THE CHINESE DEMOCRACY MOVEMENT: OBSERVATIONS BY A PITT HISTORY PROFESSOR
by Laurence Glasco

Dr. Laurence Glasco, a Professor of History at the University of Pittsburgh, spent just over a month, May 4 to June 7, 1989, as a guest professor in Beijing, China. During that time, Chinese students started and then led a national protest against the government that ended in a tragic and bloody confrontation with the army. Dr. Glasco (above, with interpreter Chaohue Wang) says he did little teaching and saw few tourist attractions — no Great Wall, no Ming Tombs, no Forbidden City, no Peking Opera — and as a result, learned more about the Chinese people, and about himself, than he would have in more normal times.

When Dr. Glasco returned to Pittsburgh, he wrote a long essay intended for friends, peers, and interested others. I wanted to print a major portion of it in *Pittsburgh History* because, in addition to being a very fine read, the work represents another kind of local history that is often overlooked: the contact that people who live among us have with events that make history in other parts of the world.

The knowledge business makes universities highly cosmopolitan employers, and the University of Pittsburgh has built especially strong educational links with Asia during the last two decades. These links can be traced, according to University administrators, directly to Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon’s renewal of U.S. relations with China. Pitt Chancellor Wesley Posvar calls Kissinger a friend and a mentor, through their association at Harvard University; Posvar began to build ties with Chinese government intellectuals and university leaders by tapping some of the new contacts that Kissinger had made in his secret diplomatic junkets to China in the early 1970s. America’s contact with China’s educational system was wiped out during the Cultural Revolution of the 1960s, and “Pitt may well have been the first to establish these new connections,” said Dr. Keith Brown, the University’s director of Asian Studies.

The Asian Studies program coordinates a wide range of inter-disciplinary work, and Pitt now has regular faculty exchanges and its professors collaborate with Chinese scholars on research projects in a half-dozen disciplines, from economics to anthropology to engineering. The History Department’s Chinese Studies program is recognized internationally. More than 200 Chinese students are on campus at Pitt, and strong ties extend as well to universities in Japan and Taiwan. The world doesn’t seem so big these days, and television and other modern communications technology obviously have a lot to do with it. But equally valuable sources of information are people who go away, return with views formed first-hand in parts of the planet formerly closed to outsiders, and tell others. That said, it is also easy to become too cosmic about it all and overlook the fact that the direct benefits of being a cosmopolitan employee are available mostly to the traditional narrow band of well-paid professionals. Dr. Glasco’s essay adds to the collective knowledge, and trying to spread the knowledge of our society’s well-informed remains one of the magazine’s primary hopes. — *The Editor*

THE week of May 15 was the highlight of the student and citizen demonstrations. These were part of a large commemoration of the 70th anniversary of the unfinished Democracy Movement of 1919. On Monday, May 15, there was a large march to Tiananmen Square by the students, who now occupied the square permanently. Tuesday’s was an even bigger event, with the citizens of Beijing, and even the teachers and professors of the universities, marching with the students.

Tuesday was a magnificent, exhilarating day, clear and warm, and students and teachers began leaving the University about 2:30 p.m. It took about four hours to walk to the Square. The streets were lined with enthusiastic crowds roaring their approval of what the students were doing. The crowds along the way flashed the V-sign and shouted their approval. The students sang the National Anthem and shouted slogans proclaiming themselves loyal sons and daughters of China who sought to make it a better, more democratic, and prosperous place. The atmosphere was incredible, something between a country fair and a “love-in” of the 1960s. People smiled and greeted one another; they shouted clever slogans and carried banners. I have never in my life imagined so many people: several million lined the parade route or waved from their place of work, while several hundred thousand protesters — students, teachers, professors, and citizens — marched.

