

# Tiananmen Square



*"ON June 4 in China  
In the spring of '89  
An order came from high above  
And passed on down the line  
The soldiers opened fire  
Young people bled and died  
The blood of thousands on the square  
That lies can never hide."*

This stanza, read from Phillip Morgan's poem "Blood on the Square", transfixed the 300 students and staff at the University of NSW who attended the remembrance ceremony of the 10th anniversary of the Tiananmen Square massacre.

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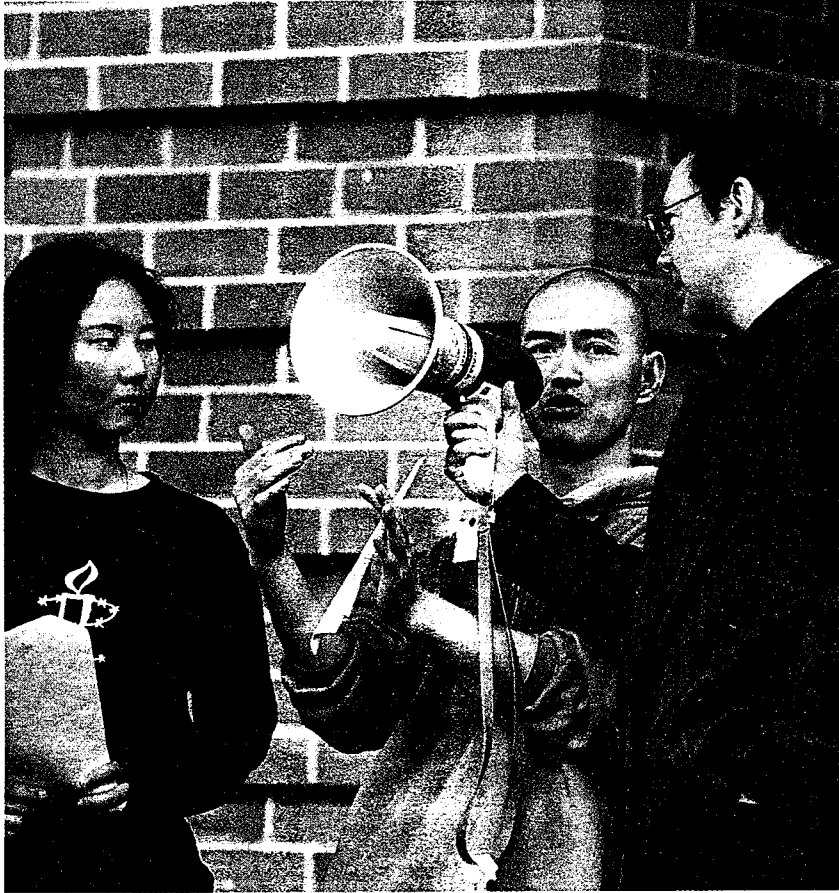
**Candles in the wind:** Amnesty candles (above) burn in remembrance of the 2600 Chinese students who died on June 4, 1989.

**Eternal flames:** UNSW Amnesty president Julia Wilson, Dr Jon von Kowallis and Elaine Chang (top) light candles to celebrate the lives of Tiananmen Square victims.

**Sharing the memories:** Protester Guo Jie (centre), who escaped the massacre, tells his story, as Dr Jon von Kowallis and Elaine Chang interpret (above right).

Photos: ROSS WILLIS

# massacre revisited



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Phillip Morgan's words, more than anything else, brought home the horror of the day China unleashed the full force of its army on its own young people.

The slaughter at Tiananmen Square on June 4, 1989, which saw Chinese tanks run over the bodies of dead students until they were turned to pulp, remains one of the blackest days for democracy and human rights in recent world history.

On Friday, the UNSW branch of Amnesty International staged a special commemoration ceremony to honour those who lost their lives standing up for their beliefs, UNSW Amnesty president Julia Wilson said.

The ceremony included candle lighting, the reading of Phillip Morgan's emotive poem and an address by Guo Jie, a Chinese student who survived the slaughter in Tiananmen Square.

"We will not forget the sacrifice of the Chinese students in Tiananmen Square. We will remember their courage and defiance," Ms Wilson said.

# NO YOU HAVE NOT DIED

Dedicated to the heroic 5th of April, 1976

Why are you crying with your face covered, TianAnMen Square?

Why are your pale lips trembling, TianAnMen Square?

Why are you bleeding from the chest, TianAnMen Square?

Why is your body in violent spasm, TianAnMen Square?

Answer me, TianAnMen Square!

