

For the New Flag^{*†}

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The Flag

Many are called but few are chosen. We are not the only ones. We are all subjected to the storm; the wind blows away the leaves, but the seeds remain. In 1927, a great storm led to the birth of the Communist Party of Peru (PCP). The Party has entered a great storm; everything will be set ablaze. For a long time, we have sought to become a polar center. Now is the time. The path we are undertaking is correct, and all the problems we face will be resolved. Today is the day of pledging to the flag, but ours is the Red Flag, a distinct one, with the hammer and sickle. Our flag is absolutely red; all those who rebel have red flags.

The Ninth Symphony is long and beautiful, it is the expression of the bourgeois victory, the song of the triumphant bourgeoisie. Its author loved liberty, he struggled for it. He wrote the Third symphony for Napoleon, but when his idol trampled upon freedom, he stated that it was no longer for him, but for liberty.

The Ninth Symphony has one characteristic, a slight rumbling sound which rises into a crescendo until bursting into a musical explosion. In the human voice, the voices of the choir, is the earth that is converted into music. Above the background of the choir, four individuals sing; the masses generate those voices that sing higher, but there is one voice that reaches even higher still. Never before was anyone able to sing it. Never before was this pitch

^{*}https://web.archive.org/web/20110922210104/http://www.blythe.org/peru-pcp/docs_en/flag.htm

[†]From the 9th Plenary Session of the Central Committee.

reached, but in this century, after many efforts, what was nearly impossible to attain was finally achieved. There is nothing that man cannot accomplish!

They were the flags of the bourgeoisie in their highest epoch, which has passed away. Now comes the new humanity, the humanity of joy, the proletariat, the only blaze that will never be extinguished! We are one of its sparks. We are a small part of this immense bonfire, it is our turn to set them on fire. The sparks are fanned by storm winds. Let everyone fulfill their journey and allow the proletariat to carry out its historical tasks. The working class will define its path itself, nothing will prevail against it, it will destroy all obstacles and a world full of light will inevitably come. Who will be able to contain us? What are we? Sparks! What can we fear? Can muffles silence the fury of the cannons? Can a spark arise against the bonfire? Can the old foam survive in the storm? Much scum will rot in the stagnant sea.

How can silence calm the thunder? The sparks cannot contain the flames, the upheavals are born in the vortex of fire and nothing can detain them. The hammer is brandished by the working classes, the anvil is the struggle; everyone will fulfill their tasks. It is foolish to try to destroy the matter.

Silence can occur to people but not for the class. The class gives birth to the Party and the Party rises and begins to walk, it is the child of the revolution. The Party can never be crushed or destroyed. The Party will inevitably triumph. This Party forged itself, Mariategui is its founder. It is done. How can history be repeated? The Reconstitution came and the deed was done, it cannot be turned back. Our eyes turn towards other dawns, other things arise, why look back? A fact is a fact, it cannot be redone. Are we going to repeal time, our acts that are sealed in matter? Our struggle should be taken towards other paths since we are already concluding our summit.

There is an old song:

“Who is that who has her sights like the sunrises, beautiful as the moon, illuminating as the sun, imposing like the armies of waving flags?”

Why look backwards when the decision has already been taken; we need to look forward to see the dawn and what arises out of the fire of the revolution. We will carry out the armed struggle and that is what we must do. We repeat: that is what we must do, and we must do it! It will be carried out because it is necessary and nothing can detain us, absolutely nothing can detain us.

How can the grain detain the wheels of the mill? It would be converted into dust.

Another chapter in history should begin, our vision should be turned towards it. We must begin to climb slopes of another mountain in order to scale more brilliant summits, this is how it shall be. Far from me, away from all pessimism, let us develop optimism in its place. If we have some pessimism it is the result of the injustice of this world.

Behind everything I say is our flag. A flag that is the source of hope, a red flag unfurled to the wind. For a long time some wanted to strike our political line on two flanks but we stated that we would pass through the middle. We accomplished this with our heads held high, beating drums and our vision dreaming of a distant future. The deeds go on hammering you and your mind opens, generating the idea. We are not abandoning banners like some foolish person would think because our hands were not made for dropping the flag but for unfurling it.

For a long time our flag has fluttered over the summit. We need to leap into the unknown but not for self-destruction. We have commenced the leap, the flag is firmly planted in the highest summit. A fog interposes but our armed hands will rise up with the masses.

