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Kid and Mother in Spring

-For the Opening of Tiananmen Mothers Website

By LIU Xiaobo

1

Nineteen years ago
When the cruel June suddenly came
Wind was chilly
And rain filled the gravels
Hitting the mother's heart

The Spring was so cruel
Withered without budding
And rotted without blooming
That everything was completely destroyed
Before the arrival of anything

Gazing the portrait of the young diseased
A needle is inserted into the mother's eyes
In momentary blindness
With brain's sharpness
Tears appears like the withered grass
Bleak in the wilderness

The faraway dead is
So far away
Night hangs upside down
Flag is thrown into the water
The ripple-distorted shadow
Instantly covers the earth

2

Before going out, the kid had promised
To draw for the mother the wind of June
The warm wind in green
The kid running after wind suddenly collapsed



Back head was shot
Right hand paralyzed
And the pencil crushed by the steel

The wind of June became bloody in color
Filling the mother's body

Someone says
Being dead for liberty
Is a sort of greatness
And the kid who died a martyr for liberty
Has almost become a saint
But mother's love, based on blood
Prefers her kid
To live in the ordinary

Today, the romantic age has passed away
And left behind the memory of life in ruin

It has been nineteen years
Every year is three hundred sixty-five calls
Please come back
The kid who threw himself in spring
Reflected in the mother's eyes
Is a grave with no flower nor grass
But white hairs winding it

Every night
The dead can touch the sky of the mother
Like the pregnancy of nine months
Listening to the heartbeats of its mother

3
Spring for the dead fills all
The dead in spring penetrates all
The awakening aroused by death
Has saved the moment when the mother was desperate

Do not complain about the faraway of other side
Do not contempt for the banality of this side
Life is priceless
Even an ant
Must not be derogated

Whose tears
Can pass through the insensate stone in deep mountain stream
Making its hard edges rounded bit by bit
And from the still warm body
Releasing the only slit of the remaining light
To show a path for the mother

The massacre promoted the dead
And the dead promoted maternal love
Beyond the blood
Beyond the sun hanging high over the head

4
Those escaping from freedom are alive
But their souls died of fear
Those longing for freedom died
But the dead are alive in resistance

The thought torn suddenly
Cannot see the wounds of the scars
The voice suppressed for too long
Tells a story of the grave
The candle scarred over
Penetrates the wasteland of the soul

The eyes of the dead
Are gazing at the mother
Mother's eyes
Are watching intently every spring
Mother's promise to June
Makes the shadows sigh
And the stones fly

5

Young souls of the dead
Do not say failure
Do not say waste of 19 years
In the mothers' memorial
The moment when their kids fell down
Have been eternal

The ever hot blood
Has so far remained boiling
The unbroken candlelight and nights
Have transcend over age
And also over death
Passing the unfinished love
To the mothers' white hairs

Young souls of the dead
Please believe in the mothers
Maternal love is the fire that even if extinguished
Will honor the promise with its ash

May 2008

(Translated by Yu ZHANG)

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Dr. LIU Xiaobo, literary critic, politic commentator and human rights activist, Honorary President of Independent Chinese PEN Center and its President in 2003-2007, the recipient of the 2010 Nobel Peace Prize, was held under residential surveillance by Beijing Public Security Bureau since 8 December 2008 and then formally arrested on 23 June 2009, sentenced to 11 years imprisonment on “inciting subversion of the state power” for his participation in drafting Charter 08 and publishing 6 articles on December 25, 2009. He is also an honorary member of German, American, Portuguese, Czech and Sydney PEN Centers.

Reviews on Human Rights in China

on the 22nd Anniversary of June 4th

By HU Ping



For twenty-two years, the Chinese communist authority has considered "June 4th" as the number one taboo. As time goes by, the memory of blood and fire seems to have been forgotten by people. But as a matter of fact, "June 4th" has not been forgotten. As we see, during the Arab Spring, the "Tiananmen Square" was again mentioned.

When thousands of protesters were confronting the police and tanks at Tahrir Square in Cairo, many people were worried: will it be another June 4th? Will it be another Tiananmen Square?

On January 31, Egyptian army issued a statement: "To the great people of Egypt, your armed forces, acknowledging the legitimate rights of the people... have not and will not use force against the Egyptian people."

On February 2, the spokesman of Egyptian Foreign Ministry (still the Mubarak government's Ministry of Foreign Affairs) stated: "This is not Tiananmen Square, and this will not become a Tiananmen Square."

Have you noticed? When the Egyptian Foreign Ministry spokesman referred to Tiananmen Square, he did not even make any explanation. He did not explain to the public where Tiananmen Square was and what had happened over there. That is to say, he knew the Egyptian people were aware all of it.

Gaddafi's Example

Not coincidentally, a few days later, the Libyan dictator Muammar Gaddafi also mentioned Tiananmen Square. In his two televised speeches, Gaddafi took the 1989 Tiananmen Square as an example which the Chinese government sent army and tanks to repress the peaceful protests to defend the suppression of Libya for their atrocities against civilians.

Gaddafi was strongly condemned by the international community. The 15-member UN Security Council unanimously adopted a sanction against Gaddafi regime. The Chinese government did not dare to vote against it. This means that the Chinese government knew that, morally and legally speaking, it cannot deny and have to admit that the use of lethal weapons

for destruction and repression of its own people is a crime against humanity.

Before the 22nd anniversary of the June 4th, a group of overseas democratic activists released a joint open letter to the United Nations Secretary-General, urging the United Nations, based on the same principle, to condemn, punish and investigate responsibilities of the Chinese government for the June 4th massacre and the major and systematic human rights abuses during the past twenty-two years.

Right after that, together with a number of international human rights groups, we released a human rights record report of the member countries of UN Human Rights Council, requesting to expel those serious human rights violating countries including China out the UN Human Rights Council, such an organization to protect human rights.

We emphasize: "Failure to act now against the Chinese regime will not only encourage that dictatorship to continue its crimes against the Chinese people, but also bolster the remaining handful of dictators in the world who shield themselves behind the 'Chinese model' to justify continual repression and slaughter of their own people. Inaction on the regime only makes a laughingstock out of the UN human rights proclamations, and presents a dire threat to international peace and security"

Facts have proved that in China, economic development has not led to political openness, because June 4th led astray the China's reform, hard to return to the right track.

China's Problem is the World's as well

It is because China's economic development is achieved with constant human rights abuses, along with the comprehensive national strength increase, that the Chinese government has become more self-conceited, more arrogant, more superstitious and violent, and more contemptuous of justice than ever before.

At the same time, they are also more vulnerable and timid than ever, more afraid of democracy and of the people. During the past six months or so, the Chinese government has intensified its suppression of human rights, and totally ignored the increasing criticism from the international community. Obviously, we cannot expect such a regime would be implemented top-down democratic reform.

For the past twenty-two years, the world has undergone tremendous changes. Twenty-two years ago, the largest pro-democracy movement in Chinese history broke out, and won the world's land-slide supports. Soviet Union and Eastern European countries have collapsed in

succession. Liberal democratic forces have achieved unprecedented great victories.

