

Chapter 1 : Black Hands of Beijing: Lives of Defiance in China's Democracy Movement by George Black

*Black Hands of Beijing: Lives of Defiance in China's Democracy Movement [George Black, Robin Munro] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. A riveting chronicle of Communist oppression and the struggle for democratic reform in China from to the present.*

The following excerpt is taken from *Black Hands of Beijing*: The uncompromising mood of those who remained at the square threatened to engulf even Chai Ling. It was the best attended meeting of the entire movement, and in many ways the most representative. Crafted by the radical poet Lao Mu and by Gan Yang, author of "The Final Showdown Between Darkness and Light," the May 27 statement was perhaps the most significant document of the entire movement. As Chen Ziming read through the draft, he could not help recalling the course of his adult political life. At Democracy Wall, he had offered Beijing Spring as a weapon for Deng and his fellow reformers in their battles with the die-hard Maoists of the Whateverist faction. Throughout the s, Chen had beaten vainly on the doors of the reformers with offers of help. But now he had to concur with the May 27 statement: The greatness of the present movement lay in its independence from all inner-Party struggles. Chen had learned the painful lesson that no good could ever come of allying the democrats with any faction behind the walls of Zhongnanhai. On the contrary, leaders would now be judged by their attitudes toward the cause of democratic reform. As long as the students refused to budge, was there any alternative but to call vainly for the NPC to remove Li Peng, something they knew would never happen? It represented the views of the Tiananmen Square Command Headquarters. If the NPC did not call an emergency session within the next few days, "then the large-scale peaceful petition activities in Tiananmen Square will continue at least until June 20" - the date of the next regularly scheduled session of the NPC. Wang Juntao opened the meeting by calling on the students to give their daily report. They would stage a triumphant withdrawal on Sunday, May 28, timed to coincide with worldwide demonstrations of support. On the face of it, this was dramatic news, but it was common knowledge by now that there was a bitter split between the BSAF and the more powerful Tiananmen Square Command Headquarters, without whose approval nothing could be done. At this point, Chai Ling and her husband, Feng Congde, entered the room. What was their view? Chai Ling said she was exhausted and confused. Much as she might want to prolong the occupation, the practical obstacles were becoming insurmountable. There was a steady exodus of students from the square; they were running out of supplies; and how much longer could one expect the citizens to go on blocking the martial law troops? Perhaps the BSAF proposal made sense after all, she said dejectedly. A ripple of approval passed through the room. Could it really be that the impasse was to be resolved without bloodshed? The new proposal would allow the movement to claim a resounding moral victory. The Capital Joint Liaison Group suggested only one amendment to the proposal. May 28 was the next day; perhaps it would be better to wait until Tuesday, May 30, to prepare a final citywide victory march. After that, the students would return to their campuses. All eyes were on Chai Ling. The vote was unanimous. The meeting broke up amid relief and embraces. Catastrophe had been averted. Everyone rushed back to Tiananmen Square to report to the Command Headquarters. How can that decision be overturned so quickly? Beijing will be under army control. All our hopes will be gone! She broke down in tears. Someone grabbed a pen and added new wording to the ten-point statement. Someone else crossed it out again. By the time Wang Dan read the statement at a press conference that evening, the paper was a mass of illegible scribbles. When Wang Dan reached the eighth point, he paused for a moment, then softly read on, "It has been proposed to the Capital Joint Liaison Group that the students evacuate Tiananmen Square on May Another emergency conclave; another rewrite. When the students emerged, the document had been rewritten again: Wang Juntao and Chen Ziming knew now that nothing could hold back the storm that hovered over Beijing any longer. They had failed for thirteen years to convince the government of the need for moderation; now, after barely thirteen days, they had failed to curb the excesses of the students. They had placed themselves in the jaws of a vise, and it was now about to crush them. Chai Ling spent the next day, May 28, in a state of nervous exhaustion, racked with grief and guilt. In the evening, she returned to the square. She no longer knew whom to trust. It was time for someone else to

