people's resistance to aggression, for Nanking was doing far less fighting against the Japanese than against the communists. In that case it was essential to get to the north, the real battlefield; yet at first for thousands of miles, the Red Army thrust westward toward Tibet. In spite of all the obstacles, in spite of the opposition of various tribal chiefs, Mao remained confident that the whole of peasant China was on his side, provided the message got through to the people. Somewhere or other a region favorable to the establishment of a communist government would be found, as in Kiangsi. There was in the Long March an indubitable element of romantic adventure, reminiscent of Alexander's expedition, which is by no means foreign to Mao's character.

But first of all, they must get out. The Red Army, under constant bombardment, had already lost sixty thousand men in this vast siege.

Ninety thousand men, women, and children would attempt to break through the blockade, as Chu Teh had done in the Ching Kang Mountains. Little by little, the front line army was replaced by partisans. On October 16, 1934, concentrated in southern Kiangsi, it took the enemy fortifications by storm, and veered westward. The Long March had begun.

Mules were loaded with machine guns and sewing machines. Thousands of civilians accompanied the army. How many would remain in the villages—or in the cemeteries? How many of the dismantled machines carried on muleback would be found again one day, buried along the seven-thousand-mile route? The partisans with their red-tasseled pikes and their hats topped by leaves which shook like feathers would hold out for a long time yet—some of them for three years. The Nanking forces killed them, but Mao's army marched on.

In one month, harassed from the air, it fought nine battles, broke through four lines of blockhouses and a hundred and ten regiments. It lost a third of its men, decided to keep only its military equipment and a few field printing presses, stopped advancing toward the northwest (which baffled the enemy but slowed its march considerably). Chiang Kai-shek had gathered his forces behind the Yangtze and destroyed the bridges. But a hundred thousand men and their artillery were awaiting Mao before the Kweichow River. The Reds wiped out five divisions, held a meeting of their Central Committee in the governor's palace, enrolled fifteen thousand deserters, and organized youth cadres. But the

"golden sands river" of the poems had yet to be crossed, Mao turned southward, and in four days was fifteen miles from Yunnanfu, where Chiang Kai-shek had established himself. It was a diversion, for the main body of the Red Army was marching northward to cross the river there.

It was the Tatu River, no less difficult to cross than the Yangtze, and where the last army of the Taipings had been wiped out by the imperial forces. Moreover it could only be reached through the vast forest of the Lolos, where no Chinese army had ever penetrated. But a few Red officers who had served in Szechwan had once set free some Lolo chiefs, and Mao negotiated with these unsubdued tribes as he had done with all the villages his soldiers had passed through. "The government army is the common enemy." To which the tribes responded by asking for arms, which Mao and Chu Teh ventured to give them. The Lolos then guided the Reds through their forests where the Nanking air force lost all trace of them—to the Tatu ferry, which together they captured in a surprise attack.

It would have taken weeks for the army to cross the river by means of this ferry. Chiang Kai-shek's airmen, reconnoitering the river, had found the columns again. His armies had bypassed the forest and would soon be ready to give battle once more. This was the time when Nanking spoke of the funeral march of the Red Army.

There was only one bridge, much farther up the river, between steep cliffs across a rushing torrent. The army, exposed to continuous bombardment, advanced by forced marches through a storm along a narrow trail above the river, which by night reflected the thousands of torches tied to the soldiers' backs. When the advance guard reached the bridge, it found that half the wooden flooring had been burnt out.

Facing them, on the opposite bank, the enemy machine guns.

All China knows the fabulous gorges of its great rivers, the fury of the waters pent up by sheer peaks which pierce the heavy, low clouds under the echoing cries of the birds of prey. It has never ceased to picture this army of torches in the night, the flames of the dead sacrificed to the gods of the river, and the colossal chains stretching across the void, like those of the gates of Hell. For the bridge of Luting now consisted of the nine chains which supported its plank floor and two chains on either side which served as handrails. With the wooden roadway burnt, there remained these thirteen nightmare chains, no longer a bridge but its skeleton, thrusting over the savage roar of the waters. Binoculars revealed the intact section of the roadway and a voluted pavilion from behind which came the crackle of machine gun fire.

