

MY FIGHT FOR A NEW TAIWAN

ONE WOMAN'S JOURNEY
FROM PRISON TO POWER

LU HSIU-LIEN *and* ASHLEY ESAREY

Foreword by Jerome A. Cohen

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CHAPTER 5

HUMAN RIGHTS RIOT

FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN DARKENED THE DAYS FOLLOWING THE cancellation of elections. Would the government make scapegoats of Dangwai candidates? Would war break out as China, encouraged by its new relationship with the United States, became more belligerent? Would society disintegrate into panic and widespread unrest? The Dangwai candidates issued a statement demanding the government restore elections and allow the Taiwanese people to determine the nation's course. Then all we could do was wait.

Advised against returning to Taoyuan, I decided to stay with my friend Li Ang, a famous woman novelist. Anti-Americanism raged on the streets in Taipei. Listening to the radio, we learned of protests in front of the US embassy and of an attack on the swanky American Officers' Club, where military personnel held dances and parties.

Meanwhile, I holed up in Taipei and worried for the safety of my family in Taoyuan. Death threats continued to pour in, as well as allegations that I was in league with the CIA and the "running dog of the Americans." How else, Nationalist extremists reasoned, could I have known of the impending abrogation of US-Taiwan diplomatic relations? In the middle of the night, Brother's neighborhood rang with cries: "Fire! Fire!" It was a false alarm but a disturbing one. He called the police station, which sent two officers over to guard the house. Brother's children, who were attending junior high school at the time, drew scorn from classmates and teachers for my political activities. During the weekly school assembly, the principal launched into a

lengthy diatribe criticizing Dangwai leaders Hsu Hsin-liang, Chang Te-ming, and me—an attempt to humiliate and demoralize our family. Brother also tried to shield Mother from the political storm outside. But he couldn't keep her from hearing the whispers on the streets and in the marketplace, and her anxiety continued to mount, even if she could not grasp the full complexity of the situation.

On January 18, 1979, President Chiang Ching-kuo announced the government would suspend the elections for an indefinite period of time. This forced opposition politicians to search for a new strategy to push Nationalists to reform, and ultimately, to relinquish power. Yet all other alternatives seemed to lie outside the limits allowed under martial law. The choice the Dangwai faced was to challenge the government more directly or retreat. Large public demonstrations and the establishment of independent magazines were manifestations of a new, fundamentally populist challenge to Nationalist rule, which arose on the heels of the government's decision to quash dissent.

My campaign for National Assembly had left me deeply in debt. I had borrowed heavily from the bank at high interest rates and spent a considerable amount on publicity. Eldest Sister helped me pay back some of the debt, in accordance with father's principle, "Never owe anyone anything." But this served to compound my guilt. My political adventurism had jeopardized the safety of my family members, and now they had to bail me out. It was too much. As I cast about for a means of bringing myself out of the red, the idea of publishing a magazine came to mind.

Three days after the cancellation of elections, I approached Dangwai elder Huang Hsin-chieh to propose the formation of a weekly magazine along the lines of *Time* or *Newsweek* in the United States. He was the main financier for many opposition enterprises and quickly became an enthusiastic supporter of the idea. Founding magazines was by no means a new endeavor for opposition politicians. Since the ban imposed on the formation of newspapers in the late 1940s, magazines had been the primary means by which Dangwai politicians could advance an alternative political agenda. Although, once they grew

popular, magazines often became targets of government repression and were forced to shut down or continue publishing underground.

In the weeks after my meeting with Huang, I learned that other Dangwai leaders were preparing to publish the new monthly *Formosa Magazine* (Meilidao zazhi), and I toyed briefly with plans to publish my own separate magazine called *Penetration* (Toushi). I had all but written off cooperation with the Dangwai when Huang Hsin-chieh approached me about joining *Formosa Magazine* as deputy publisher and editor. He advised me to sign on for the sake of Dangwai solidarity.

In the absence of real opposition parties and independent media in Taiwan, *Formosa Magazine* was to serve both of these roles. All the key Dangwai leaders, with the exception of Legislator Kang Ning-hsiang, were on the magazine's staff. That meant the same people who had opposed my political campaign now grudgingly included me. A friend, Chang Chun-nan, once drew a cartoon of the decision-making structure of the *Formosa* group. Huang Hsin-chieh was a hat, Hsu Hsin-liang was the face, Yao Chia-wen the neck, Chang Chun-hung the chest, and Shih Ming-teh the legs. The dashing but evasive Shih Ming-teh, who had already served one life sentence in prison for discussing Taiwan independence, was essential for supporting and activating the entire structure. Shih rarely appeared in public. Legislator Huang Hsin-chieh, on the other hand, was the hat that protected and shaded the head. His position as a national legislator gave him symbolic importance. County Chief Executive Hsu Hsin-liang was the famous face that drew attention yet lacked real courage and depth of commitment. Yao Chia-wen was the neck that connected the head with the body. He had a stabilizing and strategic role and could be very stubborn—a bit of a stiff neck. Finally, Chang Chun-hung was the chest and the producer of all the rhetoric and public statements, the source of wind that sounded the horn of the opposition's advance. Never really an insider, I didn't earn the distinction of a body part in the cartoon, although I might have been portrayed as one or both of the hands. My role was primarily that of rally organizer and administrator, a position that seldom made me privy to the secret counsel of the magazine's leadership.

Not surprisingly, in the months that led up to the first issue of *Formosa Magazine*, I spent most of my time engaged in other endeavors. The book I had published during the elections, *Taiwan: Past and Future*, needed revision after the abrogation of US-Taiwan ties and the normalization of the Washington-Beijing relationship. This became the first of three books in a series I published with two other associates. The second book was *Looking Through Hsu Hsin-liang*, primarily a profit-making venture; it sold well because Hsu was the hottest topic in Taiwan politics at the time. The third book in the series, *The Unfinished Campaign*, examined the future of the Dangwai-sponsored reform measures after the cancellation of elections.

In June 1979, an opposition colleague, Chang Chun-nan, and I established an organization called the Dangwai Candidate Association. This association of candidates in the 1978 elections shared many of the same members as the magazine staff, but it operated in a more democratic fashion than Dangwai leadership as a whole. In the Dangwai Candidate Association, we elected board members and voted on procedure and association events. Too often for my comfort, the cartoon "features" of *Formosa Magazine* made important decisions without consulting others or bringing matters to a vote.

By midsummer, the relationship between Dangwai and the Nationalist authorities had become even more tense. Earlier that year, Hsu Hsin-liang and others had led protests against the wrongful imprisonment of one opposition politician, Yu Teng-fa, who the government accused of consorting with Communists in an elaborate frame-up involving allegations of smuggling. The demonstrations held to protest Yu Teng-fa's capture attracted hundreds of people and were the first large-scale demonstrations held under martial law. After the cancellation of the elections, the opposition had taken politics into the streets, a development that the Nationalists viewed with mounting fear and resentment.