However, because the free world people has sank into blind optimism and foolish short-sightedness, and even actually helped the already ruined, crisis-ridden Communist regime to get recovered and re-emerged, human freedom and peace are facing very serious challenges.

Because of this, on the 22th anniversary of June 4th, we must re-examine all of the past. The international community should join hands with Chinese people to put further pressure on the Chinese government.

Only in this way, it is possible for us to bring China's reform back to the right track; only in this way, it is possible for us to ensure the world freedom and peace. China is a big country after all. China's problem is not just China's, but the world's problems as well.

(Translated by Biao CHEN)

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HU Ping is a member of ICPC, former chairman of Union of Chinese Democratic Movement, chief editor to China Spring and now Beijing Spring.

The Power of Forgetting

----To the 22nd Anniversary of Tiananmen Massacre

By MA Jian



22 years ago, I was living in Hong Kong before returning to Beijing soon after the students strike. Sometimes I lived at 53 Nanxiaojie Street, sometimes at my friend Zhou Duo's home, even slept by the Monument for whole night. For what happened on Tiananmen Square, I was only observing other than being involved. I took pictures during Wang Dan's public speech over the crowd, recorded in my film when Örkesh Dölet broke into the police force holding up a flag, and organized the crowd to deliver bottled water to the students from the van driven to the square. I also took shots when elite students from Lu Xun Academy of Literature passing by among the intellectuals parade, where Yu Hua and his fellows showing the victory gesture towards me. However, I did not join any group. I have been to Fang Lizhi's place, asking him about his opinion of the student movement. I am just the memory recorder of the Movement. However, 22 years have passed within which the recorded moments are poor. The memory over that whole month is almost equal to dozens of hours that are now only attached on the films.

What about the others? What did they do in that month, and what has been left in their memory? I am curious about it. Within the 10 years of writing *Beijing Coma*, I even asked everybody I met in order to re-write the story. Mr Lin who had worked in Beijing Broadcasting Institute occasionally said during a dinner that he had caught his stomach problem after fasting on the Square. Ms You, who is now a lawyer, told me over the phone that the bullets were flying very close to her before she crept into a family yard. She was so shocked, losing her voice for the whole next week. For composing this book, not only do I need to check everyday's temperature of that month, and price of the ink, but also to know whether or not there were Coca Cola, lipstick, nail polish, box lunch, and the students' knowledge scopes among others at that time. I finally had that month displayed in my mind after books and documents piling half of my room. Nevertheless, literature is not replay of the history that has been deeply buried under earth as a root. Writing a novel is like growing branches and leaves absorbing nutrition from the root.

History is composed of different perspectives. One person's memory is only a leaf of the tree, while one book is merely a page of history. We would not count on a single novel to fully represent Tiananmen Massacre, which is not the writer's purpose anyway. Literature is to activate the history, as to grow branches and leaves from the root buried deeply for us to

discover.

Therefore, the result of forgetting is shown. The past has become blurred, yet it is not necessary to coin with reality. The history connecting the past and future was once deeply buried, but dug out as cultural pieces. Forgetting the Tiananmen Massacre is the proof, as well as the victor of the dominants.

The lost party initially gave up, but got used to it gradually. Today, except the few who are not devastated, and the victims' family members, most of the Chinese people have forgotten the June Fourth Movement. The government wishes they could skip this date in June. However, the day is indomitable, just as spring would be coming eventually.

Every year, on June 4th, the whole military is on the alert. Not a policeman is allowed to take the day off. The Propaganda Department of the Communist Party of China (CPC) Central Committee is highly alarmed for the whole day, not allowing any word that could possibly trigger the spirit of the Movement. The date makes the Chinese government entering their war status. They lie in waiting, getting ready to go wherever needed.

The world's media is also staring at this date, waiting from morning to night. The special day passed, they come to realize there is no negative character turning up. The scene of being overturned is just imaginary. However, the Party understands completely that driving over peoples' bodies is easy, but the souls never die. Although the memory is like a black box dumped into the sea, the truth will come back again because of the eternity of soul.

The memory does not disappear just because a few leaves are lost. Memory can be copied and passed on. It can be put into the next generation who has never experienced it. The suppressors would never feel safe no matter how rich they are, and for those who have been brainwashed have to remember those incidents. They have to be established as models, so that they can destroy those who are the same people as them. The suppressors cannot brainwash themselves.

Therefore, it ended up with the suppressors cannot remind people because they try to erase people's memory, or it could be like to set a thief to catch a thief. Finally, the power-holders became criminals who carry the memory but dare not face the history.

We have also seen the reality of forgetting. After reviewing themselves, people who had involved in the Tiananmen Massacre voluntarily admitted that they should never remember it, not even tell the 80's or 90's born generation. A friend from Guizhou TV Station said she

had insisted on not writing self-criticism reports, but lost her job as a consequence.

Some others became private publishers after leaving newspaper press. Finally, people started indulging in the economic boost in which money can be spent for identity and dignity. After 10 years or more, people start to call them as “Director Hu” or “Chairman Liu”. The rich becomes the government’s supporters, while the poor becomes the opponents. However, while accumulating the wealth, the system is successful accompanied with people’s wellbeing getting better.

If anyone requests the government to put the record straight, it would be like asking a rooster to lay an egg. Obviously, we catch complaints from the poor people, who followed the lead and hit the tomb of Tiananmen Massacre, where ethics were buried. They probably know that history has drawn a lesson to today that we need to stand up where we fall, so as to grasp the hope of future, in which I do not believe.

I would rather believe that the Chinese generations who survived under the extreme power already get used to being supervised. The idea of supervising the government has not grown yet. Forgetting is the way of living for people who surrender. It is also the way they teach their children. By far, I have never met any parent who has told their children the history of Tiananmen Massacre.

One of friends in Beijing treats me as enemy after I told the truth to his child who came to study in UK. “Her major is communication, yet you told her about the Tiananmen Massacre. If she does not keep it to herself after returning to China, you are putting her into a big trouble. What sort of uncle you are!” He was angry over the phone, and we stopped contacting each other.

Although the witnesses are still alive, June Fourth Movement cannot be found online or in the library. People and the government seem to keep their promise to each other. Just as George Orwell predicted in the novel *1984*, the history disappeared in deed. If someone turns up and speaks out the truth, he should be treated as psychopath. Those who dare to mention anything like “89” or “64” are treated as criminals who spread rumors and overturn the state power, such as poet Shi Tao and writer Tan Zuoren who are now in jail.

It is also the reality that the young generation’s antipathy towards the “minority”, who are believed to shame and plot against the nation. Of course, when bonding the nation and individual’s honor together, it is like admitting that my father has been killing family members, while my brain has been washed. Admitting my own ignorance is ruining my own

reputation. Without reputation, how can I go dating or making money? The best way is not to follow it, and let it disappear by itself.

It is even sadder when people are colder than the government. The history has been forgotten. Nobody looks for the dead. People come to live in big houses, sing songs to praise the Party and do morning exercises in the park. They have a good life. People have the right to forget. It is not their obligation to stand out for the victims' families.

