

# A MIGRATION OF SOULS

BY REN BUMEI

The recent publication of a memoir by an exiled Tiananmen veteran inspires a dissident Internet essayist to reflect on the experience of exile within his own country.

What are June 4th and its “children” to Beijing? In his novel *Resurrection*, Tolstoy on numerous occasions mentions a bird in Nekhlyudov’s game bag—a bird that was wounded but not dead, and which continued to flap about inside the bag, causing the initial shame of the bag’s owner to change to anger, and that anger into hate. Here we have a flock of migratory birds spread throughout the world that every spring and summer journey in their dreams to Tiananmen Square, filling the air with their mournful cries. This year saw the 15th such spring and summer. A writer in Vancouver, Canada named An Tian, who as an exile could perhaps be described as one of those birds who is wounded but not dead, embarked on a spiritual homecoming earlier this spring. We encountered each other in the air, each of us clutching a pile of pictographs to drop on the bald heads of Zhongnanhai.

I don’t know An Tian, but we have “met” through his novel, *Tiananmen Lover*<sup>1</sup>. Reading is like a trans-Pacific conversation, and because our common concern over the past 15 years for Tiananmen—our shared “lover”—makes me an accomplice of this Calypso, I am moved by his story. At one point the novel’s female protagonist writes in a letter to her son, “A human life is limited. Your mother can’t wait that long.” At the end the writer sighs, “Always remember, the endless expanse of the past empties over time, and the emotions that stirred us dissipate like smoke!” These words express a depressing truth: we are already old, while our 15-year-old memories only grow younger. I have tried to develop a philosophy to penetrate this absurdity of life, but literature has proven an inadequate outlet for the sadness that anchors me. . . .

This year marked the 15th anniversary of June 4th. Countless refugees spread across the globe have raised graying heads in hopes of seeing Tiananmen one last time. There our youth and love is buried; we are nothing more than kites set loose above Tiananmen, with a single string tethering our souls, tugging on our heartstrings every night for the past 15 years. Tian-

anmen is our cross, our lord; it has determined our paths and choices, our sorrows and joys, partings and meetings over these past 15 years; all those who have abandoned their native places can find their roots here. Tiananmen is our lover, a lover that inspires a love all the more desperate for being unrequited; even after a long 15 years, even as memories fade and hopes are relinquished, it remains the profound expression of the hardship and frustrations of a disillusioned generation. Tiananmen is our shame, our “Weeping Wall,” transforming the entire world into a city of refuge, making a portion of our own people into “wandering Jews” who face the world as people without a country. Tiananmen is our cemetery, the crematorium of our race, the execution ground of conscience; a cemetery guarded by bayonets for 15 years, where no flowers can be laid, where our lovers, friends, flag and tents are buried, where “Simahua,” “Zhao Lin” and “An Na”<sup>2</sup> are buried, where our last dreams of the honor of China are buried. Tiananmen is nothing but a thick wall, a pile of cold stones; it has no ideological allegiance, no common sense or tears; it is only an altar for the burning of sacrifices, a commode down which are flushed the vain displays of false nobility, a political farce staged in a cabaret built over corpses. . . .

Tiananmen is our destiny. I can imagine that we Tiananmen exiles, including An Tian and myself, will utter a long sigh at this 15-year milestone in our journey, and then lapse into an extended silence. The earthly powers have utterly defeated God, and we have nothing left to give. The written word is our last recourse, our genuine escape. But I would like to draw a distinction between my escape and that of An Tian, or perhaps the distinction between the internal and foreign exile. In recent times I’ve wanted to recall in detail my experiences in China over the past 15 years; I think a lot has already been written by overseas exiles, but there may be a need for testimony from among those living in exile within China as well. The overseas exiles have lost their country, but those inside China have not only lost their country, they have in addition become people without legal protection. The pain of the overseas exile is that of cultural alienation, while the pain of the internal exile is largely that of police abuse. But every time I’ve raised my pen to write of this, I’ve set it down again. I lack the literary skill and the courage to review the past. So I’m grateful for the opportunity presented by this “book review,” which

encourages me to reexamine the “turbulent 15 years” through the emotions aroused by *Tiananmen Lover*.