Hsu Hsin-liang paid a price for his boldness. Searching for legal loopholes to bring him down, the government found that Hsu had not followed protocol in applying for personal leave as Taoyuan County chief executive before heading to the southern city of Kaohsiung to

lead a demonstration. On June 28, the government's watchdog institution, the Control Yuan, suspended Hsu Hsin-liang as Taoyuan County chief executive.

Since I had studied law, Dangwai leaders decided I would go to court to pick up the formal court decision on the day Hsu's suspension was announced. During the subsequent press conference, a provincial assemblyman, Lin Yi-hsiung, walked in wearing rubber flip-flop sandals. These were typically informal Taiwanese footwear, but such events were less formal then. Someone told me that he was sick and couldn't stay long at the press conference, so I invited him to speak first.

"The Nationalist Party (not the Dangwai!) is a rebellious organization," he started. "Internationally, it uses fake democracy to deceive friendly nations. Domestically, it uses the pretext of recovering mainland China to deceive the people." This was vintage Lin Yi-hsiung rhetoric—direct, honest, and provocative. A stunned silence fell over the assembled reporters. In 1979, no one but Lin dared to speak like this.

After the press conference, we went to the home of Huang Hsin-chieh to discuss the most recent political development: the transformation of Kaohsiung City from a provincial city administered under the Taiwan provincial government to a so-called "directly administered" special municipality. Supposedly, once the population of a city reached one million, its status would be elevated to equal that of a province. In the same way that provincial leaders were appointed by the Executive Yuan, mayors of these directly administrated cities were appointed rather than elected. The change deprived the people of Kaohsiung City of the right to elect their mayor, and reflected the government's latest ploy to retain control of the leadership in Taiwan's largest cities.

I proposed that we hold a rally to protest Hsu's removal. At the time, the political atmosphere was very intense in northern Taiwan and Taoyuan County, where Hsu Hsin-liang had been chief executive. The Nationalists predicted riots in the north and reinforced their military and police presence there. Even Hsu Hsin-liang himself grew

reluctant to force the government's hand. But the south of Taiwan was left unguarded. I suggested we make secret preparations for a rally in Kaohsiung.

Yao Chia-wen and others had doubts that we could pull it off in the three days remaining before July 1, the date Kaohsiung would be made a special municipality, and a symbolic day for our demonstration advocating democratic reform. But Chang Chun-nan volunteered to take care of all the arrangements as long as Dangwai leaders agreed to speak. The others agreed to allow Chang Chun-nan and me organize the event. Even Yao Chia-wen seemed curious to see what we could accomplish.

Chang Chun-nan rented a bus with a loud microphone. I had banners made that read, sarcastically: "To 'celebrate' the changing status of Kaohsiung, meet the Dangwai tonight at Rotary Park!" When I arrived at Chang's home on the morning of July 1, I saw the bus parked in front of his house and several men standing about who looked like government secret agents.

Chang handled their surveillance with characteristic wit. He put his family and several of his students on the bus and loudly told a representative from the bus rental company that he was taking workers from his factory on a day trip. The agents overheard this and seemed to buy the story. As I got on the bus, the tour guide gave her usual welcoming speech, as if we were going sightseeing. We tried not to giggle as she introduced tourist attractions.

After we arrived in Kaohsiung, I brought out the banners and hung them on the sides of the bus. The bus driver realized he had been tricked, but he was Taiwanese and didn't seem to mind. Then, at a time and place designated beforehand, the Dangwai leaders all stepped onto the bus, with secret police tailing us in hot pursuit. The bus cruised the streets of Kaohsiung, publicizing our rally over the bus microphone, until the Kaohsiung City police pulled us over. They claimed we were too loud, a convenient excuse to get us off the road. Several Dangwai leaders stood arguing with police, while a crowd of onlookers gathered around and a unit of military police marched over. The police didn't know what to do. The Nationalists had been taken

by surprise after focusing their riot-control strategy on Taoyuan and Chungli to the north, expecting protests there following Hsu Hsin-liang's removal. With just an hour of publicity, the word of the Dangwai event spread quickly throughout Kaohsiung, and that evening a crowd of 10,000 attended our rally in Rotary Park, a large turnout for an "illegal" political event.

A crucial turning point in Nationalist tolerance of Dangwai activism occurred later in July, at a monthly meeting held by the Dangwai Candidate Association in Taichung, a city in central Taiwan. The agenda would have been perfectly innocuous in any democratic country—a day of speeches and lectures at a hotel, followed by a rally in the park nearby. But as soon as the bus carrying opposition leaders entered Taichung, it was clear that the Bureau of Investigation had done its homework. Military police stood in pairs at the intersections of nearby streets. At the park, just a hundred yards away, stood a line of fire trucks.

Police stopped us in front of the hotel and demanded that the banners advertising the event be taken off the sides of the bus. The banners read "Dangwai Candidate Association," and I was quite proud of the fact that never before had the word "Dangwai" appeared in print, not even during the 1978 political campaign. A huge argument ensued. Why were our banners prohibited, I demanded, when those of traveling Buddhist monks and foreign dignitaries were not? As the debate grew more heated, a group of youths appeared and started shouting at us, "Kill the Communists! The people of Taichung don't welcome you!" The youths were right-wing extremists to whom our opposition to the party-state made us "Communist" sympathizers.

A large crowd of onlookers gathered to see what was going on. Folksinger Chiu Chue-chen took out his guitar and started singing Taiwanese songs, just as firefighters turned their hoses on the crowd. Agitators and onlookers alike were drenched. Angry people wrestled with the firefighters for control of the hoses in a massive fire-hose squirt-gun fight. The police chief radioed for a unit of riot police armed with shields, masks, and electric "cattle prods." To add a dose of satire to what had become a ludicrous spectacle, the Dangwai started sing-

ing "Recover the Chinese Mainland," a song popular within the military. The riot police responded by attacking the crowd with electric cattle prods. Dozens of people fell dizzy and vomiting on the ground. The Dangwai hurriedly boarded the bus. Yao Chia-wen was so angry that he stood in the door of the bus kicking the right-wing agitators as the bus drove away. Chang Chun-hung and Chang Chun-nan got on the bus loudspeaker and denounced the brutality of Nationalist rule. When the bus pulled away from the hotel, it was accompanied by a long line of squad cars that tailed us until we left the city limits.

We spent the night outside town and drove back into the city the next day, intent on holding a press conference in the hotel coffee shop. The place was crawling with secret police. The press had apparently been frightened away. All I could do was read a statement protesting police conduct. "We'll be back for justice in one month's time," I announced, before walking out.

One month later, I had devised our counterattack. The secret police had tapped most of our phone lines, so the Dangwai used several telephone conversations to trick the government into thinking we planned to hold a rally down in Taichung outside the same hotel on August 28.

"Linda," I said, while speaking on the phone to Shih Ming-teh's American wife, "don't forget to bring the microphone!"

"No problem, did the banners come out all right?"

"Perfectly."

