

KMT War Criminal in New China

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Foreword

On the evening of December 18, 1980, my daughter Meijuan came running home in a state of great excitement. As soon as she entered the house, she cried, "Dad, I've got good news for you! But you must first promise me not to get over-excited." The girl knew I had heart trouble and could not bear the strain of any form of emotional stress. "What is it? Tell me; I won't get excited." Whereupon she produced two greyish-blue cards from behind her back, exclaiming, "Look! What are these?" "Oh! Travel Permits for Hongkong and Macao." That meant that the government had granted our request to visit our family in Hongkong. A sudden warmth suffused my heart and hot tears spilled from my eyes.

Could this be a dream? Thirty years had passed. How I had longed to see my dear ones across the sea! Constantly they appeared in my dreams. At this moment scenes from the past rushed into my mind.

In october 1949, Chiang Kai-shek gave me special orders before fleeing to Taiwan: "Keep your foothold and hold Yunnan." To ensure that I held to my determination to "succeed or die", he demanded that my whole family, young and old, be flown to Hongkong.

At the airport my young and gentle wife threw herself into my arms, sobbing brokenly, unable to tear herself away. My innocent and uncomprehending children, thrilled by the prospect of travelling by air, jumped about ecstatically, clapping their hands. It was only after I had lifted them aboard one by one

that they realized I was not going with them. Then they clung to me, murmuring in their sweet childish voices, "Do hurry and join us soon, Daddy." My aged mother wept inconsolably and refused to board the plane, insisting that she would stay behind with me. It was only in early 1950, on the eve of the liberation of Yunnan, that I succeeded in persuading her to leave for Hongkong.

Now thirty years had elapsed. My mother was already dead. My children had all grown up. They were independent and had families of their own. My wife, driven by circumstances, had married again. But the love we shared would live with me always. The ties between me and my children could never be forgotten. I had always cherished the hope that I would see them all someday and beg their forgiveness for my failure to fulfil my duties as a husband and father. However, it was almost inconceivable that a person like myself, who had committed crimes against the people, could actually be given permission to go to Hongkong. What was more, my only daughter on the mainland was being allowed to accompany me. I found this truly difficult to believe.

Yet the two permits clearly told me that all this was true. Overwhelmed suddenly with such joyous news, I could not help weeping.

I arrived in Hongkong with Meijuan on December 23 and saw many of my relatives and old friends. My daughter in the United States and my nephew in Canada both came for our reunion in Hongkong. Only my children in Taiwan were unable to come. This was the greatest regret of my visit.

How I wished I could stay a little longer with my dear ones! Some of my relatives and friends tried to persuade me to stay in Hongkong, offering me gifts of large sums of money. Some advised me to go to Taiwan, promising to handle the formalities for me. "The sea of bitterness is without bounds. Repent and the

shore is at hand," they said, quoting an old maxim. "Why not take advantage of this opportunity and go away?" I thanked them for their kindness, but I could not accept their advice or offers.

I was determined to return to Beijing. The situation was precisely as the Hongkong New Evening Post put it in their January 29, 1981, issue: "Despite the fact that he had come to a crossroad between East and West, he did not hesitate. He said he would go back and he did. He said he would go back before the Spring Festival and punctually he did." This puzzled many of my relatives and friends and they couldn't help remarking, "You used be so shrewd and capable. Has old age dimmed your wits? That you could have come out alive is something incredible in itself. Just stop to reflect for a while how you have survived these thirty years. What can there be on the mainland that you find so endearing?"

True, I have travelled along an arduous and tortuous road in the past thirty years. How have I coped with this part of my life? It is a question I must answer not only for myself but for my relatives and friends overseas and for everyone who has shown an interest in my experiences.

Chapter I

Before the Arrest

It is a long story. I must start in the year 1949.

At that time I was Commissioner of the Defence Ministry of the Kuomintang government stationed in Yunnan Province and concurrently Chief of the Yunnan Agency of the Confidential Information Bureau under the Defence Ministry.* Somewhere between late summer and early autumn of that year the people of Yunnan launched a campaign to drive out all the military and political organs of the Central Government of the KMT stationed there. Chiang Kai-shek and the chief of the MIB, Mao Renfeng, were compelled to agree to move their Yunnan Agency of the Confidential Information Bureau and the Communications Police Corps under the Communications Ministry (military force under control of the Confidential Information Bureau) to Sichuan to await further arrangements. But I was ordered to remain in my capacity as Commissioner of the Defence Ministry to keep in contact with Lu Han, Governor of Yunnan, and strengthen coordination with the 26th and Eighth Corps in Yunnan in order to maintain control in that province. I had the deputy chief of my agency handle the

Before the latter half of 1946 the Confidential Information Bureau was known as the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the Military Council of the Kuomintang, or, for short, MIB (Military Investigation Bureau). It is very often referred to by its former name even today, as in this book. The MIB and the Central Investigation Bureau (Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang) were the two big secret services of the Kuomintang.

transfer to Chongqing of secret agents whose identities had been revealed and kept with me those whose identities had not been revealed. The radio station was also evacuated. Only a small radio was installed on the first floor of my house to maintain communications with Taiwan and Chongqing. By that time all my family had left Kunming, so my home had virtually been converted into the headquarters of the Yunnan Agency of the MIB.

After the September 9 Incident* Mao Renfeng hastened to Kunming and stayed for over a month at my house, plotting with me all day long about keeping our grip on Yunnan. He decided to reestablish the MIB Agency in Yunnan. He also secured from Lu Han the office of head of the Security Department of Yunnan Pacification Commission for me to use as a cover, which would facilitate my coordination with the Yunnan Agency in their MIB activites.

Soon after that Chiang Ching-kuo and Chiang Kai-shek came one after the other to Kunming, giving me orders to maintain a strong foothold in Yunnan and to hold on at all costs. Since it was the only place where direct contact with the outside world was possible, it had become a strategic post for obtaining foreign aid and for launching counteroffensives.

Early in December 1949 the People's Liberation Army advanced on the Southwest with overwhelming force; Chengdu might fall at any moment and the liberation of Yunnan and Guizhou provinces was only a matter of time. I had known through intelligence for quite some time that Lu Han was secretly making preparations to go over to the side of the Communist Party. As I had not received orders from Mao Renfeng to eliminate Lu Han, I merely cabled the information to

^{*}On September 9, 1949, the MIB carried out a massive arrest in Kunming of nearly five hundred revolutionaries and patriotic youths.

Mao, asking for instructions. Perhaps because he was afraid the elimination of Lu Han at such a tense moment would spark violent protests from the people, Mao Renfeng merely instructed me to keep a close watch on Lu Han.

On December 6 I paid a personal visit to Lu Han with the intention of sounding him out. I proposed conducting a mass search and arrest and informed him that I had made preparations to blow up the power plant, the arsenal and other large plants and mines so as to sabotage Kunming before the PLA attacked it. Lu Han shook his head at my proposal, saying, "With the situation as tense as it is, we cannot resort to such tactics. We must avoid causing panic among the people." His words confirmed my suspicion; I was filled with acute anxiety.

On the afternoon of December 9 Xu Yuanju, Chief of the Second Department of the Administration of Military and Political Affairs of the Southwest, Cheng Xichao, Chief of the General Affairs Department of the MIB, and Guo Xu, Chief of the Managerial Department, arrived in Kunming on the same flight from Chengdu. By that time the situation in Chengdu was getting worse, so, for safety's sake, direct flights from Chengdu to Taiwan had been cancelled. To get to Taiwan it was therefore necessary to change flights in Kunming. Xu Yuanju and Cheng Xichao, having finished their jobs of wholesale massacre and destruction in Chongqing, were by then very anxious to get to Taiwan. Guo Xu, who was carrying a whole suitcase filled with gold bars, the funds for the Confidential Information Bureau, was equally anxious to catch the first plane to Taiwan. The moment these men arrived in Kunming, they asked me to make immediate arrangements for a flight to Taiwan.

Soon after their arrival, Zhou Yanghao, Chief of the Security Department of the Chongqing Garrison Headquarters, flew into Kunming by another plane. He called me from the airport, asking me to arrange a flight for him to Taiwan. He was in an even greater state of panic than Xu Yuanju and the other two, not even daring to show his face in my home for fear of a sudden change in the situation in Kunming. I had by that time already received information that Lu Han had given orders that no planes were to be allowed to leave Kunming, though incoming planes would be allowed to land. Fearing to alarm Xu Yuanju and the others, I promised to provide them with a plane to Taiwan the next morning.

Then I ordered dinner for Xu Yuanju and the others and accompanied them to the public baths. I was all the while in a state of extreme anxiety because I knew that Lu Han might carry out his insurrection at any moment. Xu Yuanju noticed my uneasiness, so I had to tell him how things stood. He tried to ease my mind by telling me that Zhang Qun, Chief of Administration of Military and Political Affairs of the Southwest, had already arrived in Kunming, so it did not seem very likely that Lu Han would take immediate action. There was something in what he said, I reflected. Zhang Qun was Lu Han's superior; he had also vouched for Lu Han's loyalty before Chiang Kai-shek, and he and Lu used to be good friends. This KMT veteran, who had been dubbed "master-mind", would surely be able to dissuade Lu Han.

Just as I was booking accommodations for Guo Xu and Cheng Xichao at Queen's Hotel and about to take Xu Yuanju to the home of Lu Han's adjutant, Zhu Jiacai, a messenger brought me a summons from Zhang Qun to attend a meeting at 10 o'clock that evening at Lu Han's house. This filled me with uncertainty. Should I go or not? According to the organization of the MIB, I did not come under his authority, which meant that I was not obliged to go. But as a staff member of the Security Department of the Pacification Commission, I couldn't refuse. Since I could not quiet my doubts, I asked Xu Yuanju, "Does this seal look like the one Zhang Qun usually uses?" He

examined it carefully and said with conviction, "No question about it. It is Zhang Qun's seal." Still I was reluctant to go. Xu Yuanju advised otherwise, saying, "Since Zhang Qun is here, he must have specific plans. I think it would be better if you found out for yourself what he's got in mind." I turned this over in my mind and decided that what he said was quite reasonable, so I agreed to go. Nevertheless, I was still full of misgivings.

To be on the safe side, I made calls to the other department chiefs of the Pacification Commission to check whether they had received a similar summons. None of them had. I then called Lu Han's home, asking to speak to Zhang Qun personally so as to confirm matters with him. The answer I got was, "His excellency is busy at the moment. Be here at the appointed time and talk with him then." I realized that something was definitely wrong. It looked as though I might never return. But as matters stood, I had no choice but to go.

As a precautionary measure, I sent a last cable to Taiwan, informing Mao Renfeng: "SITUATION IRREVOCABLE STOP WILL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE STOP IF I FAIL SEE YOU IN NEXT LIFE." At the same time I worked out an arrangement with Department Chief Su Zihu and Deputy Chief Xu Guangfu of the Police Department of the Guizhou-Yunnan and Yunnan-Vietnam railways whereby if no phone call came from me by 11 p.m., they were to have all the files and name-lists of the personnel destroyed and have all the personnel of the Communications Police Corps and the Criminal Police Corps within the city as well as radios and documents removed to the headquarters of the 26th Corps. Also they were to make public my recent appointment to the office of Commander-in-Chief of the Yunnan Guerrilla Forces of the Defence Ministry and have all the forces placed under the unified command of the Headquarters of the Yunnan Guerrilla Forces.

Before I went, I left my car at Xu Guangfu's disposal; being

new, it could go faster and might prove handier in an emergency. I also left behind the pistols I usually carried on my person, my notebook and other personal things. I reckoned if something was going to happen, my two pistols would not be of much help; they might even endanger my life.

I drove to the meeting in Xu Guangfu's jeep. All the way I kept debating with myself: What if I didn't go to the meeting? But then, what if Zhang Qun really had new plans for us and I didn't learn of them? That would make it impossible for me to fulfil the task entrusted me by Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Renfeng. In such an event, even if I did manage someday to escape to Taiwan, I would not be able to escape court-martial there. And if I went to the meeting? The way matters stood with Lu Han, the situation certainly looked pretty grim for me. Smoking furiously, I grew steadily tenser as I drew near Lu Han's residence.

In order to find out which way the wind was blowing, I deliberately made a detour, driving to Lu Han's new residence instead of driving in through the main gate of his old residence. I drove up to the front door of Lu Han's house and got out of the car. As soon as I mounted the steps I caught sight of Zhang Qun sitting dejectedly all by himself in the large drawing-room. Several people were hanging around the door. When Zhang Qun saw me, he didn't utter a sound but made a helpless gesture with his hands, shrugged his shoulders and stuck out his tongue, signalling that all was lost. When I saw this, my heart sank. I hurriedly picked up the phone in the hall, intending to put a call through, but was immediately surrounded by Lu Han's adjutants. "The line is dead," they informed me, then escorted me to the drawing-room of Lu Han's old residence on Qingyun Street. By then I knew I was under house arrest.

I walked into the drawing-room with forced calm. My gaze fell first on Li Mi, Commander of the Eighth Corps and

concurrently commander of the Sixth Organizing and Training Centre.* Commander of the 26th Corps Yu Chengwan, Division Commander Shi Butian and several others had also followed one another into the room. Speechless, we gazed at each other in dismay, realizing that we were trapped. Seeing no way out, we surrendered ourselves to our fate. At this moment the silence in the drawing-room was almost palpable. There we were—the seven of us—smartly dressed in our military uniforms, our decorations of ribbons and medals on our chests, each seated in an armchair, smoking like mad, deep frowns furrowing our brows.

About two hours later Lu Han's Guards Battalion Commander Long stalked into the drawing-room, followed by fourteen of his guards, each holding a pistol in his hand. Unceremoniously, Long announced, "We're under orders to search you." Upon which two soldiers stood guard over each of us while Long conducted the search himself. Perhaps because he felt that I, as the youngest, would be the most difficult to deal with in that company, he searched me first. He subjected me to a thorough going over and found nothing except ten liang** of gold. Angrily he demanded, "What's happened to the pistols you carry around with you everyday?" "I left them at home," I replied with a smile. I understood perfectly that at the slightest sign of resistance from me, he would shoot me dead on the spot. As the saying goes, "In unfavourable circumstances a really brave man, instead of acting rashly, will bide his time." I simply raised my hands high and resigned myself to the search.

Suddenly a shot rang through the room, which shook me badly. "It looks as though Lu Han intends to finish us off in this luxurious drawing-room," I said to myself. I knew it was useless

^{*}Organizing and Training Centre: an organ for training new recruites.

^{**} Liang is an old unit of weight equal to 31.25 grammes.

to fight back, so I just closed my eyes. Presently I heard Battalion Commander Long's voice raised in anger, berating his soldiers. It was only then that I realized that one of the soldiers had carelessly let his pistol go off. I opened my eyes again and saw that the bullet had made a hole in the floor.

The search over, Long marched his men out of the room. The seven of us fell back into our chairs, seething with fury, some with fists clenched tightly and grinding their teeth; others gave vent to their anger and frustration by pounding the arms of their chairs. I sat with clenched teeth, clutching the arms of my chair as though I would crush the wood into powder. Despite having been completely prepared, I couldn't help feeling, under the actual circumstances, that I had been grossly insulted. I reproached myself for not having properly evaluated the situation.

Somewhere around two in the morning, Lu Han's adjutant called Li Mi and Yu Chengwan out of the room and took them away in a car. I thought this meant that we were going to be dragged out and bumped off separately. I was only 36 years old, I reflected. To be extinquished just like that was something I could not easily resign myself to. But what could I do about it? If I had to die, so be it. At least my death would earn me an immortal reputation for "loyalty to my sovereign and country". Shortly afterwards, Lu Han's adjutant took me and Li Chufan, Acting Commander of the Military Police Headquarters, away in a car. It was not until I saw the car was speeding towards the office building of the provincial government that the tight band of apprehension that had been gripping my heart loosened its hold.

When we got out of the car, we were led up to Lu Han's office on the fourth floor. As I walked in, I saw Li Mi talking with Zhang Qun's secretary-general Zhou Junliang. Zhou informed us that after Zhang arrived in Kunming, Lu Han immediately placed him under house arrest without even seeing him. Zhang Qun's retinue had all been shut up in Lu Han's office on Wuhuashan Hill. After Zhang Qun's seal had been confiscated by one of Lu Han's men, Lu Han promptly issued the summons for the meeting. It was clear to everyone then that we had, one and all, fallen into Lu Han's trap. This caused us all to curse angrily. At this moment the guards came in, asking us to rest. Whereupon I looked around the room and saw that several camp beds had been placed there, each furnished with new bedding, so I proceeded to take off my jacket and threw myself on the bed. Seeing this, Li Mi bore down on me and gave me a vicious kick without giving me a chance to defend myself.

Feigning bewilderment, I asked, "What's biting you?"

"With things as desperate as they are," Li lashed out at me, "instead of trying to work something out together, you have the nerve to lie there and sleep!"

"Even if we're going to have our heads chopped off, it won't be until tomorrow," I said with a smile. "So why not sleep as we're told to?"

I knew that in such a situation nothing whatsoever could be worked out. At the same time I pointed a finger towards the windows, indicating that we were being watched. Li Mi shut up at this, flung himself into an armchair and fumed in silence.

I lay on the bed, pretending to sleep. Actually, how could I sleep? The situation had reached an irrevocable stage. I was still young with a mother, wife and children. Was it to be my fate to perish with the Chiang dynasty? When I thought of how Mao Renfeng and his people had tried to elbow me out of the way after the death of the former chief of the MIB, Dai Li, when I thought of how Mao Renfeng and company, when faced with peril, had thrust me onto the frontline while they themselves had escaped to safety, I was filled with resentment. I thought, if Dai Li were still alive, he would never have left me behind to deal

with this mess. I had euphemistically been entrusted with an important mission, while in fact they had nailed me to this place. If I succeeded in holding Yunnan, they would reap the rewards. If I failed, I would merely be their "sacrificial lamb". As I turned these thoughts over in my mind, I decided that if there were a way out, I would certainly take it. But, on second thought, I felt that by openly taking part in the insurrection, I would make myself unworthy of Dai Li's training and patronage. I also feared that my wife and children and my aged mother would suffer for the consequences of my action and be persecuted by secret agents. Thus I passed the night in a turmoil of confusion, unable to decide what to do.

The following morning, after a sumptuous breakfast, Yang Wenging, Lu Han's Chief of Civil Affairs Department, invited us one by one to the conference room on the third floor. As soon as we stepped into the room, the plainclothesmen of the Guards Battalion closed in on us. Yang Wenqing then produced a circular telegram announcing the insurrection, which had been drafted in advance, and told us to sign our names to it. They had also drafted a "personal order" in my name for me to sign, ordering my subordinates to accept Lu Han's command and not to resist. Upon reading this "personal order", I saw that the wording and tone were not in conformity with those used by the MIB. The secret agents would tell at a glance that it was not authentic. As things had already come to such a pass, it would not help matters to refuse to sign. So if I was to sign, I might as well go the whole hog. In any case, I would inevitably be held responsible for the hash I had made of things if anything went wrong. So I explained to them that this "personal order" would not only not produce the desired effect but create trouble. Therefore, in order to make it effective, it would be necessary for me to write the order myself in the customary MIB style. They readily agreed to my suggestion, but at the same time they

were apprehensive that I might mess things up because of the mental strain I was under. I was not in the least bothered, however. I picked up a brush casually and wrote out in my usual brushstrokes an order stipulating that all the units in Yunnan, open and secret, place themselves under Lu Han's orders. All activities were to stop instantly and all arms and radios were to be handed over at the designated places for registration. The staff were to await new job assignments.

They were delighted with my written order. They even printed as many copies as possible and had them posted everywhere. This "personal order" was printed on the front page of the Yunnan Daily on December 11. After that it was broadcast over the radio three days in succession, to make sure that the secret agents scattered everywhere would get to read it and hear it. I returned to the fourth floor as though I had shaken off a heavy burden. Entering the room, I saw Li Mi leaning against the open window. At the sight of me tears began to roll down his face. Weeping, he said to me, "Now that we've landed ourselves in this horrible mess, how are we going to face our own people? I might as well put an end to my life here and now." So saying, he braced himself to leap out of the window. I dashed to his side and caught hold of him. Gradually, he calmed down, after I had almost exhausted myself trying to soothe him. Still he cursed wrathfully, "Damn it! If there's got to be an insurrection, do they think I can't do it on my own? Do I have to be led by the nose?" I could only shake my head and sigh at this outburst.

However, things were not so simple as Lu Han and his people had anticipated. The third day after the circular telegram announcing the insurrection had been sent out, neither the 26th nor the Eighth Corps obeyed Lu Han's orders as stipulated in the circular. Instead they launched an attack on Lu Han. The 26th Corps attacked Kunming from the southeast and a supplement regiment of the Eighth Corps stationed at Daban

Bridge clashed with Lu Han's Security Regiment. The situation was growing tenser all the time. At this juncture Lu Han announced the appointment of Li Mi and Yu Chengwan as members of the Provisional Military and Political Commission of Yunnan, but this did not ease the tension.

One morning Long Zehui, Commander of the Security Brigade of Yunnan, accompanied Li Mi's wife to visit Li Mi, asking Li Mi to order his subordinates to stop fighting and wait for reorganization. Li Mi wrote a letter in compliance with Lu Han's wishes and handed it to his wife to be taken to Dahan Bridge. In the afternoon of the same day Li Mi's wife returned with a reply, stating that they were ready to obey Li Mi's orders but at the same time demanding the prompt return of Li Mi himself to his troops. Li Mi handed this letter to Yang Wenqing, who then took it to Lu Han. When Yang Wenqing and his men had left the room, Li Mi's wife swiftly looked about to make sure there were no outsiders, then she stood directly facing Li Mi and turned up the front of her long gown. Li Mi bent down to examine the lining and saw written there a few rows of tiny characters. This turned out to be another letter from Li Mi's subordinates, only the content was altogether different from the one just handed over to Yang. The letter informed Li Mi that the entire corps, rank and file, would not only not stop fighting but do everything in their power to attack Kunming and rescue Li Mi

They were as good as their word. The next day the 26th Corps and the Eighth Corps assembled all their forces and launched a ferocious attack on Kunming. Faced with no alternative, Lu Han was forced to release Li Mi and Yu Chengwan. Still the 26th Corps was not satisfied. They demanded the return of Division Commander Shi Butian to his troops. Lu Han was forced to set Shi Butian free. Before they left, they were all full of promises, assuring Lu Han that once they returned to their troops, they

would put a stop to the attacks on Kunming. But after Li Mi and the two others were released, the attacks, instead of stopping, grew steadily fiercer. These two corps were far superior to Lu Han's handful of Security Regiments, both in size and equipment. By this time the situation was becoming more and more critical. It looked as if Kunming might fall at any moment. Lu Han, fearing that we would join up with Li Mi in the attack on Kunming if he released us, continued to keep us under house arrest in the provincial office building on Wuhuashan Hill.

On the morning of December 19 planes sent from Taiwan began to bomb Wuhuashan Hill. Lu Han had already made preparations to break through. In the event that Kunming should fall, he did not want to be encumbered with us, so he had the four of us, Li Chufan, Shen Yanshi (Deputy Commander of the Fifth Military Area Command of the KMT Air Force), Tong Helian (Deputy Commander and Chief-of-Staff of the Military Police in the Southwest) and me removed to the Army Prison on Qianju Street. In view of the continuous bombing of Wuhuashan Hill, we were rather glad to leave the place.

In spite of Li Mi's military strength, his attack was finally crushed by Lu Han, who had behind him the total support of all the people of Yunnan. Furthermore, the People's Liberation Army was rapidly advancing on Kunming. Li Mi had no choice but to flee in panic with his troops to the Burmese border, where he engaged in harassments for a number of years.

In March 1950 the PLA entered Kunming and established military control there. In handing over his office, Lu Han also handed over to the Military Control Commission those of us imprisoned as important criminals. I knew nothing of all this at the time. I was still under the illusion that since most of my subordinates had submitted their arms and radios upon my orders and had not taken part in Li Mi's counterattack, now that the fighting was over my case would soon be dealt with.

Chapter II

In Kunming Prison

Things changed completely with the taking over of the Army Prison by the PLA. Many of the guards and responsible personnel were replaced and prison rules became much stricter. As a result, I enjoyed less freedom. The nature of my detention also changed. My resentment grew.

When Lu Han had me transferred to the Army Prison, I was quite optimistic, believing that the prison would be only a temporary refuge for me. Once the fighting was over, no matter who won, I would be set free. If the Central Army won, I would naturally be delivered and restored to my former offices. If Lu Han's Security Regiments won, I would be released all the same, since I had joined the insurrection. It wasn't such a bad thing, after all, to be able to sit tight in this "safe" while the war raged around me and merely watch from the sidelines.

In fact I had often had dealings with the Army Prison in the past; almost everyone there, from the warden down to the turnkey, knew me. I had served on juries there and had been treated by the warden, the director of General Affairs and the rest as an honoured guest. Now that I was shut up there, they were bound by duty to keep me, but otherwise I was allowed the greatest freedom. In their eyes I was still Commissioner of the Defence Ministry in Yunnan Province and Chief of the KMT's MIB Agency in Yunnan, whom everyone held in awe. They had all read the message for insurrection and my personal order

carried in the Yunnan Daily. They too viewed my detention as something transient and believed that once I was out, I would be as powerful as before. So they deemed it wise to show me some consideration during my detention; they might need my help later on and I would naturally repay them. Thus, from the warden to the jailers, all were attentive to my needs and gave me help in every way.

Within the prison walls I could move about freely. I could ask the guards to buy things, carry messages or make inquiries for me, and on my mother's or my wife's birthday I needed only to say, "Send a cable to Hongkong for me," and the section chief of General Affairs would attend to it immediately. Thus I found life there quite easy and comfortable.

In the same prison were many of my old subordinates and KMT military and government officials. They showed me the same respect and consideration as before my change of fortune. At meals I often found written messages from them, hidden in my steamed bread, full of sympathy and concern for my wellbeing. And whenever there was nothing to do in the day, they would invite me to play mahjong with them, even though I did not know how, since I had never played it before. Their purpose was to provide me with some sort of diversion and they would purposely let me win. I could not help joking with them sometimes, "This is really like scraping fat from the legs of a chicken."

To tell the truth, I was not short of money. Several big capitalists of Kunming, such as Sun Zishun, owner of Southwest Jewellers, often sent me money or other gifts because I had done them many good services before Liberation. Once when Sun Zishun was forbidden to have things brought in to me, he flared up and made a big scene. Striking his chest, he shouted, "Shen Zui is my friend. Nothing is going to stop me from bringing him things." As many of the guards were former

KMT men, they let Sun have his way. Such support and sympathy never failed to move and comfort me in those days.

The only thing that made me unhappy was being locked up with Xu Yuanju, Cheng Xichao and Zhou Yanghao. They constantly abused me for "selling out friends to seek glory". particularly Xu, who had always had a horrible temper. He would glance at me whenever we met and sneer, "So you have sold us out, eh? How is it, then, that you're also locked up? Didn't they reward you with some office or other?" I felt deeply wounded by these words. I had never wanted to "sell out friends to seek glory", but since they were participants and supervisors of the Chongqing massacre and sabotage, how could I let them go when I joined the insurrection? However, it was not without a fierce mental struggle that I gave their names away. I had to consider both my own interests and their fate if I did not hand them over. By that time Lu Han already had complete control over the airport and the city; to escape by plane would have been out of the question. Had they attempted to escape by car, they would in all likelihood have been caught by the people or the Security Regiment because of their unfamiliarity with the topography of Kunming; in which case Xu Yuanju's foul temper might have caused their instant death. My going over opened the possibility that they might be saved even if they were jailed for the time being. Of course they would have to wait until my own case was taken care of and would have to put up with life in prison as best they could.

