

A Letter from the Twenty-first Century Dungeon - Over Fifty Days of Endless Inhumane Tortures in the Hands of the Chinese Government

By Gao Zhisheng

These words of mine will eventually, no matter how long and hard a journey that may be, be seen by the world. They will tear to pieces the seemingly humanness of many things in China today, bringing to light the unimaginable true colors of the “ruling party” in China. Of course, these words will inevitably bring slight uneasiness or even slight embarrassment to those “good friends and partners” of the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) the world over—if these “good friends and partners” still have any trace of reverence to ethics and the value of human conscience.

Today, the suddenly wealthy CCP has not only gained increasingly many “good friends and partners,” but has also boasted increasingly louder such preposterous slogans as “China is a country ruled by law.” But to the progress of human rights of the Chinese people, both developments have been disastrous.

Around 8 p.m. on September 21, 2007 the Chinese authorities summoned me to go for a routine “thought reform” discussion. On the road, I found something was unusual this time. The secret police, who usually followed me closely, kept a greater distance than usual. When I was approaching a street corner, six or seven strangers rushed toward me. I suddenly felt a strong blow to the back of my neck and the ground smashed my face, but I didn’t lose consciousness. Before I knew it, someone yanked my hair and a black hood was pulled over my head. I was then pushed toward a vehicle and was shoved into it. Although I couldn’t see anything, it seemed to me that it had two seats with a space in the middle. I was pushed down flat in the space between the seats on the floor. My right cheek was on the floor. All of a sudden a huge boot stepped on my face. Many hands started searching all over me, but because they had kidnapped my family so frequently, they didn’t find anything valuable on me. I felt something was different about this kidnapping. My belt was pulled off and then used to tie my hands behind my back. I was laying belly down on the floor and at least four people had their feet on top of me.

About 40 minutes later I was dragged out of the car. I was pushed into a room while my pants were dragging around my ankles. No word was uttered by anyone during all this time. The hood was suddenly yanked off of my head, and before I could adjust to the sudden bright light, verbal and physical torture started. “Gao Zhisheng! You mother f*****! Your date with death is today! Brothers! Let’s show the bastard how brutal we can get. Kill the bastard.” A leader (I assumed) of the group screamed. Then, four men with electric batons started to beat my head and body with ferocity. Nothing but the noise of the beating and my stressed moaning could be heard in the room. I was beaten so severely that my whole body began shaking uncontrollably on the floor.

“Don’t let the f***** bastard rest!” shouted a guy named Wang, as I learned later, who appeared to be the group’s leader. Then, a very strong and tall man (approximately 6’1”)

grabbed my hair and pulled me up off the ground. Wang suddenly jumped over and started to slap my face with terrible ferocity, like a madman.

“Gao Zhisheng, you mother f*****, you are not f***** worthy to wear black clothes. Do you think you are a Mafia boss?” Then, Wang ordered his crew, “Tear off all of the bastard’s clothes!” All my clothes were torn off and I was totally naked. “Make the bastard kneel!” Wang yelled again, and someone wacked twice on the back of my legs, and I collapsed to the floor on my knees. The big guy continued to pull my hair to force me to lift my head to look at their leader. At this time, I could see that there were five people in the room. Four of them were holding electric batons while the other one was holding my belt.

“Listen, you bastard, today, your uncles (the mob) want nothing but to make you wish you were dead rather than alive. Gao Zhisheng, let me tell you the truth, this is no longer a matter between you and the (Chinese) government. Now it’s a f***** personal matter between you and us!”

“Look at the floor now you bastard! There is not a single drop of water there. After a while the water will cover your ankles. You will f***** know soon enough where the water comes from.” While Wang was saying this, he already started to shock me with the electric batons on my face and upper body.

“Come on guys! Serve the second course for the bastard!” Wang said. All four electric batons started to shock me all over my body at once. All my internal organs and muscles began jumping under my skin uncontrollably, as if they all wanted to escape from these shocks. I was rolling all over the floor in horrific pain. When Wang started to shock my genitals, I begged him to stop. My begging only invited obscene laughter and more maddening torture. Wang shocked my genitals four times while shouting loudly.

After a few hours of intense torture, I had no strength left to beg or dodge. But my mind was unusually clear. I felt my body was jerking violently when the batons shocked me. I clearly felt some water sprinkled on my arms and legs. Only then did I realize that this was the puddle of sweat from my body, because of hours of torture, and it dawned on me what Wang had meant about the ankle-deep water.