On the day of the feigned rally, Chang Chun-nan went to check out the Nationalist response, asking a Dangwai groupie, who we suspected was a Nationalist spy, to go with him. The rest of us stayed home. Chang waited in the hotel coffee shop, while right-wing protestors and agents gathered outside. When no other Dangwai showed up, the agitators knew they had been fooled. This ruse confirmed our suspicions that Dangwai activities were being monitored very closely and that right-wing rabble-rousers in league with the government were Nationalist mercenaries—possibly recruited from mainlander underworld gangs—or were government agents in disguise.

The Dangwai Candidate Association filed charges against the Tai-

chung Police Department for excessive use of force and violation of civil rights in the riot of July 28. We also filed charges with the military court against the Garrison Command, the government organization in charge of the secret police. Both cases proved fruitless but served as precedents for using the judicial system to mount institutional challenges to the Nationalist monopoly in power.

By early September, the Dangwai-sponsored *Formosa Magazine* was ready to promote the release of its first issue. Hsu Hsin-liang assigned me to organize a big media splash by throwing a cocktail party at the Cathay Hotel in Taipei. All the important Dangwai figures would be invited, as well as a number of journalists and most of the prominent Nationalist leaders.

By the late 1970s, moderates within the Nationalist ranks advocated the inclusion of more Taiwanese in governmental positions and negotiation with Dangwai politicians. Hard-liners favored a more iron-fisted approach to silencing the opposition and held greater influence over the military establishment and secret services. As relations with the Dangwai deteriorated further, the hard-liners advocated the use of coercion to crush dissent. We hoped to cultivate a better relationship with Nationalist moderates by inviting them to attend the *Formosa's* promotional party. The attendance of important Nationalist officials would also lend an air of legitimacy to Dangwai activities.

Experience renting space for activities opposed by the government had taught me, as the event's organizer, to be devious. Too often the hotel or landlord would turn us out as soon as the Nationalists turned up the pressure. Hsu Hsin-liang suggested giving a very large deposit to the Cathay Hotel, complete with a contract stipulating that if the hotel annulled the agreement, it would have to pay compensation twice the amount of the deposit. I reserved a room large enough for five hundred guests, under the false pretense of hosting a wedding banquet.

Sure enough, as soon as secret agents got wind of the event, they leaned on the hotel management to cancel the agreement. The hotel manager, afraid to lose such a large sum of money, pleaded with me to

go to the local police precinct and get a permit beforehand. With the Nationalist Kuan Chung negotiating for us, we were granted a permit, after it was pointed out that, with the exception of President Chiang Ching-kuo, almost all major Nationalist officials were invited to the cocktail party.

My plan called for making the event a very formal occasion, in order to give the impression that the Dangwai was a mature and well-organized opposition party. I had grown concerned by the cowboy-style showdown mentality of some of my colleagues and hoped that a more moderate approach might forge new political paths. Invitations were ornate and delicate. Visual aides were erected inside the banquet hall outlining Dangwai policy goals and recent events. I even wore a red-laced Chinese *qipao*, a traditional long, slim dress, for the occasion.

Tactical resistance by Nationalist hard-liners made my moderate approach extremely difficult. Just hours before the party was to start, dozens of Nationalist loyalists gathered outside the Cathay Hotel to protest the event. They had been misinformed that the radical Dangwai independence advocate, Chen Wan-chen, would return from the United States for the occasion. (In fact, she was on the government's blacklist and barred from coming home.) Mostly veterans of the Nationalist civil war in China, the men picketed with banners saying "Indict the National Bandit Chen Wan-chen" and "Is Patriotism a Crime?" and "Beat Hsu Hsin-liang to the ground!"

As the guests began to arrive, the crowd of protesters grew larger and more aggressive. The demonstration blocked the main street in front of the hotel, and riot police were called in to prevent a clash. Several women mistaken for Chen Wan-chen were attacked. The situation outside descended into chaos, prompting the police to bring in two armored buses and to offer to escort magazine employees away.

"Today's cocktail party is legal and nonviolent," I announced from the podium. "The illegal behavior is that of the protestors outside. Anyway, to leave just as the party is getting started would be inappropriate. Therefore, I ask the police to please remove the protestors, and invite everyone here to wait and see how the Nationalists handle the situation."

Applause greeted my remarks and everyone remained in their seats. The protest did not abate. Apparently, members of the Presbyterian Church had arrived outside and distributed to the crowd a declaration demanding democracy and Taiwan independence, with the effect of pouring gasoline on the fire of right-wing passions. Jeers were audible through the walls of the hotel: "We're warning you traitors, if you come out the front door, not even the police can guarantee your safety. Conclude this seditious gathering and walk out the side door with your tails between your legs!"

Guests and employees of *Formosa Magazine* waited inside the banquet room for over three hours, until Shih Ming-teh leaped up to the podium asking the young men present to prepare a "self-defense brigade." He told them to go behind the hotel to a construction site, where they would find sticks to use as clubs. Shih intended to enclose the elderly and the women in a phalanx of armed Dangwai and fight his way out of the hotel. A military man by training, Shih had spent more than half his life in prison for his beliefs and was extremely confrontational when cornered. Standing behind the podium with his thin mustache, dapper clothes, and dark, flashing eyes, he looked like a Taiwanese Errol Flynn. Shih Ming-teh understood life inside prison; years behind bars had estranged his first wife and two daughters. He had nothing more to lose but his life.

The secret service personnel, sitting quietly among the guests until this point, realized a crisis was at hand. A number of them got up and went outside to negotiate. The riot police and the fire trucks moved to push the protesters back, and the party guests poured out of the hotel, jumping into waiting cars.

That same night, the feared public security chief Wang Sheng had invited Hsu Hsin-liang and Chang Chun-hung to dinner. With the riot going on outside the hotel, Hsu and Chang were too afraid to cancel the engagement. But when Wang Sheng's aides drove by the hotel to pick them up in Wang's jeep, the protestors recognized Hsu and Chang but not the security chief's car. Right-wingers pounded the jeep with rocks, shattering its windows and denting its hood.

The media exposure that *Formosa Magazine* received from the

standoff at the Cathay Hotel made it an instant hit with readers. Journalists from every major magazine and newspaper had attended the cocktail party and witnessed the spectacle. The first issue of the monthly sold 63,000 copies. By the third issue, *Formosa Magazine's* circulation crested 100,000 copies—second only to the *Taiwan TV Guide*. Revenue pouring in from the sales allowed the magazine to set up nine offices in major cities and counties throughout Taiwan, facilitating greater ties with local constituencies. The *Formosa Magazine* group had taken on the institutional trappings of an opposition party.

Until this point, our fight against the Nationalists had been like fording a river: There were stones in the river that we had to step on in order to cross; we didn't know how deep the river was, nor did we know how stable the stones were. Each step was a risk, for if we stepped on the wrong rock, we could easily fall and drown. Hardened revolutionaries like Shih Ming-teh had slipped from the rocks before; one more fall wouldn't hurt. But those of us who had never fallen attempted to take precautions with every step.