The tragedy did not end on June 4, 1989, nor did it stop at any national border. In fact, it is still ongoing. The “aftermath of June 4th” has become part of, and has perpetuated, the “tragedy of June 4th.” Due to selfish interests, the temerity of the villains and their dread of the enormous change that has taken place in Russia and Eastern Europe, “stability” has become China’s only genuine ideology over the past 15 years. Since 1989 the Chinese government has suppressed virtually everything for the sake of stability, while ever greater power has been bestowed on police departments, with standards dropping in every respect except increases in expenditure and manpower. In fact, since 1989 China has become a virtual police state, with police replacing Red Guards and martial law troops in controlling daily life. In other words, since then the Chinese government has taken a “cold turkey” approach to politics, with a steady and unrelenting clampdown on political activities under legal pretexts.

This is the latest black period in Chinese political history since the “10 years of chaos,”<sup>3</sup> and could be called the “15 years of chaos,” a period in which not mass popular movements but police power has been deployed for political persecution. In these 15 years, “June 4th activists” were the initial targets of persecution. A large number of activists were imprisoned; some were executed, some were sentenced to long terms and some died in custody. An even larger number lost their employment, and those who have followed the dictates of conscience have been marginalized. The marketization of the economy has accelerated the extent of this marginalization, while sucking some activists into participating in the division of the spoils.

This is an era of rule by an authoritarian leadership through the police and the capitalist class, and as a result, conscience has become an enemy of and crime against the State, while at the same time developing into a financial resource: people of note have become a national human resource, while others have become the commercial reason for the existence of police departments and their demands for funds. The deplorable result: the political goal of the top leadership has become “stability above all,” a result of the economic logic of “everything before stability,” especially as monetary interests suppress political goals. In a certain sense police departments need dissidents more than they need stability. This situation showed no apparent improvement until the autumn of 2003.

I’m one of the lucky ones; I have never been imprisoned. In 1990 I went to Hainan to earn a living. The first encounter I had with the police was during a “drifter clean-up” campaign. It occurred one evening, when the border police rounded me up along with others who lacked temporary residency permits. A monetary exchange won my freedom, but another friend, who was from the law faculty of Wuhan University and had participated in the Students Autonomous Union in 1989, was detained along with his girlfriend for 15 days on charges of “sex peddling.” My first encounter with the police in relation to political activities was in 1997, during the days surrounding the death of Deng Xiaoping. From that time onward I was a “marked man.”

At the end of February 1997, the authorities confiscated my car and took me to the dispatch station for questioning. My cell phone and documents were also confiscated. I was not allowed to reclaim my belongings until three days later, and my life lost all security from then on. In fact, this encounter was entirely unprovoked, because I had ceased all political activity beginning in 1990. When I look back now, that interrogation may have been part of a country-wide campaign; Deng’s death ushered in a sensitive period, and for that reason it was necessary to round up and warn “sensitive people.” At the same time, this roundup of “marked men” gave the police authorities an opportunity to discover new targets, and I have reason to believe that I presented a financial incentive for the authorities. It’s easy to imagine that with a request for 1.5 million yuan in funding, increases in manpower, telephone monitoring and traffic control require an endless supply of funds.

About half a month later my driver was detained. The local authorities, representing “the motherland and the people,” assigned him a “glorious task”: to monitor and report on the activities of Ren Bumei. My driver was a youngster still in his teens, and he was very afraid. Because we had a good relationship, he asked me what he should do. I said, “You should resign, but I’ll continue to pay you.” Two days later, when the police learned of this, they gave him a good scolding and told him to “refuse to resign,” otherwise he would be sent “up the hill” (for “reeducation through labor”) at any time. So he came to me again, and I said, “I’m firing you,” and wrote out the necessary documents of dismissal. He gave the documents to a police officer, who ripped them into pieces and threw them in his face and said to him, “Tell Ren Bumei that we don’t believe we can’t deal with him!”

