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# A NEW LIFE

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AN ACCOUNT  
OF FALUN GONG  
SELF-IMMOLATOR  
WANG JINDONG

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CHINA CHANGAN PUBLISHING HOUSE

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## Preface

In 1992, Mr. Li Hongzhi, a native of Changchun City, Jilin Province, combined two kinds of Chinese traditional Qigong that he had learnt with movements from Thai dances and created Falun Gong. Subsequently, he proclaimed that Falun Gong was his innovation hundreds of millions of years ago and that he had imparted Falun Gong to universal beings on several previous earths.

Mr. Li Hongzhi explained that Falun Gong practice would keep practitioners free of disease. In the beginning, he only held classes to teach Falun Gong to his followers and “cured illness” through his “own energy and power” in order to accumulate wealth.

However, things went wrong when he “cured illness” through his “own energy and power,” because many of his “patients” did not go for necessary medical treatment and died.

In order to get out of trouble, Mr. Li no more “cured illness” through his “own energy and power.” He began to ask his followers to learn his theory, which could treat them and help them escape mortality and the corruption of human flesh and fly to what he described as “heaven.” Of course, every follower had to buy his books.

In 1997, Li Hongzhi, told all the Falun Gong practitioners: “If you discard life and death, you will become a god; otherwise, you are a mere human.”

In 1999, Li Hongzhi said, “The most difficult pass for a human, the pass a practitioner has to go through, is to discard life and death.”

In June 2000, Li Hongzhi said, “I can not wait any longer.”



In August 2000, Li Hongzhi said, “You have already known and done it, that is, discard all perseverance in the world (including perseverance in human body) and go through discarding life and death.”

On January 23, 2001, seven practitioners committed collective self-immolation at the Tian'anmen Square. They are Wang Jindong, Liu

Yunfang, Hao Huijun, Chen Guo, Liu Chunling, Liu Siying and Liu Baorong. On August 17<sup>th</sup>, 2001, Wang Jindong was sentenced 15 years of imprisonment by the Beijing No. 1 Intermediate People's Court for intentional homicide by taking advantage of the evil cult.

From when Falun Gong was founded in 1992 until 2002, more than 1, 700 Falun Gong practitioners died. Obeying the teachings of Li Hongzhi, more than 1,400 of them died from their refusal to take medicine, more than 300 committed suicides to "fly to heaven," Other over 20 persons were led to death or deformity by Falun Gong practitioners. Countless families were broken up.



## Content

**Preface** ..... ( 1 )

**Ignorance, Death, Rebirth**

——My account of what happened  
before and after “January 23<sup>th</sup>  
collective self-immolation”

..... Wang Jindong ( 1 )

**Accept sophistries and heresies** ..... ( 1 )

One day in October, 1996, a friend of mine named Xue Hongjun gave me a book titled “Revolving Falun” written by someone called Li Hongzhi. My friend told me that if someone “practices” according to the requirements of the book, he will “start gong” and “become enlightened”, and is sure to “attain consummation”. Then I read through the book without a break and



thought it was well written.

## Twice to Beijing ..... (19)

On Dec. 19 2000, three of us arrived at Tian'anmen Square. At around 10 o'clock, we entered the Square from the east side of the Monument in the Square, the place where I burnt myself later. We stretched out a banner of 4 meters long, written in red and yellow.

## Self-immolation on the Square ..... (31)

When I arrived at the northeast of the Monument, 4 plain-clothes police walked towards me side by side. They fixed their eyes on me. If I did not act, there would be no time. At once, I scratched the bottles under my sweater with the one-side blades I had already prepared. Around 10 paces away from them, I pressed the lighter. In a moment, the flame swallowed me.

## Accepting Interviews ..... (43)

CCTV wanted to interview me at the first time at Jishuitan Hospital. I gave them a silent refusal. On January 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2001, a





media organization wanted to interview me again. Leaders of the hospital asked whether I would like to accept interview. I said I was ready.

**Facing Justice ..... (55)**

Through open inquisition at the Beijing No. 1 Intermediate People's Court, on August 17<sup>th</sup>, I was sentenced 15 years of imprisonment for intentional homicide by cult and deprived of the political rights for 3 years. I refused to accept the verdict and asked for an appeal. On October 14, 2001, the Beijing Higher People's Court, in its second open trial, maintained the verdict.

**Solid ice begins to melt ..... (71)**

Those who work hard will be rewarded. I, a solid ice was melted by the sun-like warmth and care of government cadres. Wang Jindong has converted. The news spread quickly. Team leader Zhang and team leader Ma congratulated me happily. On December 27<sup>th</sup>, 2001, I firmly wrote down "statement of completely breaking



away with " Falun Gong " organization."

**Successful conversion ..... (84)**

It is the government that saved me after the self-immolations, so I was not ruined.

I realized the evil nature and jeopardy of Li Hongzhi's sophistries and heresies. They helped me get rid of the shackle of Falun Gong. The government gave tender care and constant reeducation to our addicted Falun Gong members, making us feel the motherhood love and grand mercy of the Party and government.

**Why would I Convert? ..... (89)**

Since the " Jan. 23<sup>th</sup> " self-immolation incident, Li Hongzhi and his followers twisted the facts of the self-immolation and smeared our government. But a fact is a fact. Abraham Lincoln has a famous saying: " you can cheat someone sometimes, and you can cheat all the people sometimes, but you can't cheat all the people all the time." I call on all the people who have transformed, to work together and devote your enthusiasm to help



those who haven't yet been transformed,  
and this is truly benevolence.

