Apolitical Art, Private Experience, and Alternative Subjectivity in China's Cultural Revolution

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ABSTRACT: For a revolution over "culture," remarkably little has been said about the Cultural Revolution culture itself, and even less about the apolitical, private art produced underground. This article explores this apolitical, private art, arguing that it was a "rebellion of the heart" against the state's ruthless destruction of the private sphere. Mao's Party-state drastically fragmented families, moulding socialist subjects through "revolution deep down into the soul." Paintings of (broken) homes and interiors, flowers, and moonlight articulate lived experiences of the revolution while silently reinventing a private refuge for the body and soul to subsist beyond state control. Defying orthodox revolutionary mass culture, this apolitical art articulated private experience and created a private inner world for a new form of modern subjectivity, while generating community and human solidarity against relentless class struggle and alienation.

KEYWORDS: Apolitical and private art, Cultural Revolution, modern self, subjectivity, underground culture.

Major histories of the Cultural Revolution have been preoccupied with politics within the Party-state and the resulting violence and destruction. Bestselling memoirs tell victim stories, reinforcing the master narrative. For a revolution named for "culture," remarkably little has been said about Cultural Revolution culture itself, and what little scholarship there is focuses again on political propaganda and its political dissent. The private, non-political art produced underground remains little known. Apart from a scarcity of records, such art simply does not fit the master narratives of the Cultural Revolution. This article explores apolitical art and its different role in politics: not as its servant or as dissent, but as its critical and aesthetic alternative.

The case for this exploration is the *Wuming* (No Name) Painting Group active in Beijing 1973-1981. All of the painters during the group's active years were workers or urban youths sent down to become farm labourers. Excluded from formal academic training, they learned painting by self-teaching. A few core members of *Wuming* started painting together as early as 1962, while a circle of twelve younger painters joined them in 1973. The community, now with a clear group identity, met regularly to paint, read, listen to music, and discuss literature and philosophy, producing several thousand oil paintings and holding three major underground or unofficial art exhibitions (1974, 1979, 1981). These paintings provide visual memories of an ultra-political era, telling an unknown story of the subjective experiences of that revolution and the silent change brought by private artistic activities. Biographies of the artists tell of the state's shattering of family and invasion of privacy even to the innermost thought and emotion. Visual evidence – paintings preserved as visual diaries – documents the artists' personal experience during the Mao era, demonstrating the existence of visions of modernity and forms of subjectivity other than the state's socialist subject.

Contrasting with dissident art (e.g. the Stars group of 1979) and with the political pop that thrived after it, this underground art articulates private sensation and emotions using subject matter with no overt political content – landscapes, trees and flowers, water and moonlight, still lifes and interiors, houses and streets, portraits of friends, families, and self. Small and informal in effect, *Wuming* paintings were produced and circulated outside the official art apparatus, in private time after work. In a conscious revolt against official art doctrines, the artists embraced the twin enemies of official art: literati aesthetics and Western modernism. The artists thus created a form of Chinese modernist art. Modernism is a vastly used and contested concept. I engage this concept to highlight three specific aspects of *Wuming* art as part of global artistic Modernism. Modernist art began in Europe by repudiating the function of art as narrative, illustration, or teaching, moving from representation to agency. Continuing this artistic movement in Mao's China, *Wuming* artists repudiated the official doctrine of art serving politics, thus also moving from representation to action and agency. Secondly, *Wuming*'s modernist art is a critique of Chinese revolutionary modernity, corresponding to the global modernisms that have thrived as a critical response to the arrival of modernity. Thirdly, by turning from representation towards subjective experience – unique individual sensations, emotions, and perception – *Wuming* art developed an alternative modern identity and subjectivity for both painter and viewer, formulating a self-conscious and self-reflective individual subjectivity.

Scholars have attributed the rise of private art to post-1989 China as part of a de-politicising of society in the 1990s. Geremie Barmé sees 1989 as the turning point towards the "graying of Chinese culture." (1) Hou Hanru finds in the 1990s a new wave of artists abandoning ideology-centric art and seeking self-expression. (2) Only recently have scholars begun to notice

1. See Geremie Barmé, "The graying of Chinese culture" in his *In the Red: On Contemporary Chinese Culture*, New York, Columbia University Press, 1999, pp. 99-144.
2. Hou Hanru, "Towards an 'Un-unoffical Art': De-ideologicalisation of China's Contemporary Art in the 1990s," *Third Text*, Vol. 10, No. 34, 1996, pp. 37-52.

the private art of the Mao era. In 2007, Gao Minglu identified *Wuming*'s "art for art's sake" approach as belonging to an alternative undercurrent, what he calls an "aesthetic modernism" that has been marginalised throughout China's twentieth century, during which mainstream "social modernism" has been dominant. [3] And in 2010, Wu Hung observed that such private and apolitical art was in fact the majority of what surfaced in 1979, yet has been omitted from the history of art altogether. [4] The *Wuming* painting group provides a key case for further exploring this private art and refining our understanding of its engagement with revolutionary modernity and international modernism. A major retrospective exhibition of the group toured in Beijing, Shanghai, and Guangzhou in 2006-2007 with a companion book in Chinese. [5] Another exhibition on the *Wuming*, *Stars*, and *Caocao* groups was held in New York (2011) and Hong Kong (2013). [6] More far-ranging exhibitions (e.g. *Art and Revolution*, New York, 2009) and publications have started to include *Wuming* as the beginning of contemporary Chinese art. [7] And the short documentary film *No Name Painting Association* (2013) has been shown in 30 film festivals and has won eight awards. [8]

The rediscovery of this private art belongs to what can be called a new approach to the Mao era based largely on memory and subjective experience. As demonstrated in the present issue, these new forms of memory are often autonomous endeavours carried out by individuals or groups who chose to focus on the everyday and "ordinary people" instead of grand narratives. Recovering *Wuming* art has been a self-initiated project by the artists based on their collective memories, their individual biographies, and above all their paintings, which serve as visual articulations of their subjectivity. This self-rediscovery questions the still active master narrative that views the Cultural Revolution as Mao's manipulation of brainwashed, passive victims; the paintings offer a new historical narrative of active and responsible historical agency.

My own memory-based approach to *Wuming* art is almost predetermined, since I myself was a *Wuming* painter active in the group's long history and later became an anthropologist and historian. This gives me a challenging but also privileged position relative to the subject. As a participating artist I have intrinsic knowledge of and original insights into the paintings and my fellow painters. As a scholar I have conducted significant interviews of the painters in recent years, compiled a digital data archive, and published a 13-volume catalogue of the primary *Wuming* artists as well as articles. [9] In this double role I now offer an interdisciplinary analysis of the art, combining historical and biographical contextualisation based on memory, critical analysis based on current scholarly debates, and lasting evidence of the paintings' visual effects. In order to acknowledge this unique double voice within my own writing, I will use the first person when speaking as an anthropologist and historian today and the third person when speaking of myself as a painter in the past.