## Tiananmen has determined our paths and choices, our sorrows and joys, partings and meetings over the past 15 years

The work of “dealing with” me had well and truly begun. About a week later, the dispatch center near my home issued my wife a “notice of detention” against me. So at a designated time and place I had to report to the police for questioning. There I saw some “interrogation” techniques with Chinese characteristics, and when the police realized that I was taking note of these things, they changed the location. I was detained for seven or eight hours. Then after they had completed the necessary search warrants, they went to my home at night and carried out a search. They dumped out all my books and papers, even my plane tickets and photographs, and leeringly read the love letters my wife and I had exchanged while courting. In the end they found nothing, because I simply didn’t possess any “reactionary materials.” When I signed the search warrant I offended them again by protesting this inexplicable search of my home. So they detained me again. I remember at the entrance of our building looking up and seeing my wife on the balcony weeping. It made me feel very sad but also very angry. After seeking instructions from their superiors they released me, and I reached home late at night. At that time my

two daughters were still small, and they asked me, “Daddy, why did Mr. Policeman come for you?” The question aroused a flood of feeling in me, and I simply held them close without replying. I often found it difficult to answer my daughters’ questions. One day around that time, their nursery had conducted a memorial service for “Grandpa Deng,” and one of my daughters had asked, “Daddy, will Grandpa Deng go to Heaven?”

From then on it was impossible for me to continue my business. But the greatest change in my life was when I agreed to my wife’s plan to emigrate. It was necessary for me to deal with the pain of separation from the woman to whom I’d been married for more than three years. In the two years from 1997 until 1999 my family passed a fearful existence. My wife would wake up in the middle of the night and peer out from behind our curtain into the dark world outside, certain that she had felt a pair of eyes staring at us. I remember my wife saying one day, “There’s someone watching us from a room in the building across the street.” I began paying attention, and after a few days discovered something unusual: in the room my wife referred to, no light was ever turned on, but there was always someone smoking. But we soon became used to this kind of life.

## Even now I still have not gained a firm understanding of why my country for no apparent reason turned me into an exile.

Later I read two books by Soviet writers, *Testimony: The Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich*<sup>4</sup>, and *Memoirs of the Last Chairman of the KGB*,<sup>5</sup> which gave me an even deeper understanding of this kind of surveillance. But no one knows how costly surveillance is, and to what extent it is carried out. Khrushchev<sup>6</sup> said, “They are wasting taxpayers’ money to listen to someone farting.” But no price is set on “stability,” and in any case it is never something an individual has to budget for himself; on the contrary, it is a means of maximizing advantage and power. It is worth mentioning that they didn’t seem overly concerned about concealing their monitoring activities, and sometimes they even seemed to flaunt their special privilege, flaunt their detailed knowledge of other people’s personal lives. Once a police officer “assigned” to me telephoned my wife and asked her for my new cell phone number. Even more blatantly, whenever we encountered the police from then on, they would warn me, “We know every move you make!” Chinese culture lacks a concept of guilt because people take pride in shameful acts.

Even now I still have not gained a firm understanding of why my country for no apparent reason turned me into an exile. It is an entirely counterproductive tactic: lacking a feeling of security, the State regards all people as criminals; because of surveillance, people are forced to recall June 4th, and even to become genuine dissidents; and because the persecuted at the same time become a financial resource for the monitoring organization, this retrograde political process escalates as the persecution continues and intensifies. Even as an “innocent victim,” I still felt guilty before my family. The constant harassment by the police even led my wife to doubt me:

“If you really haven’t done anything, why do the police keep coming for you?!” I could only hold my tongue in the face of these suspicions. I recall an incident during the investigation period toward the end of 1989 when a fellow student who had just come out asked me accusingly, “We all went in, why didn’t you?” In recent years, because of operating my “Sleepless Nights Forum” Web site,<sup>7</sup> I am constantly asked, “Why doesn’t anything happen to you?” The meaning behind the words is, “Why haven’t you ‘gone inside’?” What left me not knowing whether to laugh or cry was when a writer of some small fame insisted I was lying: “He has absolutely never experienced police harassment, he’s just bragging; if the police were keeping an eye on him, why was his wife allowed to emigrate?” At this point I will answer all these questions at once: “Go ask the police. I don’t know.”

1999 saw the tenth anniversary of June 4th. I anticipated that this would give the authorities a new opportunity to “deal with” me. Around the middle of April the authorities went to Guangzhou’s *Southern Exposure* [Nanfeng Chang] magazine to look into my circumstances; the reason was that on April 2 I had moderated a privately-organized economic symposium attended for the most part by some elderly intellectual Party members such as Li Rui, Li Shenzhi, Wu Xiang, Wu Mingyu and Sun Changjiang.<sup>8</sup> This symposium was legal in every sense of the word, and was not even on a sensitive topic. The only result of the investigation was that I lost my position as *Southern Exposure*’s Beijing correspondent, and also, of course, lost the freedom that came with writing for that magazine. Two more noteworthy things happened that year: one was around the incident of the U.S. bombing of the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade in May. I was living in a dormitory at Peking University at the time, and one day some men burst in, then left again. I considered it a warning (later at the Beijing Capital Airport a police officer confirmed this). The second incident was in August while I was attending a writers’ conference in Inner Mongolia. Police forced their way into my hotel room. Fortunately I wasn’t there at the time, but several friends saw it happen. Even now I don’t know if this police action was aimed at me, or if they were targeting Song Yongyi, who was also attending the conference. I was not staying in the same room as Mr. Song. He was arrested and imprisoned soon after returning to Beijing from Inner Mongolia.<sup>9</sup>