In the months that followed, tensions heightened enormously. Military personnel started keeping an eye on our rallies, no longer through surveillance, but through the sights of machine guns mounted on rooftops. On two occasions in November and December, young men with crew cut hairstyles attacked *Formosa Magazine* offices in Kaohsiung and Taipei, smashing windows with axes and clubs and wrecking office furniture. No one was seriously injured. But I began to fear our nascent democracy movement would take a tragic turn, if the Dangwai didn't tone down its confrontational rhetoric.

"We need to change our style," I told Huang Hsin-chieh one day. "We should hold fewer rallies and more indoor, formal discussions and workshops." I suggested the Dangwai organize an event of this kind on December 16, exactly one year since Jimmy Carter's abrogation of diplomatic ties and the cancellation of elections. I also proposed using the occasion to state our pro-market economy and anti-Communist position, a distinction in our platform that had become important in the face of accusations that we were pro-Communist. Shih Ming-teh and Yao Chia-wen agreed, and I made plans to host a political symposium.

sium in the large Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall and to invite moderate Nationalist advocates of democracy, such as the mainlanders Hu Fo and Tao Pai-chuan, as speakers.

On the evening of December 8, I noticed a black car full of government agents parked in the alley outside my apartment in Taipei. When I left my apartment in the morning, the car was still there. "Excuse me," I said, walking over to the car, "which department are you from and why have you been here all night?"

"You know why we're here!"

December 9 was Mother's seventy-first birthday. The family planned a big celebration in Taoyuan. Eldest Sister met me in Taipei, and we took a taxi to the bus stop with the black car following closely behind. This was the first time agents had so brazenly tailed me, and like the unwanted advance of a clumsy lover, it made me feel disgust and pity all at once. I assumed the agents would leave when I got to Taoyuan and they saw I wasn't attending any Dangwai activities.

When Eldest Sister and I got onto the bus, two of the agents bought tickets and got on with us. The other two followed behind in the black car. I turned to the two agents, saying, "I'm going home now. Aren't you tired of following me?" Eldest Sister and I took another taxi home from the bus stop, with the black car creeping along behind. The agents parked the car in front of Brother's home.

Little did the agents know that Brother owned two houses connected by a garden passageway. The houses extended between two parallel streets and had two entrances. I left the agents outside watching one door while I did errands, going out through the other. That night the agents telephoned Brother's home repeatedly, claiming to be my friends from various social circles. They wanted to make sure that I was still at home.

When the family all went off to a restaurant the next day to celebrate Mother's birthday, an agent phoned the restaurant, posing as a distant relative and offering to send flowers. Eldest Sister believed him and made me go to the entrance of the lobby to answer the call. Sure enough, one of the agents was waiting outside, snapping photographs of family members arriving at the birthday party. All he wanted was

to make sure that I hadn't left, but a grim mood fell over what should have been a festive occasion. I decided to fight fire with fire. "What are you doing here?" I shouted at the agent with the camera.

"I'm waiting for someone," he replied, with a lopsided smile.

"You dirty cockroach! You've been waiting around for hours. Get out of here!"

When he ignored me, I called the police and had my brother-in-law come outside with his camera and retaliate by taking photos of the agent.

Since the National Assembly race, I had become quite famous in Taoyuan. The police chief himself drove over to investigate. When officers approached the agent taking photos, he whispered something to the chief, probably telling him of his "special mission" from the government.

The chief faced a dilemma. Nationalist higher-ups could easily fire him for failing to cooperate, so he tried to extricate himself from the situation with a face-saving white lie: "Ms. Lu, this is a simple misunderstanding. That man is only waiting for a friend. I'll ask him to go next door." The agent took a few steps away from the restaurant door and the police left.

That night, I told my family to inform all callers that I was resting and didn't care to be disturbed. Then, I slipped out the back entrance of Brother's house and caught a bus to Taipei, with the agents watching the front door. The ringing of the telephone greeted me as I walked in the door of my apartment. "Great," I thought, "another cockroach call."

It wasn't. An employee from the Kaohsiung office of *Formosa Magazine* was on the line. Two volunteers at the magazine had been taken to the Kaohsiung Police Station and beaten up. The men were seriously injured. As deputy publisher of the magazine, I was expected to go down and help to sort things out. Urgent phone calls from magazine staff continued to wake me until the early hours of the morning.

The bus ride to Kaohsiung from Taipei takes as long as six hours. Normally it's a pleasant trip as you leave the densely populated north of the island behind and swing south past dark green tropical forests

and the orderly rows of rice fields. In southern Taiwan, the pace of life is slower than in the north, and I had always found the transformation, both in scenery and attitude, to be a relaxing one. But when I arrived in Kaohsiung on December 10, I sensed a new tension. Streets were blockaded. Soldiers and police stood at major intersections in nervous clusters.

I got off the bus and walked toward the *Formosa Magazine* office, and from a distance, I heard a voice projected through a sound system, reprimanding the police for the brutal beating of the volunteers. A huge crowd of angry people milled around outside. The inside of the office looked like an armory for a militant demonstration. Hundreds of torches, affixed to long wooden clubs, lay stacked in rows underneath rolls of *dazibao*, big-character posters, bearing political slogans.

The innermost room, where Yao Chia-wen and Shih Ming-teh were seated, had the air of a war council. Yao Chia-wen was studying a map of Kaohsiung with a red felt pen in his hand. I could see from the diagrams that they were planning a march but that riot police had blocked the original route along the main street in front of the Tatung Department store. Yao and Shih were debating an alternative route.

"What's happening?" I cried.

"Nothing that concerns you," Yao barked, "Get out!"

Yao and I had never really seen eye to eye on Dangwai strategy. Yet this time, I didn't challenge him. The tone of his voice and his tense posture told me that he was under a lot of pressure. I quietly left the room with the dizzy feeling that my life was slipping out of control. The moment had arrived, when I had to choose between supporting well-meaning but reckless Dangwai leaders or leaving my comrades to their fate in a dangerous confrontation with the Nationalists. A more pragmatic woman would have washed her hands of the whole affair and left immediately. Hsu Hsin-liang had recently lost his nerve and left Taiwan for the United States, after a fortune-teller predicted disastrous consequences if he remained in the country. I could have done the same.

Outside the office, I bumped into Chang Chun-nan from the Dangwai Candidate Association. Usually a jolly comrade, Chang wore a

mournful expression. I could see that Chang, too, had realized that months of friction between Dangwai and the government were coming to a head. We walked next door to grab a quick bite to eat, and over dinner we agreed to hang on as the roller-coaster ride of the democracy movement rounded a new and more dangerous bend.

When we got back to the office, demonstrators were massing like troops going into battle. Tens of thousands of people were gathered and ready to march. Someone passed a lighted torch to me. Never comfortable with militancy, I quickly passed it on to someone else and fell into line with the marchers as the crowd began to move. Taking a look at the faces in the crowd around me, I noted with alarm that not all of the demonstrators appeared to be concerned citizens or even activists. In our midst marched a contingent of young men wearing navy blue jackets with small ROC flag emblems. They all had short, military-style haircuts, and I knew immediately where they were from.