Mind your own business. There is no point to complain online without appealing issues or home settling problem. "Having a good life does not require speech freedom. In fact, we feel even more free than you are when several friends bitching about the Party together. Did you see anyone got caught? Nowadays, it is free enough." This is what overseas returnees said to me.

Once the history has become yesterday, people express their unwillingness of being affected by yesterday. "Don't use your hatred right now, since our nation is too good to hate." I have to delete those emails, and stop contacting with my classmate who said this. I believe that every person has his true personality, which he is always trying to find out. It is understandable, and I cannot ask them to live in that time permanently.

In order to study the living environment of the patients in coma, I often went to Guangdong Sun Yat-Sen Medical University in that summer. In that winter, I once went to a patient's home that is in a lane of Beijing. At present, people living in the city have a peaceful life, so nobody cares about the poor. It is considered as the government's job. I was lucky to have put all the truth into my book *Beijing Coma*. It is now a mark that nobody could ever erase.

The poor autarchy like Egyptian autarchy is easy to pull down. Meanwhile, is it possible for wealthy autarchy to collapse? Isn't it true that people in Singapore are living well? It is a hope that the gap between the rich and the poor as well as the corruption can break down a government. However, when totalitarian borrows capitalism to develop the economy, the power is consolidated. Erasing people's memory is also for consolidating their political power. Without political revolution, there is no chance to the society going backwards. As a result, a wicked government can exist.

People monitor the government in democratic society, while government supervises people in authoritarian society. Though in an opposite way, the Chinese people are used to it. They can happily live ever after without a reality in the past. Because of the violent measures adopted in Tiananmen Massacre, the respect towards faith and ethnics is lost among the Party and the

people. However, on the road towards economic success, the people and the government gathered once again.

It is criminal to forget or hide the history with blood, because forgetting is betraying the country. Remembering history is consistent with remembering your identity. History is the root of the nation. Potentate can chop off the branches, but there always exists the root, which is the foundation of a nation, which will grow stronger anyway. Although the killers send the people to jail, as long as the Chinese nation exists, killers are always the criminals of the history.

The reason for repeating the history is that we did not learn the lesson from it. Potentate feels effective when they use violence to get power. As a result, they use it again and again. It was Liu Xiaobo and Tan Zuoren last year, and Ai Weiwei, Ran Yunfei and Ye Du this year. Who will be the next sent to jail next year?

People have the right to forget, but have no right to erase or misrepresent the history. History will eventually bring the liars to justice.

2011.5.18

(Translated by Angela HU)

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MA Jian is a Chinese dissident and novelist, Board Member of ICPC. He was awarded the Athens Prize for Literature in 2010 for his novel Beijing Coma.

You-I-Sense-Black

By SHENG Xue

You

You

Are not a descendant of Chinese dragon

If you were

You would be a hybrid of two animal species

You

Are not a child of Yellow River, either

Yellow River has been drying up at the foot of Great Wall of Chin

Now what flows

is a vomit from Qinghai-Tibet Plateau

Creating no life

You

Should be even less a posterity of ancient Chinese

An internecine nationality

That has already killed up all the integrity and spirit

Where is the brightness across million kilometers

What is a civilization of five thousand years

You are you

Also drinking White Liquor

The blown smoke ring also has a dream

Climbing up

I

I can also lie on a slate of bluestone

Having the bones pile into a statue

And having its eyepits drawn as a symbol of death

To tell people

There is no way out

I may also sneak into the crowd

Chewing gum

Wandering around



Casting a glance to the bare legs of that girl
Making eyes
And appearing to have touched a plump ass
With a look of satisfaction

But, buddy!
I know
Remaining legs and broken arms at Liubukou were also plump
Oh! My eyes are soaked with blood
Gripping my head to hit against a street lamppost
I
Have
Cried

Girl, forgive my vulgarity
This world
Is a grave of wise men

Sense

Sense is still there
But just like a fickle girl
Having already altered her face
Tiananmen Square
Has lightly turned into a pile of floating redness
The marble balustrades of the Monument
After the focus in the distant
Are numerous eyes burned through
The heavy bricks and stones on the Square
Are various sampans sinking down
Which can no longer afford to bear the despair and sorrow of Chinese people

Sense can no longer be gripped
It is pieces of paper flying in wind
That a group of ragpicking children are chasing

Black

Night
Has been pulled very, very long

You have never smoked
Holding your hands I want to say
Whichever way may be
Unable to lead us going until tomorrow
Yet you have turned night around
It is a girl with big eyes
Holding her shattered skull
My God! That look
Has made me sleepless in my life

If I have still got any impulse
I would hug the sexy foot of the girl
Tightly against my chest
If there still is a dream
Do not be by Lake Ontario
Counting all of the gray hairs

If still palpitating with eagerness
Run up the National Tower
Let the storm wash away the sadness in heart

Since then, the blush is no longer due to shyness
The long flying hair
Is my furious black
Flag

Spring 1990

(Translated by Yu ZHANG)

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SHENG Xue, poet, writer, member of ICPC. She moved to Canada after June 4th Massacre in 1989. She has been engaged in writings of poetry, prose, essays, plays and documentaries.

22 Years, June Fourth!

By FU Guoyong

June 4th is not merely a date, or simply as a symbol; it is a massive wound without healing up for 22 years, a wound that nobody can escape, from wealthy officials to poor people.



Unable to recall the Square with candles lightened, we could only touch the wall of history covered with bloodiness that cannot be brushed off with any power eraser, no matter how time flies nor how the world changes. For these 22 years, despite our lives aging, the steps of history never stop at any moment. All the attempts of blocking the history are futile, as people can never stop the time from going forward. Nevertheless, the power-holders still believe that their almighty power can bring about all resources yet cover all injustice. Over the 22 years, this land has seemingly achieved enormous prosper abiding by this philosophy.

History is never a Straight Line

However, there comes another philosophy spreading silently in these 22 years. It is developed from the nature of history, but not amended by the will from any person or any power group. As long as the Chinese people are wishing to have a normal and free life, the philosophy cannot be choked or tore apart. All those dark, dim and thrilling time will eventually pass away. Even though we are now covered under vast desperation that seems endless, we can figure out the value that is worth sticking to, the life that is worth leading and the society that is worth pursuing for our entire life.

Days ago I just read *Collection of Mei Kuang-Ti*. During his study in the US, there was a slight argument between Mei and Hu Shi who believed in evolutionism. In Hu's opinion, human being's history is the history which abandons the outdated while chasing the updated. It is a history with today better than yesterday. In Mei's opinion, however, the history is the record for human being to pursue eternal value, as he said, "We must understand and embrace all that is true, good and beautiful tested throughout the time." Young Mei expressed such a great saying, indicating his accurate understanding of the history. History is neither a straight line nor victory after victory. It can drop down from mountain to valley, or experience pain of worsening in a long period of time, even face unlimited backwards when human being often suffers in hard times without hope. Vigorously pushing or boldly going ahead can only lead to Utopian doom.

