

The Communist Persuasion

A
PERSONAL EXPERIENCE
OF
BRAINWASHING

BY
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F O R E W O R D

DEFEATED and hunted down by Chiang Kai-shek's *Nationalist* Army, Mao Tze-tung's Eighth Route Army fled helter-skelter to the northwest fastness of Shensi province. After the "Glorious March" of 1935 they swept across the province of Szechwan, leaving in their wake famine, disease and death.

Ten years later, encouraged by the benevolent postwar policy of Nationalist China's Western allies, the Yen-an Soviet regime suddenly emerged into a potential world power under the constitutional name of the People's Democratic Republic of China. To bolster up the new republic, the Eighth Route Army had been reorganized into a People's Liberation Army, estimated at five million strong.

In December 1949 the Communists returned to Szechwan. But this time they were no longer "enemies and exterminators" in flight; they were "friends and liberators of the people"—determined to stay. And much to the astonishment and relief of the province's seventy million inhabitants, they took over Chengtu, the two-thousand-year-old provincial capital, without firing a shot. Nor did they waste any time. The very day of the take-over the city literally swarmed with posters and slogans: "Protection of Private Property," "Protection Against Bandits," "Protection of Foreigners and Their Possessions." "Freedom of Thought," "Freedom of Speech," "Freedom of Religion." ...

Like the Bishop of Chengtu and his clergy, the Bene-

dictine Fathers soon found out the true meaning of these slogans. Early in 1950 their non-denominational Institute of Chinese and Western Cultural Studies was outlawed and its ten-thousand-volume library confiscated; for the next three years they were given each day a round-the-clock police "protection"; at regular intervals several of them, including the prior (Very Reverend Raphael Vinciarelli, O.S.B.), were subjected to endless questioning about their outlook, religious, intellectual, social and political. Between December 1951 and March 1952 they were finally "invited to go home" one after another. For refusing to denounce the Legion of Mary as a "subversive political organisation," Father Prior *was* locked up in a narrow, dingy cell along with other missionaries. After three months of confinement he was brought to trial, found "guilty," and sentenced to "banishment forever."

Deported with Prior Raphael was one of his monks, the Reverend Eleutherius Winance, O.S.B. In this book Father Eleutherius not only describes his personal ordeal under the Communists, but also analyzes and interprets their techniques and behavior. He fulfills this threefold task with the sensibility of a poet, the keen insight of a philosopher, and the wide experience of one who spent fifteen years in China as professor at the National Szechwan University, the Szechwan Provincial Academy of Arts, and the West China Union University.

Even those who are well acquainted with China and have suffered under the Chinese Communist regime will find Father Eleutherius's book both fascinating and enlightening.

TsnnDEUS YANG AN-JAN,
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

IN THE YEAR 1927 the Abbey of Saint-Andre in Belgium made a monastic foundation in Nanchung, in the province of Szechwan, China. When Father Eleutherius Winance, O.S.B., arrived at the priory he found his brethren living a way of life that was strictly Chinese as to food, language and customs, with a promising number of native vocations. In 1936 the monks started a small grade school for the neighborhood children, and the following year they began teaching at the Szechwan diocesan seminary.

Monastic life at the monastery, together with the seminary work, continued during the years of the Japanese attack on China. The monks were available as auxiliary chaplains to the American soldiers stationed in their part of China. As early as 1942 it was felt that Chengtu would be a more suitable place for a permanent priory. Accordingly, by 1945 the Benedictines were established in that city where they opened their well-known Institute of Chinese and *Western Cultural Studies* which was to exercise a short-lived but deeply appreciated influence on the intellectual life of Chengtu in the few short years before the Communist invasion. From 1945 to 1949 several of the Fathers taught in the Chengtu public schools and at the university.

On Christmas Day 1949 the Communists entered upon the scene, and soon there was no more institute and no longer any freedom for the Benedictines. Some were put in jail and others had to submit to a long program of brainwashing. Father Winance was exposed to this kind

of indoctrination three times a week, four hours a session, for a year and a half. He describes the details in this book. Finally, in 1952, the monks were scattered and expelled from China. Two of the native Chinese monks were permitted to remain. They have not been heard from for more than three years.

Expulsion from China did not destroy or diminish the interest of the Saint-Andre Benedictines in that land, in its culture and its people. With the idea of building a bridge that will someday, in God's good time, permit them to return to the Far East, they decided to establish a priory in Valyermo, California, in 1956. There they now live the monastic life, conduct retreats, work in the fields, and help out in neighboring parishes.

Father Winance studied philosophy in the world-famous University of Louvain and received his doctorate there in 1934. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1935 and the following year left for China by way of Moscow and the Siberian railroad. On his return to Europe in 1952 he taught for several years at the International Benedictine College of Sant' Anselmo in Rome. During this time he served on the International Committee against Slave Labor Camps and made two trips to Japan, Formosa, Singapore and Hongkong, *acting* as interpreter.

Since 1956 he has been teaching philosophy at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota.

Etc A. LAWRENCE, O.S.B.

Part One

TECHNIQUE AND PSYCHOLOGY

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INTRODUCTION

"Is IT TRUE that the Communists succeed in `persuading' their people and in winning over the most obstinate minds? And if so, how do they do it?" My confreres and I have heard these questions over and over again since our expulsion from China in 1952. Most of the missionaries who were forced to leave China have heard the same questions and some have already given keen and penetrating answers. My story, I hope, will serve to corroborate their conclusions and perhaps even to **throw a clearer light on their** findings.

The disturbing fascination of Communism for intelligent minds and its power to possess the masses totally is surely hard for many to understand. The Communist ideology seems capable of attracting and even seducing entire nations in spite of the fact that the Communist way **of life with its enforced** discipline and servitude may well disgust people forever.

The Marxist method, proposing as it does an alluring **platform full of hopeful expectation, is very successful in**

concealing its true intentions under a liberal and inoffensive appearance.

My twenty-six months of Communist "liberation," including eighteen months of indoctrination at their hands, brought me into daily contact with people who had been brainwashed, with members of Communist "youth movements," and with agents of the Party. This experience has enabled me to evaluate the methods which the new leaders of China used in order to impose their ideology on the country and to transform its customs and institutions. My purpose in these pages will be to underscore the profound influence of these methods and at the same time to point out their implacable logic.

The study will not be based on texts as such, since theories, promises and action programs are just so many prisms which too often disfigure the true reality. I shall try rather to analyze facts: to relate what I have actually lived through and then to draw conclusions from these reflections.

It is not possible for me to enumerate all the means and procedures used by the Reds in order to win over the Chinese people. Hence I shall confine myself to a description of techniques of a rather spiritual and intellectual order, for it is these that elicited the most tragic reactions in the depths of the Chinese soul.

2.

TACTICAL AND CALCULATED MILDNESS

Incertitude

During the summer months of 1949 Catholic and Protestant doctors and missionaries who had escaped from Shensi or Kansu and were on their way to Hongkong via Chengtu urged us to flee the Communist invasion that was sweeping the northern plains. We refused to listen.

There was reason for our viewpoint, since some rather authoritative voices predicted that the *Pa-Lu* would become more humane after their accession to power and their "legal" installation. (*Pa-Lu* is a Chinese name meaning the Eighth Army—the veterans of the Red conquest; in "non-liberated" territory the term simply meant the Communist troops.) Then there were some intellectuals—embittered by starvation salaries and fascinated by the generous promises of the Red leaders—who sought to communicate to us their confidence in the inevitably rosy future. "It's a regime that's loaded with promise. Why not give it a try?" they said. "Can the Communists be any worse than the others? We have nothing to lose. As for the alleged cruelties of the Communists, is there

any proof for them? That could be pure propaganda. We are neither landowners, politicians, nor reactionaries; what can we possibly fear from a government that has just written into its constitution liberty of conscience, freedom of opinion and of expression?" (It is to be noted that the Chinese People's Republic was proclaimed in Peking, October 1, 1949.)

At the end of August that same year a Jesuit Father, fresh from Peking, gave us a rather glowing description of life in the capital: the soldiers were behaving in a model fashion, the public services were operating efficiently, the police were effective in the streets, black markets were being suppressed, and rents were being paid. He did, of course, report a few exasperating measures that disturbed some of the citizens, but normal living had resumed, and every-one was peacefully tending to his business.

All things considered, the new state of affairs seemed highly preferable to the one we had become used to (and were still enduring) with its frequent electrical breakdowns, the abysmal devaluation of money and other annoyances.

This priest had left Peking during the first days of the rise to power of the Armies of the Revolution, before the complete organization of the system, and he was describing the typical opening phase of the establishment of a People's Democracy. This phase generally permitted a certain carefree and joyous calm to reign; but simultaneously and in secret the organizational framework along with urgent purges was being planned.

Order and tranquillity

In the light of these reports, what was our future experience going to be? At first sight the arrival of the

Communists in our city changed nothing in the routine of the ordinary people except that patriotic festivals ceased. The population went about its daily duties as usual; small business flourished under the protection of stable money; the Christian community developed through the effective work of the Legion of Mary; and the foreign colony willingly cooperated with the new regime.

Placards on walls, doors, trees and signboards, posted on the morning of Liberation, December 25, 1949, had promised liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, religious liberty, the protection of foreigners, immunity of temples and churches and the power of appeal to the capital. Moreover, all these promises had been fulfilled. Many people were living quietly and happily.

However, rumors of trouble in the country were beginning to disturb this happy tranquillity: stories of massacres, imprisonments, confiscations, restrictions and tortures. But it was explained that "only reactionaries and recalcitrants were being punished; as for harassing measures, such as limitations on selling or transferring property, the closing of churches and temples, it was necessary to endure them patiently for a short time just 'to maintain order.' "

It is true that criminals and rebels were being punished. But this disturbed only a few of the people, many of whom were attracted by the government's great public-works programs such as the cleaning of the city sewer system by the academic group in February 1950; and also, a little later, the repairing of the streets by all the people. In order to maintain enthusiasm, the government permitted a succession of festivals and parades with all the customary trappings such as red flags, fantastic lighting effects and dances performed to the frantic rhythm of

cymbals and drums. These joyous occasions lacked nothing except the traditional firecrackers, which had been severely forbidden.

Not all of the small wage earners, artisans, shopkeepers, students and intellectuals became enthusiastic about the new regime (in spite of the atmosphere of popular joy and common effort), but most of them found it endurable, efficient and more or less fair.

Many of them thought that a show of progressive zeal would be the best possible protection from the always-to-be-feared popular vengeance. But the majority of the people still imagined that there was no reason for self-reproach or fear. In the early days of the regime the police often used to lead their tattered captives through the streets on their way to prison. The peaceful merchants lounging over their counters could observe these processions, little realizing that most of the marchers would eventually be thrown into prison and forced to commit suicide. They could hardly surmise in those early days that in March 1952 they, too, would be condemned as exploiters of the people, as secret agents of imperialism and corrupt robbers, and that the shouts of riotous crowds and the accusing clamor of jeep-borne loud-speakers would make them cringe in terror behind their counters.

Who, save pessimists or cynics, could have foreseen such an outcome? For it had to be admitted that the new Popular Democracy was bringing some marvelous liberties to the working classes: freedom from feudalism, fascism, imperialism and bureaucratic capitalism.

In spite of a very humble but poignant warning, many of us rather relished this initial sense of collective wellbeing. That warning came from a young man, a minor Communist soldier whom I met in a missionary's office. He had been en route from the north on his way to *the libera-*

lion of Tibet when, on passing through Chengtu, he noticed a Catholic church and asked to be baptized. After a prudent bit of hesitation the priest granted his request and give him a prayer book with a few holy pictures. The young man locked them away in a little packet which, he said, "not even my leader may open." Then he confided to the astonished priest, "Make good use of your last moments of freedom; the situation is going to worsen and become difficult; the Communists are evil; when the civilian *Kan-Pu* arrive, your life will be awfully rough." (The *Kan-Pu* were the political commissars, the police responsible to the Party.) We really had been forewarned.

It soon became evident, therefore, that the apparent freedom of the first few months was in reality a powerful anaesthetic for wills and a clever tactic of concealment. Without the knowledge of the majority of the people a net of steel was being woven—a net that would eventually enslave them all. This calculated mildness was to be altered into a harsh, inexorable, but diabolically subtle procedure that would result in the suppression of independent newspapers, the destruction of the Christian communities, the crushing out of small business, the extermination of the large landholders, the impoverishment of the small landowners, the enslavement of the workers and the expulsion of foreigners.

Duplicity

Meanwhile, out in the country some entire regiments had refused to hand over their arms and had organized into guerrilla bands. They were counting on the help of numerous powerful secret societies in the neighborhood. Most of the peasants belonged to these "free masonries" and each owned his own gun. A summons from their chief

could bring out thousands of these "Tihsiung," or "comrades in arms," all savage fighters. Accordingly, after the capitulation, guerrilla fighting continued for several months. In March 1950 I remember the guns rumbling at the new western gate of the city: it was the "resistance" at the business of attacking convoys, blocking roads and killing Communists.

Notwithstanding all these efforts, the hopes of certain citizens who had looked forward to a "return" or to a "liberation" in the non-Communist meaning of the term vanished before the Communist suppression. Propaganda through mildness had proved to be more than effective.

The Reds used to say: "We have come to free you from slavery and to distribute land equally to all. The government has purged the country of its oppressors; so why keep your arms? The *Wo-Pa* [*a term meaning "evil tyrants"*] have been shot; the bandits crushed. We are from the people, we are your brothers."

It is true that the strict discipline of the Communist troops seemed much more desirable than the free-and-easy conduct of the armies of the former regime; the Red soldier was polite, prudent, affable. Instead of exploiting the peasants through requisitions, these soldiers rather sought to win them over by helping with the irrigation or the harvesting. So why should they continue to resist?

Accordingly the peasants dug up their revolvers and rifles and brought them to their *new masters*. In less than a year the danger of rebellion was removed.

The mealy-mouthed promise of an eventual division of property also helped to win over the peasants. They were more than happy about the elimination of the landowners and were eager to possess the land themselves. The land was indeed divided up, and then all understood the meaning of the big farce: they had become serfs of the

State, now the sole owner of the property. After having been flattered, spoiled and loaded with favors, the peasants were now in their turn accused, judged and punished for having once deceived and cheated their former masters.

In the schools the sons of the bourgeois likewise greeted their liberators enthusiastically. Now they would be able to criticize their professors, organize the school in a democratic way; there would be hope of new learning and promises of good jobs. The apparent liberation from the *ancient* disciplines did detach the students from the former authorities but only in order the better to re-educate and militarize the youth. Now many saw their true studies sacrificed to re-education along Marxist principles and preparation for political tasks.

I cannot recall ever hearing in public lectures any opinion harmful to my religious sensibilities. On the contrary, in appealing to Christian consciences—either Catholic or Protestant—for sincere collaboration, respect for the faith of his hearers invariably characterized a speaker's words. But at the same time an intangible effort to undermine the faith was insidiously shaking the convictions of some recent converts to Christianity, with the result that their initial courageous resistance ended in apostasy. In the beginning we had never imagined that such a tragic thing could happen.

An honest colleague of mine who has since joined the regime (without becoming Communist) once confided to me: "Never trust Communists. They sound honest, but they are crooked as can be."

For a limited time the Church enjoyed the advantages of the initial mild and peaceful policy. This was manifested in various ways. In certain villages the parish priests happily saw the Reds "helping the Christians to

observe God's commandments" by strict measures against gambling, concubinage and the use of opium. Trusting in promises of religious liberty, the priests organized the faithful into study circles or Legion of Mary groups.' In the course of 1950, an influx of prospective converts filled several of the Chengtu churches. In January 1951 the Catholics even held a patriotic demonstration in the public garden of the city. March of the same year saw them pack two missions preached at Kwai-Wang Chiao and at the Redemptorist church. There was no reason to foresee the violent attacks soon to be unleashed by the authorities.

The Red tactic was to allow people to function as before, to encourage them to speak out and thus to compromise themselves. The clergy became overbold, made some blunders that did not escape the observation of a growing network of spies and informers. Porters and janitors reported on visits and meetings and informed authorities about visitors to the parish house. The progressives attended instructions and listened to sermons. Thus an ample barrage of accusations was secretly compiled.

When a Christian Communist sympathizer remarked that the "government was requiring from the Christians a gesture of good will toward the country," he was immediately rebuked for his blunder. He should have used the official term "invited" instead of "required." A year later a similar incident occurred: a *Kan-Pu* was dismissed because he had "denied that there was a hell and had agreed to give up the pope."

^t Since the Legion of Mary is often mentioned in these pages, it may be stated here that it is a purely religious association of Catholic laity. Its purpose is to intensify the spiritual life of its members, to reclaim those who **have** ceased the practice of their religion, and to seek new converts. The Legion plays no political role whatever.—Trani.

Even the best Chinese priests failed to catch on to this duplicity at the time of the first Communist advances. One day at table I heard one of them (he has since been condemned to fifteen years of hard labor) praising the Communist method of self-criticism. He liked its emphasis on sincerity with oneself, awareness of personal defec-tions, and the possibility of their correction. When presented in a spirit of mildness and not as a crushing out of personality, this method held a certain fascination for many people, and so, too, did the Communist ideals of justice, mutual help and patriotism.

Father Sagredo, the Redemptorist Provincial, who had been imprisoned for four months (during which he was questioned many times), warned the Christians against the pleasant manner of the police. He told them to avoid any kind of discussion with cunning and unscrupulous persons, even those who seemed friendly and courteous. However, many continued to be deceived.

Mildness also characterized the method whereby the authorities talked people into writing their autobiographies and revealing their consciences. In order to get their recruits—soldiers, clerks, professors, students and workers—to tell their life stories, the Communists indicated the great psychological and moral advantages that would result from the revelation of one's education, family milieu, friendships, experiences, travels, opinions, likes and dislikes, religious experiences, mistakes and moral wrongs. They used to say, "Why are you afraid? The spontaneous admission of your serious sins will diminish their gravity; and *as* for the lighter faults, the government will surely not hold you responsible for them."

Thus, under an appearance of mercy, the police obtained all sorts of confessions, expressions of compunc-tion, denunciations—in a word, all the information they

would need for bolstering up future trials and justifying condemnations.

A semblance of mercy deceived even those who were condemned to death. A great many prisoners after a period of hard labor, during which they studied Marxist doctrine and confessed their crimes, were, nevertheless, shot. Several of these prisoners were acquaintances of mine: our former rector, a chemistry professor, a Chinese priest... .

Communist justice often meted out the sentence *huan sin*, which was "death, but only after a certain time." Even after hearing their fate, the victims had to continue to submit to Communist indoctrination, and to work for the State.

If the sight of material accomplishments, military successes or diplomatic victories persuaded a few to close their eyes to "the evils that few revolutions can possibly escape"; if they judged these evils to be "inevitable abuses provoked by the unleashing of popular passions"; as "awkward measures engaged in by low-grade subalterns"; or as "accidental errors that are hardly avoidable in the application of any specific plan"; if this entire line of thought inclined them to adopt a "comprehensive and sympathetic" attitude toward the regime, they ran the risk of judging falsely on the level of facts as well as on that of values.

The very idea of considering "abuses, blunders, mistakes" as involuntary, unforeseen events possibly resulting from intrinsic factors would imply a drastic misunderstanding of the rigid discipline that guides Communist action. Who in present-day China would on his own authority still dare to plunder, torture, massacre or commit "abuses"? All "political" action depends on precise directives emanating from high authorities. Nothing takes

place by chance; everything is calculated and planned. In a regime of carefully related parts, every expression of the system functions at a set time and place: there can be no disagreement whatsoever between theory and practice. It is only in relation to reality that the term "error" has any meaning. For example, consider loss of the human personality that results from a man's total and unconditional submission to the State or to the Party. Though philosophically false in the light of human reason, this is a fundamental truth in the Communist system of thought.

Although I cannot here describe at length the establishment of Communism in the province of Szechwan, a few facts will make clear how successful the Reds were there as elsewhere in establishing their power and organizing their cadres. This in spite of the fear that had remained since the time of their 1935 and 1936 incursions, with the accompanying destructions, massacres, compulsory enlistments, requisitions and plunderings.

To imagine—as some did—that this province was to remain unmolested on the outskirts of revolutionized China, the great, restored, unified, free and dynamic "Fatherland," was completely unrealistic. The Reds had no intention of allowing it to stand as an island of reaction dominated by imperialists. Therefore, to most of us it was not surprising that early on Christmas morning, 1949, the military government of Chengtu signed over the capitulation of the city which Peking troops had already been occupying for two weeks. A Nationalist general, who with 250,000 well-equipped men had been ordered to defend the city, might easily have withstood the invading armies, which had neither heavy cannon nor bombers, but he put up no resistance whatever.

This defection of local generals, forced as they were to join up with the Central Government; the sympathy

of a few intellectuals who had long been won over to socialist ideas; the fears of the merchants, who had been disturbed at the prospect of a destructive siege; the indifference and apathy of the people, who were tired out by the civil feuds of a generation gone by; the hopes of the peasants, which had been roused by the promise of land distribution; the discontent of the Szechwan troops, who had been badly paid and maintained; the universal antipathy against a party of venal bureaucrats: all these factors paralyzed a defense that might possibly have delayed the inevitable outcome.

Military resistance being thus easily overcome, the gigantic task of communizing the various social levels remained. To do this the Reds had to ingratiate themselves with the people so as to make them more docile to indoctrination—an indispensable preliminary to scientific socialization. The initial phase of this process consisted in keeping up hopes, appeasing anger, allaying fears and gaining sympathy. **It** seemed like an innocent and harmless phase; it was utterly insidious.

3.

CONSTANT AND UNRELENTING INDOCTRINATION

IN omma to depict the peculiar phenomena of the Chinese Communist regime, literature on the subject likes to use a word of American origin, "indoctrination." To indoctrinate means "to teach, to give instructions." From the simple idea of instructing the word has developed further into a certain manner of teaching aimed at "circumventing or trying to deceive by artificial means." Finally it expresses the purpose to be attained by any teaching, namely, "to win over to one's ideas."

Littré, in his article on indoctrination, gives the following definitions: "**1. To** impart a doctrine to someone, i.e., a belief, a ready-made opinion; **2. To** give someone certain **instructions** so that he will do or say something you desire."

According to the first definition, the **meaning of the** word "indoctrination" is the active one of communicating an idea. However, "indoctrination" would seem to be defined more frequently in the passive sense of allowing oneself to be won over to an idea or to be persuaded by a line of argumentation.

Perhaps the best way to bring out the full *meaning* of this word will be to describe an experience that is typical of the *new* society in China. It is the constant and universal experience which the Chinese call "*Hsio-Hsi*" to which everyone has to submit.

Perhaps an interpretation of the corresponding Chinese term can help clarify what we are talking about.

Hsio-Hsi is translated "to receive teaching and to put it into practice." *Hsio* in modern idiom means "to learn," and it has an intellectual nuance. *Hsi* has the meaning of "practice."

Hsio-Hsi

These two Chinese characters can be used either as a verb or a noun. *Hsio-Hsi* represents a sacred duty in the New Democracy. You hear it, read it, experience it everywhere.

Just to give some idea of how it works: the members of a family will hurry off to various sections of their neighborhood to go *Hsio-Hsi*; students in high schools stay away from class for *Hsio-Hsi*; government employees close their offices to gather for *Hsio-Hsi*; Christians assemble after Mass for *Hsio-Hsi*; shopworkers remain at their work yards for *Hsio-Hsi*; those condemned to forced labor daily hear *Hsio-Hsi* in their re-education camps.

No one escapes *Hsio-Hsi*. The old man, the youth, the humble woman of the people, the old lady aristocrat, the lawyer, the professor, the doctor, the soldier and especially the Party official—no matter whom he might be—all have to submit to it. How often in those last years in China did I pass long lines of indoctrination candidates walking in step three abreast, all carrying their little wooden stools, on their way to the *Hsio-Hsi* meeting under the watchful eye of the political police.

Constant and Unrelenting Indoctrination 19

- It was possible for husbands and wives to be separated for weeks, months, and even years in order to undergo the *Hsio-Hsi* indoctrination. Daily newspapers used to print *Hui-Ko-Shu*, or acts of contrition, for faults committed because of deficient *Hsio-Hsi*. When accused by the people, the policemen in our street would beat their breasts in sorrow and promise more fervent *Hsio-Hsi*. Before vacations students signed up for *Hsio-Hsi* camps. Even in church, the clergy were obliged to form *Hsio-Hsi* circles with the faithful in order to rethink Catholicism in terms of Marxism. Magazine articles used to praise Stalin for his zeal in *Hsio-Hsi*. School children would window-shop for books and new methods of *Hsio-Hsi*. There was even a magazine called *Hsio-Hsi*.

Everybody was interested in *Hsio-Hsi*, because everyone was *Hsio-Hsi* Yuan of a *Hsio-Hsi* Chu—"an indoctrinated member of an indoctrinated circle."

In a popular democratic regime, *Hsio-Hsi* absorbs the best and the most of the people's activity. Throughout the year thorough and clever organization of *Hsio-Hsi* groups (which alternate with general reports presented at mob rallies) relentlessly fashions the people's thinking. For a year and a half I personally had to submit to *Hsio-Hsi* three times a week, and the meetings lasted four hours each. Added to that were the extraordinary meetings, parades and popular trials. In 1951 the professors at Szechwan University submitted to *Hsio-Hsi* every morning from 7:30 to 9:30. These sessions reminded me of my youth: back home in our Christian Brothers' school we used always to begin the day with the catechism lesson.

Vacation was no longer a chance for students to go on hitch-hiking excursions or to go home to their families. They had to *Hsio-Hsi* the gravest of life's problems—the reformation of their bourgeois habits—and they had

to train themselves for the service of their country. At the end of their studies my students used to take off for Chungking, two hundred and fifty miles away, to take part in a big *Hsio-Hsi* jamboree. After this they would scatter into Szechwan or other provinces without having had the opportunity to visit their families. *Hsio-Hsi* had hardened and formed them for their new responsibilities.

There is no doubt, then, that in this regime *Hsio-Hsi* is a necessary means for political salvation. Just as in Christian morality no concrete action remains indifferent, so for a Communist there is nothing that does not have a political aspect. But how can they impregnate the people with Communism—with its principles and spirit—without unceasing, relentlessly repeated *Hsio-Hsi*? Here again there is a resemblance to Christianity. As long as he lives a Catholic must continue to deepen his religion by reading, prayer and listening to his pastor's exposition of Christian doctrine. So it is with the citizen of the People's Democracy: he can never escape the obligation of studying Communist philosophy and political theory. He needs *Hsio-Hsi* till his last hour.

Climate of Hsio-Hsi

Hsio Hsi has sent adults and children, intellectuals and the unlettered back to school again. Seated in circles, they will be exposed to the shrill voice of a lady propagandist, the learned tone of a young fanatic, or the insinuating accent of an enlightened socialist. During the first months, while still quite bourgeois in their thinking, they might not take the indoctrination too seriously: a learned professor will be reading a novel, a salesgirl or clerk might bring along her knitting. But there comes a day when the Party members perceive this lack of seriousness.

Then they bring certain progressive elements into the group.

Now there are about a dozen seated around a table. The group president (who is elected in rotation) drones out an editorial from a Communist newspaper. Each member reflects on what his reaction will be, for when the reading is finished no one may escape expressing his personal opinion on it. Silence on the part of any member means that he does not approve or that he does not understand. He is considered a reactionary, or in danger of becoming one. So silence is dangerous; it can very easily compromise a man, as can also an immoderate yawn or other show of inattention. All these things awaken grave suspicions. It is better either to approve of what has been said and read or to ask discreet questions.

However, too much talking also exposes one to suspicion or to the accusation of pretended zeal or an over-eager desire to impose oneself—a sure sign of independent and reactionary thinking. Talking and putting oneself forward too much might easily destroy the unity of the group and possibly cause deviations. Faked zeal can also be judged as an attempt to "cleanse oneself" or to conceal past faults and deviations.

It is best to observe a happy medium: neither too much enthusiasm nor too much nonchalance. I remember one woman in our group who stood out because of her progressive attitude. She seemed especially skeptical about religion, and she gloried in studying Marxism and explaining it vociferously. However, during the night of March 28, 1951, she was arrested by the police. A few days later a general *Hsio-Hsi* of all the members of the university was held to analyze the reasons for her arrest.

It was an excited group that gathered for this *meeting*.

Many were terribly frightened, others angry or pretending to *be*. Professors and students took turns in disclosing the slightest movements, acts, words or other indications of the reactionary leanings of this woman. Accusations piled up, some more stupid than others, to such a point that the childish behavior of the speakers caused the president to declare publicly: "The government has rested its case on other signs of culpability than those brought forward by this honorable assembly. . . ." Then we learned that for months this woman had been under the surveillance of a harmless-looking clerk who had the confidence of everyone.

This experience taught us the art of masking our feelings. July 7, 1950, the anniversary day of the beginning of the Sino-Japanese War, occasioned a plenary meeting of the faculty of the Fine Arts Academy in the professors' lounge. In opening the meeting the president sought to convince us that the victory over Japan was owing to the Russians and to Communist military aid. **He** said: "To believe that the atomic bomb was responsible for victory is a bourgeois and imperialist view; in the last analysis the Nationalists had favored the Japanese." We all felt that the Communist at the head of the table was observing each of us carefully. The only one whose facial expression seemed to indicate disagreement with this opinion was a professor from North China whose wife had been killed by the Reds. All the others approved of the judgment and testified to the various *ways in* which Chiang Kai-shek had betrayed China.

At another meeting attended by a foreigner, an eminent Chinese professor stressed the "heavy responsibilities and the great tasks of the professors in the present circumstances." Such language, entirely unexpected from a person such as the professor, shocked the foreigner. A few

days later I met the professor. I could see how upset he was. "Father," he said to me, holding his head in his hands, "I am going to commit suicide. The situation is impossible, children are betraying their parents, even scholarship is giving way to this propaganda...." There is no doubt that this was his own profound opinion. What he had said in public was the "official" line that he was obliged to preach even against his will, just to mislead the officials. Subsequently I learned that this desperate man had tried, but in vain, to reach the free port of Hongkong.

At still another *Hsio-Hsi* gathering a music professor astonished all of us by the facility and ease with which he spoke of the peasants' execution of his father and brother as "oppressors of the people." Such strength of character and civic courage won for him the praise of the most progressive members of our group. But a couple of days later I learned that this professor, in despair, had tried to commit suicide: filial piety and fraternal love had thrown off the mask of *Hsio-Hsi*.

Thus little by little a slow transformation of minds (or, as the Chinese put it, a "brainwashing") took place. This was owing to the psychological atmosphere of *Hsio-Hsi* much more than to the logical argumentation that was there developed. How could anyone long conceal any personal opinions in a close group of twelve members, all the same age and profession, all constantly competing with one another, and each one lying in wait for the least doctrinal deviation? By dint of hearing the same slogans repeated again and again and of seeing one's companions accepting them without resistance, one ended by becoming intellectually less demanding. To avoid a worse fate, the group members gave in to the trend and acquiesced, like all the others, to what had been proposed. If they did not give in, they quickly became aware of the fact that

they had become "outsiders," that they had not become assimilated to the rest and were in very great danger of being rejected by them as useless or harmful. As long as one remained with the group it was sufficient to allow oneself to be drawn along with it; but any attempt to separate oneself from the group brought about isolation and possible destruction from one's fellow members.

To be sure it was not easy to win over people who were more than forty years of age; but occasionally young progressives were introduced into the group and these obliged the regular members to act as if they were convinced. In such a situation of strict surveillance ridiculous arguments often assumed a very intensely persuasive vigor that was quite difficult to criticize. Thus the leaders once tried to convince us of the power of Communist countries by showing us a geographical map according to Mercator's projection, forgetting that such tactics could prove little to any except naïve minds. However, we pretended that we had been convinced. Likewise they "proved" the evolution of mankind by pretending that "the monkey had become man by the constant repetition of gestures." Here again they were unaware of the fact that their "scientific" information was a century behind times. However, no one dared to object. What was the use? On another occasion they were vilifying the United States and the capitalist countries with all sorts of invective, lies and distortions. Those of our number who had just come back from Europe or America could scarcely believe their ears when they were told that 8,000,000 Americans were dying of hunger, that penicillin was a poison used by imperialists, and that foreign aspirin was useless. But we had to remain calm and pretend that we were convinced.

One day the topic of discussion imposed on us was the class struggle in the field of science. I hazarded the opinion

that sciences could be distinguished by reason of their object and their method. One of the professors present was just about to agree with me when the college president, a man advanced in years, got up and affirmed authoritatively that "the class struggle was obviously to be found in the field of science since the metals themselves were classed into 'noble' metals such as gold and silver and 'vulgar' metals such as iron, copper, etc." At that the commissary got on the band wagon and pretended that in Russia science was being used to help the common people, whereas the Americans were using it to injure them.

One day, in the summer of 1950, we took as the theme of our *Hsio-Hsi* the role of labor in the formation of the world. The question was framed in terms of an antithesis: "In the formation of the world which comes first, the hand or the brain? the worker or the engineer? actual work or intelligence?" In the last analysis we were being asked to determine what the proletariat really was. The entire discussion took place under a banner with the slogan painted on it: "*Lao Tung chuang chao shih chieh*"—"Labor has created the world." The European understanding of this slogan would have been that culture resulted from human effort; but here it was regarded as a metaphysical truth, a creation *ex nihilo*. I was bold enough to define the proletarian as one who lived off his work; and then I risked insisting on the precedence of intelligence before work, of plan before execution, and of reflection before action. One of the progressives (every group had a few) felt obliged to correct my ideas. Two days later one of the students warned me that the leader had been very disturbed with me because of my false opinions.

This last incident reveals another aspect of *Hsio-Hsi*:

in spite of the democratic appearances, it is a rigorously directed discussion with no trace of freedom about it. That is why the government is not at all afraid of the number of meetings in which it exposes itself to criticism or opposition. In *Hsio-Hsi* each participant is supposed to express his own opinion; but the progressives also express theirs. They speak last, and their ideas have to prevail. They are supposed to sum up the conditions and wishes of all the members, and when they finish, the discussion is over. It did not take us long to discover how the *game* went: members of Communist Youth Movements would make motions which were supported by the president of the assembly. Thus they laid out the path that we were to follow: all we had to do was to ratify their decisions.

However, in the beginning a few of us tentatively thought we might occasionally try to defend a personal point of view. For example, once when we were asked to determine how professors, students and servants, respectively, ought to be paid, one of our number, to the great satisfaction of many, defended his own interests in a four-hour discussion. A month later one of my colleagues observed that this stubborn professor had become quite tractable. He told me that the professor "had changed his character for the better." But it was no secret to any of us that he had thrown in the sponge as all the rest had done.

In the course of time a government circular enlightened us on the real criteria for evaluating salaries and invited us to take up our consultations again. We found that age, tenure, professional reputation, family obligations—all the traditional bases for evaluation in matters like these—scarcely entered at all into the government's system of judgment. For four hours during our next *meeting* we

submitted to indoctrination on the two fundamental criteria for any and all salary evaluation: *Teh* or "virtue" in the sense of "political merit," and *Ts'ai* or "talent" in art or science.

One and all agreed on the excellence of these two new criteria: they unanimously agreed that the people's commissary should receive 120 points (one point was worth in the neighborhood of 4,000 Chinese dollars); then in order of merit the salaries were scaled on a system of 100, 75, and 30 points. All deliberations had been automatically straightened out and "false notions" of egalitarianism had disappeared.