Apparently after I reported the whereabouts of Xu Yuanju and others, Lu Han's men immediately took action. Xu Yuanju was then in Zhu Jiacai's house, but Zhu never appeared. Sensing that something was wrong, Xu quickly drove away in Zhu's car, which had a special license. He got only as far as the end of the lane, where he was intercepted and arrested by Lu Han's men. At the airport Zhou Yanghao was also becoming aware that

things were looking ominous. He hurriedly changed into civilian clothes, hoping to get away in disguise, but was caught by the Security Regiment. Guo Xu, who was staying at the Queen's Hotel, had never been to Kunming before; besides, with that load of gold bars he was completely lost without me. Seeing men of the Security Regiment searching room after room in the hotel, he realized there was no escape. He therefore revealed his identity, handed over the several hundred *liang* of gold and offered to give himself up.

I could understand the indignation of Xu Yuanju and the others. Nevertheless, I felt I had been wronged. Frankly, I had always considered myself loyal to my friends. Take the case of my best friend, Ding Zhongjiang, Director of Commoners' Daily, who had all along helped the MIB and had written a number of articles praising us. Having read the message for insurrection with my signature on it and my personal order in the papers, Ding believed that I would not be detained, so he was not prepared to leave Kunming. On hearing this, I felt very worried. He was only a man of letters and had not been directly involved in the slaughter of the Communists. His escape would in no way affect my taking part in the insurrection. Why should he stay and be made to share my plight? Therefore, when there was only one guard about, I seized the opportunity and approached him with a request: "Can you take a message out for me and fetch me some money?"

"I can help with the money but not the message," he answered.

"All right then," I said, "no message, just a note to fetch two hundred yuan — one hundred for you and one hundred for me." The saying "With a rich reward in sight, there will never be a lack of brave fellows" certainly proved true in the case of the guard, who readily agreed. Immediately I wrote a note to Ding Zhongjiang: "Please give the bearer of this note 200 yuan,

quick!" The Chinese character for "quick" is composed of two parts, one of which means "to go away". I deliberately made this part stand out, stretching and lengthening the last stroke, while minimizing the other part. Ding was a clever man; I was quite sure he would perceive from the peculiarity of that one word that I was telling him to leave at once. Sure enough, I learnt on the following day that he had left. Ding was familiar with the place; besides, he had a press identity card, which would help, so I had no doubt that he would escape. As for Xu Yuanju and company, I dared not let them go because they had killed too many people and were bitterly hated by the people. However, I was constantly tormented by this. I felt that I had failed them as a friend. To conciliate them, I often shared with them the clothes or money sent me by other people, hoping to gain their understanding and forgiveness. But it was useless; they continued to sneer at me whenever we met.

I was greatly distressed by this, yet I could not talk about it to other people. The only cellmate I could speak my mind to was Lu Keng, Deputy Editor-in-Chief of the KMT's Central Daily. We had always been good friends. He had fled to Taiwan just before Liberation. When Chiang Kai-shek learnt that Lu Han meant to stage an insurrection, he asked Yan Xishan (the warlord of Shanxi Province), a good friend of Lu Han's, to write and dissuade him. Then he sent Lu Keng to Kunming with Yan Xishan's personal letter to act as mediator. On his arrival in Kunming, Lu Keng was not only denied access to Lu Han but thrown into prison. Lu, however, being a civil servant, did not feel he had committed any serious crimes. He was therefore rather optimistic about the outcome of his case. I was at the time very incautious and imprudent and often grumbled. Lu would then remind me, "With the situation the way it is, you should be more careful about what you say. Remember the saying: 'He who is wise is adept at self-preservation." Thus we confided in each other and shielded each other and became fast friends.

I was not released after the Military Control Commission took over the prison, so I began to indulge in wild thoughts. I regretted joining the insurrection, which had not only been of no help to myself but also got my subordinates and friends in trouble. This made me cherish the memory of Dai Li all the more. I even deluded myself that if Dai Li had not died, the KMT would not have sustained such a crushing defeat and I would not have come to such a pass.

I joined the MIB at the age of 18 and Dai Li had always been very good to me. He helped to advance my career and promoted me to responsible posts, hoping that I would be like him — loyal to Chiang Kai-shek and his clique. But I had failed him. I had not died for the Chiang regime. Instead, I had handed over my subordinates, our radios and weapons and joined the insurrection, bringing shame and ruin upon myself. The longer I dwelt on all this, the more guilt-stricken I became and consequently the stronger my resentment against the Communists grew.

One day in prison I met Zheng Shixun, a secret agent who had just been sent from Taiwan to Kunming. He told me that Mao Renfeng now nursed a deep grudge against me for failing to prevent Lu Han from rebelling and for not dying for the KMT after the insurrection but going over and joining the rebels instead. He also told me that Mao Renfeng had boasted to Chiang Kai-shek that all high-ranking MIB officers were loyal to the Generalissimo and would on no account revolt. He had never expected that after the fall of over twenty provinces and municipalities to the Communists, on this last base on the mainland a local chief of the MIB with the rank of general would take part in the insurrection and that of all people this person would be I, a veteran whose rise had received Dai Li's personal sanction. Mao Renfeng was very bitter about my having made

him lose face.

When Chiang Kai-shek sent Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the KMT Army Tang Yao from Taiwan to Kunming to assume command of the KMT troops in the attack on Kunming, Mao Renfeng had particularly entrusted Tang with the job of having me taken by special plane to Taiwan immediately after Kunming was captured. Should Tang fail to take the city, Mao would send secret agents to Kunming to have me assassinated.

I was filled with horror and anxiety on hearing this. What worried me most was the safety of my aged mother, my wife and children, who were in Hongkong, for I knew that the MIB was capable of anything. I wanted very much to get in contact with Taiwan in the hope of obtaining their understanding.

Such thoughts prompted me to adopt a hostile attitude towards the Communists and I obstinately resisted ideological reform.

Strict as the prison rules were, I seemed to enjoy certain privileges. I had a room to myself; my food was better than that of the other prisoners. They also let me join the prison's technical study group. My job was to supervise several former radio operators in monitoring radio stations in the Southwest to find out if there were any hidden ones. I did nothing to help; instead I turned to the Voice of America whenever the guard was not present. One day I was overjoyed to hear over VOA that the U.S. Army had landed in Inchon in Korea and were pushing their way towards the Yalu River. I could not restrain myself. I simply had to share the good news with the other prisoners, hinting that the tide was turning and deliverance was at hand. I had known quite a number of Americans in the Sino-American Co-operation Organization (SACO)* and had an admiration that bordered on worship for America. I had always

^{*}A KMT concentration camp in Chongqing.

believed that the Americans would win and of course wished them to win. I also believed that the Communists would inevitably collapse once the U.S. dispatched troops. Then Chiang Kai-shek would stage a comeback.

My joy was nevertheless marred by a nagging anxiety. If the Americans fought their way to Yunnan, would the Communists take the same line of action as the KMT? Would they carry out a mass slaughter, finishing us off before they fled? Or if the Communists spared me, what would happen if the KMT came back? Would Mao Renfeng ever forgive me? Torn by such conflicting reflections, I shuddered to think of what the future held in store for me.

As a precaution against the return of the KMT and my being unable to defend myself, I distributed the things given me by the big capitalists to my subordinates every month and vowed to myself to resist the Communists to the end.

During that time Director Liu of the Public Security Bureau of the Kunming Military Control Commission often talked with me, trying to enlighten me. I pretended to listen to him, but inwardly I said to myself, "So long as you don't release me, all your fine words are just lip service, I'm not going to be cheated anymore." Once Director Liu asked me to give a talk to several thousand prisoners on the crimes of the MIB. I talked only about those that everyone knew, and when I was repeatedly asked about the crimes of Dai Li, I glossed over them by saying, "Dai Li was the founder of the MIB and he is already dead. There's no need to talk about him anymore." In fact, I was extremely unwilling to say anything that would discredit Dai Li.

Another time Director Liu asked me to give a talk at a meeting of the public security officers of Yunnan on the activities of the KMT secret agents and their techniques. Reluctant as I was, I could hardly refuse, so I merely fed them some trivial. I concluded my talk, not without a touch of irony,

"You stress reliance on the people. The people have sharp eyes; the MIB agents could never even hope to compete with you."

One night Director Liu summoned me to his office, which was a little distance from the prison. I was escorted only by a young messenger. When we came to the street, the power suddenly failed. The idea of escape flashed through my mind. "What a good chance! I know Kunming inside out. The city has just been liberated; the people are not yet alert politically. I need only knock the young messenger down and make my escape. I have many friends in Kunming; besides, I have five liang of gold on me. Provided I find a place to hide for a few days, I can manage to escape through the bypaths and cross the border. Then I can make for Hongkong or Taiwan." No sooner had these wild thoughts raced through my mind than they were replaced by more sober ones. "What if I failed to obtain the pardon of the MIB after I got to Hongkong or Taiwan? What if they suspected me of being a turncoat working for the Communists? Wouldn't I be asking for trouble?" At the same time I reasoned: What was the point of taking such a risk? I had already joined the insurrection; I would only make things worse if I got caught. Thanks to this flash of reason I did not attempt to escape and was saved from a mistake that would have cost me lifelong regret. But this did not diminish my antagonism towards the Communists. When I saw my fellow prisoners trying earnestly to reform themselves, I sighed and wrote the following lines:

I looked in the mirror, speechless with distress, Not caring to parrot my neighbours' new dress, Of past favours I feared recalling, Before I could speak, my voice failing.

Thus through poetry, I expressed my yearning for the Chiang regime and my unwillingness to remould myself or to expose the

crimes of the KMT like the others.

When I saw some prisoners handing over to the government money or valuables they had appropriated for themselves, I interpreted their gesture as trying to curry favour with the Communists. I satirized them in the form of classic court verse.

Three thousand beauties locked in the palace, All with the same winning grace, Each wants to attract His Majesty's favour, So she offers a hairpin to please the painter.

Here I compared the prison to the Imperial Court of old, the Communists to the Emperor and the prisoners to the imperial maids-in-waiting. It was my belief that even if these verses were read by other people, they would be taken at face value as a story set in the Han Dynasty when imperial maids tried to bribe painters to paint pictures of them so as to win the favour of Emperor Yuan.

Once I learned about the execution of a prisoner who had just been brought from Nanjing. I was so saddened by this that I lay awake all night. I got up and wrote:

A poor soul stood proud and lone, Coming from Suzhou, all the more dear. A night's gale and all flowers gone, Behind the curtains I lament in tears.

To me those who were executed were the true heroes. They were as beautiful as flowers, and the Communists were like the relentless cold wind that destroyed them.

Not content with merely writing poems, I often spread reactionary propaganda under the guise of fortune-telling, intimating to the others that "the disaster is only temporary. Just hold out a little longer and your fortune will change." In this way I tried to dissuade them from supporting the

government and the Communists.

Soon the Movement to Suppress Counter-revolutionaries began. There were no more newspapers in the prison and we knew nothing about what was happening outside. However, we got to hear quite a bit of what was going on. Some of the guards who had not been replaced often supplied us with news: "Someone has been shot today," or "The paper says another batch of counter-revolutionaries has been executed." Such news unsettled me. Sometimes I would secretly ask the guards, "Have you any idea what the Communists want to do with us?" Some would answer, "I've no idea." Others would say irrelevantly, "It would really be a disgrace for people like you to be shot." Still others would baffle me by saying, "If you need razor blades or pieces of rope, we can help you." I would try to figure out, over and over again, what these words implied. Were they really concerned about my being disgraced by a public execution or would my suicide somehow benefit them?

Once two former KMT guards escorted me and a businessman suspected of being a secret agent to the prison office outside the jail to have our photos taken. As we were walking down the long passage, I asked the guards, "What do they want our photos for?"

After exchanging glances, they said, "Usually when someone has his photo taken, he's shot the next day."

"Well, that's not bad. At least I will have a picture of myself to leave behind me after I die. It's certainly a great comfort," I remarked with feigned composure.

But the other prisoner, overhearing this conversation, turned deathly pale. "Why...why should they shoot me?" he stammered.

The guards ignored him and continued to engage me in talk. "This campaign to suppress counter-revolutionaries is terrible. For heaven's sake, don't let it be known that we helped you

carry messages or buy things. If you do, we're done for."

Hearing their words and seeing their frightened faces, I suddely understood. So that was what their repeated hints about suicide were all about. They wished for my suicide. Once I killed myself, they would be safe from any exposure. I felt rather unhappy about this and decided to play a joke on them.

"That won't do," I said in dead earnest. "Didn't you say that we must be honest with the Party? I'm going to learn from you and make a clean breast of everything to the government."

They were terrified and entreated me in a low voice, "Can't you just forget about it all?"

"How can I? I've got everything written down in my diary," I went on, teasing them.

By this time the two guards and the other prisoner had turned so pale with fright, they could hardly walk. One guard suggested we take a rest while he went to the toilet. After we had our photos taken and I returned to my cell, I found some of my diaries gone. I was fairly sure they were stolen by the guard who had used going to the toilet as a pretext. Actually I had never recorded those things in my diary, nor had I ever intended to expose them. I was only making fun of them. As for my missing diaries, I did not bother to make further inquiries. They were no longer of any consequence to me now that I was going to be shot the next day.

That night I pondered my impending death. On no account would I commit suicide. I would much rather be shot in public. For one thing, once the news of my execution got into the papers, the Taiwan authorities would surely pardon me. For another thing, my death would prove my "integrity as a soldier" as well as my loyalty to the KMT. It would at the same time make good counter-propaganda, serving as a warning to all other secret agents of the relentlessness of the Communists. In such an event, my mother, my wife and my children would be

spared persecution by the MIB.

In spite of all this logic, I still couldn't sleep that night. Wave upon wave of sadness swept over me when I thought of the helpless state my family would be reduced to. Unable to sleep, I got up and paced to and fro in my cell. At last overwhelmed by anguish, I picked up a brush and wrote the following lines as a last message of love to my mother, my wife and my children:

Throughout the night I listen to the watchman's cry;
Only this day I realize how hard it is to die.
Ominous news keeps pouring in, rending my heart;
Though I struggle to pay no heed, I shiver with fright.
All my poems and writings will be burnt this night;
Dawn will find my last words in blood not yet dry.
In tears by the window I bow to Mother in farewell;
Anxiety for my old and young I cannot quell.

Yearning for loved ones, I find my well of tears is dry. I curse the blind heavens: "Hast thou no eyes?"
All hope gone, what matters death?
Stricken with grief and anger, I long to shout and cry
For my wife, so young and fair, of mate deprived,
For my bleached bones abandoned in the wilds.
Ties broken, friendships cooled when I am gone;
To succour my eight bereft ones there will be none.

My spirit wanders the earth each night;
For the bleakness of fortune I sigh.
If there he life after death, for you I'll pray;
Not one moment do my living thoughts not homeward stray.
As in a dream I cannot tell day from night;
Equally dim are dawn and dusk to my blurred eyes.
Startled by the song of the cuckoo, I arise;
The cold moon has again in the west retired.

How thoughts come crowding into the mind of one who is hourly expecting death! Within two or three days I had written ten such classical poems. It was only afterwards that I learnt they wanted our photos for the prison file and not because they were going to execute us. The whole thing had been a false alarm.

Though I was not executed, my animosity towards the Communists did not lessen in the least. I was sure there was no question of my being executed; it was only a matter of time.

One day Director Liu summoned me to his office. He said, "Now the Movement to Suppress Counter-revolutionaries is in full swing. Many people whom you had imprisoned in the past and the families of those whom you had killd come to the Public Security Bureau every day, asking to have you suppressed; particularly the families of some of your former students keep coming to us. For this reason we want to have you transferred to Chongqing." I did not know whether to believe him or not, but I did know those former students he had referred to.

It was like this. Some of the students in the Staff Officers' Training Class sponsored by the MIB were assigned upon graduation to the Yunnan Army (Lu Han's army) as intelligence officers. Later the Yunnan Army was defeated in the Northeast and these students were captured by the Communists. After some ideological persuasion and education they were released and allowed to return to Yunnan. Upon their return I received reports from certain quarters saying, "They have gone over to the Communists." Other reports said, "These people have been won over by Lu Han. They have been sent back to keep tabs on you." I was furious when I heard this. Without making any investigation I had my men lure them to the outskirts of Kunming and shoot them. Perhaps their families had come now to seek redress. However, I could hardly believe the reason for my transfer to Chongqing was out of concern for me. Rather, they were going to have me executed in Chongqing, I thought.

So, before leaving, I rolled all the poems I had written in prison around the handle of a Chinese brush and tied them with two white cotton threads. I entrusted the poems to a close friend, so that they would not be confiscated when I left Kunming.

One morning at the end of December 1950 I had just got up when a guard told me to go and get fitted into my shackles. I knew the time had come for me to be removed.

They covered my head with a padded hood, leaving only two holes for my eyes. On the way I met a few old acquaintances. I wanted to tell them I was being removed, but it was impossible to talk to them in the presence of the guards. After boarding the plane, I saw a businessman I had once known sitting diagonally across from me. I purposely leaned my head on the back of my seat, letting my hood slip sideways so that half my face was exposed. On recognizing me, the businessman was flabbergasted. That was enough. All I wanted was that people should know I had left Kunming. As for the rest, my strange outfit would tell the story.

I can still remember the plane's name, Shanghai. As the plane took off, memories of the past sent stabs of pain through my heart. At this same place I had seen my family off a year before. Day and night they had been longing for me to fly to their side, but now I was leaving for Chongqing instead. When would I see my dear ones again? What lay in store for me in Chongqing? No one could tell.

Chapter III

Twists and Turns in Chongqing

The beautiful mountain city of Chongqing came into view as the plane slowly made its descent. My thoughts flew back to my days in Chongqing before Liberation.

In Chongqing I had forged a successful official career with three rapid promotions. I was transferred from the Inspection Department of Changde, a town in Hunan Province, to Chongqing in 1939 to take up the post of leader of the Detective Brigade. My predecessor was a man of seniority called Pu Gang, a graduate of the fourth class of Huangpu Military Academy. He was also the chief of a secret society. A queer fish he was, never to be found in his office during office hours. Instead he always had three tables reserved in a nearby teahouse, where his staff would go to report to him, and they would discuss their work over their tea.

When the time came for him to hand over his job, he took me to the teahouse. After looking around, I said with a wave of my hand, "This place won't do. Let's go back to the office." So he had to take me back to his office. As soon as he opened the door, I frowned in disapproval at the terrible disorder. From the dust that lay as thick as a copper coin on his desk it was evident that no one had set foot there for quite some time. He smiled apologetically. "I am no good at this kind of thing. Things will be better with you here." He had to send for his men to get the room cleaned before we could begin our business of handing

and taking over.

After taking office, I adopted the practice of the Shanghai Detective Agency and had different sections and groups instituted: the fingerprint section, the police-dog section, the operation group, the intelligence group, etc. With order reestablished, work proceeded smoothly and there was a marked progress in the cracking of criminal cases.

Not long after this, two down quilts were stolen from the house of Tang Yi, the Chief of Police of Chongqing. He ordered the Detective Brigade to have them recovered within three days. It took me only two days to do the job. As usual, I sent a notice to the owner to come and claim his stolen property. This unexpectedly infuriated Tang Yi, who sent his adopted son to rebuke me for not sending the quilts back myself. Since I had the backing of Dai Li, Tang Yi was of no consequence in my eyes and I answered curtly, "I've recovered the quilts, and I've notified the owner to come for them. What's wrong with that?" "Don't you know who the owner is?" he roared at me. I was not to be intimidated. "I don't care who he is. There are too many big shots in Chongqing; am I expected to attend to each and every one of them?" Whereupon the visitor flew into a rage. Taking out a card, he banged it on the desk, saying, "Open your eyes and take a good look! See who this is!" Casually I brushed the card to the floor and said indifferently, "Who cares." By then Tang Yi's adopted son had worked himself into an uncontrollable rage and he struck at me with his fist, but before he could hit me, I threw him out the door. As he crawled to his feet, he muttered between clenched teeth, "You just wait and see."

After his departure I knew I was in trouble, since the Detective Brigade was directly under the supervision of Tang Yi. I lost no time in reporting the matter to Dai Li. Dai Li advised me, "Resign immediately. I'll assign you to some other

post." As expected, when the time came for me to hand over my job, Tang Yi deliberately sent his adopted son to check over the accounts, hoping to catch me out. To his disappointment, he found no flaws; the accounts I had kept during my four months in office were straight. When I reported this to Dai Li, he was so pleased that he gave me a vigorous slap on the shoulder and said, "Good, you've been a credit to me!" Soon after, Dai Li appointed me Chief Inspector of the Investigation Department of Chongqing Garrison Headquarters, in which capacity I often sat with Tang Yi at meetings.

Scarcely three months later I was promoted Deputy Director of the Investigation Department as well as Chief Inspector. I was once Acting Director of the department as well. A year later I was promoted to the rank of Major General, serving as Director of the General Affairs Department of the MIB. Every time I travelled on business I would be met or seen off by our secret agents or staff on duty at the airport.

But now I was getting off the plane as an escorted criminal, handcuffed and shackled. Looking back over the past, I could find no words to describe the bitter feelings that consumed me.

From the airport I was sent straight to Bai House, a very quiet place elegantly laid out with pavilions, terraces and flower beds. If it had not been converted into a prison, it would surely have been an ideal scenic spot. Before Liberation it was a prison for political prisoners. Many Communist underground workers had been confined there. I had been there several times for inspections. Who would have thought that the place where I used to shut people up would turn into my own prison? I could not help reflecting on the unpredictability of social changes and their ironies.

"Oh, so you've come too!" I was greeted by Xu Yuanju, Zhou Yanghao and others as I was led into the building. They were so pleasantly surprised that they bombarded me with questions. They had been transferred to Chongqing several months befor when the Movement to Suppress Counter-revolutionaries was at high tide. I was sure that they had been taken to Chongqing for public trial and suppression since they had been mainly responsible for the Chongqing massacre. I had not expected to find them still alive; therefore I was extremely happy to see them.

Seeing me carrying a box of cakes, Xu Yuanju was delighted and snatched it away. "Not bad, eh! Today is my birthday, and you've brought me cakes." So saying, he untied the box and began to help himself. I stopped him. "No, no! One piece each."

As they are the cakes they asked me, "Where did you get them?" "A present from the passengers," I answered proudly.

The story went like this: When the plane took off from Kunming, it was already ten o'clock. In those days it took several hours to fly from Kunming to Chongqing, so when lunchtime came, the steward gave each passenger a box of cakes. By then the plane had come to the borders of Yunnan, Guizhou and Sichuan, where the air was thin and the plane jolted so violently that many passengers got airsick and could not eat. Accustomed to air travel, I did not mind the jolting and ate with relish. In no time I had finished my share. The two escorts, seeing how good my appetite was, said to the steward, "He hasn't had enough. Please give him another box." "I'm sorry, sir," answered the steward politely, "we have no extra portions, only one box for each passenger." The passengers sitting opposite me had already been very curious about me — a man in woolen army uniform but handcuffed and fettered and with a queer padded cover over the head. Now seeing what an appetite I had, they offered their share to me and said, "We can't eat; you're welcome to our share." Several other passengers followed suit. I readily accepted their offers and helped myself to a few more pieces. When I could not eat any more, my escorts told me, "Take the cakes with you; you can eat them afterwards." So I put all the cakes into one box and took it along with me. I had not expected it to turn out to be a "first-meeting gift".

The room I was assigned to was the very room where General Ye Ting of the Communist-led New Fourth Army had once been confined. My roommates, besides Xu Yuanju and Zhou Yanghao, were Wang Lingji, Governor of Sichuan Province; Lieutenant General Song Xilian, Director of the Pacification Commission of Sichuan, Hunan and Hubei; Zhong Bin, Commander of the 14th Army; Liu Jin, Garrison Commander of Baoji; Guo Zhongrong, Commander of the Pacification Brigade of the Defence Ministry, and a former subordinate of mine; it was said the last was there to take care of our daily needs.

Wang Lingji liked to joke. When I first joined them, he told me, "This place is called Pavilion of Four Longings." "Why?" I asked. Shaking his head like an old scholar, he said, "Longing for the morrow at night, longing for lunch in the morning, longing for supper at noon, longing for bedtime in the evening," which drew peals of laughter from everyone.

The next morning I was just getting up when the warden sent for me to have my handcuffs and shackles removed. My shackles were sawed off in the warden's office, but the key to my handcuffs could not be found. My escorts were at their wits' end and sweated profusely when the warden reproached them, "How could you possibly have lost the key?" Seeing the fix they were in, I said, smiling, "Do you really want to remove my handcuffs?" "Of course. We had you handcuffed and shackled only to prevent you from escaping on the way." "All right, then, I'll remove them myself." So saying, I broke a tiny blade of bamboo from the bamboo bed, inserted it gently into the keyhole and the handcuffs were unlocked. The warden and the escorts were astounded. "Good heavens!" they exclaimed.

"You can do that! What if you had unlocked them and escaped on the way!" I smiled and said to myself, "If I had wanted to escape, I could have done so long ago."

Rid of my handcuffs and shackles, I felt quite comfortable. On returning to my room, I found that the life of my roommates was not so dull as Wang Lingji had described it — merely sitting about waiting for the next meal. Everyone had some way to amuse himself. Song Xilian and Zhong Bin were playing chess, Guo Zhongrong was reading the newspaper, while the others sat in a circle spinning yarns.

Song Xilian and Zhong Bin had been engaged in a hotly contested game. Zhong Bin was dejected, having lost four games in succession, and did not want to play anymore. But Song Xilian, exultant with success, insisted on another game and would not let Zhong Bin go. The sight of the two of them, one pulling and the other pulling away, made us all laugh. Wang Lingji then said to Song Xilian, "You could concede to him the title of Army Commander, why can't you concede to him a game of chess?" "That's a different matter," Song said gravely.

Song Xilian and Zhong Bin had been schoolmates in the first class at the Huangpu Military Academy. They were good friends too. When Lieutenant General Song Xilian was Director of the Pacification Commission of Sichuan, Hunan and Hubei and concurrently Commander of the 14th Army, Zhong Bin was Commander of the 26th Corps. Later Zhong was transferred to Guangzhou as Commander of the Fourth Organizing and Training Centre. It was then that Song Xilian recommended him to Chiang Kai-shek to take his place as Commander of the 14th Army. But now in a game of chess Song was not giving an inch to Zhong. That was why we all found it so funny.

During my early days there it seemed to me that most of my roommates were rather light-hearted. When they had nothing to do, they would sit around and recall their respective heroic feats in the past. Only Guo Zhongrong was often depressed. I did not know why.

Later I learnt that during the anti-Japanese war Guo Zhongrong had been sent to the Communist-led Eighth Route Army as liaison staff officer of the Ministry of Military Command of the KMT Military Council. He stayed in Yan'an several years and often had dealings with high-ranking leaders of the Communist Party, who treated him hospitably and tried to exert some influence on him politically. In spite of it all this fellow did not change a bit. On the eve of Liberation he became the head of the Pacification Forces of the Defence Ministry, remaining obstinately hostile towards the Communists. After his capture he always kept to himself and was despondent. He worried about his wife and children, fearing that they might not be able to support themselves and that his two grownup daughters might become degenerate. In reality, they had both been given jobs after Liberation, but he would not believe it when the news reached him. Only when they came to visit him and told him about it in person were his doubts removed.

In the past I had always held that the Communists advocated only class hatred and class struggle and cared nothing about personal friendship. After going to Chongqing, I came to realize that it was not so.

Once a Communist officer, Senior General Chen Geng, came to Chongqing. He came to the detention camp expressly to visit his former classmates, the first-class graduates of the Huangpu Military Academy: Song Xilian, Zhong Bin, Liu Jin and Zeng Kuoqing. He invited them and the Minister of the Public Security of the Southwest to dinner. At table Chen Geng talked cheerfully and humorously; the atmosphere was very friendly. At the end Chen Geng, pointing to the Public Security official, said to Song Xilian and the others, "If you have any problems, go to him and he will help you." Afterwards whenever they

recalled this meeting with Chen Geng, they were deeply moved.