Pacific and non-confrontational, *Wuming*'s private, apolitical art projected a vision of the world opposing the state's orthodox vision of revolutionary modernity, thereby earning condemnation as "bourgeois." Yet those who produced this art were none other than proletarian workers in terms of social identity. Why did proletarian workers produce "bourgeois," apolitical art in a world of ultra-political radical socialism? And why did the state fear moonlight and trees, forcing such art underground?

This article argues that *Wuming* art constituted an underground counterculture. It was private in the sense of depicting private subjects, being produced in private time and space, and circulating privately within the group, hidden from state surveillance. It was apolitical in the sense that it excluded political content and avoided public political commentary, pursuing the private and rejecting the official doctrine that "art serves politics." But this very rejection of the political in such a politicised context was itself a political action, giving apolitical art a political subtext. Ultimately, this art was a rebellion against the state's ruthless destruction of the private sphere, against its invasion of family and engineering of the soul. Countering the unprecedented social conformity and atomisation of the individual, these private paintings celebrated a free spirit and articulated private sensations and inner experience. They constructed a shelter, a refuge, in which an individual could evade the scrutiny of the state to reflect on his/her emotional and moral experiences and to attend to his/her body and soul in secrecy. Such private art thus gave rise to a new sense of modern subjectivity, asserting perspectives, emotions, sensations, and experience that were actually lived and felt. Depicting flowers and moonlight, it silently created a modern self, fundamentally undermining the state programming of socialist subjects.

Mourning the shattered home

Wuming art responded directly to the state's drastic elimination of the private home and invasion of the private sphere, articulating emotional and subjective experiences resilient to that process. Many *Wuming* painters painted the "home," taking their dwellings as the subject. Instead of seeing them as illustrations of actual homes, I read them instead as emotional and moral reactions to the artists' actual lived conditions, and as innovative actions that helped create a private space among the ruins of the shattered home. The class and social diversity of the group also provides a good variety of examples, exposing the range and scale of these ruins from different strata of society.

Zhao Wenliang's *Melody of Homesickness* takes the painter's home, a one-room rental house, as its main subject (Image 1). This was a tiny room facing north, having never admitted a ray of sunshine. The eldest of the group and shouldering the most responsibility, Zhao was ultra-cautious and did not invite the younger painters to his home until 1975. I remember the first time I entered this house with other young painters. From the outside, the windows and door were completely covered so no one could peek inside. Stepping inside, we found a dark and damp room crammed with a double bed and a square table. A stove occupied the middle of the room for heating and cooking, and a low stool in front of it was for sitting. But if one

3. Gao Minglu, "Xiandaixing cuowei: dui zhongguo dangdai yishu xushi de fanxi (Dislocation of modernities: Reflection on contemporary Chinese art narratives)," in Gao Minglu (ed), *Meixue xushi yu chouxiang yishu*, Chengdu, Sichuan meishu chubanshe, 2007, pp. 32-44.
4. Wu Hung, in conversation with the author at a joint archive and book launch by the Asia Art Archive and Museum of Modern Art, Hong Kong, 7 September 2010.
5. Gao Minglu (ed), *"Wuming": yige beiju qianwei de lishi* (The No-Name: A History of a Self-Exiled Avant-Garde), Guilin, Guangxi shifan daxue chubanshe, 2006.
6. See Julia Andrews and Kuiyi Shen (eds), *Blooming in the Shadows: Unofficial Chinese Art, 1974-1985*, New York, China Institute, 2011; Julia Andrews and Kuiyi Shen (eds), *Light Before Dawn: Unofficial Chinese Art, 1974-1985*, Hong Kong, Asia Society, Hong Kong Center, 2013.
7. See Melissa Chiu and Zheng Shengtian (eds), *Art and China's Revolution*, New York, Asia Society, in association with Yale University Press, 2008; Wu Hung (ed), *Contemporary Chinese Art: Primary Documents*, New York, The Museum of Modern Art, 2010; Julia Andrews and Kuiyi Shen (eds), *Art of Modern China*, Berkeley, University of California Press, 2012; Juliane Noth, "Landscapes of Exclusion: The No Name Group and the Multiple Modernities in Chinese Art in 1979," in *Negotiating Difference: Chinese Contemporary Art in the Global Context*, Weimar, VDG, 2012, pp. 49-62.
8. Directed by Joe Griffin, written by René Balcer, 2013, 24 minutes.
9. Aihe Wang (ed), *Wuming (No Name) Painting Catalogue*, Hong Kong, The University of Hong Kong Press, 2009; Aihe Wang, "*Wuming*: An Underground Art Group during the Cultural Revolution," *Journal of Modern Chinese History*, Vol. 3, No. 2, December 2009, pp. 183-199.

sat there, another person could not pass. A single yellow light bulb hanging from the ceiling by a wire was casting large moving shadows on the walls. And those walls were covered with paintings. More paintings occupied the entire square table, part of the bed, the windowsills, and the edges of the floor. Eighty-some years old at the time, the house had not been repaired in decades and was peeling and cracking. Zhao carefully added coal to the stove, and I had never seen anyone so meticulous: no dust, no steam, no smoke was to be emitted into the air, since that would damage the paintings. For the same reason, this Chinese man refused to stir-fry vegetables, blanching them instead.

Zhao started living here in summer 1966 when the Cultural Revolution was just beginning. He had a big family: he was married with two daughters and his parents had six children: three sons and three daughters. But that summer his parents and sister had just been deported to their ancestral village in the northeast, because his father had been accused of being a "historical counter-revolutionary." His wife also lived in the northeast with their daughters because they did not have a residence permit (*hukou*) for the capital. Living alone, he rented this single room. His lifetime friend Yang Yushu recalls that when looking for a house with Zhao, they had found a well-built, south-facing room with sunlight in a beautiful courtyard with plum and begonia flowers blooming. The landlord was burning the family collection of books and paintings before the Red Guards came to raid the house, and he was eager to rent it out. Zhao gave it up and instead chose this crumbling dark house simply because of its location: it stood at the end of a row of houses, right at the entrance of a complex of crammed old houses and sheds. Here his comings and goings would pass unnoticed. He therefore was spared the eyes of the neighbourhood committee when his painter friends came to visit, and when he went out painting or came back late. Zhao lived here alone most of the time. We never met his wife, though his younger daughter would occasionally appear for a time and then disappear again. His mother visited and finally moved in with him in 1979, dying there in 1986. This house, after all, started as a shelter for a lone man whose family was scattered and whose home needed to be reinvented. When he first moved in, he bought four sets of bowls and chopsticks for himself and his three old painter friends. "For me," he recalls, "the concept of home was composed of four painters; art had replaced my family." [10]