By this time Chang Chun-hung and some other Dangwai leaders had arrived. They stood on a platform above a sound truck armed with a microphone and loudspeakers and covered with political banners. A friend spotted me walking below and invited me to join her on the truck. "It's dangerous down there," she said. It wasn't the masses she feared.

As I got onto the truck, the man next to me was shouting an anti-Nationalist invective over the loudspeakers: "In the struggle to determine Taiwan's future," he said, "fists are mightier than bullets." Someone in the crowd threw an egg at the speaker, but half of it landed on my face. The man that threw the egg had a crew cut and wore a navy blue jacket. The crowd responded with waves of indignation, chanting, "Catch him, beat him, kill him!"

Someone else grabbed the microphone and tried to calm the crowd: "Let him go, don't fall into the government's trap! Let us be careful now."

The demonstration came to an uneasy halt. A line of riot police was marching toward us, and a white mist drifted in the direction of the sound truck. The police had released tear gas toward the crowd.

The microphone was pushed toward me. I pushed it back, refusing to speak. The protest was descending into chaos, and I didn't want to waste my words.

At that point, a man from the *Formosa* office rushed over with word that another 20,000 demonstrators were trapped in front of Tatung Department Store nearby, barricaded and surrounded by military police. He wanted us to force the police to open the blockade and allow that crowd to join us; but with tear gas drifting in our direction, we wanted to evacuate as quickly as possible.

I was unfamiliar with the streets of Kaohsiung, so I asked the Dangwai writer Yang Ching-chu for directions to evacuate the area, because he was a native of the city. The crowd had other ideas, with many people calling out for a march on the Kushan Precinct Police Station, the site of the beating of two *Formosa* volunteers the night before.

Meanwhile, a messenger burst into the police station where Yao Chia-wen and Shih Ming-teh were negotiating with Nationalists. "How can you sit here talking to them?" the man cried. "They're blasting tear gas on us!" With this news, the negotiations over the demonstration broke down. Yao Chia-wen and Shih Ming-teh rushed over to the sound truck, and Yao redirected the crowd onto Ruiyuan Road, a small side street, avoiding police roadblocks and the high likelihood of a violent confrontation at the police station. In this unexpected move, Yao had spun the march around and headed it back toward a circular plaza in front of the *Formosa Magazine* office.

As the crowd moved away from the tear gas cloud, a minister from the Tainan Theological Seminary grabbed the microphone and shouted, "If your vehicles come any closer, the masses will turn them over!" His words pumped courage into the crowd disheartened by retreat.

The side street going toward the *Formosa* office passed through a quiet residential neighborhood. Concerned citizens and curious passersby poured out of their shops and houses; the crowd swelled enormously as newcomers joined our ranks. When the speakers shouted until their voices went hoarse, I stepped forward and took the micro-

phone for the first time that night. Standing on the platform above the truck, I could look into the second- and third-story windows of the homes we passed. I saw people watching television; others were having dinner. On the sidewalk, young couples strolled along hand in hand.

"Citizens of Kaohsiung," I said, "today we must unite against Nationalist oppression. It's not the time for watching your favorite sitcom. It's not the time for romance. It's the time for strength, for solidarity. Please come out! March against Nationalist terrorism! Charge against the Nationalists!"

People within earshot put down their rice bowls and ran out to see what was going on. More and more joined. When we got to the Phoenix Bridge Restaurant, at a cross street, a small group of men clothed entirely in black and armed with clubs poured onto the street, attacking the police and soldiers in front of the demonstrators. "Let Taiwanese not fight Taiwanese!" I shouted, trying to quell the brawl. The marchers pushed on while the fighting spread to the flanks of the column. It was hard to tell who were agents provocateur and who were our supporters. The attackers wearing black fought so effectively that I felt certain they were professionally trained.

At last, the sign announcing the *Formosa Magazine* bobbed in front of me, and the brawl subsided as the march left the narrow street. Other Dangwai leaders took the microphone and announced the end of the rally. "The Nationalists sent massive troops to suppress us, yet we broke through their barricades tonight. We can go home as victors! Let's go home!"

Few heeded the call for pacifism. Cries for the demonstrators to disperse continued with little effect. The crowd grew even larger as stragglers caught up and supporters enthusiastically chanted, "Speech, speech, speech!"

With a serious expression on his young face, Chiu Chue-chen—the unofficial Dangwai bard—mounted the sound truck with his guitar and led the crowd in singing the Taiwanese folk song "Awaiting the Spring Breeze." This calmed some 70,000 demonstrators in front of the *Formosa* office, so when someone asked me to speak again, I took

the microphone. Little did I suspect that I was about to give the most costly speech of my life.

My beloved fellow Taiwanese, all of you with a conscience, with compassion, my name is Lu Hsiu-lien. I'm from Taoyuan. Today, December 10, is International Human Rights Day. For hundreds of years, Taiwanese have never had a chance like they have today, a chance to give resounding expression to the appeal of our hearts for justice, to cry out our demand for human rights. Today is a great day. . . . The founder of our nation, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, once said, "People's rights don't fall from heaven, you have to fight for them." Human rights don't come naturally, they don't come by themselves, they have to be achieved with our sweat, with our blood, with the whole strength of our bodies.

Beloved members of the police force, you are also human beings, you are also Taiwanese. You have blood. You have tears. Do you not feel ashamed of what you are doing today? What you are doing today is extremely clear. Today you have already gone against many of President Chiang Ching-kuo's own teachings. . . . You have already put to shame the words of Prime Minister Sun Yun-suan, "In politics learn from Taipei." You've made him lose face. If you continue this disgraceful behavior, you'll make the Chinese laugh until their teeth fall out. You're not counterattacking the mainland, you're giving the Communist bandits good propaganda.

Beloved members of the security force, I know you're wearing helmets, you're wearing uniforms; but if you take off your helmets, if you take off your uniforms, your hearts are the same as our hearts, your blood is the same as ours. Please before you leave, remove your helmets, remove your uniforms.

You are Taiwanese, too. . . . In the nations of the world, countless heads of state have been overthrown, banished, assassinated. This should change the color of the heavens, and fill the grass and trees with sorrow. Many of these rulers were dictators that used force for power and wealth, and lived by this brutal and merciless code. For the passing of these rulers there is no sorrow;

instead the people recite prayers of thankfulness to Buddha.

The Nationalists' many failures have awakened the Taiwanese people. Everyone knows the meaning of democracy, human rights and rule by law. Gradually, the average citizen has become dissatisfied with the ruling party's thirty-year rule, and the Dangwai-led democracy movement has, in the year since the cancellation of elections, progressed like wildfire. So many friends have stood on the side of the Dangwai. But there are others, dissatisfied and unforgiving that the government has allowed the Dangwai to breed and multiply like so many mosquitoes. I want to explain why the Dangwai, this groups of fools, are not afraid to sweat and run up and down the island without thought for themselves, without concern for their families. What's the hurry, anyway?