In a meeting where the minority *a priori* thinks it represents all the people and where a show of hands indicates the individual votes, how could one expect anything else than a controlled result?

Role and purpose of Hsio-Hsi

It is by *Hsio-Hsi* that the government hopes to "change people's minds and to brainwash them." The government uses it in order to bring about a personal adherence to its philosophy, its economy, judgments, directives, penalties, laws and national plans. Because of *Hsio-Hsi* the administration is able to guide the people *suaviter et fortiter*. Nothing is brought about by force, the people "consent" to everything, they carry out all directives with full willingness. The government is careful not to "oblige" anyone, except "the refractory ones." It simply invites people to reflect on the well-based reasons for whatever they are asked to do and then decide for themselves.

The reasoning goes like this: competent authorities have thought out and elaborated their "*Ming-Ling*," the official line of action, according to scientific criteria; you are intelligent, devoted to the welfare of the masses, and diligent

about your *Hsio-Hsi*; therefore it follows that you simply must agree with the evidence of governmental syllogisms.

To spare no effort in developing this cartesian evidence which can clarify all the decisions of the government—such is the fundamental role of *Hsio-Hsi*. Occasionally I used to think it might have another function, namely, to "hold in check," to "mobilize," or to "keep the people busy," just as you would do with children, to keep them "good."

One day the government decided to create a vast esplanade in front of the imperial city of Chengtu. This meant that thousands of small businessmen would be expropriated without any preliminary compensation. They were, of course, very unhappy about it all, but there wasn't a thing they could do but sell the old beams of their demolished stores. They made their feelings known so the government organized a *Hsio-Hsi* to see what could be done about the merchants' feelings. A month later the merchants in question gave up their buildings without any resistance whatsoever. The authorities provided lodgings for some of them, but others got along as best they could on their own.

In February 1951 some severe measures were taken against the reactionaries, and we all approved of them, in spite of the fact that several of us felt that we were potential victims ourselves. The landlords had approved of the policy of dividing up the land; they publicly admitted their past "wickedness" and the "injustices" they had committed; and it was not long afterward that they disappeared or were reduced to beggary. Some public clerks approved of a movement against "wasteful spending, extortion and bureaucracy"; yet this very campaign was to purge them, suppress many of their jobs, cause

them to make humiliating confessions and to pay heavy fines.

• On January 15, 1951, under pressure from other members of our group, I made a speech approving of the voluntary enlistments for the Korean War. The people's commissar, the former director of the Academy of Fine Arts, had already spoken, and they were all awaiting the impressions of a foreigner. Some of them already knew of my personal ideas on the real origin of the war. Nevertheless, when I spoke I praised the men who were fighting for the defense of their country and recalled to them the historical words "*Huan Wo Ho Shan*"—"Restore Our Rivers and Our Mountains."

Thus by means of *Hsio-Hsi* the government penetrated into the most intimate recesses of the souls of men—into their tastes, beliefs, tendencies and loves. It was able to regiment the minds and hearts of all.

The Communist message to the Chinese people was: "What your masters believe, you must believe; what they like, you must like. They beg for your judgment and love. They want more than a material observance of the law, they require your reverence 'in spirit and in truth.' *Hsio-Hsi* is going to help you to transform your mind and your heart, to revise your ideas on man and on society, and to despoil yourself of your bourgeois affections and your egoist tendencies. You have to crush out the old man within you, with all its primitive tendencies, all its useless sentimentality. Whoever you are—infantryman, water carrier or shop boy—you must know that you have been corrupted by the previous society, that you are infected by an original stain. Lift up your ideals. If you hanker after more riches than you have, you are nothing but a bourgeois, and need *Hsio-Hsi*."

So *Hsio-Hsi* was the need of the hour! But what would its content be? The government took care of that, too. One of its main tasks was to develop a complete program of possible *Hsio-Hsi* themes. First of all it taught the "real" history of humanity from its monkey beginnings on through its evolution from a non-specialized society into a specialized one, the result of the warfare between manual and intellectual labor. The whole of history was thus reconsidered from the point of view of class struggle: slavery, feudalism, industrialization, capitalism and the proletariat. The mysteries of dialectical materialism reached and overwhelmed even the youngest Christians. They used to come to ask us why people were accusing them of being idealists and what the accusation meant. *Hsio-Hsi* taught us that the inventions, achievements and delights of the Soviet paradise provide us with a foretaste of other delights still to come. They promised in 1950 that every family would have a piano by 1953. And of course Russia was always put forward as the great model for China in art, literature, economics and patriotism.

All the above provided ample material for *Hsio-Hsi* units but by no means did it exhaust all possible topics. In our group we "*Hsio-Hsied*" the regulations for a professors' union, affiliation with a savings bank, the cultural imperialism of the churches, the movement of the "Three Oppositions" (against wastefulness, extortion and bureaucracy), and the movement against reactionaries. Others *Hsio-Hsied* the "Movement of the Five Oppositions," the imperialistic nature of the Legion of Mary, and the movement of the "Three Kinds of Independence."

At two o'clock every Tuesday in February 1950 we had a special *Hsio-Hsi* on the history and principles of art: we discussed the inadequacy of the nineteenth-century

theories on the nature and mission of art and then went on to the truth of the Communist thesis that art must be accessible to the people and ordered toward political ends.

It was *Hsio-Hsi* that conditioned the children at Holy Childhood Orphanage (who were at first stubbornly loyal) to acknowledge the "crimes" of the Sisters and to accuse them in a public trial. In the course of their accusations they wept so naturally that there couldn't possibly be any doubt of the good faith of the children and the malice of the Sisters. Reciting by heart a speech that had been prepared for them, the little girls complained of harsh treatment, brutal beatings, spoiled food, etc.

It was also through *Hsio-Hsi* that the political prisoners became aware of their past errors and determined to correct themselves. These *Hsio-Hsi* sessions were held in prison camps (euphemistically called "re-education camps") which were supposed to provide inexpensive manual labor and to transform the reactionaries by the "*Lao-Tung Kai-Tsao Shih-Hsiang*"—"transformation of thinking through work."

All good *Hsio-Hsi* is essentially practical, conformable with the deepest principle of Lenin-Marxism: it implies a very close union between study and action. Accordingly, there is nothing academic or liberal about *Hsio-Hsi*. Its entire effort aims at the strictly practical, at bringing about such things as confessions, enlistments, payments, contributions, purges and even suicides.

Since it is an instrument of the injection of Marxism into minds, or a crucible for the refashioning of ideas, or a whip for correcting people's life habits, *Hsio-Hsi* fulfills all the requirements for the definition of indoctrination given by Littré. In *Hsio-Hsi* the government "gives citizens a ready-made doctrine; it provides them with certain in-

structions so that they will say and do whatever the government desires." But *Hsio-Hsi* also satisfies the meaning

4.

REFLECTED ACTION AND
PRAGMATIC THOUGHT

given in Larousse, for whom

"indoctrination is likewise an attempt to deceive by the

use of spurious means," for, since the Communists are hardly concerned about the morality of the means they use, they are much less concerned with truth than with effective results.

It is precisely in order to attain good results that the Marxists always act with profound and minute reflection. They never act without this reflection. And it is because they are tending toward the objective transformation of the world as their supreme end that they conceive thought as ordained exclusively toward this end.

Action and thought

'Reflect before acting. Reflect in order to act. Act in order to reflect.' Reflect before acting: This is the secret of the power of Communist action. Reflect in order to act: This is the *raison d'etre* of Communist action. Act in order to reflect: this is the source of Communist action's realism.

Communist action claims to attain to scientific exactitude, for it flows from critical reflection that is objective and methodical. The Communists themselves insist on this characteristic of their policies; and they attribute their success, in part at least, to this technical preparation. Thought is the basis for action; theory supports the Revolution: this is the secret of the present strength of the proletariat.

One day the authorities summoned us to examine this thesis in the light of history. What was the essential difference between the popular revolts that had been stirred up in the last century and the great revolution now being staged by the Chinese Communist Party? The *Hsio-Hsi*

chairman, a charter member of the Party, had deserted during the Nationalist regime but was now rehabilitated after six months of indoctrination. He warmly congratulated one of our professors for his answer that "the Marxists of today have a revolutionary *doctrine*, whereas the rebels of former years had none."

Reflection before action

Communist action penetrates into the soil of the masses like a steel plowshare, cuts it open, turns it over and prepares it for future harvests. Like an iron roller that nothing will slow clown or stop, it crushes and levels people, classes and institutions. You might wonder how to explain this extraordinary impression of power that is experienced by all who have lived under this regime. I am certain that the Communists obtain their astonishing results primarily through methodical reflection joined to powerful discipline. This reflection is directed to the minutest details, and under the spotlight of a clearly determined objective. It bears on all the practical achievements: economic plans, education, political propaganda and the struggle against religion.

No one should ever speak extemporaneously; nothing should be left to chance, they say. In a difficult situation one should temporize, stall for time and try to inform himself before blindly engaging in premature action. "Before arresting a man, we wait as long as two years," a Party boss once confided to me. "In capitalist countries you don't know if the one you arrest *is* really guilty. Therefore the accused has a right to a lawyer. We do it differently: we imprison those whose guilt we are sure of." It is understood that in conditions like these there is no choice but to plead guilty. As one who has been interro-

gated, judged and condemned, I have never seen either witness for the prosecution or lawyer for my defense. "The 'government is aware of your deeds,' I was told; 'all defense is useless.'"

r. The Reds will put off a people's trial if even one of the anticipated elements is wanting. Whenever there is any doubt, they will always follow the safer course. Should they ever be caught unawares by an indiscreet question, an unexpected answer or an unforeseen reaction, they will immediately suspend all activity and gather together into a *Hsio-Hsi* group where they make ready for future eventualities. They need a great margin of security for action. And reflection must precede action in every degree of their hierarchy. This happened with the Sisters at Chengtu whose sentencing was delayed two weeks through lack of false "accusations" on the part of the orphans.

The Communists even enlist the help of non-Communist specialists in order to get advice. Thus, in order to provide the information necessary for a "peaceful invasion of Tibet," an office was set up in Chengtu staffed by the most competent experts on matters of language, mores and customs among the peoples of the Tibetan Marches. The lama monastery of Ching-Shin Sze some seven miles from the city was visibly protected for exclusively political reasons; its preservation was important from the psychological point of view: the lamas must not be antagonized!

Similarly a long preparation preceded the bitter struggle against the Catholic Church. For this the Communists had created in the Tung-Chan Pu (an organization for the unification of the battle front) a commissariat specially charged with studying religious problems. This commissariat collected all possible information about the Church—its doctrines, laws, organization, and especially its f-

nances. Their success in getting to know Catholicism certainly showed itself that day in March 1950 when we were summoned to make our "confessions."

Even before interrogating us, our judges already possessed information about each of us: our activities, friends and specialties. They questioned us thoroughly about the internal organization of the Church and on the financial connections between the Church and the religious orders.

They knew all about the usages and customs of Catholics and about the constitutions and regulations of the orders of Sisters, religious and monks. The police had procured Catholic books which they had read attentively; they associated with the faithful, collected much information from them, and then in the *Hsio-Hsi* sessions they carefully examined the information. They were constantly accumulating new materials.

Having thus informed themselves about Catholic dogma, morality and practice, the police were able either to preach unctuously at the Christians or to propose difficult objections; and they didn't have to worry about making any foolish mistakes in terminology. Some of the Christians from country parishes even claimed that the police often preached better sermons than their pastors. "They know the Commandments of God as well as we do," they said; "and they are always trying to show us how we can obey the Communists without violating God's law. According to them, obedience to Mao Tze-tung is simply fulfilling the Fourth Commandment."

Their objections were very insidious. Here are a few examples: "How can Pius XII be more infallible than Peter who denied Christ three times? We have nothing against the Virgin Mary; but we despise all those priests, those wolves in sheep's clothing, who abuse the name of the Mother of God in order to further the imperialism

of American capitalists. [They were referring to the Legion of Mary.] Why not set up a national church? This wouldn't be anything new because at one time there were three popes fighting for the papacy. Whoever wants to go to heaven has to participate in the Movement of the Three

Autonomies....

The Chinese Communists had thought over and learned a great deal from all the experimentation that went into the establishment of Communism in the last thirty years. They profited by the information coming from Russia, the satellite nations and their own country. Therefore the Kan-Pu (the political police belonging to the cadres, and not necessarily members of the party) could engage in

an activity and apply a method that had been tested by long practice. Moscow flooded China with books—books that had been printed a long time before the victory of 1949.

In a word, the "popular universities" educated the Kan-Pu by practical as well as by theoretical courses. These universities taught the future Party police a kind of "pastoral theology," showing them how to act with landowners, peasants and Christians. These agents used a little book, a sort of casuistic manual in which a particular *case* would be described together with all its variations; the kind of people listed to which the case applied, the special difficulties relating to the case, and the recommended solutions.

It was because of these "popular universities" or schools of practical politics that the Reds were able to organize so quickly the necessary framework for the application of their program. Thousands of students deserted the high schools, academies and universities for the popular universities where, after three months of ideological training, they were equipped for political activity.

Think in order to act

"Science for the sake of science" and "Art for art's sake" are slogans that do not much appeal to Communists. The second one especially is criticized. Kuo Mo-jo, one of the best writers in China today, speaking in Peking to a group of artists, actors and novelists, emphasized the essentially pragmatic character of art and literature. "What is our historic mission?" he asked. "It consists in getting control of the powerful weapons of our writers and artists and using them in order to impose the revolutionary ethic, to encourage production, and to hasten the establishment of Mao Tze-tung's New Democracy."

"Knowledge for the sake of knowledge" is a form of petit bourgeois egoism, according to their way of thinking. They hold that study and knowledge must serve to transform the world and to mold society. Man's exclusive function is to work; he must live in order to work. Study and learning may be permitted for the sake of correcting past errors and acquiring practical knowledge for the future, but never to satisfy a vain curiosity.

The arrival of the Communists forced fine arts students to give up painting `bourgeois' subjects, at least for the time being. They no longer depicted flowers or landscapes, and they neglected the anatomical study of the human body. Instead, they oriented their art toward "political ends," such as anti-American caricatures, production graphs, pictures of grazing cows, and scenes showing people at work or frequenting cooperatives. Certain art professors who had been adept at painting in the Chinese manner were forced to produce frightening scenes. One of them simply locked up his inks and brushes, saying: "The old way of painting is no longer appreciated in the new society. You know: the way that is now considered

`idealistic.' " Landscapes showing "mountains and rivers" :contributed nothing positive to the regime and were, therefore, worthless.

The great Communist slogan "Work has created the world," wrongly interpreted as a kind of creation out of nothing, reveals the animating spirit of the system. The slogan helps one to understand the importance attached to productive labor, creative work, and to the kind of human effort whereby nature is improved, transformed, given a new fertility, and raised by means of art and technique to the dignity of a new creation.

Act in order to think

Every *Hsio-Hsi* session closes with a practical resolution. This is done more for the purpose of a better understanding of the problem discussed than for reasons of mere effectiveness. Is it not true that a theory is understood better when it is lived? In itself every doctrine has an element of the impersonal in it that does not engage the full attention of man. But if a doctrine can be made to animate and permeate activity and to give orientation to a line of conduct, in the nature of things it will acquire a new power of persuading people.

The Communists say: "Perhaps you do not yet understand the government's policies with regard to the landowners; you think those policies are brutal and inhuman. If that is the case, go into the country and take part in dividing up the land. Share the peasants' life of poverty for a while and listen to their complaints. See how the government goes about these things. Become involved yourself . . . and you will come back converted."

It was also by political effort and by appealing to the sense of practical responsibility that the conquest of youth was achieved. Class "prejudices" fell to the ground, **and**

moral scruples tended to disappear when confronted by Communist efficiency, discipline and success. Personal contact with many students permitted us to evaluate the influence of the attack on their convictions. For example, there was a Protestant pastor's daughter who had once been completely preoccupied with the study of foreign languages, literature and piano. After three months of indoctrination in the country, she begged her mother for permission to return there. She had been won over to the regime even though in the beginning she was indifferent and even hostile to it. Another young student of my acquaintance came to deny his faith after some obligatory participation in exhibits favorable to Communism, a few cultural visits to concentration camps, and some propaganda trips to the country. How can one escape believing at least a little in a doctrine that for one reason or another has already transformed one's life?

The Communists love to present action as a source of new knowledge. As a matter of fact, through action thought becomes more precise, enriches and corrects itself. Thanks to action and to self-criticism, progress is possible. Action plays precisely the same role in the daily life of a man that experimentation plays in science. Communist thought is ordained toward action as to its proper end; it is in action that ideas are strengthened, nourished and made efficacious. Ideas become incarnate in and through action, and only through action.

In all this kind of thinking there is nothing academic or idealistic, but rather a sharp sense of the real, the concrete, the strictly practical. The Reds do not go in for abstract science or notional knowledge; they are constantly appealing to experience and to reality, except when it comes to dialectical materialism, the "metaphysi-

cal" foundation of their whole system, to which all give assent but which few understand.

Kindness, indoctrination, reflection, commitment: these are the elements that educate and form a man. The following pages will describe the master ideas that inspire him to action.

Confusion in ideas

For them as for us "spirit is immortal." However, it is very quickly apparent to a Christian that the term "spirit" as used by the Reds does not at all signify a substantial, ontological reality, but merely the moral influence of a politically active man after his death. They speak of justice, charity, liberty, even as we do, but always in the light of Lenin-Marxist principles that are quite unknown to the naive people who listen to them. The honest landowner, the virtuous Buddhist, the upright merchant or the hard-working student fails to recognize himself any longer in the models proposed to him. One will, therefore, not be surprised when the regime looks upon him as a vile criminal, when it shows its hatred toward him and treats him harshly.

This treatment carries over to the descendants of the victims. Thus in Mao Tze-tung's China the children, grandchildren and even the great-grandchildren of the rich landowners are thought to be infected by a kind of original stain and are forced to make restitution of sums "stolen from the people" by their ancestors. The sons of the "bourgeois" certainly had not thus conceived Communism and its program of social reform. They had accused the former regime of being "fascist" and had hoped that "liberation" would really bring them liberty. Unfortunately, they were not to experience liberty except under the form of a "dictatorship destined to protect it," as I once heard it described at a *Hsio-Hsi* session in March 1951. They were to have freedom of speech, yes, but only on condition that they would faithfully repeat the teaching they had received at *Hsio-Hsi*. They could have religious liberty, too, if they would join the schismatic church.

5.

CONFUSED AND
AMBIGUOUS TERMINOLOGY

THE COMMUNISTS are increasing their persuasive power over the elite as well as over the masses by the clever use of an ambiguous terminology that seeks to create confusion in the most alert minds. In their public speeches and their writings they are continually making use of a vocabulary identical with ours, to be sure, but with *new* meanings (conformable to their ideology) attached to the old terms. Thus they continue to use words such as soul, conscience, ideal, but everybody knows that in a materialistic context these expressions necessarily take on new and different meanings. On the other hand, how many are aware of the fact that a kind of spiritualism on the "phenomenological" plane of the description of human behavior can very well coexist with an unmistakable materialism on the metaphysical plane of the person's deepest make-up? Confucianism appears in this light beginning with the Sung Dynasty in the twelfth century of our era. And this remark can apply likewise to Marxism.

And liberty of opinion was also theirs, but only if they chose to think exactly as the three Communist newspapers of the city thought. All other papers had been suppressed. If the citizens were able to think as they wished, why those frequent interrogations on the ideas and the teaching that had been received or given? Why those house visits for the purpose of soliciting opinions about a certain political event? Why those ceaseless questionnaires on religion and on the political thinking of all the people? Authority was constantly demanding your advice . . . in order to force you to express your opinion. But of course there is no cause for surprise at all this if one reflects on the Communist definition of the word "liberty."

The Movement of the Three Autonomies (financial, administrative and missionary) provides an example of the same kind of tactical equivocation. The formula of the *San Chih* could be interpreted in the orthodox sense of a native church under the authority of Rome; this was the meaning proposed by a Catholic document that had arrived from the coast. The Communists, on the other hand, took the formula to mean an autonomous church under the authority of the Party. Thus they were presenting to the faithful a harmless formula of the faith, one that the most watchful of priests might have approved in normal circumstances, but with it they were trying to provoke a schism within the Church. Had it not been Rome's practice, they argued, to promote a Chinese hierarchy in China, to appeal for Chinese collaborators and to discover there the resources necessary for the life of the local Church?

Thus, in presenting the facts under a new perspective, the Communists denatured their true character. It is indeed the same man who sees himself in a parabolic mirror; only the proportions between the different parts

of the body have changed, with the result that he looks like a monster. In a similar way, by mirroring realities in their own way, the Reds reproduce facts that are true according to outward appearances but false in their true meaning. The whole thing is nothing but a deceitful exaggeration of trifles, a malicious interpretation of intentions, a fantastic evaluation of the future.

It was perfectly true that a Redemptorist priest had injured an apostate Christian by slamming the door in his face when the latter wanted to force his way into the church. But it was far from exact to pretend that the little scratches incurred were serious wounds that prevented work, provoked fever and caused water pockets in the man's lungs. It was also inexact to claim that the priest had the intention of preventing the apostate from praying. The simple fact was that the priest had forbidden entrance to his home to a man who had wanted to violate it. And so, after two months' imprisonment, the priest was expelled, not because of his attitude toward the apostate, but in view of the "distressing consequences" that his manner of acting might possibly have later on, given his impulsive temperament.

Likewise, it was no secret that a certain number of sickly and puny children, who had been abandoned by their parents, had died in the Holy Childhood orphanages. But it was absurd to claim that the children had perished from starvation or lack of care or beatings at the hands of the Sisters.

That the police had discovered some old sixteenth-century blunderbusses in the home of an American, who, they said, nevertheless *pretended* to be a "progressive and a philo Communist," was perfectly exact. But it was altogether untrue to claim that the arms had been hidden by an imperialist. That a certain doctor had been at the

front in order to serve his country which had been attacked by the Japanese was true. It was not correct to claim that he had been in the service of the reactionaries. That the police had found a samurai sword in our house was true. But that this trophy had belonged to the Legion of Mary's arsenal of arms was ridiculously false.

Speaking of the Legion of Mary, the Communists once held a month-long exposition in which, by means of the circumstantial evidence of knives, a revolver, radio lamps, etc., they tried to convince the people of the counterrevolutionary nature of this religious organization. Moreover, each of the articles exhibited had been seized from missionaries or declared by them; but the connection between these articles and the Legion was a gratuitous supposition. The authorities did not hesitate to falsify depositions and to forge signatures, as was done in the case of Father Sagredo, the Redemptorist Provincial whose self-accusation his people, in sorrow, had to witness—the whole thing simply false. In the same strain, a student told me once that one of the leaders in his re-education camp had required him to write a letter falsely accusing one of the priests.

I cannot help thinking about the Peking expositions in which the "Red Dean" of Canterbury is supposed to have seen evidence of bacteriological warfare. I have heard that, if the Russians did not believe him, the representatives of the satellite countries really took him seriously. It also seems that the Chinese authorities used this as a pretext to urge the people to become more hygienic in their living conditions.

Moral deception

But there is more. The Communists often *appeal* to the principles and opinions of the very ones they want to "in-

doctrinate" in order to persuade them without directly offending them. Under the pressure of an expose of principles which are dear to them, good people feel morally obligated to approve certain conclusions that at other times and after cool reflection they would feel themselves bound to reject.

In the "People's Tribunals" the Communists arouse even the best of their audience to hatred and expressions of vengeance, and they do it in the name of justice. They will appeal to a sense of duty to force children to make accusations against their parents, the atmosphere of conflict between duty and feeling resembling that of a tragedy of Corneille. In the beginning human nature rebels against making such accusations, but eventually it gives in under the pressure of endlessly repeated moral imperatives. Likewise it is in the name of higher duty that serious students give up their studies to plunge into political work, since to prefer one's personal perfection to the service of the Party reveals an egoistic and bourgeois mentality.

But what disturbs people more, perhaps, than anything else is that the directives of the Party itself are sometimes contradictory and create a constant atmosphere of uncertainty and anxiety. At any moment the whole policy can be changed. For example, in July 1950 I heard people defend the internationalist attitude, saying that a really authentic disinterestedness on the part of the people goes beyond national frontiers. The reason for internationalism at that moment was that the Reds were trying very hard to interest students in Korea. But a few months later, in February 1951, when America was thought to be a threat to China, numerous *Hsio-Hsi* circles sought to inculcate in the students a powerful spirit of patriotism. Just as the Russians had defended their fatherland, so must the

Chinese be ready to defend and even to die for China, their beautiful, glorious country. International ideology gave way to nationalism.

In the same way the Communists at first sought to destroy all the motives that are dear to youth: ambition, heroism and loyalty were denounced without mercy. In this way they hoped to destroy anything that might attach the youth to the old ideal of the Nationalist Party. Young people were urged not to seek occasions for self-glorification, not to practice heroism for the sake of heroism, not to obey just for the sake of obeying. Before long the regime had the feeling that they had won over the young people. Immediately they changed their tactics and began stirring up the youth by proposing the very same ideals that they had sought to destroy.

The situation was the same with the Communist index of books. Readings which at one time were permitted and encouraged by Party propaganda were later strictly forbidden as dangerous and "anarchical." It did not matter that these works had come from Communist writers; it was simply that the worth of the writings depended on the circumstances of the moment.

During the time of fifth-column activity the Communist sympathizers among the students distinguished themselves by their laziness, independent attitude, acts of sabotage, destructive criticism and general rebellion. They organized student strikes and protest parades. But the accession to power of the new regime imposed on them a discipline of iron and a complete change of attitude. A clever tactic that aimed at confusing both institutions and individuals helped to maintain this atmosphere of uncertainty. Thus, in their struggle against the Church, the Communists were extremely careful not to show any visible opposition to religion itself or to the Church as a

society. Their attack against the Church was not directed against her constitution, her doctrine or her laws; they accomplished their purpose by discrediting Church leaders. The Communists blamed these leaders for whatever known faults they had, and, in defect of these, they manufactured some. One of the favorites *in* this latter class was pretended collusion with earthly political power other than Communist. They slyly confused what was essential with what was personal. Very unobtrusively, without the one being indoctrinated realizing it, confusion did its work like a corrosive poison. It is difficult to deny certain unfortunate events and imprudent acts. Unfortunately few perceived the insidious maneuver in time. The plain fact was that the Communists aimed to undermine an ideal by pointing up the weaknesses of Christians; *if* the Christian was not well aware of the Communist device, he ran the risk of losing his faith and his courage.

What has been said about attacks on the Christian faith is valid for all other beliefs, profane or religious. One lost faith in oneself just as easily. For example, after hearing their friends' reputations dirtied, certain big landowners lost confidence in the legitimacy of their own rights. After having heard their parents denounced, children easily lost the idea of filial piety. After hearing their professors and schoolmasters discredited, students, especially younger students, lost all feeling of respect for them.

To confuse in order to convince is a strange and contradictory method but a very efficacious one nevertheless, as the Greek Sophists discovered long ago. To people whom they have confused and blinded, the Communists were preparing to reveal themselves as the moralists of the people and reformers of public morality.

MORAL AND ASCETICAL EXHORTATION

UNDER the austere exterior of an altruistic stoicism, Marxism has used -the very perfection of its ideals in order to possess and to persuade young men and women. Everything for the sake of virtue, nothing for purposes of pleasure; everything by reason, nothing by sentiment; everything for others, nothing for oneself—these are the ideals set before them. The complexity of human nature with its legitimate tendencies, its inner appetite for happiness, its potentialities as discovered and developed by actual experience of life—all this is of small concern to the Reds. Youth is easily charmed by heroic deeds and attitudes, *even* though these do not make any kind of sense. The spirit of sacrifice attracts youth much more than a rational way of life. However, *in media virtus*: the *Chung-Yung* of Chinese wisdom expresses nothing other than the control of reason over all human behavior.

Thus the Communist propaganda presents a model of humanity that is surely beautiful and even sublime in appearance, but in the last analysis it is anti-human and

.anti-natural. It can seduce the unwary when the more experienced remain skeptical.

There is no doubt that the Communists thrill youth with their talk of justice, devotion, heroism, fraternity, patriotism and universal love. I must insist on these common-places, for I have sometimes been asked if the young people had been won over by corruption, licentiousness or dissipation. Without wishing to cast any doubt on what others have said in this matter, and speaking only from my own experience, I witnessed only a policy of discipline and integrity. The young were set up as censors of their elders—of parents, authorities, of the groups that had formed and developed them. The Communists knew that a young man loves to play this role of judge, protector and defender of the common good.

This, then, was the great moral ideal that acted as a lever to the rising generation.

Moral themes

The young people rushed headlong into the rising struggle against bourgeois individualism and pleasure-minded egoism. It was a matter of ridding China of the "old man," the product of the former society, of replacing him with the new man of the socialist city. To achieve this interior renovation, a complete system of asceticism was necessary with every possible insistence on self-denial. It was required that one repudiate family, friends, thoughts, desires, indeed one's own self and one's faith.

Young people were told: "If you seek your own personal perfection in Communist Youth Organizations, you will be disappointed. There is only one thing that matters—to serve the people. There is only one motto—'obey the Party in all things.' You no longer possess anything as

your own. 'Your' judgments are mistaken. 'Your' independence is rebellion. 'Your' freedom is moral laxity."

My last year in China, when I saw my students depart at the end of the school year, I knew that they were not leaving for joyous, carefree camping parties, but for very serious "retreats." After several weeks of exercises in this new kind of asceticism, they would gather up their blankets, books and notebooks and hurry off to the poor rural and working areas where they would live with the peasants and as peasants, the better to understand their needs and to convert them to Communism. Others were sent into different provinces, sacrificing without question their long-desired vacation with their families. One of these young people explained to me why he had put off his projected marriage till much later: "It is first of all the people who must be served by the Revolution."

Such attitudes express the ideas and the motivation preached to the militants at the *Hsio-Hsi* meetings. It goes without saying that we Christians also accept similar sacrifices for the sake of Christ; but we should consider such renunciation inconceivable if Christ were not God. It is in the name of a completely human ideal that the Communists dare to impose these sacrifices on millions of Chinese. "He who is not with us is against us," they said in January 1950, at the time of their first contacts with the liberal classes. Again and again we used to hear: "You must love the masses with your whole heart, with your whole soul, with all your strength." In October 1950 I was personally exhorted by a policeman to "serve the people" in my function as professor: "*Wei Jen-Min Fu-Wu.*"»

The atmosphere of a spiritual conference at the *Hsio-Hsi* sessions struck one young convert, and he remarked to me: "They teach the very same discipline as the

Catholic priests; I already know their entire life program because I learned it from you either in catechism classes or sermons." Since he was wearing the Legion of Mary badge with the Magnificat text on it, I told him he ought to be more prudent in his observations. But he replied: "This badge has the whole Communist program written on it: 'He has put down the mighty from their seat and has raised up the humble; He has filled the hungry with good things and the rich He has sent away empty.'" This scriptural canticle had indisputable Marxist overtones for the ears of a new Christian.

However, with everybody bustling around in an effort to serve one's neighbor, there were individuals who wondered: But who is my neighbor? Everyone was serving and ministering, but no one seemed to profit by the service. Away with such temptations? Your neighbor is the strong, powerful State that is working for you. Your neighbors are the members of the Party who suffered for thirty years to free you. Your neighbors are the qualified workers who are industrializing your land. Your neighbors are the soldiers who are guaranteeing order and protecting your independence. But what about the masses?

Depersonalization

This ascetical method doubtless prevented the young from becoming bourgeois minded, but it also deprived them of their very person. It was easy to help them to discover egoism everywhere and to make it appear to them that every type of superiority was soiled with evil. Nor was it difficult to stir up a rash of collective heroic resolutions. Using a very clever method of mass psychology, the Communists were able to bring off veritable waves of hysterical rivalry and degrading confessions.

In an atmosphere filled with terror, they depersonalized

the individual person by ceaseless appeals to more interior purity, to more vigilance against bourgeois mindedness, more sincerity toward oneself and others, and to a more vigorous struggle against all forms of egoism. The Communists were extremely clever at using the heat of a meeting, interminable harangues, rackets, applause, songs and other devices in order to push the people to heroic decisions; *in these* decisions, however, nothing was very clear. They achieved the same effects by means of home visits made by police or neighbors, whose moral pressure eventually wearied even the most stubborn.

I recall an event that took place in October 1950 at the time of a campaign in behalf of the victims of a big flood in North China. Each of the professors had contributed something according to his means. **But** the students went far beyond the minimum of the professors. They actually deprived themselves of their most necessary and precious possessions—an only pair of stockings, for example, or a winter coat or a betrothal present. This student demonstration had quite an effect on one of the professors who was present at their meeting. He became much embarrassed at the professors' apparent lack of interest and ended by a promise to hand over all his money. The following *day* we were *again* summoned for an extra-special meeting to find out "what might still be done" for the flood victims. First of all a speech was given calculated to arouse our generosity with a contrast between the frugality of our gifts and the utter self-despoiling on the part of the students. Simultaneously astonished and distressed, we listened to the enumeration of the objects offered by the students together with the promise made the night before by our colleague.

We could feel hundreds of pairs of eyes spying on us from the torn paper windows. How were we, the profes-

sors, going to react? It did not take long to find out. We vied with one another in despoiling ourselves of our possessions. The first one to give was the professor whose zeal had brought on the meeting: he offered bars of gold and his wife placed her checkbook on the speaker's platform. They were followed by a whole procession of professors. Some offered fountain pens, some wrist watches, others wedding or other kinds of rings. Two hours of this psychological atmosphere filled me with disgust. I, too, **had** been forced to despoil myself; and **I** rushed out of the hall so as not to hear my name called out along with the 50,000 Chinese dollars that I had been forced to pledge.

I felt sorry for all those people who from fear, envy or self-love felt themselves obliged to give more than a reasonable sense of compassion demanded. The woman who had given all her gold at her husband's injunction returned home in tears at the thought that her two children would no longer have anything to eat. Another had contributed his coat lest he be accused of not having had a change of heart. "*Mo Pan Fa*"—"There was nothing else to be done"—this classical phrase could be heard everywhere.

The Communists actually organized these exhibitions of sacrifices. Every person was expected to publish or to post the offerings he had agreed on in order to help his country in the Korean War: such things as giving up smoking, working harder, sacrificing one's salary to buy planes or tanks. Here again the competition became bitter. Communist militants and citizens alike all sought to distinguish themselves: it was like the desert hermits, each trying to surpass the other in self-torture. The important thing was to arrive at the top level of one's duty and not to lag behind. In such a climate, who would have dared

to appear lazy in his work or miserly of his possessions? At least one had to appear disinterested, but in reality many abandoned their legitimate possessions with the greatest unwillingness and hearts full of rage.

The aggressive implementation of these moral imperatives reacts powerfully on the human person, since the person is affected in the innermost depths of his being, his conscience. Hence, whoever makes use of this tactic easily wins mastery over the souls of his victims. In Communist hands this method becomes an efficacious instrument of destruction of the personality, paradoxical as that may sound. They demand sincerity. This is a reasonable virtue as long as it concurs in the perfecting of the human person. It is stupid naivete if it aims at the person's destruction. And all that has been described thus far results precisely in self-destruction, in that self-destruction that will bring forth the new man.