On Saturday, May 20, the government declared martial law and ordered an end to the demonstrations. Actually I had been surprised that it took the government so long to act. I pedaled my bicycle down to the Square to see how this was playing out. What surprised me then — and for the rest of the peaceful days of demonstrations — was the fact that martial law, including a strict prohibition against picture-taking, was simply ignored. Moreover, the police had almost disappeared.
Around the Great Hall of the People, the compound of
top government and party leaders (Zhongnanhai), and
other important public buildings, there was an unbe-
lievable absence of uniformed officers — perhaps two or
three around the Great Hall, and a thin line in front of
the government compound. Many people — Chinese,
foreign tourists, news reporters — were taking pictures.
Another notable aspect of those days was the friendly
feeling between the people and uniformed officers. The
students and citizens pressed up close to the officers
dressed as discuss with them. With no traffic policemen
present, bicyclists and motorists ignored red lights and
proceeded through the intersections. However, I saw no
accidents; a red light now seemed to indicate that the
other fellow had the right of way. Indeed, since things
were all so new to me, I thought this was normal, until
informed by a teacher that running red lights was strictly
forbidden, and even slight traffic infractions could
result in fines.

Tension increased when we learned that troops had
massed on the outskirts of Beijing, in preparation for
clearing the Square. (The BBC would report the next
morning that a human wave of citizens had lain in front of
the soldiers and prevented their marching on the capi-
tal.) But that Saturday night was the night that
people were nervous and tense, expecting the troops to
enter. On the spur of the moment, I decided to cycle
down to the Square to await the invasion of the troops.
There were huge crowds all the way. I decided not to
wait in the Square itself because the army could trap
people there on several sides. Moreover, there was some
question as to whether foreigners should join the
students there since the government was trying to
discredit the movement partly by blaming it on outside
agitators. I thought the army might arrest foreigners to
make that point. As a result, I stayed about 200 yards
west of the Square, on Changan Avenue, where there
was a broad path of grass and leafy tree branches that
blocked the street light. I waited and waited, as did the
hundreds of thousands of others, on the long streets
leading to the Square from the west, east and south. At
dawn, as I pedaled back to the Institute, I saw clusters
of angry people denouncing the government. By that
time, street vendors were setting up for a new day, and
I reflected that the government must be embarrassed
that, having called out the troops to “clear the Square,”
they had failed. I thought about earlier Chinese talk of
America as a “paper tiger” and wondered if the gov-
ernment feared that it also might be so branded.

During the next week, I witnessed one of the most
incredible spectacles of my life. I pedaled out to the Six-
Mile Bridge, where the citizens had surrounded and
prevented the government troops from entering the
city. There, in the rolling hills at the edge of the city, an
almost unbroken sea of people engulfed about 20
trucks full of soldiers. Pushing my way through the
crowd, I saw students sitting in the trucks with the
soldiers, talking to them, and the crowd passing them
soft drinks and oranges. The soldiers generally sat
quietly and glumly. One was heard to reply omin-
ously to a student’s plea not to attack the students:
“But we also have to obey orders.”

Tension continued to mount in Beijing and the
Institute. The students had ended their hunger strike,
but some (especially students from outside Beijing)
were now determined to remain in the Square until the
Party Congress of June 20. This long an occupation
almost certainly would not be tolerated; it was felt that
something bad would happen. Also, that week the
students erected their famous statue, “The Goddess of
Democracy,” and put it in the Square facing the portrait
of Chairman Mao. Some students at my Institute ob-
jected that she was an inappropriate symbol, being
modeled after the American Statue of Liberty. I said they
shouldn’t think of it as such — the statue was built by
the French people and given to America not so much as a
symbol of America as of a symbol of freedom and
democracy. The students liked that explanation. But the
government objected that the statue was poorly made
and an affront to the beauty of the Square, ignoring
the dreary Stalinesque architecture ringing it. The students
replied that they would build a more permanent, care-
fully made statue to replace that one. The government,
of course, was even less pleased.

The highlight of my day strolling through the Square
came when I met an old, almost toothless veteran of the
war against Japan. With animation and warmth, he told
me how he loved Americans, who had fought with
Chinese soldiers against the Japanese. (“We drank from
the same bottle,” he said.) As a crowd of students
gathered round, he said he had never attended school a
day in his life, but loved poetry. He recited a couple of
his poems, sang a war song from 1938, did some Tai-
Chi, and to thunderous applause and shouts of approval,
concluded by saying that they had fought for freedom in
the war against the Japanese, but never got it; therefore
they must support the students’ fight for democracy.

Tension increased throughout the week, with re-
ports that more army troops were massed on the out-
skirts of the city. People increasingly felt that a major
push was coming, that the government could not stand
another humiliating retreat of its army. Yet there was
optimism that anything was possible, that the students
and people might somehow miraculously “win.” After
all, the doomsayers had been wrong so far.