From late Qing dynasty to present, the history of China has been through ups and downs as

well as twists and turns, which demonstrate young Hu's over optimism. However, the basic values that all mankind is seeking remain certain in all circumstances. The values like fair, justice, truth, kindness are assured and unchangeable since ever. Over differentiated generations, systems and ideas, these assured values are being pointed out. Mei's definition of history is quite enlightening.

June 4th – A Wound Nobody Can Escape

Over 22 years of Chinese modern times, we can see the power mechanism tried its best to erase the debt of June Fourth Movement from the account book of history, but only ended up with failure. This date follows them as if a nightmare sticking to them every single day. We can say that from this date, no matter the power owners or the general citizens have to either face the date or turn their face around. We cannot tell whether it is pain, fear, taboo or curse, whether we are forgetting the history by choice or brain washed by force, or anything else. By the end of the day, we cannot escape. This date is always there in front of us, or at the back. It accompanies us during every night and day, even at every moment. It is not simply a date or a symbol, but is a nation's massive wound that lasted for 22 years without healing.

From wealthy officials to celebrities, from tycoons to poor people, we have to live in this wound or struggle in the edge of it. Nobody can assure himself out of the wound that his descendants can live an affirmative life. This mood of uncertainty is all over the society, with a prof that people who own power or wealth always send their children to overseas. Wealthy people's feeling of unrest is no less than that of the poor people's. Due to the uncertainty, power-holders are unable to enjoy a peaceful life. On the contrary, the fear of uncertain future makes shadow as snake, bush as soldiers; hence the wrong decision. It is like walking on a piece of watermelon that carries them at random. Without affirmative direction or aim, all that have done is a matter of expediency, which is temporary, accidental and unsustainable.

Dominated by the uncertainty, nothing can be relied upon or handled with, except believing in violence. The initiative of peaceful revolution and historical achievement is gradually losing within the power group. As time goes by, the negative feeling among the society is accumulating. Vulnerable people are becoming more and more desperate and speechless. It is truly alarming when the voice of criticizing is diming. What sort of times are we embracing? Who knows?

Spiritual Values is not Replaceable by Consumerism

Confronting the June Fourth movement, together holding China's glory and dream over hundreds of years, with humiliation, struggling, misery and sacrificing, we have paid enormous price. The whole nation has been washed, pushed over and suffered repeatedly

from time to time. After innumerable irregular death and exile of the nation's elites, what is left in China? What only left there is a bunch of money made of paper. Who dare to say that the paper is reliable and affirmative?

Despite the environmental changes, the Chinese people never restrain from pursuing the eternal value, regardless of the intensive and technical oppressing. However, this effort is not obvious or shining enough today, as it is not under the flash of media, nor has the magic to reverse the time of uncertainty over one night. Eternal value is far from being the mainstream value of the society. On the other hand, it has been overridden, contemned and abandoned. In this nation without religion comforting, there is no spiritual point of view. The power-holders, no matter at which position of the hierarchy, are lack of respect towards nature. Meanwhile, they uphold power and money as the supreme pursuit, for which they take all means.

Today can be predicted by knowing the history. What happened before is surely to happen in future. The need of looking for the eternal value is not variable as time goes by. After 22 years of the Movement, the great changes happened to the Chinese people's appearance is yet less than the yearning within people's heart. 22 years ago, the yelling from thousands of people is rooted in people's heart. The tank might delay the process of history, but cannot change the wish from people's heart. Totalitarianism wearing the coat of consumerism might dominate the society in a relatively long period of time, but it can only increase the unstable and uncertain feeling, instead of genuine approval and acceptance.

Neither the commercial prosperity created by material consumerism nor the recreational entertainment brought about by cultural consumerism can replace the momentum of chasing eternal value, in which the democracy is established from Greece, Holland to the Americas. By the end of the day, democracy is the system guarding the eternal value. If China keeps avoiding the Movement, which is a massive historical wound, the nation could only corrupt deeper along time. The sinners with full hands of blood will stick there, affording the curse along generations. Lu Xun once said,

“If there is anyone who really wants to survive in this world, he should first dare to speak out, laugh out, cry out, swear out, and strike out, so as to beat back the execrative time at this execrative place.”

As long as the June Fourth Movement remains a taboo in this ancient land, this time is execrative, while those who are not willing to face it is shameful. No forgiveness leads to no future. Similarly, no confronting not only leads to a grey future, but is also constantly condemning the present.

(Translated by Angela HU)

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FU Guoyong, a member of ICPC, had been imprisoned five times from 1989 to 1998 due to his writings. He is now residing in Hangzhou, China.

Twenty Two: A White-Color Declaration

By Jing Wa

According to Zen, the color white knows who lies distant from it

----Murilo Mendes



1.

For long I have been living here

I want to tell dreamers: language in dreams can never be conquered

Sunlight is sealed off in a jar

Sound, plot, names and races are not collected as treasure

Not on a notebook touchable to eyes

I often walk free alone and come across people I can't see

Sometimes greetings and sometimes hostilities

We don't have an agreed mother tongue to chat in

The captured and the conquered are in the same jar

Iron wares rusted for years are like newly fallen rotten apples

I am seeking darkness in sleep: "Place all the darkest on the whitest table."

White is a non-existing nihility, like memories passing through light and shadow

Backyard in Spring gets plenty rainfall

I am measuring how big the colorless house is

My body has no signs

Like a wall clock has no marks

But time understands the outline of death

The place originally residing for years

I dare not to walk back, even have one more look at the familiar scenes

They are the anti-grammar square, bazaars harmonic with noise

And laws, imprisonment and distant hopes

That rotten apple

These people hold the humble faith in hands

2.

I really cannot see the farthest people at the whitest place

One free-man face coming toward me

Flowers come out from the scars of the rotting apple

Buenos Aires versus the blind point of the world

On the table covered with a shroud there are only colorless sceneries spreading

Twenty-two years ago to the people of black revolution they started to

cry out the most tender pains at their utmost

From where does the way start to the white wheat fields

I cannot see either where the evil abyss ends

The curtains at the next door fly up along the winds

One kid is changing a same gift with another kid

Above me, many people feel like to rule me

There is no survival, death or more freedom in this country

3.

Sunlight and laws are getting more and more noisy in noisy sound waves

As having the white color, all seats will be occupied

Young and old ladies

wearing aprons, are holding heads high in their long-residing places

only one small square window

snowy sky with snow falls

two white eyes are blinking

“The color white is a tamed light.”

“The color white knows who lies distant from it.”

4.

Only reaching the distant, people get to know how to go to the harvest wheat field

My childhood and my old age are folded to be an adult declaration

The sun-blocking laws

The un-trialed suicide notes

The fruit jam fully spread with secrets

I also want to tell you: language in dreams can never be conquered

Yes, only color white can cover black-soiled native accents

Either in square, bazaars or chatting grounds

“The color white is an independent relief sculpture.”

Dusk with Zen

All depressed sceneries are exposed

Only night is left alone to deal with the light

And thus we have our own languages

5.

And thus we hear others' languages

6.