SELF-DESTRUCTION

Tou-Cheng

Since it is essentially revolutionary, the Marxist methodology, after sugary preparations, becomes brutal, violent and destructive. Isn't this the message of the Marxist song: "This is the final struggle"? Accordingly, we used to hear over and over again "*Tou-Cheng, Tou-Cheng*"—"Struggle, fight, attack."

For example, one day the police would gather all the inhabitants of a quarter into a church nave, a temple hall or a school courtyard in order to *Tou-Cheng* a landowner. The next day they would summon priests and faithful to the parlors or under the porches of the bishop's house to *Tou-Cheng* their bishop. Or elsewhere at the orphanage the little girls would scream, sob and wail in the presence of a gang of gossips to *Tou-Cheng* the nuns who had been accused of growing fat on the blood and flesh of the children..

In January 1950 the students gathered in the Fine Arts Academy's exhibition hall to attack (*Tou-Cheng*) their

sixty professors. And this was the password: "If what they say is true, you had better reform; if it is false, don't pay any attention to it."

At just about the same time in an exhibition hall lined with strips of paper listing all his errors the former head of the philosophy department at West China Union University had to submit to a dialectical *Tou-Cheng* on the part of a group of students. This afternoon meeting ended with the disgrace and discrediting of the victim.

The students used to undergo mutual *Tou-Cheng* with the idea of purifying their consciences of all reactionary stains and any relic of bourgeois blemish. One young student who had been recently converted to Catholicism had to submit several times to the heavy-handed attack of his fellow students. They forced him to make his own *Tou-Cheng* so that he might thus free his soul of a religious mentality, which is "the source of all egoism, the prime cause of the failure to adapt himself and the biggest obstacle to a true love for the people."

The expression *Tou-Cheng*, which is used as frequently as *Hsio-Hsi*, is made up of two Chinese characters: "Tou," which means "to make war, to fight"; and "Cheng," which signifies "the contrary of giving in." The full expression evokes the concept of attack, combat, war, struggle, competition. The term takes on a still more precise meaning in Communist vocabulary. *Tou-Cheng* is the second phase of a process that develops in three stages. The beginning stage is the "*Kung-Shu*," that is, the public accusation in the absence of the accused for purposes of preparing the future attack. Then comes the "*Tou-Cheng*," which is the massive assault in the presence of the culprit. Finally "*Kung-Sheng*" closes the judiciary action: this is the popular judgment in which the "verdict of the people" is expressed.

Interiority

The struggle makes itself felt everywhere. Since it is a technique based entirely on psychology, it will work over and lay bare every person to his very depths. Such, in effect, is the peculiar characteristic of struggle in the Red regime: it is to expose the inner depths of a man in order the better and the more completely to destroy him. Wherever struggle does not yet exist, it has to be provoked. Hence, they seek to create in every being that they hope to destroy—whether it is a person or an institution—a deep-seated antagonism of such a nature that opposition will develop within the very person himself. "Every kingdom divided against itself will perish." In this way the Communists strive to arouse contradiction in the heart of their victim, in his inmost conscience, his sentiments, ideals and beliefs. The family, the school, the factory, the store, society and the Church—all these are fair game for the same insidious tactics. Everything is dislocated and thrown out of gear. Beginning with their own basic elements, institutions are spoiled, rotted, and corrupted. Everything carries within itself a germ of death, which kills it only to bring it to life again "under a superior form." This is purely and simply the dialectical method of thesis and antithesis, the method that uncovers an "antagonistic force, a contradictory tendency" in things. Thus negation issues from affirmation, nothingness springs from being, death from life: for the Reds this is the necessary condition for progress.

Self-criticism

How is it possible to disengage from the human person this spiritual corrosive that is able to destroy him? How

can man be brought to dissolve himself, melt away and disappear like a slug in salt water?

The authorities invite everyone to "reflect," a harmless word but one that implies a brutal summons by physical or moral pressure to make an about-face against oneself, against one's opinions, tendencies, motives for action and reasons for living. Under the direction of clever technicians and in an atmosphere much resembling that of a closed retreat, a man will be led on to reveal fully and frankly the most hidden corners of his soul; and that in the light of Communist principles.

Under this new light ideas and activities take on a new significance, till then unperceived. "You think you have never sinned? What a mistake! Take a good look at yourself. After all, you did evolve from a monkey; have you not retained some of your primitive instincts?" Thus mentality, conduct, the family, friendships—every aspect of life readjusts itself to materialistic principles.

Reflection of this sort little by little destroys the former personality; it kills the old man and arouses the psychosis of scrupulosity. Such are the terrible effects of Marxist self-criticism."

The Faith in danger

To bring about a "scientific" apostasy—this is one of the objectives of this frightful method of self-criticism. Missionaries, well acquainted with Communist methods, were constantly warning their Christians against this psychological treatment. Like many another I had sad experiences with new converts who had been submitted to an intense dose of this spiritual "cure."

The effectiveness of this self-criticism is considerably advanced, moreover, by a different kind of criticism that is applied by companions, colleagues or neighbors. They use

the method of repeated attacks in order to convert. Insidious voices do not cease to repeat: "As long as you keep the faith for which you have shown such a generous zeal, you limit and confine the generosity that you are really capable of. Your creed prevents you from practicing all the virtues of dedication and sacrifice that are dear to ardent Communists. You are 'out of step.' Your religious practices were all right during the days of the corrupt Nationalistic regime. But you will be more satisfied with the Marxist ideal of life which will soon be imposed on every sincere and clear-sighted man."

They go on: "Your very desire for a selfless life, your love for a higher cause, must necessarily urge you on to 'sacrifice and to deny yourself.' and to renounce 'your' faith. Prayer, Mass, thinking about heaven—these things are nothing else than time stolen from the service of the poor and unfortunate. You actually became a convert because of an 'egoistic concern for your salvation.' Is this reasonable? Do you really believe that the Sisters love the Chinese? Of course not. They came to China primarily for reasons of self-love: they want to win heaven for 'themselves: "

The events of the struggle

The conflict can go on for weeks and months. It might cease for tactical reasons for short spells, but then it will come to life again and be carried on by experienced militants who daily become more and more skilled. It does not take these men long to find out the points of least resistance in their victims.

Is it possible to resist this attack?

It is no secret that on the battlefield of the Communist dialectic everyone who agrees to fight runs the risk of eventually conceding his defeat: no reasonable dialogue is

possible with Communists. The one thing necessary is courageously to refuse to cross swords with a Communist, because all that he needs in order to destroy you is your consent to enter into argumentation. Every refusal to enter combat is a victory won over the assailant.

The reason for this is clear. The technique of the enemy is to lead you unconsciously to your own negation, to the negation of your very personality, under the fallacious pretext that whenever you say "I" or "mine" you are guilty of the most sordid selfishness. In a situation like that, could I possibly dare to talk about "my" right or "my" opinion?

If you listen to these sophisms, you will find that what once appeared honest and legitimate to you will now seem quite criminal and unjust. Without your knowing it a slipping of your mentality or a turnabout in your conscience will condition you to judge according to other criteria and a *new* spirit. You will be quietly led on to forget that the goodness of an act derives from the nature of things, and that the legitimacy of a right springs from the essential exigencies of the human person; and eventually you will find yourself admitting that these moral values depend on the "arranging" will of the omnipotent State. Unaware of what is happening, you will be brought to believe that your liberty, your love, your family and your faith become lawful for you only through a generous decree of the government, or rather of the Party.

There is nothing more distressing than the feeling of not being able to prove logically what one's natural intuition perceives to be good and honorable. There is nothing sadder than being forced to renounce one's most cherished beliefs, at having to scoff at one's religious faith, to hate one's life ideal, and to have to curse one's best friends, and

all this for want of a means of refuting the abstract logic of the enemy.

The initial judgments, which are natural, instinctive, unsystematic and thoroughly moral, struggle against the seemingly "clear and distinct" reason which has been falsified and "sophisticated," because it has been detached from all vital contingency. The Communist expose, being simple and systematic, lucid and very obvious, has every chance in the world of winning this battle. For the Marxist doctrine—an intellectual construction having the seeming radiance of steel—comes face to face with an amorphous mass of values that are complex in their delicate shades of meaning, which often seem in conflict with one another and which are insufficiently thought out.

Those subjected to brainwashing underwent the experience of the often inhuman character of these seemingly logical developments. But willingly or unwillingly they acquiesced and went along. Who likes to seem to resist logic? Man is a reasonable animal. He likes to reason... . But his animal nature also makes him follow those who know how to shout loudly and who give him something to eat. This was the opinion that began to spread concerning certain militants: "*T'a-Men Ch'ih-Tang*" "They are eating off the Party." It wasn't necessary to translate that. Everyone understood.

Group destruction

Self-destruction that began with the person soon extended to groups such as the family, the school, the Church. The "bourgeois" family also has to destroy itself. Parental authority does not resist the insidious criticism of the children's "re-educators." Boys and girls, little ones as well as big, militarized, indoctrinated, and liberated

from their parents, quickly learned to spy on, to rebuke and to denounce their fathers and mothers. Children reproached their parents for buying clothing that was too expensive, for cheating the public treasury, hiding gold, exploiting the common people and for educating the children only that they themselves might benefit. At home mutual confidence between members of the *same* family disappeared. On visits I used to make to Christians whose faith went back several generations I would have to remain silent and to communicate mostly by a sign or a look for fear of being betrayed by some youngster who would undoubtedly be questioned next day by the schoolmaster.

In their sincerity adolescents ordinarily relate the functioning of authority to the moral value of the person who exercises it. But the indoctrination sessions very soon reveal to them the blemishes that are inherent in all men. It is then that the conflict arises in their breasts between filial piety and patriotic duty. Little children are taught to sing: "I don't love my father, I love Mao Tze-tong." They refuse to accept reprimands from their parents, saying, "You can't spank *us* any more, Mama: we have been set free." I remember seeing a student get up in front of his companions and admit his complete approval of his father's arrest. But it was easy to see how heartrending this admission was for him, for he almost burst into tears as he related his father's misdeeds. On another occasion a young student whom I knew only by sight asked to borrow my bicycle. Later one of his classmates told me: "He's the one who wrote a letter in which he disowned his father who had been shot as a reactionary in the public square, following a big people's trial."

Sometimes wives of reactionaries are forced to divorce their husbands, At Chunking the security police set up

the "Fan *Ke-Ming Fen-Tzu Chia-Shu Hui-Yi*"—"the union of families for purposes of combating reactionary elements." The idea was to show people "the great duty of the destruction of family love" for reasons of political order.

The Church saw itself condemned to the process of disintegrating itself. "We ... we destroy the Church? We aren't that stupid: it will be the Christians themselves who will destroy it." This was putting it rather crudely, but it expressed the thought of the lady Communist at Canton who first said it. She had perfectly understood her Party's spirit and intentions: it is the will of the Party that religion disappear of its own accord.

In August 1950 one of the progressive members of my indoctrination group, while recognizing in principle the right of freedom of conscience, made this admission: "Religion is incompatible with a socialistic society. Before long people will see for themselves that they no longer need religion."

The tactic they employ is to utilize the least organized kind of religion to overthrow the one that is more organized. Thus they will seek to oppose Protestantism to Catholicism, the non-Christian sects to the Christian, etc.

They aim to set up opposition between priests and their bishop, the faithful and their pastors, between Catholics and the Pope. To this end they infiltrated Communists among the Catholic groups. They organized meeting after meeting to calumniate or to slander with a view to undermine authority. Under the pharisaical appearance of doing good they unscrupulously exploited every accusation, whether it was true or false. "Why can't Christians see their obligation to purify their Church of imperialism, injustice and other defects? Christ was a worker... . Why does the Pope ride in an auto? ... Let everyone

express what he has in his heart, the injuries he has received, the scandals endured, the damages suffered."

The police make a habit of questioning the faithful on the character and the conduct of their priests. The Chinese clergy will be summoned to court and made to acquiesce to the expulsion of missionaries. Every measure destined to destroy the Church must appear to flow from the very principles of Christianity. Faced with this kind of opposition the Church seems in process of destroying herself without being aware of what *she is* doing.

"If the grain of wheat does not die, it cannot bring forth fruit." Such has been the profound objective of the self-destruction that has already taken place, and that is the constructive factor of the future socialist society.

This self-destruction of one's past life operates by means of the examination of conscience and confession. To undertake the examination of conscience is to plunge the sword into one's own flesh; it is to work for one's own conversion to Communism, it is to commit spiritual suicide.

8.

THE EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE

The new man

To re-create man—this is the objective that Communist technique proposes to the members of the new society. The Party is not at all satisfied merely to create new social frameworks, a new economy, new methods of production, of education and recreation. What it wants is ,to bring forth a "new spirit" in everybody. The changes of a physical or material order all presuppose a psychological or "spiritual" renovation. There can be no doubt on this point. The means used, which I described above, clearly indicate this basic intention.

The effect of Communist propaganda on the human mass that it attacks—groupings of families, students, intellectuals, artisans or prisoners—is judged to be successful only if it succeeds in transforming the mentality. First this propaganda is aimed at the inner, spiritual man, then at the economic and social structure; at the "soul" before the body. This ensemble of stimulants on the human person can be broken down into three phases: examination

of conscience, abjuring of one's loyalties and scientific conversion.

Psychosis of culpability; confession and accusation

Every indoctrination campaign, as also every re-education camp, infallibly ends in the creation of a very specific psychosis: the feeling that one has led a very blameworthy and criminal kind of life, the need to admit one's faults to the point of scrupulosity, and complete resignation to the verdict of the people. With the young this psychosis appears spontaneous and sincere; with mature men it is often constrained. The young find a rule of life and discover an ideal; their elders are tormented by fear of something worse or are filled with anxiety about how they can extricate themselves. In the light of the teaching received, all actions, tendencies and motives having been examined, weighed and found to be "too flimsy," will be rejected, pruned or reformed. Therefore, it will be necessary, before hoping to become "a new man," to begin by searching one's conscience. He is rare who escapes a terrible interior shock from this examination, which consists of six consecutive *days* and nights without a moment of sleep for the victim. And during this time he sits motionless on the "reflection stool" at the entrance of the workshop, the prey of wind, rain, heat or cold.

On February 7, 1952, I found myself at the Nei-Chiang railroad station in Szechwan. I was part of a group of people condemned to be expelled; we were all lined up along a fence in front of the recently constructed railway. Small groups of travelers strolled by without a glance at us. There were some workmen trying to fold immense pieces of canvas to cover the boxcars. A few feet from me a workers' meeting was taking place. Dressed typically in blue coats, trousers and caps, they squatted on the grass

and listened to a harangue from one of the comrades. I saw at once that it was a group in the initial steps of the *San-Fan* Yun-Tung, that well-known method for purifying cadres, administrative bodies, factories and liberal corporations. Some were listening, tense and anxious, others impassive and motionless, and a large number seemed totally uninterested in the orator. I overheard a few scraps of the harangue: "Let each one of *us* ask himself if he really is working for the people, if he is not an egoist, if he does not have a bourgeois mentality, if he hasn't kept some other person's money? Let each one of us help his neighbor to examine himself, and if he knows something, let him reveal it without any fear."

The monotonous moralizing tone of the "preacher" sickened me, and I was nauseated to hear him encouraging the workers to inform on one another. Already at Chengtu, not far from the bishop's house, I had noticed a box for anonymous accusations (*Mi-Kao Hsiang*). In the streets of Canton I saw immense posters promising great rewards for denunciations (*Mi-Kao Teh-Chiang*).

These poor people at Nei-Chiang were beginning their apprenticeship to genuine Communist life into which other classes of Nei-Chiang society had been initiated long months before. From the moment of the Reds' arrival, professors, clerks, artists and others had been progressively conditioned for frequent and prolonged reviewings of their past life and the secrets of their conscience. I was no exception to this regulation. Once I made my confession to a Communist "confessor who already knew all about my life. On another occasion I submitted to an examination on my philosophical opinions. Along with my colleagues, I received eight double sheets of letter paper on which I was to write my autobiography, beginning with earliest childhood. I had to indicate on several official

questionnaires the social rank of my parents and their financial condition—proletarian, bourgeois or capitalist. On leaving Chungking I again had to submit to questioning at the hands of a policewoman and had to sum up the principal circumstances of my life since kindergarten.

I remember a professor at the Chengtu Academy of Fine Arts accusing himself in the presence of all of us of having been envious of one of his colleagues. He wept with shame at having thus to reveal the innermost secrets of his soul: "I am envious of X. because he is always invited to play the violin and I am ignored." Another professor's much-too-detailed account of certain events in which he had been involved revealed deeds that professional secrecy obliged him to conceal to avoid injury to others. But morality no longer counts when the demands of Party politics are at stake.

The students also had to cleanse their consciences, and at times the effect was fortunate. A case in point was the boy who "ate thunder," that is to say, he made illicit profits at the school kitchen. He had to undergo an interrogation in the presence of all his fellow students and he publicly acknowledged his fraudulent gains. The students used to have to confess through the loud-speaker to all their companions gathered on the playing field. Sometimes, if the *Ken-Pu* who was directing the meeting judged the confession insufficient, the confession had to begin all over again, even as many as three times. The student would stamp his feet with rage, and if there were not enough accusations, the confession was put off till later.

In January 1952 the police also had their turn at confession in the "chapter of faults." At six o'clock one evening the chief of police in our quarter had to accuse himself in the presence of all the people. The good people of the

street had reproached him for too much insolence in his relations with the citizens and with too much frivolity in his contacts with young girls, so he confessed that his attitude had kept too much of the spirit of the old bureaucratic days. He begged the people to help him to become "more humble and serious." Another police chief had to admit that the preceding year he had laid aside for himself some of the money from a confiscation at the bishop's house.

These confessions used to appear in the newspapers whenever it was thought that such confessions might serve to edify the people, to humiliate the guilty ones and show the reasonableness of measures taken by the government. The papers were full of "*Hui-Ko-Shu*" or acts of sorrow for transgressions, misdeeds of a moral character, negligences or other sins. One day I counted forty-one of these acts of contrition in a single paper. One student accused himself of having violated his sister; this scarcely surprised me, for I had already been told that one of my former students had confessed orally his own loose morality. But why should others accuse themselves of crimes committed under the influence of conditions extrinsic to their will, such as the "corruption of the bourgeois milieu?"

Certain persons improved on their transgressions with the design of injuring others. But they fell into their own snares. One young girl admitted that, on the advice of another person, she had wanted to kill the director of the hospital. It was a falsehood, but as a result of her confession she was immediately jailed.

One principle that was supposed to make confession "easy" was that little sins were wiped out and that grave ones became venial. In reality to make any admission whatever was to condemn oneself, if not today, then to-

morrow. In every way it was to enlighten police investigation and to deliver oneself tied hand and foot to the Communists. (Allusion to this tactic has already been made.)

As a matter of fact, these confessions led the police to discover the most secret ramifications of society, since everyone accused himself not only of what he had done, said or thought, but also of what he had seen or heard. Thus confession almost became the synonym of denunciation. It was through the confessions of students that the police were able to arrange my trial. I was supposed to have said in 3.945, after victory over the Japanese, that thenceforth China would have to fear Russia, that I had prevented young progressive Catholics from reading Communist books, etc. To obtain my acknowledgment of these facts—and upon reflection I did remember them, even though the police would not furnish proof to me—the magistrate questioned me, not on the plane of facts but on that of principle. If I did not recognize the facts, for want of sufficient evidence, they wanted at least to know what "I thought" about this or that matter. What "would be" my attitude if and if? By means of this subterfuge, my conscience obliged me to commit myself, to uncover my position, and to incur the fault of criminal thinking ... and eventually to be condemned after formal admissions.

A young woman, a member of the Legion of Mary, underwent attack by judges who were in turn kind, coarse, gentle or threatening, who sought to induce her to accuse and denounce herself. But she remained firm under the pressure of her inquisitors.

Many confessions are obtained in prisons by means of horrible tortures, which have already been described by others; but in the majority of cases it is not at all necessary to use physical violence in order to make even the strong-

est-willed prisoners capitulate. Each one is incorporated into a group, a small unit of about a dozen people. Thus members of one family are scattered into different groups, the *Hsiao Chu*. Sooner or later this kind of grouping results in sincere confessions, helped along by a psychological mechanism that is as simple as it is ingenious. First of all by the frequent and prolonged contacts—three four-hour meetings a week your companions of the *Hsiao Chu* soon discover your whole psychological make-up. From your reflections, questions, facial movements, silence and enthusiasm they learn your ideas, desires, tastes and antagonisms. I remember one meeting where someone described in minute detail the tortures endured by some landowners, the *Ti-Chu*. I suppose my face must have betrayed my feelings in the matter, because a certain professor hastened to explain that I had the same ideas as the Buddhists on the use of violence: I condemned the landowners, but I did not approve of the violent means of punishing them.

Thus by dint of spying on one another, people eventually came to know themselves; and it is very difficult to manufacture an alibi for oneself. Moreover, the scattering of members of the same family into different groups brings about depositions that are easily compared. Thus the Communists can contrast the depositions of fathers and mothers, of children and parents. In this manner they can establish a voluminous dossier on each "suspect" within a few months.

Psychological value of the confession

A man's confession constitutes his first serious defeat. It is a disturbed personality that emerges from it. By himself he has betrayed himself to the enemy, has delivered up the keys of his soul and opened the door into it. Completely

naked, without modesty or dignity, he awaits the verdict. If he must die, he will recognize that it is good for him to disappear. If he lives, he will remember that it is only because a magnanimous government has graciously granted him his life. Henceforth he is a man who has been "absolved," a man who has contracted to manifest his repentance by absolute servitude. Sincerity toward himself sustains him in his new path; and fear of committing new, and this time unpardonable, faults keeps him from temptations. The Communists know well that they now have a docile instrument in their hands; and, what is more, one who is easy to eliminate when his usefulness expires.

By reason of his confessions the man has lost all independence; lost is his independence of judgment, for he has brought night upon his conscience, blacking it out by the lying illumination of Marxist principles; lost also is his independence of action, since he has to redeem himself by strict submission to the orders of his judges. One who has given up to another his most intimate inner being with the conviction that his fate now depends entirely on that other is no longer a free being.

And this inner contradiction is precisely the goal of the whole technique, thus "freely" to accept as a fact that one is no longer free. How often were we told that we were perfectly "free" to dispose of ourselves and our possessions as we saw fit, but under such circumstances that it was impossible for us to exercise liberty! Basically, in order to restrict one's liberty in an apparently non-violent manner, the Communists use one's own reason as their accomplice. Mathematical reason excludes liberty. Therefore the problem is to present the order of action according to a mathematically rigorous logic, and then by deduction from deduction to entangle one in his own net. The

"freely" made confessions are nothing else than an application of this method.

Thus the person comes to be soiled, to depreciate and to annihilate himself. The destroying effort must now go to work on the moral and intellectual foundations on which the person once subsisted. The person must deny his loyalties.

contrition must be followed by good resolutions to amend one's life.

Abjurations

The son of an executed landowner, having been obliged to separate himself from the social order he has enjoyed up to now, will have to abjure that order together with his family and social class in order to become worthy, after some time spent in proving himself, of belonging to the proletarian class. He will have to study hard and then admit the fundamentally unjust nature of any economy that does not take its inspiration from Communist doctrine.

The same abjuration is *a fortiori* required of all people who were once actively connected with the "false" government—all the clerks, military personnel, intellectuals and others who wish to rally to the new cause. The Communists claim that 8,000,000 Nationalists have come over to their side, convinced by their methods. All these new recruits were assembled into re-education camps (*Kai-chao Sse-Hsiang* or "thought-correction" camps), where they were made aware of the defects and imperfections of their former beliefs.

There the intellectuals repudiated their "idealism" as contrary to scientific exigencies. Eager to adapt themselves to the glorious revolutionary period, bonzes disavowed the idealistic and feudalistic tendencies of the Buddhist way of life. The directress of a music department gave up her old romantic notion of art for art's sake. A girl singer, who had been educated according to Western technique, learned in camp to correct the "capitalist" timbre of her voice so that she could sing in a "proletarian" way.

Christians also had to undergo attacks that were aimed,

ABJURING OF LOYALTIES

Psychological mechanism

Since it is the fruit of mature reflection, the confession of personal mistakes thus takes on a scientific character. Indoctrination has caused each of its victims to understand both theoretically and practically why all his former actions were stained with crime and sin. He is made to believe that today's evil has its roots in the errors of the old regime with its feudalism, capitalism, imperialism; in a word, in bourgeois selfishness under all its forms. From the psychological point of view the method produces a double effect: confession and abjuration. A person will say to himself: "Why should I be ashamed to confess my sins if, in the last analysis, my errors were less imputable to the malice within my being than to the corruption of my environment, my class, my school, my family, my church?" But if in this way I have discovered a pretext and an excuse in the ideological climate I once lived in, it follows now that I am morally bound to disavow, renounce and condemn all my former ideas. All sincere

if not at making them deny their faith (for the Communists foresaw that in this area they would attack in vain), then at least at making them condemn the true or supposed collusion of religion with the temporal order. But taken as a whole, Catholic Christianity held the line well. "We have been spiritually conquered by a handful of Catholics," one Communist admitted at a Shanghai Party meeting

Unfortunately, the Marxist maneuvers did succeed with a certain number of recent converts whose convictions had not been sufficiently founded. Overcome by self-criticism, indoctrination, forced collaboration and friendships imposed on them, these newly baptized Christians repudiated the Christian ideal as a capitalistic instrument for the exploiting of their country. They recited all the Marxist clichés against religion, clergy and Church, and shaken by the calumnies of the Church's enemies, they ended by deserting her.

Certain priests attached to the Legion of Mary went so far as to denounce the Legion and to disavow its "reactionary and imperialistic" activities. Under the influence of a *Hsio-Hsi*, a once fervent lady admitted the alleged imperialistic attitude of a missionary who had been imprisoned for his faith. A young woman admitted guilelessly that the one stain that darkened her life was that she had belonged to the Legion.

The need to abjure

The Communists are not content, therefore, with an external attitude that a man might put on as a result of his living conditions having been revolutionized. These people who deny the very existence of spirit nevertheless require a "spiritual" commitment based on convictions. This commitment in turn necessitates the intellectual

disavowal of the very principles and ideals that have guided one's past life as well as the emotional detachment from the loyalties and the persons who have in the past elicited one's affection. Thus it is that Communist society has requirements for membership which only a religious authority has a right to stipulate, namely, renunciation of former errors and forsaking of old idols.

This disavowal of one's own beliefs leads the mind to the ultimate phase, the phase that immediately precedes the actual acceptance of the Communist doctrine, namely, scientific conversion.

SCIENTIFIC CONVERSION

The attitude of the converts

We call the accepting of the Christian way of life a conversion, for it is a "turning back" of mind and heart. The demands of Communism are also directed to the soul, which must be remade, re-educated, corrected, liberated and, either of its own accord or by force, brought back upon the right path.

Communism presented as a vital imperative, as the great duty of life, penetrates into the consciences of men. Herein lies its greatest strength. Using methods unknown to our society, it transforms hearts. It is simply impossible to carry on a reasonable discussion with a student who has been converted to Communism. We tried to bring back certain ones who had been among our most intimate and most faithful friends, but we had the feeling that we were in collision with steel blocks. The intellectual principles of young people are not well established, and their intelligence quickly is entangled in sophisms. In practical life an appeal to good sense or to the natural virtues can

succeed where logic fails. But such an appeal no longer has any influence on the victims of indoctrination who have put their trust in their new masters, who are disciples of a new religion. Such is the power of these masters that their word has the value of a gospel. All problems are definitively settled; henceforth life has meaning; Communist slogans are glibly handed on. A kind of fever burns the "progressives." For them there is no rest, they can never do enough. Physically they are agitated, thin, their features drawn, their eyes bloodshot, so much do they dedicate themselves to the cause for which propaganda has to be made, to whose new ideas the masses have to be converted. Cost what it may, the masses have to be made to accept their liberation. And the wicked have to be pursued, punished, denounced, injured, maltreated; the innocent must be avenged. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"—this is one of the war cries.

These young people become adept at developing their ideas with an implacable logic. How often we heard the formula: "If you admit this, you have to admit that." "Isn't it true that injustice must be punished? Well, the landowners are retaining their possessions unjustly.... They will never be sufficiently punished for the evil they have done." In the name of justice and logic every humane feeling disappears. A young girl, disturbed by the murder of a Communist policeman in the middle of the street, prays that his soul may ascend into heaven. A year later, now a convert to Communism, she smilingly assists at the public execution of a reactionary, calmly observing that "his brain squirted out as white as snow." A good woman, who has been more or less won over to the Party, now no longer perceives the horror of the tortures inflicted on the landowners. A Protestant seminarian *has* so well assimilated the Marxist doctrine that God is no longer a

reality for him but only a pure concept. "It wasn't your teachers who taught you such things," we told him. "No. But my comrades think that religion has to be made to agree with the scientific data of Communism." A young Catholic approached me one day in April 1951, saying: "I have changed my mind about the Catholic Church." And he began to explain to me that the Communist ethic is of greater value than Christian morality; that Lenin and Stalin, unbelievers both, are as great as those who believe in God; and finally that he considers himself unworthy to belong to the Communist Youth Movement.

Depth psychology

All these people had been converted ... all were fanatics. When one analyzes the depths of the human conscience one can perceive there certain secret sources whence arise the possibility of conversion to Communism. One of the most effective is the psychological impossibility of living without changing one's ideas. In order to transform a person's mind the Communists will not threaten him with death. They allow him to live, but they transform the milieu, which in turn acts almost infallibly. The objective technique of indoctrination that I have described renders the mind skeptical about its firmest beliefs. "They have come to doubt everything," one missionary used to say, "except the things of the faith." The climate of continuous heroism makes you disgusted with yourself, with your "cowardice," and your "egoism." Since you no longer feel in agreement with the "truth and morality" of the group to which you have to "adhere," you end up changing your ideas for theirs. Why not? It is no longer possible "to live like a regular fellow" if you don't give yourself body and soul to the new ideology. Some of the Communist converts struggled courageously for a whole year,

but the milieu was stronger than they were, and the Communists knew it. They waited patiently for their method to produce results—and it did.

And I might as well mention, too, that one of the leaders of our *Hsio-Hsi* group confided to me one day that he had "children to feed, and that the bowl of rice from the Communists ..." I understood and preferred this sincere acknowledgment of a humble human condition to all the hypocritical pronouncements of the official meetings.

Triple alternative

It has been said that there are only three possible attitudes in a Communist regime: to leave the milieu, to accept the doctrine, or to go mad. In 1950 I personally verified the possibility of this third alternative. Under the pressure of public trials, indoctrination and environment, a young student I knew suddenly went berserk. There were similar cases among the foreigners—Catholics and Protestants, clergy and laity. When the student recovered from this breakdown, he could no longer refuse or even discuss anything without risking another mental attack. A year later he accepted the Communist point of view without restriction. For what fatigues the mind most of all is to be obliged at every moment "to make restrictions." The only things the Communists ever talk about are nationalism, patriotism, solidarity, justice. **But** what do they mean? The average mind soon becomes weary at continually having to ask this question.

What about the possibility of escaping from one's environment? Materially this is impossible, for the police—either in uniform or in disguise—are ever vigilant. Morally, the thought of escape supposes an unusual independence of mind, a strong personality capable of choosing to put oneself deliberately on the outskirts of society, to be

considered' an egoist, an imperialist dog, an anti-scientific obscurantist, willing, in the eyes of everyone, to lose one's dignity as a man and a Chinese. After some hesitation this was the general attitude among the older Catholics. One of them was in prison for ten months and had to undergo inhuman tortures, but, someone wrote to me, he came out of it "in excellent morale and still holding fast in spite of crippled limbs; he walks with a cane and can no longer hold bowl and chopsticks in his hands, but he kept his faith intact and in no way denied it." However, in addition to moral pressure, many underwent such physical torments that they died "for Christ and His Church." These at least now know peace, the reward of their heroism.

Heroism and grace

For it was truly genuine heroism to which believers were driven, heroism inspired by a religious ideal vivified by grace and lived profoundly. In this hellish regime of despair and hatred reason wavers, and the heart weakens. Many of the "wise ones of this world" have already succumbed. The majority of Buddhists and Confucianists have given in. They thought they could argue and discuss, they ended by yielding to the sophisms. Catholics, for the most part, refused to enter into any kind of discussion; firm in their beliefs, they refused to give their assent. When with their reason they could not see clearly, they leaned on their faith, and divine grace made them the conquerors.

11.

CONCLUSION

TAE ARE, by way of conclusion, some few reflections suggested by the preceding survey and an attempt to answer the question posed at the beginning.

In the first place, the naive illusions of those who used to conceive Communism as merely a new political party or a simple movement for social reform disappeared quickly after a few sessions of indoctrination. The Chinese came to recognize that they had to do with a philosophy of man and of society that was irreconcilable with either the Christian or the merely human conception of existence. And with the established regime, this philosophy has to be accepted in its entirety, without any picking or choosing: one cannot reject the errors and retain only the elements that are true. "*Todo o nada*"—"All or nothing," this is the law. It is doubtful that in all history there has ever been a more intolerant regime.

In the second place, Communist procedures, *mutatis mutandis*, present a certain analogy with the Church's methods. How often have we not heard said, "It is the

devil who imitates God"? The reason is precisely that Communism aims to reform the conscience of man. In this sense it really is a question of religion, for the Communist demand that man reform his conscience usurps a right that is God's alone.

In the third place, the transforming of men's ideas is not so easy as the Marxist leaders imagine it to be. In this connection I recall a French doctor remarking on December 24, 1949, the very eve of the Chengtu capitulation: "Do you think that Mao Tze-tung can change the Chinese heart with a single wave of his wand? Christ Himself had much difficulty changing men's hearts." There surely was much truth in that observation. After two years of indoctrination the plague of bureaucratic corruption had not yet totally disappeared in Szechwan, and it is no secret that the Party chiefs are guilty of many other abuses.

Perhaps we are ready now to attempt an answer to the initial question: "Is it true that the Communists actually succeed in 'persuading' their recruits and in overcoming the most refractory of their opponents?"

It seems to me that I shall have to reply by making a distinction.

Those who are more than forty cannot fully accept an ideological system that on many points contradicts their most intimate convictions. But most of them have "pretended" to accept the system. It was a matter of saving their own lives and their family's, too. Not many men will suffer death for an idea, unless it be their religious belief. They may give in with repugnance, but many are nevertheless intellectually unable to justify their repugnance.

The adolescents, on the other hand, seem to be sincerely convinced of the truth of a regime that is so disciplined and so efficient. They believe that the Russians invented

everything and that people live unhappily in "capitalist countries." They have been swept off their feet by the ideal of a strong and independent China, and to this ideal they wish to be consecrated, body and soul.

Those more than twenty feel that a heavy slavery weighs upon their shoulders. They cannot help comparing their former freedom with today's forced regimentation. In January 1952 a certain uneasiness agitated the university students, who began to ask, "Why all these Russian products? Doesn't this look like an economic invasion?" It was all very well, they thought, to have one's education paid for by the government, but not if it meant being handed over body and soul.