By the burning fire, the magma containedd in your breast

By the bellow and roar you emitted that shook the heavens

Can it be that in the end you'll die this passively

Can it be that your resentful eyes will be closed forever

No You can not die

You have not died

The whole world sees on your face the expression of wrath

Confronted by bayonets and rifle-butts

You never turned and fled

Completely unarmed, you were trampled and savaged by wild beasts

Still, you would rather die than submit

Heroically falling into a pool of blood

No you did not die

You can not die

Your didn't yield and strike your colors

Your tattered banners  
didn't close their flame-red wings.

Your stifled poems and leaflets  
still emerge as hoarse cries

Your sledge-hammer fist in the silence  
still challenges to battle and promises to fight

Your badly-mangled body  
though silent, still accuses and gives battle-cries

Death is not for you

You're invincible

You are

I believe that freedom will not stop breathing

The mouth of truth can't be closed

There'll come a day

When you'll rise from the pools of blood

You'll be ten times or a hundred or even a thousand times  
stronger than now

You'll hoist anew the banners of wakening

Defeat those who aimed their guns at you

Solemnly, loudly proclaim the rights of the people

Night of April 8, 1976, impromptu

## SONG OF THE TORCHES

The Poet Says: My poem belongs to the future  
It belongs to the history textbooks of a future century

1.

Underway on the far-off horizon  
A-sway in the dark azure sky

Is a luminous legion, an army  
A quiet-flowing river of fire

That lights up the long-curtained windows  
And flows into doorways long closed to each other

Converging in each intersection  
And filling the vast dark of night

It leaps in the radiant pupils of eyes  
Consuming the lives of privation

Ah, torches, you reach out a thousand bright hands  
To open ten thousand irradiant throats

Rouse up the highways, rouse up the squares  
Rouse up that whole generation of people

Who have lost track of time and whom time has forgotten  
Whose thoughts are as rigid as objects of metal

Whose feelings are frozen as solid as ice  
Whose blood is cold as ice

On whose faces is written a glowering rage  
On their mouths engraved emptiness, hopelessness

Whose lives blossom fresh as the spring  
All full of the life force of youth

Yet still do they stagger, feet mired in the mud  
As a shadowy group wandering hither and yon

With their eyes covered over with dirt  
and their fouled hearts filthy with slime

Ah, torches, your radiant fingers  
Break open the soul's darkened rooms

Let strangers now become friendly  
People distant now become close

Let the hated ones now be accepted  
Let the jealous cast off their suspicions

Let the hateful attend virtue's call,

Let evil ones contemplate beauty

Let the unclean become purified  
Let black become white

You've brought on a world ruled by heat and by light  
All things are thus bright and pure, lofty, divine

In your circle of light, irresistible, magical  
Mankind is happily jumping for joy

2.

An on-flowing army of millions of torches  
Like a furnace inverted, an ocean of fire

Illumines a great bloated Monster  
Who is ruler of rulers, the king of all kings,

Who's an idol, a powerful symbol  
The cause and the outcome of all our disasters

And so in the light of the heavenly flames  
Man asks for the first time these serious questions

Why can one man control the wills of millions of people  
Why can one man prescribe life and death everywhere

Why should we bow and worship an idol  
And let superstition confine our will to live, our thoughts and emotions

Can it be that the idol is even more lovely than poetry and life  
Can it be that the idol shuts off the light of wisdom and truth

Can it be that the idol can stifle the longing for love and the calling of hearts  
Can it be that the idol is the cosmos, the entirety of life

Let man be restored to his honor and dignity  
Let life become life once again

Let music and virtue be the soul's inner essence  
Let beauty and nature be man's once again

Let each pair of eyes be a poem  
Let everyman cast off emotions' constraints

Let honor and glory be cast in the ash-pit of time  
Let time and all mankind forever be great

Let living become a reality  
Let reality result from our living

Let the young have encounters with sweetness and beauty  
Let peoples' old age be as calm as the evening

Let man no more guard against man  
Let each man be worthy of being a man

Oh, night's darkness won't make man forgetful of dawn  
For it rather enhances his yearning for light

Oh language of fire! You proclaim to the world that  
Man's life must now be rearranged

3.

Ring the great bell of truth, say the torches

Light the beacon of science, say the torches

Restore man his self-respect, say the torches

Send violence and force to perdition, say the torches

Confound and destroy the idolatrous shrines in our hearts, say the torches

Build a radiant palace of glistening gold, say the torches

How lofty the call of the fire  
How sacred a faith in the fire

How brilliant the breath of the fire  
How vivid the speech of the fire.