Some people say the Dangwai are savage and violent. Some say Dangwai are separatists. I ask you, why is the Dangwai savage? Where do they disagree with the government? Today, everyone has seen that the drivers of the riot trucks are Taiwanese and ordinary citizens—these people are the real separatists among us. If the Dangwai are savage or forceful in nature, this is because the Nationalists rule without the permission of the Taiwanese and have yet to return authority to the eighteen million people. In truth, the Dangwai are not savage at all: they're fools. Do you think they lead normal lives?

Two years ago I had a comfortable life in the United States, living each day for myself. But when I heard that China and the United States were to establish diplomatic relations, I knew that Taiwan was soon to sail into very troubled waters. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. I gave up my degree prospects at Harvard and the opportunity for comfort in the United States in order to join the Dangwai struggle.

The danger of Nationalist rule was, of course, that the party had become too enfeebled internationally to protect Taiwan's interests. And due to its dictatorial control of national, provincial, and local government, the regime didn't legitimately represent these interests in the first place.

The crowd had gone silent listening to my speech, but the grinding

of huge motors awoke everyone to a new danger. In the distance, massively dark shapes moved toward the crowd. The shapes were of beasts breathing clouds of white smoke into the air and terror into my soul.

"The dinosaurs are coming!" I shouted, as my mind grappled to explain the appearance of the glowing headlights on ghastly antiriot trucks spewing tear gas.

As the shapes grew larger, the crowd erupted into howls of anger. People scrambled for clubs and other weapons to defend themselves. Kang Ning-hsiang, a respected legislator, was dragged in front of microphones, where he appealed for calm and passive resistance. Instead of following his lead, the crowd chanted antigovernment slogans: "Protest police brutality! Return our freedom of speech! Release political prisoners! Long live the Taiwanese people!"

I got off the truck and watched in horror as demonstrators, who had no plans of rioting when they arrived earlier that evening, moved one by one to pick up sticks, rocks, torches and held their ground in the face of police calls of "Withdraw! Disperse!"

Suddenly, the wind shifted back in the direction of the ranks of police and soldiers, blowing the white clouds of tear gas backward. A great wave of laughter rolled across the crowd as dozens of riot police fell staggering under the white cloud. Then, the protesters launched a counterattack, hurling missiles of every sort, swinging clubs, even tearing a telephone booth from the sidewalk to heave at the approaching trucks. Riot police reeled under this onslaught, and then pushed forward in tight ranks of silver shields, their steel batons swinging. The demonstrators fought back, fell swooning from wounds or tear gas, or turned to flee police encirclement.

In the midst of the clash, the Dangwai leaders quickly assembled in a nearby coffee shop. Everything had happened so suddenly, and the sheer terror and immensity of the riot had caught us off guard. Some in our midst suffered from tear gas inhalation, including Chen Chu, who was taken to the hospital. Chiu Mao-nan, a provincial assemblyman who had organized a contingent of protestors, was almost shaking. "Will they arrest us now?" he asked. No one answered. We realized that we were surrounded by secret agents in the coffee shop

and couldn't discuss anything. "Let's meet up in Tainan City" was the whispered consensus. To avoid attention, we slipped away in small groups.

The city of Tainan, an old Dutch seaport, lies just to the north of Kaohsiung. That night the trip to Tainan seemed to last forever. The night air was cool. Distances loomed large and intimidating after the tight city streets. I had lost all sense of proportion and direction. "Are we going the right way?" I asked the driver impulsively. "Usually it takes only forty minutes to reach Tainan. Why does it seem like we've been on the road for two hours?"

Sitting next to me, Legislator Kang Ning-hsiang just chuckled, "The road is always long when one's heart is heavy."

At the Tainan Hotel, Kang Ning-hsiang rented two rooms, one for the men and another for the women. Shih Ming-teh and Yao Chia-wen arrived shortly thereafter. I went in to wash up and take a nap while the others held a meeting. Some were optimistic, some pessimistic about the likely outcomes of the clash.

In the early hours of the morning, I got up and rejoined the others, who had accomplished very little, since the "dragon's head," Huang Hsin-chieh, was nowhere to be found. It was agreed that a statement should be released explaining the Dangwai side of the story and that \$5,000 should be donated to the police injured in the conflict. Several attempts were made to contact Huang in Taipei. He was not home. Using mutual recollections of the night before, we attempted to piece together the whereabouts of the magazine's first in command. Sadly, it became clear that misunderstandings between Huang and Commander Chang Chi-hsiu of the Taiwan Garrison Command, the city's top law enforcement official, had exacerbated tensions between protesters and military police.

On the evening of December 10, long before the action started, Huang Hsin-chieh had been summoned to Kaohsiung because negotiations between *Formosa* leaders and the police had failed to yield results. Commander Chang had made a personal request for Legislator Huang to go down to Kaohsiung to resume negotiations. When Huang had arrived at the Kaohsiung railway station at around 6:00

P.M. that evening, he had been greeted in person by the commander and invited into the VIP lounge. This had prompted the first misunderstanding of the evening, because the aide accompanying Huang on his trip thought that Huang had been arrested. After waiting for a long time in the railway station, the aide had rushed to the *Formosa* office, announcing that Huang had been detained by the police.

Meanwhile, Huang and Commander Chang had been able to strike a bargain on proceedings for the evening. The compromise was that there could be speeches but no march, and that the rally could be held only at the "original location." Unfortunately, neither side had clarified what "original location" meant. Huang thought it meant the Tatung Department Store. Unfortunately, by the time Huang left the negotiations, the march he had promised to halt was already in progress. He had tried in vain to stop the demonstration, shouting, "The march is over now, everyone please go to Tatung Department Store to hear speeches!"

Apparently, the commander had had something else in mind by the "original location." When Huang saw that military police had barricaded the entire area around the department store, he felt Commander Chang had deceived him. The commander, for his part, was incensed that the march had taken place.

With Shih Ming-teh and Yao Chia-wen in tow, Huang had charged back to the police headquarters, screaming, "You cheated me!"

"You cheated us!" the police had responded.

In the middle of this shouting match, a messenger had run in with the word that riot police had used tear gas on the marchers, prompting Shih and Yao to race back and redirect the march toward the *Formosa* office.

Dazed by the escalation of events and plagued by hunger, Huang had gone off for a bite to eat. It was a long dinner, and by the time he got back to the site of the march, the crowd had already returned to the office. We heard later that Huang had even asked some military police, "Where did the crowd go?" By the time Huang had caught up with the action at the *Formosa* office, I was making a speech. "Lu Hsiu-lien's crazy!" he had told Shih Ming-teh.

When it was Huang's turn to take over the microphone, he had shouted, "I warn you, police! Do not come any closer! If anything happens tonight, you must take responsibility." The police had ignored his words. "The rally is over now!" Huang had cried. "Everyone, please go home and get a good night's sleep!" He had missed too much of the conflict that night to understand the mood of the crowd, or to earn its respect. Someone had poked Huang with a stick from behind, which made him realize that the stage wasn't the place for him. He had hurriedly left the scene to catch a bus back to Taipei. Huang was probably still on the road when we tried to telephone him.