The common people do not allow themselves to be taken in by the fine-sounding words of the Communists. "Why were we liberated," we heard them say in September 1951, "if we no longer have any meat to eat?" And others were heard to mutter under their breath: "We have been liberated from liberty." At the time of our expulsion some whispered to us: "You will be better off than we."

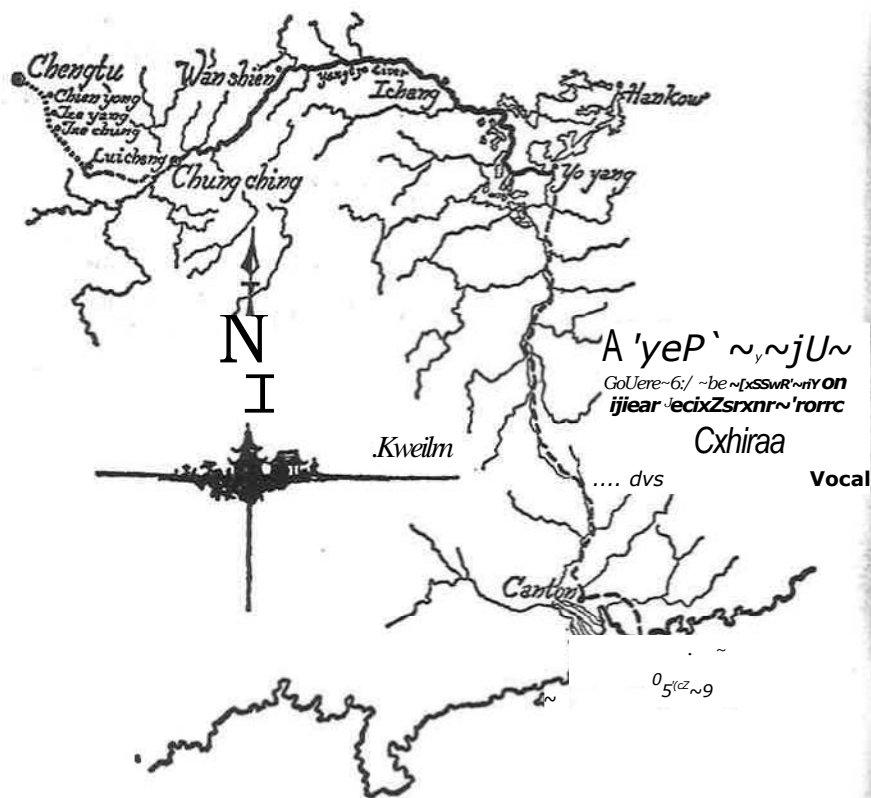
All these reflections on the methods of Communism in no way diminish our sympathy for Communists as persons. Several of our best friends are in the other camp. The psychological treatment to which they were subjected explains their defection. But the hope of someday again meeting these former companions obliges us to maintain an intellectual contact with the doctrine that seduced them. There is reason to believe that after an initial enthusiasm for the Communist ideal, which is surely efficient but imperfectly understood, they will begin to distrust the solidity of the foundation of so thoroughly inhuman a regime. Perhaps then the present serious differences between our ideas will be diminished, and it will again be

possible to carry on a reasonable discussion with men **who** have been matured by the practices of an iron discipline—but have instinctively returned to the traditional balance of Chinese wisdom or Christian humanism.

Part Two

TRIAL AND EXPULSION.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: *The following pages are taken from Father Winance's diary. He wrote the diary at Hongkong shortly after he and his confreres were expelled from China.*



12

AN ENCOUNTER
WITH THE POLICE

Chengtu (China), February 4, 1952

For six weeks we had been aware of the fact that our monastery was under strict police surveillance. The officer who was watching us was young, rather rosy-cheeked and not at all rough. As a matter of fact, he was very timid and polite. He used to stroll around for about an hour each day in our sunny garden, questioning the gardeners and inspecting the buildings. He would also peer into the parlor windows to see who our visitors were, and he tried to ascertain who the Christians were by watching the chapel. He once asked one of our workmen: "Do the Fathers mistreat you? Which one do you think is the worst of the lot?"

Suddenly, on the evening of

**February 4, he accosted me at the monastery entrance:
"Hoa Lun-Sse [this was my Chinese name], you have to go
to police headquarters right away!"**

"Are you sure they want to see mer I answered. My

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first thought was that they probably wanted Father Gaetan, who was supposed to go to police headquarters next day with some things given us by the Americans.

"Yes, there's no doubt about it. It's you. Hurry up!"

I got out my bicycle and peddled off into the dark, cold night. Before seven o'clock I was at the police headquarters that had been specially set up for aliens. The building was situated in an oblong courtyard that was divided by a path and decorated by a few clusters of shrubs. The building consisted of a central reception room flanked by waiting rooms. The long table I saw there—it was somewhat like a counter—made me think of a store. A group of soldiers had just returned from supper; they were washing their hands, rinsing out their mouths, and chattering and singing. They ignored me completely. A single thought fixed itself in my mind as I stood there waiting: this time, I felt, my judges would be merciless.

At exactly seven o'clock a loud bell scattered the men and women who had been standing about. And there I stood, face to face with an old acquaintance, Officer Yuen. He was about thirty years old; he looked kindly and affable, but I knew he was wily as a fox. It was he who had questioned me once before. As a matter of fact, it was in October 1950 that he had given me a long third degree. I recalled the questions. "Where do you get your money?" He expected me to answer: "From America." But I told him, "My money comes from the Fine Arts Academy where I am a professor. I have never concerned myself about where the Chinese Government [which pays me] gets its money. I also work for my monastery, and I don't know where it gets its resources either." Then he went off on another tack: "How do you reconcile Meng-Tze's doctrine about the innate goodness of man with the Catholic doctrine on original sin?" After I had explained our teach-

ing to him, he had dismissed me with these words: "The People's Government hasn't anything against you, but don't forget that you have to work for the people."

That 1950 interview came back to me now as I watched him silently preparing a little table and arranging the chairs for our present encounter. He went into an adjoining room and came back with my dossier. He glanced at the chief of police, who was standing in the doorway, then came back and sat down at the table. He wasn't ready to try me; he was merely doing some preliminary probing.

We exchanged a few words about the American equipment that I have already referred to, but I felt all the time that this was not the real point at issue. Then he suddenly opened fire:

"Didn't you belong to the Legion of Mary?"

"I? No, I did not belong. But twice I took Father Prior's place at meetings."

I knew that he already had my answer in his notebook, because just two weeks before, two Christians had come to ask about my exact role in the Legion.

"So you do admit that you belonged to the Legion of Mary. Last November all priest-directors of the imperialistic and reactionary Legion of Mary were supposed to present themselves to the police. Why didn't you do it?"

"For the simple reason that I was in no way obliged by that ordinance. My accidental presence at two meetings does not mean that I belong to the Legion. I was simply acting as a priest whose duty it is to explain the Gospel."

"You did not preach the Gospel. You were guilty of reactionary activities. Why don't you come out and tell me what you actually did at those meetings?"

"I've just told you: I am a priest, a *Shen-Fu*—it's my work to explain Christian doctrine."

"You are not a *Shen-Fu*. You are a *Ling-Tao Sze-T'uo*, you're a priest-director of the Legion."

"You know very well that *Sze-T'uo* and *Shen Fu* mean exactly the same thing. *Sze-T'uo* is more literary than *Shen Fu*, that's all."

"You're pretty shrewd: you're trying to leave out the words *Ling-Tao* [director]."

"I'm not trying to be shrewd at all. I just didn't have the director's obligations. I couldn't have made any decisions whatsoever. I was simply fulfilling my priestly ministry."

"I refuse to accept your excuses. Your having been chosen to replace the Prior meant that you had the power to direct the Legion. Nobody can take part in the meetings if he is not an active member. Therefore, you should have surrendered to the police two months ago."

I didn't tell him that if the police had really believed his kind of argument they should have arrested me much sooner than this. It was obvious that the police were trying to discover some fault of mine that would make my condemnation seem legally justified. Specifically, the crime they wanted me to confess was my denial that I had belonged to a movement that the Communists considered reactionary. I, on the other hand, sought to prove that I had disobeyed no law whatsoever in not signing with the police. I could not see that my two meetings with the Legion had come under the law at all. We went on arguing for about twenty minutes, each of us refusing to admit a mistake.

Meanwhile Father Sparfel, one of the members of the bishop's staff, had arrived and was walking up and down behind me. A policeman motioned to him to step to one side. I continued standing, hand in pocket, fingering my rosary and asking Our Lady to inspire me with the right answers.

The interrogation was beginning to flag despite the persistence of my examiner. He was having no success in his attempt to extract a confession from me. For my part I was determined to give the same testimony as that of the five priests who had been thrown into prison three months earlier: they had absolutely refused to admit to the seditious nature that the Communists wanted at all costs to attribute to the Legion of Mary.

Finally I declared: "I don't care what you may think. I shall never give my name to the police as a director of the Legion, for I refuse to admit that the Legion has ever exercised any political activity whatsoever; it's a strictly religious group and nothing more."

My words must have offended my interlocutor, for he flushed with anger. I continued: "I am telling you plainly what I think. You do want us to be open with you, don't you?"

He cooled off a little bit—or pretended to. He may have consoled himself with the thought that he had found some matter for condemnation.

We came to an agreement on the following text which he drew up and which I did not hesitate to sign.

"I admit that I did not present myself for inscription, having judged that I was not obliged to do it by the law. And therefore, even though a representative of the People's Government demands it, I still refuse to comply today and will by no means admit that the Legion of Mary is a political organization."

Then my accuser looked at his notebook, turned a page, read a few lines to himself and returned to the questioning.

"You dared to maintain in a public lecture that Communism *was* something to be feared."

I denied the accusation.

"But you did. Refresh your memory. The People's Government has proof. Do you want me to summon witnesses?"

"I knew that this second accusation was the result of numerous confessions made by students in indoctrination camps. These unfortunate young people had no doubt been obliged to tell the story of their lives, and it would have been perfectly natural for them to say that they had made the acquaintance of foreign missionaries. With that

admission it would *have* been no problem to draw out of them everything that they had heard the missionaries say.

After a great deal of discussion I finally admitted that I might have voiced the opinion in question, but that I really didn't remember doing so. I added, too, that it would have been very imprudent of me to have so expressed myself. Taking no notice of this bit of impertinence toward the regime, he made me sign a paper admitting having spread gossip against the Communists.

Then he continued to run down the list of my sins. Did I still have anything on my conscience? He himself hastened to tell me that I had:

"You forbade young progressive Catholics to read Communist publications."

Once again this was an accusation for which he could bring no proof whatsoever. I had, as a matter of fact, definitely warned certain young Christians against Communist books, reminding them that such reading could very well endanger their faith; but I had added that since the reading was obligatory, they were to do so only when they couldn't possibly avoid it. For example, posters in the classrooms constantly informed the students of their duty to read Communist newspapers. At the university the students as a group used to read and study Communist papers every evening at seven o'clock.

I therefore answered, "You are again accusing me without proof. However, I do admit that in principle I forbid the reading of any book that formally attacks Christian teaching. In this I make no distinction of party or school."

My judge then drew up a third text in which I admitted that I regularly prevented *avant-garde* Christians from reading Communist works harmful to the Church. I was very happy that it was he who underlined the word "harmful."

I was to be accused of still another sin by my persistent judge.

"Did you or did you not prevent one or the other Christian from taking part in the movement of the Three Autonomies for fear that they might lose their souls by doing so?"

The Movement of the Three Autonomies is characterized by a triple **title**: administrative autonomy, economic autonomy, and autonomy of religious propaganda. In the hands of the Communist this movement is actually a vicious instrument that might well serve to destroy the Catholic religion in China. It works at a progressive destruction and begins by trying to separate the Chinese Church from Rome. I recalled having given a sermon in the Redemptorist church on the first Sunday of October in which I insisted on the absolute necessity of Catholics remaining united with the Pope if they wanted to be true disciples of Christ. There was no doubt that the Christians present had understood what I was referring to ... and the Communist informers present hadn't missed the point either. However, I did not like, and therefore refused to accept, my judge's way of proceeding with his accusations, especially his device of affirming a fact **without** adducing any proof. Moreover, I objected to the reason that had been alleged. Certainly I had not "stated" in so many

words that a person would lose his soul by accepting the autonomies. Since I was denying the "fact," my judge made me face the question of principle: "What actually is your attitude in this matter, and what do you preach to Christians?"

"It is my opinion that a Christian may not belong to this movement. This is what I have always preached, and what I shall repeat to anyone who wants to listen."

"What is your reason for this opinion?"

"The Three Autonomies separate us from the Pope."

I saw him cross out the first motive that he had imputed to me and then to write between lines: *Li-k'ai Chiao-Huang*, which means "to separate from the Pope." This correction indicated to me that he was not at all sure of the facts regarding this last accusation but that he did indeed know my mind on the matter.

I went on to protest my loyalty to the People's Government, which I had served as a professor in a state school. I reminded him that I had always urged my students to fulfill their duties, even those of enlisting for the Korean War. But I remained absolutely determined to safeguard my faith and all its demands. He listened without a word.

Considerably calmer now, our interview ended by my signing a last paper in which I admitted having opposed the Three Autonomies. It was exactly eight o'clock. My judge motioned me to get up and give my place to Father Sparfel.

I felt very happy about having affirmed my religious convictions and having Catholic faith, and maintained the supremacy of the Pope.

Returning to the monastery, I ran into a Chinese priest, one very well settled in

to visit a Christian family residing near us. We made conjectures about the possible outcome of my interrogation. This priest had no illusions about the fate that awaited him. He actually bore witness to Christ in the central prison at Chengtu. On March 17, 1952, he was arrested and charged with "having directed the Legion of Mary and having opposed the Three Autonomies." We later learned that he had been condemned to fifteen years of hard labor and to deportation, perhaps to Siberia.

On the following day, February 5 I was judged and sentenced to expulsion from China along with five other missionaries, among them Father Prior who had been arrested some months before. All six of us had to leave Chengtu. Altogether, the party leaving would be made up of six missionaries and five Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. We were to be escorted by six well-armed men—three policemen and three soldiers.

stood up for the honor of the Blessed Virgin, defended my the Faith, who had secretly come

13.

SENTENCE OF THE
MILITARY COURT

February 5, 1952

On the morning of February 5 Father Gaetan was summoned to the headquarters of the police in charge of aliens. The summons was the consequence of a denunciation that had been extracted by force. This is how it happened: a few days earlier, in the course of a former secretary's public confession, the police had learned that we Benedictine monks still had in our possession certain objects that the American troops had left with us in 1945. Already in April 1950, under the false pretext that we were concealing material belonging to the Chinese army, the People's Government had confiscated a good deal of equipment and electrical supplies, all of which we had either paid for or had received as gifts. But what had then escaped "the sharp eyes of the People" had finally been discovered, and we had to surrender everything, even the smallest items.

Father Gaetan asked me to accompany him to the police

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station. Outside the sky was gray and overcast. We could not leave before ten o'clock because their *Hsio-Hsi* kept the police busy till that hour. We waited in the parlor of the monastery with a Mr. Yuan, who **had** just been brutally separated from his Belgian wife. She was forced to *return* to Europe.

At ten o'clock a porter was waiting for us at the monastery gate. The night before his cart had been loaded with all of our disputed possessions. We set off, but first had to go to the police station in our own quarter to get permission to go to the central headquarters. After the chief had telephoned for verification of our request, he granted our pass. I can still see the astonished look on his face as he watched us set out after our equipment-loaded cart; and no wonder, for among other things the cart carried a large chest, a banjo, some mosquito nets, assorted sacks and boxes and a whole library of army-issue novels.

As we leisurely walked along in the wake of the cart we could hear the astonished comments of passers-by: "What! Are there still some foreigners left? Is American merchandise still around?"

At the station we were received by the policeman Yuen. He was brusque but polite, and the sight of our load brought an ironical and triumphant look to his face. He made us deposit everything opposite the desk.

He insisted that we make a minute inventory of the entire contents (we even had to count the 742 novels one by one), and made us remove all the objects to a corner. This necessitated several round trips from waiting room to parlor. In one of the parlors I caught a glimpse of Father Sparfel of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. He was wrapped in a large cloak and placidly sat on a bench smoking a black Szechwan cigar. His only greeting was a significant wink. In one of the other parlors I made out a

few soldiers waiting in their armchairs, guns between their knees.

I also saw Mr. and Mrs. X., both of them dressed as Chinese. Mr. X. had once been a well-known Communist sympathizer but now he was in a hurry to escape the austerities of the regime. For several months he had been asking for permission to leave; but when the Communists continued to disregard his request (as they had with so many others) he lost patience and even dared to appeal to the police. Today he had come for the notice that every departing foreigner had to insert in the paper: "My creditors are asked to present themselves at such and such an address within three days." At long last he was going to be allowed to leave.

I said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. K., who had come to the station for the same purpose as the X's. Mr. K. had been a professor of medicine at the Protestant West China Union University, where I had had occasion to give a few courses. They were very happy at the thought of their approaching "liberation." At that moment I had no idea that I was to regain my liberty long before they did.

When we finished our inventory, the officer dismissed Father Gaetan. Then he spoke to me: "Go to the parlor at the right; you still have to answer some questions."

I went into the parlor, the one where I had noticed Father Sparfel. I remembered then that it was in this very same room that, on November 9, 1951, I had seen Father Prior and the three priests from the Paris Foreign Mission Society, Fathers Gabriac, Audren and Marchand, all of them about to be sent to prison.

The room had no ceiling and no paper over the windows; the floor was damp and uneven. In the room were just a table and a bench. All in all, it reminded me of the antechamber to a dungeon. The cool weather

and dread of the uncertain future had chilled me, but Father Sparfel's calmness and the aroma of his tobacco restored my courage. We both recommended ourselves to the Blessed Virgin and chatted quietly as we sat watching the door. I remembered the soldiers I had seen *in* one of the other parlors with their guns and bayonets. I remembered, too, that I had originally thought there must be some connection between the soldiers and Father Sparfel. Now I could not help feeling that the connection also extended to me. "This time," we were saying, "it's our turn; either we are going to join the others in prison or we will be told to leave. The soldiers are here for us. God's will be done!"

After waiting half an hour we heard a loud and authoritative voice cry out Father Sparfel's Chinese name. He got up and went out. Just as he was leaving the room, I was astonished to see a Chinese priest coming out of the opposite parlor and more astonished still when it became apparent that he was to present himself at the tribunal as a witness against Father Sparfel.

I was able to catch snatches of the proceedings. The first part was characterized by a lot of futile talk. Judge Yuen prided himself on knowing something about French politeness. "Don't you take off your coat when you visit someone in France?" he asked. "But you've kept on your big cloak in my presence. You are not very polite." "On the contrary," Father Sparfel answered. "In France one is free to wear his overcoat or to take it off; it is simply a question of the weather." Judge Yuen did not seem convinced. He insisted on picking a quarrel in order to humiliate the missionary. Of course it wasn't the first time that the Communist police had accused us foreigners of lack of respect. I, too, had once been strongly criticized for daring to write a letter to the police without using the ancient

formulas that are customary when "an inferior addresses a superior.

After this preliminary bit of verbal sparring they continued the questioning that had begun the night before. The priest had been arrested rather late in the evening, but he had admitted to and had signed nothing. This morning the judge had taken the precaution to summon a witness. The witness testified that Father Sparfel had been guilty of tearing down the signs which the progressive Christians had posted in favor of the movement of the Three Autonomies. Father Sparfel made no secret of his violent opposition to this schismatically inclined movement, but he did deny having gone through the street tearing down and destroying the posters. As a matter of fact, it had been a band of courageous young Christians who had done that. The judge, unable to back his charge, then switched to the accusation that the priest had at least been the instigator of the reactionary deed. And Father Sparfel finally admitted freely that he was the moral author of the "crime," since in sermons he had discredited and condemned a manifesto in favor of the triple reform.

Fragments of the conversation continued to reach me in my parlor. "What right have you to interfere in the internal affairs of the Chinese Church? On what principle do you prevent Christians from achieving the triple independence? That is a matter that does not concern you. As a foreigner you have no business opposing a reform that concerns the Chinese alone." I heard Father Sparfel's answer: "But I am the pastor in charge of souls ... I do not act as a foreigner but only for purposes of safeguarding Catholic doctrine." Then Yuen's voice: "We don't need any advice from you. If the Chinese Christians want to reform their church, that's their business and only theirs." The intermingling of the judge's accusations, Fa-

ther Sparfel's replies, the clicking of cameras and the continual goings and comings of the soldiers kept my attention at a high point. Suddenly the door of the room opened, and who should enter, escorted by a soldier, but Father Prior, Father Gabriac and Father Kaiser! They greeted me with a smile, then sat down in silence.

I couldn't help staring at these men: they had been out of circulation for three months. Father Gabriac's bushy beard and long hair made him look like an austere Russian clergyman. Father Kaiser was both serious and excited, but he didn't say a word. Father Prior, looking fresh and cheerful, whispered that he had expected to find me there. I explained what was taking place in the courtroom. After a short while Father Sparfel came back from his interrogation. I gave him my place on the bench and went over behind the table from where I could observe the opposite parlor. The soldiers who had so puzzled me were watching through the door. Still wearing the same bland smile, Yuen came up to them, spoke at length, and then left the room.

Suddenly there was a minor hubbub near the police desk. The soldiers came out of their quarters and someone called out Father Gabriac's name. This same ceremony took place five times. As each of us heard his name called out, a soldier would present himself at the door with his gun lowered and bayonet fixed. Each of us followed a soldier to the judgment desk. There, presiding over this military tribunal, was Mr. Yuen. On his left were the policeman Wang (whom we later nicknamed the "King") and another policeman whom we did not know. On his right were the policeman Chang, whom we baptized the "Registrar," and a repugnant young woman who was known to the Sisters as the "Wasp." The Protestants knew her under another name, "*Miss Kao-lu.*" It seems that

whenever she was asked a question, she invariably answered, "*Yao Kao-lu*," which means, "We'll think about it."

Mr. Yuen severely reprimanded each of us. First, he directed himself to Father Gabriac, who, having grown white under the weight of a half-century of apostolic labor, was now reproached for having neglected his missionary duties. Yuen taxed him for having spoken about the devil in one of his sermons. Again and again he tried to make Father Gabriac admit that what he really had had in mind was Communism.

Then came Father Kaiser's turn. He was a member of the Society of the Divine Word from Germany: a tall, strong, practical and dedicated priest. We were all thinking that he could have crushed in his fist the little soldier who was accompanying him, but he marched up to the desk, stood at attention, and without moving a muscle heard the judge condemn him for not having changed his attitude. "You have retained your Hitlerian and imperialist mentality," Yuen told him. Father Kaiser said nothing. He just turned around and went off, clicking his heels. His cadenced walk resounded ironically in the solemn silence of the tribunal.

I was next. When Yuen spoke to me he looked off in the distance as though he didn't see me. "Aren't you a member of the imperialistic Legion of Mary?" he asked. "No," I answered. Wang almost shouted: "Shut up!" Yuen continued: "Didn't you take part in reactionary conspiracies?" Again I answered in the negative, whereupon the Registrar commanded me to remain silent altogether. Since *I was* beginning to understand their game, it wasn't difficult to obey that command. Now I was no longer questioned but reprimanded. For this purpose the judge made use of the rhetorical process of oratorical interrogation including, of course, plenty of insulting abuse. "Are you

really a priest? Aren't you rather Truman's envoy? You didn't come to work for the Chinese people, but for the Nationalists. The People's Government only protects good foreigners, those who obey our laws. ... What is religion for you? Isn't it just a cloak to cover your counterrevolutionary activities? You came to China merely to make political propaganda."

All these accusations had been deliberately calculated. We had always been very careful never to act for the glory of France, Belgium, Italy or any other country. *Yuen* knew this and was perfectly well aware that these reproaches were seriously offensive to us. All these calumnies were spouted, or rather vomited out, in exactly five minutes. I remember noting this, for I was watching the clock out of the corner of my eye.

When each of us singly had received his "paternal" admonition, we were again summoned, but this time all together.

It was a very solemn affair. The judge and his assistants all stood and removed their caps. Yuen was holding a paper covered with large seals. We were in the presence of the "Supreme Court of the Military Government of Western Szechwan." Slowly the judge began to read from his paper.

First of all he ran through the considerations of a general order that were applicable to all of us: "Since you have dared to spread abroad false rumors, since you have been opposed to the Movement of the Three Autonomies, since you have refused to admit that you have been members of the reactionary and imperialistic Legion of Mary ... you are liable to severe penalties." Then he read out our names one by one, along with the specific reasons for our condemnation. Father Prior was declared guilty, among other things, of having maintained relations with

the chief of the office of American Information; he was accused also of having concealed properties belonging to certain landowners and reactionaries in defiance of the rights of the Chinese government.

I was most attentive while the judge was reading the paragraph that concerned me. The accusations were more serious than they had been the night before and were full of every kind of insinuation. Among other things, the document contained a statement I was once supposed to have made that the Russians would eventually make war. This brought to my mind in a rather confused manner a special French *class* that I was teaching in 1945, shortly after the armistice. As a matter of fact, I do remember having made just such a remark. The astonishing thing is that the Communists came to know about it six years later; their means of knowing, of course, were the confessions made by students in their re-education camps. The next accusation was that I had deceived the students about the real meaning of the Triple Reform, since in bad faith (according to them) I explained that it implied "separation from the Pope."

Lined up in front of the desk, smiling scornfully and holding our heads high, we heard our sentence: Condemnation to perpetual banishment from the "holy and sacred" territory of the Chinese People's Republic and to the degrading penalty of being conducted to the frontier under military escort. About that same time, as we later heard at Hongkong, one of the Chungking newspapers wrote that "the Benedictines of Chengtu deserve to be shot."

We broke up as soon as the sentence had been pronounced. Mr. Yuen's severe look now gave way to his customary smile, and it was with extreme politeness that he gave orders to have the three "boarders" returned to

their prison, but this time under heavy guard. Father Sparfel was to join them. As for me, I waited till they told me to leave, for the police, after much discussion, had decided to send me back to the monastery for some money and my baggage.

Yuen hesitated a moment before ordering a military escort for me. Then, with an armed policeman, and a soldier carrying his pack, I left the station. They made me march right in the middle of the street so that everyone could see me, but the noonday crowd did not appear to pay much attention to us. The progressives undoubtedly were thinking: "I'm not sure that the government would like it if I insulted a foreigner." And the others: "I might compromise myself if I were to express any sympathy for him."

We turned off into a narrower street, Hong Chiang Kai, the "Street of the Red Wall," where I immediately acquired a following of excited children. I could hear them saying, "There's another one.... It's the Legion of Mary." Apparently they had noticed the first group a few minutes earlier. The street began to fill up; shopkeepers leaned on their counters to watch, coppersmiths stopped hammering and raised their heads to see. I could not help thinking, "How famous I have become."

In this same street was the prison that held Father Prior and his companions. When we arrived at the door, which was partially open, we turned to the right and went on to a large porch. Instead of going to the monastery we were entering prison! As I crossed the threshold I remembered that, three months before, Father Trivière of the Paris Foreign Mission Society had entered this very prison to serve a two-month's sentence.

I entered a large courtyard, blocked at the far end by a Chinese-columned hall. At that very moment I ran into

Mother Adeodata, the Superior of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters. Her eyes were modestly cast down and she was wearing a placard on her chest. A soldier was taking her to the Office of the Peasants to settle a salary question, a trifle of some \$2,000,000 in Chinese money (about one hundred American dollars). There, as I later learned, she was successful in meeting Bishop Pinault of Chengtu, who agreed to take over the payment of the money after the Mother Superior's expulsion.

14.

AFTERNOON IN A MODEL PRISON

February 5

My route then led to a dim little courtyard at the left, where at first it was a little hard to make out anything clearly. But soon I was able to discern faces and found several old acquaintances—Mother Rose of Viterbo, Mother Imena, Mother Adeodata and Sister Generosa. They were deathly frightened but as silent as though they were still in their convent. Each wore a placard around her neck; each was awaiting her departure the next day. Then I saw the Fathers who had come back from our trial, but we scarcely had time to start up a conversation. A policeman lined us all up along a sidewalk, our backs toward the little garden that had provided a bit of cheer for the prison.

The Registrar then ordered us to choose two men who would be responsible for the material organization of the voyage: they were to watch over the belongings of the whole group, to purchase food in the inns, pay for bus, train and boat tickets. Since Father Sparfel and I had left

entirely unexpectedly, we did not have the necessary \$1,200,000 (in People's Bank currency) to pay for the expenses of our expulsion. The first duty, therefore, of the two to be chosen would be to go to the monastery and the bishop's house to get the necessary money. Father Prior wanted to *see* the community for the last time, so he engaged in a bit of discreet electioneering, with the result that he and Father Kaiser were unanimously chosen. They left us immediately, each of them accompanied by a soldier.

As soon as the two fathers left I followed the other priests into the little room that they had occupied since the beginning of their imprisonment. The room measured about fourteen feet by eight feet and provided just enough space for four beds, a table and two chairs.

I spent a good part of the afternoon chatting with Father Audren. Just a few 'days before, without even being summoned to the police station, he had been condemned by a People's Court. He patiently initiated me into my life as a prisoner.

I tried to picture to myself the monotonous life that the four missionaries had endured for three months in this restricted and very uncomfortable space. Every day they had celebrated Mass using plastic cups as chalices. Thanks to the uninhibited goings and comings of their loyal and kindly servant, they had been kept informed; they had listened to Mr. Li's reading of the *San-Kuo Chih* (*Novel of the Three Kingdoms*); they had stretched their limbs by taking ten steps forward and ten back. In the little courtyard garden they had had to undergo frequent interrogations, and without flinching they had endured the worst insults and the most cutting affronts. Although they did not look very healthy, their morale was excellent.

Shortly before six o'clock there was a great commotion.

The Registrar's shrill voice sounded at the door: "Pack your things and prepare your valises." We rolled up our blankets in waxed canvas, gathered up thermos bottles, cups, basins, toothbrushes, etc. We carried about thirty packages to the prison gate. There were trunks, canvas sacks, large packages bursting at the seams. We guessed that we would have to carry our baggage to the New South Gate for police inspection, but we had no idea what painful problems would accompany our passage beyond the city walls.

Soon the arched portals of our temporary prison resounded to short commands, coarse summons and disagreeable remarks. It was simply a foretaste of what was to come on our journey. The police were pretending to seem severe, rude and arrogant in order to impress the crowd of idlers who were watching. We were killers of children, greedy imperialists; did we not represent China's worst enemies? In fact, both our guards and we were playing a kind of comedy; but certain aspects of the comedy were tragic. None of the eleven prisoners had a criminal's conscience; nor did the people give any credence to the accusations. Even our judge was too intelligent and educated to believe that the Sisters were really guilty of the crimes attributed to them. He knew very well that the accusations were merely part of the customary "agitation tactics." He was simply playing the thankless role of executor. Perhaps he even considered these violent attacks to be savagely unjust—as did the policeman at the North Gate who whispered to Mother Rose: "*Those* fellows are mean; but *we* know that you are good."

Well, any way one looked at it, it seemed that our guards' mission and duty were to give the appearance that we were convicts. They neglected no humiliation that might be calculated to bring down our "imperialistic

pride." Without going so far as to strike us, they did make our last days in China as difficult and painful as possible.

They seemed particularly savage to the Sisters; 15. Mother Rose, who was sixty-four years of age, and Sister Generosa, who was seventy-two, were treated worst of all.

**THE LEGION OF MARY
PARADE**

February 5

Giggling youngsters, silent young men, solemn women and perplexed artisans—these made up the crowd that gathered to watch us as we assembled around the bundle-loaded pushcarts. Our military escort also excited their curiosity. We could hear them whisper: "*Sheng-Mu Chun, Sheng-Mu Chun*"—"The Legion of Mary, the Legion of Mary."

The motley procession got off to a slow start. We walked two by two, the Sisters ahead and the Fathers bringing up the rear, carrying heavy packs. I was walking with Father Prior. We entered a narrow street lined with little workshops that resounded with the din of coppersmiths at work. But the hammers stopped pounding as soon as we came near. Next we proceeded into a wider and more frequented avenue, and then turned to the left into the street in which the post office stands. The crowd continued to grow along our route and was soon pressing upon us from all sides.

Suddenly I made a sign to Father Prior and whispered: "Look! There's Father Gaetan, there at the left!" Above the mass of heads I had just made out the angular silhouette of our confrere. There wasn't any doubt about where he had been: he was coming back from the police station. He caught our eyes, smiled discreetly and then disappeared into the confused mass of onlookers.

We may have looked like public enemies, but the people manifested no hostility whatsoever and did not seem to take at all seriously the gun-carrying soldiers, the two officers, each with a drawn revolver, and the two grim-looking leaders of the parade. I must admit, however, that without the military we could never have made our way through the compact crowd.

We stopped a few moments in front of the police commissariat, where we became the object of scrutiny of a group of students who were on a propaganda trip. It was rather consoling to hear people commiserating with us. Some of them spoke rather loudly, not suspecting that we would be able to understand them. We overheard one of them remark: "You are returning to your homes; you'll be much better off there than here," and these words seemed to express the feeling of a rather large number of the spectators who were watching us. Now again we were moving along the busiest streets of the city—those lined with the big stores, the provincial government houses, and those most frequented by students from all the various kinds of schools. It was humiliating to be part of what looked like a convict chain gang, but we were proud to have lost bodily liberty in order to preserve that of the spirit.

We felt infinitely freer than all the uniformed men and women, sad-looking and spiritless slave citizens of the Communist city. As I walked along I recalled that I had

already seen dull-looking people like these in Moscow in 1936, on my way to China by way of Russia and Siberia. I remembered seeing the streets of the Russian capital packed with people, shabbily dressed and somber-looking, all of them. On all sides they gave a depressing impression of lifeless automata. The noiseless crowds seemed to be asleep on their feet. At the time we had thought that all this was simply a manifestation of the Russian temperament; but now I said to myself that it was rather the indelible imprint of the regime. The Chengtu streets on this evening of February 5, 1952, bore no resemblance at all to those I had observed in former years.

Even before we reached the monumental New South Gate it was evident that Mother Rose and Sister Generosa were having considerable difficulty in walking. Father Gabriac was limping, and Father Audren was experiencing cardiac discomfort. The procession was spreading out, and our guards yelled at us to hurry up. I don't know whether they were suddenly overcome by pity or if they were afraid of being stalled, but they ordered Father Sparfel and me to start carrying the baggage of the more heavily burdened Sisters.

Finally, toward seven in the evening, we entered the bus station, and here we found shelter from the eyes of the curious. We were on a wide, slightly inclined platform. At the rear of the station we could see a large scale as well as the offices and workrooms; to our right there was a row of busses, most of them old and worn out, but some of them repainted and patched up.

The police now separated us for inspection. They led Father Prior, Father Audren and me into a waiting room to the left. I deposited my two valises and blanket rolls in a corner. A nasal voice commanded: "*Ta kai*"---"Open up." The soldier approached one of my valises spread open

on the table. His disgust at the job was evident as he dug into the assortment of books, notebooks and handkerchiefs; then he threw the whole collection aside. He spent a long time examining snapshots of my Chinese friends. There were souvenirs of class reunions, pictures of former students, etc. He invariably asked about each photo: "Who is this?" And just as invariably I replied, "I don't know." This made him so furious that he almost spat out the words, "Hu tu"—"You imbecile! You ought to know!" "I humbly recognize that I have a very bad memory for Chinese names," I answered. Then he gathered all the photos into a little packet and made me sign a paper to the effect that he had relieved me of "twenty-one photographs." Another policeman continued the work by examining my books. He leafed through each one, page by page. Since he didn't seem to be understanding much, I risked explaining the titles to him: "*Wei-chi Fen*—this is integral calculus; *the-Hsio--this* one is a philosophy book; *Tao-li—this is* Christian doctrine." **But he** shouted, "I know!"