It seemed that the night-long torture job was wearing down the torturers themselves. At almost the dawn, three of them left the room. “Go ahead serve the bastard the next course. We will come back to relieve you two later.” Wang signaled to the two left in the room to move a chair to the middle of the room and dragged me over and seat me in the chair. One of them had five cigarettes in his mouth, lit them and inhaled deeply several times. The other man stood behind me and grabbed my hair and pushed my head to bend down. The man in the front used the cigarettes to fill my nose and eyes with smoke. This was done over and over. They did this methodically, with utmost patience. After a while, except for occasional sensation of tears dropping on my legs, I felt that I could care less about what these two men were busy doing, because that seemed to have absolutely no relevance to me.

This continued for about two hours. Then two other guys came in to relieve the duo who had worked hard torturing me with the cigarettes. By then I couldn't see anything because my eyes were now swollen shut.

One of the new guys started talking, "Gao Zhisheng, are you still able to hear with your ears? We can agree that you had some bad luck today. To tell you the truth, these guys are experts in cracking down on mafia and gangsters. They are heavy hitters. This time they have been carefully chosen specifically for you by the higher ups for this purpose."

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

"Are you the one from Penglai (a city in Shandong province)?" I asked.

"Yes, so your memory is still good. I told you, you would come back in the jail sooner or later. When I saw you the way you behaved in Xiajiang, I knew you would be back inside again. I saw the way you showed no respect for the police, and I thought to myself, we must have you come back in and teach you a good lesson so that you will never forget."

He continued, "You wrote that letter to the American Congress. Right? Look at yourself, you traitor of the Han Chinese. What could your American master give you? The American Congress is like my c***. This is China. It is the Communist Party's territory. You are just a little fart. To kill you is like stepping on an ant. You don't even understand this basic fact and tried to write your dog-fart articles. If you dare to write those dog-fart articles again, the government has to make it clear where it stands. Do you understand where the government stands on that tonight?" Jiang said insouciantly.

"You are treating a taxpayer like me using brutal mafia methods. How can you face over 1 billion Chinese as a public servant?" I asked.

"You've asked for the beating," said Jiang. "Here you go again, taxpayers, taxpayers. You know this better than anybody. In China, taxpayers are as good as dog farts."

While he was saying this, someone else entered the room. I recognized the voice to be Wang's. "Don't f***** waste your breath on him! Let's give him some more tangible things," he said to Jiang. Then, he turned to me, "Gao Zhisheng, Your uncles have prepared 12 courses for you. We only served you three courses last night. Your uncle (Wang) doesn't like to wasting time talking with you. Soon I will make you bastard eat s**t and drink p**s. I will also use a toothpick to poke your lamp." (I later realized that he was referring to my genitals). Haven't you bastard accused the Communist Party of using horrendous torture? Well, today, I want you to experience all of them. Yes, you are not incorrect in saying that we torture Falun Gong followers. That's right, we do. The 12 courses we're serving you were perfected on the Falun Gong followers. To tell you the truth, I am no longer afraid of you writing about this. There is zero possibility that you will leave this place alive. We can torture you to death and make sure nobody can find your body. Every time I think about you, it makes me steaming mad. Who do you think

you are? Do you think you are somebody noteworthy in Beijing? You are nobody but just a stinky outsider (not from Beijing)! You will get a good beating from your uncles!”

In the following hours of torture, I passed out several times, probably because of thirst, hunger and sweating. I was lying down on the cold floor naked, and I was in and out of consciousness violently, like a roller coaster. I felt several times someone opening my eyes and shining a flashlight in them to check if I was still alive. Every time I woke up from unconsciousness, I smelled the stinky odor of urine. My face, nose, and hair were covered with urine. Obviously, someone had urinated on my face and head although I didn't know when it happened.

This torture continued until the afternoon of the third day. I still don't know where I got the strength, but somehow I struggled to get away from their grasp and plunged my head toward a table, screaming the names of my children Tianyu and Gege, attempting to kill myself. The way I screamed my children's names still causes me to have goose bumps when I think about it today. The scream was sad and remote and more like from a stranger than from my own voice. But I didn't succeed in killing myself. Thank God Almighty who saved me! I truly felt that the Lord had pulled me back from death. Blood kept flowing out of my eyes because of the impact of the table on my head. I fell on the ground. Immediately, three people sat on me. One of them was on my face. They couldn't stop laughing. They said to use death to scare them was like scaring a cat with a dead mouse. They said that they had seen too many people pulling a trick just like that too many times.

They then continued to torture me until it was dark outside. Even though by then I could not see anything with my eyes, I could still hear my torturers taking turns having dinner and gathering together afterward.

One of them came over and dragged me up by pulling on my hair and said, “Gao Zhisheng, are you hungry? You bastard just tell us the truth!”

I said, “I am dying of starvation.”