The flag has already been placed on another higher summit, once again it has been unfurled, the drums begin to beat and the wind is agitated. The red flag is a beautiful cry, it calls all of us. We shall heed the message. The red flag flutters much higher and towards a new summit, there is where we must go and when we arrive we must raise the flag to an even higher peak; we can do no more. The revolution cannot be detained, that is a law, our destiny. Why our silence? They are fragile drops, particles, muffled voices in opposition and somber sparks that want to negate the bonfire. Why are the sparks going to reveal themselves against the bonfire? Because some have little faith, hope and charity while our spirits should be great. We have taken three theological virtues in order to interpret them. Paul stated: man of faith, hope, and charity. One is worth nothing, the masses are worth everything. If we desire to be part of something it should be part of the masses. What's the use of talking about individual glories? Our love, faith and hopes are collective and achievable, all three in one flag.

We had one small storm cloud and Marxism swept it away. There are eyes that don't see, deaf ears and closed hearts, that you yourselves close. What do you want to preserve? Silence? Aging scum? Here there is only one thing to uphold, the flag of the Party that has been placed on another

summit. If we are part of the Left, we have to be consumed with passion because that fervor will bring about the destruction of the forces so much talked about. The bonfire is ablaze. We should burn our old idols, burn everything we adored and extol what we degraded. What else can we do? Do we want to become arrogant bubbles, telling the cosmos "I will develop?" Imagine its roar of laughter!

They say that this part of the cosmos structured itself as Earth over 15 billion years, billions of years in order to develop Communism. How long does one man last, much less the simple twinkling of a dream? We are nothing more than a pale shadow which pretends to rise up against all this process of matter. We will be its dream at its conclusion. Arrogant bubbles, is this what we want to be? An infinitesimal part that wants to rise up against 15 billion years. What arrogance, what rot! Old, aging seas, rotten by time, feudal, bourgeois and imperialist periods, sewage in decomposition. What else is it? Ridiculous stench. Let us be materialists! Communists! Let us demonstrate it, it is necessary and no one can oppose necessity.

Marx understood the new road to traverse; Lenin assumed responsibility for starting the bonfire. Mao is Mao because he soared like no other, he had a historical vision, he foresaw the centuries, he showed us thousands of years in brief pages and he completed his mission and role. He stated: I have made the revolution by overthrowing Chiang Kai-shek and creating the Great Cultural Revolution, I have served nothing else and our advancement is small in comparison to where it should be. I wanted to reach a more definitive summit but I failed. He tells Jiang Qing: you can do it, if you fail you will be hurled off the heights, and if you fall then the guerrilla war must begin.

As Communists in formation, what path do we want to follow? Who are we? We are nothing except Communists.

It is necessary to define the problem today. [Translator's note: This refers to the two line struggle within the Party over whether to launch the armed struggle] We face the same problems faced by the Right Opportunist Line, but we are the Left. Here the right is subsidiary, our problem is not with them, if they want to fulfill their role, let them adopt self-criticism. The problem is with us, the left, because it is the Party, the salt of the earth, the living tree; the others are parasites. The Left should burn the futile, it should wash itself, cleanse itself, remaining clean. It should clean its stable and shed the old crust in a frank, truthful and honest way. Each of us responds to what happens to the other, we are children of the same cause. It is easy for

us because we are the Left. Let everyone demonstrate his/her condition as a Communist. We made the Party and that is what we are. The masses are ready, they are awaiting us. They want light not shadows, swords not butter, fire not ice. The Left should fulfill its role. The problem is simple, even for those with a hard spirit. The problem is to open your hearts with resolution, it is easy to do. The revolution demands it. Enough of the sewage of individualism.

In this new epoch we must wash our souls and wash them well. Think of the revolution and the Party which implies the people and the class, necessity demands it. Let us go to the root of our problems but without involving our egos. Let us go to the root of our positions in order to nail our spirits definitively to the flag of the Party.

Some see only themselves, they live in a house of mirrors; you are Communists, raise your fists, strike out and once again the blood will boil to tear down the wall. That is what must be done.

The problem is having two flags in the soul, one black and the other red. We are leftists, let us make a holocaust with the black flag, it is easy for everyone to do so. If not the rest will do it.

The Red Flag will prevail, the black flag will be uprooted. Let everyone demonstrate his or her condition as Communist. The flag flutters on a higher summit, many already recognize this, other winds are blowing in our country and everyone analyzes their problems within their line and muddies their worn flags. Something helps us: our Flag is much higher. How can we not fulfill our role! I hope we can complete it. I hope.