Twenty-two is not a center of the world

Color white, on the outline of a wall clock there are only traces of death and survival

I remember the edges of time, letting time collect long-neglected skeletons,

And the focus of ladies' gossips in squares or bazaars

The pure summer longs for peace at the legal notary office

Pigeon wings cross seasons along the sensitive snow lines

The two feet of mine, as a free person, have stridden across many distant
Harvest wheat fields, getting a life-time faith at the peak of the nose of eyes-covered goddess

Memory penetrates into oblivion, a small square window
Above color white two people in white are walking back to each other

“Declaration of Color white to memory”

Because the heavy snow in summer lasts long enough
I have to live here for long as well

2011-5-25

CHINA HILL

(Translated by Biao CHEN)

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JING WA, poet, was born in the 1970s in Guangdong. She leads a life of traveling, photographing and writing. Her major works include “Mum Doesn’t Need Me Any More”, and “Selected Short Poems by Jingwa”.

Temptation of Freedom (Excerpt)

By Ai Ge

Why did I come into this world? Simply because tempted by freedom.

---Ai Ge



Chapter 8 Tiananmen Battle Shocked the World Unarmed People Fought against Violence

(Guang, Living person)

History is a maze-like museum. You can see everything if you want to get into it. However, don't enter a wrong door. Otherwise what you see are all illusions. There is one page of history which is too heavy to turn over and nobody can understand the feelings. Just as a song which was popular at the Square at that time:

Wounds of the history

With eyes blindfolded, nothing to see?

With ears covered, nothing to hear?

But truth is in heart

While pains in chest

How long need to endure further

How long have to be silent more

If warm tears can wash off dust

If burning blood can exchange for freedom

Let tomorrow remember today's roars

Let the whole world see the wounds of history

The winds and dews of that sad and vast night faded as people passed away. How many people nowadays can still remember that page of the history? As clouds are blocked and wild geese have flown east, hopes are lost and wishful curtains are laid lower. Only the shadows of the dead people are moving about at the core of the earth. The lava is their blood left over and erupting day and night with no endurance of the loneliness of the ghost world.

The world of the death is the Bermuda of truth.

Here you will be surprised to find the bones of the long-missing people.

The glazes over the mountains are blood-like. June the 4th 1989 is the darkest day in the history. Deng Xiaoping, then Chairman of the CPC Central Military Commission, made a special order to transfer 400,000 field army soldiers from more than 10 group armies to Beijing to implement martial laws so as to suppress the June 4th democratic movement. The armies ordered to Beijing included 27th Army, 12th Army, 20th Army, 54th Army, 38th Army, 39th Army, 40th Army, 15th Airborne Corps and the strategic missile troops. The total number of soldiers was more than that China sent in the 1968-Vietnam war (17 divisions, 22.5 million soldiers), and also more than the troops China sent to Vietnam to fight against the United States in 1965 (32 million soldiers). Slightly less than the total number of 60 million of the People's Liberation Army in the Huaihai Battle. However, those defeated were millions of unarmed students and Beijing civilians. Xu Qinxian, then commander of the 38th Army, was arrested because of refusing to implement the order; one division commander from 14th Army was arrested for disobeying Deng Xiaoping; Fu Bingyao, the commander of the 39th Army, told his soldiers at the mobilization meeting before departure after he received an order to take all possible measures and that he knew other forces have started shooting: as an old soldier this is the first time I encountered such a situation today. I request you to raise your guns up a little. Xu Feng, commander of 116 Division of the 39th Army, was dismissed from the army due to not bringing troops into the city. His position was replaced by his subordinate, Ai Husheng, a regimental commander who led the regiment toward the square with the bayonets on.

The first echelon of the military forces advanced to the Tiananmen Square is the 38th Army. They shot to the masses at Muxidi for the first time. At that time, the forces were prevented from advancing, and the 38th military officers asked their commander for instructions. They thought it could be firing into the air. There were helicopters over the troops at that time with VIPs from the Central Military Commission. The 38th military officers received the first direct command from their air commanders: "Fire!" It is said that the ground the officers could not believe their ears. With the Order conveyed, the front soldiers had to level their guns and pull the triggers with their eyes shut.

A bloody massacre began. Who made this order to kill? After the Tiananmen Square Battle, this person ordered to award all people actively involved. Who were eliminated, the Japanese devils? Not. The United States Devils? No. Any foreign invaders? Still not. Those who were eliminated are part of Beijing people.

An old woman was lying below a tank, requesting the people's army not to grind their peers.

The old lady said: "I am old. If you have to grind, grind over me!"

Tanks and military vehicles answered with blooded wheels.

A group of girls kneeled down in front of the machine guns of the tanks near the front of the People's Great Hall, making kowtows to the people's army, and knocked their heads to bleed. They were begging the people's army not to shoot the people.

Too many Beijing residents fought with the tanks with bare hands. Hundreds of tanks and military vehicle were burned by self-defending people, which is a great feat and epic of people's pursuit for peace and self-defense! They sacrificed their young lives, and they just wanted people on Tiananmen Square to live. The burned wreckages of tanks and military vehicles were the only language left by the people of Beijing and understandable to the butchers: we love peace!

Watching the touching scenes, I composed a poem with tears:

*Blood smell flying, killing roars chasing
The Square was piled up with corps
Young bodies smashed into mud, the city is damaging
The sunset is bloody red, human blood is not water. Crime, crime, crime! 。*

*Clouds weeping, sky broken
Young hearts died with no regret
I still advance but history retreats
God will not forgive, hearts are disturbed. Who, who, who!*

(Lu, Dead Spirit)

I could actually avoid going to Tiananmen Square, Chang'An Street or Mu Xi Di. Unfortunately I saw a group of girls kowtow to the military vehicles! I saw them kowtow to bleed!

I spent lots of time persuading them but no result. Even without tank smashing, they could die from bleedings. That's eventually not water at all!

I asked an officer of 28th Army to come down from a military vehicle, to have a close look with his eyes wide open. He was really humane. He said in a quiet and low voice: "We have received an order and soon get to action. Kill anybody who wants to stop us! You just burn the military vehicles! I teach you how to light the first fire!" As he said, he lit the first fire! After

that he tore off his collar badges and said to his fellow soldiers: “Brothers, no good luck for those killing civilians. Let’s run away!” In a sudden, at least one hundred soldiers ran away.

I burned down 17 military vehicles and tanks alone. While setting fires, some civilians said: “People built these military vehicles and tanks for fighting invasions. They are used in wrong places.”

Someone said: “we might be prosecuted in the future.” Someone else said: “I have a family with wife and children. I didn’t want to burn the tanks and military vehicles. However, just look at those kids. They are kowtowing to blood, and the military vehicles and tanks are still going to crash them to death! If I am leaving now, I will be morally guilty forever.”

It was this group of people who stood up and burned down the tanks when they were going to crush the students. And they were turned so-called “thugs”. But those real thugs coming after and killing became glorious “Republic Defenders”. Some of the kind-hearted Beijing citizens were sentenced to death because of involving in burning tanks and military vehicles. While we are now in the ghost realm, we often receive letters from our family members, which mostly read “what were you doing that for? We cannot find your names in the list of heroes!” We have nothing to reply. What we wanted at that time is simply less death of the students in Tiananmen Square. Nothing else.