The Red machine guns opened up. Under the whistling hail of bullets, volunteers dangling from the freezing chains began to advance, link after enormous link—white caps and white cross belts standing out in the mist—swinging their bodies to heave themselves forward. One after another they dropped into the raging waters, but the lines of dangling men, swaying from their own efforts and from the force of the wind whistling through the gorges, advanced inexorably toward the opposite bank. The machine guns easily picked off those who were clinging to the four supporting chains, but the curve of the other nine chains protected the men advancing below them, grenades at their belts. The most dangerous moment would come when they reached the fragment of

roadway still in place and hoisted themselves onto it—which would only be possible, at best, for nine men at a time. The prisoners were later to declare that the defense was paralyzed by the sight of armed men suddenly springing up from the chains over the middle of the river; perhaps most of Chiang's mercenaries, accustomed to fighting Tibetan "brigands" armed with flintlocks, had no stomach for hand-to-hand combat with soldiers who had carried out such a legendary exploit before their very eyes. The first volunteers to hoist themselves onto the bridge had time to fling their grenades at the enemy machine gun nests, which were firing blind. The enemy officers ordered barrels of paraffin to be tipped over the remaining planks of the roadway, and set fire to them. Too late: the assailants dashed through the curtain of flames. The machine guns fell silent on both sides of the river, and the enemy retreated into the forest. The army crossed the bridge beneath the ineffectual bombing of the air force.

It is the most famous legend of Red China. In the communist store in Hong Kong I had seen, first of all, the exodus, strung out for mile upon mile; the peasant army preceding the civilians bent double under their burdens like rows of men hauling barges; a multitude as bowed as that which accompanied the Partition of India, but resolutely prepared for battles unknown. Three thousand miles they traveled, liberating village after village on the way, for a few days or a few years; and here were those stooping bodies which seemed to have risen from the tomb of China, and beyond the gorges, those chains stretching across history. Everywhere, chains belong to the darker side of man's imagination. They used to be part of the equipment of dungeons—and still were, in China, not so long ago—and their outline seems the very ideogram of slavery. Those hapless men with one arm hanging limp under the bullets are still watched by the wretched masses of China as the other hand opens above the roar of an ageless gulf. Other men followed them, whose hands did not open. In the memory of every Chinese, that string of dangling men swaying toward freedom seem to be brandishing aloft the chains to which they cling.

Nevertheless, this famous episode cost the Red Army fewer men than those which followed. It reached a region where the blockhouses of Nanking were still few, and regained the military initiative. But it still had to cross the high snow-covered passes of the Chiachin Mountains. It had been warm in June in the Chinese lowlands, but it was cold at fifteen thousand feet, and the cotton-clad men of the south began to die. There were no paths; the army had to build its own track. One army corps lost two-thirds of its animals. Mountain upon mountain, soon corpse upon corpse: one can follow the Long March by the skeletons fallen under their empty sacks; and those who fell forever before the peak of the Feather of Dreams, and those who skirted the Great Drum (for the Chinese, the drum is the bronze drum) with its vertical faces in the endless jagged immensity of the mountains. The murderous clouds hid the gods of the Tibetan snows. At last the army with the mustaches of hoarfrost reached the fields of Maokung. Down below, it was still summer.

There were forty-five thousand men left.

The Fourth Army and the vague soviet authorities of Sungpan awaited Mao there. The Red forces now mustered a hundred thousand soldiers; but after a disagreement which allowed Nanking a successful offensive, Mao set off again toward the Great Grasslands with thirty thousand men. Chu Teh stayed behind in Szechwan.

The Great Grasslands also meant dense forest, the sources of ten great rivers, and above all the Great Swamplands, occupied by autonomous tribes. The queen of the Mant-ze tribe gave orders that anyone who made contact with the Chinese, Red or otherwise, was to be boiled alive. For once, Mao failed in his efforts to negotiate. Empty dwellings, vanished cattle, narrow defiles in which the tribesmen rolled boulders down on them. "A sheep costs a man's life." There remained fields of green corn, and giant turnips each of which, Mao said, could feed fifteen men. And the Great Swamplands.