An air of sobriety fell over the Dangwai leaders. Clearly, misunderstandings had precipitated the conflict, as well as a government plot to infiltrate the demonstration and wreak havoc. When we bought the Kaohsiung morning newspaper, there was half a page of reports on the incident, none containing particularly vociferous criticism. This provided some sense of relief. Yet there was no consensus on a future course of action. Kang Ning-hsiang wanted to go back to Taipei to better observe the Nationalist response, as the party was in the middle of the Fourth Central Committee Plenum. Yao Chia-wen went to the prosecutor's office in Yunlin County to the north to prepare a legal defense. Shih Ming-teh assigned me to write the memorandum on the incident.

As it turned out, the Nationalist propaganda machine was slow to move but powerful once in motion. The Garrison Command, the branch of the military in charge of the secret police, held a press conference on December 11, accusing us of seditious behavior. The military spokesman linked the Kaohsiung Incident to the meeting I had planned for December 16, which they called an "anti-America conference." This was a transparent attempt to weaken foreign support for the Dangwai by making the United States think the protest was anti-American. Nationalist officials at the Fourth Central Committee Plenum released damning statements. Other government officials, including all the mayors and county chief executives in Taiwan, released a joint statement condemning us as "violent rebels." Even the non-Nationalist mayors of Tainan and Taichung drew a clear line

separating themselves from *Formosa Magazine*. Their joint statement read: "We deeply resent the violent and irrational behavior of *Formosa* employees. The government must sternly punish these elements, who have no respect for the law and intentionally cause trouble, in order to stabilize society and satisfy the people." Soon, the mainstream press echoed these condemnations. Editorials across the island called for punishing *Formosa's* violent behavior at the Human Rights Day demonstration that quickly earned the moniker "Kaohsiung Incident."

On Tuesday, December 12, two days after the demonstration, the Dangwai held a meeting at the home of Huang Hsin-chieh. We were all very depressed, and when I got there at around 10:00 A.M., people were talking about the threatening phone calls and other harassment they had been subjected to over the past two days. Chen Chu had received so many threatening telephone calls that she had notified the police.

Huang Hsin-chieh wanted me to check out some hotels to see if we could book a space to hold a press conference that weekend. "Are you kidding?" I shot back, "We don't have time to wait until Saturday! The Garrison Command has already held a press conference. We need to clear our name as soon as we can!" Without looking around the room, I glanced at my watch. "Today, at 5:00 P.M., we'll hold a press conference at the *Formosa* office in Taipei. That will allow reporters to attend before they go to the office at 7:00 P.M."

The meeting had stretched into the noon hour when a friend telephoned with word that a member of my staff at Pioneer Publishing had been gassed on the night of the Kaohsiung Incident. "Ms. Yang" had gone down to Kaohsiung to help me sell cassette tapes of Taiwanese folk music on which the government had imposed a ban. She had ended up in emergency care. I had been so preoccupied with other concerns that I hadn't noticed she had disappeared. Apparently, Ms. Yang had fainted in Kaohsiung and then fainted again after returning to Taipei. She was, at the moment, in the emergency room of Jenai Hospital.

I didn't have any money with me to cover Ms. Yang's medical expenses, so Huang Hsin-chieh's wife gave me some cash, and a

Dangwai friend agreed to take me to the hospital on the back of his motorcycle. As soon as we stepped outside and got on the motorbike, a black government car pulled out behind us. The more powerful car kept up with us on the wide thoroughfares, so my friend darted into alleyways too narrow for the car to follow. The car stopped, and one man and one woman jumped out and chased after us on foot.

The agents had received special physical training, and it was difficult even for the motorcycle to negotiate the narrow lanes. When we arrived at the hospital, the agents were still with us, and they followed us inside. "Say, can you tell me where the emergency room is?" I asked one of the agents.

"I don't know!" she snapped back.

In the emergency room, I found Ms. Yang lying in bed with an intravenous needle stuck in her arm. Her face was pale. Ms. Yang's mother stood beside her in a state of panic. "Little sister Yang," I said, "can you hear me?" Her glazed eyes looked off into the distance and she did not respond. My stomach twisted with guilt and regret. If only she hadn't accompanied me down to Kaohsiung! It suddenly occurred to me that she had perhaps encountered something more than gas poisoning. Later, I learned that Ms. Yang had fainted and been raped. Afraid that staying by her side too long would bring more hardship, with the government agents watching my every move, I handed Ms. Yang's mother money to pay for the medical expenses and left.

At 5:00 P.M., I was at the *Formosa* office in Taipei for the press conference. The large number of journalists that showed up was surprising, considering the extent of the Nationalist vilification of the Dangwai. Huang Hsin-chieh was the first to speak, followed by Yao Chia-wen and Shih Ming-teh. The three men outlined the *Formosa* view on the Kaohsiung Incident contained in the documents "Memorandum of International Human Rights Day" and "Message to Our Compatriots." The central thrust was as follows:

This magazine expresses the deepest concern and regret to injured riot police and frightened citizens. . . . We ask the cooperation of the secret service establishment in seeking a peaceful and ratio-

nal solution to the people's demands for democracy and human rights. We hope the administration will not belittle the intelligence of the citizenry through the continuation of idiotic policy. We believe that in the aftermath of this unfortunate incident, the government should avoid missteps that will lead to political turmoil playing into the hands of the People's Republic, or use the Kaohsiung Incident as an excuse to prolong its military rule.

The next speaker was Lin Yi-hsiung, who had clear distaste for the apologetic line taken by the magazine's leadership. "You reporters only listen to the Nationalists," he said. "You've never reported the truth; I despise you!"

Shouts of resentment greeted his outburst. Some reporters walked out. It took the joint effort of Huang and Yao to calm the journalists down and convince Lin Yi-hsiung to apologize. Yet at some level, we all shared Lin's frustration, if not an appreciation for his tactics. For three days and nights, we had shuttled back and forth from the north of the island to the south. None of us had slept or eaten well. Every newspaper we opened and television report we saw attacked the Dangwai. The Kaohsiung and Taipei *Formosa* offices had suffered from repeated violent attacks and disturbances. Needless to say, exhaustion and frustration weakened our response to the Nationalist-controlled media's unilateral attack. As far as influencing the domestic media, the press conference appeared to be a failure.

As the journalists began to file out of the room, Diane Yin from the *New York Times* stayed behind to interview me about the "Kaohsiung Incident," the name given to the clash by the news media.

"All of this is an elaborate trap the Dangwai descends into one step at a time," I said. "What's terrible is that even now, we don't know who's moving our hands and feet." Images flashed through my mind of the young men with crew cut hairstyles and matching jackets who had thrown eggs on the night of the demonstration, and of the numerous other attackers. "Taiwanese society is divided into two extreme camps, and I worry that a third party will occupy the center during the struggle between the Nationalists and the Dangwai."