It was assumed that the push would come Saturday,
so the streets could be cleaned up in time for business
Monday. Early Saturday morning I rode down to see
what things looked like. I encountered large crowds and
traffic congestion, caused by a bus that had been
commanded by students and citizens. Inside were
plainclothes soldiers, I learned later. The students had
confiscated a machine gun, helmet, and officer’s hat,
and had mounted them on top of the bus. Closer to the
Square I saw a rammed military vehicle, with a crowd
standing around.

Given the rising tension and crowds along the bou-
levard, I was surprised to see the Square not crowded

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and buzzing. Indeed, by this point the student movement was faltering on its own. Beijing students had been in the Square almost three weeks; they were tired, dirty, and sick from the unsanitary conditions. In addition, there was growing dissension. Some students opposed the call of more radical ones for a replacement of the present leadership, notably Li Peng; others wanted to return to classes and continue the struggle from the universities. Most Beijing students had already left the Square; those who remained were more recent arrivals from other provinces. In fact, there were more non-students than students in the Square that Saturday; many citizens came to photograph the Goddess of Democracy.

A crowd had assembled near the Monument to the Heroes of the Revolution, where the popular Taiwanese singer, Ho De Jian, had joined a new hunger strike launched by some of Beijing’s leading intellectuals. I got to mount the steps of the Monument because the students thought I was a foreign reporter. (I went up with a French reporter.) There were many rumors floating around that morning and early afternoon. Because I didn’t speak Chinese, I was never quite sure what was going on, and brief explanations by passers-by sometimes confused more than clarified. There was a report that thousands of troops had massed in the Great Hall of the People, but I couldn’t see anything. There was a report that tear gas had been used in front of the Hall, but I saw no evidence of that. There was a report that weapons had been planted among the students by the secret police, but I couldn’t confirm that. I saw students dragging someone to their “headquarters” but could not determine who he was or what he had done.

I left about 3 p.m. and pedaled to a professor’s apartment to have dinner. Attending were a couple of students from Shanghai. Shortly before 9 p.m. the students got a call from their parents that the mayor of Beijing had been on the air saying all people must be off the streets by 9, when public transportation would cease. Buses normally run until 11 p.m., so this cut-off of public transportation sounded ominous. Everyone had to leave immediately. As I left, the family cautioned me not to go to Tiananmen. I agreed not to, but with the thought that I was technically not lying if I only went near the Square.

I rode my bike toward the Institute; then, once out of their sight — they had accompanied me nervously to the gate — turned toward the Square. On the way I saw large crowds, and about 10 trucks of construction workers travelling toward the Square, waving joyfully and bravely at the cheering crowd. The crowds increased as I went along — old and young, male and female. I reflected that without the hard-core university students, these people would disappear at the first sign of trouble. I would be proven wrong.

Trouble was not far off. As I pedaled south past Diaoyutai (the residence for foreign dignitaries) toward Muxidi Avenue, I could hear heavy gunfire coming from the west. I thought, oh, oh, here it comes. At first I considered stopping there, but Muxidi was not to my liking; it is very open and without good hiding places and side streets. I had learned as a student in Paris in 1960 — when the police brutally put down anti-Algerian war protests by students — to avoid places without side alleys and side streets by which to escape. So I turned east and proceeded toward Tiananmen Square, which was about five miles away. It was just as well I left Muxidi, because it would be the scene of the evening’s most violent confrontation.

As I pedaled down the wide boulevard, with hundreds of thousands of people, I heard a call, “Glasco! Glasco!” It was Professor Man of the Institute! It was sheer luck to find someone you knew in that crowd. She asked me what I was doing out; I asked her the same thing. She said to go home, be very careful, and that there probably would be a bloodbath tonight. I explained how I had left the Wangs, and that I should telephone them in case they tried to reach me at the Institute. Also, I was worried about Professor Guang, who had arranged to take me to the Great Wall the next morning. He had no telephone, but if I called the Wangs, he might call them the next morning in case I were not back.

Man agreed, and we looked, unsuccessfully, for a public telephone. She then said that I could go further down the street and use the telephone/telex building, which should be open all night. I left her, promising to be very careful.