Most of the high-ranking Communist cadres who came to the detention camp were Guo Zhongrong's visitors, for during Guo's stay in Yan'an he had got to know many of them. These people would come to see Guo whenever they were in Chongqing and would talk with him and give him encouragement. Guo would always respond by shaking his head and sighing, "I am the defeated and you are the victor; what more is there to say?" Then the visitor would patiently reason with him, "It is not a matter of victory or defeat between you and me as individuals. It is the victory of the revolution and the defeat of the reactionary classes. If you do well in your study and remould yourself and put your trust in the government, there will also be a future for you." But Guo seemed to think otherwise.

At first I did not like to read the Xinhua Daily. I had always believed that rulers in power never lacked sycophants, so I was dubious about what was reported in the newspaper. Once I chanced to read a story about a magistrate of Guizhou Province who had abandoned his wife. He first lived with a young clerk from the Tax Bureau, then married her. He even sent people to prevent his former wife from coming to town. Finally he was dismissed from office and convicted. This amazed me. I had always believed there was some truth in the KMT propaganda that Communists advocated "the sharing of property and wives". I had never expected them to deal with such matters so gravely.

Inside the KMT no one ever bothered about such things. Even if someone prosecuted, the officials would shield each other and the case would be wound up with no definite decisions since they did not want to wash their dirty linen in public. With the Communists it was different. Not only did they punish the offenders with severity but also dared to make the cases public. I

could not but admire their way of dealing with such matters. And what surprised me more was that the report ended by stressing that such misconduct would not be tolerated by the Party discipline and the law of the state. This produced a great impact on me and from then on I began to take an interest in Xinhua Daily.

Another time I read in the newspaper that the Chengdu-Chongqing Railway was open to traffic. I could hardly believe it. Before Liberation Chiang Kai-shek had time and again boasted that the KMT government would build the Chengdu-Chongqing Railway within the shortest possible time to repay the sacrifices and contributions made by the people of Sichuan Province during the anti-Japanese war. But nothing came of his years of bragging. Now only three years had passed since Liberation. I did not believe the Communists could complete such a big project in such a short time, but, as rulers, of course they needed to put up some sort of front. One incident, however, soon proved how wrong I was.

I was sitting idly in the cell when Huang Yigong, former chief of the Business Department of the MIB, who was standing by the door and looking out, suddenly cried out in a mysteriously muffled voice, "Come and look, quick! It's the former leader of the Jialing Brigade, who was in charge of us." Going over to the door, I looked out and saw the former brigade leader heavily shackled, dragging himself down the passage towards the cell for ordinary criminals.

It happened that when Huang Yigong was captured, he was sent to the Jialing Brigade, a detention camp for KMT military and administrative personnel at intermediate and lower levels. Only later was he transferred to our camp. He had told us that camp rules at Jialing Brigade were at first very lax; they could move about quite freely. After several prisoners escaped, however, camp rules became stricter. When he was there, he

heard that a brigade leader had committed an offence. It seemed he had abused his authority by embezzling and extorting money and valuables from the prisoners. For this he was convicted. I could not believe the story, thinking it was made up merely to fool us prisoners. I thought the Communists would never deal with such a small offence so severely, what they would do at most would be to have that cadre transferred to another post. But now I had seen with my own eyes that the story indeed was true.

Soon after that we were moved from Bai House to a newly built detention camp near Songlinpo. Here conditions were very good. After settling down, we were organized into groups for collective study. Li Youlong, Chief of the Shaanxi Provincial Office of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the Central Executive Committee of the KMT, was in charge of our group. "The History of Social Development" and "On the People's Democratic Dictatorship" were the main articles we were assigned to study and we were required to relate our thoughts to what we had learnt. When I came across a passage in "On the People's Democratic Dictatorship" that read, "'Deal with a man as he deals with you.' This is just what we do; we deal with the imperialists and their running dogs, the Chiang Kaishek reactionaries, as they deal with us. That is all there is to it!" my heart sank. I said to myself, "Dear me! If this is the case, we're certainly in for it. In the past, whenever we caught a Communist, we would inflict on him every kind of torture, such as placing him on the rack, pouring pepper fluid down his nostrils and subjecting him to personal and physical humiliation. Before he fled, Mao Renfeng made all the preparations for the Chongqing massacre, in which several hundred people were killed in cold blood. It doesn't seem likely that the Communists are going to let us off, particularly those of us who were secret agents. Evidently, their purpose in

organizing us into study groups is first to make us see our crimes and then to execute us so that we die acknowledging that this is just retribution. At the same time, even though they are going to kill us, we are expected to praise the justness of the Communist Party with our dying breath." The more I followed this line of thought, the less I could keep my mind on my study. I felt that a quick end would be far better than a long-drawn-out agony. If the Communists were going to apply the KMT's methods to us, death would be preferable. Hence I sank deeper and deeper into gloom and despair.

Later a batch of young men, graduates fresh from the Public Security School, came to work in the detention camp. They asked us to make a clean breast of our crimes on the basis of our study and would often summon us for questioning. The questioning took place at Songlinpo, the former villa of Dai Li. The place, where I once used to be an "honoured guest", churned up in me a multitude of emotions. I now entered as a prisoner, and to add to my misery I was being questioned again on confessions I had already made in Kunming. Fearing that I might have concealed something, these young interrogators would question me on one point over and over again. Sometimes one interrogator would ask a question in the morning and another would ask the same question all over again in the afternoon. My aversion grew. It seemed to me that they were using such tactics just to tire me out. Once I was so disgusted that I banged on the table and quarrelled with them. The interrogator said, "After telling us what you know, you might as well tell us what may have happened according to your own estimation." I was so furious that I turned to go. The interrogator stopped me, saying, "I haven't given you permission to go yet." Choked with rage, I shouted at him, "I will go even if you won't let me, or you can shoot me!" Instantly I ripped open my coat and, striking my chest, yelled at him,

"Come, shoot me this instant!" I had several rows like this with the interrogators.

Then, to evade questioning, I feigned illness. I refused to eat or ate very little. Thinking I had actually fallen ill, the warden and his wife came to see me, bringing noodles and eggs, asking me to eat. I thought to myself, "They are treating me in this way only to extract from me a confession and with that they can execute me." I was not to be placated and I angrily demanded that the warden shoot me on the spot. Seeing the depressed state I was in, the warden was afraid I might kill myself in a moment of despair, so he sent two people to "keep me company" when I went to bed, one sleeping on each side of me. They would often feel me to see if I still breathed. This exasperated me so much that I seized every opportunity to quarrel with the interrogators.

Then a department director of the Southwest Public Security Ministry and the warden had a talk with me. They said, "If you have made a clean breast of everything, just tell us so, that's all. What's the use of making scenes?" I retorted angrily, "Those interrogators wanted me to tell them what may have happened according to my own estimation. How can I say things that I am not sure of? Wouldn't it be doing harm to others if I were so irresponsible?" They smiled and said, "You worked in the secret service yourself. You also had students. Would your students have interrogated in the same way as you would? These young people are fresh from school. Sometimes their way of questioning may not be appropriate, but you needn't lose your temper like that. From now on, if you have any complaints to make, you may go to the warden. So don't make such scenes anymore and try to study well."

My cellmate Song Xilian was my good friend. Seeing me in such low spirits, he would often try to help me put things in the right perspective. One night he found me tossing in bed; quietly he came over and talked with me in a low voice. With deep sincerity he said, "You and I rose to success early in life. Neither of us suffered any frustrations; consequently we became very arrogant. Under the circumstances we have to learn to control our tempers. What good will it do you to go on making such an uproar? We are still young — you a little over thirty and I a little over forty. So long as we live on, we shall be useful one day." We talked through the night. He finally made me see sense with his patience and earnestness. What would happen to my aged mother, my young wife and six children if I were to die? So long as I was alive, someday I would be able to see them again. I gradually let my anger simmer down.

At that time I learnt that an American who had worked in SACO and was now detained in the same camp would soon be released ahead of time and leave for the States. I wanted to ask him to visit my family in Hongkong, to let them know I was still alive. He was a Christian, so I wrote him a note: "For the sake of God, please go to visit my family in Hongkong and tell them I am still alive." I took advantage of my stroll in the passage to throw the note into his cell. I waited until he had picked up the note and nodded to me before I returned, relieved, to my own cell. Later a British agent named Ford, who had been arrested in Tibet, was released. Before his release I also managed to ask him to take a verbal message to my wife in Hongkong.

Soon after, the camp authorities allowed us to write materials collectively and gradually my peace of mind was restored.

When Sweep the Graves Day (early April) and Chongqing Massacre Day (November 27) came, hundreds of angry voices shouting slogans reached us from the neighbouring Songlinpo Martyrs' Cemetery. During those times special precautionary measures were taken by the authorities to guard against the indignant crowd's bursting in to settle accounts with us. I began to observe the staff of the camp, what they said and what they did. I found they were different from the KMT in every way,

especially in carrying out policies, where there was absolutely no double-dealing. Little by little I tried to approach some of the staff. Sometimes I would tell them what was on my mind; in return they would patiently help and enlighten me.

Soon the Ministry of Public Security of the Southwest was dissolved, and we were transferred to the Public Security Bureau of the Southwest. Then when the latter was dissolved, we were again transferred to the Chongqing municipal prison at Shibanpo. On the way we were able to see with our own eyes the new look of the city after Liberation. This, coupled with the reports we often read in the papers about the rapid development of national construction, made me very dejected. The future of the nation stretched brightly ahead, but my own lay in impenetrable darkness. No matter how marvellous New China became, for us she was merely "the moon in the water", "the flower in the mirror". After our transfer to Chongqing Prison, we worried that we might be treated like ordinary criminals and be imprisoned there for life, and only God knew when our cases would be dealt with. The prison rules there were very strict. We could not move about freely and the food was bad. All that served to plunge us into despair, particularly when we read reports in the papers about the campaign to suppress counterrevolutionaries, who were to be wiped out "firmly, thoroughly and completely". We felt we would be suppressed at any moment. This again stirred up our feelings of antagonism. Soon after, the prison authorities gave us a month's time to put our files in order. What did it mean? We were full of misgivings and everyone was in very low spirits.

A month later, the files completed, we all waited anxiously for what would come next. One day a guard came running into the room and said with elation, "Congratulations! You're in luck!" We were dumfounded on hearing this, because in the past if a prisoner was congratulated, it meant he was going to be

executed. We sat there stunned and speechless. My former subordinate, who had been looking after us, was frightened out of his wits and his face drained of all colour. He entreated the guard, "My crime isn't so grave as theirs; please spare me!" The guard quickly added, "This has nothing to do with you. I was addressing them only." When my former subordinate heard this, his spirits were restored.

By this time I could not refrain from asking the guard, "When will it be?"

"Maybe tomorrow or the day after tomorrow," he answered, smiling.

"Have some mercy!" I flared up at him. "Couldn't you wait to tell us when the time comes? How do you expect us to eat and sleep these last two days?"

"No! No! You've got it wrong; you're really in luck," he hastened to explain.

"What luck?" we asked in unison.

"You'll be moved back to Songlinpo," he answered.

"What's so lucky about that?"

"The former SACO building has been vacated and will be turned into a training centre especially for high-ranking KMT military and administrative personnel. The living conditions there are better and everyone will be given a monthly allowance of sixteen yuan for meals. Even if he [my subordinate] wanted to go, he wouldn't have the qualifications."

Hearing this, we became happy again. That evening the prison authorities entertained us with a sumptuous dinner, which we ate with relish, for new hope was before us. But my former subordinate was very dejected. He said, "After you're gone, I shall never have such good food again, and I don't know how long I shall be shut up here." We all pitied him and, before leaving, gave him things that were superfluous to us.

In spite of the guard's assertion of better living conditions in the training centre, I would not believe him until I saw those conditions for myself.

Chapter IV

Beginning of Remorse

Early in 1956 we were transferred from the Chongqing Prison to the camp for war criminals. Other high-ranking KMT military and government officials had arrived one after another from other prisons, labour-reform farms and detention camps and were being concentrated there. We were a good hundred people in all. At this first meeting of old acquaintances, everyone was filled with amazement and alternate emotions of joy and sadness. During the civil war, with successive defeats of KMT troops, the captured high-ranking officials were separately imprisoned in their respective districts. All these years we had had no way of getting in touch. Naturally we were all very excited at seeing one another again. We were the first batch to be transferred there.

Each time an old acquaintance turned up, our first words would be an astonished and delighted cry of "You here too?" Or we would say feelingly, "Never thought we'd meet again!" Some would murmur with tears in their eyes, "I never expected to find you still alive!" At the height of the Movement to Suppress Counter-revolutionaries in 1951 there had been numerous rumours that many of us had been executed. This sudden meeting gave us all a feeling of gaining another lifetime.

The camp for war criminals occupied the former location of SACO. Publicly it was known as a training class. We were put in the big yard of the former silk-reeling factory, which had been appropriated by the MIB and used as its "countryside office".

The whole place had been newly whitewashed. Four or five people were assigned to one room, each with a single bed to himself. The sheets and quilts were all new. Everyone was given a complete change of clothes. We were each allocated 16 yuan per month for meals, with one meat dish and one vegetable dish for each meal. Furthermore, we were told by the prison guards that we were free to go anywhere we liked within the limits of the place. The grounds of the camp were extensive. A path through the former SACO area led straight to Gele Mountain. Before Liberation ordinary people were not allowed to cross this road, but now people were always coming and going. Some were selling eggs, some vegetables, fish and meat, creating an atmosphere of a bustling marketplace. The sight of all this had a very exhilarating effect on us all. Our spirits were further lifted by a talk given us by the Chief of the Public Security Bureau of Sichuan Province, which gave us hope. He was open and sincere, coming straight to the point. He told us, "All of you high-ranking KMT military and government officials have been brought together here to quicken the pace of your ideological remoulding. I hope you will study hard and remould your ideology. You can still be very useful people in the future. From now on, while you're in this place, I suggest that you call each other schoolmates instead of 'fellow sufferers' or by your assigned numbers. After all, you are here to study. Our policy is neither to put you on trial nor to pass sentence on you. As long as you place yourselves on the side of the People's Government and the Communist Party, change from doing evil to doing good, the people will forgive you." I secretly contemplated these words. Since the Communists were meeting us more than halfway, the least we could do was to stop resisting them so stubbornly. After all, as the saying goes, "One should repay courtesy with courtesy." From that day on we all took active part in political studies and in whatever manual labour we were physically capable of.

I had never carried anything on a shoulder-pole before. At first, carrying water, I made all kinds of stupid mistakes. I just could not hold my back straight and I kept clutching the front part of the pole with both hands. As I wobbled along, the water would splash out with each step, so that before I reached my destination, the two buckets would be half empty.

From the outside the camp for war criminals looked exactly like any office building or any work unit. Many of the local people took it for an ordinary school or some training class, especially when they saw a lot of eggs, fish and meat being bought and carried inside and the people coming out of the place all so neatly dressed. They concluded that this must be a good place and wanted very much to come and study there. One day while I was strolling outside the gate a crowd drew around me and asked, "Comrade, please allow us to join your training class." I could not help laughing inwardly at such a request and I answered, "I am not in charge here. Go and ask that man." I pointed to a cadre standing at the gate. The crowd made a rush in his direction and immediately surrounded him, clamouring to be admitted. "It's impossible," the cadre told them. "You're not qualified."

"What are the qualifications? Please tell us. We could work to make ourselves qualified, couldn't we?"

The cadre smiled and said, "I'm afraid you'll never make it."

One young man in the crowd was not ready to accept that.
"Isn't that a little extreme? How do you know we'll never make it?"

By this time the cadre was getting a little impatient and he said, "It's impossible and that's that."

While this was taking place, Wang Lingji and Xu Yuanju happened to be chatting in the yard. Hearing voices raised in argument outside, they both ran out to watch the fun. Little did

we expect that there were some people in the crowd who had seen Wang and Xu before. On seeing them, they understood immediately. "So this is what this training class is all about! Not only can we not make it in this lifetime, we will never make it in the next either." When the rest of the crowd understood the situation, they all said, "It would scare us to death to study alongside these people. I wouldn't come even if I were invited." From then on no one ever appeared to ask to be admitted. Since Wang Lingji had killed a lot of people in Sichuan in the past few decades and Xu Yuanju had also slaughtered several hundred people in the Chongqing massacre, the discovery of the nature of the place was likely to cause trouble. To avoid problems from families of the victims, Wang and Xu were soon removed to Beijing.

Spring Festival of 1956 arrived. It was the happist Spring Festival I'd spent in the past few years. We were given a threeday holiday like everyone else. Everybody went out to buy a few things he needed. We also put on many performances produced by ourselves. Happy voices resounded all over the place. On the gates of the silk-reeling factory we pasted New Year scrolls. The forceful and elegant brushstrokes won the admiration of many passers-by. At Spring Festival evening party some of us performed conjuring tricks, some sang Beijing Opera or Sichuan Opera. Each performance was lively and interesting, proving the truth of the adage, "If a hundred people put their heads together, all kinds of skills will emerge." Even the staff members of the camp were impressed and applauded enthusiastically, exclaiming, "We never thought you people could be so good at such things!" The best performance was given by the magician. He had walked up to the stage with empty hands. Somehow he conjured up one cigarette after another, offering each one to someone in the audience. Suddenly a man in the audience exclaimed, "Hey! What's happened to my

cigarettes?" Nobody knew just when and how the cigarettes in his pocket had flown into the magician's hands, which aroused hoots of laughter from everyone. The government had also invited the Sichuan Beijing Opera Troupe to perform for us in the auditorium of the former Li Ren Primary School, which was nearby. When the actors learnt whom they were going to perform for, they were consumed with curiosity but were also very nervous. They performed very conscientiously and it was excellent. This puzzled some people, who could not help asking the actors about it. "Why is it you performed so exceptionally well and with such enthusiasm?" The answer was: "Don't you see? These people have been to all kinds of operas. If your performance doesn't come up to their standards, they will hoot you off the stage." So that was it. Apparently, in their eyes, we were still the tyrants of old. This made us all feel deeply ashamed.

After Spring Festival we spent a period of time on political studies. Then the government arranged for us to visit various places in Chongqing. We visited the Chengdu-Chongqing Railway, the power station, the Southwest Hospital of Chongqing, the Historical Museum, Chongqing University, Chaotianmen Dock, etc. Two years before, when I had read about the opening to traffic of the Chengdu-Chongqing Railway, I had doubts, dismissing it as propaganda. Zeng Qingchu, former Security Department Chief of the KMT Chengdu-Chongqing Railway, had also said to me, "Don't listen to all that crap, as if it's so easy to build that railway. I'll bet they've built only one section to make it a showplace for the people. I used to work there; it's not so easy to hoodwink me." His words had sounded reasonable, so we both went to view the railway, nursing our doubts.

When we saw a train pulling into the station, I asked a railway worker, "Where did this train come from?"

"From Chengdu," he answered.

"That can't be." I shook my head unbelievingly. In a very friendly manner he said to me, "If you don't believe me, you're welcome to ask the passengers."

That sounded like a good idea, so Zeng Qingchu and I stopped an old man who was getting off the train and asked him, "Where did you come from?" "Chengdu," the old man answered in a heavy Chengdu accent. This answer came as rather a shock to Zeng Qingchu and he kept muttering dazedly, "Who would have thought it possible! Who would have thought it possible!"

On this visit one thing struck me as particularly novel. There was now a waiting-room for mothers and children in the railway station. In the old days such a thing was inconceivable. The railway station's special waiting-room and the first-class compartments on the trains were only for the rich and powerful. Nobody paid any attention to the working people and their women and children. Under such circumstances who would have gone out of their way to build a waiting-room for women and children?

The Chongqing Power Plant was relatively large-scale, with modern equipment. It had been built and put into operation with the help of Soviet experts. Before Liberation there was only the Daxigou Power Plant. It was poorly equipped and could not even supply enough power for the daily consumption of Chongqing City proper. Even so, this small power plant was on the MIB list of places to be blown up before Liberation. It was only through the desperate efforts of the workers to protect the plant that its destruction was prevented.

Before Liberation the Chaotianmen Dock was altogether disorganized. Goods were piled haphazardly all over the place. Ragged stevedores carried the heavy goods on their backs from the boats and then tottered their way up some hundred steps of

Chaotianmen. Once I saw, with my own eyes, a stevedore carrying a heavy load on his back topple down from the top of the steps. It had never occurred to the KMT government to improve working conditions. Now all the goods were stacked in neat piles. Heavy physical labour had been replaced by machines.

At the Southwest Hospital we saw many working people given very good medical treatment and care. Again I could not help contrasting this situation with another I had witnessed before Liberation. That was when I was still Chief of the General Affairs Department of the MIB in Chongqing. I was driving to the Central Hospital on Gele Mountain. The head of the hospital was a good friend of mine and a well-known surgeon. As I drew near the hospital, I saw an old peasant clutching a small bottle of medicine in one hand, his other hand pressing against his belly. Groaning with every step he took, he suddenly lurched forward and fell face down on the road. When I reached the hospital, I told the head about what I had seen and asked him to send someone to carry the old man back for treatment, but my friend only told me off-handedly, "This sort of thing is very common."

"But you're a hospital," I protested. "You can't just watch people die and not lift a finger to help them."

He burst out laughing at this. "Fine. Then give us the money, my dear Chief of General Affairs. We get quite a number of such patients every day. How do you expect us to provide treatment if they haven't got the money?"

"Can't you at least give them some medicine?"

"Haven't we already given him a small bottle of medicine? Even that came out of our public funds."

After I had finished my business at the hospital, on my way back I saw that there was not much left of the old man. Hungry dogs had already torn his corpse to pieces. I drove back and told

the head of the hospital about this. He merely sent a few people out to clean up and had the remains thrown into the ravine.

I was quite shaken by this round of visits. It set me thinking and thinking. A few years before when people called me a criminal against the people, I simply could not accept it. From my point of view, my past acts in the MIB against the Communists and the people were merely a matter of "each serving his own master". In the contention for power, either I exterminated the Communists or they exterminated me. If this was to be branded a crime, then both parties were guilty; if not, neither was guilty. Dai Li had always personally guided me in my career and I had always had a deep regard for him. No matter what evils Dai Li was accused of, to me he was a "superman", both courageous and resourceful. I found it equally hard to take when I heard the MIB referred to as the most reactionary and brutal organ. The way I saw it, the MIB, which Dai Li had built up single-handedly, had executed collaborationists during the anti-Japanese war, had dared to oppose corrupt officials and local gangs. It should be called, in my opinion, a powerful "revolutionary" organization. Only now was I becoming aware that MIB activities had all been carried out for the preservation of the interests of the Chiang Kai-shek clique, the four big families* and a handful of exploiters. Although the MIB had executed some collaborationists, they were only the ones who had had no connections with the MIB. Those who had worked in collusion with the MIB, such as Zhou Fohai, Chen Gongbo, and Ren Yuandao, were not only not executed by the MIB but given protection. When Zhou Fohai's mother died in Xifeng, Guizhou Province, Dai Li even went to mourn her death as a son in Zhou Fohai's place. Apart from this, Dai Li even sent his

^{*}The four powerful families headed by Chiang Kai-shek, T.V. Soong, H.H. Kung and Chen Lifu, which formed the core of the Kuomintang bureaucracy.

men to work as collaborationists in order to make use of the information received by the Japanese to discover the movements of the New Fourth Army and to use the Japanese to murder the officers and men of the New Fourth Army and the anti-Japanese guerrillas. I was conversant with all these dealings, but as a chief conspirator and participant I did not wish to think about them or acknowledge them.

As for my claim that the MIB opposed corrupt officials and local gangs, that was merely a smokescreen and self-delusion. The criminal activities of the MIB could best be described by the adage "Giving officials complete licence to commit arson while forbidding ordinary people even to light their lamps." In reality, the MIB only made a pretence of setting up outposts of tax offices in order to spot smugglers. Dai Li, under the double title of Commissioner of Contraband Suppression and Director of Transportation of Wartime Goods Administration, openly engaged in mass-scale smuggling and drug trafficking. He also printed large amounts of Japanese and puppet government paper money, shipping them to enemy-occupied areas to buy up the gold, cotton fabric, etc., in the market. The gains from these transactions were used as funds for anti-Communist and antipeople activities and to pay for his debaucheries. The purpose of discrimination against and elimination of the local gangs was really to supersede them and expand their own power. There was no intention whatever of ridding the people of a scourge. In order to preserve the Chiang Kai-shek regime they did not hesitate to resort to the most unprecedented atrocities against the Communists and the people.

One fairly recent crime in the annals of the MIB will suffice to serve as an example: the slaughter within the walls of SACO of General Yang Hucheng and his secretary Song Qiyun and his whole family.

When Song Qiyun and his wife were being murdered on the

eve of Liberation, their two children, who were only eight or nine years old, were forced to witness the slaughter of their parents. The children clung to each other, weeping and trembling at the horror of this sight. But the secret agents, crazed by their lust for blood, plunged their flashing knives into the children and murdered them too. Song Qiyun's wife, who was still hovering between life and death in spite of several knife wounds, shed her last tears watching her children being slaughtered before her eyes.

It had by then become customary for the MIB to conduct their slaughters in this manner. Fearing to alert the armies nearby by the sound of shots, they had the revolutionaries who were locked up in Bai House brought one by one to the ravines and knifed them to death. One woman revolutionary called Li lieshuang was taken to the execution ground carrying her baby, who was not yet a year old. When she saw over a dozen bodies lying in pools of blood, she knew that she was going to die. She pleaded to be allowed to feed her baby just once more before she was executed, but she was told by the murderers that the baby was going to die too. In the hope of saving her baby's life, this heroic woman, whom repeated torture had failed to break, offered to let them hack her up with their knives if they'd let the baby live. But the murderers were sadistically determined to make her go through even more agony before she died. They grabbed her child from her and dashed it to the ground. Blinded by fury and hate, she lunged at them. Immediately one of the murderers thrust his knife into her abdomen. Despite excruciating pain, she struggled towards her dying baby and tried to hold it in her arms....

These were the atrocious crimes perpetrated by the MIB—the organization I had always looked upon as "revolutionary". I could hardly restrain my indignation when I remembered all this. Tears of guilt and remorse rolled down my face. Such was

the organization I had served so loyally for more than a dozen years—an organization that was brutally cruel and guilty of every kind of monstrosity. Through this organization I had risen to a high position and become rich. Because I myself had been an integral part of this organization, I had not been able to see the shame of it. Because my own hands dripped with the blood of the Communists and the people, I had been incapable of feeling any pangs of guilt. I had simply forgotten what it was to have a conscience and the instincts of a decent human being. I had also forgotten my mother's oft-repeated admonition: "A person can live without achieving a high position, but he must live as a decent person." Now it was our turn to find ourselves within the confines of SACO. Yet how different our treatment was. We were not beaten, cursed or insulted by the Communists. Instead, they were open and aboveboard with us in all things and treated us with great patience in our ideological education. Under such circumstances how could anyone not be overcome by shame and guilt?

Ever since I had come to see the monstrousness of the crimes I and my former colleagues had committed, I had felt extremely conscience-stricken and sensed the urgency of studying hard and taking part in as much physical labour as possible in order to accelerate my ideological reform. At the time, however, most of our day was spent in study in the camp. There was very little physical labour. So I asked to go with the staff members to buy provisions and help carry them back on shoulder-poles. Once we were just approaching the Martyrs' Cemetery, which had been converted from the former SACO auditorium, when several people suddenly grabbed hold of me, demanding that I give back to them their fathers or brothers: "If they're alive, we want them back intact; if they're dead, we want the bodies." It happened that when I was Deputy Director and later Acting Director of the Investigation Department of Chongqing

Garrison Headquarters in 1941, I had had some people arrested, and they might have been killed in the Chongqing massacre. Confronted by the angry families of these victims, I was so ashamed that I didn't know where to hide my face. All I could do was to admit my guilt and beg their pardon. At this moment the guards immediately went back and fetched several PLA men, some of whom, proceeded to explain matters to the people while others escorted me back.