Zhao painted *Melody of Homesickness* in 1977 after living here for a decade. It was a wintery night with an almost full moon. The ashen moonlight illuminates the fine outlines of the houses and figures, casting them into dark shadows. Brightened by the moonlight, the sky is a frosty blue, melting the small tree and twigs into the icy world of the moon, contrasting with the sharp black silhouette of the house. With one horn-like roof post broken off like a wounded creature, the house emits a warm yellow glow from the obscured interior. The warm glow of a home is much longed for on this cold wintery night by the painter, the viewer, and the figures in the painting. *Wuming* painters immediately recognise the tall thin shadow as Zhao himself, with his daughter's purplish dark shadow hinting at her red clothing. For viewers today, they could be seen simply as a child with an adult. Either way, the two shadows seem spellbound by the scene of a promised home, yet frozen in the moonlight, as if afraid to shatter a good dream. A black cat, the animal of the night, is about to leap to break the spell of this frozen moment.

The homesickness of the title indicates a longing for a lost home, or a home far away, in which the blood and flesh of two generations could warm one another. An earlier title, *Melody of the Moonlight*, was named after

Image 1 – *Melody of Homesickness*, by Zhao Wenliang, 1977, 39.2cm × 36 cm, oil on paper.
© Zhao Wenliang

Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* and taken from a short poem by Li Bai, arguably the most famous Chinese poem, expressing a longing for home. It ends with a similar moment of infatuation under the frosty moonlight, lost in the thought of a home somewhere far away. As if afraid that the painting and poem could not make it clear, the painter finalised the title by replacing the implication with an open statement – *Melody of Homesickness*. Painted in oil on grey cardboard paper, it has none of the thickness or texture that oil paintings normally have. Smooth brushstrokes spread the thin silky paint like ink, letting it be absorbed into the paper. The white-washed moon and clouds, the hair-thin branches in moonlight, and the silver silhouettes of the figures, the cat, and houses are not painted; rather, the paper ground is scrupulously left unpainted, occasionally etched out with a fine palette knife. This oil painting was intended for a Chinese identity – in its subject, its imagery, its sentiment, and its aesthetics – evoking a millennium-long collective memory to express a shared longing for home in the hearts of modern Chinese men and women. It was a melody ringing with profound truth in an era when most urban families were shattered by the revolution. Such an imagined home was a refuge for homeless souls. In this sense, the melody for the lost home was a protest, and the imagined home was a substitute for the tangible household that had been eliminated by revolution.

The broken home of those deported "black classes" in 1966 was only a sign of the coming storm. In 1968 began the massive human migration that tore apart urban families both "red" and "black" and everything in between. The migration included three components: the "up to the mountains and down to the villages" movement, which sent 17 million urban youths to the countryside; the sending down of government cadres and intellectuals to May 7th cadre schools, May 7th universities, and medical teams; and

10. Zhao Wenliang, interview by Aihe Wang, 2006, Beijing.

Image 2 – *Winter Viewing from Fusuijing Building*, by Zheng Ziyan, 1976, 30cm × 38cm, oil on paper. © Zheng Ziyan

Image 3 – *Home*, by Aihe Wang, 1973, 19.6cm × 27cm, oil on paper. © Aihe Wang

the less known but equally massive relocation of industries to the Third Front in preparation for war (1964-1980). Many people reunited only after 1979, and some never did. This shattering of families was done in the name of modernisation and revolution. Taking tens of millions of urban individuals out of their homes and cutting off their blood ties, the state sent them to rural areas to reform and be re-educated through hard manual labour, military discipline, and collective living to become what Lei Feng heralded as the "nuts and bolts" of the revolutionary machine. (11)

This collective living of dispersed families lasted from 1968 to 1979. But Mao's vision of collectivism was not just a temporary tactic of the Cultural Revolution but rather a long-term national strategy for achieving modernity that had begun a decade earlier with the Great Leap Forward of 1958. This is evident in another painting of another home, Zheng Ziyan's *Snow Viewing from Fusuijing Building*, painted in 1976 and depicting a view from the window of Zhang Wei's apartment in central Beijing (Image 2). Zhang Wei had moved here in 1966 from his grandfather's courtyard to join his mother and five sisters. The apartment was in a large Soviet-style block, part of a nine-story complex of three connected buildings whose unadorned concrete and rectangular forms retained elements of Le Corbusier's modernism. It had been a model building of the Great Leap Forward, famed as a "Commune Mansion" or "Communist Mansion," an early experiment in collective living in cities produced by a decision that the Communist Party made at its Sixth Plenum of the Eighth Central Committee in 1958. The guiding principle for the architectural design had been to break up individual households and reorganise people into collective communities. Hundreds of families would live together and dine in a communal canteen on the ground floor, so no individual kitchens were built. According to one of its architects, the two-room apartments were designed for couples without space for children, since children would be boarding in kindergartens inside the buildings and then move to dormitories at school age. (12)

The failure of the Great Leap and the resulting starvation ended this experiment in urban communes, but the Communist Mansion continued to structure family life during the sent-down movement. Zhang Wei's mother, like other residents, ended up cooking on her own stove in the hallway, while her children were sent down to different provinces, sleeping in collective dorms and eating in collective kitchens. By the time of this painting, Zhang Wei had returned to Beijing due to an injury. The painting depicts the view from the apartment's window, including the barred balcony railing in the foreground and the high concrete wall of a companion building to the right, punctured with rows of identical rectangular windows of identical rectangular rooms. The building rises as a monument of Great Leap modernity in contrast to the low residential houses below. In the distance, carefully nestled in the upper left corner, another block of modern concrete buildings stares back at the painter and the viewer. In between, traditional courtyard homes in the distance contrast with the bare concrete and rectangular rooms of the Communist Mansion. A child in red, walking with a parent in the narrow traditional ally, adds the only colour to the world of concrete and snow. The tension between the utopian project towards modernity and the traditional households is palpable in this view, yet the unseen reality of shattered families and broken blood ties was a lived experience of urban families in both kinds of homes.