clean up the mess. She begged Li Lu to try to straighten things out. The provincial students congratulated themselves for reviving the moribund movement. The garbage in the square was cleared away, and the stinking portable toilets were removed and cleaned. A new consignment of tents and large injections of cash arrived from well-wishers in Hong Kong; the brightly colored tents, square nylon domes on sturdy tubular frames, soon went up in neat, orderly rows. A visitor from Hong Kong took Chai Ling to a nearby hotel, let her take a shower, and gave her a change of clothes. In better spirits, she told Li Lu that she felt ready to return to the fray. Meanwhile, a group of students prepared a scaffold at the northern end of the square, directly facing the great portrait of Mao; it was to support a statue that was being sculpted from Styrofoam at the Central Academy of Fine Arts. The statue - the Goddess of Democracy - arrived on the night of May 29 on a half dozen flatbed Beijing bicycles. That night, strong winds lashed Tiananmen Square, bringing sudden gusts of rain. But work on the Goddess went on. The statue, staring defiantly across at the Great Helmsman, was an affront to the Party. So was the sparkling new tent city. But the die had already been cast. The government stripped Zhao Ziyang of his official posts on May 26 and rooted out the faint hearts in the PLA command. This time the troops would not be humiliated; the square would be retaken. Yet even with this decision made, the Party continued to have kind words for the students - the whole Party at that, even eighty-seven-year-old Peng Zhen, the oldest and crustiest of the elders. The workers and the laobaixing would not. Black Hands of Beijing: To order a copy of this book, please call , or visit your local bookstore. Also available from Amazon.

Black Hands of Beijing: Lives of Defiance in China's Democracy Movement, by George Black and Robin Munro (New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc.,), pp. - The phrase "Tiananmen Square massacre" is now fixed firmly in the political vocabulary of the late twentieth century.

Chen Ziming, 62 years old, died from pancreatic cancer Tuesday afternoon in Beijing, according to close friends. Chen and fellow activist Wang Juntao were accused by the government of being the masterminds behind the protests. In , both were sentenced to 13 years in prison, in a trial authorities used to bolster the official line that the protests had been the work of a handful of conspirators rather than a movement with mass appeal. A biochemist by training, Mr. Chen was already an established political figure by the time of the Tiananmen Square protests. He helped run Beijing Spring, a short-lived but celebrated pro-reform journal shuttered following the Democracy Wall movement, and was the manager of Economic Weekly, an influential magazine that had received a stamp of approval from Communist Party leader Hu Yaobang in early . In , along with Mr. Wang, he also co-founded the Beijing Social and Economic Sciences Research Institute, a think tank that advocated political and economic reform. It was that influence and organizational ability that led to Mr. Chen. That same dynamic has played out in China in the two decades since: While the Communist Party is occasionally willing to tolerate outspoken critics, it has been aggressive in going after those who perceived as setting up rival political organizations. That includes members of New Citizens Movement, a moderate civic group that has recently been decimated by detentions and arrests. Chen, who had suffered from heart and liver problems, was released from prison on medical parole in . At the time, the U. Unlike many other prominent figures associated with the protests, Mr. Chen chose to stay in China after his release, despite being diagnosed with cancer after leaving prison. He was thrown back in prison in after staging a hour hunger strike to mark the anniversary of the June 4 crackdown, and was released again the next year, just ahead of a visit to Beijing by then-U. Secretary of State Warren Christopher. Wang, who was also released on medical parole in , left to live in exile the U. In , he was granted permission to travel to Hong Kong to research political reform. He also frequently wrote and spoke to foreign media about Chinese politics.

Chapter 3 : Book life in defiance pdf free download

Black Hands of Beijing: Lives of Defiance in China's Democracy Movement, by George Black and Robin Munro (New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc.,), pp. The squalor of Tiananmen mounted as temperatures soared into the mid-nineties and the bursts of heat were punctuated by sudden heavy rain showers.