But the most frightening incident in 1999 was at Beijing Capital Airport on June 5. Around 2:00 in the morning on June 4 (recall this habit of the police to take action late at night, and the cultural implications), the police broke into my home in southern China on the pretext of “checking my household registration.” Everyone was of course clear about the real reason. The police searched every corner of my home but found nothing. Because there was actually nothing to find. They appeared to be extremely disappointed, because they’d come prepared. They even searched the balcony and storage room. Then they took me to the local dispatch station to once again take down the same old information: name, age, sex, etc. By the time I left the dispatch station dawn had already broken. I couldn’t even feel indignant any more; I just laughed bitterly to myself. I hurried off to the airport because I was expected in

Beijing on June 5 to take part in a business conference. As it turned out, the police were already waiting for me at the airport. They took me to the airport police station and searched me and my luggage thoroughly. They even made me take off my shoes. They were very disappointed. Eventually I boarded the plane and breathed a sigh of relief. I was too optimistic.

A little more than three hours later, the plane touched down at Beijing Capital Airport. After the plane came to a halt, a flight attendant suddenly announced that “all travelers should take out their identification documents for inspection upon leaving the plane.” I immediately understood. I said, “They’re looking for me, let me off first.” I was the first to descend the aircraft boarding stairs, and I saw a police vehicle waiting on the ground and four or five police officers standing by watchfully. As soon as they saw me they surrounded me, and four people grabbed my arms and calmly said, “Mr. Ren, we need to talk to you.” I was loaded into the police vehicle. I could see the other passengers on the plane staring out their windows at the scene below. It was like a scene from a movie, and it was hard for me to believe that this was real life, and that I was the protagonist.

As I looked at their expressions “full of the experience of struggle,” I could hardly keep from laughing, and in my heart I longed to say, “How could I be worth this!”, but then they ordered me to “stop smirking.” I was taken to a meeting room in the waiting area of the airport, and an incredibly hostile inquisition began. They went through every element of my life with a fine-toothed comb, but after several hours they still had nothing. Because there actually was nothing. At the same time, they constantly used “very professional” methods to interrogate me about my purpose for coming to Beijing, and no matter how I explained that I was coming for a meeting, they insisted I was lying. At the same time, they kept telephoning the southern police department that had “opened” my case. After several hours, their attitude began to change—a classic method—from “frankness and lenience” to “we’re just doing our job,” to “let’s be friends.” My physical position was also allowed to adjust accordingly, from standing at attention to leaning against the wall, to finally being allowed to sit or stand at will around the meeting room table. It was clear that they realized they’d made a mistake, but also clear that someone down south had filed a false report. On that point I was clear long before they were. But even after realizing the wrongful arrest, they didn’t immediately restore my freedom, as they needed to find something worth reporting back to justify their effort. They required me to write a “confession” that they could hand to their superiors. At that moment, my natural sense of humor came to my aid, and I wrote out part of a “confession” from an article I’d planned to publish on the tenth anniversary of June 4th and gave it to them. In fact, over the past ten years I had been feeling a genuinely deep regret over how my negligible role in the June 4th tragedy had been inappropriately elevated through this repeated questioning, and felt a need to confess; I had also at that time just become acquainted with Christian beliefs, and I felt God had arranged this incident to teach me a lesson.