Class love and class hate – Engineering the soul

Removing people from their homes and severing their blood ties, the state aimed to turn the resulting naked individual into a socialist subject. In order to do so, the state also invaded the individual's inner world to weed out private thoughts and sentiments and to program his/her consciousness and emotions. The Cultural Revolution was repeatedly proclaimed a "great revolution deep down in the soul," and Mao's instruction in 1967 to "struggle against the private and criticise revisionism" became the revolution's cardinal principle. Everyone was to "struggle relentlessly against a flash of private thought" and confess in public self-criticisms. (13) The family not only lost its

11. Lei Feng was an ordinary soldier made into a national model of Mao's good student and good soldier through repeated "Learning from Lei Feng" movements initiated by Mao personally. "I want to forever be a nut and bolt" in the Communist revolutionary machine, he wrote in his diary. His "nut and bolt" spirit was elevated to be the national spirit. See *Lei Feng riji quanwen* (Complete Diary of Lei Feng), entry 17 April 1962, Baiduwenku, http://wenku.baidu.com/view/444187176edb6f1aff001f7d.html (accessed on 6 May 2014).

12. See "'Gongshedalou' wangshi (Reminiscence of the Commune Mansion)," Qianlongwang (Qianlong.com), http://beijing.qianlong.com/3825/2009/03/10/118@4899525.htm (accessed 18 March 2013).

13. Here the word private [*si*] relates to any concern for the self or family life. Mao instructed "*yao dou si pi xiu*," as published in the *People's Daily*, 25 September 1967. The newspaper's editorial ten days later was also titled "Dou si pi xiu shi wuchan jieji wenhua da geming de genben fangzhen ("To struggle against the private and criticise revisionism is the fundamental principle of the Proletarian Cultural Revolution").

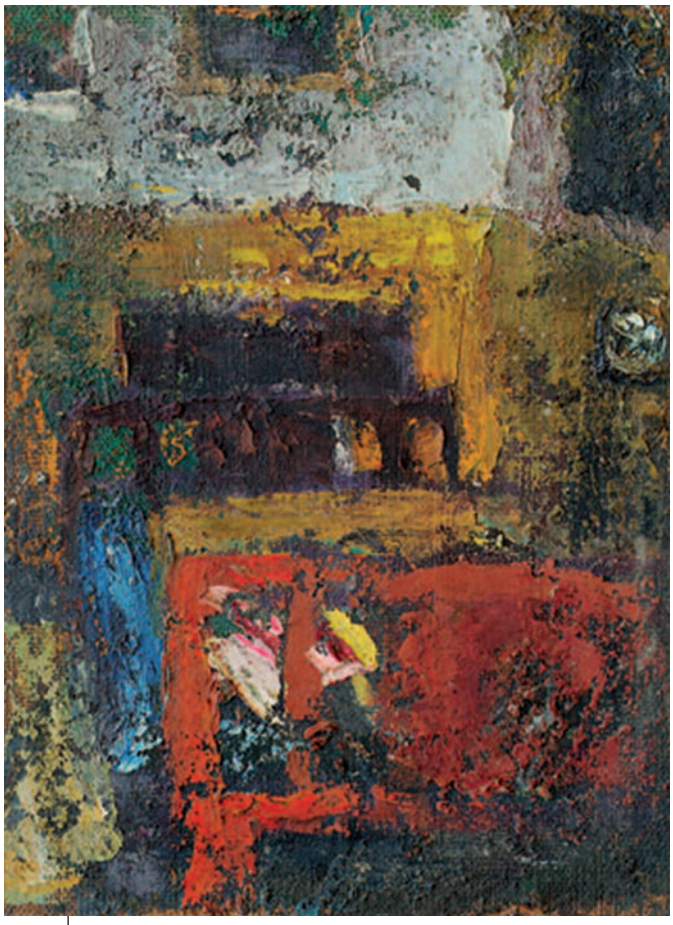

Image 4 – *Single Bed*, by Liu Shi, 1977-1979, dimensions unknown, oil on fiberboard.
© Liu Shi

Image 5 – *Medicine*, by Aihe Wang, 1978, 41.5cm × 45.5cm, oil on pasteboard.
© Aihe Wang

function as a shelter but was also turned into a theatre for public scrutiny of the soul. Never before had the human mind, heart, and soul gone through such thorough scrutiny. Many incriminated themselves through confession, and diaries became prime evidence of thought crimes. The accusation and execution of Yu Luoke, for example, was based on his diary, not his published work. In the *Wuming* group, Zhao Wenliang stopped keeping a diary for many years for fear of incrimination, and Yang Yushu was reluctant to put anything in writing. Many *Wuming* artists wrote thought reports or confessions.

The ultimate goal of such "engineering of the soul" was to cut the final, natal bond between a child and its parents and to replace it with class love, class hatred, and class consciousness. For families belonging to any of the five, seven, or nine black categories, children were expected to denounce their parents, to "cut off all and every relationship forever with" them, to denounce and incriminate them. Some even beat their parents in public to show how determined they were, in order to be included as "children who can be educated to become good," or simply to save their own hides. The examples of such cases ranged from cities to the countryside, from families of high cadres to those of peasants. Future film director Chen Kaige denounced his own father;[14] the daughter of Mao's condemned secretary refused to recognise her father between 1958 and 1979;[15] a peasant son denounced his landlord father and cut off all relations with him; and a granddaughter joined the beating and killing of her own grandfather.[16] Physical severing from parents or grandparents of the wrong classes was never enough; class education and thought reform was a continued, lifelong process of "reforming the soul." Confessions through "talking about the heart," thought reports, and self-criticisms were regular, repeated programs. The shattering of homes and reforming of the soul were experienced by all ordinary families, both inside the Communist Mansion and in those traditional houses in the streets below. Wang Aihe's *Home* was painted in one such house where she was born and grew up (Image 3). It was a miniature traditional courtyard enclosed by various chambers on all four sides, shared by two families. Her parents had moved there in 1951 for her mother to work as the Chief of Pharmacy in the Union Hospital nearby, and they raised five children there, with two rooms and a kitchen. When she painted *Home* in 1973, it was an empty home like so many others. Her parents had been sent to two different provinces, the second elder brother had been sent to a third province for the Third Front Industry, and her eldest brother was living in his factory to carry out revolution. When her father returned, he took the two younger brothers to live with him in his university dormitory. Wang Aihe was assigned to work in a plastics factory, living mostly alone in this empty home.