Since I didn't have much clothing, I was able to close up my bags before too long. Then took place a comic scene as we tried to explain a gadget for sharpening razor blades. Father Prior really had his hands full with that **incident. Outside, we could hear snatches of the comments** that accompanied the policewoman's examination of the Sister's effects. A relative calm finally reigned in the room we occupied but there remained the disorder of **a clothing store on** market day: scattered between the benches were **shirts**, socks, vests and **other articles of** clothing. One of the police discovered a prayer to the Blessed Virgin on the back of a picture. The Chinese text intrigued him and he wanted to know what it was. **"It's marked below: it's an act of consecration of China to**

the Blessed Virgin," I answered. My reply did not seem to convince him. He called a comrade who glanced at it **and declared scornfully: "Sheng-Mu Chun"—"The Legion of Mary!" And he confiscated the picture on the spot. Again I had to sign a paper, this time an admission that a "Legion of Mary document" had been taken away from me.**

At nine o'clock we lined up next to a bus but our return to prison was to be on foot. What a prospect for our last hours in Chengtu! We would have to try to sleep without covers, and it was very cold. **A fine, steady rain was wetting us to the skin. Faint lights lit up the highway. We departed in the dead of night, in the silence of the deserted streets. As we turned onto the outer boulevard someone cried timidly, "Ta-tao Sheng-Mu Chun"—"Down with the Legion of Mary!"** But his cry was swallowed up **in the splattering of** slippery mud that we plowed through **at the entrance to the** boulevard.

Our return to the prison through those somber, empty streets awakened a profound sadness in me. The fact that this was a Tuesday reminded me of the good Tuesday meetings of other years that we used to enjoy at Father Audren's home. The "canards" (this was the name of a club for Chinese students) and I used to get **together there to study French and even a bit of philosophy. We** would discuss grammar, textual explanations, materialism, the existence of the soul. In October 1949 **I remember that** our topic was Communism. The congenial young people used to walk with me to the end of the street, and then I would be off on my bicycle, filled with happiness at the students' progress and especially with the apparent conditioning of their souls for the grace of God. Two of them had become converts, and now, after long struggles, which they had borne with **courage and generosity, they**

had again "changed their minds" and become Communists. It was truly a painful return. It meant that so far as the essential values went, the Christian life of the new converts had been humanly conquered by the Communists. These and many other thoughts tormented me till we reached our prison.

There we were allowed to get a cold meal before stretching out. The Sisters spent the night seated on chairs. Father Sparfel and I lay down under a blanket that Mr. Li had lent us. But I couldn't go to sleep. Father Gabriac was alternately snoring and moaning. Father Kaiser could not sleep either, but Father Prior slumbered like one of the blessed.

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16.

THE BUS RIDE

February 6, 1952

At six-thirty in the dark, cold silence of the-morning we walked two by two through the portals of our prison.-The streets were deserted and the shops still closed. •The only sound was the low murmuring of the rosary. Finally weentered the police station for foreigners and were lined up in front of the long table that we called the.counter. A single lamp gave light to the large room. A ruddy, chubby-cheeked policewoman, her hair piled up under' her ,blue cap, yawned as she came into the room. A. policeman, whom we nicknamed "Woodcock," looked us over and arrogantly informed us that our departure orders were in his possession. Five minutes later. the King called the. roll, and each of us in turn presented- himself to receive his pass.

At seven o'clock we left the dismal station- where we had endured insults, forced confessions ` and slanderous accusations. Together we numbered eleven; ;`convicts," two police officers, two sub-officers of the police each car-

rying revolvers and two soldiers with fixed bayonets. Two policewomen brought up the rear—the one we called the Wasp (she used to look at us in such an unpleasant way), and her enormous companion. Daybreak was beginning to light up the streets, and already some of the shopkeepers were removing the outer planks with which they close up their stores.

In Ch'un-hsi Street we ran into a company of soldiers on march. The cadence count, "one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four," noisily cracked the morning calm. As we crossed Tung Ta-Kai Street, I looked down the long thoroughfare which in 1950 had witnessed the departure of the People's Army work troops. Then we followed Chou-Ma Kai Street, the one most frequented in winter by the heavy-striding Tibetans in their red vests and their tight trousers.

Finally we came to the bus station. The presence of a crowd of travelers tempted our guards to enjoy the malicious pleasure of treating *us* like a bunch of bandits. There was a certain satisfaction, however, in noting that most of the people paid little attention to them and to us. We were supposed to take the bus for Nei-Chiang, a city about one hundred and fifty miles southwest of Chengtu.

There now took place another roll call. Then the King began to insult Sister Generosa because she was unable at the first try to raise herself onto the first step of the bus.

It was heartrending for us to witness such rudeness. Eventually we were settled in the back seats of the bus. I was placed between a soldier and Mother Imena. In front of me were the Registrar and the King; behind, on the last bench, were Mother Rose and Mother Adeodata. We were crowded together and were extremely uncomfortable, but we couldn't do anything about it. Suddenly I looked out of my window and saw one of our Chinese

workers, and Father Prior, from the window on his side of the bus, saw the son of Z. They had come to say good-bye to us. Of course they couldn't say anything; but their very presence, mute and expressionless, spoke louder than words. We remained motionless and indifferent. But the King seemed to have felt waves of sympathy piercing the zone of hatred around us. He became nervous, looked at us furiously, and then glanced out of the window. But he was unable to discover anything that could satisfy his curiosity.

The bus started at eight o'clock. We took the outer boulevard, called Wei-Cheng Ma-Lu. In the foggy air I was able to discern the avenue that led to the Academy of Fine Arts—a sight that filled me with profound sadness. The bus climbed onto Chiu-Yen Chi'ao (the nine-arched bridge not far from the University of Szechwan) and then proceeded directly on to the Chungking road without coming back to the East Gate. At 8:20 we came to Niu-Shih K'ou (the cattle market), an empty courtyard that served as a customhouse. We were lined up in the presence of all and searched. We had to empty our pockets and lay at our feet every slightest article in them: rosary, penknife, etc. Everything was scrupulously examined. They frisked our persons, unbuttoned our coats and our trousers. A certain Buddhist monk took advantage of the moment to give us a speech recalling how beautiful China was. He was quickly interrupted by the Registrar. Scarcely had the monk been silenced when the King ordered us to resume our places in the bus.

We were off; it was 8:30.

Experience had taught us that the actual moment of departure can never be known until it has actually begun. Certain acquaintances of mine had been arrested on the ramp leading into the airplane; others at the moment

when they stepped into an auto; and still others—even after receiving their permits to leave—were summoned by telephone and forced to relinquish their permits. A Protestant minister once told me: "You can't be really sure of getting away until the bus has actually started."

We were experiencing impressions that must surely have differed much from those of the other travelers on the bus. The most important fact was that we were recovering freedom. What a joy to see the country, the green land and living things again. But a deep sense of melancholy tempered this sentiment.

The bus wheeled along in the direction of Chien-Yang, the first stop, some forty-four miles from Chengtu. We were crossing a region of slightly elevated plateaus that in the distance appeared darkened by groves of pine and tuyas.

To us it was a familiar countryside. An almost invisible haze softened the dark reflection of the motionless waters of the rice fields. Rows of slender trees scaled the hillsides or skirted the whitened walls of the large isolated farms. The light morning fog, the gray ceiling of the sky, the peaceful calm of the foliage and the oneness of these metallic waters—all this was Szechwan in the wintertime: gray, melancholy, sleepy, dreamy Szechwan.

The route stretched from hill to hill. The Lung Chuan T Mountains bordering the hollow of Chengtu gradually emerged from the grayness that had veiled the horizon. Misty and indefinite, they solidified little by little into a formidable barrier of brownish-red earth speckled with the violent yellow of the linseed flowers and the clear green of the young wheat fields. On the hillsides long white furrows set off the paths of dry mud, hard and sleek as stone. The rather barren mountain, with its steep sides, dominated the road which wound its way upward. Half-

way up the bus stopped at the foot of a solitary little banyan tree that sheltered a rustic shrine dedicated to the gods of the country.

It took us a half-hour to climb the four miles that led to the pass, a long slit that had been carved into the bare rock. There was a Christian family living along the way who maintained an inn for the convoys that crossed the mountain. I recognized the large courtyard of the inn: we missionaries had sometimes come there to take tea. We were driving along some 1,312 feet above the Chengtu level or about 2,624 feet above sea level. I remembered that in clear weather one could *see* the outline of the snow-covered mountain chain that constitutes the foothills of the Tibetan plateau. Now we were on the summit, the dividing line of the waters and the climate. We were leaving behind the humid plain of Chengtu and were entering into the very heart of the Red Basin. To the left the winding road overhung a deep valley whose sides were sliced into narrow terraces in which the quiet rice fields lay like mirrors of burnished steel slabs.

It was drizzling and icy cold. The soldier who was guarding me closed the window shutter and buried his face in the big collar of his coat. Shortly before we reached Chien-Yang he opened the shutter again. The sky had cleared up and the fog seemed almost translucent. Once again, I was able to see and enjoy the sharply etched beauty of the Red Basin countryside where hills give way to other hills in an indefinite cluster of forms that have been worn down by sandstorms and erosion. Row upon row of bamboo and yew trees conceal the dwellings of the people; enormous banyan trees overshadow an isolated pagoda, a raised path, a bridge or a village gate. In February the verdure of bean and pea fields vies with the golden linseed flowers.

About this time the travelers began waking up one by one, and some pointed to the tremendous work of terracing the hillsides that had been done in these parts. We were coming into Shih-Ch'iao, three miles from the prefecture of Chien-Yang.

The road emerges into the T'o-Chiang Valley. The T'o-Chiang is a river that seems to have carved a path through deep gorges from the Chengtu plain toward the north of our highway. Before us lay some immense construction works—embankments, ditches and bridges preparing the way for a railroad. Deep gashes had been made into the cliffs that border the river. We were traveling toward the right, but the railroad shunted off to the left, crossing a tributary of the wide river on a long metal bridge. I have insisted on recording these details, especially in regard to the railroad, because we were the last Western Europeans to have seen these things.

We stopped exactly at noon, and for the first time we were subjected to the experience of entering a city as prisoners. It was to become a regular occurrence. Obeying the rude and insulting command of the guards, we got out of the bus and lined up in silence, the Sisters first, I second to last, behind Father Prior. With arms at our sides and our heads high, we faced the crowd of onlookers who seemed surprised to see a group of foreigners treated as prisoners. Only the children looked at us with amusement and scorn. The guards would roar at us from time to time: "Be quiet! Put your arms down! Stay in place..." Then, when they were ready, they led us two by two to the restaurant and the restrooms.

We ate at three separate tables. At 3:30 we were back in the bus and on our way to Chih-Yang, eighteen miles to the south. The highway took us through some six miles of level land; in the course of the ride we passed the foot



of a T'a, one of those high, white, many-storied towers whose graceful superstructure I had once climbed, along with a group of students.

Now we were skirting the raised roadbed of a railroad under construction that often was broken by unfinished bridges. The rails followed the valley of the river, while we kept veering off to the right into a labyrinth of cultivated vales. The hills bordering the highway form elevated chains with flattened tops. The highway winds along from one to the other, crossing the chains through cuts carved out of the rock and going all the way to the top. The air *is* drier and brisker here than in Chengtu. The horizon seems to stretch out farther in the distance, the open spaces become wider, and here and there on a hilltop a single tree or a pagoda is visible. It was a beautiful view, but it lasted only a moment. Then the bus plunged again into the narrow passes that wind through the shadows of these high hills.

At two o'clock we stopped on the outskirts of Chih-Yang, just in front of the dazzling white arch of a railroad bridge. Some merchants were selling oranges and sugar canes, but we were able to devour these refreshments only with our eyes.

We started off again. To our right the railroad traced a wide curve before crossing a high viaduct over a small stream. At three o'clock we entered the principal square of Chih-Tsung, the last city before Nei-Chiang. The other travelers were able to get out and stretch their legs, but we had to stay inside the bus. All we could do was watch from the window the goings and comings of the police, who seemed even meaner here than in Chengtu. We had to rearrange our places in the bus, for Mother Imena, who had been squatting between two benches since morning, was beginning to feel weak and faint. The jolting of

the bus had made her sick, and she began to cry. The King allowed her to sit down at the back of the bus, but only on condition that Mother Superior would take her place between the benches.

In a quarter of an hour we began the last stage of the journey. After the mountain crossing in the morning this was to be the roughest and most uncomfortable part of the trip. The highway descended from a high plateau, with enormous hills on each side. On our right we passed a river, a clump of trees and a temple enclosure. Then the road again climbed upward. The rocks looked like limestone. The appearance of the landscape now changed strikingly: there were white and black crags on all sides, the debris of fallen rocks, sharp sawteeth and isolated peaks. We were approaching the big river.

Here we were to find the railroad completely finished. There were ballast, rails, semaphores, gradient indicators. The road crossed the tracks again and again. Some of us had not seen a railroad for fifteen, some for forty years; and most of our Chinese companions on the bus had never seen one. We could see a number of bridges resting on tall piles made of white stone, sustaining walls made of stones carefully cemented together, raised embankments with the earth piled up as neatly as could be. The whole magnificent work aroused our admiration. It had been accomplished, in part at least, by qualified workmen and by forced labor recruited from the peasants and political prisoners.

I remembered that, during Christmas vacation of 1950, one of my students had visited one of these "re-education" camps that had been earmarked for railroad construction purposes. The camp numbered many former officers and officials whose ideas and attitudes had to be changed. According to this student, the men were well treated: they

enjoyed excellent food, games, opportunities for recreation and especially the "Communist study circle." (However we held other and different opinions on the treatment of the 100,000 forced laborers who had constructed this railroad.)

The section between Nei-Chiang and Chengtu had been mostly the work of Communists under the direction of Russian engineers and technicians. The general sketch and over-all plans seem to have been the work of former French engineers. Each time we came to the railroad level we could see that it was already being utilized for freight trains. The stations were not yet constructed, but everywhere there were tidy little thatched-roof cabins that served as stations. The line was to be opened to travelers along its entire distance in July 1952. (Since these pages were first written, the line has indeed been opened. At Chengtu the Communists forced the collaborating Christian church to send surpliced and candle-carrying faithful to celebrate the opening of the station at the North Gate. But according to some trustworthy sources, guerrilla bands are since supposed to have done considerable damage to this railroad.)

The line had been projected more than forty years ago. The funds had even been collected but had quickly been impounded by one of those ephemeral Szechwan governments around 1911-12. One of the profiteering officials, a small Nanchung landholder, lived in Nan-Chi-Kau, a small village some five miles from the city. This honorable gentleman is still living and is now eighty-four years old. He is—or was—the head of the Szechwan Communist sympathizers and was vice-president of the Popular Chinese Republic, one of the six puppets under the Peking government. (There are six vice-presidents, none of whom seems to enjoy much power.)

We now came to Nei-Chiang. The T'o-Chiang River flows deeply along to the left of the highway. We entered the city by way of a steeply inclined street bordered by little merchandise displays, and we passed hundreds of cars parked along the principal street and on several secondary streets.

We got out of the bus at 6:30. We were lined up and had to stand motionless, with our backs to the hotel, in full view of the staring crowds. There was still light enough for us to observe the high, semi-modern facades of the stores. The buildings had been modernized in typical fashion by a kind of plasterwork that looked cracked and dirty. Darkness fell and we were still kept standing. Our guards had decided to make us finish our trip by train. Some children yelled at us that we could still get to the station since the train was not to leave till 7:30. But our rather confused guards wasted a lot of time getting information. Finally we were ordered to proceed, two by two. Fathers Prior and Kaiser went ahead, accompanied by the King. And what a painful walk it was! It took us about forty minutes. Mother Rose limped along as well as she could; her feet were black and blue and covered with sores. Sister Generosa, terribly weakened, dragged along. Father Sparfel had to help Father Gabriac, who was laboring along and breathing hard behind me. And Father Audren, with his cardiac pains, was completely exhausted by this forced march. For my part, I was able to stand this new physical effort without too much trouble. I tried to imagine myself taking a walk, but it was hard not to be aware of the guns and revolvers that were forcing us along. Moreover, the crowds of people following us, while they were not antagonistic, did not allow us to forget that we were not at all free.

Now it was very dark. And yet the mildness of the

weather made it seem like a May evening in Chengtu. The shops and stores were still open, and the people were chatting in the doorways. We were getting closer to the station. We could not see it yet, but the muffled whistling, the jarring of the boxcars, and the intermittent puffing of the engines brought back familiar images. I was even reminded of the Trans-Siberian Railroad which had brought me to China in 1936. European locomotives, rickshaws and wheelbarrows.... What a contrast! Plane, train, auto: the most modern means of transportation alongside the most primitive. I thought of other things as we walked along toward the station. I was haunted by the memory of the former pastor of the Nei-Chiang parish, Father X. He had been a tireless apostle, a self-sacrificing **and** ascetical convert maker.... Where was he now?

Now our guards were dragging themselves along, apparently as tired as we were. We were all consoling ourselves with the thought that we would soon be able to rest on a wooden bench in one of the third-class coaches. But this hope turned out to be groundless.

Suddenly the command rang out: "*Pu-Chou*. Huei-cha'iI"—"Stop! Go back where you came from!" These startling words came from none other than the porters in charge of our luggage. We hesitated for a moment, but there was no mistake. We had to face the hard and painful reality of retracing our steps. I looked ahead to the esplanade in front of the station and saw Father Prior, Father Kaiser and the King already on their way back. The King shouted to us to follow **them**.

The return was a veritable way of the cross for most of our group. Father Gabriac almost fainted **with** fatigue. Besides our weariness and discomfort, we now faced the prospect of a whole day of internment in the city. Eventually we came to a halt in the courtyard **of the hotel**

where we had previously been lined up. It was occupied by the *Kan-Pu*, those cadres organized by the Communists to accomplish their political, economic, social, agrarian, scholastic and sanitary works. Now, carrying our heavy baggage ourselves, we climbed up a steep stairway. We priests were to occupy a large room, separated from the room that the Sisters would have. The soldiers lay down in front of our door. If we wanted to go downstairs to the restroom, we had to go in a group, accompanied by a soldier.

I spent a very restful night lying on the floor.

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17.

THE TRAIN TO CHUNGKING

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February 7

Until about three o'clock the next day, all seemed calm. From an a la carte menu Father Kaiser ordered two good meals for us. Father Gabriac smoked his long pipe; Fathers Prior, Kaiser, Sparfel and I played rami, or stood at the wide-open windows and followed the movement of traffic in the sunny streets. There was some washing hung out to dry on the terraces opposite our room. These terraces were also the playgrounds for some ragged-looking children.

The King honored us with a visit. He was a man with a grayish-yellow skin and bright and deep-set eyes. He seemed terribly nervous and he spoke in a quick, staccato manner. "What have you got in your hand?" he asked me. I was holding a little bag of cookies that we had just purchased through one of the waiters. Another one of the Fathers, I forget who it was, was relishing some delicious fruit preserves made of orange and grapefruit peels, specialties of the Nei-Chiang confectionary shops. In our innocence we had committed a material sin. The King

scolded us harshly and finished by saying: "Henceforth you will ask permission before you buy anything whatsoever."

We will always remember Nei-Chiang as the city of sweetness. As a matter of fact, it is the land of sugar cane. The cane is treated in modern sugar refineries and imposing distilleries. The product is a rather highly refined sugar, quite different from the crude sugar coming from the primitive country refineries. These refineries also produce a kind of alcohol that is used in automobiles instead of gasoline. This rich district is not far from the Tze-Liu Ching salt mines and the Kiating coal mines. It borders the To-Chiang, a river that flows from the Chengtu plain to Suifu on the Yangtze.

It was early when we began to prepare our luggage. The train was not to leave until 7:30, but we were on our way to the station before 4:00. We took the same route as the night before. It was terribly warm, for it was already summertime here. Now I was able to get some idea of how the country looked. The river flowing on our left was hidden by whole sections that were covered with little huts and military or industrial hangars. We were in a valley dominated by high hills of red earth, without vegetation. About half a mile further on an abrupt cliff plunged into the greenish-blue waters, and the railroad buried itself in the dark entrance of a tunnel.

We finally arrived at the temporary structure that served as a station. We had to pass through a wooden fence and then climb to a platform filled with crowds of peasants and soldiers. The appearance of our procession created quite a sensation. They all understood, but no one spoke a word. The King lined us up opposite the offices and facing the people, with our backs to the sun. But after ten minutes our "general staff," the King and the Registrar,

seemed to feel that this position was too comfortable and agreeable. So they lined us up along the same offices, but we were now turned toward the sun. In this position we had to stand for almost three hours, motionless, forbidden to say a word, at the mercy of the slowly setting sun. The situation was extremely painful to the Sisters: one of them was very old, another's feet were bleeding, and all of them were wearing heavy garments.

At first I grumbled somewhat, but then I spent the time just watching and trying not to arouse the attention of the soldier who was walking up and down behind us. The other guards were some steps away; the general staff was carrying on a discussion with the railway employees, and the lesser guards were seated on bundles that were lying around. The platform on which we stood was considerably below the level of the tracks. Long rows of freight cars and flatcars filled with large piles and poles, all brand new, towered above us. Four locomotives were doing their best to fill up the station yard with steam and smoke. A few of the workers who were supposed to be unloading the flatcars and piling up the poles sat down and began to look us over; others, with little pails tied to rods, carefully climbed up a tall framework that was holding up a water reservoir. Farther up the track I could see employees, women in front and men behind, filing into a little white house. It wasn't hard to guess where they were going. It was a *Hsio-Hsi* session for Communist indoctrination.

It was Father Prior's task to look after the tickets and Father Kaiser's to see about the luggage. Finally Father Sparfel and I were summoned to carry the bundles and bags to the checking room, which was filled with people. An employee who had served on the Kunming-Hanoi Railway received us kindly and spoke French to us. This made

the Registrar angry: he rebuked the clerk and thereafter we spoke only Chinese. So we were constantly under attack, now one of us and now another, and often our entire group. To the great disappointment of our torturers, however, the crowd did not show us any ill will. While he was weighing our baggage the friendly clerk, now quite crestfallen, explained to some of the travelers in a low voice that he had only wanted to be kind and to help us.

At about seven o'clock we slowly approached the tracks. We thought we were getting ready to leave. But our guards were simply making us change our location. We lined up along a fence, the better to be seen by the people who were walking along the street. Small groups of travelers passed without glancing at us. A short distance from me there was a workers' meeting. The workers, squatting on their heels, were getting a speech from one of the *Kan-Pus*. I gathered that the discussion was about starting the *San-Fan Yun-Tung*, that well-known movement whose purpose was the purifying of the cadres, the administrations, and the factories. Some of the men were listening eagerly and tensely; others were impassive and motionless; and a large number seemed totally uninterested in the speaker. I was able to grasp little bits of the *Kan-Pu's* harangue: "Let every one of us examine his conscience," he said, "to find out whether he is really working for the people, whether he isn't selfish, whether he hasn't kept another man's money.

Help your neighbor to examine himself, too . . . and if anyone knows anything, let him make it known without fear." Once again I was disgusted by his moralizing tone and by his encouraging people to inform on others. I pitied the poor people who were beginning their apprenticeship in the Communist way of life.

Now the sun was almost down; from the bare, rocky mountains a light violet fog descended to mask the vivid

red of the land. The temperature was dropping. It was time to leave, so we were permitted to get on the train.

In a moment remembrances of a yesteryear began to reappear in those of us who were over forty. Years had passed but we apparently had never forgotten the details of travel by rail. We got up onto a very high wooden platform; a fourteen-coach train was waiting there. I paid more attention to the construction of the train than to my guards. It was new and in the latest style. The train was made up of seven coaches for passengers and seven cars for freight. Except for Father Kaiser, who went with a soldier to guard the luggage in the baggage cars, we all had places in a third-class coach. A locomotive passed by: it was a powerfully built machine with four driving shafts and a little wheel in front and in back. Most of the locomotives we met thereafter were of the same type. They were more than equal to the work of pulling the heavy trains over uneven roadbeds. I noticed that the rails *and* even the ties were very simply fixed by two cramp irons and no iron wedges.

We were finally settled in the long coaches. These were new and very clean, but the benches were a little too close together for us Europeans. Father Prior was opposite me and two of the Sisters were squeezed into the corner at my side. It wasn't long before some school children occupied the empty places behind us. The Registrar got the idea that he ought to tell the children about us before the train left. The gist of his words was that we were imperialists and assassins. As he finished the introduction he said: "Don't you think that we ought to punish anyone who prevents our progressive students from belonging to Communist Youth Movements?" "Yes," the youngsters answered in chorus. "Is it not the government's duty to deport Sisters who strike little Chinese children and aban-

don them when they are dying of hunger?" "Yes!" the children cried, louder still. During this display the King was seated behind me. There must have been mockery and scorn in my eyes when I turned around and looked at the other travelers. It made the King furious, and he shouted at me to look straight ahead. Then he joined the Registrar and they both sat down in the first seats next to the door of the coach so that, during the remainder of the trip, at least whenever they were not sleeping, I had to face the fierce stares of these two mentors. I should add, however, that the King teased the Registrar a little: "You should have used a megaphone so that everybody could have understood you," he said.

Our train started moving at 7:30. We were supposed to arrive in Chungking the next morning about 10:30. That meant that we would cover a distance of some one hundred and eighty miles in fifteen hours; a little slow, perhaps, but the train stopped at every station and the roadbed was not yet well settled. Our coach was filled with people. The conductor was a woman, a chubby-faced native of Szechwan, one of whose duties was to call out the name of the stations in a high voice; she also told the travelers to get ready when it was time to leave, reminded them not to forget their baggage, and to turn in their tickets at the station exit. Before each stop she seemed to swell up in order to deliver a little speech, a speech which always began with this proletarian introduction:

"This is your train, the people's train; it is brand new; always keep it clean...." It seemed that the idea was to form and condition the country people for modern living. We had scarcely left Nei-Chiang when we went through two well-guarded tunnels. Shortly after we passed over the T'o-Chiang on a long, magnificent suspension bridge that had been finished recently. I wanted to lower the window

the better to admire the workmanship, but an armed soldier rushed at me and shouted that I should sit down. Perhaps he thought that I was going to jump out of the window. The result of this encounter was that I had now aroused the suspicions of a brutal, cruel and gross youth, who was to keep an eye on me till the end of the journey.

Our uncomfortable position made it seem like an interminable night, for we were unable to stretch our legs or to get out at the stations for a bit of fresh air. Our watchdogs never allowed us out of their sight. At the least indication that we wanted to move, they would bark at us in patois, shouting out our names. This was the worst kind of impoliteness, but they did it to manifest their hatred and scorn for us and to "humiliate" us foreigners in the presence of their compatriots. They often shouted: "Wen Kia-li," Father Prior's name, or "Mei Te-pao," the name of one of the Sisters. Just to be able to exercise a little, we went to the restrooms as often as possible. Once Father Prior stalled the traffic a little so that he could have a cigarette. People began to knock at the door; the King became excited, but Father Prior emerged with a look of unconcern on his face. Around midnight we were allowed to buy some pao-tze—little steam-cooked buns stuffed with meat.

The stations at which the train stopped were about seven miles apart. At each stop a number of peasants got on or off and workmen hammered at the axle boxes with little hammers. Whenever the train started off, the station employees stood at attention and those on the train did likewise. During the night I tried to make out how the country looked. A bright moon cast a pale light over the landscape. I could see a succession of little hills, the white highway stretching along, crossing, leaving and rejoining the railroad and the silvery reflections of the

swollen rivers. Some of the sleepers awoke as the train entered a tunnel. I was catnapping, my nose pressed against the window. Father Prior was dozing with his head on his chest. I can still hear the puffing of the locomotive in the calm of the night—I suppose that I shall never hear it again in Szechwan. Occasionally the powerful headlight lit up a shanty or a bamboo hut as the train wound around a curve.

February 8

At dawn the train seemed to be going faster, for this section of the line had been open to traffic for a longer time. Fine-looking stations replaced the straw shacks that we had noticed the night before. At about six o'clock we stopped at a rather imposing-looking station. Everything was clean, pleasant, new, and built in a less deadly uniform style than the large gray buildings at Chengtu. The countryside looked different here, too. The mountains were higher and less jagged, and they reached downward in long, even, wooded slopes. The railway skirts the edge of wide valleys that invariably produce swiftly running streams. About 7:30 everybody turned to gaze to the right. We were looking down from a considerable height on a formidable mass of bluish-green water that spread out between banks of yellow sand and gray-colored beaches, while patches of foam indicated the dangerous zones of rocks or rapids. It was the Yangtze River, bordered on the other side by high hills completely covered by foliage. Father Audren thought that it was the same river that flows from Nei-Chiang to Lu-Chou.

In one station we saw a train loaded with nothing but small stones for the roadbeds. There we also saw railroad workers, both men and women, squatting on stones and gravel piles. We crossed through an industrial region

filled with immense modernized brickyards and metallurgic factories. There was one mill with four high smokestacks from which bellowed clouds of thick black smoke. I thought I could see rolling mills with their piles of thirty-nine-foot rails, new and ready to be shipped off.

In another station our attention was attracted by a bustle of activity: men pushing carts at full speed and continually interrupting the passage of the pedestrians. The mountains seemed more savage-looking now; enormous cliffs dominated the roadway, and gigantic walls rose up from the clefts in the rock. Our train puffed through one tunnel and then another. We were on the mountain of the nine dragons, Chin-Lung Puo.

At 10:30 that morning we entered the Chungking station.

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TWO NIGHTS' IN THE
"VICTORY SONG" HOTEL

THE OTHER TRAVELERS got out and stood on the platform, but our guards ordered us not to move. After a few minutes of discussion, however, they pressed us to leave the train quickly. A harsh cry to hurry up greeted me when I crossed the threshold. After some moments of hesitation we lined up at attention in a single line facing the train and the people. Now, completely exhausted, we had to wait while a crowd of people, quite indifferent to us and our fate, slowly filed past us. Few of them bothered to turn around for a second look. When the platform was finally emptied of people and our locomotive had been sent to the roundhouse, we started off, two by two, in the direction of the station entrance. When the King explained who we were, the woman ticket collector let us through the gate. But not too far from the station we had to stop again, and there we remained standing till after 12:05. Our tired bodies reminded us vividly of the painful hours of the preceding afternoon and of the fifteen sleepless hours on the train.

Two Nights in the "Victory Song" Hotel 143

I did my best to look around and observe conditions, because I realized that we might be among the last citizens of "capitalist" countries to see the modernizations introduced by the new regime. The railroad station forms the remains of a system that will soon extend to the Tibetan borders. A building with beautiful green roofs, it had, if I remember correctly, two platforms and six tracks in use. There was a large wooden hall at the end of the platforms with the station exit opening at the left onto an esplanade.

Touching on this esplanade on the right was an administration building made of brick.

We were lined up on the esplanade with our backs turned to the Yangtze River. Opposite us there were clusters of huts built on piles and also many high wooden houses that looked as though they were hooked on to the abrupt hillsides on which the city of Chungking is built. About this time we saw some porters approaching us, carrying our baggage under the watchful eye of Father Kaiser. He had just emerged from the baggage car where he had been locked up with his guard for the fifteen hours of the trip.

Our guards now lined us up at the foot of a muddy, hilly street that leads to the center of the city. Suddenly groups of children, attracted by the unaccustomed sight, came running toward us. We could hear them wondering aloud about us and our situation. Before long we were surrounded by a crowd of women, soldiers, workmen and others—all pointing at us and speculating on what we might be guilty of. Our guards tried to explain the misdeeds we had been charged with but no hostile reaction resulted. The children shouted with laughter when we smiled, pointed to our big noses, or made fun of the corpulence of one or the other of our group. The King waited nervously and impatiently. The Registrar con-

tinued to look severe. A young red-faced soldier, gun in holster, was watching us from behind, and a young, girlish-looking corporal dozed on our bundles.

The King suddenly saw the group of Chungking police who were to take us into custody; his face lit up and he began to bustle around. The two police groups shook hands, clapped one another on the shoulders, and generally expressed great pleasure at the meeting. I supposed they were pretending to be important in the presence of the onlookers. Then they went into consultation about what to do with us.

Shortly after noon we began to move. It was to be a long climb up some wide avenues. We went along new streets that apparently had been laid out after the Japanese bombings years before: we passed tall five- and six-story houses and large modern billboards. Old, battered, oil-powered busses ground by us, puffing and smoking. Groups of youngsters followed us, and the crowd lined up to watch us go by. There was no sign whatsoever of any hostility on their part. Seeing the Sisters, some of them exclaimed: "Oh, how miserable they look!" Father Audren heard a little child call out faintly, "*Shen-Fu ... Father!*" A earful of *Kan-Pu--Communist* cadres—called out as it passed, "*Hao-te-hen*"—"There's a good catch!" In the midst of it all our procession advanced into the former "Wartime Capital" with heads high. While Mother Rose and Sister Generosa limped along in silence and pain, Father Kaiser, still loaded down with luggage, climbed the city hillsides with a firm, rapid step, exhausting his guard, who puffed along behind, quite worn out by the climb.

A turn to the right and a climb onto a slight rise at the entrance of a narrow street brought us at 1:05 to the "*Kai-Ko Iu-kuan*"—"the Hotel of the Victory Song."

It was a high, narrow house. The ground floor almost

seemed like a low-ceilinged warehouse. The managers leaned on the desk and watched us pass by without a word. A bellhop leading the way, we climbed the stairs immediately to the left of the door.

Since the happy days of their liberation all the foreigners in Kuichow, Yunnan, Szechwan and Sikang have become acquainted with this "reception house" that has so graciously been put at the disposition of the "undesirables." I don't quite know how the Communists succeeded in keeping the different floors so utterly shut off from one another. We occupied three rooms on the third floor; below us there was a room occupied by four Betharam Fathers who were also waiting for the boat. It was only later, after three full weeks, when he was about to leave for France, that one of our former neighbors came to know of our presence.

The Sisters were lodged together in a room down the hall to the left of ours. The door facing the stairway opened into the room occupied by Fathers Prior and Kaiser. At the right was the apartment in which Fathers Audren, Gabriac, Sparfel and I were placed. Our guards slept on the landing and in a little room opening into the façade.

Of course we were forbidden to go out or to buy anything without permission. The Fathers ate together in Father Audren's room. At first the waiter was kindly and obliging, but under the watchful eye of the police he soon became surly and mean. He did not even come to clean up the table after the meal. At regular intervals we all went down in procession to the restroom. Likewise, we all returned in procession. The guards, of course, were always with us. I will never forget the covered courtyard at the left of the toilets with its dark, dirty walls and the all-pervading stench.

The afternoon of the same day we arrived the King summoned each of us to help him write short summaries of our lives. He was kind, for a change, but was very insistent on knowing in which schools, including kindergartens, we had been educated.