“Do you want to eat? You must tell us the truth!”

I said, “Yes, I do.” Just as I finished the words, I was slapped on the face more than a dozen times, and I again collapsed to the floor. A boot stomped on my chest and someone shocked me on the chin with the electric baton. I screamed with the horrible pain. Then an electric baton was shoved into my mouth, accompanied by verbal abuses: “You bastard's hair didn't stand much pulling! I see that you bastard's mouth isn't that much different from other people's, right? Don't you use it to eat as well? Hungry? Do you think you bastard deserve any food?” I was just wondering why he didn't turn on the electric baton in my mouth to shock me when Wang said, “Gao Zhisheng! Do you know why I didn't destroy you bastard's mouth? That's because tonight we uncles want you to talk all night. We want you to talk about nothing but your womanizing experiences. We don't take no for an answer. Too few won't do, either. Also, you can't get away with too few details. We want all the details, the more the better. Your uncles love to hear this

type of thing. We have stuffed ourselves and slept during the day. We are ready to enjoy them. Start talking now.”

“You mother f*****! Why don’t you bastard talk? You bastard need more beating? Give the bastard what he wants, brothers!” Wang shouted, heard nothing from me. I think three electric batons began to shock me at the same time. I was rolling around all over the floor without any dignity. This went on more than 10 minutes. My whole body kept jerking and shaking with convulsions, and it couldn’t stop. Finally, I begged, “It’s not that I don’t want to talk. There is really nothing to talk about.” My own voice sounded horrifying.

“Brothers, what’s going on? We have served the bastard for several days. You think he is losing his mind?” said Wang. “Let’s poke his lamp (genitals) to see if that will make the bastard talking.”

Then they held me on my knees and started to pierce my genitals with toothpicks. To this day, I can’t find any words to describe the helpless pain and despair I felt when that happened. In that moment, human language and emotion became absolutely powerless. Finally I made up stories about affairs that I had with four women. After repeated torture, I made up details of how I had sex with each of these women. This continued until dawn of the next day.

At that time, I was forced to sign the transcript of my confessions about my affairs and put my fingerprints on the document. “Within six months, your reputation will stink as dogs**. When this is known, people around you will be as happy as hungry dogs bumped into fresh s***.” Wang said loudly.

Later on after I was released, I learned that the day after my “confessions” acquired through torture one officer named Sun informed my wife of “the truth” they had learned about my “escapades with other women.” Geng He (my wife) told them two things. “First, I don’t need the government’s help in defining Gao Zhisheng’s character. Secondly, even if these things happened in the past, Gao Zhisheng is still the same man who wrote those three open letters.”

After being tortured for days, I was often in a state of unconsciousness. I lost the awareness of the passage of time. I didn’t know how much later this happened, but I was aware that a group of people were about to start torturing me again when a guy came in and screamed at them and told them to get out.

His voice sounded familiar and I was able to discern that this was a deputy director from the Beijing Public Security Bureau (The Police Department). I had seen him many times before. I had some good feelings about him. I felt that he was more open and frank than many others and he had protected me and my family in the past. I could not see him, because I couldn’t open my eyes. I knew there was not a single inch of my skin that was undamaged, and I knew my body was unrecognizable. He sounded angry because of my condition. He ordered a doctor to check my condition. He said he was shocked. He said that this was absolutely not what the Party and the government meant for me.

I asked him who is behind these illegal acts of torture, but he didn't answer me. I asked him to send me back to the prison or send me home. But he didn't answer me on that, either. He brought my torturers back into the room and rebuked them. He ordered them to buy clothes for me and give me a blanket and food. He told me he would try his best to either get me back to prison or back home.

As soon as the deputy director left, Wang began cursing me loudly. "Gao Zhisheng, are you still f***** dreaming of going back to prison? Stop day dreaming! You will never go back to prison as long as the Communist Party is in power! Never even think about it again."

That night, I was put on a black hood again and moved to yet another unknown location. During the transporting process, I was in and out of consciousness. I was continuously tortured in the new location again for more than 10 days.

One day, they put the black hood on my head again and forced me to bend 90 degrees and rushed to a vehicle. While in the vehicle, my head was shoved in between my legs, and I had to remain in that position for more than an hour. The suffering was more than I could bare, and I wished that I were dead, rather than alive.

After arriving at the new location, the black hood was removed until about an hour later. I realized that four of the five torturers were no longer with me. They were replaced by the same group of secret police who used to be constantly following me since I was out of the prison.