I understand this painting now as the destruction of the family and the ransacked emotional landscape of the painter. Looking out through her bedroom window is this scene that she contemplated every day. The home appears literally to be crumbling (the wing opposite the bedroom would in fact collapse in the earthquake three years later). A clay chimney above the semi-functional bathroom on the right looks about to fall, and some of the window panes of the central hallway and the communal kitchen to the left are broken, the black interior reminding one that the stove is extinguished and hasn't cooked a meal for seven in a long time. The tree in the neighbouring yard, which shimmered with blossoms in the spring and shaded the afternoon sun in the summer, lends no protection now. Beyond are the red

14. Chen Kaige, *Wo de qingchun huiyilu: Chen Kaige zizhuan diyibu* (Memoir of My Youth: Autobiography of Chen Kaige, part one), Beijing, Zhongguo renmin daxue chubanshe, 2009, pp. 63-64.
15. Carma Hinton et al. (eds), *Morning Sun* (Ba jiu dian zhong de taiyang), videorecording, Brookline, MA, Long Bow Group, 2005, 117 minutes.
16. Sue Williams et al. (eds), *China: A Century of Revolution*, videorecording (full screen version), 3 discs, [S.l.] Zeitgeist, 2007, 360 minutes, disc 2.

Image 6 – *Peach Blossoms and Small Bowl*, by Yang Yushu, 1973, 46.5cm × 53.5cm, oil on canvas, mounted on three-ply board.
© Yang Yushu

Image 7 – *Lingering Glow on the Hinggan Ridge*, by Zheng Zigang, 1979, 19cm × 27.5cm, oil on paper.
© Zheng Zigang

brick walls of what used to be St. Mary's Catholic Convent, which had been ransacked five years earlier when the nuns were struggled against and expelled. On the far left is a skylight for a windowless room and a grey wooden stick on a triangular support, tipped to one side. It used to be a structure the painter's father had built to hang three mirrors he bought – mirrors for newlyweds printed in red with Chairman Mao's instructions – in order to reflect sunlight into the dark, damp southern room. The wind had blown off the mirrors and smashed them, the structure had fallen, and her father was away. There was not much left at home, and not much home left.

Yet a visual analysis provides a different reading, of the lively expression of the artist's inner experience through colour, composition, and brushwork. The tile roof, occupying the central band of the painting, is rendered in sprightly strokes, moving like ripples, fragmenting the white ground, which shimmers like snow or light. Contrasting with the lively ripples of brushwork is the airless interior in solid blocks of black. A bright purple, scattered here and there, unifies the painting in a chilly tone while forming a vibrant contrast with the black and orange. Beyond the courtyard, wintery tree branches are reaching into the air like stretched-out arms and hands, enlivened by dynamic brushwork. The house is both a subject and a medium for expressing an inner experience fluctuating between exuberance, restlessness, and anxiety, a desire to reach up for the belated spring or leap out from the *Home* – which is no longer a warm, stable shelter but a cold, dilapidated shed.

The strongest memory *Home* evokes in me today is not the poor condition of the house or the physical coldness inside it, but a psychological chill. If you stop your gaze from moving with the brushwork and look into the windows, you see cold dark eyes staring straight at you like two black holes. I recall a girl spending long hours in a cold room alone, trying to put down cold words to denounce her parents who had been sent to faraway places. After she was assigned to the plastics factory in 1971, the head of the Communist Youth League from the factory's political work office periodically had a "heart-to-heart talk" with her: "As the daughter of a Rightist (mother) and a 'reactionary' intellectual (father), you should work on drawing a clear class line from your parents. To become a 'descendant who can be educated to be good,' you are to write thought reports monthly to denounce your parents and to report on how much progress you've made under re-education by the working class." So, in the empty home, she faced the task of composing condemnations of her parents, all the while struggling against the private emotions of missing them and her big family. She learned of her mother being a Rightist only during the Cultural Revolution, and had no idea what she had done or said wrong. All she knew was that her mother was more hard-working than anyone she had ever known and that she supported the Party completely, reading the newspaper carefully every day and trying to do and say everything correctly. The daughter's reports could not pass the expected standard. Eventually she copied her elder brother's thought report written for his factory, with all the correct wording, and turned it in.

Conversely, the parents were also expected to put revolution and class consciousness before their familial ties with their children. Liu Shi never had a clear sense of home or parents. His parents were revolutionary intellectuals who had joined the party as university students in the 1940s, and his mother was a model worker, a "national women's red flag holder," the chief of education for an elite boys' high school. Because nursing a baby was a private affair (*sishi*) that had to be sacrificed for the public good of state projects, she never nursed her son. (This priority was shared by a generation of socialism-building mothers.) Devoted to her work, she sent three-month-old Liu Shi to various boarding nurseries, and he ended up in his grandparents' care until the Cultural Revolution. He then moved into the empty parental house in a big ministry compound when his mother was sent to a labour camp and his father to a May 7th cadre school, taking the two older children with him. Living with other boys in the compound without parental supervision, Liu Shi enjoyed three years of freedom: climbing trees and onto the roof, exploring the air shelter caves, raising or tormenting all kinds of animals and bugs, eating bees and wild mushrooms, and planting beans and melons, using his own excrement as fertilizer. The freedom ended when he turned 16 and was assigned a job.

Starting from his first year working at the restaurant, he became a problem youth in the eyes of the Party secretary, who embodied the Party-state and patriarchy in a single position. Liu Shi was repeatedly criticised for his "bourgeois thought" in public meetings and was forced to write repeated self-criticisms. Later he recounted his various crimes:

> I wanted to join them to dig the air shelter but they didn't let me, so I made trouble. I threw our leader's white cat into the coal pile to

> make it filthy ... In the pitch dark hallway of the dormitory and in front of the door of the secretary of the Youth League, I hung a winter coat with two shoes tied below it, then called out "your phone call"; she came out, turning on the light, and screamed in front of the hanging 'ghost' and cried ... They asked me to slaughter a chicken but I couldn't; I had tried once before, and the poor bird ended up flying up and down with half of its head hanging on. So I hid in the storage room and climbed onto a pile of flour sacks to take a nap. In deep sleep, I rolled over and fell into a tank of sesame paste, with one leg in it ... I was sent to fetch a large vat but I enjoyed riding the tricycle too much – practicing wheelies – to remember the vat at the back, which fell and broke. Although my grandma paid five *yuan* to compensate for the vat, I was criticised for "destroying means of production." (17)

And so it went. The public criticisms lasted two full months and his written repentance could not pass muster. Once there was a struggle meeting against a rapist, and Liu Shi was made to stand next to the criminal throughout the meeting. For his numerous mistakes and mischief, he was penalised with increasingly undesirable job assignments – moving from chef to dishwasher to night watchman to seller of popsicles on the street to dough-making on the night shift.