Travel became increasingly difficult as I got nearer the Square. Buses and other barricades blocked the street. I pushed on, fascinated and electrified by the crowd and the nervous tension in the air. About two long blocks from the Square the crowds became so thick I had to walk. Students were standing defiantly atop buses blocking the intersection. In general, however, there were few students along the street; the ones I saw were bicycling rapidly toward the Square.

The telephone building was on Fuxingmen (the extension of Changan Avenue) between Xidan and Fuyoo streets. It was there that I spent the rest of the night. I was at Xidan when about midnight a small tank came roaring south along the street at 50 or 60 m.p.h. I didn’t know tanks could go so fast. People scattered in all directions, but, miraculously, the tank hit no one and smashed headlong into buses blocking the intersection. This did little good, because the buses were facing...
north-south, and lined up four or five deep. There had been students on top of the buses and inside some, but when I checked later I saw no casualties. The tank backed up and roared away. No more than five minutes later a second tank did the same thing. With gunfire getting louder in the west, it was clear that the invasion was underway.

The crowd was incensed at the tanks, and angrily set fire to the already damaged buses. Soon a young man shimmied up a light pole and, to applause, smashed a government TV camera pointed into the intersection.

After something of a lull, a steady line of heavy tanks lumbered along the boulevard, smashing through the buses and other barricades. I saw a hundred or more tanks between midnight and 2 a.m. The tanks were showered with stones, which did no damage. One, however, broke down and some people hurled Molotov cocktails at it; it burst into flames. I figured that now the tank would surely open fire. (So far, none had done so.) It did not fire, however, and with the flames engulfing it, the soldiers had to evacuate. The crowd anticipated this and closed in. As a door tentatively opened, the crowd threw stones inside. Finally, a student approached waving a white flag, and helped the soldier out. Once out, the soldier broke and ran, but the crowd soon caught him. I could see them beating him. Some in the crowd angrily called for his death. The same thing happened for the second soldier out; he didn't run, but still the crowd pushed aside the flag-waving student and grabbed him. And similarly for a third.

Following the tanks came a hundred or more troop-carrying trucks. One or two machine-gunners in each truck did the shooting. As the convoy proceeded slowly down the street, about every third or fourth truck would stop, as if to dare the crowd to do something provocative. After 15-30 seconds at the intersection, where perhaps 10,000-20,000 people were congregated, one or more rocks would hurl toward the truck, at which point the machine-gunner, who was standing in the truck, would fire three or four short bursts, perhaps 20 bullets in total. He fired directly at the crowd, and with the density of the people, most bullets hit someone. This pattern was repeated in sickening regularity throughout the night, and accounted for most of the casualties. I learned later that Xidan was the second most bloody confrontation spot, after Muxidi.

Along Xidan, and along side streets and alleys, the wounded were hauled away with anything at hand. Ambulances were few and far between, and mainly showed after 3 a.m. Bodies were loaded onto bicycles, pedicabs, rickshaws, wagons — anything on wheels — and pushed and pedaled away. The sight of blood streaming down chests, heads, arms and legs is something one never forgets.

Nor does one forget the anger of the crowd. The Chinese do not easily show emotion. I had earlier been surprised to learn that someone who was talking with a slight smile had really been saying some very hostile things. But this night there was no mistaking the anger of the people; it showed on their faces with frightening intensity. The fury of the crowd surpasses the ability of words to capture.

Nor does one forget the immensity of the military response, and the feeling that this was all so clumsy, so crude and primitive, so unnecessary. The movement was collapsing of its own self. The army could have taken charge without large loss of life by using tear gas and water cannons to get many of the people out of there. Instead, they came in firing machine guns directly into the crowds.

The people were absolutely stunned that the PLA (People’s Liberation Army) had fired on them. I had been surprised earlier at the sincere love the people had for the army. They said the army had never been used against them, that it had been their friend, helping in times of flood and other disasters. I asked why no one seemed very concerned about the gunfire in the west, and was told that those were simply rubber bullets. Later a man came running into the crowd with a large slug, saying something like “Can you believe that this is what they’re shooting at the people? Just look at this! Isn’t it awful?” And the crowd, wide-eyed, passed the bullet around in disbelief, and in growing anger.

At about 3 a.m. the shooting stopped, the troops stopped coming, and people began to venture out into the street. The crowd urged me to be careful (“You’re very tall, and don’t look Chinese”), but also to take pictures. (“Show the American people; show Bush.”) I got pictures of the bullet holes, blood stains on the sidewalk, bloody bandages, and the like. I never took pictures of the wounded because I thought that might be dangerous for them. In addition, I was constantly nervous, not so much about the soldiers, as about plainclothes police.

