

'Your death is sure if you share this with the outside world', torturers told GAO ZHISHENG. But share it he has. The outspoken lawyer's account of detention and torture, originally written on November 28th 2007, was authorised to be released to the international community on February 2009. Made internationally famous by his public stand against the communist party's persecution of Falun Gong, Gao's whereabouts are currently unknown, following his arrest at the beginning of this February

Dark night, dark hood and kidnapping by dark Mafia

THESE words from me today will be finally revealed one day. They will expose the true face of today's China and will disclose the unimaginable heart and characteristics of the "ruling party" in China. Of course, these words will inevitably bring unpleasant and even disturbed, embarrassed feelings to those global "good friends" and "nice partners" of today's Chinese communist Party - If these global "good friends" and "nice partners" still have some concern in their hearts for the value of human conscience and morality.

Today, the suddenly well off CCP [Chinese Communist Party] has not only gained more and more global "good friends" and "nice partners" but has also spoken more and more loudly such perverted slogans as "China is a country with rule of law." Both will be disastrous to the progress and development of the human rights of the Chinese people.

Around 8 p.m. on September 21st, 2007 the authorities notified me orally that I should go for a mind re-education talk. I found there were some unusual things happening this time. The secret police, who used to follow me very closely, kept a greater distance. I was walking down the street that day and, when I turned a corner, about six or seven strangers started walking towards me. I suddenly felt a strong blow to the back of my neck and fell face down on the ground. Someone yanked my hair and a black hood was immediately pulled over my head.

I was brought to a vehicle and was put in it. Although I couldn't see, it seemed to me that it had two benches with a space in the middle. I was put in the space in the middle on the floor. My right cheek was on the ground. All of a sudden a boot was put on my face holding me down. Many hands started searching all over me. My belt was pulled off and then used to tie my hands behind my back. At least four people put their feet on me holding me down.

About 40 minutes later I was dragged out of the car. My pants were falling down around my knees and I was dragged into a room. No one had said anything at all to me until that time. The hood was pulled off my head at this time. Immediately men began cursing and hitting me. "****, your date of death has come today. Brothers, let's give him a brutal lesson today. Beat him to death."

Then, four men with electric shock prods began beating my head and all over my body. Nothing but the noise of the beating and my anxious breathing could be heard. I

was beaten so severely that my whole body began uncontrollably shaking. "Don't pretend to do that!" shouted a guy I later learned is named Wang. Then a very strong and tall (approximately 6'1") man grabbed my hair and pulled me up off the ground. Then Wang began beating me on the face terribly.

****, you are not worthy to wear black clothes. Are you a mafia leader? Pull off all of his clothes."

All my clothes were pulled off and I was totally naked.



I truly felt God drag me back from that state and give me my life

Wang yelled again, and someone kicked me in the back of my legs, and I collapsed to the floor. The big guy continued to pull my hair and forced me to lift my head to see Wang.

At this time, I could see that there were five people in the room. Four of the men were holding electric prods, and one was holding my belt.

"You listen, Gao, today your uncles want nothing but to make your life worse than death. I tell you the truth, your matter is not only between you and the government.

"Look at the floor! There is not a single drop of water. After a while the water will be above your ankles. After a while you will learn where the water will come from."

While Wang was saying this, the electric shock prods were put on my face and upper body shocking me.

Wang then said, "Come on guys, deliver the second course!" Then, the electric shock batons were put all over me. And my full body, my heart, lungs and muscles began jumping under my skin uncontrollably. I was writing on the ground in pain, trying to crawl away. Wang then shocked me in my genitals.

My begging them to stop only resulted in laughing and more unbelievable torture. Wang then used the electric shock baton three more times on my genitals while shouting loudly.

After a few hours of this I had no energy to even beg, let alone try to escape. But my mind was still clear. I felt my body was jerking very strongly when the baton touched me.

I clearly felt some water sprinkled on my arms and legs as I was jerking. It was then I realised that this was sweat from me, and I realised what Wang had meant about the water.

It seems that the torturers themselves were also tired. Before the dawn came, three of them left the room. "We will come back later to give him the next course," Wang said.

The two left in the room put a chair in the middle of the room and pulled me up and sat me in the chair. One of them had five pieces of cigarettes in his mouth. One man stood behind me and the man with the cigarettes was in front.

The man behind grabbed my hair and pulled my head forward and down. The other man used the cigarettes to fill my nose and eyes with smoke over and over. They did this with the utmost patience. After a while I didn't have any feeling except for some tears dropping on my legs.