For a problematic youth such as Liu Shi, parents were also supposed to cut a clear line and report on their own son under the slogan of "the great public and no private/self." Liu Shi's father, returning from the May 7th school, reported his son to his work unit for "bourgeois" thought at home. He confiscated the book his son was secretively reading – *Aesthetics* by a contemporary Chinese Marxist philosopher named Zhu Guangqian – and mailed it to the work unit. This caused Liu Shi many more criticism meetings for reading "pornography," since for the masses, anything unorthodox was considered pornography. At home his father grounded him, cut him off from his painter friends – the dubious "men and women of the society" – and forced him to read Chairman Mao's "Talks at the Conference on Art and Literature in Yan'an." Confronting such thought control at work and at home, Liu Shi resisted head-on, back-talking with sophistry and provoking the Party secretary with his audacity. The conflict continued for years until both ended up in hospital: the Party secretary's high blood pressure went off the chart, and Liu was blamed for it and for the resulting "disruption of the Party's normal operation," while in 1977, Liu was himself admitted to the Hospital of Infectious Disease for acute hepatitis. (18)

Liu Shi painted *Single Bed* after his hospitalisation, back "home" in his parents' house (Image 4). Taking his bed as the subject, the 22-year-old painter carved out a private space of his own that defied intrusion from both the Party secretary and his father. The painting depicts a shelter the painter built for himself through art. Showing a corner he claims for himself in a room he does not own, the painting is not a representation of the living condition of the late 1970s, since it strips away realistic and narrative details. The bed as the subject is barely detectable, with only the barred red headboard and brown footboard signalled, and no indication of bedding. Such anti-representation is a declaration, a powerful assertion of individual subjectivity by asserting the artist's action of manufacture. Rectangular patches of yellow against blue, white against black, and red against deep green all seem too much like an angry rebellion. Instead of objects, space, or image, we see paint and the action of painting, the paint smeared onto the fibreboard with a palette knife as if a construction worker were plastering a wall. The artist was indeed building a wall, enclosing a spiritual inner world that was his only shelter. Black rectangular shapes indicate oil paintings hanging on the two walls and propped at the foot of the bed. These are the artist's own works, and the only objects detectable besides the bed. On the bed, nearest the viewer, the white patch has to be a book and the ball-like object hovering above the bed a reading lamp. This personal inner world therefore is constructed by art and literature, a spiritual world constructed by the actions of painting and reading, the actions that define the subjectivity of the painter's being.

Refuge for the body and soul

Shattering the family and engineering the soul, the revolution also consumed the human body. If individuals were supposed to become the "nuts and bolts of the revolutionary machine," their bodies provided the "productive force" of that machine. Completely devoting one's life to the revolution, one was supposed to ignore physical pain. Chairman Mao's teaching "first fear not hardship, second fear not death" was the magic motto to overcome the physical limitations of the body. Under this condition, the *Wuming* artists painted interior corners at home also as a space in which to subsist and attend to the body that had been subjugated by the machines.

Wang Aihe's *Medicine* is about a body wounded by industrialisation, hiding in the corner of its private struggle towards survival and recuperation (Image 5). Like reproduction of the species, which had to cling to the last corner of hidden privacy, bodily repair was another kind of reproduction – the "reproduction of productive force" in Marxist terms – that also needed a shelter. The painter was sick during all of the twelve years she worked in the plastics factory. Her debilitating decline in health exhausted the wits of the modern hospitals, leaving her to the traditional wisdom of herbal medicine. For years she had been drinking three bowls of brown liquid a day, the herbal medicine boiled in the black clay pot depicted in the painting. Staring at the pot that was her everyday companion, the painter was contemplating herself being saturated by the bitter liquid, like the saturated medicine pot itself. Ignorant of industrial pollution and its damage to the body, she was suffering without knowing the cause. Now better informed, I can see what happened to a young female body caught up in industrialisation typical of Marx's "primitive accumulation" and I can find words to articulate the experience embodied in the medicine pot. (19)

The plastics factory was one of the numerous "urban people's communes" founded during the Great Leap to collectivise housewives into a "productive force" for industrialisation. It made two kinds of products: plastic bags for chemical fertilizer for the green revolution, and red covers for Mao's books – the "spiritual atomic bomb" – for the red revolution. Wang Aihe made red covers. She operated the machine by pressing down its heavy metal mould with one foot while controlling the heat with the other. While feet were operating the press, hands were assembling the covers, feeding pre-cut sheets of plastic into the machine with one hand and taking out the pressed hot cover with the other. The skill was to move the limbs and hands in separate but coordinated motions, learned through repetition and occasional burns from the sizzling mould. Each worker did this about 3,000 times in

17. Liu Shi, interview by Wang Aihe, 6 April 2006, Beijing.
18. Liu Shi, interview by Wang Aihe, 6 April 2006, Beijing.
19. For a fuller account, see Wang Aihe, "Hehuan shu" (Silk Tree), in Wang Aihe (ed), *Wuming (No Name) Painting Catalogue*, Hong Kong, The University of Hong Kong Press, 2009), Vol. 7, pp. 11-14.

an eight-hour shift, and 400 workers, mostly women, rotated among three shifts, spending one week working mornings, the next working afternoons, and the third working at night. The machines ran around the clock while the human bodies took turns operating them, literally nuts and bolts screwed onto the machines. To catch up on sleep, Wang Aihe gave up eating at breaks, yet when she didn't eat, her hands shook, and breathing was a struggle in the fumes, like a fish in air. The machines went "clink, clank, clunk" and the body wanted to "sleep, eat, breath"; that was daily existence.

Recognised for her drawing skills during propaganda work, she was later transferred to the printing workshop, where workers circulated around a large rectangle made of long tables, each holding a screen of one colour, printing the plastic sheets on the tables one after another. One worker collected the finished sheets while another spread new ones. Screens, bodies, and plastic formed an endless cycle. The paint dried instantly through the evaporation of liquid chloro-benzene and dimethyl-benzene, filling the air with toxic and intoxicating vapour. Young women scurried around but soon fell ill with high fever and elevated heart rates. Older ladies filled in for the young and developed only low fever and irregular heartbeat, neither qualifying for sick leave. Responsible for the print design, Wang Aihe was in the printing workshop regularly to check the colours or repair the screens. The colour paste dyed the skin as permanently as plastic, so people used liquid chloro-benzene to wash their hands. Its vapour pushed its way through their nostrils, making them dizzy. Wang Aihe fell ill like the others. After a month of sick leave, her blood test would return to normal and she would be back at work. After rounds of leave and recovery, her high fever turned into chronic low fever, possessing her like a devil. She started to resemble the older workers; with puffy face and swollen feet, she worked with a malfunctioning body, rotating between the vapour-filled factory and the airless hospital.