This incident made me feel very bad. While being filled with remorse for my past crimes committed against numberless revolutionaries, I was deeply moved by the help the guards had given me that day in extricating me from a difficult situation. It made me realize how lenient was the Communists' policy towards us criminals.

There are two lines in Du Fu's "Ode to the Spring Rain" that go:

Slipping into the night on the wings of the breeze, Gently and silently nurturing the world beneath.

To me the reform policy of the Communists was like spring rain reviving a worm-eaten, dried-up and dying old tree, so that new life sprouted gradually from its decaying roots.

In 1957, on the day after National Day, the cadre in charge of the camp summoned me and Sun Du, Deputy Director of the Pacification Commission of Yunnan Province, Kong Qinggui, Commander of the Jiangyin Fortress in Jiangsu Province, and Wang Jingyu, Chief of Staff of the 24th Corps, to his office. There he told us, "The authorities have decided to transfer the four of you to Beijing. Please get ready. You will start in a day or two." This news was not unexpected because we had heard about it before we went on our visits in Chongqing. It was only due to Sun Du's illness at the time that our transfer had to be

postponed. I was unspeakably happy at the thought of going to Beijing, for I believed that in Beijing my case would be decided.

Chapter V

Doubts Further Dissolved

Our transfer from Chongqing to Beijing was completely different from my transfer from Kunming to Chongqing. We were not shackled but travelled under the escort of two of the staff members of the prison, first by boat to Wuhan, then by train to Beijing.

The four of us shared a cabin on the boat. Apart from the people who knew about the situation, nobody would have guessed that we were criminals. We were told by our escorts that we would be quite free en route so long as we did not wander around too much or try to talk to old acquaintances if we happened to run into them.

The boat sailed swiftly downstream and passed through the Yangtze Gorges. I could hardly contain myself as I stood on deck and gazed with awe at the steeply rising cliffs flanking each side of the river, while the river itself rushed headlong into the sea. I had sailed through this place quite a number of times before Liberation, yet I had never been so struck by the splendour and beauty of the mountains and rivers of my country, nor had I realized how sweet and intoxicating was the air that hung over the river. At this moment I noticed someone walking towards me from the other end of the deck. On closer scrutiny I recognized an old subordinate from my Chongqing days. I was just about to go up and greet him when I remembered the exhortations of my two escorts. I had no other

choice but to shake my head surreptitiously at him, to indicate that we were not to speak to each other. This incident immediately swept away my leisurely and carefree mood of a moment before and my heart grew heavy again. It brought home to me once more the bald fact that I was not a free person and I could not even stop to talk with an old friend.

After travelling three days and nights, we finally arrived in Beijing. It was getting close to dusk when we got off the train. We were taken in a jeep to a big compound on the outskirts of Beijing. I looked around me as I got out of the jeep. Raising my head, I saw walls looming high and enclosing us. The tops of the walls were ablaze with lights. In front of the gate there was a quadrangle. To its south were three buildings; the first two in front were several storeys high and the one at the back was a single-storey house. To the east were rows of one-storey houses as though radiating from an octagonal building, several dozens of metres high.

"What on earth is this place?" I asked myself uneasily. All of a sudden the heavy gate clanged shut behind us. The sound was like a bucket of cold water thrown over me, chilling me to the bone. This was, without doubt, a real prison. That first night we were put in a house on the south side of the gate. The guard told us that these houses were where rich and high-ranking criminals were housed before Liberation. Now they were being used as temporary living quarters for new arrivals.

"The prison you are in now," he went on to explain, "used to be the notorious Beijing No. 2 Model Prison." I had known about this prison before Liberation. It was built by the Northern Warlord government and was situated outside Deshengmen Gate in Beijing. Once there had been a temple here called Gongdelin that used to be a reformatory. In 1913 it became the Wanping Prison. In 1915 it was rebuilt with the labour of the prison inmates according to a new design and was finished in

1919. There were altogether 16 prison houses with some 350 cells that could hold over a thousand prisoners. The next day, as soon as I got up, I gave the place a thorough going over. What I had thought was an octagonal building the night before was actually a sixteen-sided pavilion, each side looking onto a prison house. Only one sentry would be enough to stand guard on the top of the pavilion, for he would be able to see clearly down every lane. Below this sixteen-sided pavilion were two small octagonal buildings, the door of each directly facing the lanes. Beyond the gate the two walls of each lane met and formed a sort of triangular cul-de-sac. Each lane was classified on the order of A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc. After the victory of the anti-Japanese war, I had come here once to take an inventory of the property confiscated by the MIB from the Japanese and the puppet government.

Never had I expected to find myself in a real prison such as this, and this plunged me into a state of deep gloom. Presently I was assigned to Lane E, Group Two, where I was to share a cell with Huang Wei, former KMT Commander-in-Chief of the 12th Army, Wang Yaowu, lieutenant general and Commander of the Second Pacification District, and two corps commanders, Fang Jing and Qin Daoshan, who had served under Huang Wei. We all slept in one big bed that stretched across the length of the room. I slept next to Qin Daoshan, a big fat man who snored thunderously. What with his snores and my own anxieties, I tossed and turned all night. One persistent thought kept nagging me: "When will I ever get out of this prison? When will my case be decided?"

On my first day there, after breakfast, I heard a familiar voice speaking in a Sichuan accent in the room opposite ours, occupied by Group One. From that loud, high-pitched voice I knew immediately that it was Wang Lingji, who had arrived a few months before me. I ran over to see him. Just as I stepped

into the room, my eyes fell on Du Yuming lying in a plaster mould about the size of half the bed. I went straight to Du Yuming's side after exchanging greetings with Wang Lingii. By that time Du Yuming was sitting up in his plaster mould. I caught hold of his hand, unable to utter a word because I was too amazed and disturbed at seeing him. What amazed me was to find him still alive, because when I was in Chongging, I had heard someone say that he had read in the Who's Who of 1952 that when Du was being defeated in the Huai-Hai Campaign* and was trying to break out of the encirclement, he had ordered his troops to use poison gas, and after his capture he had been shot at the demand of all the PLA men. So I was very glad to know that morning that he was not dead. But the sight of him lying in a plaster mould disturbed me. I thought that this was some kind of torture that the prison staff had devised and it made me feel very sad for him. Before Liberation Du Yuming and Dai Li were on very good terms with each other, and I used to accompany Da Li when he went to visit Du Yuming. Du and I had also become close friends. In 1946, when Du Yuming had had his kidney removed in Beijing Central Hospital, Dai Li had come all the way from Chongqing to see him. As I had just arrived, I was rather wary of asking him what might sound like rash questions, so I contented myself with merely seeing him and quickly left Group One's room, but I kept being assailed by misgivings. Here in Gongdelin all the prisoners were of the rank of corps commander at least. How did they intend to dispose of all these people concentrated here? Many KMT officers of lower rank had been sentenced after being captured. At least they could expect to be set free after they had served their terms, whereas for us no trial was held and no sentence was passed. When would we come to the end of the road?

^{*}Huai-Hai Campaign: The second of three decisive campaigns in the War of Liberation.

A few days later, when only Du Yuming, Wang Lingji and a few old friends were in Group One's room, I whispered a question: "Tell me, which is better, Beijing or Chongqing?" Wang Lingji and Liao Zongze both declared that Beijing was better. They also said that here in Gongdelin the staff members' understanding of policy was on a much higher level. I pointed right away to Du Yuming's plaster mould and demanded. "Then what's that for?" Du Yuming burst out laughing at my question and said, "This is for my spinal problem! After I contracted tuberculosis of the spine, my spine became deformed, so the prison had this mould made especially for me to correct the deformity." Well! This was truly unexpected. Obviously I had wrongly assessed Gongdelin because of my own depression. Du Yuming then told me he had twice attempted suicide. At the time of his capture he was already suffering from four different diseases, although he himself knew about only three of them: gastric ulcer, pulmonary tuberculosis and tuberculosis of the kidneys. The fourth disease had been discovered by Li, chief of the administration section, after Du's arrival at Gongdelin. One day when Du was taking a bath. Section Chief Li noticed that both Du's legs were shaking. Li asked him anxiously what was wrong, but Du refused to answer, although his back and legs had been giving him great pain for some time. He did not want to undergo treatment because he hoped to commit suicide by slow stages. Du's stubborn silence riled Li and he ordered Du to stand up straight with his feet close together. On close inspection Li finally discovered that one of Du's hips was larger than the other. The next day he was taken to Fuxing Hospital for a checkup. The diagnosis was tuberculosis of the spine. At first the Administration Office did not let him know what his trouble was but merely placed a plaster frame on his bed and told him to lie in it and also be prepared to do so for several years.

After that the guards brought him fresh milk every day. The doctors and nurses often visited him to bring him medicine and give him injections. As he had a gastric ulcer, he could not eat anything hard and difficult to digest, so the kitchen staff cooked easily digestible meals for him. He could not eat cold things, so they always served him warm meals.

Du Yuming, Fan Hanjie and some others all suffered from severe cases of pulmonary tuberculosis and were badly in need of streptomycin. As China was at the time still incapable of producing this kind of medicine, in order to save their lives the government sent people expressly to Hongkong and Macao to buy the medicine. Now all three of Du Yuming's other diseases had been cured; only the tuberculosis of his spine was not yet entirely cured. In order to correct his deformity he had been lying in this plaster mould for almost three years. Finally, overcome by emotion, he said to me, "The Communists have given me a second life."

However, my roommate at Gongdelin, Huang Wei, formed a striking contrast to Du Yuming. He hardly ever opened his mouth; his whole mind riveted on the invention of his "perpetual-motion machine". He could frequently be seen pacing up and down the corridors for hours with his hands behind his back or seated in his room reading for hours on end.

They said that he was very sick when he first came to Gongdelin and was even unable to walk. When the attendants offered to help him to the lavatory, he shook them off, preferring to fall down rather than accept a supporting arm from them. He had also let his beard grow before he came. In his view, he owed the growth of his beard to the KMT, whose hand had fed him; therefore he refused to have it casually shaved off. When Song Xilian initiated "an attack on beards", the others all agreed to have their beards shaved off at some time or other—all except Huang Wei. He hung on to that black, bushy beard,

which had by then grown more than a foot and a half long, until Song Xilian confronted him directly. Only then did he reluctantly consent to part with it.

Owing to the large number of people in the prison, something was always happening. One incident followed another. One day while we were chatting in the recreation room in the octagonal building, someone burst in, panting, "Come quick! Fan Hanjie is writing his will! The group leader has gone to fetch the guard." Hearing this, I and several other busybodies hurried to Fan Hanjie's room. As soon as we walked in, we heard the guard reproving the group leader, "Why didn't you make sure what was really going on before you reported? You really shouldn't have acted so rashly. We'll just let it go this time, but do be more careful next time and don't criticize him."

Later we learnt that Fan Hanjie was a great joker. Once when the guard asked everyone to fill in a form concerning his family, Fan Hanjie had written:

Wives — half a dozen Sons — a squad

We all told him to stop fooling around and try to act with more propriety, but he answered in all seriousness, "I do have six wives. Doesn't that make half a dozen? And I've got sixteen sons. Isn't that exactly a squad? What's wrong with my writing that?" After his form was handed in, some of us felt sure that Fan would be criticized. Unexpectedly the guards merely laughed and asked him to fill in his form again properly.

This latest incident had occurred when Fan Hanjie was sitting by himself in his room copying something. Feeling somewhat exhausted, he stopped writing and rubbed his eyes. Just then the group leader came in and assumed that Fan was wiping tears away. Anxiously he asked Fan, "What's the matter?" Fan Hanjie pulled a long face and replied with a tragic expression, "Since I

haven't got much longer to live, I might as well get my will out of the way." The group leader was stunned and lost no time in trying to get hold of the guard. When the guard rushed over to inquire into the matter, Fan Hanjie declared, "I did no such thing. When did I make a will?" This incensed the poor group leader, who demanded, "Didn't you tell me yourself that you were making a will?" He snatched what Fan had written from the table. It turned out to be an editorial that Fan was copying.

Not long after my arrival at Gongdelin something happened to me. One day two cadres from another part of the country asked me for information about certain matters, so I wrote an accurate account of the facts. I was hardly prepared for their reappearance only a few days later, nor was I prepared to be accused of being untruthful. "I can write only about what I know," I defended myself. "I can't very well make up what I don't know, can I?" This angered one man. He banged the table with his fist and rebuked me, "You behave yourself! Do you realize what you are?" I was not going to take anything like that from him. "What am I? I'm a criminal!" I retorted. At the same time I said to myself, "And what do you think you can do to me?" "I'm glad you know that," he said. "In that case you should truthfully confess everything to the Party." This threw me into such a rage that I could no longer stop to consider the consequences and I shouted furiously at him, "Do you think that you can represent the Party? Is the Party supposed to be like you?" At this moment a guard came in and said to me, "You'd better go." As I was going back, I heard him ask the two people, "Why are you here?" "To investigate certain matters." "If you're here to make investigations, then take the materials he's supplied you with and leave. Who gave you the right to come here banging tables and reprimanding people? If we were to behave like that, it would be going against policy...." On hearing this, I began to regret having lost my temper a moment

before and I said to myself, "Well, it looks as though I'm in for a session of self-criticism at our next meeting."

A short while after this encounter the chief of the Administration Office came to our study group and told our group leader, "Shen Zui is not to blame for today's quarrel. First those people asked him to write down information for them, then they banged the table and lectured him. It was outrageous. Do not make Shen Zui do any self-criticism." His words moved me greatly and after he left, I said to the group leader, "I'd never have believed that the Communists could be so impartial." The group leader nodded his head and said thoughtfully, "They certainly are." Then he went on, "Because you came a little later than the rest of us, there are some things you don't know about. After most of us were gathered here, Bureau Chief Yao of the Ministry of Public Security came and talked to us, telling us that we had been concentrated here to speed up our reform and also to pass from a period of forced reform into a conscious and voluntary one. He also said that as long as we studied hard and remoulded ourselves conscientiously, there would be a future for us." He then told me not long before, Zhang Zhizhong, Cheng Qian, Zhang Shizhao, Shao Lizi, Fu Zuoyi, and other former high-ranking KMT officers and patriotic democratic personages had come at various times to Gongdelin to visit former subordinates, schoolmates or townsmen and urge them to study hard and quicken the process of reform. These visits had been very encouraging to everyone.

Then the group leader showed me an excerpt he had copied in his diary from Chairman Mao's speech in April 1956 at the enlarged session of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. One part said:

Even people like the captured war criminals Emperor Xuan Tong and Kang Ze are not executed. This does not mean that they do not deserve to be executed for their crimes. It is because it is not advantageous to have them

executed.... If they are not to be executed, then they have to be fed. All counter-revolutionaries must be given a way out so that they will have an opportunity to turn over a new leaf. This is of advantage to the people's cause at home as well as to our influence abroad.

After listening to the group leader and especially after reading this excerpt from Chairman Mao's speech, I was beset by a riot of emotions. I saw more clearly how unfounded was my initial depression and resentment and how wrong I had been in my negative comparison of Gongdelin with Chongqing. All the evidence bore out that the staff of Gongdelin not only conscientiously carried out Chairman Mao's policy of "not putting anyone on trial or passing sentence" but also adhered to the policy of "not beating or humiliating" the criminals. Even towards a few die-hards who refused to abandon their reactionary stand they maintained the same attitude.

Owing to education and enlightenment during this period, I further realized that in spite of eight or nine years of study and ideological remoulding, there was still much that was reactionary in our thinking. If we did not remould ourselves in earnest, we would be sure to commit errors in society even if we were set free. I wrote something to this effect in my diary to express my resolution to remould myself:

1. I will not be afraid to reveal my erroneous thoughts and to launch correct criticism on them; otherwise I will sooner or later come to grief.

2. The People's Government respects facts in all things. It has never resorted to personal humiliation for anyone's past crimes, however numerous or heinous. The government acknowledges every little bit of progress we make.

3. I have now a fuller appreciation of the necessity of going on studying

and remoulding myself.

4. I have now a deeper understanding of the magnanimity of the Party's policy. It is true that I took part in the insurrection, although forced to, yet how infinitesimal is my contribution measured against the crimes I committed against the people. Throughout the years I have blown up my part in the insurrection out of all proportion, so that I have become antagonistic and despairing. What right have I to behave like that? I see now

that there is hope of a new life for me and it is necessary to accelerate my remoulding.

Chapter VI

Anecdotes from Prison

Though shut within high prison walls and barred windows, our life was not without its lighter moments.

I was then 44 years old, the youngest and strongest among the inmates, so I always volunteered for the heaviest jobs, such as carrying hot water and our daily meals. I also enjoyed watching the older men make fools of themselves. If it were not for the high walls and prison bars, I would have taken the place for a home for the aged or kindergarten.

Once after seeing a pair of trousers hanging out to dry on the playground for around ten days, I came back and asked, "Which of you has forgotten to take down his trousers?" After former KMT Lieutenant General Liao Yaoxiang, Commander-in-Chief of the Ninth Army, saw the trousers hanging there, he remarked, "How absent-minded of this person, leaving his trousers out there for so many days!" Then someone pointed out to him that they were his trousers, so he went over to take a look, after which he shouted, "It's number six! They belong to He Wending!" Hearing this, He Wending, former KMT Cavalry Commander, immediately came out of the room to check. He also shouted, "They're not mine. It's clearly marked number nine." As the two of them were looking from different angles, it looked like a six to one and a nine to the other. Taking the trousers down, we all had a good look and found that it was really a nine, so they were Liao Yaoxiang's after all. Everyone present was convulsed with laughter, which caused Liao to mutter in embarrassment, "One becomes useless as one grows old."

At Gongdelin we were allowed to take a bath every weekend. Zheng Tingji, former KMT Commander of the 40th Corps, was in charge of the arrangements. Being a native of Hainan Island, he spoke with a heavy local accent. He could not distinguish between the sounds in Chinese of "to wash" and "to die". He pronounced them exactly the same way. Each time before our bath he would say, "Group One will die first and Group Two will die next." The two groups would then deride him in unison, "You go and die first; we don't want to die yet." This never failed to annoy him, so he would curse us roundly and at the same time laugh helplessly. "You bastards! When I order you to die, you do as you're told. If you don't want to die, then too bad for you." That was how they behaved among themselves — just like a bunch of "old children", always teasing, laughing, blustering and cursing.

I say they were like a bunch of "old children" because life was easy there, so they all seemed cheerful and carefree. I also say this because these people had all been accustomed to being waited upon in the past; they were incapable of taking care of themselves, just like children who needed looking after.

Among them the most typical was Wang Lingji. He had the highest rank but the lowest ability to look after himself. In the past his concubine or his aide-de-camp had always shaved him or squeezed out his toothpaste for him. After he was captured, he frequently nicked himself in several places while shaving. When he brushed his teeth, he always used toothpowder, but on one occasion, when we were washing together in the washroom, he had run out of toothpowder and had been given a tube of toothpaste. He gave the tube one or two squeezes without any result, so he used both hands and squeezed hard. As a result the

toothpaste shot out over a foot long. Flustered, he turned to me. "My goodness! Is there some way to get it back into the tube?" I couldn't help laughing at this, although my mouth was full of water. Consequently I splattered water all over him. Who would have believed that the formidable governor of Sichuan should be so ignorant in matters of daily life!

When we were in Chongqing, we always did calisthenics by radio music every morning and at noontime recess, but at Gongdelin we either played bridge during our free time or chatted idly. Kang Ze's hobby was catching bees beside the flower beds. According to him, bee stings could cure rheumatism. Sun Chu, former Deputy Director of the KMT Provincial Pacification Commission in Shanxi, was the most superstitious person. Whenever he had time, he sat crosslegged facing west. His explanation was "Buddha is in the west." Many of us criticized him for this, but he ignored us and held to his own course. Then there was Liao Yaoxiang, native of Baoqing County, Hunan Province. He was a rather short man and was fond of saying, "Baoqing has produced two celebrities; one is Cai Songpo, the other is me." One day he asked me once again, "Do you know who the two celebrities from Baoqing are?" "I know one of them is Cai Songpo," I replied. "I don't know who the other one is." Whereupon he slapped himself on the chest and declared proudly, "The other one is me of course!" I looked him up and down deliberately and said, "Unfortunately, you're a bit too short. If only you were a foot taller, there might be a chance." With this rejoinder I ran away laughing.

Running out the door, I almost bumped into two people. It was the head warden talking with one of our fellow students. I heard the latter saying, "Sun Chu is at it again, sitting there crosslegged and praying," and the warden's reply, "Well,

Alias Cai E, the famous governor of Yunnan Province who rose against Yuan Shikai when the latter proclaimed himself Emperor in 1915.

everybody's entitled to freedom of belief. If he wants to sit there and pray, let him do so. Do not force him to act otherwise." Hurrying over, I made a suggestion. "Warden, please let us do radio exercises during breaks. That's what we did in Chongqing."

"Good! The problem is we have no one to lead the exercises," the warden said.

"No one to lead the exercises with so many army and corps commanders?"

"There is really no one; we've inquired before."

"After all, leading the exercises is the business of lowerranking officers; these generals have probably long forgotten how to do it".

"Can you do it?" the warden asked me.

"Of course! When I was in the MIB, whenever we had a rally or when Chiang Kai-shek came on an inspection tour, I would often be the officer on duty and would have to shout commands. I'm sure I'll have no problem."

"Fine. Starting tomorrow, you will lead everybody in calisthenics."

I began to have second thoughts: "But these people are all my seniors in rank. Would it be proper for me to drill them?"

"Why not? You're doing it for their health."

So saying, the warden promptly made an announcement: "Starting tomorrow, during recess Number 0063 will teach you to do the radio calisthenics. It will be good for your health to give your muscles and joints some exercise outdoors."

The next day all of us gathered on the sports ground in group formation. At the sight of this "gymnastics team" I could barely restrain myself from laughing. There they stood, some tall, some short, some fat with protruding bellies, some thin as a rake. After making a rough adjustment in height and in the space between persons, I began to teach them the radio calisthenics.

First I gave a demonstration and then asked them to imitate me. They were all earnest enough, except that some of them were too fat to meet the requirements. When they had to kick, they tottered on their right leg as soon as they lifted their left leg, so like new recruits learning to parade, they would take a step forward and swing their right leg up, kicking the person directly in front. I could never keep from laughing at this funny sight, but as I was afraid to let them see me laughing, I had to turn aside and laugh covertly. It was even more hilarious to watch them do bending exercises. Some of them merely bowed slightly; others only stretched both arms downwards a little. I asked them to try to bend from the waist. I could not possibly have foreseen that my request would result in a disastrous "falling dominoes" act, for some of them lost their balance as soon as they bent down. As they lost control over their bodies, they shot forward and butted their heads into the behinds of those directly in front, resulting in a row of heads butting into a row of behinds, so that when one fell, a whole row went down. I was both frightened and shaking with laughter. I quickly ran over to check in case someone had hurt himself. Luckily only one person in the front row had a bit of skin scraped off his nose.

When the warden heard about this, he exhorted me repeatedly, "Do not ask them to do as you do. They're no longer young and they're also heavy. It's enough just to let them go through the motions." From then on I contented myself with merely leading them in the two sets of calisthenics I knew. As to how well they did it, I no longer bothered. Afterwards some people teased me, "Who would have thought you had two tricks up your sleeve?" What they meant by my "two tricks" were the two sets of radio calisthenics I had brought with me from Chongqing.

Spring Festival of 1958 came before we were aware of it. This was my first Spring Festival in Beijing. A fellow student and I

were in charge of preparing lantern riddles. In the afternoon of Spring Festival Eve we copied out over two hundred riddles. I also composed two myself. I remember one read like this:

This object is very rare.

Its body is worth thousands of ounces of gold.

It walks not on legs, yet can travel thousands of miles in an instant.

A few fear it, but many rejoice over it.

The other read:

In the daytime it is like a dragon; at night it looks like a rainbow.

It has a long body and a huge belly that can swallow thousands of people.

It leads everywhere, upwards, downwards or straight ahead.

Its existence would have been impossible in the past.

Only today is it possible.

The answer to the first riddle was "man-made satellite". The answer to the second was "Yangtze River Bridge". That evening we had a party. Although the performances were not so numerous and varied as those in Chongqing, they were very significant. The party lasted until well past 10 p.m.

On the afternoon of Spring Festival we had one less dish for dinner since several cooks had gone home for the holiday. Some people began to complain. This seemed to me to show a lack of self-knowledge; these people were forgetting who they were. It was true we had one less dish, but there was plenty of meat in all the dishes; besides, there were many other things to eat. While I was enjoying such a good meal, my thoughts again turned to my aged mother, my wife and children. At midnight I was awakened from my dream by the noise of firecrackers. It left me tossing and turning, unable to go back to sleep. How were my

wife and children getting on? Was my mother still alive? I sorely regretted having sent them to Hongkong. Now there was no way to communicate with them. I had once written to Tang Shengming, former member of the KMT Ministry of Defence. Since he had returned to the mainland after Liberation, I was sure he would know the whereabouts of my wife. Before Spring Festival I received a letter from him telling me that he had seen my wife once in 1951. Since then they had not seen each other and she had not given him her address. So my only hope had burst like a bubble. For days I was weighed down by this bad news. Seeing how depressed I was, my fellow students all advised me not to dwell so much on unhappy thoughts.

After Spring Festival there was a reorganization of our study groups. A deputy group leader of one study group, the former KMT mayor of Yingkou, in the Northeast, repeatedly asked the warden to have me transferred to his group. When I was told this news, I knew I was in trouble, for I was certain his purpose in wanting me in his group was to take revenge on me. After coming to Gongdelin I was on good terms with all my fellow students except this man, who nursed a grievance against me. He had a reason for this. When he was in the Northeast, he was once captured by the PLA. Later he was released and allowed to return to his native place, Yunnan Province. Upon returning to Yunnan, he told people wherever he went how wonderful the Communists' policy was towards POWs. When I heard about this, I had him arrested and detained for a period of time and forced him to make anti-Communist propaganda. When Yunnan was liberated, he was captured again. When we met at Gongdelin, the first words he said to me were, "It's you who has brought this disaster upon me. I became a supporter of the Communists long ago, but you forced me to oppose them, and now, like you, I am thrown into prison." "You have only yourself to blame," I retorted, not wishing to accept defeat. "It only shows that you were not a true supporter of the Communists. If you really had been, you wouldn't have turned against them even if I had threatened to shoot you." Thus I enraged him further. So when I heard that he wanted me transferred to his group, I became very dejected and I thought to myself, "This is a classic case of 'enemies meeting on a narrow road."

I had learnt from past experience that if I presented the circumstances to the warden, he would not have me transferred to that group. So I told the warden what was on my mind. He was somewhat surprised at what I told him and said, "Both of you were in Yunnan at one time. Aren't you supposed to be old acquaintances?" A fellow student standing near who knew the true state of affairs interrupted, saying, "The relations between them are what we call 'meeting an old acquaintance in an alien land, one's enemy'." The warden was perplexed and asked, "Why?" I then proceeded to explain my relationship with this person, and added, "In the past, people used to say that the happiest events in one's life were sweet rains after a long drought, meeting an old acquaintance in an alien land, weddingnight festivities and passing the imperial examination with distinction. Later people added two words to each phrase, giving it an ironic twist, and the four events became: 'sweet rains after a long drought, few drops; meeting an old acquaintance in an alien land, one's enemy; wedding-night festivities, next door; passing the imperial examination with distinction, very unlikely. My relationship with this person fits perfectly 'meeting an old acquaintance in an alien land, one's enemy." Even the warden laughed when he heard this, and he said, "Since you don't get along, we will not put you in the same group, but even if you were assigned to his group, he couldn't do anything to you." So I was assigned to the group under Zheng Tingji, former KMT Commander of the 49th Corps.