At six o'clock we were taken in procession through streets black with people to the police station for foreigners. We crossed an antechamber where our guards remained and then entered a waiting room with chairs, armchairs and sofa. We were greeted politely. A policewoman had armchairs brought to us and asked us to be seated and to wait. We were touched by this politeness, for we were not used to it. Because it was getting dark, a few lamps were lighted.

The Sisters were the first to be summoned for questioning. About 7:30 it was our turn. The policewoman did the questioning. I was seated behind Father Audren while she was talking to him. She spoke of Bishop Valentin and Bishop Baudry. We did not know whether they were still in China or in prison. I was questioned about our monastery in Chengtu, and my activities as a professor, while Father Prior was asked about the Benedictine-sponsored Institute of Chinese and Western Cultural Studies, its works and its library.

We returned to our hotel about 9:00 o'clock. The streets were noisy and full of people, the street lights were colored and the billboards luminous.

So ended our first day in Chungking. Now that we had made a "general confession," we hoped to leave the next day. But the charge was made that the Sisters had not been "sincere." So they would have to go through the whole process again.

Worn out by the trip, the processions, and the waiting in the stations, Father Sparfel and I stretched out on the

floor on our blankets, while Fathers Audren and Gabriac lay on the beds.

February 9, Saturday

We were awakened about five o'clock in the morning by boat sirens, a sound that indicated that we were not too far from the river. The day passed without any special incident for us. The Sisters were the only ones summoned for interrogation and for confessing the sins that they failed to mention the night before. But this new confession was judged to be insincere also. The waiter treated us according to the severity of our faults. He gave us only grudging service: no water all day long, no brushing of the table after the meals, no cleaning the room during the day.

We tried not to let the situation get us down. We laughed and sometimes we argued. Father Audren liked to serve our rice during the meal. This was made the occasion of a bit of arguing. We played some cards. One of our guards looked in from time to time to see what we were doing, and as soon as we saw him we tried to look very solemn. We relaxed as well as we could but the place was very small and the view limited. Our room opened onto a little street. It was warm and sultry, and we could smell the sulphurous odor of burning charcoal.

February 10, Sunday

I celebrated Mass after Father Audren. He had consecrated five hosts, which he succeeded in getting to the Sisters who were waiting on the landing at the door opposite us. When the guards turned their backs, Father Audren stepped over and, without being noticed, handed the Holy Species to the Sisters. Someone must have been in the room adjoining ours, for I heard noises, then some

steps and voices. Then apparently our mysterious neighbor remembered, and there was silence. We wondered who it might be. In the course of the day we were warned to get our money ready; it looked as though we were going to leave.

About five o'clock, after having rolled our blankets into waxed canvas, we left our hotel to go to the boat. It was a beautiful sunny day.

"Someone has joined our group," I told Father Prior, for I had noticed that we now formed a group of an even number of "couples." Another Sister, the unknown guest about whom we had wondered, was the new member. Now we were twelve. Her name was Sister Floribert, and she, too, had been condemned by the Communists.

The procession began. We found ourselves on a kind of peninsula formed by the Chialing at the left and the Yangtze at the right. The street was very wide; it descended to the confluence of the two rivers by a rather steep slope. The air was brisk. Above the roofs of the low houses we could see a whole amphitheater of green hills lit up by the setting sun. Between two houses I got a glimpse of blue waters streaked with white—the wakes of the tugs. A joyous crowd was following us, among them many photographers busily trying to get pictures of us from all angles. There were students, water carriers, children, all curious to see the strange band of foreigners. We, meanwhile, were coming down to the bank by way of a steep staircase.

There we remained standing in single file for a while before getting into the boat that was to take us to our ship. The photographers continued to take our pictures as we made the short trip to the ship. We went upstream a little, skirting some junks. And finally we were aboard. We were conducted forward, then down to the fifth-class

bridge into the last cabin in the back. It was for twelve passengers. I sat down on the bed, alongside the door. The ship was facing upstream with Chungking on its right. Thus I could still see the city rising up on the other bank, lighted up by the sun. The King passed by. He called a sailor and ordered him to lock the door and close the shutters over the two little windows.

Night was about to fall, so we decided to go to bed. Each of us (with the exception of Father Kaiser) had his cot. He had to stretch out on the floor.

19.

DOWN THE YANGTZE RIVER

February ii, Monday

As we raised anchor at **6:30** next morning, sadness gripped our hearts. We were leaving Szechwan forever—Szechwan, with her imprisoned priests and shepherdless Christians. No one spoke. Memories of Chungking, Chengtu, Sishan, Suining and other cities flashed through our minds.

My allotted place was at the far end of our long, dark, narrow cabin. Through the opening of the door opposite me I was able to watch the high, rocky cliffs bordering the river, and had occasional glimpses of verdant valleys, tiny villages built on dikes crowding the river, or lonely temples atop sharp peaks. From her vantage point near a porthole Mother Adeodata would warn us every time we passed a junk or steamer. A suddenly increased rolling of the ship, the deafening roar of water, and unexpected lurches that tossed us one on top of the other reminded us vividly of the danger of rapids and of going aground on

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the rocks. So the day passed with only an occasional break in the silence. We played cards for a little while and one or the other of us even dared to tell a few stories about the last few difficult months. We all wondered how many days we would have to endure the guardianship of our keepers.

About four o'clock Father Kaiser, intrigued by the noise of the waves, looked through the cracks of one of the shutters that had been closed the night before by the **King**. The vibration of the engines had loosened it, allowing a bit of light to come through and permitting us to peek out. I tried to fasten it, and in so doing attracted the attention of one of the soldiers. Unfortunately it was the same one who had shouted at me when we were crossing

the suspension bridge at Nei-Chiang as I tried to look through the window of our compartment. He apparently thought that I was trying to lower the porthole covering, so he rushed off to report me to his superior officer. We calmly awaited the outcome in silence. Five minutes later, after a counsel of war in the adjoining cabin, the King summoned Father Sparfel and me; and without allowing us any attempt at explanation whatsoever, he ordered us to remove the trunks that were obstructing the door. We got the idea immediately: he had decided to shut us in without light or air. He even tried to close the little window that up to that moment had been open. That made Mother Superior cry out: "We'll die of the heat." Apparently he was a better man than his role seemed to make him out to be, for he took pity on us and allowed us to keep our tiny opening.

Even then it was dark and stifling. After a moment of perplexity we talked about the problem. It goes without saying that the suspicious little soldier came in for a good deal of criticism.

At 7:30 that night we arrived at Wanhsien, which is some one hundred and seventy-five miles from Chungking. Since we were confined to our cabin and weren't able to see out at all, we could only guess by sound that we were approaching this important port. The whistling of the steamers, the yells of the boatmen, and the cries of the merchants on their sampans told us that we had arrived. Our boat turned suddenly and then came to a halt, the prow facing upstream. Even though we were anchored in deep water, our boat became—at least for the night—a center of commercial business that was as profitable as it was varied.

February 12, Tuesday

Just as yesterday, we again got ready at daybreak to take off for the next stop in our journey, I-Chang. We saw very little indeed of the famous Yangtze gorges. But through a crack in the porthole we were able to glimpse the fascinating vision of those gigantic cliffs that rise up to dizzying heights. Several times in the course of the day we humbly asked permission to go to the toilets in the rear of the boat. The request was granted, but we were always under guard. The passageway led past piles of vegetables: cabbages, carrots and sweet potatoes. We stood patiently outside the four doors, the Fathers on one side, the Sisters on the other. We had passed the word around not to be in any hurry but to take all the time desired and so to provide an opportunity for a bit of fresh air. Behind the toilets there was a porthole that allowed us to gaze at the majestic view of the cliffs.

All day long we had been followed by a steamship. We were sailing with the current, sometimes more than twenty knots per hour. Our pilot was following a zigzag route in order to avoid the reefs, and that made the ship roll consid-

erably every time he turned the tiller. Our pace got still faster when we came to the rapids. Here the water sparkled like steel. It looked dense as oil where it met the current, and then coming together with the crosscurrent it Y formed violent waves and dangerous whirlpools. We were glad when we came to these rapids because they freshened even the air reaching into our stifling cabin.

Our day's journey covered some two hundred and twenty-five miles. That evening at 7:30 we stopped in the port of I-Chang, downstream from the gorges.

We were told to disembark. Carrying our heavy bags, we went down a steep iron ladder and got into a little sampan that our guards had hailed. A few pulls on the oars brought us alongside the hull of the steamer, which was dark below but all lit up in the superstructure. Then we came to a long and very narrow, fragile wooden footbridge. Crossing on it above the splashing waves made us feel dizzy. Father Gabriac slipped but came to no harm. We lined up on the bank where some young Communist soldiers were playing. As soon as they saw our ritual procession, they stopped their game. We walked two by two, the Sisters in front and Father Prior and I bringing up the rear. It was hard for us to climb up the stairway, for the steps were worn, slippery and wet. As we proceeded along the street we could see the shoppers in the dim light given off by the smoky oil lamps in the entrance of the shops. The narrow, winding street soon brought us to a hotel where we were immediately taken to our rooms, which were large and dry, and where we made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. We washed in warm water for a change, then we turned down the beds. At long last, we thought, we are going to spend a good night. In the room next to us the Sisters were already getting ready for bed.

One of our guards brought in some soldiers for a visit: they were the ones who had been playing on the shore when we landed. They were very kind and polite, so I had no hesitation in asking one of them a few questions. "Where are you from?" I asked. "From Nanchung," he answered. "Why, that's where I'm from, too," I continued; for, as a matter of fact, I had lived at Sishan, outside Nanchung, seven years. "My parents live at Tai P'ing Chang," he said. "I know that village very well," I replied. "I ate dinner there once on a hike along the old road from Suining."

We got no further than those few words when my old **nemesis from the train and** boat charged up full of anger because of our conversation. He reprimanded me roundly, caught in the act as **I had** been. "Talking is absolutely forbidden!" he growled. But the soldiers came to our defense. They reproached the police for their rudeness toward us foreigners who were **guests in** China; then all of them withdrew. They all seemed disturbed and ashamed, **as though aware of the fact that they had** lost face.

We had scarcely recovered from this disagreeable scene when we heard a shout in the corridor. "Pack up again! We're leaving." We could hardly believe our ears, but some youngsters came to our rooms to tell us that a motorboat was to take off that very night for Hankow **and that our** guards had already purchased fifth-class tickets for us. We had no choice but to line **up again and slowly to** go downstairs and out of the hotel. All the while the hotel personnel looked on sympathetically; we **felt that they were very kindly disposed toward** us. I heard **one of them say as he pointed at Father** Gabriac: "Why, he must be **more than seventy years old!**"

Out into the sultry night we marched. To our left, far

out at the city limits, we could see the lights of the minor seminary and the Catholic hospital. To the right, distorted and dancing, the boat's lanterns reflected in the river's dark mass. We walked for an hour and were utterly exhausted when we finally stumbled down the steep riverbank to a pontoon bridge already loaded with travelers anxious for places on the tiny two-decked boat. After standing in line for half an hour, we were finally permitted to go aboard. We crossed the second-class deck where a large number of passengers were already stretched out on the floor wrapped in their blankets. The odor wasn't at all pleasant.

We skirted the grille that shut off the engine room and emerged into a space at the rear of the boat filled with several earthen stoves. It looked as if the space was being used as the kitchen. At the command of the King we clustered around a trap door that opened into the hold. We all instinctively drew back at the absurd idea of being compelled to go down into that blackness. "Why, it's only for baggage!" someone said. But our objections went unheeded. Some porters had brought our baggage, blankets and the soldiers' knapsacks, all of which were stuffed through the trap door. Then the King uttered a laconic command, and one by one we disappeared into the hole.

Our prison was about five feet high, about twelve feet wide and eighteen feet long. Our only consolation, and a small one at that, was that our guards had to share the hole with us. Mathematically the arrangement went like this: eighteen people penned up in a 2.16-square-foot space that was already piled high with all our baggage. We groped about in our floating dungeon, unable either to stretch out, to stand or sit down. The only thing we could do was to curl up in every possible position except

the normal one. Finally one of the crew brought an oil lamp which he hung up on a nail. It lit up the den so that I was able to observe that I was lying just a bare twenty inches from the last cylinder of the diesel. Some of the crew covered the hole with planks, and now we were more isolated and sealed in than before. Our guards had taken over the best places. Crouched there on their straw mattresses, they looked pretty disgusted at having to share the lot of their prisoners. The King had gone back to the bridge, and they wanted to go, too.

We were not in very good spirits. But there wasn't a thing we could do about it. Father Audren was especially distressed. He had fallen near the stairway, and we could hear him sigh: "I'll never get out of here alive." That even frightened the guards, so they decided to permit him, Father Gabriac and five Sisters to go up to the bridge. Father Prior, Fathers Kaiser and Sparfel, two soldiers and I were left in the hole, but we now had a little more air and room.

February 13, Wednesday

I hardly slept a wink *all* night. We had no sleeping mats and no covering. The rippling of the waves so near at hand and the severe pains of my rheumatism kept me awake. We later learned that the Sisters fared no better up on the bridge. Crowded together along the barricading, wide open to the wind and the spray, utterly unable to move at all, and each of them confined to a space of about sixteen inches, they suffered cruelly from cramps and the cold.

At five in the morning we heard the ringing of bells and became aware of a clearing for action in the hold. Through the cracks of the planks I could see the mechanics warming up the cylinders with welding torches. This was

followed by deafening whistles, the spouting of flames and irregular explosions. I didn't feel very much at ease lying there so very close to that antique diesel. One of *the* mechanics made me move so that he could check the connection between the motor and the propeller. At five-thirty our motor began to purr without a hitch. The bell **rang** again and we were off for Hankow. Stretched out there on my back, I had a lot of time for calculating: we **had** already been on our way two days and one night up to that point. Two more days on the train ought to bring **us** to Canton and Hongkong. But we were on a boat, not a train!

About ten o'clock a cabin boy, accompanied by a policeman, brought us a foul-looking and fouler-tasting **breakfast** consisting of black rice mixed with fish bones and bitter herbs. This was to be our menu for five days. Since **we** were always the last ones served, we naturally received the dregs of the pot: "*Tarde venientibus ossa* . . .

About eleven o'clock we were very surprised to see our companions coming down into the hold. Immediately we were commanded to take their places on deck. Worn out with fatigue and numb with the cold, they had begged the guards to let them return to the hold. But for us, what a relief to breathe fresh air again!

The five of us silently climbed up to the higher deck and took over an area about four or five feet long along the starboard barricade. Some soldiers and civilians had laid out their blankets in the center. All afternoon and evening we stood watching the other passengers sleep or play cards. A few of the soldiers did not conceal their sympathy for us, and one of them even struck up a conversation with me. But at that moment the guard whom we dubbed "*Siao Ku-niang*"—"the Little Girl," woke up, looked at us sternly and said to a companion: "That's not

the way to handle those foreigners." Then he stuck his head back under the covers to make up for lost time. I was grateful to him for his good will.

We were sailing close to the bank below the bluffs so we could not see the dreary wastes of the great plain lying between the river gorges and Hankow. A strong wind was blowing from the north; it filled out the sails, which began to flap, and an icy cold swept the deck. We were fed again about four o'clock. The meal was as unappetizing as the first, and **it was served to us in bowls placed on the deck as though we were hogs.**

At nightfall the boat stopped and each of **us prepared** to spend the coming hours as comfortably as possible. I managed to squeeze between some anonymous legs and knees and thus to occupy a minimum space. Father Kaiser tried sleeping with his head **down and his feet up on the barricade**, while Father Prior **sat hunched up on the central rib of the barricade, awaiting the dawn. It was too cold to sleep. And so we spent our second sleepless night.**

February 14, Thursday

At the same time as the day before, the racket in the engine room gave the sign for our departure. I could imagine the Sisters' terror when we got under way. Again we had our breakfast at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon, at the request of some of the passengers who took pity on us, the police allowed us to go over to the port side, where they found places for us on little benches suspended from the roof. What a relief it was to sit down again! Dead tired, we just sat and watched the flat shore line as we sailed by. Undoubtedly, I thought, it was fertile land, but how often had it been ravaged by the floods!

Again we stopped in the evening. I stretched out along

the barricading, but it wasn't the best place. The crew constantly tripped over me as they passed by; and then the King came along and shone his light in my face to assure himself of my presence.

At eleven o'clock a violent storm broke out. There was thunder, lightning, hail and a violent wind.

February 15, Friday

About three in the morning the storm ceased. Rivulets of 'water on the deck forced me to stand up. And our third sleepless night tapered off under a fine, icy, squall-driven rain.

The wind had not quieted down much, and the white-caps continued to beat against the boat, making it necessary for us to remain at anchor till nine o'clock. After a good deal of urging from the military, the pilot, a calm and corpulent gentleman, finally ventured into the storm. We made very slow and difficult progress for half an hour. Once a big wave made us pitch violently, and frequent gusts of wind blew us about on the river. By sheer luck we came alongside the opening of the canal that connects **Lake Tung Ting with the Yangtze. The crew began discussing the possibility of forcing everybody onto the lower deck and lowering the sails so as to diminish the effect of the wind.** This was expected to make the ship easier to handle and so to facilitate the voyage to Hankow. However, the pilot refused to assume responsibility for the hazardous experiment, and the hawsers were tied to some stakes that had been hastily driven into a bluff near **an isolated cabin.**

Paralyzed by the cold and utterly exhausted with fatigue, Father Prior made for the hold. The protestations and excitement of the guards didn't stop him. Shortly afterward we were ordered to join him. So there we were

together again, the twelve of us, but this time without the soldiers.

Outside, the snow was swirling in the gray sky while the north wind gathered its strength; but within our hole we were near suffocation for lack of air. I had lost my rosary on the bridge; the Registrar found it and was kind enough to bring it to me. We were all pleased by this deed of his, and I said a rosary for him in gratitude. I spent the night on the first step of the staircase, with the trap door opening just above my head. Being so close to the opening made me fair game for the dregs of a teapot tossed down by a passing traveler or the refuse which one of the kitchen boys regularly threw into the wind. Thus in silence did we pass our fourth night without sleep.

February i6, Saturday

Our departure was again delayed. The wind was still blowing and it had snowed all night. The passengers tried to warm themselves by walking along the bank; and some went to buy provisions in a neighboring village. But the guards refused to allow us to go and buy more provisions.

Above us there was always a frightful racket that began every day at 2 A.M. and went on till eleven in the evening. The passengers walked up and down, the servants chopped wood, the cooks prepared food, and the crew held its indoctrination sessions. The only times we got any fresh air were those when we were allowed to go to the toilets back of the kitchen above the rudder. Through the little porthole I could see the stormy water and in the distance a solitary tower within a frame of white hills.

February 17, Sunday

Wedged in between Father Gabriac and a Franciscan Missionary Sister of Mary, I completed my fifth night

without sleep. Mother Adeodata was stretched out at our feet, bound up like a mummy beside one of her companions. Mother Rose tried to sleep alongside of Sister Generosa. From time to time the latter would cry out: "Don't crush me, Mother Rose, don't crush me!"

Now it was extremely cold. Icicles formed on the rigging, and a hard, crackling snow was falling on the bank. We learned that our guards were trying to get to a nearby city where they could find means of continuing the journey. At noon the Registrar told us to get ready to leave. Fathers Prior and Kaiser went up on deck, while the rest of us in the hold folded our blankets and collected our baggage. We were almost sad to leave our den which, thanks to the intelligent arranging of the Sisters, was almost beginning to seem comfortable. Some of the group went up to join the two Fathers. But a quarter of an hour later all of them came down again, and the Registrar announced that the departure had been delayed. Nobody seemed to know what it was all about. Some of the sailors reported that the army and police had succeeded in renting another boat; others added that the owners backed down when they realized the dangerous condition of the river.

At about three o'clock we were again summoned on deck. We could see two little junks approaching. They were to be our new means of conveyance. But first we had to get off the ship, and this was no easy task. It meant walking a long, narrow, shaky plank from the ship to the shore. It was a miracle that none of us fell into the water. Once ashore we sank into the thick snow and shivered in the north wind. The pilot, who had also come ashore, did not hesitate to express his anxiety about the little junks: "*Yu Wei-hsien*," he told me. "It's dangerous"—a bit of information that I passed on to the major in com-

mand of the soldiers traveling with us. He answered kindly, but a roar from the Registrar put a quick stop to our conversation. Father Audren slipped as he was crossing the plank, but someone grabbed him just in time to save him from a fatal dipping.

All eighteen of us piled into a little craft already loaded with our luggage and then settled down under a bamboo matting woven in the shape of an arch. A young woman told her little girl to give her seat to the Sisters and we sat facing the prow. The woman herself, her face red with the cold, crouched at the end of the mat while her husband took over the rudder. We finally departed, going back up the canal that connects the Yangtze and Lake Tung Ting. The woman raised and lowered the sail according to her husband's commands. A strong north wind was moving us at a fast pace into a channel marked by buoys. We sailed quickly by three large cargo ships lying sleepily at anchor. Just as we were leaving, the King issued a serious and formal command that we remain motionless in the boat; he added: "*Yu Wei-hsien*"—"It's very dangerous." He had no sooner given directions to us when he was suddenly taken with an attack of colic. He began to shake all over and wanted to get up. To the great satisfaction of all of us, the pilot's wife ordered him to remain quiet. Thus we had a bit of revenge, but it was small compensation for all the injuries we had suffered at the King's hands.

This part of our journey might have seemed almost agreeable to us had it not been for the piercing cold and the fear of shipwreck. A group of us had been placed in a niche like a half arch made of bamboo, and from this perch above the soldiers' heads we could see the menacing line of mean-looking whitecaps. We crossed over the danger zone, much shaken and quite covered with foam.

The junk tossed and careened, now standing almost perpendicular, now plunging downward; but the coolness of the pilot and the cleverness of his wife took us through. Those experienced men of the sea from Brittany, Fathers Audren and Sparfel, recognized the hand of a master in the pilot's handling of the boat.

At four-thirty, after some eight miles of sailing, we came to Yoyang, the entrance port of the lake. Again we had the problem of getting ashore by balancing along the narrow, icy gangplank. There were some sympathetic-looking soldiers watching the operation from the top of the bank. Before we knew it, they began to help the older members of our party to cross over the difficult passage, much to the disgust of our guards, who accused us of being afraid to die. We stood around stamping our feet for a long time in the hard, heavy snow, watching the
! jam of boats that the wind had assembled. The lake looked wild, and the temperature had fallen below zero. Suddenly Father Prior gave us a moment of concern. The sharp cold had brought on an attack of congestion, and his face turned yellow. He wanted to rest a moment, but our guards would have none of it. Instead, they made us climb the steep, slippery riverbank. We were soon surrounded by a solid and savage-looking crowd that followed us through narrow, twisting streets which eventually led us to a tall, narrow, brick-walled inn. All twelve of us were lodged in a long room with only a partial partition separating us from the corridor. Paper-covered windows opened into a neighboring room.

Now an enormous crowd had assembled in **front of the inn. We could hear cries, laughter and an alarming racket. Soon there were voices, the stamping of feet and shouts on the staircase. A discussion ensued with the policeman at the entrance of our corridor. He wanted to**

stop them, but they would not be stopped. The heads of the crowd appeared above the partition, the infuriated mob tore away the paper in the window, and the door gave way to the press of bodies. Some twenty soldiers entered a room that was already crowded with our group, saying that they wanted to see the "American imperialists." We managed to make them understand that none of us was American. "Then don't be afraid, we'll protect you. Since our liberation we are the foreigners' friends."

Our situation had become pretty confused, to put it mildly. Our guests were trying to fraternize with us, but our guards didn't understand it that way at all. They wanted to tell the crowd that we really were enemies of the people. They got the idea of parading us in pairs before the public at one of the windows of the inn. First two priests were shown, then two Sisters; but the response was most sympathetic: there were smiles and the clapping of hands. Because our escort came from Shensi and spoke another dialect, they were unable to make themselves understood.

There must have been a thousand people around the house now, all fighting for a view of us. Our guards felt utterly incapable of handling the situation or getting any kind of obedience out of the crowd. So they just kept quiet altogether. They could easily guess the gravity of the situation, as we could, too. If this mass of people had really known the seriousness of our "crimes," they might well have lynched us. But now a more immediate danger faced us. Our floor was threatening to give way under the weight of the human mass in our room. We begged the people to go downstairs. But in spite of our thanks and smiles—as a matter of fact, because of them—the multitude increased. Finally an ominous sound came from the neighboring room; and then all of them understood the

danger and got out as quickly as possible. Finally we were **alone, and out of danger. It was a considerable relief.**

Darkness fell and the hours passed by. We were still bsisting on the strength of the bowl of black rice and herbs that we had swallowed in the morning on the boat.

was a meager support against the assaults of the cold and 'the tremendous fatigue of the day. Father Audren literally saved Father Prior by giving him a mouthful of :the Mass wine that he was guarding. Hunger was no problem for our guards. They restored their strength at a local restaurant after making arrangements to have us guarded by the local police. So for several hours we were under the care of the latter, our Chengtu guards no longer daring to take responsibility for us.

About ten o'clock we were ordered to pack up again. Were we going to leave? If so, where to? As a matter of fact, where were we? We had no idea. We were still trying to figure out on which side of the Yangtze we had landed. It wasn't until we reached Hongkong and examined a map that we were sure of the geographical details connected with names such as Yoyang and Lake Tung Ting. We did occasionally ask our guards where we were going, but the invariable answer was: "It's none of your business."

Going down the narrow, shaky stairway, we found ourselves again on the ground floor. Father Kaiser followed me. I had just thought of telling him to be careful when a sharp noise sounded in the room. It was followed by the more threatening noise of a heavy mass giving way. The staircase had fallen apart, but Father Kaiser was not hurt. We crossed the lobby of the inn to where some armed peasants were waiting for us. We were agreeably surprised to see lighted charcoal pans—which meant a little more warmth. There we waited, in the lobby, in the midst of a ring of peasant soldiers. They seemed to want to

protect us: there was no frown or scowl on their faces; and the innkeeper's wife and her beautiful daughters were obviously touched by our plight, especially by that of the Sisters. The good woman showed herself particularly kind toward Mother Rose and Sister Generosa.

Even the Registrar got into the spirit of the occasion. He told us in a low voice and in a kindly manner to be quiet "so you won't cause any difficulties." We obeyed. We had a feeling that we were supposed to get out as soon as possible and without any noise.

Finally we did leave. Two by two in the darkness, without a word, through the deserted streets, along slippery snow and ice-covered sidewalks, we arrived at last at a brilliantly lighted railroad station. It was past ten o'clock. At the left was a police station which we entered. A few local police officers came and looked us over. Meanwhile, our guards had gone off, leaving us in the care of a couple of the local police. In a neighboring room a radio was giving out with Communist music that had become familiar to us over the past two years, while on the farthest wall were posted the orders of the day relative to the indoctrination meetings.

About eleven o'clock our guards came back to take us to the station. We entered a large waiting room that was decorated with big portraits of all the Communist "Fathers of the Church," as we called them: Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Mao Tze-tung—almost all of them foreigners. Here we had the pleasant surprise of running into some old friends: the soldiers we had met on the boat. About midnight we were able to buy some cookies, and shortly afterward the Hankow train came in with a great noise. The waiting room soon emptied completely. We just sat there, finishing out a terrible night, not permitted to say a word, Father Gabriac and I were wrapped up in

two American blankets. Father Prior, really exhausted now, dozed at my right. During the night, when we had **to go to the restroom, the soldiers made us all go together. We went out on the station platform where we saw a shack. We guessed that that was the place.** Being the first to approach, I made a path for the others. There was a sudden cracking as the rotten planks gave way under my

- **weight. Without knowing how I did it, I found myself holding on to two handles, hanging over the hole.** "Don't come any farther," I yelled to Father Prior. With his help I finally succeeded in getting out of my embarrassing predicament. And that was the end **of that. No one dared to go any closer.** We went back to the station to wait out the hours. What a night it had turned out to be! And it was the sixth without sleep since we had departed from I-Chang. **We were chilled through and through.**

20.

END OF JOURNEY

February 18, Monday

At four o'clock a traveler awakened the ticket seller. "This is a good sign," we thought; "*maybe* our train is coming." We had been given tickets, but we still didn't know where we were going. In a few minutes we did go out on the platform and across the tracks. The cold was frightful; I was still wrapped in my blanket and hardly dared stick my nose out. We saw a light moving toward us, and before long the train came into the station. As we were boarding it, the station agent told us: "Stay on the train till it gets to Canton." So that's where we were going! It was only then that I was able to figure out our actual situation in relation to Hankow: our train was arriving from that city, having followed the course of the Yangtze. People were sleeping in the coaches, and as we passed through we found the heat most pleasant. Each of us now had a policeman for a companion, and mine was the one we called "Little Girl."

About eight in the morning we stopped in Changsha, a

End of Journey 16g

large city on the Siang River. The tracks followed this wide river almost as far as Heng Yang. The countryside wits hilly and quite covered with snow. A few cliffs hung over the water's edge.

r: The afternoon brought us close to the Kwangtung order. Here the train twisted along wooded hillsides and dipped occasionally into deep and picturesque valleys. I remember passing through a village that bore the stately name, "Philosophy Bridge." Toward evening, when we stopped in a large switchyard, I noticed that many of the locomotives were of a Belgian make. Here we were at the foot of a chain of high mountains covered with forests. Our train slowly climbed up a long slope covered with pine trees that sparkled with icicles. It struck us as strange that the farther south we went, the more wintry it became.

-At long last our guards allowed us to go to the diner. Fathers Audren, Kaiser, Sparfel and I were in one group. We really enjoyed ourselves and ate a good meal. We took our time, too, so as to relish a bit of liberty. The two . soldiers who were accompanying us seemed rather ill at ease and kept their noses in their rice bowls.

Again that night we didn't sleep. It was the seventh of its kind, and I was almost beginning to get accustomed to it.

February 19, Tuesday

At 5:20 in the morning our train stopped at the Canton station. The first thing our guards did was to line us up in front of the ticket window. About six o'clock they made us go out to the station platform, where we had to stand motionless till about eight. Father Sparfel had a run-in with one of the guards because he tried marking time in order to keep warm. Fatigued as we were, the cold seemed

really icy. Many people passed by, but few paid any attention to us. It seemed to me that the "liberation" had not yet made much of an impression on Canton. The ladies still wore their long hair-do and feminine clothing. We could observe lines of travelers, most of them bare-foot, making their way toward the platform, many of them carefully observed by the police. It seemed almost like an exodus. We could also hear a loud-speaker giving out with laconic commands and some brisk music. I was momentarily dozing, so I didn't quite realize what was going on till I looked up and saw the flat roof of the station occupied by train employees doing gymnastics to the time of the music.

Finally the Registrar came back from police headquarters. He told us to carry our luggage to the hotel just opposite the station. All of us were eventually settled in four rooms on the ground floor. All day we were hoping that the next day would see us on our way again. But that evening, when the hotel clerk presented the bill to our guards, we heard the guards reply that they would pay as soon as we left. From their statements we concluded that we would again have to be patient.

February 20, Wednesday

Today is the feast of St. Eleutherius, the patron of freedom! About nine in the morning we once more heard the King's voice. We had been waiting for him to come back from Hankow with our papers. I again had some trouble with **one** of the soldiers who had been quarrelsome all during the trip. He thought I had been going to the toilet too often, so, when he reported me to his chief, it was decided that I could not go at all before noon, and then **only** when the group went.

Our last luggage inspection took place about ten. All

of my baggage was held up under the pretext that the keys it contained had to be examined. It reached me a later in Europe. Father Sparfel was having his troubles, too. The Registrar became angry with him because in locking his trunk he had inadvertently torn the trunk's seal. In typical Communist style the Registrar 'ed to make Father Sparfel admit, riot just the simple **'fact**, but an evil intent. The priest would admit nothing of **,the** sort, and the incident closed with a severe reprimand **from** the Registrar.

February 21, Thursday

The police came and wakened us at about five o'clock. We were no longer tired now, sustained as we were by hopes of approaching freedom. The King, very nervous **and** excited, literally dragged Father Prior to the station, not even allowing him time to finish washing, shaving and cleaning up. At the station Father Prior bought our tickets for the last station on the Chinese side of the British Territory.

Our train started for the frontier at seven-fifteen. We crossed over the Pearl River on a large, well-guarded **bridge**. It was a beautiful day. The train skirted some **barren**, reddish mountains, one of which stood out, looking **almost like a dragon hovering over a large village. The train was crowded, and there was considerable** gaiety among the people. Large banyan trees lined the platforms of the stations we passed, and under their thick foliage we could see the little food merchants and their wares. We wanted to ask one of the passengers to buy us a duck or chicken or some sandwiches for our last breakfast in China, but it wasn't to be. At first our guards simply refused permission. Then later they gave it, but just as the train was about to pull out. On another occasion they con-

sented, but only if we could find an intermediary, whom it was impossible to locate. So we finally resigned ourselves to our enforced fast. **It seemed to us that the King** was more compassionate and that he occasionally did want to give us a bit of indulgence; but the Registrar felt otherwise, and he always reminded the King of his duty to hate the "enemies" of the people.

Finally we arrived at Senchwan, the frontier station. It was exactly twelve o'clock. Carrying our valises, we slowly advanced into the crowd. **I** brushed against a missionary leaning against a post and smiled at him. That brought out one last outburst of anger from my young soldier "friend." "Why are you laughing?" he asked. "Because I am looking at my feet," I answered. The police paraded us in front of everyone and then made us wait under a kind of hangar at the right. There was barbed wire everywhere. About one o'clock our guards left us without saying a word. We were almost sad to see them depart. We guessed they would be back in Chengtu in about two weeks.

They were gone, but we still had to wait. There was the money exchange to be made, and we had to make arrangements 'to send back either to the bishop's house or to Father Paul at the monastery what was left over after we were given the ten dollars we were permitted to keep.

We were photographed at the Canton police station, and at exactly ten-minutes after one we were told to depart: "*Ghoul*"

We climbed up the embankment **and made for the bridge. We passed a Communist sentinel and then a Chinese** sentinel 'from the Hongkong police. We all felt strange as we crossed **the bridge over which the Union Jack was flying.**

Father Seraphin Priestley, O.F.M., an American mis-

sionary, greeted us and conducted us to a small office where two English officers took our names and verified our **identity. We were arriving without papers of any**

ind, without passports. We hadn't been able to wash for days. Some of us had been wearing the same dirty clothing for three weeks, some for three months. However, we were taken to a bar where we were photographed as we were. An Italian priest, Father Poletti, who was in charge of receiving the expellees, offered us some refreshments—sandwiches, milk, coffee and beer. Father Kaiser and I chose the beer. We drank five toasts—to the Blessed Virgin, to the Church, to the Legion of Mary, to China, and to Chengtu.

At about two o'clock we got on to the train for Hong-
ong.