**The Resume of Wang**

**Jindong** ..... (132)  
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## **Ignorance , Death , Rebirth**

——My account of what happened before  
and after “Jan.23<sup>th</sup> collective  
self-immolation”

**Wang Jindong**

### **Accept sophistries and heresies**

My name is Wang Jindong, 51 years old, former bus driver of Kaifeng Maodun Group Company. Home address: No. 33 Fayuan Street, Kaifeng, Henan Province. My wife's name is He Haihua, laid-off worker of Kaifeng Underwear Factory. My daughter's name is Juan Juan, 23 year old, unemployed. I participated in the collective self-immolation on Tian'anmen Square on the afternoon of January 23, 2001. I was the first to set fire on myself. On August 17, 2001, I was sentenced 15 years of imprisonment by the Beijing



No. 1 Intermediate People's Court for intentional homicide, deprived of the political rights for 3 years. Now I am serving the sentence in Zhengzhou prison, Henan Province.

January 23, 2001 was the first Lunar New Year eve of Chinese people in the new century, and the new millennium. On that day, feverishly infatuated with Falun Gong cult, I staged a world-shocked collective self-immolation on Tian'anmen Square, which is a holy place in Chinese people's hearts. This sudden incident, cast a shadow in the hearts of billions of Chinese people who were preparing for the New Year, brought a very bad impact to our country in the international community, and caused an invaluable loss to governments at all levels. During that period, the incident gave rise to a flurry of discussion in the society. Cadres and mass recognized more clearly the nature of Falun Gong cult which wrecked the country and ruin the people. However, Li Hongzhi and his Falun Gong organization which had fled to the United States, flatly denied that I was his follower and a practitioner of Falun Gong though I not only came out, but also dared to "protect the doctrine" by death on



Tian'anmen Square.

Now many people say I am not the practitioner of Falun Gong. Why did I not cross my legs while burning myself? Some say the self-immolation of seven people including Wang Jindong on Tian'anmen Square is a heresy, is an individual act, and had nothing to do with Falun Gong. Others say the three persons of Wang Jindong family are not family members at all, they are laid-off workers bought over by the government. Some even say burns on my body were makes-up. Such comments are by no means rare.

But facts speak louder than words. Now I will retrospect the past events over the past 4 years which I find unbearable to look back; the warm salvage, help and care of government and various circles in the society I encountered after the incident; the developing process of my thought before and after the "Jan. 23<sup>th</sup>" incident. These things themselves are sufficient to tell how I went into ignorance, went through death and rebirth.



My hometown is Jiaohu village, Jiaohu town, Hua County, Henan Province. It is a big market town known far and wide. My home was at a small

courtyard, Nanjiedong in this market town. On January 8<sup>th</sup>, 1951, I was born there. On one day of the autumn, 1957, my parents brought me to Kaifeng, because I should go to school.

My original name was Wang Xiudong. It is said it was a granny of my family who gave me the name. People were used to calling me Dongniu at my hometown. When I graduated from elementary school, I myself changed it to the current name.

In the elementary school, I was very naughty and did not work hard, I did not do well in the study from the fourth grade. My father was often angry, and I was sometimes beaten for that. I did not intend to make my father angry, but I simply could not concentrate on the study. Sometimes, I regretted myself that I had not the will. While when I was playing, I forgot all. After graduation, I went to the part-work, part-study junior high school of the district. I was allocated to the "medical apparatus community" of Daxing street, worked one day and studied the other day. My type of work is bench-work.

There were 7 people in my family. The living expense totally depended on my father's wage. It

was very difficult. My father did not want the subsidies of his working unit, and had to let me leave school and start work. After leaving school, I could not find a job. My father then arranged me to work as a voluntary labor in the bench-work workshop of his factory.

My father was the most respectable person in my heart. He acted always as the workshop director in the factory. He was careful and responsible, he worked hard and never complained. During the natural disaster period of 1960 and 1961, my father often led me to the countryside on a borrowed bicycle, for collecting the wild herbs. I began to experience the hardship of life. Due to overwork and malnutrition, my father contracted dropsy and later hepatitis. One day in 1965, my father was sent to the hospital affiliated to the medical school for the operation of splenectomy. Beads of sweat rolled down his face, but he always smiled when doctors and others asked him. No matter how painful, I never heard my father groaning, even moaning. I was only 14 years old, everyday I was with him. I knew how staunch he was. Afraid that he felt pains, I seldom talked to him. I loved and admired him





more than before. The more he acted like this, the more I felt sorry. Sometimes I turned back and cried silently, and swore that whatever misfortune and tribulations happened to me in the future, my father was always my example. His teaching by precept and example would benefit me throughout my whole life. After the operation, the ailment tortured him for more than 10 years. Several days before his death, He went to the toilet several times for a while, and always had blood in his stool. He also felt that he will pass away. He asked me to come to his side, forced a smile and said calmly, "Xiudong, I've got hematochezia, It seems my illness comes to a critical point." I said, "Don't worry, we go to hospital right now." I fed him with a herbal medicine called Yunnan baiyao, then led him to the hospital on a bicycle, my second sister was also with us. On the way, he said to us, " Xiudong, you are my eldest child, the brothers and sisters are still young, your mother is illiterate and unskillful. She never enjoys her life. If I die, you should be obedient and respectful to your mother." My sister said with tears, "Don't say that any more." I knew my father's feelings, and said, "Sister, let father