The army advanced, guided by native prisoners. Anyone who left the trail vanished. Endless rain in the immensity of the sodden grasslands and stagnant waters, under the white mists or the livid sky. No firewood, no trees—and the army had no tents. As protection against the rain, the white caps had been replaced with big sun hats. The clouds drifted low over the marshes, and the horses stumbled in the bottomless mud. At night the soldiers slept on their feet, tied together like bundles of firewood. After ten days, they reached Kansu. The Nanking forces had abandoned the pursuit, or were buried in the marshes. Mao now commanded no more than twenty-five thousand men. The field theater started up again, in front of soldiers dressed in animal hides turned inside out. And the ragged lines advanced at last among stones, their flags threadbare like those of our maquis.

New forces were mustered by Nanking, supported by the Chinese Muslim cavalry who were to "finish the Reds off once and for all." But in spite of their exhaustion, no mercenary force could have beaten these volunteers who were only a battle away from the Red bases in Shensi. The horses captured from the Tartars of the Chinese steppes were later to form the cavalry of Yen-an. On October 20, 1935, at the foot of the Great Wall, Mao's horsemen, wearing hats of leaves and mounted on little shaggy ponies like those of the prehistoric cave paintings, joined up with the three communist armies of Shensi, of which Mao took command. He had twenty thousand men left, of whom seven thousand had been with him all the way from the south. They had covered six and a half thousand miles. Almost all the women had died, and the children had been left along the way.

The Long March was at an end.

3

E





NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION  
Presidential Libraries Withdrawal Sheet

WITHDRAWAL ID 030318

REASON FOR WITHDRAWAL . . . . ÇNational security restriction  
TYPE OF MATERIAL . . . . . ÇBiography  
  
DESCRIPTION . . . . . Chinese officials  
CREATION DATE . . . . . 11/1975  
VOLUME . . . . . 19 pages  
COLLECTION/SERIES/FOLDER ID . 035800348  
COLLECTION TITLE . . . . . NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISER. TRIP  
BRIEFING BOOKS AND CABLES OF GERALD  
FORD  
BOX NUMBER . . . . . 17  
FOLDER TITLE . . . . . November 28 - December 7, 1975 - Far  
East - Briefing Book - China - Mrs.  
Ford and Susan - Mrs. Ford's Copy (2)  
  
DATE WITHDRAWN . . . . . 06/30/2010  
WITHDRAWING ARCHIVIST . . . . GG

#4 - mao Tse-tung - open in part 11/24/80

#6 - Chou En-lai - open in part 5/8/80

#8 - Teng Hsiao-p'ing - open in full 6/30/10

~~SECRET~~

MAO Tse-tung  
(3029/3419/2639)

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

毛泽东

Chairman, and Member,  
Standing Committee,  
Politburo, Chinese  
Communist Party Central  
Committee

Addressed as:  
Mr. Chairman



Mao Tse-tung, 81, a founder of the Chinese Communist Party (CCP), became a Politburo member in 1932 and Chairman of the Central Committee in 1935. Despite precarious health, Mao retains a dominant voice in Peking, and his name gives authority to major domestic and international political initiatives. In addition, he meets with selected visiting foreigners; during the first 10 months of 1975, he met 15 visiting groups including that headed by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in October.

Meetings with Mao are almost invariably arranged on short notice. Despite physical weakness--

Parkinson's disease--Mao remains lucid, highly opinionated and well informed about world events. His comments, delivered in a barely audible tone, require the combined interpretative skills of two officials.

The charismatic Mao achieved his present position after many years of struggle both before and after the Communists won the civil war in 1949. He has made ample use of various suppressive movements and purges to rid the CCP of opponents. His latest efforts, the Cultural Revolution (1966-69) and the purge of former Defense Minister Lin Biao and his followers (1971), secured Mao's political position but left a legacy of divisiveness that still plagues China.