This continued for about two hours. Then some other guys came in replacing the previous two. My eyes could not see because they were now swollen shut.

The new guys started talking. "Gao, are you still able to hear with your ears? I tell you the truth; these guys are experts in cracking down on mafia guys. They are heavy-ies. This time they are chosen specifically and carefully by the higher authorities for this purpose.

"Can you hear who I am? My last name is Jiang. I followed you to Xiajiang after you were released last year."

"Are you the one from Penglai City, Shandong?" I asked.

"Yes, your memory is still good. I told you, you would come back sooner or later. When I saw you the way you behaved in Xiajiang, I knew you would be back. You even looked down upon our police."

"Shouldn't we help you have a better lesson? You wrote that letter to American congressmen. Look at you, you traitor. What could you be given by your American lord? The American Congress counts for nothing. This is China. It is the Communist Party's territory."

"To capture your life is as easy as stepping on an ant. If you dare to continue to write your stupid articles, the government has to make its attitude clear. Now, did you see that attitude tonight?" Jiang spoke slowly.

I asked, "How can you face the beating of Chinese and use mafia tactics on Chinese taxpayers?"

"You are an object to be beaten," said Jiang. "You know that in your heart better than most. Taxpayers count for nothing in China. Don't talk about this term 'taxpayers'." While he was saying this, someone else entered the



HUMAN RIGHTS ADVOCATE: Lawyer Gao Zhisheng, renowned for taking on politically sensitive cases, during an interview at his office in Beijing on November 2nd 2005

room. I recognised the voice to be Wang's. "Don't talk to him with your mouth. Give him the real thing. Your uncles have prepared 12 courses. We only finished three last night."

"Your chief uncle doesn't like to talk and so after a while you will see that you will have to eat your own s*** and drink your own piss. A toothpick will touch your light [genitals]."

"Don't you talk about torture by the Communist Party yet, because we will give you a comprehensive lesson now!"

"You are correct, we torture Falun Gong. Everything is right. The 12 courses we're going to give to you were practised on the Falun Gong. To tell you the truth, I am not afraid of you if you continue to write. We can torture you to death without your body being found."

"You stinky outsider [meaning, not from Beijing!] What are you thinking even being here?"

In the following hours of torture, I passed out several times because of lack of water and food, and heavy sweating. I was lying down on the cold floor naked. I felt several times someone come and open my eyes and shine a torch in them to see if I was still alive.

When I would come to, I smelt the strong odour of stinky urine. My face, nose, and hair were filled with the smell. Obviously, but I don't know when, someone had urinated on my face and head.

This torture continued until

around noon on the third day. I don't know where I got the strength to endure, but somehow I struggled to get away from their grasp and began to beat my head on the table.

I was shouting the names of my two children (Tianguy and GeGe) and trying to kill myself. But my attempt did not succeed. I thank Almighty God for this. It is He who rescued me. I truly felt God drag me back from that state and give me my life.

My eyes were full of blood, though, because of my head-banging. I fell on the ground. Immediately, three people sat on my body. One was on my face. They were laughing. They said I used my death to try to scare them. They said they have just seen this too many times.

After being tortured for days, I often lost consciousness and was unable to determine the passage of time. I don't know how long had passed. A group of them were preparing to torture me again.

That same night, I was transported to another location, but I didn't know where, since I had a black hood over my head again. I was continuously tortured there again for another ten days.

Then one day, they put the hood on me again, and I was put into a vehicle. My head was forced in between my legs, and I had to remain that way for more than an hour. The suffering was more than

I could stand, and I wanted to die.

After another hour, at a new location, the hood was removed. Four of the previous five torturers were not there. But, I saw the same group of secret police who used to follow me.

From then on, the physical torture stopped, but emotional torture continued. I was told the 17th communist Party Congress was starting and that I had to wait for the higher authorities' opinions about my case.

During that time, some officials came to visit my cell. Their attitude was softer, and I was also allowed to wash my face and brush my teeth.

Some officials proposed to me to use my writing skills to curse Falun Gong instead, and that I could charge whatever I wanted for doing that. I said it is not a technical problem but an ethical problem.

"So, if that is too hard, then write articles praising the government, and again charge whatever you want," they suggested.

Finally, they proposed, "If you write what we direct and that you were treated well after prison and that you were fooled by Falun Gong and Hu Jia [pro-democracy and AIDS activist], things will go well. Otherwise, how can you find an end to your suffering? Think of your wife and children."