Black Hands of Beijing: Anarchism in the Chinese Revolution by Arif Dirlik. University of California Press. The Chinese anarchist is an individual confronted by a very special set of historical and philosophical circumstances, conditions nearly opposite those of the Western activist. The three young activists whose lives are described in the former volume and the many radicals who form the cast of *Dr. It* perhaps should not be this way, but Chinese society seems to take any single influence and shape it to be a purely nativist experience. What about the fate of Marxism if considered from this view? Does it mean that it was destined to fail because it could not be made sufficiently Chinese? The first study, one of the most helpful works in explaining the events leading up to the Tiananmen protests, takes three quite different young men through the process of emerging from ordinary lives to be among those individuals most hated and feared by the Communist government. Chen Ziming was a science student who appeared in the first democracy movement of These three were the evil "black hands" behind the student revolt, according to the CP hierarchy. These were the three enemies of society that dared to call for independent trade unions, free elections, an end to censorship and the secret police, and an end to single-party rule and centralized government. Each received a heavy prison sentence and only Han has been released to date because the authorities were worried this wildly popular figure would die in their care, once he had been purposely infected with tuberculosis. Though so different in personality and circumstance, the "black hands" share a number of traits: Their story reads like a thriller. These show Chinese anarchism to be not simply part of the mainstream of early 20th century Chinese politics but the dominant source of revolutionary thinking in this century into the early s. This is a remarkable story and one we are only just beginning to learn about. In , in China, the historian Lu Zhe of Nanjing University published a major history of Chinese anarchism; and now we hear gossip that many scholarly papers are being produced on the subject by Chinese scholars and that the American historians Edward Krebs, Marilyn Levine, and Diana Scherer are preparing studies for publication. Dirlik informs us that his volume is only a preliminary one, "an attempt to lay the groundwork for further study. While I found him frequently brilliant in his flashes and summations, his *Anarchism* is not so much a historical narrative as a history of ideas. His chief purpose in this study is to remind us that a major problem for the anarchist movement is marginalization and that this prevents us from fully embracing the useful responsibility of living out the ideas of radical democracy. Whatever the contributions of the anarchists to the Chinese revolution of " and Dirlik would argue that these were many and of the greatest importance " no one can argue that they were sufficient to halt the brutal sweep of Communist power once real organization began with the forming of the May Fourth movement in I think Dirlik would agree, however, that the Chinese have a good opportunity to rediscover their anarchist past as they search through the fragments of a failed socialism; the record of the societies, intellectual study groups, scores of revolutionary journals, and utopian projects may still shape action for the future.

Black Hands of Beijing has 4 ratings and 0 reviews. A riveting chronicle of Communist oppression and the struggle for democratic reform in China from

The following excerpt is taken from *Black Hands of Beijing*: The phrase "Tiananmen Square massacre" is now fixed firmly in the political vocabulary of the late twentieth century. Yet it is inaccurate. There was no massacre in Tiananmen Square on the night of June 3. To insist on this distinction is not splitting hairs. What took place was the slaughter not of students but of ordinary workers and residents - precisely the target that the Chinese government had intended. Many of the press were on the real killing grounds of western Beijing, several miles away, and they reported vividly and accurately on what they saw. Some who tried to remain in the square were arrested and did not see the final PLA assault. Others were pinned down behind roadblocks. Still others were working in their hotels to meet early-morning filing deadlines for media in distant time zones. The lack of eyewitnesses was the first problem in establishing what happened on that fearsome night in Beijing. But there were other, more profound questions about how the foreign media saw their role in the Beijing spring. Whether or not it happened in reality, it was the necessary consummation of an allegory of innocence, sacrifice, and redemption. To this, the rhetoric of the students themselves contributed mightily. On the first day of the hunger strike, they declared, "Our bodies are still tender and not full grown, and the prospect of dying frightens us all; but history calls and we must go. On May 28, with the students in disarray over the issue of withdrawing from the square, she said that "it would take a massacre, which would spill blood like a river through Tiananmen Square, to awaken the people. Imagination filled the gaps. Into the vacuum rushed the most lurid tales of the supposed denouement in the square. A widely recounted eyewitness report, purportedly from a student at Qinghua University, spoke of the students on the Monument being mowed down at point-blank range by a bank of machine guns at four in the morning. The survivors had then either been chased across the square by tanks and crushed, or clubbed to death by infantrymen. But it was all pure fabrication. By the time historians began to correct the record, the episode was enshrined in myth: Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of students had died in a massacre in Tiananmen Square. No one had been listening to what Peng Zhen said: The students were not the problem. The official conspiracy theory demanded other threats and other scapegoats - "outside elements" with "ulterior motives. After their ruthless repression under Mao, the intelligentsia had been granted a kind of historic compromise by Deng. After Tiananmen, they would be singled out for punishment. The working class, meanwhile, had become the carrier of an even more dangerous virus - the Polish disease. The Beijing Workers Autonomous Federation, tiny though it may have been, was the "cancer cell" the authorities feared. The Goddess of Democracy represented the arrogant intrusion of decadent Western values into the symbolic heart of Chinese Communism, rupturing the sacred cosmology, the feng shui of the great square. But the crude red and black banner of the BWAFF, less than a hundred yards away, signified the more terrifying power of the workers awakened. The students initiated the Tiananmen movement, and they brilliantly outmaneuvered and embarrassed a leaden-footed government. But after the mass demonstrations of mid-May, the threat from the students was dwarfed by the intervention of much broader social forces. This threat was like a pyramid. The second level was the ideological defection of the Party apparatus itself. Faced with the crumbling of its power, the Party imposed martial law on May 20. But again it miscalculated. Its inner defections had progressed further than anyone realized; it did not even have control over its own secrets, and it failed to anticipate that its tanks would be halted by a human wall of protesters. After May 20, the pickets, the Dare-to-Die squads, and the Flying Tigers virtually took over the day-to-day running of the city. The PSB and the traffic police disappeared from view. The students, in the final analysis, were marginal to the threat. But ironically, one of their main arguments for prolonging the occupation of Tiananmen was that they had nothing to lose: Since they were the heroes and focal point of the movement, the incarnation of all the government hated, it therefore followed that they would suffer the fiercest repercussions. Chai Ling had been shaken by a conversation with a plainclothes police officer in the early days of the movement. She had asked him what the maximum sentence was for