The weather was slowly turning warm; spring was late in coming. We were told by the guards to participate in physical labour on the sports ground outside Gongdelin. Our job was to clear away the garbage and level the mounds of earth. This was the first time we had done physical labour since coming to Gongdelin. I chose the most strenuous job, digging. After a day's work I did not feel exhausted and I exulted over this secretly, for this proved that my health was getting better and better. It meant that after I was released someday, I would not have much of a problem becoming a self-reliant worker, supporting myself through the labour of my own hands. But at the moment the policy towards us war criminals was to reform us mainly through political studies; reform through labour was only supplementary. Hence we had few opportunities to do physical labour. Even when we did, the guards constantly reminded us not to overexert ourselves, so as to avoid accidents.

Presently we were organized into several work groups to enable us to meet our daily needs. There were barbers, tailors, cobblers, carpenters, launderers, and meal carriers. The kitchen helpers and barbers were the first to be set up. I first joined the kitchen group. Mou Zhongheng, Deputy Commander of the Second Pacification District, joined the barbers' group. As they were short one man, Mou asked me to join them. I remember seeing two couplets pasted on each side of the door of a barbershop when I was a child. One read:

Sharpened tools wait in readiness; how many heads dare take up the challenge?

Come, lay them against the keen edge and test this old fellow's adroitness.

Another read:

Snipping off ends is only a humble trade, Yet the skills are top grade.

I had been much attracted by these couplets and felt I should also learn a "top-grade skill". I said to myself, "When I am released, it will be a good thing to have some kind of skill. Therefore, joining the barbers' group will be good practice." But the barbers had customers only on Sundays, and since I wanted to temper myself, besides carrying meals everyday, I also applied to join the tailors.

It turned out that there were two old sewing machines at Gongdelin that no one knew how to operate, so they had been standing there idle all this time. After Du Yuming recovered, he volunteered to take charge of the tailors, whose job was to mend our old clothes. I simply could not believe that Du Yuming could operate a sewing machine. Later he told me that while he was in the mechanized forces, his wife, Cao Xiuqing, was in charge of the clothing factory. He not only knew how to use a sewing machine, he knew how to repair it. He demonstrated his skills for me until I was finally convinced. He taught me how to work the machine and how to prevent the needle from snapping. He also warned me again and again not to break the needle, since there was only one needle for each machine. At first I was very careful, but after sewing one trouser leg, I felt it wasn't really that difficult. Somewhat like the old saving, "Boldness goes hand in hand with superior skill," I grew a little bolder. Before I could start on the second trouser leg, the needle broke with a snap. Fearing criticism, I wrote a lengthy self-criticism, sprinkled with a lot of exaggerated self-accusations such as "not taking proper care of state property", "lacking a sense of responsibility" and so on and so forth, then handed it to the warden. After reading my self-criticism, he smiled, walked into his office and came out with a needle. Handing it to me along with my self-criticism, he said, "Just be more careful next time. There's no need to write such a long self-criticism just because you broke a needle." The warden's kindness made me even

more embarrassed. I vowed to be very careful in my work. After that, every time I started the machine I inserted my right forefinger in the wheel and rotated it in my direction. In that way I never broke another needle.

Working in these work groups, I not only learnt skills, I also learnt things I could not have learnt in the study groups. In the tailors' group I observed that Du Yuming, Wang Zejun and others were all very conscientious and meticulous in their work. These were people who had all held high positions. If I had not been working with them, if I had not seen with my own eyes their zeal for their work, it would certainly have been hard to believe that they were accepting reform through labour so willingly. Once Liu Jiashu, former Commander of the 17th Army, and Wang Zejun joined us for the first time in sewing buttons. We all believed that there was nothing difficult about sewing buttons, yet hardly had Wang Zejun begun when we heard someone next to him cry, "Ouch!" Raising his eyes, Wang Zejun saw that he had pricked the neck of the person sitting next to him because he had drawn his needle too forcefully. Because of this "incident" these old men sat around discussing the matter back and forth, finally reaching a decision: When drawing the needle through a button hole, we must point the needle inwards, thus avoiding pricking our neighbour. Their earnestness struck me as both admirable and amusing. Another time I sewed on twenty collars, but because of my carelessness they were all slightly awry. After Du Yuming had examined them, he pronounced them substandard and told me to take out the stitches one by one and do the job all over again. I was very much annoyed at first, thinking to myself, "We're going to wear them ourselves. What does it matter if the collars are a little crooked?" After I had thought things over carefully, however, I had to admit that Du was right and that it was necessary to overcome such weaknesses as just muddling along and doing

one's job irresponsibly. Du Yuming was my senior in both age and rank and much inferior in health, yet he was so meticulous and responsible in his work and so earnest in his self-reform. What reason had I not to set stricter demands on myself?

So the days passed and National Day of 1958 was approaching. We heard that the people at Gongdelin used to go to Tiananmen to watch the parade and attend the celebrations on National Day. But the year before they had not gone; they only went to watch the fireworks at night. What would the arrangements be for this year? Just as we were making all kinds of conjectures, the cadres of the camp informed us that it had been decided that all of us were to attend the National Day celebrations. We were all overjoyed. It was said that on National Day of the previous year Chairman Mao had suddenly turned and asked Luo Ruiging, Minister of Public Security, who was standing next to him on the reviewing stand, "Have the people in the war-criminal camp come?" "No, we forgot to make arrangements for them this year," Luo answered, and Chairman Mao had advised, "It should be arranged for them to attend the celebrations." Since then it had become almost a fixed rule for the war criminals at Gongdelin to attend May Day and National Day celebrations.

September 29 was a busy day for me. I began giving my fellow students haircuts in the early morning. Mou Zhongheng and I gave 72 haircuts between us, working right through the day until suppertime without feeling tired at all. The thought that I was making them presentable for the National Day celebrations charged me with special energy. At night, whenever I thought of the grand spectacle of the National Day parade I was going to witness, I would get so excited that I couldn't sleep. After all, this was the first time in my life that I had ever taken part in such activities in the capital and also the first time I had had the opportunity to share the joys of national celebrations with

millions of our people!

In order to get ready for the celebrations, we got up at three in the morning. After eating two bowls of noodles, I put on a pair of blue cotton trousers that I had finished just before I went to bed. Around four o'clock we got on a hired bus. In less than an hour we were at the Ministry of Public Security, where we were shown into the library to take a rest. At eight we left to attend the celebrations in the stand erected by the Ministry of Public Security.

When we got to our stand, Chang'an Boulevard was already a sea of flags and flowers. Contingents of paraders were standing there waiting in neat formation. At nine sharp the parade began. Great crowds surged towards Tiananmen. I had never seen anything so spectacular in my life and my excitement was beyond words.

When I saw Vice-Chairman Soong Ching Ling standing with Chairman Mao Zedong and Chairman Liu Shaoqi, I was overwhelmed by guilt and began to panic. I had committed numerous crimes against her before the anti-Japanese war when I was group leader of the secret service in the French Concession of Shanghai. In my book The Dai Li I Know I had mentioned only briefly that Chiang Kai-shek hated her bitterly and had wanted many times to kill her. It was only the fear of the condemnation of the people all over the country that held his hand. Instead he ordered hordes of secret agents to keep close watch on her in her residence on Rue Molière near the French Park. Sometimes the secret agents would write to her or call her on the phone to threaten or insult her. Not only was Soong not intimidated by such underhanded tricks, but she became all the more active against Chiang Kai-shek. Finally, in order to terrorize her Chiang Kai-shek ordered Dai Li to send Zhao Lijun (alias Tao Shineng), head of the Shanghai Operation Group, to assassinate Yang Xingfo, Executive Member and concurrently General-Secretary of the China Defence League, in June 1933 on Rue Albert, not far from Soong's residence. When I came to this part of my book, I did not go into further detail. In fact, I had not mentioned the numerous intrigues against her in which the Secret Service Department had been engaged, especially when I myself had had a hand in all the criminal activities that Chiang Kai-shek had ordered Dai Li to conduct against Vice-Chairman Soong.

At the time I had looked upon Soong's living in the French Concession as a terrible burden to my group there. Apart from having to write a "Daily Surveillance Report", we had to find out about the people with whom she had contact. Because of this I twice mailed bullets to her, hoping to compel her to move out of the French Concession to some other place or to go abroad, so as to save a lot of trouble. Dai Li kept giving me orders to find ways to get someone to infiltrate her home and buy over those around her. I did send a woman spy to try to approach one of her personal maids (I think her name was Li, but I can't be sure now). The maid was then only a little over twenty and I was very confident that she could be bought over and made to work for us. The woman spy, having become friends with her after a month or so, went a few times with the maid to Soong's house. This alerted Soong and she warned her maid to avoid contact with this woman. Soon the agent began to ask the maid about the guests who came to Soong's residence; she also gave the maid many gifts. The maid reported everything to Soong and Soong told her to return all the gifts she had received and to have nothing whatever to do with this woman anymore.

In spite of this setback I did not give up but proceeded to work on her through the female servants of Soong's neighbours — still without success. I had yet another important lead that would enable me to win her over and even enlist her as our secret agent. This lead was the information that the maid

was divorced from her bum of a husband and had not yet found a suitable husband, which was supplied by my female agent during the time she was friendly with the maid. Seeing how young she was, I did not think it possible that she would never want to have a boyfriend, so we decided to use the "sex bait" and try to get her to rise to it.

How were we going to carry out this plan? I considered it from every point. If I chose a good-looking young secret agent to go and win her affections disguised as an intellectual, the difference in their social status would arouse Soong's suspicions. Nor would it be advisable to have him woo her as a worker, because there were no factories in that neighbourhood. It would look fishy to have a worker make frequent long trips to do his courting. Finally I had the secret agent disguise himself as a driver. In this way Soong's suspicions would not be aroused as there would be nothing incongruous about their social positions. Also his occupation would give him ample opportunity to meet the maid in her neighbourhood or elsewhere. In order to avoid the least bit of suspicion on her part, he would not ask her a single question about her mistress during all that time. I was confident that once they became engaged or got married, there would be no need to worry about her following him in whatever he did, just like the old saw: "When married to a cock, one flies close behind; when married to a dog, one trots at his heels." When Dai Li came to Shanghai and I reported my plans to him, he was so pleased that he asked me to bring the secret agent to see him at the Contact Station of the Shanghai Special District. He instructed me not to do anything that might make Soong suspicious, to avoid rashness at all costs so as not to give ourselves away. He also gave our agent one hundred yuan as a reward for his services. But the maid, who had always been a faithful servant, told Soong of her own accord about her boyfriend. Soong then questioned her

maid closely as to how they had met. When her maid told her that they had met each other through a chauffeur who worked nearby, Soong advised her to find out more about the man and to bring him to see her. Frankly, I found it incomprehensible that anyone of Madame Soong's position and anyone so busy would take such a personal interest in the affairs of a servant.

Because of my careful planning the people the maid met at our agent's home when she went to visit him were all drivers. This was arranged with the help of one of the agents of our group in the French Concession called Fan Guangzhen, who was both chief of detectives of the Chinese police precinct in that concession and a secret society chief with drivers and workers working under him. Perhaps the maid accepted her boyfriend's invitation to visit him that day to see for herself what his actual situation was. Fan arranged to have people show up dressed as taxi drivers or chauffeurs and act as though they were on intimate terms with our secret agent, also showing him respect. Seeing this, the maid was quite satisfied, believing that this man was not like her rascally husband. Thus we passed the first test.

In order to give a realistic performance I had our secret agent move to rooms above a private taxi company on Rue Lafayette of the French Concession and arranged for him to work in the taxi company as voluntary help. This would make it convenient for the maid to come and see him. On two occasions when it was raining hard, the maid had called the taxi company to hire a taxi to take Soong's guests home and this secret agent had driven over immediately to Soong's house. This not only served to win her trust but also helped him to gather some information. I was very confident that there were no flaws in this arrangement of mine, but to my astonishment, just a few days before their engagement, the maid suddenly refused to see our agent anymore. He hung around the neighbourhood for several days and saw her only once. As soon as she saw him, she broke into

tears of rage and kept cursing him for a rogue and a liar. From the firmness of her tone and attitude it looked as though she had discovered his despicable motives. I questioned him repeatedly as to whether he had in some way betrayed himself. He went carefully over everything he had said and done but could not see where he could have made her suspicious. Then how did this unexpected change come about so abruptly? I really could not figure it out at the time, and I still cannot figure it out to this day.

After the failure of this "sex trap" Chiang Kai-shek and Dai Li still did not give up their persecution of Soong. One day I went to Nanjing and visited Dai Li in his office at 53 Ji E Lane. Dai Li asked me if there was any way of getting rid of Soong apart from assassination. I contemplated this question for a while, then proposed a "car accident" in which Soong would be injured and hospitalized. The doctors and nurses would keep her there indefinitely, so that she would live out the rest of her life in a vegetable state. This would be the most thorough way of cracking this hard nut. Hearing this, Dai Li struck the table with delight and said, "I had also thought of that. Now let's hear the concrete details."

My scheme was like this: I would get a sturdy German car and drive it myself. Its windscreen would be unbreakable glass, for in car accidents it was usually the broken fragments of glass from the windscreen that caused the driver's injury. With unbreakable glass the driver would not be injured after the crash. With the added precaution of a bulletproof vest there would be essentially no danger to reckon with. Especially since the purpose was to knock someone down with the car, it should be even safer. As a matter of fact, I had made the preparations long ago.

Dai Li was very much interested in my plan and was especially pleased because I had volunteered to be the assassin. He heaped Praises on me, to which I responded, "A scholar will die with no

regrets for one who recognizes his worth." Then he asked me, "What would be the most suitable time and place to carry out this plan?" I answered that it must be carried out in the French Concession. I would follow close behind Soong's car and wait until it stopped for a red light, then I would run my car into hers from behind, because it was possible to injure a person sitting in a car only when the car was at a complete standstill. If the collision took place while the car was in motion, it might send the car crashing quite a distance, but the person in the car would not be liable to serious injury, whereas if the car was at a standstill, the force of the crash would be much stronger, causing severe injuries to the person sitting in it. After the accident I would immediately damage the brakes, so that legally I could disclaim the greater part of the responsibility. I even expressed my determination to spend several years behind bars to fulfil my mission. Dai Li was extremely pleased with my suggestion and determination. Usually if it was close to Dai Li's mealtime when I went to see him, I would quickly say what I had to say and hurry out to eat with the MIB office staff in the mess hall. This time he asked me to stay and eat with him instead so that we could continue our discussion over the meal. He encouraged me over and over again, urging me to be firm in my conviction. He also assured me that even if the court of the French Concession sentenced me to prison, he would find ways to get me out quickly.

About a month after my return to Shanghai from Nanjing, Dai Li obtained a German car of very sturdy make for me from Du Yuesheng, the boss of the Qing Secret Society of Shanghai. The windscreen had been replaced by bulletproof glass. I gave the car a trial run and found it faultless. I had only to receive Dai Li's orders and I was ready to act. Before taking action, I first observed the routes Madame Soong's car usually took when she went out and decided that the most suitable spots were from her

residence crossing over to Route Vallon and Route Voyron to the intersection of Avenue Joffre. My connections in the French Concession Police Precinct would make things easier for me after the accident.

Having made all the necessary preparations, I asked Dai Li every time he came to Shanghai when I was to take action. He always replied, "Just wait a bit; you will be notified as soon as I've decided."

About a year later Dai Li came to Shanghai and told me to return the car to a garage run by a follower of Du Yuesheng, telling me that he had decided not to go through with the plan. When I asked him why he had abandoned such a carefully worked out plan, he did not give me a direct answer but asked me with a smile, "Can you guarantee that you will only seriously injure the person in the car and not kill her?" I could only answer, "I have no experience to go by." "That's the hitch in our plan, you see," he said. "If you killed Madame Soong, you cannot imagine how many people would demand a thorough investigation. In the end they would find out that you had acted on my orders, and if they investigated further, I'm afraid it would be a headache even for Chiang Kai-shek and he would have a hard time extricating himself." In spite of my repeated assurances that I would never betray them and that I would have no regrets even if I had to pay with my own life, Dai Li still kept shaking his head and hinted that Chiang Kai-shek was afraid of bringing trouble on himself, so it was decided to cancel the plan.

More than twenty years had gone by, yet many of the events of those years remained fresh in my memory. Therefore when I saw Vice-Chairman Soong Ching Ling, looking so healthy, standing there with Chairman Mao, Chairman Liu and other Party and state leaders waving to the paraders, my guilty conscience smote me forcibly. At that moment she would never have imagined that on the stand diagonally facing Tiananmen

was someone who had once planned to murder her and who, with hot tears of deep remorse, was now silently begging for her forgiveness.

Chapter VII

Working on the Farm

Manual labour. Perhaps some regarded it as a form of punishment; actually it was not. Manual labour not only increased our knowledge in many ways but also provided inexhaustible pleasure. It helped us understand the labouring people; it also helped us learn truths that no other form of reform could have taught us.

On October 28, 1958, escorted by several guards from Gongdelin, I went with some forty or so young and strong fellow students to the outskirts of Beijing to work on Qincheng Farm, where cadres of the Ministry of Public Security went to do physical labour. The work consisted mostly of planting trees, but to improve living conditions the farm also grew small quantities of vegetables and grain, bred some farm animals and kept bees. The autumn was as beautiful as a painting. On the slopes of the hills persimmons hung red-gold and inviting. Grapes growing along the roadside looked like strings of pearls and amber. When the sun set in the west, the whole farm, houses and fields, was suffused with a dazzling golden glow. The smoke rising from the chimneys, the carts and horses, the people and their laughter blended into a wondrous and enchanting pastoral symphony. To us, emerging from the confines of high walls, such marvellous country scenes meant sheer luxury.

When we first arrived at the farm, everything was so new, interesting and unfamiliar. Many of us mistook chives for wheat

and grass for corn seedlings, particularly Liao Yaoxiang. At the sight of carrots growing in the fields he cried, "Look! What a lot of parsley! I love parsley." When one of the guards told him, "Those are carrots," he refused to believe him, insisting, "In my hometown in Hunan that's what parsley looks like." Then the old peasant who taught us farm work dug out a carrot, walked over to Liao and said, "See for yourself. Do such things grow underneath parsley?"

Our living quarters on Qincheng Farm were totally unexpected. There were no surrounding walls, no iron gates and no bars on the windows. The rooms were spacious and bright. Four or five of us slept in one room on a bed that stretched from one side of the room to the other. Our living quarters were exactly the same as the cadres'; the only difference was that we were told to urinate into a bucket placed outside our door at night. If anyone wanted to defecate, he had to go outside in pairs. Our food, too, was exactly the same as the cadres' - very varied and plentiful. It was much better than at Gongdeling. I shared a room with Zhuang Cunfu, former KMT Pacification Commander of the Borders of Henan, Hubei and Anhui provinces, Lieutenant General Zhou Zhenqiang, Division District Commander of Western Zhejiang Province and concurrently Commander of Jinhua Garrison Headquarters, Colonel Xia Jianji, Commander of the 114th Division, and Wang Zhenshan, MIB Chief of North China District.

There was a person who loved pressed buckwheat noodles and he ate four or five bowls at one sitting. While we were watching a film that night, he began to retch and throw up. A head nurse who was at the film with us became very upset, fearing he had contracted some acute disease. She was going to send him to the hospital when I said without thinking, "It's not serious. He's just had too many noodles. He'll be all right after he's thrown it all up." I was certainly not prepared for the storm

that descended upon my head because of what I had said, for after we returned to our quarters, he cursed me for a full day and night without stop.

At Gongdelin I had heard about a few persons who were persistently unreasonable in their self-reform; they were called the Four Warriors by their fellow students and were notorious "tough customers". The buckwheat-noodle eater was one of them. I had never suffered at his hands before, but this time I was given a full dose of the "wrath" of this "tough customer". I kept my mouth shut and let him curse to his heart's content. What I could not understand was why the people in charge of us permitted such outrageous behaviour. I solved this puzzle only when I returned in 1964 to visit my fellow students at the Qincheng Detention Camp after I had been granted special amnesty.

In the beginning, when we went to work in the open fields, the guards were afraid that someone might escape. They planted four small red flags on the four sides of our labour grounds, stipulating that we were not to wander beyond the boundaries marked off by the flags and were to report to them in all matters. Actually their fears were groundless, because, for one thing, people like us, who had commanded soldiers ourselves, would consider it a disgrace to be a deserter and receive a bullet in the back. We believed that a military person should die honourably. For another thing, having gone through nearly ten years of reform, we knew that there was no way out for us by escaping. Even if we did succeed in escaping, we would be involving our relatives and friends. By far the chief reason, however, was because everyone knew hope lay ahead for us, so there was no need whatever to escape. Our only wish was to do our best to remould ourselves in order to be accorded clemency sooner. Later when the guards saw that we had no intention of escaping, they removed the little flags. We were even taken by outsiders

for skilled master workers hired by the farm.

Once when Du Yuming and I were trimming grapevines by the roadside, an old peasant happened to walk by. He greeted Du Yuming, "Trimming grapevines, master worker? When it gets cold in a few days, you'll need to bury the vines, won't you?" Du Yuming could only nod his head and grunt assent. After the old peasant had gone, I laughingly remarked to Du, "You put on quite a good act there. He called you master worker and you had the cheek to respond." Du Yuming said with a laugh, "What else could I do? Did you expect me to tell him I was Du Yuming?" How right he was! If this old peasant had known that this was the Du Yuming mentioned in Chairman Mao's works, he would have had a fit.

After we arrived in Qincheng, we were divided into four production teams. I was assigned to Number Two Team. Our team leader was Hu Lincong, former KMT Commander of the 41st Corps. The members included Zhou Zhenqiang, Pang Jingtang, Zhuang Cunfu, Xia Jianji — altogether ten people. Our first job was to dig fishscale pits on the mountainsides. Two people were to dig one large pit two metres in circumference and one metre in depth. I was 44 years old at the time and very confident of my own health and vigour; therefore I was eager to do more work. Contrary to my expectations, Pang Jingtang and I hadn't finished even one pit by the end of the day. What was worse, my back and legs ached terribly and I could not eat from exhaustion. It took us three and a half days to finish two pits, so we did not fulfil our quota, but compared to the others, we had not done too badly. I realized then that I had had too little practice in physical labour. If the government had released us then and there, I very much fear I would have had real difficulties in supporting myself through my own labour.

After we had finished the fishscale pits, we started to mend roads and plant trees. The plan was to plant over three thousand

poplars and locust trees along the roadside from Qincheng to Xiaotangshan in something over a week's time. During this period I, like everyone else, would brim with enthusiasm when we envisioned the Qincheng-Xiaotangshan Road shaded by leafy green trees in the future. Although we would be tired after a day's work, we were always elated. In the eight days we planted trees I wrote eight "Tree-Planting Poems". The following is one of them:

Young trees nurtured by the east wind and the rising sun,

We await Qin-Xiao Road shaded by leafy trees. One tree planted, a thousand beads of sweat fallen, Nine parts effort, ten parts resolution.

We often went to bathe in the Hot Springs Baths at Xiaotangshan, and on the way we always stopped to see how our young trees were growing. Every time we saw the saplings growing sturdily, it would seem as if we were watching our own children growing up and our hearts would overflow with inexpressible joy.

We went to bathe in the hot springs at regular intervals. This was a really pleasurable experience. Whenever we went to bathe, the bathhouse would be reserved for us only for half a day. I remember the first time we went there. We were supposed to go out and work when the guards suddenly announced that we were going to bathe in the hot springs. Qin Daoshan thought the bathhouse was just next door and he hurriedly took off his padded jacket and trousers and rushed out in his thin underclothes. When he saw everyone getting on the bus waiting at the side of the road, he turned back immediately. In his hurry he wrapped a sheet around himself and dashed out to catch the bus. After the bus had started, the guards told us to shut all the windows so that Qin Daoshan would not catch cold. Li

Yikuang, former KMT Deputy Commander of the Fifth Corps, suddenly began to clamour, "There's no air in the bus! There's no air!" At which even the driver burst out laughing and said, "How can you talk if there's no air?" After our bath everyone offered Qin Daoshan an extra piece of clothing. Thus we avoided being the centre of attention in the small town.

That morning we took a rest after returning from our bath. We went back to work only in the afternoon. In the evening it was arranged for us to see a film in the work-site dining hall. The name of the film was Daughter of the Party. As I watched the reactionaries slaughtering revolutionaries on the screen, my thoughts went back to the tragic massacre perpetrated by the MIB in Bai House and Zhazidong in Chongqing on the eve of Liberation. I was once more overcome with sadness and shame.

Although our determination to reform was very firm, actually it was not so easy to do. The first time we went to dig manure in the pigsty, we were flabbergasted at the sight of the floor covered with pig excrement and oozing with foul-smelling water. Everyone stood as far away as possible until the guard came. Without a word he rolled up his trouser legs, walked into the pigsty and started working. Seeing this, we could do nothing but follow suit. At first we felt nauseated when we sniffed the horrible stench. Then somebody said, "This manure really smells horrible," to which the guard replied readily, "That means it's really good manure. The more it stinks, the more effective it will be as fertilizer." It took us quite a long time to grow accustomed to the stench and finally not mind it anymore.

The northern winter gradually descended upon us. The cold wind that penetrated our bones, the snow and ice that lay everywhere submitted us to an even more severe test. The ground was frozen. It was impossible to dig holes to plant trees anymore, so we started to build earth banks in the fields, repair dikes, prune branches and repair the pigsties. We had no

experience in building earth banks, so they all turned out crooked and irregular. Only Chen Shizhang, who was of peasant origin, worked fast and well. The people in charge praised him and told us to learn from him. The day we started to repair dikes, it was snowing and blowing very hard. Whenever my hand touched the ice-cold stone, it became numb with pain. This aroused a fear of the difficulties that lay ahead. How could I hold out through such a winter? At this critical time Department Chief Sun from Gongdelin came in the heavy snow to see us. He was very solicitous about our health and well-being and warned us to be very careful when we were working and to avoid accidents.

When we were repairing the pigsties, the guards sent some of us to build the walls around the sties and some to collect bricks from an old brick kiln nearby, at the same time warning us not to pull bricks out from inside the kiln for fear the kiln might collapse and cause injury. But Xu Yuanju and Chen Changjie, former Commander of the Tianjin Garrison Headquarters, intent on achieving higher speed and wishing to collect more bricks, went secretly into the kiln to pull out bricks. The result was that the kiln collapsed on top of Chen Changjie and knocked him out and Xu Yuanju's leg got caught under a pile of bricks so that he was unable to move. Frantically he screamed, "Help! Help! The bricks have collapsed on us!" At this moment Section Chief Liu and several guards were standing on a slope. Hearing the screams, they leapt down the slope and dashed towards the kiln. Sweat from anxiety was running down Section Chief Liu's face as he rushed into the kiln and carried the unconscious Chen Changjie out on his back. Then he sent people into the kiln to move the load of bricks off Xu Yuanju's leg. At the same time he got people to dig among the bricks and check the number of people for fear more people might be buried under the bricks. This act of total disregard for their own safety on the part of Section Chief Liu and the guards in order to save the injured once again moved me deeply.

New Year's Eve of 1958 arrived. Because it had been snowing and blowing for days on end, work had halted on the 27th. We bathed, had haircuts and went shopping for daily necessities to prepare for the New Year. On New Year's Eve Bureau Chief Yao of the Ministry of Public Security came and called a meeting at which he summed up our achievements during two months of physical labour and pointed out the shortcomings that still existed among us, giving us all encouragement and hope.

In the evening we had a New Year's feast at which everyone talked and laughed happily, fully savouring the joy of sending off the old year and ushering in the new one. While I was eating the tasty dishes set before us, the memory of my dear ones suddenly struck me like a shock. It was the 21st day of the 11th lunar month, the 39th birthday of my beloved wife Xue Xue (Snowflakes) — Su Yanping. I could not refrain from wishing her well on her birthday in my heart. Would Xue Xue, living in the deep south, also be thinking of me thousands of miles away from her? After dinner I left the gaily laughing people and walked aimlessly out the door. I gazed at the snow-covered mountains and fields, lost in my own reflections, scenes of past birthday celebrations for Xue Xue flashing through my mind.