In exchange, I did write an article that said the govern-

ment treated my family well. In that article, I explained that I wrote the open letter to the US Congress because I had been fooled by Falun Gong and Hu Jia.

Before I was released to go home, though, I was brought to Xian city. I was brought to call Geng He (my wife). On the date of the mid-autumn festival, the authorities asked me to call my wife and comfort her since she was holding a protest and trying to commit suicide over the government's treatment of our family.

The content of the call was all designed by the authorities. (Later I learned that my wife's response was also choreographed.) I could still not open one of my eyes at that time and since the call was being taped, I was told to explain that it was from a self-inflicted wound.

On the twelfth or thirteenth day of my kidnapping, when I could again partially open my eyes, I saw my body was in a horrifying condition. Not a single square centimetre of my skin was normal. It was bruised and damaged over every part.

Every day while I was being held, the experience of "eating" was unusual. Whenever I was at the point of starving, they would bring up "mante" [steamed bread] and offer it to me. If I would sing one of the three famous revolutionary Communist Party songs, I could have some bread.

My deepest desire was that I wanted to live until that

was no longer possible. My death would be torturous for my wife and children, but at the same time I didn't want to dirty my soul. But in that environment, human dignity has no strength. If you don't sing these songs, you will continue to be starved, and they will continue to torture you, so I sang.

When they used the same tactic, though, pressuring me to write articles attacking Falun Gong, I didn't do it. But I did compromise by writing my statement saying the government didn't kidnap and torture me and that they treated my family well. I did sign that document.

During these more than 50 days, more horrible evils were committed than I have told here. Those evils are not even worthy of any historical records by any human governments. Records of them will further enable us to see clearly how much further the leaders of the CCP are willing to go in the CCP's evil crimes against humanity in order to protect its illegal monopoly on power! Those evils are so dirty and disgusting that I don't want to mention them at this time and perhaps will never mention them in the future.

Every time when I was tortured, I was always repeatedly threatened that, if I spelled out later what had happened to me, I would be tortured again, but I was told, "This time it will happen in front of your wife and children."

The tall, strong man who pulled my hair repeated this over and over during the days I was tortured. "Your death is sure if you share this with the outside world," he said. This was repeated many times. These brutal, violent acts are not right. Those that did it, themselves, knew this clearly in their hearts.

Finally, I want to say a few words that I won't be liked by some folks. I want to remind those so-called global "good friends", "good partners", so-called by the CCP, that the increasing degree of brutality and coldness against the Chinese people by the CCP is the direct result of appeasement by both you and us (our own Chinese people).

Written on November 28th, 2007, at my besieged home in Beijing. Authorised to be released to the international community on February 9th, 2009.

This letter was first published by the China Aid Association. The above version is slightly abridged. We gratefully acknowledge permission to use their translation, which The Epoch Times has edited. Gao provided this letter with the title: Dark Night, Dark Hood and Kidnapping by Dark Mafia - My account of more than 50 days of torture in 2007.

The Epoch Times serialises *The Nine Commentaries on the Chinese Communist Party* <http://ninemcommentaries.com>

Part Three: On the tyranny of the Chinese Communist Party

This is part of the third of *Nine Commentaries on the Communist Party*. The *Nine Commentaries* are an award winning serial on the history of the Communist Party in China authored by The Epoch Times

Part three of the *Nine Commentaries: On the tyranny of the Chinese Communist Party*

Foreword

When speaking about tyranny, most Chinese people are reminded of Qin Shi Huang (259-210 B.C.), the first Emperor of the Qin Dynasty, whose oppressive court burnt philosophical books and buried Confucian scholars alive. Qin Shi Huang's harsh treatment of his people came from his policy of "supporting his rule with all of the resources under heaven." [1] This policy had four main aspects: excessively heavy taxation; wasting human labour for projects to glorify himself; brutal torture under harsh laws and punishing even the offenders' family members and neighbours; and controlling people's minds by blocking all avenues of free thinking and expression through burning books and even burying scholars alive. Under the rule of Qin Shi Huang, China had a population of about 10 million; Qin's court drafted over 2 million to perform forced labour. Qin Shi Huang brought his harsh

laws into the intellectual realm, prohibiting freedom of thought on a massive scale. During his rule, thousands of Confucian scholars and officials who criticised the government were killed.