At dawn, about 5 a.m., the invasion resumed. I couldn’t believe it. Surely the government had sent enough tanks and troops to clear the Square. This was absurd, but in came perhaps a hundred more tanks. The people showered them with stones. Along with the tanks came more soldiers, shooting occasionally and causing us to fly up alleys and side streets. I stayed out of harm’s way as much as possible. And with all the construction going on in Beijing, there were many piles of sand and bricks behind which one could hide.

Finally, perhaps at 7 or 7:30 a.m., lines of students began coming from the Square. Walking back to their
From: Washington Post

The Chinese Democracy Movement

Returning early to Pittsburgh (I originally planned to tour China until July 7) has given me time to reflect on that eventful month. This was my first visit to a communist country. I had always been somewhat sympathetic to the idealism of communism, or at least of socialism, and had long felt that, despite the disadvantages in terms of personal liberties, allowances should be made for the system in terms of its egalitarianism and concern for the downtrodden. I was quickly disabused of that notion, however. The people of China seem to have all the disadvantages of communism and dictatorship, plus the inequities found in capitalist lands. From conversations with ordinary citizens, students and teachers, it became clear that two major sources of anger are the unbridled privileges and high standard of living of the party cadres, especially the top leadership. Certainly there are fertile grounds for economic grievances. Beginning college teachers, for example, earn $25-30 per month, barely enough to feed, clothe and house themselves; top professors earn a maximum of about $200 per month, barely enough for a whole family. Housing is cheap, but of poor quality and sometimes without conveniences that we consider necessities — indoor plumbing, for example. There are gross inequities: bellhops and street vendors earn considerably more than most faculty members. None live well — professors, bellhops, street vendors — but I can’t recall hearing their discontent voiced primarily in terms of economic grievances. Indeed, many said that they were somewhat better off since the economic reforms of the past decade. It seems that once the people were raised from bare subsistence, their thoughts turned to freedom.

Throughout the system, gifts — akin to bribes — are necessary to do anything. Even obtaining a simple train ticket can require several days waiting in the station unless one has a friend. On my one train trip, I arrived at the station about 6 a.m. to find many poor folks, farmers and workers sleeping on the floor, waiting for the ticket windows to open. Party cadres and foreigners with foreign currency, however, can obtain reservations without the wait. People spend a good part of their lives cultivating “friends” (often party cadres) with favors and gifts for future needs, even the most simple and basic. At the top, I was told, these gifts are even more lucrative, with the result that party leaders are sometimes millionaires, even multi-millionaires, with funds stashed outside the country. This inequality is rampant in capitalist countries, of course, but it’s not so direct and lacks the glaring hypocrisy of government platitudes about “people’s” this and “people’s” that. I was told repeatedly by embittered citizens: “Here the people mean nothing.”

I returned with other impressions which are so clear and obvious that I believe virtually any observer on the scene who interacted with people would agree with me. The principal one concerns the idea of democracy. The force of that idea was incredible; it was almost palpable, out in the streets. It was something people were eager to talk about and, ultimately, to die for. The interest in

universities and colleges and homes, they were a sad group, crying from the tear gas, and spitting and choking. They shuffled along. I saw the students from my Institute. One of them held up a bloody railroad spike which she said had been taken from a soldier who had beaten them with it. She then broke into tears and said that worse, the soldiers had just run over about 11 students. I should have left immediately to get a picture of that, but instead took more pictures of the marching students, before walking over. I saw a hysterical woman in the street, pointing to what I believe was the site where the students had been run over, but before I could get there, a tank rolled up, and soon several troop trucks did likewise. No chance for pictures.

When I returned to the Institute, the mood was somber and depressing. There were few students on campus, and they milled around rather aimlessly in the area where loudspeakers previously had disseminated information about the hunger strikers, upcoming marches, and the like. Some looked at posters describing, I presume, the massacre of the previous day. I talked with some of the foreigners in my dormitory who could speak Chinese. They said we were under orders not to leave the campus, that even the student leaders had urged students not to leave campus or give the army any pretext to kill more students.