A snowflake floated down and rested on my neck, cool, refreshing and soothing. This brought back to me a day more than 20 years before. I was then a training officer in the Special Training Class in Linli County. That day I was teaching the students how to swim. Suddenly I heard a student cry out, "Coach Shen! Come quick! Somebody's sunk to the bottom." I raised my head from the water and saw a girl struggling under the deep water. I swam over rapidly and pulled her out. I was just about to subject her to a good tongue-lashing for going without permission into deep water when I noticed that she was

a young girl of about 17, very beautiful and poised. What was more, there was not the slightest hint of fear on her face despite the danger she had been through. Somehow I could not bear to be too harsh with her, so I merely said, "Be more careful next time. If you can't swim, you shouldn't go into the deepwater section. Go back and take a rest." She gave me a smile, flung back her wet hair and ran off. The water that fell from her hair on my body and neck also felt cool and soothing. From that day on her sweet smile, her mischievous eyes became firmly implanted in my heart....

The laughter from inside dragged me back from Linli to Qincheng. Looking around me, I could see nothing but snow everywhere. I went back to my room, got my basin, filled it with snow, went back and scrubbed my face with it. Ever since winter had come, I had become fond of washing my face or scrubbing my body with the pure white snow. The snow felt cold on my body, but it warmed my heart. I would endure the cold rather than seeing the snowflakes, for the snowflakes reminded me of my Xue Xue. In the bitter cold of winter she could give me strength and courage and sustain me in my will to go on working and in my efforts to remould myself. For this reason I wrote two "Odes to the Snow" that had dual implications.

1

Each morning I hope for snow — a good year portending; Ten years of rich harvests, one happy event the other following. This year, abiding in the country, a special love for snow feeling,

This body of mine, to the soil today belonging.

11

The timely snow of promise softly descending, Moistening the wheat seedlings in the fields.

Happier still to see the saplings by the thousands; Needing no man's help, they are cared for by the heavens.

After the New Year the guards organized discussions among us, asking us to make evaluations of our own ideological remoulding in the year 1958. During the discussions my fellow students commented that I was not afraid to dig up my erroneous thoughts but did not criticize them enough. They said that I was an enthusiastic and hard worker, but I did not show enough initiative. I felt that their evaluation was correct and was prepared to try hard to overcome these shortcomings. Some people also criticized me for being too sentimental, saying that I thought too much of my family, which might affect my ideological remoulding. I knew that this was one of my greatest weaknesses, but I had never been able to rid myself of it. I agreed that it would be best for me to do all I could to overcome this weakness.

Without our being aware of it, the weather had gradually turned warm again. The willows hung pale green and the peach trees blossomed pink. This was the best season for planting fruit trees and my fellow students and I threw ourselves into the work. In order to temper myself further through physical labour I snatched at every opportunity to do heavy jobs, such as carrying water up the hill, sometimes carrying over 120 buckets a day. Since childhood I had been able to rattle off songs and rhymes such as:

Rice tastes good, but oh, what backbreaking work!
Cherries taste delicious, but oh, what backbreaking work!

and

Hoeing the grain in the midday sun, Into the soil sweat beads run. Yet it was only now, through the actual experience of physical labour, that I really understood the deep meaning of these rhymes. I realized that the peasants had by no means an easy job of it.

As our understanding deepened, so our work consciousness was raised day by day. Often after our own work was done, we would help the cadres of the farm with other jobs. Once we went to build fences for a kindergarten run by the Ministry of Public Security. The innocent, lovable little children wanted to know where we old fellows came from. The teachers told the children to call us "Granddad", and the children were always glad to see us when we went there. We were all very happy to be able to do something for these children and were often reluctant to stop work even when it was getting dark. The children would pipe in their baby voices, "Granddad, hurry up and go home. It's getting dark; your mother is waiting for you to have supper!" and we would all burst out laughing.

One morning Section Chief Liu told us to go into town to Ditan Park to see an exhibition of agricultural and industrial products produced by labour reform units all over the country. The industrial products were divided into four large sections: light industry, heavy industry, electrical machinery and construction projects. Surprisingly, these products were not only of rich variety but also of superior quality. After seeing the exhibition, I felt all sorts of emotions surging through me. I felt that this exhibition was an account the government was giving to the people of its achievements in ten years of criminal reform work. It was also a most vivid kind of education for me.

Soon after this the warden summoned fifteen of us, including Wang Yaowu, Du Yuming, Xu Yuanju, Song Xilian, Wang Lingji and I, to a meeting in the farm office. This was rather unusual and it made us all uneasy, not knowing what might be in store for us. It is always that way with criminals; they are

extremely sensitive to every little change. At the meeting several leading cadres we had never met before spoke and asked us to write the inside story of the history of the reactionaries. At the same time they told us that the government was making arrangements for us to go on another visit in the near future. Xu Yuanju, Guo Xu and I were assigned to one group; our job was to write the inside story of the MIB secret agents. I was very happy to accept this job. By writing the inside story of the MIB I would not only be exposing its reactionary nature and its corruption but also have the opportunity to see my own crimes more clearly.

According to the arrangement, the people assigned writing jobs would work only half a day. As I had become accustomed to physical labour in the past months, it made me uncomfortable not to participate, so I and many of the others who were writing took part in physical labour as usual in the daytime, trying our best to use only our free time in the evening to do our writing.

The scorching heat and my eagerness to excel in everything brought on my old trouble of hemorrhoids and prolapse of the anus, which caused frequent bleeding. I had been overambitious in trying to get my writing done sooner and in trying to do more than my share of physical labour. One day as I was carrying water, I suddenly blacked out and fell down unconscious. When I came to, I found a nurse by my side, listening to my heart and taking my blood pressure. The diagnosis was that I had become anaemic from losing too much blood. The warden and Section Chief Liu advised me to take a proper rest and not participate in physical labour, and the dining-hall cooked special meals for me. After I had been in bed for two days, I could not endure it any longer, so I insisted on going out to work. The head nurse was worried about my condition and did not feel she should give permission. She kept asking me how I felt and tried to persuade me to rest a few more days, but I refused to listen to her advice and went out to work. After working a little over an hour, I just could not go on anymore. This time Section Chief Liu ordered me to take a complete rest. I was not even allowed to go on writing. Luckily I recovered very quickly under the treatment of the head nurse.

Golden autumn, wonderful harvest time, arrived again. The grapes and other fruit we had planted were already ripening. Section Chief Liu himself clipped off clusters of ripe grapes and divided them among us. The fruit of our labour tasted especially sweet to us. We all knew how much work had gone into those grapes. From digging up the earth to planting the vines, from carrying water to manuring the soil, from erecting trellises to trimming the vines, it was impossible to calculate the amount of work and sweat it had cost us from last autumn to this one. When we first arrived at the farm, we planted vines very slowly. Later Du Yuming hit upon a good method. First he dug a hole with his shovel, then he put in the grapevine. This method proved very efficient. When the guards saw it was practicable, they had everyone adopt it. In this way we finished five days' work in one day. We learned our lesson when some young vines did not live because we had dug the holes too deep for them to reach the fertile soil. This taught us that not even the least bit of carelessness was permissible. From then on we were all very careful about quality. When spring came, Du Yuming and I erected a tall, large trellis; we watered and manured the grapevines regularly. As we watched the leaves and tendrils climb all over the trellis, we were unspeakably happy. Suddenly one night, when the grapes were hanging like emeralds, a terrible storm hit the trellis and sent the grapes rolling all over the ground. The next morning when I saw the yet unripe grapes scattered everywhere, my heart became so sore I could not utter a word. Section Chief Liu told us to pick up the grapes and take them back and eat them, but I could not eat a single one. The

loving care, the labour and sweat of one year had been destroyed in one blast. How could I not be heartsick, how could I not be angry? At that moment I really understood the love the labouring people felt for the fruit of their labour. In the past I had lorded it over people, squandered money without batting an eye, trampled on the labouring people's blood and sweat. No wonder the people rose up against us. It was the most natural thing in the world to protect the fruit of one's own labour.

Chapter VIII

Joy and Sorrow Intermingled

Changes often take place when least expected, and for some people the sudden shock can be too much to bear.

On the afternoon of September 16, 1959, just before we finished work, I caught sight of Xu Yuanju waving a newspaper and shouting wildly as he ran towards us. "Good news! Good news!" Wang Yaowu ran up to him, snatched the paper from him and began to read aloud while the rest of us stood close around him. He read:

On the occasion of the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China, it is appropriate to announce the granting of special pardon to a group of criminals of war, counter-revolutionary criminals and common criminals who have truly atoned for their crimes and turned over a new leaf....

When I heard the words "announce the granting of special pardon", a warm current began to course through my whole being, my eyes grew dim, my mind stopped working and my ears started buzzing. The rest of the words were lost to me. In my confusion I felt someone shake my hand; I heard people racing about madly in the persimmon orchard and others shouting at the top of their voices. I did not dare to believe that this was true. Returning to our dormitory, I found a newspaper and read the article carefully. There they were, the words clearly before my eyes in black and white:

The adoption of such a measure will promote the converting of negative elements into positive ones. It will also have an important educational effect on the continuing reform of these criminals as well as those still in custody. It will enable them to see that under our great socialist system everyone has a future so long as he gives up evil and returns to good.

Yes, it was true! This was a proposal put forward by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party to the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress with Chairman Mao's signature on it. Tears of excitement flowed from my eyes, and I sat there in a daze, silently listening to my fellow students discussing the special pardon.

It happened to be the eve of the Moon Festival. The full moon shed its light through the window, filling the room with a quiet, soft radiance. Some of my fellow students were in hospital because the shock of the good news had been too much for them and their blood pressure had shot up from overexcitement and agitation. I too was a long time falling asleep. With clemency in sight, I felt all the more that I had done too little and had been too slow in remoulding my ideology.

The September 18 issue of *People's Daily* carried on its front page Chairman Liu Shaoqi's "Special Pardon Decree" and an editorial entitled "Give Up Evil and Do Good, a Bright Future Lies Ahead". The first clause of the decree read, "The war criminals of the Chiang Kai-shek clique and the puppet 'Manchukuo' regime who have truly atoned for their crimes and turned over a new leaf after ten years of detention will be released." This clause applied absolutely to us. It was very clear all we had to do was to wait. Now that the day we had been longing for all these years had finally come, I found myself at a complete loss. I held the newspaper, reading it over and over again, and finally saw that the "Special Pardon Decree" had been issued on the day of the Moon Festival of 1959. I shall never forget that day. I was sure the Hongkong newspapers would lose no time in publishing the news. How happy my

family would be when they read it! I could not refrain from calling out in my heart, "Ah, Xue Xue! Soon we shall be reunited."

The day after the "Special Pardon Decree" was issued, Department Chief Sun of Gongdelin came with a group of photographers and reporters, announcing that they were going to shoot a documentary film. I busied myself trimming my fellow students' hair, hoping everyone would contribute happily to the filming. I took a much different pleasure in haircutting from what I did ordinarily. When I viewed the results of my own handiwork, I was indescribably happy.

The photographers shot scenes of us studying and holding discussions, at recreation and weeding in the fields. It was obvious that our laughter came from the bottom of our hearts; it was not assumed or affected but natural and spontaneous. This showed that my fellow students and I all felt that in participating in labour, we were very much like house-guests persuaded to prolong their stay. If the day of special pardon was not far off, we could surely expect to leave before National Day. Xu Yuanju, who had always been impatient by nature, was unable to suppress his exhilaration and said to me in private, "It would be wonderful if you and I could be released together. I still have a sum of money and I will share some of it with you." It turned out that before Liberation he had left two thousand U.S. dollars in the safekeeping of a friend who used to work in the Sichuan Hecheng Bank. This friend proved to be very trustworthy. After Liberation he had changed the U.S. dollars to Renminbi and given them to Xu Yuanju. I was very grateful to Xu for his friendship, but my main concern was not money but how to find my Xue Xue.

Shortly afterwards Section Chief Liu announced that we were all returning to Gongdelin. This time my feelings were completely different from those of two years before when I had

arrived at Gongdelin from Chongqing. Then I had felt only antagonism at the sight of the iron gates and the prison bars. When I had seen that I was being shut up with the highest-ranking KMT officials of national notoriety, I had felt even worse, because there seemed no hope for the future. Now, returning to Gongdelin, I felt like a bride returning to the home of her parents, where everything was familiar and convenient. The surroundings were the same, but my feelings were not. There was not a trace of the old antagonism and doubt left. The fellow students who had not gone with us to Qincheng Farm were also extremely excited when they heard about the filming there. With a new life in sight we all felt closer to each other.

In the midst of our excited and impatient anticipation some of us were suddenly summoned to decorate the auditorium. I immediately concluded that this was probably because the Supreme People's Court was coming to announce the names on the special pardon list. Once again a wave of excitement swept over me. Yet in spite of my continuous anticipation, National Day was drawing near and there was still no sign of a special pardon at Gongdelin. What on earth was going on? I had thought that we would be out by National Day; now it looked as though it would drag on and on.

Just as we were making all kinds of wild guesses, Section Chief Liu told us to study the *People's Daily* editorial "Give Up Evil and Do Good, a Bright Future Lies Ahead" properly once more. This was certainly worth a closer look. At first we had paid attention only to the clause "after ten years of detention" without any genuine understanding of the clause "who have truly atoned for their crimes and turned over a new leaf". Personally I thought that as long as one acknowledged one's crimes, repented them and reformed oneself in earnest, one could be said to have "abandoned evil and returned to good". Therefore I was confident that my behaviour measured up to the

conditions of this clause. After studying the editorial, I saw that it was not so simple as I had thought; the implications were much deeper. Would I qualify? Without the administration of a dose of reassurance, my heart would always be in a state of suspense.

National Day came again; we went as usual to attend the celebrations. To be able to attend the celebrations, to be able to see with our own eyes the magnificent spectacle of the parade, was naturally a happy event that we had more than hoped for, especially that year. Everyone knew that a new life was within reach, which filled us with unusual elation. Although I had not fully recovered from my hemorrhoids, I did not feel at all tired after standing several hours. We were elated because while we were taking a rest in the library of the Ministry of Public Security, someone had discovered that *The Masses Newspaper* of Shandong and the *Jilin Daily* had both published the news of the special pardon, so we concluded that the special pardon would soon reach us.

After National Day we continued to study and discuss the "Special Pardon Decree" and the *People's Daily* editorial. By then it was more than a month since the decree had been issued. One day Department Chief Sun suddenly announced that we were going back to Qincheng Farm. This was truly bewildering and I, like everyone else, couldn't help feeling disappointed. Then I thought to myself, "What's the use of being so impatient? I might as well settle down to my work and let the government take care of everything."

Everything went as usual at Qincheng Farm. Sweating at physical labour gave me a good feeling and kept me from thinking too much. I felt very low only when piles of letters from home were forwarded from Gongdelin to us. Since the "Special Pardon Decree" had been issued, my fellow students had all received many letters from home—all except me. I had

not had a single letter. It seemed as if in this vast sea of life, apart from the Party and the government, which were still considering my case, everyone had forgotten my existence and there was no one to show the least concern. Such as life was, how could I help my emotions? How were my beloved wife, my aged mother and my children? Did they know that they were in my thoughts every day?

One night I had a dream. After searching everywhere, I finally found my Xue Xue, but she had been married to someone else for many years and had had children by her new husband. The first time we met she apologized to me, tears flowing from her eyes. I assured her sincerely that I not only forgave her but understood and thanked her for all she had been to me in the past. After she was gone, I lived all by myself, a lonely man. She often came to see me and I settled down, living only for her next visit, like one looking forward to the New Year. After I awoke, all the scenes of my dream passed before my eyes with extraordinary clarity. Fits of melancholy, which I was unable to shake off, seized me. I tried to reassure myself that Xue Xue would never abandon me.

Xue Xue was assigned to work in Changsha after she graduated from the Linli Special Training Class in Hunan. Almost immediately afterwards I was transferred to Changde to be Director of the Inspection Department of Garrison Headquarters. I had not had time to tell her about my transfer, so during the big fire in Changsha in 1938 she disguised herself as a man and, without obtaining permission, prepared to walk all the way to Linli amidst the chaos to look for me. Early one morning as I was galloping as usual down the highway from Changde to Changsha, I suddenly saw a soldier in old padded army uniform walking towards me. As he came up close, my whip slipped from my hand and fell at his feet. I ordered him to pick it up for me, which he did submissively. As he was handing

me my whip, the soldier suddenly stopped in mid-motion and we stared at each other in amazement. My God! It was my Xue Xue! In my astonishment and joy I rolled off my horse, and we stood facing each other sobbing for a long time, wordlessly. Finally I took her to the largest and best hotel in Changde, the Wuling Gardens, and checked her in. Soon afterwards we were married in Changde. From that day on we had always been very close and she had always been "sacred" to me.

During the first days of my imprisonment the very thought of her would give me the strength and courage to go on living. Her beauty and the tenderness of her love were so deeply etched in my memory. As I had no photograph of Xue Xue, I paid one yuan six jiao for a diary, although I had only a few yuan left and no source of income, just because the diary had a reproduction of a portrait of a lady by Repin on it that looked so much like Xue Xue that it helped assuage, if ever so little, my longing for her.

I believed that as long as Xue Xue knew I was alive, she would be waiting for me. With a new life opening before us, I yearned even more for some news from Xue Xue. As things were, it looked as if I would have to wait till I was granted special pardon to obtain some news of her. But when would I be granted special pardon?

While I was pondering this, orders came for us to return to town. I thought, "Perhaps this time the special pardon list will be announced," but when I got on the bus, I learnt that we were going on a tour. The first day we visited the Ming Tombs Reservoir, the Underground Palace and Happy Village, where we took many pictures.

The next day we visited the Beijing Railway Station and the Great Hall of the People. The magnificence of the architecture of the Beijing Railway Station with its modern facilities and excellent service was amazing.

Most impressive was the Great Hall of the People, which had been built in only ten months. If I had not seen it myself, I could never have imagined anything so splendid. The rooms of each province or region were designed with originality, each with its own special style. The embroidery of Hunan, the padauk of Guangdong, the carpets of the Northwest, the bamboos of Sichuan — what a glorious sight! My eyes could hardly take in all that beauty. To me this splendid building was not only the pride of our nation but a symbol of the wisdom of the labouring people. It made me feel proud and honoured to be a Chinese. In the past I had always felt that nothing concerning the nation had anything to do with me because I was a war criminal, but now my feelings had undergone a complete change. I felt closely connected to everything that concerned the motherland. The prosperity of the motherland was a matter of pride to me. How I longed to be granted pardon sooner so that I could throw myself into socialist construction!

Then suddenly it happened. We had not finished our tour when we were recalled to Gongdelin. The day we had so much longed for had come at last.

September 24, 1959. An atmosphere of solemnity and festivity hung over the auditorium of Gongdelin. My fellow students and I all put on our best clothes as if for the New Year. Tense and joyful, we walked quietly into the auditorium. At the front of the auditorium, right in the middle, hung a large red silk banner with the words MEETING FOR THE FIRST GROUP OF WAR CRIMINALS TO BE GRANTED SPECIAL PARDON cut out of white paper in imitation Song Dynasty style pasted neatly on it. The meeting began. I strained forward, listening with my whole being, waiting. The presiding judge, sitting at the centre of the platform, began to call out the names: Du Yuming, Song Xilian, Zeng Kuoqing, Wang Yaowu, Chen Changjie.... Two sensations flashed alternately through me as I

followed the rise and fall of the judge's voice — joy and anguish. I was joyful because my good friends and fellow students had been given a new life. I went through anguish because I had not yet heard my own name called. In a state of extreme tension I listened with bated breath, fearing that one single breath might cause me to miss hearing my own name. After reading the names of Qiu Xingxiang, Yang Botao, Zheng Tingji, Zhou Zhenqiang and Lu Junquan, the judge paused for breath. Then he went on, "The above-mentioned having completed ten years of reform and having truly atoned for their crimes and turned over a new leaf will be released and accorded the rights of citizens of the People's Republic of China, effective from the day the announcement was made." The judge stopped and my heart sank within me. Finished! My wonderful prospects vanished right before my eyes like a mirage and everything went black in front of me.

Du Yuming spoke on behalf of the ten people who had been granted pardon, expressing gratitude to the government. Zheng Tingji's daughter and Yang Botao's son, who had both come expressly from school to attend the meeting, spoke on behalf of the families. Bureau Chief Yao spoke on behalf of the reform organization. He said, "We congratulate the first group who have been granted pardon. We hope they will learn from the people. We are looking forward to granting pardon to a second group. We hope they will learn from those who have attained a new life. In the past we used to say to you, 'It is not too late to mend the sheepfold after a sheep has been lost.' Now we should say to you, 'Even if you have climbed a hundred feet up a pole, climb still higher." Bureau Chief Yao's words called me back from the labyrinths of despair and a flame of hope burned once more in my heart. Then Pang Jingtang, former Chairman of the Kuomintang Shandong Provincial Headquarters, spoke on behalf of the people who had not been granted pardon. He said,

"We thank the Party for its policy of leniency. Ten of our fellow students have been granted pardon; we share the feelings they are experiencing. We are determined to work hard to reform ourselves in order to be included in the second group."

When we returned from the meeting, none of us could eat anything at lunch. We had no appetite whatsoever. The irascible Xu Yuanju, who was the least able to control himself, shouted, "I too have sweated like a pig, supplied written evidence. In what way can I not compare with the others?" His words fell like a spark into the smouldering atmosphere and set off an explosion. "That's right! In what way can't we compare? Why can they receive pardon and we can't?" Each of us aired our opinions at the discussion until we finally arrived at a unified understanding. These people had been granted pardon on the undoubted grounds of "having completed ten years of detention and having truly given up evil and turned over a new leaf". Each of them had behaved outstandingly in his own way. They were indeed worthy to be our models.

In the days that followed I carefully analyzed the reasons for my not being granted pardon and discovered many weaknesses in myself that caused me to acknowledge that I did not qualify for "having truly given up evil and turned over a new leaf". Besides, strictly speaking, I had not completed ten years of detention. Thus my emotions settled back into their normal channels.

Once again Spring Festival was approaching and we were still in Gongdelin. Instead of hanging around Gongdelin all the time I felt I would much rather go back to Qincheng Farm. The days went by faster there, while it made me very uncomfortable to sit around all day doing nothing. Suddenly one day the warden summoned ten people to his office, which stirred another wave of unrest among those not summoned. We all took this as a sign that another special pardon was going to be granted, because

according to old Chinese custom, it was possible for another group of people to receive pardon before Spring Festival. I said to myself, "It must be that I do not qualify for special pardon." So while I envied others their good fortune, I knew I had only myself to blame. After lunch the ten people came back. It was only then that we learned that Chen Changjie, Qiu Xingxiang and two others had come to see them. They told them that Premier Zhou had received the first group and encouraged them to continue to remould themselves, hoping they would change their political stand and become self-supporting working people, in which case there would be no question of their being assigned jobs. Chen Changjie and the others also told them that the people granted pardon were still visiting places and holding discussions. They were staying in a hotel and living quite comfortably, and there was no discrimination against them. I was much moved when I heard this and filled with greater confidence and strength. This news had a great impact on me because I had been suffering from an inferiority complex and was in constant fear of being discriminated against. Shortly after this visit Song Xilian sent four packets of preserves and candies, stipulating that they were for me and several others. Although it wasn't very much, we were very grateful. It showed that he had not forgotten us after all and it also showed that he was happy outside. We shared the gifts with the others so that everyone had a taste of something sweet, even if only a few morsels.

The tenth day of the twelfth lunar month in 1959 was my mother's 80th birthday. I had not always been able to keep my mind from dwelling on my family. My aged mother had admonished me continually on the ethics of human behaviour, but I had not listened to her and had committed unforgivable crimes. Now it was impossible to undo what I had done. Through my own fault I had brought misfortune not only on

myself but on my wife and children, and sorrow and heartbreak to my aged mother. Now when I recalled the day my mother was leaving Kunming, how she, tears running down her face, urged me to join them as soon as possible, my heart ached. How many tears she must have shed in these ten years, during which we had not heard a word from each other! If I had been among that first group to be granted amnesty, she would have been able to read the news before her birthday. How happy it would have made her. But now I had no good news to console the kind old lady. All I could do was to turn my face towards the south in my prison cell and silently wish her good health and long life. The more I thought of it, the more I felt that it would not do me any good if I kept thinking of my family and did not settle down and concentrate on my reform. When I realized this, my feelings gradually calmed down.

As the saying goes, "Misfortunes never come singly." As soon as my ideological problems were resolved, illness struck again. Hemorrhoids and prolapse of the anus together made me utterly wretched. Sometimes if I sat too long, I would suffer from a prolapse. Sometimes the bleeding would be so profuse that my blankets would be soiled. The guards and my fellow students were very kind to me, looking after me and not allowing me to do heavy work. Every time the guards took me to the hospital the doctors said, "If you want to be thoroughly rid of your illness, you must have an operation." So I applied to have my hemorrhoids taken out.

Soon after my application was handed in, the warden notified me and former 25th Corps Commander Chen Shizhang to get ready to go to the hospital. Chen was to have his hernia taken out. I had never thought the decision would be made so quickly and I was naturally full of gratitude. Chen and I were accompanied to the Fuxing Hospital by our prison doctor, Dr. Wang. We were both delighted to be given a big, sunny room. I

had taken with me my unfinished writing, intending to finish it while I was undergoing treatment.

On our arrival at the hospital we were told to take a bath and change into hospital clothes. Then the doctor came and made a preliminary examination. He made a drawing of the shape of my hemorrhoids and asked about my symptoms in a very gentle manner, which helped to reassure me that people did not discriminate against us, that they were ready to welcome us into their midst.

The operation was very successful. After a week the stitches were taken out and the doctor told us to go back and recuperate. I had never expected that in ten days I would be completely rid of an illness I had suffered from for years.

One morning the section chief announced that we would return to Qincheng Farm the next day and to take all our things with us. That meant we were not coming back to Gongdelin, which meant that we would be free of the prison! What exhilarating news this was! Although we had not been granted special pardon, Gongdelin was no longer our base. We were going to settle down at Qincheng Farm. It did not matter how long we would have to go on with our reform, it was much better than being at Gongdelin. We ate well at Qincheng Farm and the air was fresh there. Now that my hemorrhoids had been taken out, there would be no obstacles to my participation in labour. This would provide me with a better opportunity to reform myself through labour and hence obtain amnesty sooner.

Everyone was busy getting ready the whole afternoon, congratulating one another on our approaching new life.

Good-bye, Gongdelin! Good-bye, prison!

Chapter IX

Special Pardon

Qincheng—a place I loved. Hardly three months had elapsed since I had left it, yet I had missed it very much. I felt so free there; it was a place filled with fun and joy. There I had come to understand the meaning of labour and the real value of life. I often thought I would be fortunate if in my old age I could settle down in Qincheng after my special pardon.

After leaving Gongdelin, our bus sped on for quite some time before it entered the gate of a building that looked like a government office and not the Qincheng Farm we had expected.

The place was enclosed by high walls, within which were four spacious courtyards, each with one four-storey building. We lived in the third courtyard. The 61 of us who came from Gongdelin occupied the ground floor; the rooms were spacious and bright. The whole surroundings were so quiet, hardly any noise ever disturbed us.

The next day a member of the staff told us that this was also a prison; during recess we could walk about in the yard, but we were not supposed to go to other courtyards or other floors. He hoped we would abide strictly by the prison rules.

When we heard that this was also a prison, most of us became very dejected. Some regarded it as a sign that prospects for a second special pardon were very slim. I had thought that leaving Gongdelin meant leaving prison; I had never expected another prison. Though the environment and facilities here were much better than at Gongdelin, it was nevertheless a prison and I did not feel at all happy about it. However, I did not believe there would be any change in the Communist policy for a second special pardon.

