

question.” For example, no overseas Chinese returning to the mainland would feel a need to publicly acknowledge these premises—at most, they would make clear their position on the “Taiwan question” and “one China.” What distinguishes “Tibetan compatriots” from “overseas Chinese” is this issue of the “Tibet question.” If Beijing does not halt the “contraction” process, sooner or later its tactical errors will have disastrous consequences.

What now?

The above analysis reveals some interesting facts. Intentionally or not, Beijing’s definition of Tibetan exiles and its implementation of measures toward them have given rise to a lethal loss of control and direction, and a “death before surrender” attitude coupled with “make it up as you go along” measures, otherwise known as “hit hard and advance.” But are we deadlocked? I leave you with a story.

One day an argument arose in a library between two men,

one of whom wished to open the window, and the other of whom insisted on keeping it shut. They argued for hours without reaching a conclusion. At that point the librarian came into the room and asked the one man why he wanted the window open. He responded, “I want some fresh air.” Then she asked the other man why he wanted the window closed, and he said, “I don’t want to be in a draft!” After thinking a while, the librarian went into the next room and opened a window there. The result was that fresh air, but no breeze, entered the room in which the two men were sitting, and both of them got what they wanted.

Who is the librarian? Let’s wait and see.

Translated by a friend of HRIC

The original Chinese article was posted on the Web site of the China Information Center, <http://www.observechina.net/info/artshow.asp?ID=40619&ad=9/14/2006>.

TWO POEMS ABOUT SEPTEMBER

The People's Republic of China established the Tibet Autonomous Region on September 1, 1965.

September

BY NAMLO YAK

In September the rules of the game became clear,
In September one felt the sharp point of it all;
A yearning was heard then, deep in the heart . . .
But none ventured past the status quo.

I cry to the prairies where grass waves year-round,
In a sleepless tent between mountains and strand.
Phantoms march onward through wind and rain . . .
Who spurs me to cry, unceasing, so loud?

I long for the youths I played with back home,
Where lads and lasses spoke true and dealt fair,
Beside a pure spring, wreathed in dawn's mist, Ah!
Please give me back the years that creased my brow!

Was September a glance from the death-god?
Or an angel, perhaps, striving to wake me?

Rendered into English by A. E. Clark

Temporary September

BY WOESER

It’s the season to enjoy good fruit
I meant to change into work clothes
Planning, at the instant the moon reached fulness
In some garden encircled by deep-hued vegetation
Right in the middle, you don’t see many such, so calm
The one that’s meant for me,
Hanging so high, on which branch?
An embarrassment of riches; which should I want most?

I’m a moody gal
No longer young, no longer fresh
But still get high on emotion
No shortage of illusions
This time the delusion’s so real
I want it bad, I’ll supply whatever’s missing
Recklessly singing along that road
That microbe in the air
The brilliant writer I adore is sick, he’s dying

The woven basket in my hand, even if filled with pure water
Still could not cradle this last seed of love
Better to pick up my little hoe
But the healing herb, now extinct,
How can it shoot up again?
The fruit, still waiting, rejects the base scoundrels
Here all’s wrapped in miasma
Ah! But it’s only the imaginary garden
Once September’s past, will all be well?