(Xia, Dead Spirit)

I am the girl student who died of bleeding too much for kowtows before the military vehicles. I died neither on Tiananmen Square nor under belts of the tanks. I died within the pains of conscience. Winds are blowing and flying up the skirts, but only ashes are left.

Looking at the swaying lotus lake, I am boating between the flowers and waves. At the university, I was always a happy girl collecting scattered sunset glows and watching the mountains changing colors every evening. I loved to smile, and this even made some boy classmate misunderstand and called me “False Wink”. I hoped my life to be fruitful and happy. My death surprised my classmates! They did not believe that a girl student like me would plead and kowtow to blood for unknown people, and die of bleeding too much. Oh, my dear people, that pool of blood was actually a bleeding kiss I left to Statue of Liberty and Beijing!

Guang, I happened to read a love poem, maybe not a love poem, written by you circulated across the Square. However, I am just a normal person, wishing to be a “walking plant” floating on the night of June 4th.

Walking Plant

*Rain dripping, grace quivering
Lowing head, I see your natural lip-red
To brush my loneliness green with spring
I am waiting at mute moments
For your graceful shadows cruising from distance
If hugs are gentleness unrefused to ligaments
Please open your slender arms
Time cannot go back to the colors of rock paintings
Only the fragrance of your walking is still the same*

People in the future, please remember: with your eyes closed, you cannot see the tears of sunny days right after drizzles, cannot see the drunken beauties undressing against red handrails, cannot see the eclipses of the moon and sun, but you should see June 4th! With your ears plugged, you cannot hear the vain dreams, the swallows flying in rains over willow banks, or broken-heart swans weeping before flowing rivers, but you should hear June 4th! June 4th is the eternal pain of the Chinese people. Though I am under in the ghost realm, my heart goes to the human world. This day passed away, but the day will live forever.

(Translated by Biao CHEN)

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AI Ge, poet, writer, member of ICPC, was arrested and imprisoned for his involvement in the June 4th Democratic Movement in 1989. He is now residing in Paris, France.

Tiananmen, A Deliberate Forgetting

By YAN Minru

It was already getting hot in Southern Taiwan in May. Motorcycles were rumbling speedily at seven in the morning. I hurried to the hospital to look after my mother who was announced by doctor to be critically ill. That was late spring in 1989.



In a corner of the patient ward, a television set was on and in low volume but the images were quite disturbing. My mother's eyes, expanded due to getting bony, were intently staring at the screen. I called friends in Boston, the USA of the message I got from Taiwan media so as for them to extend the information to their family members in Shanghai. The key message included "take care, be cautious, and reduce times of going out and there might be vital changes within the Party..."

Within the several days after I organized my mother's funeral and before I left my hometown again, unusual scenes suddenly turned up in the streets. In a small group of two or three, along the sides of roads with cars running by, people set up umbrellas, sat on stools, and did fundraising. The words written on the white boards beside them were usually "we are hand-in-hand and heart-with-heart". Each time when I met a group fundraising people, I would stop to donate, without asking for receipts or asking how the money would be transferred. Soon after, I flew for the New Continent. Two weeks later, when we sat in my girlfriend's place watching TV in Quebec, Canada, she said: "This government is so strange. How could they still lie with their eyes open to see the facts?"

"Anger" is the Chinese character written on the back of the white T-shirt I bought. I don't know who wrote it. However, the calligraphy was forceful and powerful. With the "Anger" T-shirt on, together with a group of Chinese, I walked in the streets of Boston. At a lecture organized by Yan Jing Scholars Society at Harvard University, Mr. Du Weimin read out with tears letters from his relatives and senior family members. Several people from Fu Dan University Shanghai were gathering in a nearly empty house with very few furniture, watching the documentary TV series "River Elegy". Everybody was in low spirit and speechless.

All of these happened within one month. That was in the year of 1989, in early summer time.

Many years passed, and I got a book called “Tiananmen Chronicle”. After reading, I got further understanding to this important historic event at the end of the Twentieth century, to which I was merely an observer.

The author of “Tiananmen Chronicle” is a friend of mine. When the massacre happened, he was one of the few reporters in Beijing at that time. “Tiananmen Chronicle” made detailed descriptions about what had happened on the very day of June 4th, 1989 at the center of “the world’s center”, and things before and after that day. Of course, the book also includes analysis of the triggers for this event.

According to my friend’s writings, the outline of June 4th Incident is like this: the students marched into Tiananmen Square for their anti-corruption-and-pro-democracy campaign; Beijing civilians were in favor of the students, and protected and supported the students as well, because the government was their mutual enemy; when the students were at hesitation of withdrawing or remaining there, troops were advancing into the city from all directions; civilians became the first casualties in a number larger than the students’ as they could not withstand the real guns with stones and their bodies; the PLA troops demolished the temporary facilities on the Square by force and shot the students who didn’t have time to evacuate; the PLA cleared all the mess on the Square, washed away the blood, and the City of Beijing came back to normal as if the incident had never happened; the Chinese Communist Party claimed that the so-called incident was just an unrest caused by a small handful of people, and China's robust pace of reform and opening-up policy remained unchanged.

As once a journalist from Switzerland analyzed, inflation is one of the reasons contributed to June 4th incident. However, as my friend-author put it, the factors of a failed economy, in which “the government was racketeering, commodities were racketeered, and everybody was racketeering”, “nine hundred million people out one billion are racketeering while the remaining one hundred million people are thinking whether or not to racketeer”, made the fourth generation rise to rebel. This generation of people was not as loyal to the Party and the state as the first generation, not as discouraged as the second generation suffered from the Great Leap Forward, nor as suffered as the third generation from human fights, going to the countryside, and indifference after the absurd Great Cultural Revolution. The fourth generation was a generation having the college entrance examinations restored, economy policies tilted to capitalism, life getting stable, and bravely embracing new ideas. They had no burden on their shoulders, and no doctrines to follow. They naively declared war to the old people of the first generation, and ended up in destruction.

The theme for the Arab Spring in 2011 was anti-corruption and pro-democracy as well. It was

also the young people to fight against the old political system. When the Egyptians astonishingly mobilized forces into Liberation Square, friends in Tel Aviv asked me in which direction Egypt would go. I simply reply “all depends on the decision made by the military”. When Mubarak stepped down, I asked a friend in Cairo if there were young people in his neighborhood to do cleaning work after the upheaval. My diplomat friend replied to me: “Of course there are young people doing the cleanings, and my heart is filled with unprecedented hopes for the future”.