Afterward I enjoyed their hospitality overnight at the air-

port. Two young police officers slept with me and watched over me that night; one was full of hostility, and reminded me of the pathological vigilance and self-assurance of a Little Red Guard. I felt there was an aesthetic incompatibility between his physical beauty and his cruelty, or perhaps it was the national education system that bred this strange combination. The other had just recently become a father; he had a kind face and was very friendly toward me. At the time I felt a great longing for my daughters: the distance between fathers in China is so remote. The two policemen chatted about grocery shopping and home repairs, and I was left alone, as if I weren’t even part of the same human race. I had experienced a similar feeling while being investigated in 1989; the “search party” then had included a pretty woman who had joked with the men, and they had talked about “going to a movie” that night, no one taking any notice of the feelings of the “suspect” beside them, no one thinking about whether he would live or die, whether or not he would be freed, or the pain of his wife, mother and children. Solzhenitsyn<sup>10</sup> wrote, “Such people had no blood in their veins; their bodies contained only a thin liquid, and they possessed not even a shred of human sympathy. People were being destroyed, and the people being investigated were seen as aliens or things; and the investigators, because they had narrowly survived or escaped a similar fate, and especially because they were deciding the fates of these pitiful bugs, had degenerated into an arrogant heartlessness.”

The next day I was escorted onto a plane; they took money out of my pocket and bought a plane ticket for me, and gave me a three-point warning: 1) I was not to tell the southern police what had happened at Capital Airport (they were afraid of being ridiculed by their peers); 2) I was not to visit Beijing again in the near future—“We’ll be keeping an eye on you”; 3) I was not to protest, as it would serve no purpose. At that time I very much wanted to return home and see my daughters, whom I hadn’t seen for so long, so I boarded the plane without protest. Then something even more ridiculous occurred: I was handed over to the “care” of an air marshal, but because of exhaustion (I basically hadn’t slept for three days) I experienced heart problems, and the air marshal eyed me closely, at the same time asking me accusingly, “Why do you insist on practicing Falungong?!” Clearly, that was the “crime” that the Beijing police had told him I was guilty of—it was the one rationale they could get away with for almost anything.

This wasn’t the only time the police falsely accused me of being a Falungong practitioner (the reader should understand that on the basis of human rights I fully sympathize and respect these practitioners). In the autumn of 2003 I accompanied an old gentleman to Sichuan to look into a certain matter, and at the same time made efforts to learn more about the Li Siyi case.<sup>11</sup> Along the way I met up with some friends, and police accompanied us the whole time. (I was similarly “accompanied” on a previous occasion when I met Yu Jie, Lu Kun<sup>12</sup> and a Reuters reporter in Beijing.) But even more intolerable was that later someone told my friends that I was a Falungong practitioner, causing them to distance themselves from me. As a Christian I thanked God that these petty dirty

tricks had not developed into genuine persecution. Perhaps God was using these trials to remind me of those pitiful souls whose circumstances were even more unfortunate than mine. I was to receive more such reminders.

After 1999 I began to write and carry out scholarly research in earnest. In fact, it was the authorities who helped me return to my literary endeavors. I had no political inclinations by nature, and only aspired to be a good writer. Since 1989 I had abandoned my reading and writing temporarily in order to seek a living, but constant surveillance made it impossible for me to continue my commercial work. Everyone knows that anyone who has “political problems” in China is deprived of virtually all opportunity for social or economic participation. Even if the police aren’t giving special attention to you, others will still keep their distance. In all honesty, I now had reason to be grateful for this change. The anti-American protests in Beijing in May 1999 shocked me greatly. I felt the education policies of the last ten years had been seriously flawed. For this reason, the first literary project I took on was to develop and edit a new set of language course books. I completed this project in 2002. Then I began to develop my “Sleepless Nights Forum” Web site; a previous Web site called “Frontiers of Thought” [*sixiang de jingjie*] had been shut down, and I planned to demonstrate an even more heroic effort for the freedom of the Internet. Sleepless Nights Forum led me to be targeted once again for the sake of “stability,” but also attracted a circle of faithful supporters.

In the spring of 2002 the Internet police shut down Sleepless Nights Forum for the first time. A few days later, they broke down the door of my Beijing office. A friend and I were taken to the local dispatch station for interrogation. As I left my home, I took along a quilt and some personal necessities, but the police officer assured me, “This won’t take long.” In this “conversation” I straightforwardly told them that I was Ren Bumei, the Web master and person responsible for the Sleepless Nights Forum. This greatly improved the efficiency of the conversation, and the next question was whether Sleepless Nights Forum was illegal. They asked, “Isn’t it illegal?” I answered, “No, it’s not.” They asked, “Why did you criticize Premier Zhu Rongji?” I answered, “Why can’t I criticize Premier Zhu Rongji?” They asked, “Do you believe that we have the power to deny you the opportunity to visit your family?” I answered, “I believe it.” They asked, “Do you know how we’re going to deal with you?” I answered, “I don’t know.” After about six hours I was granted my liberty, but my identification documents were retained, and they notified me that I was not allowed to leave Beijing while under investigation. But the worst was yet to come.