Before long my belief was confirmed. One day the chief of the administration section called a meeting. He pointed out the erroneous views entertained by some since our move there and urged us to correct them. He stressed that the policy of the Communist Party would not change; we should not entertain any doubts about it. Everything would turn out well. Anyone who abandoned evil and did good would be granted special pardon. His talk was most timely, clearing up the confused ideas among some of us.

Spring came, the spring breeze drifting over the high walls and through the iron gate. It made the apricot trees bloom. Seeing the apricot trees in full blossom in the yard, I could not help recalling the fruit trees we had planted with our own hands on the farm. How I wished to see the endless stretch of trees in full flower on the slopes and in the fields! To my regret, as I had just had an operation, the warden would not let me do manual labour on the farm with those who were physically fit. I was told to work with those in poor health to clear away the garbage and tidy up the rooms. To ensure that I would gain skill in agricultural work after my recovery, I borrowed books on agricultural technology, such as The Cultivation of Vegetables and The Cultivation of Fruit Trees, to read whenever I had time. It was my hope that I would understand the theories better through future practice, so that I would become a qualified farmer someday.

Not long after my complete recovery I took part in transporting bricks in pushcarts. Accidentally I received a thrust

from the handle of a fellow student's cart that struck the last segment of my spinal column. The pain was so severe that I could only sit on the ground while cold sweat broke out all over me. My fellow students quickly helped me up. Warden Liu came running when he heard about my accident and instructed the others to help me back to my room while he went to fetch the doctor. Finding no bone injury, the doctor applied some medicine and ordered me to rest for a few days. Only then did Liu leave me, relieved. Thereafter whenever the warden or the guards saw me, they would inquire kindly, "Are you feeling better?"

Another time when we were carrying heavy loads of sweet potatoes to the kitchen, I sweated all over and my shirt became soaking wet. When we finished this job, we went to the kitchen cellar, where the vegetables were stored, to pick the tiny sweet potatoes from the vines. As it was dank in the cellar, I was soon shivering from the chill air that penetrated my sweat-soaked clothes. Seeing this, the mess officer took off his work jacket and threw it over my shoulders. This made me rather uneasy, but the mess officer insisted and said with concern, "You are getting on in years; you should be careful not to catch cold."

Apart from expressing deep concern for our health and daily life, the prison staff showed respect for us as individuals. Once a public security cadre's sewing machine was broken, and since it was an English machine, no one knew how to repair it. Wang Zejun and I had used such a machine at Gongdelin and knew how to fix it, so we were asked to help. One morning the warden took us to the cadre's house just as he and his wife were about to leave for work. They received us cordially and told the help, a peasant girl, to prepare lunch for us. After the couple left, the warden also left. The peasant girl then showed us into the room where we were to repair the sewing machine and stationed herself at the door with a rolling pin in her hand. "What are you

doing that for?" I asked her. "To see that you don't run away," she answered. "Do you think you could stop us with that rolling pin?" I asked her. That frightened her all the more and she immediately shut the door and locked it. We decided to ignore her and began to repair the machine. When it was about noontime, the girl unlocked the door and brought in two bowls of rice heaped high with a variety of meat and vegetables. Dumping the bowls on the floor near the door she commanded peremptorily, "Eat!" With this she locked us up again. Much angered by such treatment, neither of us touched the food.

Soon the couple returned from work. Opening the door, they were astonished to find two bowls of rice on the floor, so they asked the girl what had happened. On hearing her story, they at once came and apologized, saying, "She is only an ignorant young girl. We told her to prepare some special dishes so that we could all eat together. What a mess she made! We are really sorry. Please come to the table and let us have lunch together." Thus we ate with them. The couple then reproved the girl, smiling, "They won't run away. If they did, not even ten people could prevent them. Do you think you could have stopped them single-handed?" After lunch we finished our repair job, for which the couple thanked us sincerely. As the warden had not yet arrived to fetch us, we went back by ourselves.

On the way Wang Zejun and I talked about what had happened. We saw that the public security cadre and the prison camp staff were not acting as individuals when they showed such concern, solicitude and respect for us but as representatives of the government and the Communist Party.

National Day of 1960 came and went. Still there was no news of a second special pardon. We all thought there would be no special pardon that year. On our way to the farm I observed that the grapevines we had cultivated were heavy with grapes. I

could not help saying to myself, "I have been remoulding myself for eleven years. When will my efforts blossom and bear fruit?"

Harvest time came at last. On November 18, 1960, the People's Daily carried the Communique of the 105th Session of the State Council, announcing that the names of the second group to be granted special pardon had been submitted to the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress for examination and approval. Many of my fellow students were so excited over the good news that they lay awake all night. I too lay awake for a long time, thinking of many things. Could the people ever pardon a secret agent like me, who was responsible for the murder of so many revolutionaries? Could those veteran cadres who had suffered persecution at the hands of the MIB ever forgive me? I was different from other war criminals. They had commanded troops on the battlefield and fought in open battle, so that there was no direct personal conflict or hatred involved, whereas in my former job I had harmed a great many revolutionaries. It would not be easy for me to obtain forgiveness. The scene in Chongqing when the families of the martyrs had seized me and demanded the return of their dear ones, dead or alive, was still fresh in my memory. It made me feel all the more that a special pardon for me was something within sight yet unattainable.

Two days later Chairman Liu Shaoqi issued the second "Special Pardon Decree". The news did not stir up any blind optimism as it had the year before; our joy was subdued by a more realistic calm. Though I did not believe there was any possibility of my being included in the second special pardon group, I could not abandon hope. Thus I hoped for the best and prepared for the worst. Before the names of the second group were announced, I was in a constant state of tension and could hardly calm down.

November 28, 1960, was an unforgettable day in my life.

That morning we were told to get the cadres' dining-hall ready for a meeting. I knew from this that they were going to announce the names of the second group of people to be granted special pardon. I felt restless and was so overwrought that I dropped a flowerpot and broke it. The warden came over, patted me on the back and said, smiling, "It's all right! It's all right!" I did not know whether this was a sign that I was going to receive a special pardon or the warden was simply trying to comfort me, and I felt all the more agitated. Just then Xu Yuanju and several others were summoned to the warden's office. This greatly perturbed the rest of us and we thought it was all over with us again; our turn had not yet come. When Xu Yuanju came back, I congratulated him, but he only smiled and walked away.

After a while we all assembled and filed into the hall. By then I had somehow become very calm and prepared to continue my ideological reform when the presiding judge of the Supreme People's Court read out the name list. I listened attentively and watched with envy as those whose names were called went up to the stage to receive the "Special Pardon Notice". Then the ninth name was called and it was mine! I dared not trust my ears. The presiding judge called my name twice; still I dared not get up. The guard sitting beside me gave me a push, saying, "He is calling you!" Only then did I stand up as though waking from a dream and hurried up to the stage. With trembling hands I accepted the "Special Pardon Notice". A warm current surged through my heart and my eyes became blurred with tears. This was not an ordinary piece of paper; it was the fruit of 11 long years of ideological remoulding; it was the evidence of my attainment of a second life. Seating myself among the pardoned on the platform, I read over and over again the "Special Pardon Notice".

Special Pardon Notice from the People's Supreme Court of the People's Republic of China

In accordance with the Special Pardon Decree issued by the Chairman of the People's Republic of China on September 17, 1959, this Court has investigated the case of Shen Zui, war criminal of the Chiang Kai-shek clique.

The war criminal Shen Zui, male, 46 years old, of Han nationality, from Xiangtan County, Hunan Province, has now served 11 years' detention. As a result of remoulding through labour and ideological education during his imprisonment he has shown that he has genuinely reformed. In accordance with the stipulations of Clause I of the Special Pardon Decree he is therefore to be released.

Supreme People's Court of the People's Republic of China, 1960

The notice was stamped with the big red seal of the Supreme People's Court, which bore the national emblem.

Gazing at the "Special Pardon Notice", I could not control my emotions and tears of gratitude flowed down my face.

Among those granted special pardon were Lieutenant General Li Xianzhou, KMT Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the Second Pacification District, Fan Hanjie, KMT Deputy Commander of the Northeast Headquarters for "Bandit Suppression" and concurrently Director of the Jinzhou Command, Luo Lirong, KMT Commander of the Third Corps, Hu Lincong, KMT Commander of the 41st Corps, Chen Jincheng, KMT Commander of the 96th Corps, Li Yikuang, KMT Deputy Commander of the Fifth Corps and concurrently Commander of the Fifth Division, Song Ruike, Pang Jingtang, Xia Jianji and Dong Yisan, Department Chief of the KMT 15th Pacification District Headquarters—eleven people in all.

After Pang Jingtang had spoken on behalf of those granted

special pardon, Xu Yuanju spoke on behalf of those who had not. This might seem a trivial matter to most people, but in the eyes of all those who had not yet been granted special pardon, Xu Yuanju's role was much to be envied, indicating he was next in line for pardon. For on the occasion of the first special pardon Pang Jingtang had spoken on behalf of those who had not been granted special pardon, and now Pang Jingtang was included in the second group, so everybody was sure that since Xu Yuanju had been asked to speak, it meant that he would be granted pardon in the third special pardon. Even Xu Yuanju and I believed it would be so. After the meeting Xu Yuanju and I jumped up and down for joy in each other's arms. Xu congratulated me on entering upon a new life and I congratulated him in advance for attaining his pardon in the third group.

"In the past we both served the Kuomintang and did great harm to the people," I said with deep feeling. "From now on, under the leadership of the Communist Party, we will join efforts to make more contributions to the people."

When the time came for me to leave the prison, I found myself reluctant to go. I already missed the staff, who had conscientiously carried out the Party's policy of leniency, and the public security officers, who had shown so much concern for us and had so earnestly helped us in our remoulding. Nor did I want to part from my fellow students and friends, with whom I had laboured, studied and remoulded myself. It was only then that I became fully aware that the past 11 years of education and ideological remoulding had not been a bad thing but a good experience for me. During those 11 years my viewpoint, my thoughts and my feelings had undergone a fundamental change and I had come to see my past crimes in their true light. Had I been released in 1949, heaven only knows what grave mistakes I might have made!

Before leaving, I gave my articles of everyday use to my fellow students. When I tried to give my towel and other things to Zhang Weihan, former head of the Zhejiang office of the MIB, he would not accept them. "Keep them for yourself," he said to me sincerely. "You must be prepared; things outside may not be so easy as you imagine." I was deeply moved by his solicitude. He had not yet received special pardon, yet he could still think of others first. His words made me conscious of signs of a relaxation of ideological remoulding in myself, which I had to guard against.

Special pardon did not mean the end of ideological reform. It only marked the beginning of further self-remoulding and the beginning of serving the motherland and the people.

Chapter X

A New Chapter

After the special pardon a responsible cadre of the Bureau of Civil Affairs put us up in a hotel near Chongwenmen, Beijing. I shared a comfortable room with Song Ruike. The cadre told us that the government had decided to give us a monthly allowance of 60 yuan, and before arrangements were made for our work, we were to spend three months in Beijing, studying and seeing the city, and a year in a people's commune doing physical labour. He urged us to avoid self-indulgence under any circumstances, to change our ideological stance and our outlook and stand firmly on the people's side, to proceed from the people's standpoint in whatever we did and to avoid making mistakes again. I benefited greatly from his sincere advice.

Once at a meeting jointly held by the Department of United Front Work of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference and the Department of United Front Work of Beijing Municipal Party Committee, I met Yi Lirong, who had been persecuted by the MIB in Chongqing simply because he was a patriotic democrat involved in the workers' movement. Fortunately he was informed beforehand and got away before we made our raid. I was filled with shame when I saw him. Going over, I apologized and paid my respects to him. He merely smiled and said, "Let bygones be bygones." But how could I forget the things I had done? My guilty conscience could

not be quieted. On entering the new society, I had not reckoned on encountering traces of MIB crimes at every turn, constantly reminding me of my own crimes.

Within the two groups of people granted special pardon I was the only senior officer of the secret agents. In the past we secret agents had been a constant menace to the people. Once at a meeting held by the Central Department of United Front Work, Vice-Director Xu Bing told me that some people still turned pale with terror at the mere mention of my name, an arch secret agent. Then he added, "It's only natural for people to feel like this, but the Party believes that you've reformed yourself." I experienced mixed feelings of shame and joy at his words and determined to do my utmost to atone for my past crimes and to gain the trust of the people through my deeds.

The new chapter of my life began. I worried most that I would be discriminated against in the society I was about to join. Experience, however, proved my worries unfounded.

At the hotel our daily needs were well looked after by the attendants. At the time China was in economic difficulties and was suffering from a shortage of material supplies because of serious natural disasters, yet our daily allowance for food was one yuan twenty fen, and we often had milk and fish. Once I caught a cold, ran a high temperature and did not feel like eating anything. Lao Hong, the attendant, prepared a special bowl of steaming hot noodles with eggs for me. In fact, every attendant treated us kindly and warmly.

The leading cadres of the government and units concerned were even more solicitous of our welfare. The leaders of the Revolutionary Committee of the KMT, the Department of United Front Work, the CPPCC, etc., gave many banquets for us. They urged us to have faith in the Party and the government at all times, pointing out that if the Communist Party had not abandoned people like us in the past, it would not do so in the

future. No matter what difficulties we might encounter, the Party would do everything to help us. They also sincerely hoped that we would continue our ideological remoulding on our own and keep our thoughts unsullied, now that we had washed ourselves clean of the filth of the past. Hereafter, if we had any difficulties or requests, we could always turn to the leadership.

When I walked for the first time on the street as a free man, how I wished to race about wildly and shout or proudly proclaim to passers-by that I had received the honour of becoming a citizen of the People's Republic of China! With great effort I managed to subdue my excitement and went to a nearby store to buy a bottle of ink. I would use this new bottle of ink to record the journey of my new life.

Studies and tours began. We visited the Workers' Stadium, which could seat eighty thousand people, the spectacular Agricultural Exhibition Hall, the splendid Cultural Palace of the National Minorities and the Military Museum with its unique architectural style. The last two places impressed me most.

In the Hall of Tibet in the Cultural Palace of the National Minorities I saw the instruments that slave owners used to torture the slaves. These at once reminded me of the more brutal and diabolic tortures the MIB had inflicted on revolutionaries before Liberation. In the past I had always believed that the MIB was a "revolutionary" organization. After 11 years of reform my thoughts and feelings had undergone a marked change. Numerous undeniable facts had brought home to me the truth that the MIB was a most brutal, fascist organ, the most efficient tool of the Chiang Kai-shek clique. This made me hate and repent my past all the more.

On our visit to the Military Museum Du Yuming, Wang Yaowu, Song Xilian and others from the first group granted special pardon, who had been doing physical labour elsewhere, went with us. It was soul-stirring to see the exhibits of the Liberation War period. Photos of the chief KMT generals, such as Du Yuming, Wang Yaowu, Li Xianzhou and Luo Lirong, who took part in the main campaigns, were all on exhibit. There was also a photo showing General Nie Rongzhen receiving Luo Lirong after he was captured in the Shijiazhuang Campaign. What torments of guilt and shame they must have felt to see the records of their own personal experiences on display!

After the visits everyone had a lot to say about his impressions. We all thought the visits most instructive.

Time flew. We heralded the first Spring Festival after our special pardon amid a happy round of visits and study. This was my happiest Spring Festival in the past 11 years. It was also the first Spring Festival in the 40-odd years of my life that I enjoyed such peace of mind and felt so relaxed. During the festival the government arranged a dinner party for us and also invited us to attend a Beijing Opera performance in the Great Hall of the People.

On the fourth day of the first lunar month the Central Department of United Front Work invited us and those of the first group then in Beijing to a dinner party. Director Li Weihan, Vice-Directors Xu Bing and Xue Zizheng, Secretary General of the State Council Tong Xiaopeng and others also attended. After dinner Vice-Director Xu Bing talked about the first group's work assignments. Since they had already had a year's physical labour on the farm, the government had decided to appoint them as specialists to the Cultural and Historical Materials Research Committee of the CPPCC, and they would be given a higher salary. Such generous treatment was far beyond our expectations. Xu also talked about specific arrangements for those of us who were to do manual labour for a year. Those whose families were not in Beijing could join their families and do manual labour there. Dong Yisan and I had no family on the mainland, so we were to do manual labour in

Beijing. Xu Bing repeatedly made it clear that the purpose of a year's physical labour was not really for labour's sake, but to provide us with an opportunity for going among the masses so as to identify ourselves with the labouring people. He also thoughtfully warned those who were to do physical labour outside Beijing that they might meet with this or that problem. He hoped they would be prepared, and if any problem cropped up, they should turn to the Department of United Front Work, and the government would surely help them. Then Xu Bing said to me in particular, "Because of your past occupation you have told lies for the first half of your life; hereafter you should learn to tell the truth." I was very much moved by his frankness and sincerity.

Finally Secretary General Tong told us that Premier Zhou Enlai was going to receive those who had been granted special pardon. We were immensely excited over the news. Who would have thought that Premier Zhou, who had to attend to endless affairs of state day and night, would find time to receive us! What encouragement this was for us!

On the morning of the seventh day of the first lunar month Director Wang of the Bureau of Civil Affairs accompanied us to meet Premier Zhou. Premier Zhou and Vice-Premiers Chen Yi and Luo Ruiqing received us in the Xihua Hall of Zhongnanhai, seat of the State Council. Premier Zhou first talked to each of us individually, then gathered us round him and gave a talk on the domestic and international situation.

When Premier Zhou talked with me, the first thing I did was to beg his forgiveness, because when he was working in Shanghai, Chongqing, Nanjing and other places, I had personally led or ordered secret agents to spy on him, tail him or watch his movements. Hearing my confession, Premier Zhou burst out laughing and said, not without humour, that our manoeuvres had never really had any effect on him, and that the

secret agents simply served as his volunteer retinue. He particularly mentioned the time when he went to Shanghai and stayed at Xinya Hotel. He said he was quite aware he was being watched by the people in adjacent and opposite rooms; even the hotel attendants were secret agents in disguise. Yet every day he met comrades working underground in Shanghai, talking with them or passing documents on to them. He asked me if I had ever discovered all this. I answered in the negative, for if I had, his comrades would have been arrested secretly. He said that unlike the KMT high officials, he went to Shanghai not to eat, drink or seek pleasure but to work for the Communist Party. He often went to the cinema; it was there he met his comrades. Premier Zhou recalled with delight that a number of secret agents used to tail him every day when he went out. As it was inconvenient for him to visit his comrades, he met them in the cinemas. The secret agents would guard the doors on all sides, fearing he might enter through the front door and go out through the back one. Little did they know that seated on all sides of him were people with whom he had made appointments. When the film started, it was so dark inside that the secret agents could not see him; all they could do was wait outside until the film was over. And when it was, Premier Zhou was always the first to leave, drawing the attention of the secret agents to himself, thus making it easy for the other comrades to disperse. So his work was never disrupted.

After finishing the story, Premier Zhou said to me gravely, "We Communists have only class hatred and national hatred; we never nurse any personal hatred. Whatever we do is in the interest of the Party and the people, as in the case of granting you special pardon. I hope hereafter you will do something beneficial for the people."

From my personal experience I knew fully well what he meant. In the past I had served Chiang Kai-shek and done a

great deal of harm to the Communists and the people. All the time I had been afraid that the Communists would deal with us in the same way we had dealt with them. But during my 11 years of reform, either in Kunming Prison or in the Beijing Camp for War Criminals, no one, from the guard to the high-ranking public security officer, had ever inflicted on me any of the corporal punishments that the MIB had resorted to. On the contrary, they carried out meticulously the Party's reform policy, looking after us well and helping us with our ideological problems. They had never humiliated us or borne any personal grudges against us. But I was somewhat perplexed by what Premier Zhou had said about my doing something beneficial for the people.

"Can we do anything beneficial for the people?" I asked.

"You've served in the MIB and followed Dai Li for so many years," the Premier said. "You can write the inside story of the MIB truthfully, exposing the crimes you took part in or witnessed or heard about. Tell how they obstructed the revolution or slaughtered the revolutionaries, so that posterity may learn about the brutality of the counter-revolutionaries and the arduousness of making revolution and realize that victory was not easily come by. For several decades countless people have shed their blood and laid down their lives in order to found a socialist China. If you write a truthful account of all this, it will serve posterity as a teacher by negative example; in this way you will be doing something beneficial for the people."

Then Premier Zhou warned me again and again that in writing about such things, one must adhere to facts. If there was anything I had left out of my confessions before, my writing would serve as a supplement; the government would not hold it against me. I need not be afraid or evasive. I was to simply write down what I knew. In the past many comrades had had dealings with the KMT secret agents, risking their lives for the

revolution. This was worthy of praise and therefore should be included in my account.

At this point Vice-Premier Tan Zhenlin came to seek the Premier on urgent business and our talk was terminated. After the Premier left, Vice-Premier Chen Yi picked up the conversation from where Premier Zhou had left off and said, "In writing about historical events, it is important to tell the truth but unnecessary to include every detail; just write what you know. Nor should you write about anything based on hearsay; you must write what you have personally experienced, seen or heard."

The interview lasted until after 12, then Premier Zhou invited us to the dining-hall at the back to have dumplings. He said humorously, "Most of us present today are southerners, but I shall follow the northern custom and ask everyone to partake of Spring Festival dumplings, because today is the seventh day of the first lunar month and people in the countryside are still celebrating Spring Festival. But I must warn you not to become victims of your own ignorance. There have been instances of northerners inviting southerners to eat dumplings, and the latter, thinking dumplings were only appetizers, took only a few so as to reserve their appetites for the main dishes they thought were to follow. Thus they went home with an empty stomach. So I am warning you beforehand that you will have only dumplings today and no dishes will follow. Be sure to eat your fill and don't go home hungry." We all laughed. The Premier urged us to make ourselves at home, then, asking to be excused for a while, he left the room.

Vice-Premier Chen Yi led the way to the dining-hall and asked us to sit down as we came in without leaving a place for the Premier, the host. The dining-hall was not big; there were two round tables that could each seat over a dozen people. I was the last to go in, so I took my seat in a corner against the wall.

When the attendants brought in four cold dishes, Vice-Premier Chen Yi, without waiting for the Premier, invited us to start eating. We felt embarrassed to eat without the host, but Vice-Premier Chen took the lead and started eating. When Premier Zhou came in, there was only one empty seat to my left, so he came over and sat down beside me. In the past I had slaved for Chiang Kai-shek and Dai Li in their intrigues against the Communists and the people, but they had treated me like a bond servant, particularly Chiang Kai-shek, who sometimes did not even ask me to sit down when I went to see him. But today the Premier had received us in such an easy manner, he was so friendly and cordial. This was far from what I had expected and I was deeply impressed.

Premier Zhou continued to talk with me about his stay in Shanghai. He knew perfectly well he was being watched all day, yet he managed to make appointments and actually met with scores of comrades. He asked with a smile, "Didn't you find out about even one of them?" "No." I answered, "not even one." Then I asked the Premier out of curiosity, "How is it that we never found out about the appointments you made or your meeting places?" The Premier smiled and said the reason he chose to stay at Xinya Hotel when he went to Shanghai was that while there were KMT secret agents stationed there, there were also his own people. "Your men could disguise themselves as attendants to spy on me and our comrades could also disguise themselves as attendants to protect me and act as messengers for me. You had my telephone tapped so that I could not make phone calls, but I would go out every day and avail myself of the opportunity when riding in taxis or paying bills at restaurants or stores to contact our comrades and have the names of people I wished to meet sent out." The Premier also added that he knew quite a lot about the tricks of the MIB and CIB, but he could not link them together to form a full picture. He was still not very clear about some of the key points, so he wanted me to write a true account of the inside story.

When the time came for us to go, the Premier shook hands with every one of us. He grasped my hand firmly in his and said, "Mind, I'm waiting to read your story."

Premier Zhou's words sank deep into my heart. At a meeting called by Shen Bochun and Mi Zhanchen, Director and Vice-Director of the Cultural and Historical Materials Research Committee of the National Committee of the CPPCC, I announced my intention of writing the biography of Dai Li, the inside story of the MIB and the murder of General Yang Hucheng and expressed my determination to do a good job because it was a task entrusted to me by Premier Zhou.

My study and visits lasted only a hundred days, yet they were the pleasantest days of my life. Very often during my leisure time I would go alone to Beihai Park or to the Forbidden City. I especially enjoyed sitting by the lake or leaning against the marble railings in front of the Hall of Supreme Harmony in the Forbidden City, smoking and greedily inhaling the air that was to me so free, so cool and fresh. Even in the old society I had never enjoyed such peace of mind. I had had to cudgel my brains all day for ways to serve Chiang Kai-shek and Dai Li and for ways to deal with all sorts of people. At the same time I had to be on constant guard against any attacks on my person, so I always had two pistols on me. Even when I went to bed, I put them under my pillow for precaution's sake. Thus I was always in a state of nervous tension. But now I was free from plotting and counterplotting among colleagues. I no longer lived in fear of my own security. Life for me was secure, stable, happy and carefree. My only regret was that my Xue Xue was not with me.

Ever since my special pardon I had been trying to find the whereabouts of my wife. I had sent several letters to Hongkong without getting any reply. The news of our special pardon had been carried in the newspaper of every province throughout the country. Certainly it had appeared in Hongkong newspapers. How was it that Xue Xue had not read it? The more I thought of this, the uneasier I felt.

One day Tang Shengming, member of the National Committee of the CPPCC, invited me to his home for dinner. The happy family scene with Tang surrounded by his wife and children churned up such a welter of emotions in me that I could hardly suppress my tears. Just then Tang Shengming suddenly remembered Xue Xue's new address, which she had given him when he was in Hongkong. Upon returning to the hotel, I immediately wrote a letter to the new address. I waited for some 20 days; still no reply came. I recalled a play I had seen called Under the Eaves in Shanghai. The story was about a man who had been in prison for ten long years and found on his release that his wife had been living with a friend for eight years. When he learnt that that friend had helped his wife in times of difficulty, he left them of his own accord. Would my case be like that of the man in the play? If I found myself in such a situation, what should I do? After more than ten years' re-education by the Communist Party, I was no longer the Shen Zui who cared only for his own happiness and ignored the suffering of others. If what I feared turned out to be true, my decision would be made in favour of Xue Xue's happiness.

With such thoughts I immediately wrote another letter to her, telling her I would love her forever, I would on no account wreck her happiness, she need not be afraid but was free to go on living in peace and quiet. Even if she had deserted me, my love for her would never change.

After mailing the letter, I could not calm down. My study and tours were over; still no letter came from Hongkong. I left for the Jiugong Brigade of the Red Star Commune in Beijing's suburbs filled with hope and expectations for a new life.

The sky had just cleared after rain. Spring had arrived and covered the countryside with fresh verdure. The place was particularly lovely and endearing to me because I missed Qincheng Farm. The brigade and commune leaders were very kind to us. After we got there, we were assigned to the fruit tree group. Half a day was allotted for study and half a day for doing physical labour. The job was pleasant and the food was good. Despite economic difficulties at the time, the state allotted us a monthly grain ration of 36 catties; another five catties were subsidized by the Bureau of Civil Affairs. Studying and doing physical labour under such good conditions put me in very high spirits.

I secretly resolved, "In the coming year I shall study hard and work hard and seize every minute of my time to write out all the historical materials I know about. I must not idle my time away."