Part Three

CAUSE AND EFFECT—
THE PRESENT SITUATION

AFTER SEVEN YEARS

FREQUENT ATTEMPTS were made at the time of our return 'from China in 1952 to prove to us that Mao Tze-tong's China had definitely and irrevocably launched itself in what has come to be called the "direction of history." There was no possibility of a turning **back and no sense** in lamenting a **past that deserved to be buried and forgotten.** The social, economic **and political gains were supposedly** much more important than a few unfortunate aspects of the reforms. Of course, a few particular interests had been violated and a considerable number of lives destroyed; but was there ever a revolution without some inevitable price to pay? As the proverb has it, you **can't have** an omelette without first breaking the eggs. So much the worse, then, for those unenlightened ones who refused to give up their selfish privileges for the sake of the common **good. The Christian ideal and the advancement of the masses, with all that this might entail by way of human striving, could well endure these transitory and often accidental evils.** These observations were seriously put forth despite the fact that Mao Tze-tung had been responsible for an enormous number of deaths.''' x ,,1

It is not my purpose to criticize opinions that could hardly be justified nor to destroy a frail and unworthy philosophical social system. But after the preceding pages written some years ago under the immediate impact of the events, a new reflection on what was then the future and is now the present might not be out of place.

Whoever had the courage and the foresight seven years ago to contemplate the premises formed by a combination of the new philosophy of life, the tremendous human potential of the Chinese people, the power of a police-state organization and the dynamism of a messianic hope could hardly have missed concluding that the present state of affairs was inevitable. But since the logic of the reasoning process was • unconsciously vitiated by the intrusion of Western categories and Christian conceptions, the conclusion at that time could hardly emerge as clearly as might have been expected. I am thinking, for example, of the Movement of the Three Autonomies which, when interpreted according to our ways of thinking, might seem quite orthodox, but when examined under its true perspective, may be seen to lead directly to a national church in danger of separating itself from Rome.

Or,- again, all the indoctrination that was inflicted on the people, the confessions, denunciations and regimentation reflected a political force capable of achievements that at one time would, a priori, have been considered quite impossible of realization. But anyone brought up on the Christian idea of the dignity of man could never have imagined the extent of the sacrifice of the most sacred human rights, or the degree of spiritual brutalization and scorn of the human person that would go into the acquiring of its economic objectives on the part of this impersonal and omnipotent monster.

In a word, we have reverted to a pre-Christian concep-

tion of the world and society. According to the hypothesis of a purely material evolution that goes on without spiritual values and without God and in the light of an order that is conceived as a mere chain of productive causes and effects, the world of values (if : it still exists as an efficacious means of influencing the individual) no longer exists for those whose mission it is to promote the common good. The end justifies the means.

And it is entirely possible, it seems, to live under the paradox of a philosophy of life that is utterly materialistic on a metaphysical level but quite frankly spiritual and even idealistic on its psychological level. Without doubt it was high ideals that attracted young people to Communism in 1950 at the time of the massacre of the Szechwan landowners. Again, it was an essentially atheist party that forced Chinese Catholics to organize their own hierarchy.

All that might have been foreseen, but one had to consider the prospects, such as they were, in all their baseness.

In this section of the book I am going to examine certain major themes and claims of Chinese Communism in the light of recent documents. An exhaustive study would be impossible because of a scarcity of source material. I realize, too, that an authoritative interpretation of the situation would require me to return to China, to question the people and to live there as we did in those former years. This, of course, is impossible; so the best I can do is to make judgments that will at least generally reflect the real state of things.

Here are the subjects of Part Three:

1. Brainwashing: Theory and Efficacy.
2. Slave Labor and Material Progress.
3. Tragic Situation of Chinese Catholics.

22.

BRAINWASHING:
THEORY AND EFFICACY*The doctrine Of Mao' Tze-tung*

"The Communist Persuasion" was a personal experience that I underwent and which I now feel I ought to compare with the official Communist doctrine if I am to judge its importance and arrive at its real meaning. There is the further duty of determining its depth and measuring its efficaciousness by setting it alongside recent developments in China.

For these purposes I shall consult the writings of President Mao, surely the favorite bedside book of every true Chinese Communist. In the works that he has published up to now there are as many as three more or less lengthy descriptions of the practice of *Hsio-Hsi* 2

Thus in December 1936, when planning the strategy of the revolution, the Chinese Communist leader consecrated a whole paragraph to *Hsio-Hsi*. His purpose was to underscore the primordial importance of this method of indoctrination for the conduct of the war and also to bring out its essentially Marxist features.

Again in October 1938, in treating of the place that the

Communist Party ought to have in the wars of the democracies, he exhorted the more capable militants to intensify their *Hsio-Hsi* and to communicate their knowledge to less favored ones.

Finally, in April 1941, he insisted on the absolute necessity of correcting the kind of *Hsio-Hsi* that in "certain militants seemed to be filled with errors seriously injurious to the Party, to the Revolution, and to the People.

I shall try to highlight the characteristic traits of *Hsio-Hsi* as they appear in this theoretician of Chinese Communism.

1. The first trait derives from its *realistic* inspiration. A Communist would use the word *materialistic*, since for him materialism and realism are interchangeable terms. Thus from this inspiration comes the whole of Marxist philosophy with its affirmation of a real world giving rise to all phenomena (social phenomena included) according to a complexus of objective laws. Military defeats are to be explained in terms of a misconception of these laws. It is impossible for man to transcend the limits of reality.

Thus profession of faith in realism entails as a basic corollary (so far as it is related to the object of study) a very intense concern for historical knowledge. The Communist militant literally forces himself to deepen his knowledge of the history of his country, and to become proficient in an appreciation of its cultural heritage.

A second corollary to this profession of faith is a lively curiosity about present revolutionary movements and the principal social activities such as economics and politics.

2. The second trait of *Hsio-Hsi* is its *pragmatic method*: *Hsio-Hsi* does not confine itself to mere booklearning. It insists on coming to grips with men and events so that living experience becomes part of its method. It is by taking active part in a revolution that the militant learns what

revolution is all about. The Communists do not seek to interrupt the course of the historical development that began with Confucius, continued with Sun Yat-sen, and concluded with present-day Communism. They feel that they are in the process of weaving the thread of history.

This kind of vital presence in the midst of life will, they feel, prevent them from a merely archaeological approach to the study of history. They do not want to revive the past but rather to maintain what is still modern about it.

3. The third trait is its *pragmatic objective*. They want nothing to do with that baneful attitude that is willing to study Marxism for purposes of discussion but which drags its feet when it comes to putting it into practice. Certain militants have gone astray by indulging in a purely speculative study of the movement. There must be none of this. On the contrary, the militants must seek to deepen their knowledge of the doctrine as a truly revolutionary science and as the inspiration for all their actions. Any separation of theory from action is contrary to the teaching of Lenin.

4. The fourth trait is its *serious concern for theory*. It may very well come about that too much success in experience and in action *gives* rise to the danger of neglecting theory and ignoring the teachings of Marx and Lenin. This could be the temptation of those old militants who grew gray under the harness. Accordingly, there is always an imperious obligation to undertake a systematic study of Marxism, since the political party that assumes the responsibility of stirring up a revolution must possess a revolutionary doctrine or run the risk of failure. The bare essentials to be retained, however, are not so much the content of the theses of the system as its point of view, its spirit and method.

5. The fifth trait of *Hsio-Hsi* is its *organic suppleness*. The Marxist theory has to be adapted to the historical

conditions of China. They want nothing to do with Marxism in the abstract. One of the marks of Communism is precisely its power to strike a bargain with the specific revolution in each country and to espouse the concrete peculiarities of each people. Any kind of *Hsio-Hsi* that would want to cut itself off from the special conditions of the Chinese people would be promoting a Communism without basis in reality.

To sum up, the *Hsio-Hsi* that is imposed upon every Communist militant is a realistically inspired study that takes as its theme the objective laws of the social phenomena of the past and present as well as the Lenin-Marxist theory that explains these laws. It treats them according to a pragmatic method of lived experience and in a spirit of flexible adaptation to concrete needs; its practical objective is to stir up revolution and so transform the world.

The teaching of the disciples

After exposing the thought of the master, it might be worth-while to hear what some of his followers have to say on this subject. Here are the explanations of Ai Sze-chi which can be found in his book *Historical Dialectics, History of the Development of Society*.³ The book is made up of his radio speeches and in 1953 had already reached its tenth edition. Its orthodoxy is unquestioned.

Ai Sze-chi first explains the method and purpose of *Hsio-Hsi* and then asks three questions: Why must the necessity of a revolutionary theory be affirmed? Where can the proper sources for the progressive thought of the Chinese militant be found? Why must all the people submit to a constant re-education?

The answers given to these questions are interesting. First of all, writes Ai Sze-chi, the need for a theory of

revolution is easily understood. You doubtless are of the opinion that transforming the conditions of life will end automatically in the creation of new needs which in turn will create a new society. Perhaps you imagine the evolution of social phenomena according to the determinist model of a physical development, a kind of necessity that is blind to definite results. All this would be very erroneous. If the new conditions of life, along with the needs they give rise to and the classes they bring into existence, are to determine the new foundations of society, they will have to pass through a conscience that considers them in the light of a directing plan and a precise purpose. Then they will have to be expressed in terms of a sociological system that issues simultaneously from the requirements of the people and an awareness of their needs. Accordingly Ai Sze-chi is opposed to the theory of a natural and mechanical development of human situations without the interference of conscience. This is the reason why the workers' revolution cannot succeed without the Marxist doctrine, without precise and concrete reflection.

What about the sources of progressive thought? Does this thought spring ready-made from the brains of the intellectuals; the fruit of solitary reflection free from materialist conditions and unrelated to the struggles of the people? The answer is no. In order to fecundate his intelligence, the Chinese progressive dedicates himself to a serious study of the great Russian experiment and the conditions of his own country. He lives through the Revolution in close contact with the masses; he pitilessly criticizes the ancient way of life.

Finally, the need for a universal and unceasing re-education is likewise proved without difficulty. We are not innocent beings. Whoever we might be, we come from a corrupted society. One and all, we have breathed in the

smog over the bourgeois world. Brains that have been so stuffed with false ideas have to be re-educated.

No one may be excused from this reformation of ideas, not even the old militants of the Revolution, nor the intellectuals coming from recently liberated sections of the country. The old militants still remain subject to evil exterior influences, and they have to be armed against temptation. The intellectuals with their superficial knowledge of the New Democracy's doctrine have not yet completely understood the demands of a type of Communism that establishes them in their place under the ideological direction of the proletariat.

Finally, how is it possible to create among the youth the psychological dispositions favorable to indoctrination? For is it not true that *Hsio-Hsi* is something very painful and difficult? People just do not have a natural relish for this kind of hard work and they are even less eager to keep it up once they do begin.

On this point we may consult a little brochure used for initiating youth into *Hsio-Hsi*.⁴ There is one main point to remember, but it is a capital one: you have to stimulate their interest. As dialectical materialism teaches, interest is not innate in men; it is determined by the conditions of life and the social reality. More precisely it proceeds from actions that are performed, problems that are solved and work that is done. Everything that is more or less closely related to all these things will stimulate a man.

Once this has been made clear, the comrade who makes up his mind to serve the people by action, with his whole heart and will, will feel interest surging up within himself. He decides that some particular action is his duty toward the Party, toward the People. To act otherwise is to harm the Party and the People: the struggle against self and self-criticism must go to depths as great as that. At this price

and only at this price does *Hsio-Hsi* stimulate interest and render it fruitful.

I should like to add to these details taken from Communist writings one or the other remarks occasioned by a certain conception of 'brainwashing' that you sometimes hear about. To my mind, any effort to explain brainwashing exclusively in terms of Pavlov's conditional reflex is completely off the track.

I am certain that the simple mechanical repetition of a certain slogan will never on its own strength alone create a vivid conviction or an efficacious faith. A man could spend the rest of his life repeating "three and three make five" without ever acquiescing to this mathematical absurdity. You can never explain persuasion simply on the level of the reflexes of purely animal life. For persuasion you have to rise to the level of consciousness—the human consciousness that is formed by opinions, theories, beliefs, sentiments, desires and willed actions, elements one and all of the order of representation. It is by means of a clever juggling of all these elements that *Hsio-Hsi* functions. I am convinced that brute force can compel a person to undergo indoctrination. If he refuses, let him beware of the sanctions!

The mildest of the sanctions includes the forced-labor camp with all the trimmings and with *Hsio-Hsi* inevitable at the end. So, the victim will wonder, why not give in right away, why delay? Then begins the shrewd dosage of the ingredients of brainwashing. It goes without saying that these ingredients all belong to the phenomenological order of dialogue, lectures, concepts and sentiments. Here it is certain that a person cannot have his ideas changed merely by force of constant repetition, especially in the field of mathematical truths or the obvious evidence of things. But it is a fact that the truth of a proposition does

not immediately strike our intelligence; it becomes evident only when accompanied by proofs. Therefore, if proofs are lacking or feebly presented, the human reason remains hesitant, it doubts, it is at least negatively prepared to succumb to a new doctrine.

To bring about this situation it is sufficient to work in the concrete field where evidence is at times rather far removed. If, for example, we cannot doubt the truth of an abstract theorem related to its demonstration, we can be quite rapidly led to doubt the bases of our own moral worth. Thanks to this open rent achieved in ourselves by the knowledge of our culpability, our disloyalty, stupidity and egoism, brainwashing can very well succeed in making us admit to actions that we would previously have considered incompatible with our opinions. The trigger of this admission would be the decent sentiment of *repentance* that is natural to us all.

Since at the present moment our opinions seem false to us or at least doubtful, since we have been duped, and we do want to be true to ourselves, we simply have to believe what is proposed to us and to do what we are told to do.

I do not deny that certain Communists have been of the opinion that they could influence consciences by a kind of process analogous to that used by an animal trainer in creating conditional reflexes in his animals. But really this idea is too much of a simplification. Minds are changed not because new nerve connections have been created, but because the "information" resulted from a unilateral way of indoctrination. I refer to the *use* of radio, movies, reading and lectures always presenting the same thing from the same point of view. Or, again, opinions are changed because the arguments presented demanded subtle distinctions quite inaccessible to minds that were ill-formed or momentarily fatigued.

The fact remains that when active indoctrination has ceased, the mind that is free to exercise its critical activity—thanks to complete information on the problem—will allow itself to be dissuaded from the position that *Hsio-Hsi* had forced upon it. And so, too, the mind that arrives at a clear understanding of a problem when it can examine it in a more leisurely manner. At times it will suffice simply to return to normal living; but then, again, it will be necessary for a person first to become reaccustomed to normal living.

After several years of *Hsio-Hsi*, what do the facts concerning its duration and depth teach us about the persuasive forces of its action?

Effectiveness of Hsio-Hsi

If we are to estimate the power of this system of persuasion, it would be well to observe it in those milieux where it was able to act with the minimum of physical coercion—in the student world, the intellectual classes.

From the very beginnings of their rise to power, the Communists gave full attention to forming a youth that would be imbued with their principles. The fifteen-year-old youths of the secondary schools in 1950 were studying in the universities in 1956, a year of considerable turmoil in the student world. To be sure 80 per cent of these university students still belonged to nonproletarian families, but not for a moment *were* they freed from an intense political education. In spite of this persistent indoctrination, they nevertheless awakened from their intellectual anaesthesia, began to reflect for themselves and to criticize their educators.⁵

Some of them lost confidence in the socialist system, even seemed to hate it; they suspected and repudiated everything about it. They were critical of the supervision

imposed on students and of the application of Soviet methods to conditions in China.⁶ They reproached the regime for having fallen into dogmatism and formalism and accused Communist educational methods of stifling the free development of the personality.⁷ They even went so far as to say: "Up to now we have had to listen to you, the guiding cadres of the administration and its organizations, but henceforth it is up to you to listen to us."⁸

This kind of thinking on the part of the students decided the government to adopt a more liberal school policy; but the natural reaction of human nature that had been so long restrained was so strong that the authorities had to command "energetic measures to reinforce discipline and intensify the political and ideological education among the students."

This first alert was to be followed by a veritable storm of opinions that was extremely violent both in the virulence of its criticisms and in the importance of the names and personalities involved in it.⁹ On May 4, 1957, the anniversary day of the Cultural Revolution of 1919, a movement for free discussion and free competition burst out in various ideological schools. This time it was no longer hot-headed youths impatient of an austere discipline who dared to raise their voices, but mature older men, thinkers, artists, businessmen, editors of official newspapers and Party members. National opinion was awakened.

Pan Wen-ping, education editor of *Kwang Ming Ie Pao*, wrote as follows: "Today, May 4, 1957, the intellectual milieux of the entire country are ardently discussing the best ways to achieve free competition among the different ideological schools. Everywhere you can hear the voices of literary circles, you can observe the remarkable vitality of the intellectual milieux, you can observe the extraordinary activity of the literary world. Our pres-

ent manifestation of free discussion is a cultural and revolutionary movement that is much wider in scope, much more important, stronger, more vigorous than the movement of May 4, 1919. It is a revolutionary and ideological movement that is opposed to dogmatism and opportunism: it aims at the creation of a true socialistic culture." 10

It all added up to a serious reaction against the government's indoctrination methods. The intellectuals were simply fed up and disgusted with being forced to give compliant and hypocritical affirmation to everything they were told. The Party's literary and artistic line was attacked by poets and writers of renown. They reproached the Party leaders for sectarianism, vanity and the totalitarian desire to wipe out all opposition.

Liu Ping-yen, a Party member and one of the editors of the journal *Chinese Youth*, burst forth in terrible invectives and accusations: "The high dignitaries of the Communist Party constitute a privileged class. The Party leaders at the provincial and municipal level are local 'emperors: After the new movement of the three 'oppositions,' the rights of man have been trodden underfoot and human dignity has been gravely violated." 11

If Chinese society of a yesteryear was guilty of the crime of binding the feet of little girls, the new regime was now responsible for having bound up the minds of the people. Yen Wen-chieh did not hesitate to say: "We no longer enjoy either freedom of thought or freedom of speech in our nation and in the Party. People may no longer think or speak as they wish. Their activities are circumscribed in an area which they may not leave. Party committees impose their control everywhere. Party control is like a bandage.... When the Party starts anything, everybody must follow. Even when you see things

that cannot be right, you may not say a word.... This is **what constitutes restriction of thought.**" 12

Such bitter criticisms of the regime succeeded in unleashing among the students **a new and violent agitation** for independence of thought, freedom of action and personal autonomy. The Party had indeed begun a campaign of rectification, but it was unable to foresee the breadth of the movement of criticism among the students. At the University of Peking, on the morning of May 19, the philosophy students posted a bulletin inviting their fellow students to transform the wall into a "democratic garden." The invitation was enthusiastically accepted, and soon the wall was covered with bulletins expressing complaints, criticisms, hopes, desires and propositions. Happy with the opportunity to 'breathe democratic air,' the students everywhere carried on warm discussions. Alongside the "democratic garden" there flourished a "liberty garden" and a "democratic tribunal." Some five hundred bulletins had made their appearance by May 22.¹³

The students attacked three main evils: bureaucracy, dogmatism and sectarianism.¹⁴ They violently opposed the sectarian partiality of the regime in the choice of persons to be sent abroad: only Party members were allowed to go, and it didn't matter how mediocre they were.

Some wanted the courses in politics to be made optional while others went so far as to propose that the courses be entirely suppressed.¹⁵

This springtime effervescence brought forth all manner of poetic names for the various student groups. Here are a few samples: "Society of the Hundred Flowers," "Bitter Medicine," "Tribunal of the Hundred Flowers," "Voice of the Lower Classes." Slogans spread from mouth to mouth: "We must campaign for a complete reform of the politi-

cal system"; "Marxism-Leninism is absolutely outmoded"; "The dictatorship of the proletariat is a theory that has outlived its time"; "If we don't make changes, we run the risk- of being cut off from the masses"; "We have to learn from capitalist countries what real liberty and democracy are"; *We* must set about a new interpretation of capitalism." 18

One student was 'not even afraid to write: "The *People's Daily*, the *Peking Daily*, and *Chinese Youth* make up a Great Wall barring the road to truth." 17 There were complaints against the rigorous censorship of books and about the restricted ' field of their knowledge. They said they knew less than their elders. One mathematics student made himself the spokesman for his fellow students with the following noble declaration: "I have never liked this - [Communist] world, and it has never liked me. I have never bowed my knee to its idolatrous dogmas and have never sacrificed my sincerity to an obsequious flattery. I have never been among those who thoughtlessly parrot the so-called merits of *this* world. For this reason the people of this world do not recognize me as their equal. I do not belong to them although I live in the midst of them. My thoughts are completely different from theirs." 18

This spiritual earthquake whose focal point was the University of Peking was soon threatening to win over the other schools of the city such as Tsinghua University, the People's University, the Normal School, the School of Mines, the Institute of Russian Languages, the Fine Arts School, the Industrial Institute, the Geological Institute and even the secondary schools. Then it spread to Tientsin, Shanghai, Sian, Nanking, Harbin, Hankow, Chungking, Chengtu and Hanyang." In the latter city the discussions developed into a student strike and various street demonstrations that resulted in the removal of the officers

in charge of the Party Committee and the local Communist government.²⁰

There was a violent explosion against Communism in the provinces. In Chungking Communists were treated as "devils who kill people without shedding their blood." ²¹ At Chengtu students at the Second Normal School, with the encouragement of their professors and the administration, denounced the misdeeds of the Party which, they said, "excels in repressing the people without understanding anything about conducting a school." ²² At the Normal School in Shantung more than a hundred students created serious public disorders to the tune of "Down with the Communists!" ²⁸

The whole campaign revealed a long list of complaints and grievances such as the criminal execution of counter-revolutionaries,²⁴ inhuman terrorizing at the time of the assumption of power, injustices committed during trials,²⁸ the bridgeless gulf between the people and the Party²⁸ and the force created at the National Assembly by the puppet deputies.²⁷

The Party suddenly took the offensive against all this ideological opposition on June 8. It turned out that the opposition had been cynically provoked by the regime for purposes of separating the pure from the impure. Now it was denounced as a counterrevolutionary plot. Tracking down of the plotters began; there were imprisonments, denunciations, confessions and condemnations.²⁸

As the poet says:

"One night the spring breeze blew upon the garden
And suddenly flowers opened up on thousands of trees." "

But in that year of our Lord 1956 a violent and icy wind quickly stripped the trees.

And once again indoctrination continued in full force.

23.

**SLAVE LABOR AND
MATERIAL PROGRESS**

SLAVE LABOR is quite naturally connected with indoctrination,; for it is itself a kind of brainwashing and a system of re-education: On this matter again we will do well to consult the Communists themselves.

The government is actually trying to impose intellectual domination on the condemned political prisoners. I am taking into account only those who have undergone punishment. The problem concerns counterrevolutionaries: their repression is outlined in principle in article 7 of the program worked out in 1949 by the first Plenary Political Assembly. Further steps followed:

1. On February 23, 1951, Shih Liang, the Minister of Justice of the Central People's Government, brought forth the principle: punishment must be imposed in order to bring about an admission of fault. Once the fault is made known, there follows the question of education and reform. Guilty ones will of course be committed to slave-labor camps so that they may become aware of their crime and of the fitness of the punishment. Work must be the instrument of their correction, work must and will make

new men of them, men animated by a new kind of life and inspiration.

x. An article of June 1, 1951, explains why the government issues death sentences with reprieves of two years. The regime was very happy about this discovery, for it saw it as a legitimate combination of justice and clemency. In addition to the economic advantages of this measure, it provides for the repentance, the conversion-and the reformation of the "criminal" through ° labor. Then, if he : do_ es not convert, he is executed. ;' ;

3. We can get some idea of the intellectual side of reformation by means of slave labor from a December-15, 1951, article published by the Communist/ papers.. of Hongkong.

This type of reformation is founded onthe union of forced labor and compulsory education. The "criminals" have to study the history of the development of society, the principle of the Democratic Dictatorship of the People, dialectic materialism (the new philosophy of life), and the great creative efforts of New China.

The prisoners are forced to examine their attitude in regard to work, to set forth the counterrevolutionary activities of the "American imperialists," publicly confess their own crimes, and end up by gradually changing their whole point of view.

4. A governmental decree of June 27, 1952, speaks of "measures for control of counterrevolutionaries." The purpose of this decree is to provide an ideological education for these enemies of the regime; the education will be supervised by the government and by the masses.

These texts bear witness to the deliberate pretensions of the government with a view to a veritable spiritual direction of consciences.

During its eighth meeting at Brussels on April 30, 1956,

the Special Investigating Commission on Slave Labor in the People's Republic of China affirmed the existence of an authentic concentration-camp regime maintained for purposes of political coercion and ideological re-education. Conditions of living in the camps were found to be rigorous and debilitating. This Commission was summoned in the name of the International Commission Against Slave Labor, which is accredited to the United Nations, Statute B.so

Thanks to its slave-labor setup, the government is capable of punishing whomsoever is opposed to structural reforms and to official orthodoxy. It likewise has at its disposal, and at a very insignificant cost, a considerable reservoir of man power for its hydraulic, strategic, agricultural, railroading, mining and forestry constructions and works. Thanks to slave labor, it can re-educate the "criminals" by "thought reform," the specific characteristic of the Chinese Communist repressive system.

Seeking to destroy the prisoner's personality and to substitute a new one imbued with Communist ideas, this "thought reformation" comes about in numerous and interminable meetings that take place over and above the long hours spent at work. At these meetings the subject studies Marxism, examines his past life, confesses his crimes and denounces his relatives. The atmosphere being one of permanent terror and degradation, the technique inevitably leads the victim not "to the condition of being a new man but to a condition of subhumanity."

It is absolutely necessary to **keep** in mind this systematic disregard for human dignity if we are to give a wholesome judgment on the gigantic material progress that strikes the eye of kindly visitors in China. There is no point at all in denying the spectacular achievements of the Chinese Communists; but, on the other hand, those visitors from

the West who praise them without reserve are obviously either childishly naive or culpably cynical.

Moreover, all this progress in one domain is likely to provoke crises in another that the Communists must guard against by drastic measures such as the communes that would then seem less inspired by theory than by practical difficulties. The cooperatives not having reached their assigned economic objectives, the new State whose essential end is "production" had to come to a complete collectivization; and this would augment human man power by 30 per cent; however, the cost of this would be the destruction of family structures. But the present suffering that overwhelms Chinese mothers almost to despair will, it is said, become alleviated when a prolonged indoctrination will have proved to them that the ideal family is essentially democratic, that is, "without any head." In fact, the traditional family, the cell of society living its own life as a part of "natural society," cannot coexist with a regime **that pretends "to move" everything.** Divine Providence is creative of autonomous liberties, whereas **the Communist providence is destructive of personal autonomies.**

TRAGIC SITUATION OF
CHINESE CATHOLICS

THE *mass* of the whole world, secular as well as Catholic, has given considerable publicity to the frightful physical and moral pressure that the new Communist regime is exerting on the Catholic Church in China. The pawns in this struggle (which may be concealed or open, but always constant) are no longer the Church's properties, her works of charity (hospitals and orphanages), her schools or universities, or even her members; now it is the very structure of the Church, her essential constitution, that is threatened.

Against a spiritual power that has a real influence over minds and hearts the Communists mustered their most insidious weapon—a slow perversion by means of clever indoctrination mixed with coercive measures. While it is not possible to detail the shocking ordeal suffered these last years by the Chinese Catholics, we can certainly indicate the outlines and the direction of the persecution.

There are four phases in the evolution of the religious situation since the Communist access to power in 1949:

1. The Movement of the Three Autonomies.
3. Tentative tactics, alternatives of truce or persecution.
4. The creation of the National Association of Chinese Catholics.
5. The new hierarchy.

*The Movement of the Three Autonomies*³²

The Peking government is exclusively responsible for the movement of the Three Autonomies. Neither Catholics nor Protestants took the initiative in any way. The business of the "spontaneous signatures" (to be explained below) was a farce.

The Prime Minister, Chou En-lai, personally intervened in the beginnings of the movement, first among the Protestants in May 1950. He expressed his ideas on the three objectives to be followed at a meeting attended by seven delegates.

"The Church," he said, "must become completely Chinese in its government, its maintenance and its preaching.

"To my mind, it is utterly ridiculous to imagine that religion can be separated from politics," he continued. "Religion and politics must go together. The Church must uphold the regime and cooperate with the government in the building of the New China.

"Finally," he concluded, "the Church must purify herself. She must free herself of all imperialism, must cut off all relations with it; the government will help her do this. If the Church refuses in this matter, then all the government's orders will be useless." 33

These opinions became national directives when the Movement of the Three Autonomies was officially launched by the governmental news agency Hsin Hwa on September 24, 1950. The movement went under the name of the "Manifesto of Mr. Wu," published with the subtitle "The

Efforts of Chinese Christians toward the Building of the New China." As a matter of fact, this text had been composed in July 1950 under another title: "The Declaration of Forty Protestant Leaders"; and it had 1,528 signatures attached. The document explicitly says: "The Movement of the Three Autonomies—administrative autonomy, economic autonomy, and apostolic autonomy—must become an accomplished fact in . the very near future."

Then followed an intense and widespread press campaign in favor of the movement. Some 300,000 Protestants had already expressed their adherence to it, but Dr. W. Y. Chen, Episcopal bishop of Shanghai, and Dr. Y. Y. Chu, former secretary general of the Episcopal Church, opposed it and were persecuted and arrested as a result.

- how did the movement fare with the Catholics?

On December 13, 1950, the Hsin Hwa Agency published the "Manifesto of Kwang Yuan," with a double subtitle: "We Must Absolutely Cut Off All Relations with the Imperialists" and "More Than Five Hundred Chinese Catholics of Kwang Yuan Herewith Present the Manifesto of a Movement for Reform and Independence." On December 16 -the readers of the Shanghai newspaper *Chieh Fang Jih Pao* were able to read an article by Father Wang Liang-tso, the pastor of Kwang Yuan, and of the "Five Hundred Christians." Among other things he said, "We are determined to cut off all ties with imperialism, to make every effort to reform ourselves and to establish a new Church that is absolutely independent in its administration, its resources and its apostolate. We have made up our minds no longer to permit the holiness of the Church to be soiled by imperialism."

Historical truth compels me to state that the parish here referred to did not number more than a hundred Christians, and that forty communicants at the most (little

children and infants included) "spontaneously" adopted a text of whose existence and contents they were quite ignorant.⁸⁴

Szechwan, the ancient bastion of the Nationalists during the resistance to Japanese aggression, a powerful fief of the governor generals and the secret societies, is a country rich in rice, minerals, coal, salt and 'other resources. No sooner had liberation come when the Communists submitted the province to a rigorous and unrelenting effort to cleanse it of guerrillas, destroy its ancient feudal system and wipe out the inhabitants' spirit of independence. The Church simultaneously underwent a series of measures that directly or indirectly aimed at her very existence. Foreign missionaries were expelled, in less than two years all Church property was expropriated, priests were imprisoned and the laity condemned to death or to forced labor. Worst of all was the practice of systematic self-destruction that was aimed at the clergy. This explains how it came about that already, on the 12th of February 1951, the *fen Ming le Pao* of Peking published the "Nanchung Declaration," signed by some twenty-six priests. This certainly marked a step forward for the Communists.⁸⁶ Among other things the declaration said:

"We must join up with other patriots in breaking all connections with imperialist countries (America being the worst of them) and in giving up all correspondence with the Vatican so that we may realize administrative, economic, and apostolic autonomy."

Throughout this period the situation remained confused and unsettled. At Chengtu in the first seven months of 1951 it was possible to observe varying opinion currents, each with the most zealous, pious and courageous priests as adherents. Young missionaries just lately arrived from Europe energetically opposed any compromise with the

Reds. On the other hand, the Chinese priests, animated as they were by love of their country and with a prudent eye to the future, were of the opinion that a certain amount of loyal collaboration might be licit and necessary; while the older missionaries, despite their repugnance for a regime characterized by denunciations, slavery and murder, concluded that the Three Autonomies could be interpreted in an orthodox sense, that, namely of the papal encyclicals on the missions, the development of native churches and the progressive replacement of European personnel by native clergy. Why should Christians be forbidden to give evidence of their patriotism, as the Communists requested in January? After a short discussion in committee, a parade was organized. One of my confreres and I followed this evidence of the Church's vitality at a short distance. As a result of a sacrilegious mistake (from the Communist point of view) it actually formed behind the Party flag. When this error had been corrected, the long line took off in the direction of the public garden. It was composed of little orphan girls with their Chinese teachers, all nuns, and many Christian families led by their priests.

We, watched it all from a bridge, aware as we were that we were being observed by the police in charge of foreigners. We were hardly edified by the Communist orator's outpouring of invective against Archbishop Yupin of Nanking and others.

This period of indecision was to take a rather long time before it was dissipated. It was only in July of that year that the older missionaries realized that the "Reform Committee" meetings were actually succeeding in undermining the very principle of authority in the Church. The best of the Chinese priests came to the same conclusion in December at the time of the frankly irreligious or athe-

istic declarations of the Communist leaders. A few months later these same priests were to be thrown into prison for their fidelity to the Catholic Church and sentenced to periods of from nine to twelve years of forced labor.

The ecclesiastical authorities in Szechwan had to face physical suffering and strictly religious problems as well. These problems had arisen especially since the time of those famous "Reform Committees." The first had been set up in northern Szechwan in early 1851 and was soon followed by another at Tientsin in the beginning of April; then later came a few others at Peking, Shanghai and Chungking, and eventually the whole of China had them. Their very composition endangered the hierarchical structure of the Church. The organization of the committees progressed from parochial to diocesan. The traditional administration of the parish was completely overthrown. A "Parochial Administrative Committee" was substituted for the direction of the clergy in matters concerning externals; its members were to be elected by the Christians who were well controlled by the civil authorities.

The whole process did not succeed without a certain amount of difficulty. The "Kwang Yuan Manifesto" had already caused repercussions among Catholics, and the general reaction was one of opposition. The government sensed the situation and sought to arrange a meeting with the "official" representatives of the Catholic Church. This meeting took place in Peking in January 1951; present were two bishops and several priests and the Prime Minister, Chou En-lai.

During this meeting Chou said: "We must love the China of the people, we must love the Chinese People's Republic. We must break off all relations with enemies who oppose our nation, we must make a clear distinction between our friends and our enemies. There is no contra-

diction between 'loving one's country' on the one hand and 'the Catholics of the entire world make but one family' on the other. In saying this, it is understood that only sincere and virtuous Catholics are being considered. But just as there was once a Judas, so, too, among Catholics today are to be found a perverse group of traitors, the Yupin gang of imperialists." ⁸⁸

The Prime Minister spoke for two hours, but his speech was never published in its entirety. Clever diplomat that he is, he actually praised the Church for her work in China and did not even hesitate to admit that he "understood clearly the need for Catholics to remain united to Rome in matters spiritual." But this was an admission that was never made public, despite the demands of ecclesiastical authorities. On the basis of this speech, however, the authorities sought to bring to the public eye a proposal definitely outlining their own viewpoint on the question. This would have included their thinking on the maintenance of Catholic charities with the use of exclusively Chinese alms; the responsibility for propaganda in favor of the Faith on the part of a Chinese personnel and without any xenophobia; and the gradual transferring of authority to a hierarchy that would, however, remain in communion with the Pope. But three attempts at publication failed.

It was at this time that there appeared some directives explaining a certain interpretation of the Three Autonomies that was in conformity with Catholic orthodoxy. We read in the *Hsio Hsi Tsan Kao* a pamphlet issued by the Chinese bishops and published in Shanghai in 1951:

The Administrative autonomy consists in the fact that the direction of the Chinese dioceses will gradually pass into the hands of the Chinese bishops who will administer them according to Church laws. This autonomy also requires the

official establishment in China of a hierarchy properly so called. Is not this an objective that the Church is gradually approaching?