That same night I went to visit a businessman friend at his hotel. He had been involved in a legal dispute in Tianjin that he had already resolved. But the Tianjin police had “forgotten” to remove his information from the Internet, and as a result, the Beijing police “broke into his room and apprehended the felon at the scene.” I was present at the time and was likewise removed to the dispatch station. When the police ascertained the truth of the situation, I was once again downgraded from “standing” to “sitting,” but they had no intention of releasing

me immediately. One incident that impressed me deeply was when a police officer picked up a Falungong pamphlet from the floor and insisted that I had brought it in. Perhaps because they ultimately contacted the Beijing Political Defense Squad and confirmed my identity (my identification papers were still with them), they did not continue with this entrapment. Obviously they were seeking an excuse for my erroneous arrest.

I spent that night in the waiting room of the dispatch station. I was the only one there at the time enjoying relatively free and “favorable” treatment. There were about 30-odd other people there who looked like workers, and these Sun Zhigangs<sup>13</sup> were all handcuffed to their seats. Who knew how many had been falsely arrested. The guard was a young man who was enjoying his power to allow or deny others the opportunity to go to the bathroom. I became aware once again of the darker aspects of Chinese society. Hell, that was all I could imagine. This episode occurred around Good Friday. In my heart I thanked God for calling me through these means to participate in His suffering. In the depths of night I prayed over and over again, “Do not allow the hearts of the police to harden further, let China soon repent of its evil ways . . .”

“The essays on Sleepless Nights Forum do not break the law, but could you please stop writing them?”

When I left the dispatch station around noon the next day, the police were somewhat apologetic but warned me not to discuss this experience with others. A few days later the Internet police began an investigation into all of the documents posted on “Sleepless Nights Forum.” The result of the investigation was: “The essays on Sleepless Nights Forum do not break the law, but could you please stop writing them?” The police also said, “We agree with a lot of what you write, but you can express your views to the National People’s Congress and the Chinese People’s Political Consultative Conference.” The matter seemed to end there. But a couple of days later my landlord asked me to move out (my lease had not yet expired), and the property management office chased me continuously. They said, “Someone told us you’re a spy from Canada, so we can’t let you live here.” This new lie almost scared even me. I could understand their terror, so I moved out as soon as I could.

I was homeless once again. Ever since my wife and daughters had emigrated at the end of 2000, I had felt rootless. My endless drifting made me lonely. Whenever I thought of my children I regretted sending them off, but whenever I found myself in another dark place, I was glad that they had left China at last—this was no longer a place fit for human habitation, and was especially unfit for children. In fact, ever since 1997 I had failed to spend the June 1 Children’s Day with my daughters, because I was afraid that given the proximity to June 4th the police would harass me in front of them. Up to now, I have not been able to explain to my daughters why we must be apart, and why I have not yet been able to leave China. Over these last three years the Chinese authorities have consis-

tently refused to issue me a passport, giving as a reason my participation in the Tiananmen incident. I remember once, when talking with a police officer about the pain of being separated from my family, I became somewhat emotional, and he very patiently listened to my complaint, then quietly asked me, "What is the point of telling me this?" I believe I can understand this paragraph written by An Tian: "Child, your mother doesn't want you to hate anyone. What you should hate is this system, this culture that grinds to smithereens any morsel of human decency." But I think the problem is more complicated than this. How did all of this darkness come about?

At one time we occupied the Square, and in revenge the government has occupied our homes for the past 15 years. It's impossible to deny that the police, like us, are victims of the policy of "stability above all." I believe, and indeed the lack of callous abuse in my personal contact with individual police officers has shown, that this country has made progress in some areas. But this progress has all along been accompanied by huge regressions, and the progress falls far too short of what we would hope.