Why had I planned an "anti-American" demonstration for December 16, she wondered, referring to remarks made at the Garrison Command's press conference.

"We never planned an anti-American demonstration. We made plans for an anti-Communist conference. That's all." I asked the office secretary to bring out a copy of the application for a permit to corroborate my remarks. "See here," I said, pointing to the event title on the document, "anti-Communist conference."

My eyes continued down the page, and to my surprise I saw that the permit called for a march on the presidential palace by 30,000 people to "pay respects" to the president! No wonder the secret police had been so nervous and had made me the target of their surveillance. They feared Dangwai planned a rebellion. My heart became heavy with panic; there was the sick feeling of betrayal. Dangwai colleagues had exposed me to untold dangers by leaving me in the dark while they hatched a secret plan to hold a demonstration in Kaohsiung.

That night, I invited a group of *Formosa* employees to dinner at a Chinese hotpot restaurant near National Taiwan University. Usually I didn't host dinners, because of the large expense, but I had just received a dividend from the magazine. Taking the money myself didn't seem right; I didn't go into the office regularly or take part in many strategy meetings. Perhaps I had a premonition of the tumult to follow, but I was reminded of Jesus and his farewell dinner with the Twelve Apostles. "You never know," I said jokingly, "this could be our Last Supper."

When we left the restaurant, I saw the secret service men who had followed me all day waiting outside. Chen Chu's nerves were so frazzled by constant harassment, not to mention tear gas inhalation, that she suggested we spend the night together for safety. I agreed, and we decided to stay in the spare room of the editorial offices of the magazine. In retrospect, we could not have chosen a more controversial location. Shih Ming-teh and his American wife Linda Arrigo shared a room in the same complex. Provincial assemblyman Lin Yi-hsiung had an apartment on the ground floor of the building. From the standpoint of the secret service agents, we had returned to the site of "crouching tigers and hidden dragons."

Shortly after we returned from the restaurant, Yao Chia-wen called us to a meeting at his place. Shih Ming-teh, Chen Chu, and I shared a cab, with three black government cars following behind. Two cars had been tailing Shih Ming-teh, and one had been following me. "Are they secretive enough?" Shih asked, waving to the cars behind us. He sensed a new tension between us after my discovery that he had concealed plans for a march on the presidential palace, so he tried to lighten the mood. I played along. At the moment, solidarity seemed more important than strife.

"We should catch a ride with them rather than waste money on cab fare!" I said.

When we arrived, several more black cars were parked outside Yao's residence. It looked more like a secret service convention than a stakeout. Dozens of men and women walked around clutching walkie-talkies. Yao chaired the meeting and assigned everyone duties for the following day. He asked me to take charge of the office in case anything happened. Shih Ming-teh had been to prison twice before. We were certain that Shih couldn't escape going back very soon. The rest of us had no idea what to expect.

Back at the *Formosa Magazine* office, Shih Ming-teh and Linda rushed to make several overseas phone calls, in an attempt to garner foreign assistance if something should happen. Shih was visibly preparing himself for the worst. He wrote a statement of divorce for Linda, so that she could have freedom during his incarceration. I overheard Linda shouting that she had torn up the statement; then the two retired to their bedroom.

Exhausted from fear and stress, Chen Chu and I fell asleep in the guest room. Meanwhile, Linda stayed awake to keep close watch on the situation outside. Just as dawn began to lighten the sky, she heard a pounding on the main gate below. Linda ran to the telephone only to find that the telephone line had been cut. From the front balcony, she saw a crowd of men in front of the building's ground-floor courtyard. Linda shouted for Shih Ming-teh, then went to the living room and barricaded the front door, using the couch, chairs, the table—anything she could move.

"Don't come in," Shih yelled, coming out of the bedroom. "I have planted a bomb in the doorway. If you open the door, it will explode." It was a ruse to gain more time.

"Get up! Get up!" Shih shouted in the direction of our room. "They've come to arrest us!"

I rolled over in bed, feeling like I had just gotten to sleep. As soon as I could open my eyes, my first thought was to get dressed as quickly as possible. If I was to die and stand face to face with my ancestors, I wanted a modicum of respectability. I ran to the bathroom to wash and to brush my hair. When I came out of the bathroom, everyone had disappeared.

As soon as Chen Chu had heard Shih's warning, she had run onto the rear balcony to warn Lin Yi-hsiung in the apartment below, thinking the Kaohsiung Incident had little to do with him and that he could help handle Dangwai affairs after we were imprisoned. Still wearing her nightgown and bedroom slippers, Chen Chu jumped from the office balcony down to the ground, screaming, "Lin Yi-hsiung! Lin Yi-hsiung!" and twisting her ankle in the process. Chen Chu was on the ground writhing in pain when secret agents found her and placed her in handcuffs.

In the apartment below, the secret police broke a window to gain entry, and Lin's wife was the first to awaken, as several police rushed into their apartment. In front of his wife and three frightened daughters, Lin was handcuffed, led barefoot across a floor covered with broken glass, and stuffed into a waiting squad car.

Upstairs, the pounding on the door outside had given way to the incessant ringing of the doorbell. No matter what happens, I told myself, the situation has to be dealt with bravely and responsibly. I had done nothing more than give a speech on the night of the Kaohsiung Incident. Certainly this was not a punishable crime. I walked calmly into the living room, moved away Linda's barricade, and prepared to open the front door.

"Lu Hsiu-lien!" The cry came from behind me. I turned to see four or five large men coming through the kitchen. They had climbed into the office from the rear balcony.

CHAPTER 6

PATRIOTISM IMPRISONED

AS SOON AS I ENTERED THE JINGMEI DETENTION CENTER, located in a suburb of Taipei, I could feel my self-confidence slip away. Guards took my watch, wallet, and jewelry—small symbols of individuality that linked me with the outside world. Even my eyeglasses were taken, without which I was nearly blind. I was left wearing a black sweater under a brown jacket, black skirt, and high-heeled shoes that looked incongruous in my stark surroundings. To my myopic eyes, the cold gray walls of the prison cell took on a foggy, dreamy quality. Then, I heard the clicking approach of a guard, the hard soles of her shoes ringing out in the corridor. The sound stopped in front of my cell, followed by the rattling of keys.

“Ms. Lu,” the guard announced crisply, “you will come with us.”

They led me into a larger room where four government agents awaited. “Sit down!” an agent barked. “You have been arrested for plotting to violently overthrow the government. This crime carries a mandatory death penalty. Only full cooperation can save you and protect the welfare of your friends and loved ones. This case is a political one that will be solved through political means. Understand? Tell us everything that happened on the night of December 10. Do not attempt to hide your guilt or your participation in the Dangwai conspiracy.”

“I am not guilty of sedition and there was no conspiracy.”

“No conspiracy? Ms. Lu, we have independent sources of information that clearly document your participation in numerous schemes to topple the government. You will confess your guilt. Now, what was