Mao is married to Politburo member Chiang Ch'ing, his fourth wife.

19 November 1975

PORTIONS EXEMPTED

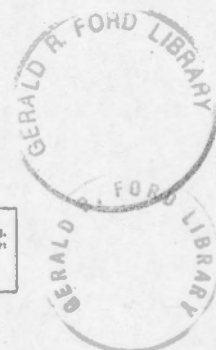
E.O. 12065, Sec. 1-301 (c)

MR 80-4, Doc. #1

NLF Date 1975, 11/24/75

~~SECRET~~

Classified by: 004890  
Exempt from general declassification schedule of E.O. 11652, exemption category: 25(1), (2), (3)  
Automatically declassified on  
Date impossible to determine





~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

NLF MR 80-46  
#2

SANITIZED COPY

CHOU En-lai  
(Phonetic: joe)  
(0719/1869/0171)

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

周恩来

Premier, State Council;  
Vice Chairman and Member,  
Standing Committee, Polit-  
buro, Chinese Communist  
Party Central Committee

Addressed as:  
Mr. Premier



Chou En-lai, 77, has been Premier of the People's Republic of China since 1949 and, as ranking vice chairman of the Central Committee and a member of the Standing Committee of the Politburo, he is the second-ranking Chinese Communist Party leader. Until early 1974 he was the most active of the collective party leadership. Since then, hospitalized by at least one heart attack, episodes of congestive heart failure [REDACTED] Chou has relinquished most of his official duties to a group of Vice Premiers headed by Teng Hsiao-p'ing. Chou probably retains his influence in policy matters and, until early September 1975, met with visitors. His failure to meet with important visitors to Peking, including Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in October, suggests that his physical condition has deteriorated.

A diplomat and statesman, Chou has excelled in foreign affairs. By temperament more an administrator than a theoretician, he is a suave, urbane pragmatist who has proved his competence and durability in more than 40 years of service to the party. Critics of his moderate approaches to China's economic and political development have consistently failed to damage his political stature.

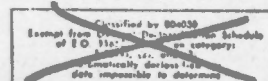
Chou speaks Russian, English and some French, and fragmentary German and Japanese. Officially, he converses in Chinese with the aid of an interpreter. Chou is married to Teng Ying-ch'ao, a Central Committee member. They have no children.

SANITIZED COPY

18 November 1975

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Approved for Release  
Date 8 May 1980



TENG Hsiao-p'ing  
(Phonetic: dung)  
(6772/1420/1627)

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

邓小平

Vice Premier, State  
Council; Member, Standing  
Committee, Politburo

Addressed as:  
Mr. Vice Premier



Teng Hsiao-p'ing, 71, the second highest ranking victim of the Cultural Revolution (1966-69), reentered public life as a Vice Premier in April 1973. He was elected to the 10th Chinese Communist Party (CCP) Central Committee in August 1973 and to the Politburo in January 1974. In January 1975 he was named a vice chairman of the Central Committee, a member of the Standing Committee of the Politburo, and Chief of Staff of the People's Liberation Army and was confirmed as the leading Vice Premier of the State Council. Teng appears to have assumed most of Premier Chou En-lai's duties in domestic and international affairs and is currently the leading candidate to succeed the ailing Premier. Teng took the leading role in discussions with US Secretary of State Henry Kissinger during the latter's visit to China in October 1975 and is likely to do so during President Ford's visit.

After studying in the USSR in 1925, Teng held an impressive array of political and governmental posts. He first became a Vice Premier in 1952 and a member of the Politburo in 1954. Representing the CCP in critical meetings with leaders of the Soviet Communist Party in the early stages (1960-63) of the Sino-Soviet rift, Teng forcefully presented the Chinese position on major ideological issues.

The Vice Premier has a strong memory, a quick grasp of problems and considerable self-assurance. He has been married at least twice. His current wife, Cho Lin, may hold a government position connected with international relations.

13 November 1975

DECLASSIFIED

AUTHORITY *ms* *6772-1420-1627*

BY *h* NARA DATE *6/30/10*