I respect the exploration of this question by An Tian and others, but we should not be satisfied by the answers put forward in these works. The reader may discover that my essay has digressed somewhat from a discussion of *Tiananmen Lover*. In fact, I would like to add two questions to this kind of overseas "June 4th literature": 1) the aftermath of June 4th, and 2) internal exile. The aftermath of June 4th is a continuation of the Tiananmen Incident, but it has not been adequately explored in literature. The aftermath of June 4th is the real tragedy of June 4th; it transformed a political incident into a cultural incident, and led the human spirit from anger to despair, from verbal attack to self-reflection. At the same time, security concerns have prevented an adequate revelation and study of the problem of internal exile, and I believe internal exile even more definitively demonstrates the root of China's problems. I would in no way wish to downplay the pain revealed in overseas exile literature; I only want to remind everyone that it is not enough. This could perhaps be seen as a criticism of *Tiananmen Lover* and other such works: in terms of topic and thinking, any revisitation of Tiananmen should encompass a larger number of questions.

An Tian writes, "Remember the experience of your father and mother, child; in the name of a participant in June 4th, indict those tyrannical authorities and the bestiality of those who carried out the massacre! Don't forgive them, even in the name of Christ!" Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. That point is reflected when An Tian writes, "I myself am guilty, the lover is not pure." For that reason, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath, neither give place to the devil" (Ephesians 4:26-27). God has used the June 4th tragedy to reveal His mysteries and His blessings here on earth. We should submit ourselves to this guidance. China needs a spiritual outlet; God is loving and just. In the past 15 years the blood of Tiananmen has revealed the truth of the Cross and the descent among us of the Holy Spirit.

Translated by Stacy Mosher

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#### TRANSLATOR'S NOTES

1. *Tiananmen Lover* (Tiananmen Qingren) can be read in Chinese among the selection of An Tian's essays posted on the Boxun Web site: [http://boxun.com/my-cgi/post/display\\_all.cgi?cat=antian](http://boxun.com/my-cgi/post/display_all.cgi?cat=antian)
2. Apparently random names assigned to people who were killed on June 4th.
3. The Cultural Revolution (1966-1976).
4. *Testimony: The Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich*, HarperCollins Publishers, 1979, Chinese translation information unavailable.
5. Vadim Viktorovich Bakatin, *Breaking Out: Memoirs of the Last Chairman of the KGB*, published in Russia by Novosti, 1992, no apparent English translation. Chinese translation published as *Baituo kegebo - Kegebo zuihou yiren zhuxi huiyilu*, Xinhua Publishing, 1998. An Army General, Bakatin was in 1991 appointed to dismantle the dreaded intelligence service following the disbanding of the Soviet Union.
6. Nikita Khrushchev (1894-1971) was leader of the Soviet Union from 1955 to 1964.
7. *Bumei Ziyue*, [www.bmzy005.com](http://www.bmzy005.com), now usually inaccessible because of official blocking.
8. Li Rui was once personal secretary to Mao Zedong. Li Shenzhi, who died in April 2003, was one of China's most important campaigners for political reform and democracy. Wu Mingyu, as Vice-Minister of the State Science and Technology Commission, was charged with heading up China's science reform in the 1980s, but subsequently fell out of favor. Sun Changjiang was a political reformer under the late Communist Party chief, Hu Yaobang. The translator was unable to find further information on Wu Xiang.
9. A librarian at Dickinson College, Song was in China researching the Cultural Revolution when he was arrested in his Beijing hotel on August 7, 1999 and eventually charged with "purchasing and illegally providing intelligence to parties outside of China." He was finally released on January 28, 2000 and allowed to return to the U.S.
10. Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn, author of *The Gulag Archipelago*, an indictment of the Soviet regime and its forced labor camps. The subsequent quote is translated from the Chinese.
11. Three-year-old Li Siyi was found dead in her Chengdu home on June 21, 2003, having apparently died of starvation after her mother was arrested on June 4, and police refused the mother's pleas to have someone look after the child. Ren Bumei has written a number of articles on this tragedy. One was previously translated in CRF: "After Li Siyi," CRF, No. 4, 2003, p. 32
12. Yu Jie is a dissident Chinese writer. Lu Kun is the wife of jailed dissident Yang Zhili.
13. Sun Zhigang, a college graduate from Hubei Province, died an unnatural death while being held at a Custody & Repatriation Center after he was detained in Guangzhou on March 17, 2003 for failing to produce a local residency permit. For a previous CRF article on this case, see Tong Yi, "Kidnapping by Police: Custody & Repatriation," CRF, No. 2, 2003, p. 42.