In the "Directives for the Present Times" we could read:

Administrative autonomy is part of the doctrine of the Church provided it is not understood as a kind of independence from the hierarchy. The Holy See alone has the power to choose and nominate bishops who must be intimately united and subordinated to her as members of the Mystical Body which is the Catholic Church. To demand or even only to sign a declaration of autonomy would be a schismatic act if by it one purposed to promote to the head of dioceses and missions bishops who would not be directly or exclusively named by the Holy See. Likewise, it would be a schismatic act to try to detach oneself from subordination to the Pope or to any of the Roman congregations.

The meaning of these warnings was clear: administrative autonomy meant a Chinese hierarchy nominated by Roman authority and in perfect dependence on Rome.

There would be no difficulty about financial autonomy.

In what sense could apostolic autonomy be accepted?

The power of teaching is given to the Church. The priest himself may not preach without having received the canonical mission. As for the bishop, the successor of the Apostles, he actually does have a proper mission to preach, but his nomination depends on the Holy See to which his action is also subordinated.

This text likewise insisted that apostolic autonomy implied the Holy See's recognition of the mandate to spread the Gospel and the subordination to the same power in its actual exercise.

This interpretation was rejected by the Communists and their Christian fellow travelers. The tract *Hsio Hsi Tsan Kao* was denounced as a "reactionary and imperialistic

pamphlet." A further declaration on the part of the bishops met with the same fate; and anyone found with these documents on his person was called an "anti-revolutionary." His Excellency Archbishop Riberi, Internuncio to China, wrote a letter dated March 31, 1951, in which he declared that the "Reform Declaration of the Nanking Clergy" was unacceptable. This was published in Latin and Chinese by the Communist press as an obviously reactionary document by a "citizen of Monaco."

We come now to the Communist interpretation of the Three Autonomies.

Practically speaking, in the beginning we were unable to get a clear and exact idea of the Reds' intentions in these matters. Whenever we pressed them they avoided a direct answer. On one occasion they did tell one of the ecclesiastical authorities of the city of Chengtu: "Obviously the bishops will be approved by the Pope, but once approved they will administer their dioceses without Roman interference." The "true" interpretation was beginning to dawn upon us. As always, the Communist texts themselves contain the best interpretation.

What do these texts tell us about administrative autonomy?

When one uses the expression "administrative autonomy," it is not only a question of getting out from under the domination of foreigners. In the present circumstances, as a matter of fact, this is no longer a problem; for there are not many missionaries left in China. Hence they are no longer permitted either in fact or in title to retain the administration of the Church. Moreover, the slogan "self-government" must be understood in a more exact and profound sense. In the management of the Church and the charities of the Church we have to free ourselves from Western traditions and create a new system, a new legislation and a new liturgy that will be adapted to the needs of our Chinese Christians³⁷

Here are a few texts concerning apostolic autonomy:

As for apostolic autonomy, it is not only a matter of knowing "who is going to preach," but above all "what is going to be preached." But what must Chinese priests preach? Does Chinese Christianity come from the West? Most of the Chinese who are capable of preaching have had to submit to a Western theological formation. But if the Chinese Christians really want to do "self-preaching," they have to discover through their own efforts and for themselves the full treasure of Christ's Gospel. They have to free themselves from Western theology and create a new theological system that will be their own . . .³⁸

The third aspect of our work is to apply apostolic autonomy by promoting political studies. As far as worship and the study of Holy Scripture go, the same situation as formerly prevailed may be kept temporarily. Our objective is to restore the Church to her primitive condition; from the political standpoint we must resolutely adopt the people's point of view.³⁸

Even these texts do not yet fully clarify the whole situation. As we know, it is not inconceivable to speak of different theological systems. Obviously the generally Platonist-inspired system of the Greek Fathers does not fit exactly with the Aristotelian-inspired system of many medieval theologians.

What do they mean when they talk about "promoting political studies"? Is it not extremely worth-while to discover the riches of the Gospel through personal experience? Is it not legitimate to envision liturgical adaptations? All this depends on the measure and the spirit of the Roman control that characterize the reforms. Accordingly, to dissipate the deliberate ambiguity of these statements, we have to have recourse to the concrete facts.

In practice the Movement of the Three Autonomies resulted in a calumination of the Church and her leaders

by defiling them as agents of imperialism; bishops, priests and the laity who were intransigent on the fundamental principles of ecclesiastical discipline were condemned; and finally a Marxist perspective for judging values and facts was introduced into the Church.

- While these attacks were in process of disturbing the very foundations of the Church in China, more than two hundred Chinese priests were proving their attachment to Rome - by - preferring prison to compromise, and this was as early as 1952. They were already living out the admirable proof of 'fidelity that was addressed by the Chinese Catholics to Pius XII in that same year: "We are ready to go to prison and to pour out our blood to render testimony to the truth proclaimed by our Lord Jesus Christ. We want to remain united to the will of God by remaining faithful to obedience to the Pope"

Thanks to the staunch fidelity of the masses of Chinese Catholics who had immediately and clearly perceived the possible deathblow to doctrinal values resulting from the installation of "parochial soviets" and "reform committees," the Peking government failed in its project to control the Church: Aware as he was of the threat to the doctrine and discipline of the Church, His Holiness Pius XII explicitly condemned the Movement of the Three Autonomies in his Encyclical *Ad Sinarum gentem* of October 7, 1952.

*Tentative tactics, alternatives of truce and persecutions*⁴⁰

- At this moment there began a period of tentative procedures in the choice of methods to be used for arriving at a very precise objective. This objective was achieved on May-11, 1953, for the Mohammedans; on June 3 of the same year for the Buddhists; on August 6, 1954, for the Protestants; and on April 12, 1957, for the Taoists. What the Communists wanted was to create on a national scale

a central organization under the immediate jurisdiction of the Governmental Bureau of Religious Affairs. This Bureau was an organic part of Chou En-lai's ministry, and naturally the office was to be directed by a Party member. The means used to reach the objective were diverse. At times violent, open and systematic - pressure was, tried; and this in turn gave way to kindly, liberal and comprehensive attempts at reconciliation.

Beginning in 1953, after the failure of the Movement of the Three Autonomies, the regime launched among Catholics the "Movement of Opposition to Imperialism, of Love of the Fatherland and Religion." The Communists were hoping that a few local groups set up here and there would support a "National Catholic Congress." In August of that same year they convoked the "Nanking Council," which decided on ten articles altogether unacceptable to Catholics. Rome excommunicated Father Li Wei-kwang, the president of this Council; and despite all possible governmental pressures, this second attempt to subjugate the Church failed utterly.

Beginning in September 1955, the regime unleashed a violent persecution against the Church. They endeavored to justify this new reign of terror by calling it a necessary consequence of the second national campaign of repression against the "counterrevolutionaries." Throughout the country numerous Catholics were imprisoned. Bishop Kiong (Chiung) Pin-mei of Shanghai was arrested along with many of his priests, seminarians and lay people. The charge against him was that he had had intentions of overthrowing the State! Everywhere in churches police were discovering alleged counterrevolutionary plots and rings of saboteurs. The Communist press gleefully spread about criminal opinions that were imputed to certain Catholics. Here are some samples: "The agrarian reform is against

the Seventh Commandment"; "The People's Government is diabolical." The press reproached others for having forced "patriotic" Christians to repent or for having refused to obey governmental directives suppressing the Legion of Mary. After the arrest of the Bishop of Shanghai, an editorial of the *Min Ming le Pao* (*People's Daily*) of Peking explained on December 10, 1955:

The energetic repression of, these rebellious and counter-revolutionary elements, that so characterize the Catholic Church in Shan ha and • other cities is conformable to the best interests of the people. In order to sabotage the "general line" of the **Party during the period of transition toward socialism, these counterrevolutionary elements have spread abroad the slogan: "the fundamental line is the will of Heaven." ... Our Constitution stipulates that the Chinese people may enjoy freedom of religious belief. But we absolutely cannot and will not permit these imperialist spies to profit by the religious provisions of our government so as to engage in subversive activities on our sacred soil.... In adopting a policy of energetic repression of such movements, the People's Government in no way infringes on the liberty of religious belief.**

In a word, all Catholics who had adopted a "negative" attitude in regard to the "Patriotic and Anti-imperialist Movement of Chinese Catholics" were the object of pursuit. They were faced with the classical dilemma that is created by the clever confusion of the political and the religious. The dictates of the naturally Christian conscience were disguised as politically reactionary designs. To follow these dictates was to pass for a saboteur; to reject them was to become a renegade. The persecution waged throughout the first half of 1956, its victims being Protestants, Buddhists, and Taoists, as well as Catholics.

Meanwhile, with the use of threats, promises and concessions, the government sought to rally a few important

personalities to its policies. Beginning in 1954 it opened the doors of the People's National Assembly to three Catholics, among them the excommunicated Father Li Wei-kwang. It permitted the participation of a few ecclesiastics, including Bishop Wang Wen-chen, in the January—February 1956 session of the National Committee of the Consultative Political Conference of the Chinese People.

This conference was presided over by President Mao in person and was attended by 631 observers and 586 active members. It was claimed that Bishop Wang gave a speech at the conference in the course of which he is supposed to have made the following interesting observation: that he granted his full approbation and complete support to the government's policies. He is also supposed to have made his self-criticism of the reactionary aspects of his former education, expressed his gratitude to the regime for having inspired him with new ideas, proclaimed his indignant condemnation of all those who calumniated the government for having restricted religious liberty. He added: "I promise to use my position as bishop to lead the Catholics of my diocese to study politics, to purify their own patriotic sentiments and to bring about 'a greater contribution to the national upbuilding of the Fatherland.'" He continued: "I send my respectful compliments to our great leader Mao Tze-tung and I wish him many years in the service of his country."

If we are to grant that⁴¹ this speech, as reproduced by the Communist press, is authentic, we would have to go further and prove that it was actually composed by the bishop and not dictated to him. And if it were proved to be authentic, a further question is in order: how could the bishop speak otherwise when in the presence of the President and the members of the government? The whole

thing is nothing else than a collection of generalities flavored by the kind of humble confession that is a daily occurrence in this regime.

But it all led to a definite objective.

Now the 'ground seemed prepared for a new harvest: the persecutors' had worked over minds and hearts by means of indoctrination, they had rooted out the tares—the resisting clergy—by imprisonment. The hour seemed just right for a third attempt to gather together all Catholics at a national level under the aegis of the Chinese Communist Party:

The patriotic associations of Chinese Catholics

a. The meeting of the July 1956 preparatory committee
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As early as January 1956 all the local and provincial offices of religious affairs and all the principal leaders of patriotic associations began the enormous task of preparing a preliminary meeting for the Preparatory Committee of the National Association of Chinese Catholics. Evidently the success of the meeting would depend on the number of ecclesiastical authorities who would be kind enough to respond to the "invitation" to be present. The word "invitation" here has a quite special meaning. In addition to its ordinary connotation, such ideas as "pressure," "threat" or "blackmail" would also fit. It can be used in a context where there is no hesitation in joining to the verb "extort" the verb object "voluntary and free adhesion."

-, After six months of threats, accusations and insults (varying according to the strength of the wills that had to be subdued), thirty-six persons gathered in Peking for a meeting that lasted from the 19th to the 25th of July 1956. The personnel was made up of ten laymen, eleven priests,

eleven vicar generals, capitular vicars or diocesan administrators, and four bishops. Father Chang Shih-lang of Shanghai was not able to attend for reasons of health. Obviously, the most representative people present were the four members of the episcopate: Bishop Wang of Nanchung, Bishop Yi of Hsiangyang, Bishop Li Po-yu of Chowchih, and Bishop Chao Chen-sheng, S.J., of Hsien-shien.

The government exercised a discreet influence on the assembly by means of the presence of Mr. Ho Cheng-hsiang, the director of religious affairs in the Council of Ministers. There was also **a kind invitation to visit Mr. Hsi Chung-hsun**, the secretary-general of the Council. At the end of the meeting, in the afternoon of July 26, Mr. Chou En-lai received the members of the preliminary gathering **in a private audience. After encouraging the Catholics, he exhorted all to develop in their flocks a deep national pride and love of the fatherland, to administer and direct the Church to the best of their ability. He had himself photographed with the group. The climate of these meetings was cordial, open and even enthusiastic.**

A proclamation was made public indicating the most essential conclusions of the Preparatory Committee. It was addressed to the "dear and venerable" ecclesiastical superiors and recalled the new international position that had been acquired by China thanks to the new regime, also the influence exercised by China as a factor in world peace. The proclamation further reminded the Catholic leaders of the very real protection for religious beliefs that the regime had granted, and invited them to praise and thank God since "His ways, ways of peace and of justice, are in the process of being realized." It likewise invited the faithful to manifest an ardent love for the fatherland and a ready obedience to the government according to

Christ's teaching: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." It urged one and all to imitate the example of Saints Peter and Paul and Joan of Arc. Finally, the proclamation made known the creation of a committee that was to make all preparations for the "Patriotic Association of Chinese Catholics."

One of the participants in describing the sanguine tone of the meeting reported that "they had come in order to say all that they knew and to say it without reserve just like children telling their difficulties to their mothers, casting their cares on their mothers' hearts and thus finding themselves restored and re-encouraged."

There now followed a veritable flood of Catholic meetings, of creations of patriotic associations, proclamations of principles, and meetings with governmental officials. The air was filled with cries of victory, with evidence of the awakening of a political consciousness among Catholics, enthusiasm for the socialistic society, and of combined love for country and religion. Vain were any fears about apostasy or schism, and it was quite stupid to wish to divorce religious matters from politics. It could all be summed up in the prayer: "Let us fervently beg our Blessed Mother to see to it that our movement progresses from victory to victory."

b. The National Conference of the Catholic Delegates of China, July—August 1957.

This conference was preceded by a series of preliminary sessions that took place from June 17 to July 13. The predominant tone of these meetings was one of opposition to the bourgeois rightists still hidden in the Church. Anyone who defended the "reactionary" policies of the Vatican or who criticized the recent disciplinary activities of the government was considered a rightist. Bishop Wang Wen-then definitely belonged to this despised group,

since he had blamed the delegates for having accused the Vatican of counterrevolutionary activities. He had likewise censured them for having "pulled up the vital roots of the Church," and for having admitted "the obligation of submitting to the punishments meted out and obeying without condition."

Bishop Chao Chen-sheng was likewise considered a rightist because he had insisted on the necessity of obtaining authorization from the Vatican before setting up the Association and also because he had expressed a belief in "the love of the Holy See toward China and in the Holy See's peaceful and anti-imperialistic policies." Other rightists had dared to say that socialism as practiced by the Communists was against human nature and that the Bishop of Shanghai had been right in trying to remove Catholics from the influence of atheistic Communism.

All these subversive opinions met with lively opposition. Since love of one's country is a virtue, what right does the Pope have to punish Catholics when they practice this love? Since the Vatican and Catholic missionaries had accommodated themselves to the Japanese regime, how can you say that the Holy See is politically impartial? But the opposition had not lasted long. Once the rightists had become aware of the true facts and carried on discussions with the other delegates on matters of principle, they acknowledged their mistakes and changed their minds. Certain delegates emphasized the analysis of the papal encyclicals and insisted that they did not have to follow them blindly. The assembly was thus prepared to ratify the governmental directives of the conference that was about to open.

This conference continued from July 15 to August 2, 1957; it owes its importance both to the decisions made and the principles discussed. Here it was that the

delegates officially created "The National Patriotic Association of Chinese Catholics" and at the same time gave exactitude to their doctrinal positions and their line of **conduct**. The conference affirmed the sacred duty of patriotism as a divine precept, expressed gratitude to the government for the protection and respect it had granted to religion and determined to continue the struggle against "bourgeois rightists," including the reactionary anti-Communist minority of **this conference**. **All were invited** to combine into a strong group which would unmask and censure these reactionary elements, would do its best to create a patriotic consciousness among Catholics and thus bring about an increasingly active participation in socialistic creativity.

Here is a list of other resolutions made at the Conference: expressions of **sadness at the memory of the** unreasonable attacks of the Vatican (the instrument of American imperialism and colonialism); indignation at the announcement of the Holy See's base calumnies against the Patriotic Association and **the** People's Government and at the news that the Vatican had forbidden attendance at the Conference under pain of excommunication; the resolution to restrict future relations with the Holy See to the strictly religious and dogmatic or disciplinary order "on the express condition that neither the interests, the independence nor the honor of the Fatherland be injured"; and a complete break with the Vatican so far as economics and politics were **concerned**. **Such was the official thinking of the Assembly.**⁴³

However, the interim state of mind of the delegates was something quite different from the unanimity apparent in the external voting. Remember that participation had been forced or brought about by ruse; texts for public reading had been imposed; there was a public disavowal

of the whole business in one cathedral; there was secret assurance of allegiance to Rome; and a hunt for rightists in the very bosom of the Church. Among the better elements, the words spoken reflected less the profound sentiments of the heart than an opportunist attitude brought about by circumstances. Why should the Reds so insist on pursuing the rightists if these were not the living proof of an ideological opposition among the Christians—the proof, too, of the government's determination to stamp out the opposition?

The National Conference had scarcely concluded when the Party **instigated a violent** campaign of accusations and denunciations against the Catholic rightists. A vast program of intense indoctrination for both clergy and laity also began. The views of the Conference simply had **to be made palatable to all**. **Some 4,100 people, including 111** ecclesiastical superiors and more than 1,300 priests, had to submit to several months of indoctrination on the fundamental ideas proposed **to them** by an editorial in the August 3, 1957, *People's Daily*. **Topics covered were:** the march toward socialism under the direction of the Party; the aggressive nature of the politics of the Vatican (which was the lackey of America); the imperialist objectives of the Holy See under the hypocritical mask of religion; the strictly religious but conditional nature of future relations with Rome.

Courageous objections were made in the study circles, but they were unable to stop the course of events. With the use of newspapers read **and commented on in Hsio-Hsi sessions, the Communists were careful to conduct this course of events along a very precise direction**. On February 27, 1958, an editorial in *Hsin Ko* explained to Chinese Catholics the real reason for new episcopal consecrations: the clergy and the laity have the absolute right, the edi-

tonal said, to choose their own bishops, they have to take up this responsibility and even proceed to the consecration, they *have* an obligation to combat and break down those relics of a colonial state, the habitual disciplines and uniform rules of the Church. On March 15 the Party's official organ did not hesitate to call the legitimate bishops who had been expelled traitors and usurpers. The way was now open to consecrations without the knowledge of and against the will of Rome.

The new. hierarchy

In early April 1958 His Excellency Bishop Li Tao-nan declared: "If I had two souls I would sacrifice one of them and would consecrate a bishop; but I have only one soul and I want to *save* it. Therefore I shall never consecrate any bishops without the authorization of Rome." After some ten days of brainwashing, on April 13, 1958, he proceeded to the first illicit episcopal consecration.

On June 1 His Excellency, Bishop Pi Su-shih of Shenyang, assisted by Bishop Chao Chen-sheng, S.J., of Hsien-shien, and Bishop Li Po-yu of Chowchih, consecrated Father Tung Wen-lung, "elected bishop with ordinary powers," to the See of Tsinan.

Bishop Wang Wen-chen of Nanchung had been considered a rightist. But on July 16, 1958, assisted by Bishop Ten Chi-chu (who had been in solitary confinement for more than four hundred days) and by Bishop Tuan Yun-ming (who had likewise been prevented from exercising his ministry), Bishop Wang consecrated Father Li Hsi-ting in the Chengtu cathedral. The latter priest had been elected to the episcopal see of this city on December 17, 1957, by the priests and faithful. "*Vox populi, vox Del.*"

Since those beginnings illicit consecrations have continued. By April 8, 1959, they numbered at least twenty."

It is not for us to pass judgment on these tragic deeds nor to condemn or excommunicate the persons involved. We can leave that unenviable judgment to the proper authority.

If the actual principles in question are quite clear, a great deal of obscurity, nevertheless, surrounds the concrete situations.

In the first place, the facts are known only through the Communist press. It is true that photos of the consecrations would seem to supply irrefutable proof. But what can the photos tell us about the secret intentions: of the consciences involved? ;

In the second place, **the** consecrating bishops are known for their fidelity to the See of Peter, for their constant piety, their courage in the struggle and their patience in suffering. The late Cardinal Costantini had been the apostolic delegate to China before the war and had been one of the Chinese hierarchy's best friends. He did not hesitate to write in his *Ultime Foglie* as follows:

There is no cause to fear a formal schism in China. What already exists and what will be more and more the case are Christian communities materially cut off from any connections with the Vicar of Christ. But there just isn't any schismatic will, even among the most progressive priests and laity. One of the most prominent characteristics of Chinese Catholicism manifested by the present persecution is the depth of its attachment to the Pope.

In the third place, it appears that the consecrations are preceded by "indoctrination." This indicates outrageous moral and physical pressures. I am inclined to believe that the will of the bishops has been overcome by the sophistry of certain 'corrupted priests. It does not seem to me that the Communists themselves could succeed in persuading the bishops in question to undertake the consecrations.

But with the help of subversive elements in the Church they might very well bring it off. It is an example of the self-destruction I spoke about in the first part of this book. In theory, the subject for indoctrination should refuse to carry on any discussion; but in practice this is scarcely possible. How can one answer the dialectic of a priest who makes random use of the history of the Church and who excels in subtle distinctions in order to transgress a "uniform rule of the Church"? A responsible answer would require proper reflection made in full liberty of spirit and in collaboration with competent men. But this is simply not the case.

A final question has to be considered: Why do the Communists insist so obstinately on setting up a schismatic church instead of destroying it outright? The answer undoubtedly is that they strongly desire that "legality" which promises necessary "freedom of religion" in a country that is still deeply influenced by pagan rites. They firmly believe that their present strategy will provide them with a powerful instrument of propaganda among the masses who highly respect the moral authority of the Catholic hierarchy.

Hope

For reasons unknown to us here and now a definite number of Chinese Catholics apparently feel that the best interests of the Church will be served by compromise. Others—bishops, priests, nuns and laity—are stubbornly refusing to give in to the government's demands. They are suffering for their fidelity in slave-labor camps. The Communists did not want any martyrs, but they certainly created a considerable number of them.

I worked in the Church of Chengtu. I cannot but recall to mind her glorious claims of attachment to her Divine

Master, claims that require us to hope for an eventually happy future.

The Church in Chengtu now has a bishop who pays allegiance to the Communists. However, we dare hope that this tragic situation will come to a happy end thanks to the generous sacrifice of priests, Sisters and laity who died or submitted to prison for love of their faith. Already in 1952 Fathers Tien, Andrew Liang, Vincent She, O.C.R., and Albert Wei, O.C.R., bore witness to Christ by imprisonment, torture and death. A young seminarian was shot just for belonging to the Legion of Mary. A catechist defended the house of God and met the same fate. Sister Chiang was handed over to popular justice and underwent beatings and insults for three years; Sisters Mu, Su, Yi and Chung were sent to work camps. In city and country Christians were put in jail just for praying. And how many others have suffered and still suffer for the sake of their Master! A twenty-four-year-old Benedictine monk was thrown into prison in November 1955, but before his departure he courageously expressed the sentiments of *all* his unfortunate brethren in words worthy of the Golden Legend.

It was around the end of October 1951, while the persecution was reaching its height. The young monk, accompanied by a priest companion, came to his prior and said: "We are being forced to accuse the Legion of Mary; what must we do?" The prior answered: "Today they are asking you to accuse the Blessed Virgin; tomorrow it will be Jesus Christ Himself. Let your conscience guide you." Both men understood. They went to confession and said: "We are ready."

The young monk wrote a letter in which he clearly outlined his position. One evening a few days later a crowd gathered in the entrance hall of the St. Benedict's Priory

to bold an indoctrination session for that particular quarter of the city. The subject at hand was the opposition to be determined against a small group of "backward" Christians made up of the young monk, the priest-monk, a very exemplary elderly Christian, a young nineteen-year-old boy and a girl of sixteen. The group fearlessly mingled with the crowd; they felt the eyes of all upon them. Were they not the "foreigners' hound dogs," "imperialist spies," "poor rascals drunk with superstition"? Would they dare to follow up their own judgment and brave the judgment of the masses? would they egotistically oppose the interests of the people?

At the right moment the young monk, Frater Peter, O.S.B., got up. He was well aware of the fact that he was certainly running the risk of losing his freedom. He spoke with a strong voice, and the crowd was astonished at so much audacity. He made clear distinctions in areas where the Communists delighted in spreading confusion. He claimed to follow another criterion than the judgment of the masses. Then in all simplicity he poured out Christian sentiments inspired by the total sacrifice of himself to Jesus Christ. Here are the essential parts of his profession of faith:

Catholics, Citizens, Comrades,

Before speaking to you about the matter up for discussion this evening, I wish to reveal my identity. My family has been Catholic for several generations. Personally I was baptized into the Catholic Church when I was a child. My father is a small businessman. My older brother is a worker. I entered the monastery at the age of twelve and intended to become a priest and a missionary for Christ. I am infinitely grateful to Divine Providence for having given me the light and the truth of His Son, Jesus Christ, and for having helped me to understand more deeply the true meaning of things. Today, with full deliberation, I take upon myself the obligation and

the responsibility of being a witness to the truth of Jesus and to the purity of His Church. I do this at the risk of becoming the butt of your insults and criticisms in the event that you do not understand me.... I can in no way participate in the Movement of the Three Autonomies. First of all, because **this reforming movement did** not either before its establishment nor after receive the approbation of the one and only head of the Catholic Church, the Pope of Rome. And secondly because in its present state of development the movement leads directly to our separation from the Holy See... .

The young monk explained his viewpoint on the Legion of Mary and then continued his discourse:

I am aware of the fact that my opinions are directly opposed to those of the masses of the people. I am a citizen of the Chinese People's Republic; but granted that my ideas on religious questions cannot correspond with yours nor with the dispositions taken by the People's Government, I find myself obliged to accept your verdict and the punishment decreed by the government. According to your point of view this punishment and verdict are just, reasonable and even necessary. If from all eternity the holy will of God has so disposed of my life, how can I refuse to drink this chalice of bitterness? If I really desire to be Christ's loyal disciple, I must follow in His steps, carrying my cross and climbing Mount Calvary so that I may glorify His Father and at the earliest possible moment find rest in and with Him.

It matters little to me whether you understand me or not. The only thing that does matter is that God, who examines the reins and the hearts of men, understands me. That is enough. My attitude should not appear strange to you. If you please, you may say that my thought is reactionary; that I am intoxicated by a slavish education; that I am deceived by foreigners; that **I am to a high degree empoisoned by imperialists** even to the point of using a manner of speaking that is so shocking to your ears and so contrary to the opinions of the masses.

But if you judge that belief in the existence of God is reactionary thinking, then my thinking truly is backward; **as a matter of fact, I confess that I shall be backward in my**

thinking for all eternity. If you say that the education of our holy religion is a servile kind of education, then I regret not having received a more deeply servile education. If you say that I have too much confidence in and reverence for foreigners to the point of allowing myself to be deceived by them, then you must know that the only foreigner for me is Jesus Christ, the Founder of the Catholic religion, Himself a Jew. Not only do I believe in Him but I adore Him and want to live through and for Him. If you say that I am intoxicated by the imperialist to the point of wanting to become his hunting dog, then this imperialist can be none other than the one who will never be conquered, the Jew, Jesus Christ. I can only regret that up to the present moment I have not yet become wholly Christed, nor completely transformed into the hound of Christ. Therefore I am ashamed to receive the glorious title that you are holding out to me.

Because of these words of mine, do not judge me a fanatic nor a drunken miscreant, nor a drowning man crying out for help. I speak calmly and frankly, my head is clear and calm, my soul is impregnated with the truth of Jesus and His inexhaustible goodness. Now that it is all over, I really do understand who *Jesus* Christ is; I know where man comes from and where he goes after he dies. Better still, I understand the meaning of human life.

Because of all this, please do not concern yourself about me; don't hold out your hands in sympathy to try to save me from the chains of truth. But I beg of you to spare me as you will, according to the common judgment of the masses. I deliver over to you my body, but I keep my soul for God, for Him who has created, nourished, redeemed and gladdened me.

My speech has been long and scattered. I have wasted your precious time this evening. Please forgive me. I have finished.

For some time the people kept a deep silence. Then a Communist lady, a member of the staff of the meeting, burst out: "I admire your attitude; it is too bad that what you have said could not have been for truth."

But it was for Truth, it was for Him who said, "I am the

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Truth," for Him who is that luminous Truth who came into His own without being recognized by them; that living Truth who by His suffering, death and resurrection had so indoctrinated a group of unlettered men that their preaching was to transform the intellectual face of the world.

Events come and go, the vicissitudes of life constantly assail the Church, but the blessed indoctrination of Jesus Christ remains forever!

NOTES TO PART THREE

1 Mao Tze-tung himself admitted that more than eight hundred thousand men were killed. The Nationalists give the figure of at least fifteen million.

2 Mao Tze-tung, *Complete Works*, Peking: The New China Bookstore, 1953, third edition. In 1953 three volumes had appeared. I have made use of the Chinese text for these notes.

³ Ai Sze-chi, *Historical Dialectics, History of the Development of Society*, first edition appeared in 1951, the tenth in 1953. Chinese text.

⁴ Ju Ch'ien, *To Young Friends, on Some Hsio-Hsi Questions*, edition of *Chinese Youth*. Peking, 1953. Chinese text.

⁵ My documentation on the students' mental condition is borrowed from the remarkable analysis of Father Leon Triviere, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, Peking aux prises avec les étudiants. This study appeared in *Saturne*, the monthly review of the International Commission Against Concentration Camps, third year, No. 12, March-April 1957, pp. 110-23. The Communist documents cited are also taken from this study.

⁶ Fang Chun, "Don't deny everything! Don't reject everything!" *Chung Kuo Tsing Nien Pao*, Peking, No. 23, December 1, 1956.

⁷ Chiang Nan-hsiang, "A Short Discussion of the Governmental Policies on Matters of Education in the Institutions of Higher Learning," *Chung Kuo Tsing Nien Pao*, Peking, No. 20, October 16, 1956.

⁸ *Idem.*

⁹ My documentation for the intellectuals and for the student milieu is taken from Father Leon Triviere's article, "The Political Opposition in China" (II) which appeared in *Saturne*, third year, No. 16, December 1957, pp. 79-110.

¹⁰ *Kwang Ming Je Pao*.

¹¹ *Jen Ming Je Pao*, Peking, July 20, 1957; *Kwang Ming Je Pao*, Peking, July 20 and 21, 1957.

¹² *Jen Ming Je Pao*, July 23, 1957.

¹³ *Wen Hui Pao*, Shanghai, May 27, 1957.

¹⁴ *Idem.*

¹⁵ *Kwang Ming Je Pao*, Peking, May 26, 1957.

¹⁸ Communist press, *passim*.

¹⁷ *The New China Agency*, Peking, July 12, 1957.

¹⁸ *Idem.*

¹⁹ *Jen Ming Je Pao*, Peking, July 24, 1957, August 22, 1957.

²⁰ *Jen Ming Je Pao*, Peking, August 8, 1957. *Chung Kuo Tsing Nien Pao*, Peking, August 10, 1957.

²¹ *The New China Agency*, Chungking, August 4, 18, 1957.

²² *Chengtu Je Pao*, July 9, 1957.

²³ *Tsingtao Je Pao*, June 2, 3, 4, 5, 1957. AA eiR/t9!_ d#.1."

²⁴ *Jen Ming Je Pao*, Peking, July 23, 1957. AA eiR/t9!_ d#.1."

²⁵ *Jen Ming Je Pao*, Peking, May 31, 1957. of ,r?4'+.'4,,•d•- n u' 28 *Jen Ming Je Pao*, Peking, May 17, 1957.f

²⁷ *Idem.*

²⁸ *Jen Ming Je Pao*, Peking, June 8, 1957, Editorial.

²⁹ Cited without reference in the article of *Wen, Hui Pao* of Shanghai. Cf. note 13.

⁸⁹ Livre *Blanc* sur le travail force' dans la R4publique Populaire de Chine (*White Book on Slave Labor in the Chinese People's Republic*) (2 vols.) , vol. 1 (The Debates, pp. 307-14) , published by the International Commission Against Concentration Camps. Paris: Centre International d'edition et de documentation, 5, rue Daunou.

⁸¹ David Rousset, "The New Tyranny in the Countryside, China's 'Uninterrupted Revolution,' " in *Problems of Communism*, No. 1, vol. VIII, January-February 1959. "The Communes—Mao's Big Family," " from the same volume, by Stanley Rich. "Communist Policy," "Why Communes? China News Analysis," in *Mission Bulletin*, Hongkong, vol. XI, March 1959.

⁸² in writing about the Movement of the Three Autonomies, I have made use of personal memories, and the excellent study of Father Leon Triviere, the article "The Movement of the Three Autonomies" in *The China Missionary Bulletin*, No. 1, January 1953, Hongkong. This study was reprinted in an abridged form in vol. II of the *White Book on Slave Labor in the Chinese People's Republic*, pp. 427-44.

³⁸ Directives given in May 1950.

⁸⁴ I personally learned about this piece of news in the room of Father Poisson, then vicar general of the Chengtu diocese. We were both very distressed at the information. We expressed the thought that the Church might well lose all her material goods, but she could not permit her unity to be threatened.

⁸⁵ The first Bishop of Nanchung, His Excellency Paul Wang Wen-then, had to face serious problems when the Communists came to power.

³⁶ Kung *Shang Tao Pao*, January 22, 1951, according to the report by the official agency, *New China*, January 20, 1951. a? Official agency, *New China*, Shanghai, January 14, 1951. as *Idem*,

sa *Jen Ming le Pao*, Peking, beginning, 1951.

⁴⁰ Documentation taken from "L'Eglise catholique en Chine continentale (III)," a study published by Father ikon Triviere in *Saturne*, third year, No. 13, May-July 1957, pp. 55-71; No. 15, October—November 1957, pp. 152-87.

⁴¹ *Jen Ming Je Pao*, Peking, February 9, 1956.

⁴² Documentation taken from "L'Eglise catholique en Chine continentale," by Father Leon Triviere in the *Bulletin de la Societe des Missions étrangères de Paris*, November 1958, Hongkong.

⁴³ *Hsin Ko*, Shanghai, August 9, 1957.

⁴⁴ *Mission Bulletin*, March 1953, p. 235.

POSTSCRIPT

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION in China is evolving day by day, and the meaning of events is gradually becoming clearer. In the April 1959 issue of the *Bulletin de la Societe des Missions étrangères de Paris*, Father Leon Triviere attempted an answer to the question: "Why do the Red leaders want to create a 'schismatic, patriotic, national Church' instead of crushing out the numerically weak Roman Church?" He says:

1. That they wish to imitate the Russian Church. The Catholic Church would become (a) a Church that has been politically refashioned and thus capable of helping along the whole socialist structure; (b) a Church inspired by the example of the Russian Church and committed to the struggle against imperialism (as was the case with Nazism in Russia and imperialism in Korea). It is to be noted that the Russian Church is cited as a model.

z. That there are likewise reasons of a more general nature: (a) From the national point of view, the Reds would like to mobilize the Catholic masses by utilizing their hierarchical superiors, and (b) from the international point of view, they are anxious to enlist the sympathies of progressive Catholics in free countries and eventually to unify Catholics in the Iron Curtain countries.

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