From then on, the physical torture stopped, but the psychological torture continued. I was told that the 17th Communist Party Congress was about to be in session and that I had to wait for the higher authorities' opinions on how to handle my case after the Congress. During that time, some officials came to visit me, and their tone was slightly softened. I was also allowed to wash my face and brush my teeth. Some officials proposed to me to use my writing skills to attack Falun Gong instead. They said that they trusted I could be very effective with my writing skills, and that I could ask any price for doing that. I said it was not a pure matter of skills, but a difficult matter of ethics.

Seeing that I had not produced anything against Falun Gong followers after waiting for a while, they came back and said, "If it is too difficult to attack Falun Gong, how about writing some articles praising the government; we can pay you any amount of money you want." Finally, they proposed, "How about writing something saying that you and your family were treated really well after you left prison, and that the reason that you wrote the open letters to the American Congress was that you momentarily lost your clear thinking because you were bewitched by Falun Gong and Hu Jia? Otherwise, we don't see a way out of this situation. Can't you just have some pity for your wife and children?" So as an exchange for stopping the torture, later on I did write a statement saying that the government treated my family really well, and that I wrote the open letter to the American Congress because I had been bewitched by Falun Gong and Hu Jia.

Before I was allowed to go home, I was brought to Xian city to give Geng He (my wife) a call. Because she held a protest and told the authorities that she would commit suicide, I was allowed to call her, probably in the evening of the Mid-Autumn Festival (aka “the Moon Festival”), to comfort her. The content of what to say during the call was all designed by the authorities. (Later on I learned that what my wife told me during the call was also choreographed by the authorities.) The authorities videotaped the telephone conversation. I still could not open one eye at the time, so I was told to explain during the video that it was from a self-inflicted wound. I got home in the middle of November 2007. I learned that my house had been thoroughly searched again, and not a single shred of paper with words on it was left behind.

The physical and psychological tortures I encountered during those 50 plus days were truly beyond human imagination. I had many bizarre sensations. For example, sometimes I was absolutely sure that I heard “death” and sometimes I was absolutely sure that I heard “life.”

On the twelfth or thirteenth day of my kidnapping, when I could again open my eyes, I saw my body was in a horrifying condition. Not a single square centimeter of my skin was normal. The skin all over my body had turned black.

Every day while I was being held, the experience of “eating” would make those professionals who write about heroism on paper drop their eye glasses. Whenever stars started to fly in front of my eyes because of starvation, they would bring out the steamed buns. Every time I finished singing “The Chinese Communist Part is good”, “Socialism is good”, “There would be no New China without the Communist Party” they would give me a steamed bun. My psychological bottom line was that unless it was absolutely impossible, I would try to stay alive. My death would be too cruel to my wife and kids.

But at the same time I didn’t want to defile my soul. In that barbarous environment, humanity and human dignity were rendered powerless. If you didn’t sing these songs, you would continue to be starved, and they would continue the endless tortures. So I did give in regarding the songs to stay alive. I also gave in by signing the statements saying that the government didn’t kidnap and torture me and that they treated my family extremely well. However, they didn’t succeed when they used the same tactics to pressure me to write statements attacking Falun Gong.

During these 50 plus days, many horrendous evils were committed that were too shameful to be written down in the chronicles of the governments of the world. These evil acts made it clear to me how far the leaders of the CCP are willing to go in their evil crimes against humanity in order to protect its illegal monopoly on power! However those evil acts were so dirty and disgusting that I am not willing to mention them here. And they may remain unspoken forever.

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 right in front of my wife and children. The tall, strong man would pull me by my hair and repeat the threat over and over during the days I was tortured. “I will make sure you bastard is dead if you tell the outside world

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what happened inside here.” Those brutes knew in their hearts that these violent acts are not “great, glorious, and righteous” (as the CCP often boast about themselves).

Finally, I want to say one thing that won’t be pleasing to some folks. I would like to remind those so-called “good friends and partners” of the CCP around the world that the increasing level of confidence of the CCP in treating the Chinese people with increasingly cold-blooded brutality and cruelty is the direct result of appeasement by both you and us (the Chinese people).

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

Gao Zhisheng’s open letters to the Chinese communist regime:

[Stop Persecuting Believers of Freedom and Mend Your Ties with the Chinese People](http://www.theepochtimes.com/news/5-10-24/33667.html)
<http://www.theepochtimes.com/news/5-10-24/33667.html>

[Why One of China's Top Attorneys Broke with the Communist Party](http://www.theepochtimes.com/news/5-12-16/35876.html)
<http://www.theepochtimes.com/news/5-12-16/35876.html>

[Celebrated Chinese Lawyer Quits Chinese Communist Party](http://www.theepochtimes.com/news/5-12-14/35773.html)
<http://www.theepochtimes.com/news/5-12-14/35773.html>