On such a day, possessed by the devil, she painted *Medicine* in the room that served as a place to cook, eat, and sleep for the big family. She put her medicine pot and cup on a stool and then added some pears to make a painting. Both the objects and the painting made this a private space within a common room, since no one could share the suffering of the body or taste the medicine. The composition is one of cosiness, the objects seeming hunched together to share the warmth. As the central object, the black pot indicates the fire used for boiling in a hearth that heats the house. An overwhelmingly warm reddish tone reinforces the imagination of the hearth – the burning stove with soup sizzling on top, a family sitting around the table. But that warm communal household is denied, unreachable and invisible in this lonely corner of illness and isolation. In this private space a lone person is struggling with the basic needs of bodily survival, a struggle that no one could help her with. In contrast to most paintings in the late 1970s by the painter and the group, who were experimenting with colour contrasts and subtle changes of tone in *plein air*, *Medicine* adopts a harmonious reddish brown that unifies the entire painting, allowing not a single stroke of cold colour to interrupt it. It thus rejects the Impressionist colour scheme and returns to the darkness of Rembrandt. Even the fruit looks 400 years old. Instead of symbolising life, freshness, and youth like Renoir's juicy fruits and rosy cheeks, these fruits have had their feminine youth rubbed off and have turned into some ancient remedy. The painter here is absorbed by the age-old struggle of trying to perpetuate a life against a harsh world through eating and drinking in the kind of dark interior the Dutch masters represented. Such primal existence could not be expressed through light and colour in *plein air*.

Despite the choice of the antique colour scheme, the painter is nonetheless asserting her presence as a modern artist, breaking with illusionism and representation and asserting the prominence of the act of painting and the painter's agency. The small, confined space is filled with complexity. It hovers uncertainly between two- and three-dimensionality; while the relatively lower viewing angle of the cup and pot suggests three-dimensional recession, the steeply inclined surface of the stool flattens into two-dimensionality. As in still lifes by Cézanne, the multiple perspectives distort the space and destabilise the painter and viewer from a fixed viewpoint, putting them in motion. Heavy brushwork, thick paint, and wide outlines of the objects make the facture of the painting more evident, with brush strokes loosely sweeping here and finely detailed there. A golden highlight scatters over the objects like a magical touch of hope, transforming the aging and ailing perishables into enduring metallic beings. The white cup intensifies this light, its whole body receiving and reflecting the light onto the objects around it, radiating that hope. Exceptionally harmonious and unified in terms of colour, this painting actually embodies the aesthetic tension between modernism and traditionalism, just as the emerging modern individual remains engaged in an ancient struggle for survival in the space the artist has carved out between the inner suffering of the body and the bodily space in the family.

Such imagined shelter in an interior space of privacy nurtures not only the body consumed as labour for industrialisation, but also the heart and soul of a person – his inner world of emotions and intimacy – against the state's programming of the socialist subject. Yang Yushu's *Peach Blossom and a Little Cup* was a home scene painted in 1973 (Image 6). To call it home, we must know that his was broken after a series of Mao's mass campaigns. Yang's father was the son of an ordinary peasant and became headmaster of a primary school. Yet he had joined the ruling Nationalist Party and served as a district party secretary, which doomed him and his family. During the Communist siege of Beijing in 1949, Yang's parents fled and moved around the city, changing from one rental house to another. Even so, his father vanished in the Campaign to Suppress Counter-revolutionaries in 1950. After school one day in 1955, his grandmother held him in her arms and wailed, "Your father has been executed." Hardly remembering anything about his father, the nine-year-old boy worked out a story in his mind that ran like a revolutionary movie: "It is not possible that MY father is a bad man; he must have been sent on a secret mission to Taiwan for espionage, so the government pretended that he's been shot." Having settled this, he went on dreaming about becoming a navy sailor or an athlete. His mother was labelled a Rightist in 1957, and in that same year, at the age of 13, he got into a fight with two older boys. Three years later, this fight was treated as "class revenge" and he was sent to a labour camp for two years, cutting stone at a quarry with older political prisoners. His last shelter was finally smashed in 1966; the Red Guards beat him and his mother and raided his home, after which the family was deported to their ancestral village. Luckily, Yang had just been assigned to the People's Machinery Factory in Beijing and thus avoided becoming a peasant. He worked in the factory and lived in a collective dormitory six days a week, and on the seventh day he would join his friends to paint or occasionally go into the village, to his broken, purged, ransacked, and exiled family home in a mud house under the surveillance of the local peasants.

Visiting Zhao Wenliang's home after a morning shift, Yang Yushu painted this scene. Peach blossoms indicate spring, while winter is recalled in the snow-white table surface. The small cup was for a small child; the pencils and notebook reinforce his or her presence, and the curved space – created by the curved horizon of the table and the arch of the branches – cuddles

the invisible child. With almost no shadows, the entire painting is bathed in light that breaks the objects while uniting them. Like the rays of light, the loose brushwork fragments the solidity of the objects, peeling the vase's smooth glaze, breaking the edge of the table, flattening the space, fracturing the cup, until all objects break into the same kind of fragility, highlighting the extremely delicate and fragile petals and buds of the peach blossoms. This is an imagined shelter, existing in the inner world of the painter, in which a fragile person could preserve his emotions, sensations, and basic humanity, biding his time until spring.

Summoning the private viewer

Joy and sorrow, awe and anger, melancholy and hope, these "affective elements of consciousness" join into what Raymond Williams has called a "structure of feeling," a "living and inter-relating continuity" that is as important for subject formation as are class and other social structures. [20] Zhao Wenliang confirms the deeply subjective nature of his own art: "My paintings are like cardiograms of my heart – natural, free, and spontaneous." [21] Yet such cardiograms of the heart are not locked away in the painter's own inner world but expressed outward. While the affective consciousness described by Williams subsists below social recognition, *Wuming* painters managed to articulate and communicate this coherent structure of feelings through a shared visual language. [22] Painting, like writing, can give form and continuity to lived experience, helping to assemble the subjectivity of modern individuals. Furthermore, in making the structure of feeling socially legible, art also makes it possible to share with other subjects. An indefinite number of viewers can thus partake of the artistic process of creating meaning and subjectivity.

Aesthetically, this inter-subjective social transaction is achieved by creating private *viewers* through choices such as a painting's size, subject, composition, perspective, and brushwork. Most *Wuming* paintings are small pieces about the size of A4 paper, limiting the viewing experience to one or two people at a time. Viewing the painting within arm's length, at the same distance as the painter painted it, the viewer more fully identifies with the artist in his or her intimate, self-reflective relationship to the work. This is in sharp contrast to thematic and narrative paintings, especially the giant propaganda images of the period, monumental in size and imposed on the masses from above and afar. Compositionally, the private paintings are often incomplete or fragmentary, carving out just a fraction of space and capturing just part of a scene. By sharing this perspective – the specific, unique point of view of a single person, defined by the scene's particular angle, position, and light effect – the viewer identifies with the painter. Brushwork, finally, is also private and personal, serving more to express individual inner feelings than to represent a publicly shared vision of an outer world. The brushstrokes become autographs of an individual, like cardiographic traces of private experience.