counterrevolution. Seventeen years, the man answered. She would be forty by the time she got out. But the government saw the matter quite differently: To deal with the students, it was enough to drive them from the square and herd them back to their campuses. Mass self-criticisms would follow, and probably bad job placements. In the case of the more obstinate ringleaders, those who refused to repent, short jail sentences might be necessary. But the larger threat could be eradicated only by the application of brute force, terror, and exemplary punishment. The specter of organized popular unrest had to be exorcised not for a year or two, but for an entire generation. The northern end of the square was now almost deserted. Three of its crew had been beaten to death; the fourth was escorted to safety by student pickets. Several dead bodies lay under the portrait of Mao on Tiananmen Gate. The southern part of the square, below the Mao Mausoleum, was littered with burning cars and buses but empty of people. In the north end, almost the only sign of life was the emergency tent of the Beijing United Medical College. Surrounded by a thin circle of student pickets, doctors worked feverishly to save a steady stream of casualties. By then, almost all the students had withdrawn to the three tiers of the Monument: They seemed calm, almost resigned. Some quietly wrote their wills. There was no sense of panic, though the steady chatter of gunfire could be heard on the fringes of the square and in the darkness beyond. Abruptly, the remaining loudspeakers burst to life with an endlessly repeated warning: A "serious counterrevolutionary rebellion" had broken out; everyone was to leave the square immediately. The main invasion force, entering the city from the west, arrived at the smoldering ruins of the BWAFF tents at 2: The first column of troop transport trucks entered the square hesitantly, moving forward at walking pace. Groups of infantry escorted them, at first just a thin line, but soon increasing to a dense column, thousands of troops, all wearing steel helmets and carrying assault rifles. They took about an hour to deploy fully along the northern edge of the square. Several hundred troops moved across from Tiananmen Gate to seal the northeast entrance to the square. A student named Ke Feng, one of the main organizers of the Goddess of Democracy project, was hiding in the small park outside the Museum of Chinese History. Thousands of silent troops, each carrying an AK and a long wooden cudgel, positioned themselves along the steps in front of the museum. On the other side of the square, in front of the Great Hall of the People, it was the same. Only a small exit corridor in the southeast would be left open. At the stroke of 4: But still the attack on Tiananmen Square did not materialize. For a quarter of an hour after 4: The students remained seated on the Monument, as before. No one made any move to leave. Noiselessly, as if in a dream, a busload of student reinforcements appeared from the southeast. The loudspeakers on the Monument crackled back on and a voice announced - deadpan, as if reading a railroad schedule - "We will now play the Internationale, to raise our fighting spirit. At the same time, floodlights went on along the facade of the Forbidden City. Next, the southernmost doors of the Great Hall swung open, releasing a river of gun-toting troops, many of them with fixed bayonets. These soldiers formed an L-shaped blocking line across to the front of the Mao Mausoleum. We must on no account quit the square. We will now pay the highest price possible for the sake of securing democracy in China. Our blood shall be the consecration. It was an anonymous leader of the BWAFF. There are troops surrounding us on all sides and the situation is now extraordinarily dangerous. To wish to die here is no more than an immature fantasy. On the government side, every vestige of reason seemed to disappear. But in the end reason triumphed, after a fashion, among the protesters who held on in the square. For that, the four members of the seventy-two-hour hunger strike could take the greatest credit. In the final predawn hours, they went among the crowd at the Monument, persuading some demonstrators to surrender their sticks, chains, and bottles, arguing with them that resistance was futile. To their horror, they discovered one fifteen-year-old at the foot of the Monument with a machine gun, hidden in padded quilts, trained on the advancing army. The boy was incoherent with grief. Someone said they had killed his brother. The gun was wrested away from him, and Liu Xiaobo, the professor who had recently returned from New York, took it and smashed it to pieces.

Chapter 5 : Black Hands of Beijing June

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