The fiery army grows  
The fiery river flows

The fiery furnace glows  
The fiery ocean rolls

The fiery hands tear off the night's weighty pall  
The fire is Lord of the whole universe

Mankind is baptized in this wondrous fire  
The world is transformed in this wondrous fire

In the flames the decrepit and old is destroyed  
While a new one all bloody leaps out of the womb

10 A. M. Aug. 8, 1969, inspiration received while suffocating  
Aug. 15, 1969 written while bathed in a flood of hot tears

# A MEMORIAL

A cherished recollection of the magnificent 4th of June, 1989

This is a day  
Of remembrance  
Of bayonet-points  
That have not been withdrawn  
Of the cry of a  
Dripping  
Bloody wing  
Of the open sky  
In the unclosed eyes  
Of the dead  
Of the loneliness  
Of clanking  
Chains  
Behind great walls  
Of the 4th of June  
In the year 1989  
Tiananmen  
Square

Written in tears, June 4, 1996 after listening to a Voice of America broadcast, while Qiu Xiao Yu Lan was playing a cassette recording of "Great Sadness" (a Buddhist lament) as a memorial to the great pain



## 新世纪与中国民主党 ——纪念六四十一周年在悉尼的演说

王希哲

今天纪念六四十一周年，也是2000年新世纪纪念的第一个六四。

六四的伟大意义，人们已经说得很多了，我今天想向大家强调的是，由徐文立、朱虞夫、王有才、查建国等勇士于1988年创立并坚持至今的中国民主党，是中国民主运动今天可以用来纪念六四的一件真正最伟大，最有意义的事情。

朋友们，今天中国最需要的是实行民主宪政，谁来推动实现民主宪政？靠民主的政党。大家看到，在台湾，当年的反对党——民进党已经执政了。从五十年代开始，台湾的反对运动，从雷震的民主党到七十年代的“党外”到八、九十年代的民进党他们不畏牺牲，前赴后继，不屈不挠地打拼，终于建成了一个强大，成熟的反对党，终于在刚结束的民主大选中，取得胜利，迫使百年执政的国民党和平移交了政权。在中华民族的一个地区，树立了中国人可以实行民主的生动榜样！

那末，反观大陆呢？大陆人民五十年来为争取民主付出的牺牲，决不比台湾人民少；特别是文革以来，大陆各地人民的秘密组党结社，甚至以公开的，大规模群众运动的形式向中共专制政权抗争，如四五运动，民主墙到六四，但都无一例外地被中共残酷镇压下去了，至今没有成功。它不说明大陆人民的素质和斗争意志比台湾人民差；它只说明，中共的专制统治机器比国民党当年威权统治机器要更强大的多，大陆人民面临的问题也要比台湾人民更复杂得多，因此，在大陆争取民主事业的胜利，也就要比台湾人民付出更多的牺牲和花费更多的时间。

但是，现在进入2000年新世纪了。如果我们文革以来，几代人奋斗几十年，甚至连一个反对党都无法在大陆建立起来，我们也说不过去了吧？我们也太无法向历史交待了吧？我们也太惭愧一点了吧？

民主在今天的世界是一个不可阻挡的潮流。民进党在台湾的执政给大陆人民上了伟大的一课：一个萌芽的，在野的，受到百般迫害的反对党通过不屈的奋斗是可以胜利上台的。“天”是会变的；“道”也是会变的，他们看在眼里，他们接受这个新的道理了。因此今天的大陆人民特别关心民主党，特别寄希望于民主党。

人心如此，那么在中国，突破党禁的日子已经不远了！

有人说，现在还太危险。等中共宣布开放党禁了，我再来组党吧。这种希望别人先去牺牲，自己“搭便车”，不劳而获的打算是可鄙的。但这种人在我们中国也实在太多。这种投机的人，他们在开放党禁以后才来组党，那时，他们靠什么来吸引群众呢？他们没有历史的本钱，他们必然只好靠提出一些哗众取宠的，甚至极端的口号，来煽动经济主义，地方分裂主义，非理性的阶级斗争主义，民族复仇主义和沙文主义。这些投机政客，这些投机政党，他们给那些刚刚开放走上民主道路的国家带来的巨大灾难，我们难道见的还少吗？

所以，你是一个真心希望祖国民主富强的精英，你今天就应该站出来，在千锤百炼中，接受人民审查和检验。

朋友们，中国民主党已经拥有许多精英，但我们期盼更多的陈水扁、谢长廷式

的治国之才，尽早参加到我们队伍中来。在我看来，徐文立、王希哲这一代人不过是开路人，垫脚石。我们承担的是施明德、许信良承担过的历史责任。我衷心地盼望着有一天，我们大陆的中国民主党的“陈水扁”，能够踏在我们的肩膀上，跨进未来民主中国总统府的大门！

朋友们，当此六四十一周年的时候，我来到南太平洋的澳大利亚说这些话，就是为了让更多的人关心中国民主党，更多的人呼吁释放徐文立，朱虞夫，查建国等三十几位民主党领导人，让中国民主党早日成为一个真正合法与共产党进行公开平等竞争的强大的反对党。  
谢谢大家

2006年6月4日于悉尼