I read one example to illustrate this inter-subjective identification between painter and viewer in a joint creation of subjectivity and meaning. Zheng Zigang painted *Lingering Glow on the Hinggan Ridge* on the farm where he had worked for ten years, since the age of 16 (Image 7). He painted it in his last year on the farm, 1979, and the last year of an era that was drawing to an end. As a viewer, I read this painting as a farewell, a celebration, and an affirmation. It is a farewell to the day after sunset, a farewell to the youth of the painter and his generation, and a farewell to an era of shared passion and sacrifice for a communist utopia. It is a celebration of a triumph. After ten years of hard labour far from his (scattered) family, and having lost his father, the painter was not defeated but had grown from a boy into a strong man. During those ten years, he says, he had expressed "a kind of valour that surpasses natural and physical limits; and only with such a spirit could you overcome that kind of life." [23] The painting is proof of his overcoming that life, its energy and joy proving that his youth was not a waste, that he is not a victim, and that he has overcome hardship to become a man he could admire. Zheng has no romantic nostalgia for life on the farm and speaks with authenticity about how "the life of the sent-down youth was depressing and dull. Everyone was there enduring – enduring the hardship of life, enduring the strenuous labour, enduring the hopelessness of the future. From body to soul we were all just there enduring." But he insists that in spite of the pain in one's heart, one must endure, one must "affirm that young life." [24]

The painting gives enduring form to that affirmation. Its size, smaller than A4, is very personal; one must hold it close to communicate with it, one viewer at a time. Its subject is largely a non-subject; besides a few bare trees crammed to the left, there is no representation of the contour of the land or the space or any other readable object. The motif of landscape is only used as a framework for proposition and creation, of a vibrant expression of "energy" and "valour," the two words the painter loved the most. Abstract in composition, the painting consists mostly of bold strips of strong colours – pure red, yellow, blue, and white – swaying and curving and interlacing, composing a symphony of colours. Large, unbridled brushstrokes directly express elation, carrying abstract colours waving and dancing on a flat screen. Holding the painting close to one's body, the viewer re-enacts the waves of the dance, re-experiences the energy and valour, and reaffirms the affirmation of a shared youth. No wonder the painter's friends on the farm loved his paintings, because as viewers they could reconstruct their own subjectivity and create the meaning of their own meaningful youth. The painter/viewer of this painting remains no more a socialist subject disappearing in collectivism, nor is he or she buried as a victim of Mao's mistakes in the post-Mao master narrative and scar literature. Instead, he rises as the independent and self-determining individual with his own subjectivity, as the kind of man of his own liking.

Conclusion

If Chinese revolution was a radical version of modernity, underground private art was a form of "rebellion of the heart" against it. Parallel to the earlier European rise of modern privacy and subjectivism, *Wuming*'s private art was a rebellion against society's destruction of the private realm and invasion of the inner world of the individual, against the hyper-expansion of the state and its annihilation of the private sphere, and against its invasion of family and engineering of the soul. [25] It carved out a private space in a visual world and envisioned a shelter evading state control, where the individual could

20. Raymond Williams, *Marxism and Literature*, Oxford, Oxford University Press, 1977, p. 132.
21. Zhao Wenliang, "Zishu" (Self-Statement), in Wang Aihe (ed), *Wuming (No Name) Painting Catalogue*, Vol. 11, pp. 11-14.
22. Williams describes the structure of feeling as "a social experience in *solution*," "not yet recognized as social" since it "is at the very edge of semantic availability." *Marxism and Literature*, pp. 132, 134.
23. Zheng Zigang, interview by Aihe Wang, 24 December 2006, Beijing.
24. Zheng Zigang, *ibid.*
25. For the European rise of subjectivism as a "rebellion of the heart" against society's erosion of the private domain, see Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition*, 2nd ed., Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1998 [1958], p. 39.

subsist in his or her body, formulate personal sensations and sentiments, and develop his or her spirituality. In essence, it was an imaginary and intangible shelter for the unsheltered individual against mass society.

In such a shelter, a self-reflexive subjectivity could evolve. Private art thus gave rise to an alternative form of the modern self by way of discovering intimacy and disclosing its rich experience in the momentarily shifting sensations of moonlight and snow, of blossoms and sunsets. This modern self is a clear departure from the socialist subject as exemplified by the model Lei Feng. In contrast to Lei Feng's blind and unthinking nut and bolt, this is a conscious and self-reflective modern subject. He starts to divorce himself from the revolutionary machine when he develops longing under the moon, anger against punishment, or solitude in illness; when she travels in a dream world or finds enchantment under the sun; when he dares to define and affirm the meaning of his own life on his own terms, even though the state tightly controls that life. This individual stands out from the collective by expressing his subjective experience of the inner world – his own "heart and soul." This rebellion of the heart rebels not by way of political dissent but rather through aesthetic creation, through self-empowering and self-constructing creativity.

A self-reflective alternative to the socialist subject, this new modern self nevertheless cannot be equated with the Western bourgeois liberal. Nor does he necessarily lead to the egoistic and "uncivil individual" Yan Yunxiang found in the China of 1999. [26] This is an individual without a capital "I," born within the context of radical socialism, negotiating his space within the family, the work unit, and society. He does not demand absolute rights of self-interest and is unrelated to the liberal package of unlimited free markets, limited government, and absolute economic freedom. Instead of economic freedom of an economic man, the individual emerging from this private art is an aesthetic project of shaping one's life and constructing one's own meaning through creativity. What this alternative modern individual demands is the right to experience human sentiments beyond class love and hatred; to see the world in colours other than red, from his individual perspective; and to define the meaning of his own life as more than just part of the revolutionary machine. Nor does he reject human collectivity or solidarity. What he rejects is a particular form of radical socialism, the overarching control of the Party-state, and military discipline in an extreme form of collectivism. In fact, private art creates an alternative form of sociality through inter-subjective communication. Both the art and the alternative modern individual it created depended on a new, alternative form of community, coming into being only within the solidarity created by social being. [27]

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26. Yunxiang Yan, *Private Life Under Socialism: Love, Intimacy, and Family Change in a Chinese Village, 1949-1999*, Stanford, Stanford University Press, 2003, p. 217.
27. This is further developed in my "*Wuming*," *art. cit.*, and in my forthcoming book, *Artists at Large: Painting and Being in China's Cultural Revolution.*