Today the Chinese communist party (CCP)'s violence and abuses are even more severe than those of the tyrannical Qin Dynasty. The CCP's philosophy is one of "struggle," and the CCP's rule has been built upon a series of "class struggles," "path struggles," and "ideological struggles," both in China and toward other nations. Mao Zedong, the first CCP leader of the People's Republic of China (PRC), put it bluntly by saying, "What can Emperor Qin Shihuang brag about? He only killed 460 Confucian scholars, but we killed 46,000 intellectuals. There are people who accuse us of practicing dictatorship like Emperor Qin Shihuang and we admit it all. It fits the reality. It is a pity that they did not give us enough credit, so we need to add to it." [2]

Let's take a look at China's arduous 55 years under the rule of the CCP. As its founding philosophy is one of "class struggle," the CCP has spared no efforts since taking power to commit class genocide, and has achieved its reign of terror by means of violent revolution. Killing and brainwashing have been used hand in hand to suppress any beliefs other than communist theory. The CCP has launched

one movement after another to portray itself as infallible and godlike. Following its theories of class struggle and violent revolution, the CCP has tried to purge dissidents and opposing social classes, using violence and deception to force all Chinese people to become the obedient servants of its tyrannical rule.

I. Land Reform—Eliminating the Landlord Class

Barely three months after the founding of communist China, the CCP called for the elimination of the landlord class as one of the guidelines for its nationwide land reform program. The party's slogan "land to the tiller" indulged the selfish side of the landless peasants, encouraged them to struggle with the landowners by whatever means and to disregard the moral implications of their actions. The land reform campaign explicitly stipulated eliminating the landlord class, and classified the rural population into different social categories. Twenty million rural inhabitants nationwide were labelled as "landlords, rich peasants, reactionaries, or bad elements." These new outcasts faced discrimination, humiliation, and loss of all their civil rights. As the land reform campaign extended its reach to remote areas and the villages of ethnic minori-

ties, the CCP's organisations also expanded quickly. Township Party committees and village Party branches spread all over China. The local branches were the mouthpiece for passing instructions from the CCP's Central Committee and were at the frontline of the class struggle, inciting peasants to rise up against their landlords. Nearly 100,000 landlords died during this movement. In certain areas the CCP and the peasants killed the landlords' entire families, disregarding gender or age, as a way to wipe out completely the landlord class.

In the meantime, the CCP launched its first wave of propaganda, declaring that "Chairman Mao is the great saviour of the people" and that "only the CCP can save China." During the land reform, landless farmers got what they wanted through the CCP's policy of reaping without labouing, robbing without concern for the means. Poor peasants credited the CCP for the improvement in their lives and so accepted the CCP's propaganda that the Party worked for the interests of the people.

For the owners of the newly acquired land, the good days of "land to the tiller" were short-lived. Within two years, the CCP imposed a number of practices on the farmers such as mutual-aid groups, primary cooperatives, advanced cooperatives, and people's communes. Using the slogan of criticising "women with bound

feet"—i.e., those who are slow paced—the CCP drove and pushed, year after year, urging peasants to "dash" into socialism. With grain, cotton, and cooking oil placed under a unified procurement sys-

"What can Emperor Qin Shihuang brag about? He only killed 460 Confucian scholars, but we killed 46,000 intellectuals"

tem nationwide, the major agricultural products were excluded from market exchange. In addition, the CCP established a residential registration system, barring peasants from going to the cities to find work or dwell. Those who were registered as rural residents were not allowed to buy grain at state-run stores and their children were prohibited from receiving education in cities. Peasants' children could only be peasants, turning 360 million rural residents of the early 1950s into second-class citizens.

Beginning in 1978, in the first five years after moving from a collective system to a household contract system, some among the 900 million peasants became better off, with their income increasing slightly and their social status improving somewhat. However, such a meager benefit was soon lost due to a price structure that favoured industrial commodities over agricultural goods; peasants plunged into poverty once again. The income gap between the urban and rural population has drastically increased, and economic disparity continues to widen. New landlords and rich peasants have re-emerged in the rural areas. Data from Xinhua News Agency, the CCP's mouthpiece, show that since 1997, the revenue of the major grain production areas and the income of most rural households have been at a standstill, or even declined in some cases. In other words, the peasants' gain from agricultural production did not really increase. The ratio of urban to rural incomes has increased from 1.8 to 1 in the mid 1980s to 3.1 to 1 today.

References:

- [1] From the *"Annals of Foods and Commodities"* in *History of the Former Han Dynasty (Han Shu)*. "All under heaven" refers to China under the emperors.
- [2] Qian Bocheng, *Oriental Culture*, fourth edition, 2000.