It is twenty years difference in time. Though the young people of China and Egypt had similar requests towards their countries, however their attitudes in the incidents and the reactions of the national armies made “the peaceful evolution without ideological leadership” have totally different outcomes. If they like, China could solve all the internal problems by itself. However, the internal problems of Egypt were much difficult than China as they were linked to strategic balance of the Middle East. After the Egyptian revolution, legal actions can be done against the former President Hosni Mubarak and his family for corruption, and other ministerial people also could not be spared. However, after the Tiananmen Square "turmoil", some Chinese economy policy makers could still take their lovers to a discussion to knit a solid metal net of bribery and corruption. It is not wise to compare these two countries. However there are some values still need to be repeatedly praised or criticized.

My friend, whose writings are always emotional, made brief mentioning in his book that the reason why the students did not withdraw in time so as to avoid the tragedy was that donations were pouring in and once they withdrew, they feared that the financial support might be cut off; and in addition, the whole world was focusing at the Square and the students there would not like to lose the opportunity to become the leading roles. In a meeting later in Taipei, the friend told me that some of the students in the square at that time were taking this opportunity of such an extensive international focus to leave China and fulfill their going-abroad dreams. I asked him straightly why he did not mention it in his book. He simply replied that “they were too having a bitter and miserable life at that time and I did not want to hit them when they were down.”

With its approaches to treat June 4th, the Chinese Communist Party made China lose a chance to gain respect from the world. My friend wrote in his book: “The whole world was surprised to see that spontaneous democratic movement could happen in China. Its historic importance is that after reforms conducted by socialist countries, China, with ten-year reform, started a simple, patriotic and democratic student’s movement. This is the only occurrence in the socialist countries. Even the capitalist countries could not keep it up. ” However, as it is recorded in the history of China, the scale and discipline, independence of the masses and the

glory of humanity of this movement have been exposed extensively. It is the aspect of the humanity glory of selflessness, contribution, sacrifice and mutual help that touched so many nations and so many people around the world.”

However, the Chinese Communist Party took this kind of phenomenon “touching so many nations and so many people around the world” as a threat to its governing power. In fact, the great gap of it is the core of the upheaval undercurrents.

Forgetting is a kind of procedure, and June 4th is right within this procedure. It is not proportional if the number of casualties and injuries that time is compared with the whole billion population of China. Tiananmen is the biggest square in the world though; it is actually a small dot which can be ignored if compared with the vast territory of China. Under the current social atmosphere of “laughing at the poor but not the prostitutes”, and within the arrogance to have huge foreign currency reserve which maybe buy off the whole America, China is lack of the necessity and ability to think and retrospect.

June 4th will maybe die away in China, but will be alive anywhere outside of China. It will be maybe forgotten in the history of China, but will be recorded down in the world history. Overseas Chinese have the duty to write down this piece of history in China, and need to urge non-Chinese to record it down in their native languages. Till the day when June 4th is rehabilitated, the record of history of this incident by overseas Chinese will cross the oceans to be back to the square and to the depth of hearts of all Chinese people.

Soon after finishing the book, my lines of a poem was published in *Universe Poetry* magazine in Taipei:

*Deep into night, people were not quiet
On the square heavy rains of blood pouring
Mud made of flesh covered the whole ground
Frightening screams was the overture of roaring armored vehicles
Desperate cries added melodies to the sounds of machine guns
Power was dancing forcefully on the young shoulders
Fame and vanity speared into the soft chests
Costly democracy could be bought from the self-operating business owners
Human nature was playing the smashed brains between fingers
And as a result of it
In the dark night spirits of China were running blindly and weeping wildly*

*Once independent thinking intellectuals become compliances
Political reasonability and violence legality create death with nowhere to accuse*

*How could civilians like ants shake the huge mountains of man-eating system
When struggles hug liberation to dance
When reform embrace opening to mingle together
Icy bodies are the price for enjoying the absurd theatre
Whether the ruthlessness of frightened top power circle can be forgiven
Whether the actions of defending civilians are used to be insensitive
Under the severe exercises of the great motherland
Romances of pens and cameras ended up in blood*

*Prosecution of mystery to this nation is like smoke above water
Vast tangles made damages to the history, but someday have to face blue sky and white clouds
And as a result of it
To live is to revenge
To exist is to conquer
Shake exhausted body
Flap messy wing feather
When days chase after nights
Birds are still coming back with love*

Continue to hatch unfinished dreams one by one

(Translated by Biao CHEN)

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YEN Minju is a writer and a member of ICPC. She was born in Taiwan and now resides in Switzerland.

Square Bricks and the Square

By *GUO Xiaolin*

Pressed to be flat
You, creeping in the Square
are mistaken as
creeping kowtowers

How foursquare and line-following
You are made by cutting
Weak and loose
With sucking blood of youth
With rolling of tracks
 Stepping of leather shoes
You become heavy and solid

Strangling marks of mesh wire
Cut into flesh and skin
Overwhelmed with mud
But not allowed to bud a trace of new green
Not allowed to have a pigeon at the square
Cutting all trees, destroying civilian buildings
They only need eight hundred meters of open ground

One evil eye is not enough for the sun
On the gate tower, eight more rounded
Blood-red lanterns
Presbyopia for thousands of years is replaced by
Television monitors

Can such a huge space
Hold endless fear?

Your ancestors were given a name as golden bricks
Once receiving emperors' chariots
One generation after another, born to



Receive death?
From pushing through Traitor 's Gate to be killed
To the biggest funeral

No need to cut throats
You have no vocal organs at all
 Only they have glorious throats
Saluting guns are rights to speak
Site-clearing is a dedicated word

Butcher's knife was pushed into mother's stomach
Only showing the stainless handle
They called it flag post
 Knife-wiping cloth is flying in the winds

Stealing the dreams of numerous decedents
Raping the wills of billions of living people
They surprisedly decorate the monument
Into a huge... penis

The death of billions
Is just a rehearsal
Not as worth as a
Well-preserved corpse

Can twenty-four sets of fountains
And five millions of flower pots
Cover everything up?
Take square bricks away, but soil remains
Dig up all soil, but rocks remain
Scorching memories
Are hidden deep in the magma!

(First draft on March 10, 1998; second draft on March 26, 1998; final draft on April 15, 2003)
Notes: in the year of 1999, for the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the PR China, they dug up millions of square bricks from the Square, and replaced with granite stone slabs. This means they wanted to destroy evidences of June 4th Masacre. However, square bricks were destroyed, the people's memory of it will be ever-lasting and cannot be destroyed by anyone.

(June 29, 2000)

(Translated by Biao CHEN)

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GUO Xiaolin is a poet and member of ICPC. He is now residing in Beijing, China.

That Year of 1989

By Zhu Yufu



1

It was the 22nd of August that year. That day, I had joked with the police, “If you arrest me today, it could be a birthday gift that you would dedicate to Deng Xiaoping.”

Zhang Baoyu, chief of Political Security Section at Jianggan Branch of Public Security Bureau of Hangzhou City, and Lu, an old plainclothes, came to my work unit, Housing Administration of Jianggan District, and "summoned" me to the police station. On his excitement, Zhang Baoyu must have thought that he had caught a big fish. His hollow eyepits were fleshing a hidden light, and his thin lips were sipping while his tight jaws were making his cheek protruding. Especially during that evening when he commended several groups of policemen to raid my residence and four others of my relatives, he got a letter of February, 1979 from Liu Qing to us at April Fifth monthly, where mentioned had been the name of Wang Juntao, who was fugitive from being wanted for his role in 1989, and so his look became more expressive. While reporting his success and waiting for his superior's words, he ordered me to check in and sit at his section every day (fearing that I would escape), where a few of his men asked me to “clarify” myself from time to time.