The next day was equally somber. Wreaths had been erected for the students from our Institute known to have died in the assault, and the picture of one was posted on the side of a dormitory that had been used as a student communication center. Student leaders continued to urge students to remain on campus, and to turn in any army weapons captured in the assault, so as not to provide any pretext for an army invasion of the campus and the killing of students. Students were packing bags and preparing to return home. As the day wore on, the campus became increasingly empty. And it became increasingly fearful, as the rumor spread that troops had already invaded Beijing University, and would soon be at our Institute.

That night I walked around the campus with a student who had been in the Square and a teacher who had not. We tried to talk of pleasant things, and even sang some American pop songs. I was surprised at how closely the students studied the lyrics of American pop ballads, which they learned from Voice of America. About 10 o’clock we heard guitar music from a corner of the campus, and located a circle of students singing folk songs. I was told that they were singing in their native language of Xinjiang Province, a Moslem area in the far west of China. The students invited us to join them, share the beer they were drinking, and talk. They said that one of the students killed was from Xinjiang Province, and they were holding their own private memorial service. They said, touchingly, that they wanted to remember their friend with music rather than tears. They spoke sorrowfully of the repression and of their frustrations. They were extremely kind and understanding with me, pouring beer and sharing cigarettes.
democracy reminded me of the civil rights movement in America; the enthusiasm reminded me of a revival meeting in which people had "found Jesus" and were eager to talk about their conversion. It was probably the equivalent of what the Chinese people had felt about communism 50 years ago, an idea which they had been willing to die for.

Related to this was my second impression: this was not a particularly angry movement. A festive atmosphere characterized the demonstrations. People smiled at each other; fathers, mothers and children marched to the Square. The Chinese took each other's pictures, they took my picture, I took theirs. They were relaxed, jubilant, joyful. Had the government made some sincere effort to meet their minimal and reasonable demands, they would have won the hearts and minds of the people; by repressing it so brutally, they clearly lost their support.

Third, this was much more than a student movement. Students spearheaded the movement, but it attracted the enthusiastic support of millions of ordinary citizens. I do not know how far that support penetrated the countryside, but in Beijing, when one talked with people waiting for the bus or selling soda pop on the street, the message was the same. "We want democracy," they would say earnestly. "We want a system like yours." "We want freedom of the press, so that it can tell us the truth, and expose those who deceive and steal from the people." "We want to be able to remove such people from public office." One of the saddest things I heard came from a teacher who said, "Oh! I was so unlucky to be born in a country with no freedom."

My final impression was of the bravery and determination of the people. I saw a student wearing a headband that read (in Chinese): "Ready to Die, Mother Don't Cry." I had taken that as excusable hyperbole. Several weeks later I realized it was not hyperbole; I had watched the students and citizens confront the tanks and guns, over and over. The look on their faces was not of fear but of anger, disbelief, disgust. These were not just students, or even mainly students, but ordinary citizens out that night of June 3-4, ready to die. When millions of people feel that strongly about something, their faces cannot long be suppressed; given another catalyst they will surface again quickly.

I learned the difference between fear and terror. The night of the massacre, the bulk of those killed were citizens trying to block the troops from reaching the Square, rather than students on the Square. When the tanks and personnel carriers rolled down the street shooting and killing, people ran for cover — they were afraid of bullets — but they quickly returned to jeer and harass the soldiers. They were afraid, but not terrified. Terror came the next day, after the shooting stopped, and the sinister plainclothes police moved in, along with real or supposed neighborhood spies and informants. The former is not frightening because one is part of a crowd, and because one can see the enemy. The other is terrifying because one feels alone and spied upon, always waiting to be picked up and questioned.

In sum, rather than monuments and museums, I saw a mass movement of students and ordinary citizens that will probably be considered a turning point in China's search for democracy. As a citizen of America, where people take democracy for granted, and even discuss it rather cynically, it was an exhilarating experience to see students and citizens openly envious of our system of government, and risking their lives for our brand of democracy. The last symbol of what they wanted — embodied in the student-created statue, the "Goddess of Democracy," was placed in the city's central square directly facing Mao Zedong's portrait. Patterned after America's Statue of Liberty, this 30-foot tall statue was proof that the spirit of democracy continues to inspire.

The Chinese, gracious, friendly and hospitable people, yearn for democracy and freedom of speech and assembly. They deserve better. ■