Before I was detained, I had been responsible for the union at my work unit. The district federation of Trade Union had held several meetings to convey the internal notices from the central government, requiring us, the grassroots of trade union to make a good work of "collecting evidences", and keep our eyes open on those around us, who were supporting the student movement. I had been transferred from the Hangzhou Botanical Garden to the Housing Administration of Jianggan District in March 1987. Considering that I had worked here just over a year, I had been very restraint when facing the student movement rising after of the death of Hu Yaobang on 15th of April (the former General Secretary who had resigned in 1987). My friends Chen Weijian, Mao Qingxiang and Chen Lique stand up to support the students when seeing their hunger strike of several days for dialogue with the government had been ignored by the government that had been so indifference as almost cruel. They had launched fund-raising and organized public demonstrations. I had just held my camera in a distance shooting, and returned them the finished videos.

The 18th of May had been my wife's birthday. I had accompanied her to the West Lake to shot video for ourselves. As soon as we had gone to the street, the demonstration march had

been bustling and packing the roads. Toward us has come a solidarity procession of the press media. At the newspapers and television stations there had been many of my schoolmates at college (in 1984, I had also taken part in the examination for the reporters to be employed at the Zhejiang Provincial Television, passed the primary, secondary and interviewing tests but finally failed "political censorship" because of my "suspicion of the Four Basic Principles"). They had been passing front of me, with warm greetings. I could not help taking out my camera to shoot. The following day (May 19) I had seen the procession scenes broadcasted by all of television stations, from the central to the local, and so also brought my own video tape to my office to show to my colleagues. Three months later, it was unexpected that the Political Security Section (PSS) still followed the smell to rush to me. They used both carrot and stick, forcing me to hand over the video tape.

2

After 5:00 pm of August 31, I should have been allowed to go home, but someone at PSS brought me a packed supper. I realised that there would be some tricks. After supper, the time passed moment by moment. After 9:30, the person guarding me kept watching his watch, showing a bit of anxiety. About 10:30, Zhang Baoyu and two other fellows came. Just hearing a yell from him: "Zhu Yufu, you stand up!" I stood up. Then he announced that I would be put under "shelter and investigation" (Such a infamous system of shelter and investigation have been abandoned due to the domestic and foreign pressures), and asked me to sign on a piece of paper from him. The old police Lu demanded me to take out everything from my pocket, and drew away my belt. To be honest, I had participated in pro-democracy movement for years, and had been long fully prepared in my heart for such a day. However, when facing the arrival of this day, I, who had never experienced such a scene, was still a bit nervous. In order to remember such an experience, I was calmly examining my emotional changes, just feeling a cold current dipping down from the top of my head, my forehead tight, my cheeks frosty, lips slightly numb. As the cold came to my neck, the neck became a bit stiff. Suddenly, I realized that I should not show my weakness in front of them. Thinking about this time, when so many outstanding children of Chinese people had taken a shot, and so many of the celebrities had been imprisoned, today was a good opportunity for me to make a little sacrifice for my homeland. When my thinking of it, there was a warm current rushed into my fontanel. I totally calmed down. It was such a belief that would keep me gladly endure hardship of my life in prison afterwards.

It was almost midnight when arriving at the shelter and investigation center of Hangzhou Public Security Bureau at Sanbao. Within a number of the prison doors, there was a small office likely for handing-over. The policeman who had sent me there confiscated my glasses and shoes, and went away. I stood barefoot by the side waiting for settlement. Miscellaneously,

several policemen brought in a dozen of insurgent descendants. I saw the police order them to undress and squat down only a pair of shorts. Several policemen around them took this opportunity to get into the crowd, and attacked them with blows and kicks. The scene was spectacular while I stood still at a loss, feeling fortunate for no raindrop felling on me. Whilst I was confused, a policeman picked up a document from the desk, loudly shouting, "The leader of April Fifth Monthly, who is it?" I was surprised in a moment, as the April Fifth Monthly had been a matter during the period of the Democracy Wall Movement in Hangzhou 10 years earlier. How come? To settle old scores! I, who had intended to sacrifice something for the national martyr on June 4th, felt that my wishful thinking fell through. Thinking of it heartily, my mouth responded, "Yes, it's me." Maybe for my response was too slow, the man looked at me for a few seconds, and snapped, "clothes off, squat!" I have observed that the police had always made attacks from behind. I squatted down with my back against the wall, thinking that the losses to suffer should be visible. Yet, somehow, the worst possibility did not come true. I took the mystery into jail.

(to be continued)

(Translated by Yu ZHANG)

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Zhu Yufu is a member of ICPC and prominent activist in Hangzhou, China. In 1999-2006 and 2007-2009, he served twice imprisonment of 9 years in total, respectively on "subverting the state power" and "obstructing the execution of official duties" for his dissident writings and pro-democracy activities. Since 5 March 2011, he has been detained on suspicion of "inciting subversion of state power" for his writings relevant to the alleged Jasmine protests after the Arab Spring.

A Brief of Independent Chinese PEN Centre

Independent Chinese PEN Center (ICPC) is a nongovernmental, nonprofit and nonpartisan organization beyond borders based on free association of those who write, edit, translate, research and publish literature work in Chinese and dedicated to freedom of expression for the workers in Chinese language and literature, including writers, journalists, translators, scholars and publishers over the world. ICPC is a member organization of International PEN, the global association of writers dedicated to freedom of expression and the defence of writers suffering governmental repression. Through the worldwide PEN network and its own membership base in China and abroad, ICPC is able to mobilize international attention to the plight of writers and editors within China attempting to write and publish with a spirit of independence and integrity, regardless of their political views, ideological standpoint or religious beliefs.

ICPC was founded in 2001 by a group of Chinese writers in exile and in China, including its founding President LIU Binyan, a prominent author, journalist and activist who passed away in exile in USA on Dec. 5 2005, Vice-president and author ZHENG Yi, Executive Director and poet BEI Ling and Freedom to Write Committee Coordinator and poet MENG Lang, all of whom have been in exile in USA. In November of same year, ICPC was approved as a chapter of the International PEN at its annual congress in London. Since then, ICPC has made vigorous efforts to promote and defend the freedom of writing and publication and the free flow of information in China, and been deeply concerned about the state of civil society and open discourse there.

In September and October, 2009, ICPC held its Fourth Internet Congress of the Membership Assembly to have elected 5 Board members and 2 alternates to fill its vacancies, including the President Tienchi MARTIN-LIAO (Germany) and 2 Vice-presidents Patrick POON (Hong Kong) and QI Jiazhen (Australia). The past president Dr. LIU Xiaobo, who has been imprisoned since December 8, 2008, was elected Honorary President.