Chapter XI

Longing for My Family

During my year at the Jiugong Brigade I devoted what spare time I had to writing. I tried my best to record the historical facts I was familiar with. I finished "The Dai Li I Know", "About the Murder of General Yang Hucheng", "The Inside Story of the CIB", etc - altogether over a dozen articles, many of which appeared in different volumes of Selections of Cultural and Historical Materials. These historical materials, concerning events the public had had no knowledge of, attracted considerable attention. I was extremely happy to at last be of some benefit to the people. As I put my personal experiences into writing, they seemed to have taken place only the day before, yet my attitude towards them had undergone a complete change. Now I saw that the deeds I had been so proud of in the past were actually unpardonable crimes and what I had once seen as "revolutionary" was reactionary. Whenever I finished an article, I experienced a deep sense of relief, as if a heavy load had been lifted from my mind. I had never known such ease of mind. But my happiness was incomplete; something was missing from my life — I had not yet been able to get in touch with my wife.

One day I accidentally read in a newspaper that the magazine News World, edited by Ding Zhongjiang, the man who had escaped from Kunming on receiving my cryptic message, Bu Shaofu and others, was still being published in Hongkong. I was beside myself with joy over this discovery and immediately

wrote to Ding Zhongjiang, asking him to help me find Xue Xue. I knew Ding was a capable person and was sure he would help me. My faith was rewarded. Soon a letter came from Xue Xue. So intense was my joy at seeing her familiar elegant handwriting that I completely lost control of myself. When I saw the photograph of Xue Xue with the children, I wept in front of the cadre who had brought the letter. From her letter I learnt that my mother had died in Taiwan in 1953. My eldest daughter had also died of illness, while my youngest daughter had returned to Changsha and was now a junior student in the No.7 Middle School there. My heart was rent by joy and sorrow. The letter I had been longing for these last ten years had come at last, but my mother and eldest daughter were both gone. That night I twisted and turned in bed, unable to sleep. The fear that it might all turn out to be a dream kept haunting me. It was only after I got out of bed in the middle of the night and reread the letter and looked at the photo again that I was reassured.

The next day I imparted my good news to all my workmates, who were all very happy for me. At the same time I reported to the Bureau of Civil Affairs and was congratulated by the leaders. I seemed to have become a completely different person overnight, so great was the power of Xue Xue's letter. It had transported my heart and soul to a sphere of indescribable happiness. To be able to work and study in the new society was already an enviable situation; now the prospect of a family reunion and a happy family life was like adorning a beautiful piece of brocade with an embroidery of flowers. I was the happiest man in the world.

Finding no address on Xue Xue's letter, I could only write to my youngest daughter Meijuan in Changsha to ask for information about her mother and the address. At the same time I wrote to Xia Jianji, who had returned to Changsha after being granted special pardon with me, asking him to visit my daughter. Xia's reply came before I heard from my daughter. He told me he had been to see my daughter, hinted that I should not pin my hopes on Xue Xue and advised me to find some way to have my son Maodi brought back from Hongkong. The news hit me like a thunderbolt. I felt as though someone had thrust a dagger into my heart. Could this be true? Could the love we had shared in the past be all gone? No! I refused to believe it. I would believe it only when I heard from Xue Xue herself. My daughter's letter arrived at last. From her letter I could detect nothing that warranted any suspicions against Xue Xue. This calmed me a little. All I could do was wait and find out the truth in Xue Xue's next letter.

Soon Xue Xue's letter came — with the revelation I feared. It was exactly like my dream. Not only had she remarried, she already had a son by her second husband, because she believed I had long been shot by the Communists. Oh, God! What tricks fate plays on us! Now all that was left to me of twenty fleeting years was a stigma of pain. Gone was the love of the past. Broken were the vows of eternal love. Even sharing a lifetime together had become impossible. Yet who was to blame for this? When all was said and done, I had only myself to blame. If I had not sent her to Hongkong, there would not have been this misunderstanding or the tragedy of a broken family.

I could sense from Xue Xue's letter her deep anguish and sorrow. I could not bear to reproach her. Suppressing my own grief in my answer, I assured her that I would not create any difficulties for her and wished her happiness with her new husband. My words, however, pierced her heart like a sharp arrow. In a long letter stained with tears she poured out to me all the sufferings and misfortunes of the past dozen years.

When communication with me was broken after she had settled in Hongkong with a family of eight, misfortunes descended upon her one after another. Being young and ignorant of the existence of evil in the world, and also being a stranger in Hongkong with no knowledge of the dialect, she was cheated out of the greater part of the money she had taken with her in less than a year. Yet she had to provide for six young children and an aged mother-in-law. Old friends and relatives no longer showered her with kindness and concern now that I had fallen into ignominy. Once she took a diamond ring to a friend of mine of twenty years' standing to ask him to help her sell it, only to find herself rejected at the couple's door. Money was running out. She had to send my mother to my elder brother in Taiwan and had her brother take my eldest and youngest daughters back to the mainland to look for me. After depositing the children with his uncle and aunt in Changsha, her brother disappeared and was never heard from again. Later the Taiwan papers said that I had been killed by the Communists and my name had been placed in the Martyrs' Memorial Temple. Believing me dead, Xue Xue was prostrated with grief. In order to survive in a place like Hongkong and to give the children a proper upbringing she had no choice but to marry a former KMT regiment commander who was still a bachelor and had been stranded in Hongkong. She had not reckoned on Mao Renfeng and my eldest brother, who took the other four children by force to Taiwan under the excuse that she had remarried and also forbade her to set foot in Taiwan. With the children gone, she had sunk further into a bottomless grief. No amount of consolation or tenderness from her second husband could pull her out of her sorrow at the loss of husband and children. In her despair she turned to Christianity, absorbing Christian doctrines and praying to God daily to bestow His blessings on her children. Only in this way could her troubled spirit find some peace.

In her letter Xue Xue enclosed a poem she had written on the spur of the moment in 1955.

Adrift in a strange land, I have suffered miseries untold; Rivers of tears have I wept in my sorrow.

Seeking sanctuary in another union is but an illusion; Fallen victim to ill fate, I am helpless.

Of a whole line of children only one is left; My sad fate I must continue to endure.

Bless my children, O heavens, I implore; Protect them and kindly guide them all.

Tears of grief ran down my face as I read the poem. Only extreme sorrow could have caused such bleakness and pain to permeate the poem.

At the end of her letter Xue Xue told me that she was still burning paper money for me just two years before. Now on learning that I was alive, her heart, which had long been numbed by grief, was once more awakened to intense pain. What was she to do in the face of this terrible dilemma? She also apologized to me, begging me to forgive her. As the saying goes, "In extreme grief there are no tears. When great pain descends, one becomes numb." What was left for me to say? How could she, a helpless, unprotected woman, thrust into a society where the law of the jungle ruled, have survived except by marrying again? I was filled with pity for Xue Xue and hatred for myself. I should not have sent my family to Hongkong. The wives and children of many of my fellow students had stayed on the mainland. They were all living contentedly, weren't they? Now, through my own fault, I could no longer be with my family. I must suffer the consequences of my own mistake.

Fortunately, our heavy programme of study and physical labour saved me from sinking too deeply into grief. I adhered rigidly to the discipline of study and physical labour, but I could not eat or sleep. I was reluctant to confide in my workmates in spite of their inquiries. Masculine pride made me swallow my grief rather than let anyone know. For several days I carefully

considered how to answer Xue Xue's letter. I did not want to hurt her by a single word. After finishing the letter, I read it over and over again for fear I might have unwittingly opened old wounds. I realized all too well how genuine her love for me was and I dreaded adding to her suffering. I resolved to give all my love to Meijuan, my only daughter on the mainland, devote myself to bringing her up and never disturb Xue Xue's peace of mind.

It was nearing summer vacation and I had just received a royalty of four hundred yuan, so I began to make arrangements for Meijuan to come to Beijing for the holidays. How I longed for an early meeting with my own flesh and blood, whom I had not seen for 13 years! I remembered when we parted in Kunming in 1948, she was only three years old. Now she must have grown up beyond all recognition. To make it easier for me to recognize her when I went to meet her at the station, I sent her a jacket to wear to Beijing. The Bureau of Civil Affairs showed great concern for our reunion. They granted me leave to show my daughter around and also made reservations for us in a downtown hotel.

Meijuan came at last. I recognized her at once at the station. When I ran up to her and called her name, she gazed at me shyly and from her little mouth came an unaccustomed word, "Daddy". In 13 years this was the first time I had heard such an intimate address. I was so moved that hot tears gushed from my eyes. I held her hand tightly in mine for a long time, unable to utter a word.

After we had settled ourselves in the hotel, Meijuan began to tell me about her life in Changsha. She had been taken to her grandaunt's home with her eldest sister, Xiao Yan, when she was only five years old. During the early days of Liberation neither her grandaunt nor her granduncle had a job. They made a living and supported the children by taking in washing. Seeing

their difficulty, the government found a job for her grandaunt in a factory. As her granduncle was too old to work anymore, he helped out at home by pasting matchboxes with the children. The old couple treated them like their own grandchildren. After Xiao Yan died of illness, the grandaunt continued to support Meijuan, sent her to school and was always very kind to her. The child's story moved me deeply, particularly the part about her grandaunt. She came from a poor peasant family and had never seen Xue Xue or me, to say nothing of benefiting in the least from us. She knew nothing of my past or my present. It was only out of the inborn goodness of the labouring people that she has worked so hard to support the two waifs. Through her I saw the noble qualities, industry and goodness of the labouring people as well as the virtues of mutual love and care between people in the new society.

Thanks to the concern of the Bureau of Civil Affairs, I had a very good time with my daughter in Beijing—the happiest days in the past 13 years of my life. It is impossible to describe in words the comfort my daughter brought me. Much of the pain caused by Xue Xue was distilled by my daughter's joyous laughter and innocent words and actions. During her stay in Beijing she sorely missed Changsha and her dear ones there. When the time came for her to leave, I was very sad and found it difficult to part from her, but she was quite happy about it. After all, she was still young. How could she be expected to understand a father's feelings, the complex emotions of joy and sorrow at reunion and parting!

As soon as Meijuan had gone, I was again immersed in thoughts of Xue Xue. I hoped to see her just once more in the years remaining to me. I wrote her several letters in succession, but all I got from her was food and clothing, not a word. Did it mean that she intended to break with me entirely? Thank God, her answer came at last! In her letter she not only promised to

come back and see me but also expressed her resolution to stay and never return to Hongkong. I burst into tears at this wonderful news and related it to everyone I met. I reported the matter to the leadership of the Bureau of Civil Affairs, expressing the hope that appropriate arrangements would be made for Xue Xue after she came back. The leaders congratulated me and assured me that they would see that Xue Xue was assigned a suitable job. The leaders of the Communist Party's Central Department of United Front Work, the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang and the National Committee of the CPPCC sent for me to discuss matters connected with Xue Xue's return. They told me that the Party and the government welcomed her back and would do everything to help her. The concern shown by the government leaders for my reunion with my family was beyond anything I had expected. I immediately wrote Xue Xue about the good news.

Xue Xue was also very happy to hear such good news; as a consequence she twice moved up the date of her return. I was so wild with excitement that my energy in doing physical labour seemed inexhaustible. As this blissful day drew nearer, I grew more and more nervous and anxious. Just then I received two letters at the same time, one from Xue Xue, the other from her husband. Her husband's letter said that since it was the busy season on the farm they were running, he planned to ask Xue Xue to postpone her trip. Xue Xue, however, assured me in her letter that she was definitely returning. She said that since I was no longer an official but doing physical labour, I was in even greater need of comfort and warmth. I was so moved by her letter that I was at a complete loss as to what to do or say. My workmates all shared my joy and acclaimed Xue Xue as "a hero among women" of profound understanding and love. Their praise filled me with extraordinary pride.

At long last Xue Xue's cable came, telling me to meet her in Guangzhou. The staff of the Bureau of Civil Affairs helped me get my train ticket and took care of Xue Xue's entry formalities. They also gave me a subsidy of 150 yuan for my trip.

With the help of the Bureau of Civil Affairs I soon boarded the train for Guangzhou. I had never been one to believe in God or to be afraid of spirits, yet I had always believed that my marriage to Xue Xue was made in heaven and no force on earth could break it.

Twenty-odd years ago when I was instructor of the Special Training Class in Linli County, Xue Xue was my student. She was only 18 then. I remember one day when I was cleaning my car and getting ready to return to Changsha to visit my mother, Xue Xue ran up and said, "Instructor Shen, I must ask for leave. My father is dying. I have a telegram asking me to go home right away." I nodded consent after glancing at the telegram. When she saw me preparing to drive off, she asked me where I was going. When she learned I was going to Changsha, she exclaimed with delight and asked, "Instructor Shen, could you give me a lift?" Thus we drove to Changsha together.

On the way I learned that her mother was dead. She had a father and a stepmother. She was the oldest child, with three younger brothers and sisters. Her misfortune aroused my sympathy, so I drove her straight to her home. As soon as she entered the house, she clung to her stepmother's hand and started weeping. I then went over to her father's bedside to say a few words of concern. The old man, however, mistook me for Xue Xue's boyfriend. Taking hold of my hand, he said in a quavering voice, "Now that I can entrust Xue Xue to your care, I can die in peace." Her father's words put me into some confusion, but at the earnest look in his eyes I nodded my head and said, "Don't worry, sir!"

After I got home, I told my mother about the

misunderstanding as a joke. My mother, however, said gravely, "Since you have nodded your consent to a dying man's request, it means that you have made a promise. You cannot go back on it." My mother's words somehow made me very happy. After I returned to Linli, I began to observe Xue Xue closely. I found that she was not only beautiful but also lively and poised. She enjoyed singing and dancing and often gave performances at school. One evening, after seeing her perform at a party, I wrote a poem to her as a profession of love:

Dazzling lights illumine her heauty,
Has Goddess Chang'e deigned to descend from the moon?
Such heauty can be found only in Heaven;
How often can one glimpse it on earth?
She answered with the following poem:

Year by year my beauty is fading; My heart has turned cold, so has my dream. Among the plums and peaches I bless my good fortune; Upon the red and white blooms in the courtyard, Let your gaze dwell where it will.

What she meant by this poem was that, her parents having died one after the other, sorrow had chilled her heart and taken away the bloom of youth. Fortunately, she had become a student of mine, although since I had so many students, I could take my pick. When I showed the poem to my mother, she praised it highly, saying it showed a breadth of mind and a natural grace. She urged me to bring Xue Xue home to meet her. After meeting Xue Xue, my mother loved her even more. "That's a very good girl," was her comment. "Good fortune is written all over her face." With my mother's approval we were soon engaged. For the past twenty years I had believed that our union was predestined and nothing in this life could ever separate us. Now that I was going to meet her in Guangzhou, wasn't my

belief justified?

I was completely unprepared for the shock that awaited me at the Guangzhou Station. As soon as I got off the train, I was told by the Guangzhou Civil Affairs people that a long-distance call had come from Beijing. They were told that Xue Xue had sent a cable saying she was ill and could not come at the appointed time and telling me not to meet her in Guangzhou. The news struck me like a bolt of lightening. What did all this mean? I dashed off a cable to her and then wrote her a long letter, telling her I was already in Guangzhou waiting for her and that I hoped she would set out immediately. In spite of everything I went to meet her at the station on the date set previously. I waited and waited until all the passengers had gone. There was no sign of Xue Xue. Devastated, I staggered back to my hotel, barely missing being knocked down, more than once, by passing cars. Back in my room at the hotel, I threw myself on the bed and, burying my head under the bedclothes, wept. I could not bear the sight of food all day. Was Xue Xue really ill, or had she met obstructions? The more I thought about it, the more anxious I became.

Several days in succession I went to the station, hoping to meet her. On the sixth day it began to rain. By this time my constitution had become weakened to the point of collapse from going without food and sleep, but the thought of Xue Xue's arriving with no one to meet her drove me to summon up my strength and make for the station again in the pouring rain. Once again I came away alone. Numbed with grief, I tottered back to my hotel, totally unconscious that I was soaked to the skin.

That night I received a letter from Xue Xue. Because of illness she had had to postpone her return. The authorities concerned, upon learning of her intended trip, had sent one of their people to talk with her, which made her very anxious about

the safety of our children outside the mainland. She also told me that the authorities were furious over my article "The Dai Li I Know", which had appeared in the Selections of Cultural and Historical Materials and had been reprinted in the Hongkong newspapers. As a consequence, my second daughter, Xiao Xiong, became a victim of their fury and was dismissed from her job at Customs. Xue Xue said this was the will of "God". "God" did not wish her to come back. So, for the sake of the safety of the children, she had decided not to come back for the time being. Heavens above! Could "God" be so unjust? I had served the KMT so faithfully in the past, only to be rewarded with a broken family. The Communists, however, had given me a second life and were doing everything in their power to bring me and my family together again so that I might live a happy life in my old age. Why, then, must the Taiwan authorities go to such lengths to sabotage our family reunion? Why must they torture us so? All night my tears kept flowing. Outside my window the rain went on falling, keeping me company. I could not blame Xue Xue for breaking her promise; I could understand a mother's love for her children. Her situation must be more difficult than mine. On the other hand, I could not do without her!

I fell ill on returning to Beijing. I did not want anyone to know what had happened. Without Xue Xue I might as well be dead. Why should I go on living in pain and bring her pain too?

The leaders and my workmates showed deep concern for me when they learnt of my misfortune. The Bureau of Civil Affairs promised to have my daughter transferred from Changsha to a middle school in Beijing. Their solicitude gave me solace. I realized that my absorption in my own grief had shrunk my perspective out of all proportion. The Party and the government had shown such concern for me; they had helped me for ten long years in my reeducation and reform. As yet I had done nothing

for the people, nor had I fulfilled the task entrusted to me by Premier Zhou Enlai. What reason had I to be so filled with despair and to wallow in misery? Wasn't this a test and a lesson that life had given me?

Chapter XII

My Daughter Comes to Beijing

After a year's manual labour in the countryside the Bureau of Civil Affairs notified us to return to Beijing to await our work assignments. I was elated, yet reluctant to say good-bye to those simple and honest country folks, to leave behind the beautiful pastoral scenes and the fruit trees and crops that I had planted with my own hands. In the journey of life those years of labour had left a sweet memory for me to cherish forever.

Upon our return to the city Director Li of the Bureau of Civil Affairs of Beijing and Director Liao and Vice-Director He of the Department of United Front Work invited us to dinner at the Fangshan Restaurant in Beihai Park. Director Liao summed up what we had achieved in our year's labour while pointing out what was left to be desired. He hoped that we would have firm faith in the Party and the people's government and would never entertain doubts or waver. He urged us to strengthen our unity and have good relations with the people around us; to foster the spirit of collectivism and overcome individualism, and not to bow before the challenge of age. After dinner Director Liao asked me particularly about Xue Xue's return. I did not know what to say.

Despite Xue Xue's failure to keep her word, her letters always expressed her strong wish to come back, but for the sake of the children she could not do so just then. She transmitted to me letters from my children in Taiwan. They rent my heart.

My fourth daughter in Taiwan said in her letter, "The moon may be bright, overclouded, full or eclipsed, and man has joy and sorrow, reunion and parting. I believe our family, after being broken up for so many years, will surely be reunited one day. I pray to God every day for that day to come soon." Such words coming from a girl not yet 18 years old deeply moved and saddened me.

My youngest son was only 14. In neat characters he wrote, "Daddy, we have never forgotten you, not even for a single day...." He was a little over a year old, hardly able to utter his own name, when we parted, and now he could write letters. My heart overflowed with paternal tenderness and tears ran down my face.

I read my second daughter's letter with the deepest grief and guilt. "We do not want Mummy to leave Hongkong. My brother and sister are still young and need me to take care of them. With Mummy in Hongkong, there is someone to whom I can write and pour out my grievances and unhappiness. Once she returns to the mainland, we will be like orphans with no one to turn to...." Her words pierced my heart like sharp needles.

I no longer importuned Xue Xue to return. All I asked for, after I had a stable job, was to have my daughter brought to Beijing from Changsha so I could devote myself to her upbringing.

Soon, those of us who had been engaged in manual labour in Beijing were assigned as specialists to the Cultural and Historical Materials Research Committee of the CPPCC, where we found ourselves in the company of Du Yuming and Pu Yi. We owed our assignments to Premier Zhou Enlai, who had seen to the arrangements personally. Our monthly salary was a hundred yuan each, which was not at all low in view of how low the living costs were.

After our jobs were assigned, Luo Lirong and others whose

families were in Beijing returned to their homes. Some got married. Only Li Yikuang and I, whose families were abroad, continued to live in the Chongnei Hotel. Our meals, which cost us one yuan a day, consisted of four dishes and one soup. Life was not bad at all. But I, being a family man at heart, kept longing for a home of my own. Knowing that the leadership planned to have my daughter transferred to Beijing, I submitted a request, hoping to speed up the process. My request was soon granted; at the same time I was given a three-room apartment with modern facilities.

Having passed the entrance exams to senior middle school in Changsha, my daughter was assigned to No.6 Middle School in Beijing. At last I had a home of my own. Every time I saw my daughter sitting opposite me, eating with pleasure the food I had prepared, my heart would be filled with inexpressible happiness. Sometimes when I became depressed from thinking about Xue Xue, a few words of comfort from my daughter, mingled with mild reproach, uttered in her sweet girlish voice, would be enough to dispel my depression. Utterly dependent on each other, we had a life together that was peaceful and happy. On holidays we always enjoyed riding bicycles together to scenic spots, going boating in the Summer Palace, climbing the highest peak, Guijianchou, in Fragrant Hills, or visiting the Great Wall at Badaling. Sometimes we had to ride fifty kilometres each way, but it did not bother me. I seemed to be much younger when I was with my child, who was so full of innocence and life.

The Moon Festival of 1962 came. We were invited by the CPPCC to celebrate the festival on the roof garden above its auditorium with its members and their families. A full moon

^{*}Literally, Devil-Defying Peak. It is so steep that even devils find it a challenge to climb.

shone in the sky. Fruit and moon cakes were set on small round tables. We sat around the tables under the bright moonlight, enveloped in a festive atmosphere, watching the performance given by the Oriental Song and Dance Ensemble. As I sat with Meijuan beside me, gazing at the bright moon above, which resembled a plate made of jade, and enjoying the excellent performance, I was overcome with emotion. This was the first time Meijuan had been to such a party, and she laughed merrily at everything. Suddenly some people got up. Turning around to see what was causing the stir, we discovered that Premier Zhou Enlai and his wife, Deng Yingchao, and Vice-Premier Chen Yi had come. The Premier waved to the crowd and, smiling, gestured to sit down. He and Vice-Premier Chen Yi walked up to the front and each sat down with a child of seven or eight on his lap. Deng Yingchao sat down right beside Meijuan. She took Meijuan's hand in hers and proceeded to ask her about this and that. Then she took an apple from the plate and put it in Meijuan's hand. At that moment I was filled with gratitude, sadness and self-reproach. How were my Xue Xue, so far away from me, and my children in Taiwan spending this Moon Festival night?

Ever since my special pardon I had been prey to alternate feelings of self-reproach and gratitude.

Once at a banquet given by the Xinhua News Agency at the Nationalities Hotel I met Liu Luyin, member of the Standing Committee of the CPPCC. Liu used to be a member of the New Kuomintang, headed by Hu Hanmin, and had been Hu's right-hand man. Chiang Kai-shek, however, in order to consolidate his rule, never stopped at anything to eliminate anyone who held different views.

It was the winter of 1936. Having failed to arrest Hu Hanmin, Chiang Kai-shek decided to arrest Liu Luyin and have him put to death. When Liu arrived in Shanghai from Guangzhou, Dai Li ordered me to kidnap him and have him taken to Nanjing to be executed secretly.

It was snowing lightly that day. I drove about with several secret agents, trying to find Liu's Shanghai connections. Soon I discovered that his wife lived somewhere near Avenue Petain in the French Concession. As I was driving westward, I suddenly caught sight of Liu and his wife coming towards us in a green sedan. Making a U-turn, I followed close behind, but since their car was quite new and higher powered than ours, we lost them. However, I got their licence number. That night I drove all over the city looking for their car and finally spotted it outside Yangtze Hotel on Third Avenue. We waited till midnight before Liu and his wife finally emerged from the hotel. My original plan had been to kidnap Liu in his own car, but his wife spotted us and cried out, alerting the British police nearby. I was forced to make an open arrest instead, which resulted in all of us being taken to the Laozha Police Station in the British Concession. Later I framed Liu with the assassination of Yang Yongtai (governor of Hubei Province, who was assassinated in Wuhan following internal strife in the Chiang Kai-shek clique) and had him extradited to Wuhan and brought to justice there. Dai Li was furious over our failure because we were no longer free to dispose of him ourselves after a public arrest had been made.

Seeing this man, already in his seventies, before me, I was overcome. Hurrying over to him, I apologized. The old gentleman said generously, "Let the past bury the past." After that we talked together for almost two hours, and news agency photographers snapped several pictures of us. When we parted, Liu said feelingly, "Only through the education of the Communist Party could we be what we are today."

In 1962 my article "Chiang Kai-shek's Conspiracy to Assassinate Li Zongren" appeared in Selections of Historical Materials, No.32. Li Zongren was so astonished when he read it after his return to the mainland from the United States that he sent his former secretary, Yin Bingyan, to invite me to meet him at his residence in Shijia Hutong. Li and his wife, Guo Dejie, received me cordially and asked me to stay for lunch.

The episode occurred in November 1948. I was at that time chief of the Yunnan Agency of the MIB. One day I received an urgent message from Mao Renfeng: "COME IMMEDIATELY TO NANIING STOP IMPORTANT MISSION AWAITS YOU." Two days later I flew to Shanghai from Kunming and immediately took a train to Nanjing. Cheng Xichao, then Director of the General Affairs Department of the MIB, was there to meet me at the station on Mao Renfeng's orders. He took me directly to the Chenglu Guesthouse, where the MIB housed Americans. This struck me as rather strange and I asked Cheng Xichao what the mission was all about. He said he did not know either, except that he had heard it was an important mission and I had been chosen by Chiang Kai-shek personally to carry it out. That same afternoon Mao Renfeng came in all haste to the Chenglu Guesthouse to see me. Upon entering the drawing-room, Mao Renfeng shut the door behind him and ordered the guards not to let anyone in. Then in a low voice he told me that I had been summoned to Nanjing because Chiang Kai-shek had put me in charge of the assassination of Li Zongren. Originally Mao Renfeng had planned to put Ye Xiangzhi, head of the Operation Department of the MIB, in charge, but on learning that Ye Xiangzhi had formerly been a civil servant and did not even know how to use a gun, Chiang Kai-shek had immediately given orders to have me transferred to Nanjing to take over the job. After delivering the instructions, Mao Renfeng took me to Chiang Kai-shek.

At Chiang Kai-shek's residence on Huangpu Road we waited more than two hours before he found time to receive us. I found

Chiang particularly affable at this meeting. He rose from his seat and shook hands with us, then took a seat near us. He fairly exuded geniality, asking about the situation in Yunnan, my work there, our relations and dealings with local forces, even about myself and family before he finally came to the point. He then asked me if I knew about the new job I had been assigned on my transfer to Nanjing. I replied that I had been informed by Director Mao. "Very good! Very good!" he exclaimed. He then asked me if I had anything to say about it. I promptly replied, "In loyalty to my leader I am willing to face any difficulty or danger!" Chiang was very pleased. Then he added solemnly that this operation was of vital importance to the overall situation and the security of the Kuomintang and the state. It was to be kept in absolute secrecy and measures were to be taken promptly. He went on to predict that the Communists would be defeated sooner or later. Trouble-makers inside the KMT were more difficult to deal with, and he had had to resort to extreme measures out of dire necessity. He told me to make all the necessary preparations and await his decision. Once his orders were given, I was to fulfil my mission whatever the odds. I responded by repeatedly pledging "to be worthy of his trust". He was greatly pleased and proceeded to spur me on by citing heroic figures in history.

Throughout our interview Chiang Kai-shek never allowed the name Li Zongren or the title Vice-President to escape from his lips. I understood the situation clearly: In order to get rid of his rival for the presidency, I was expected to carry out his orders even at the risk of my own life and to be prepared to be offered up as a scapegoat if the plan failed. He would never directly order me to kill Li Zongren.

Later with the annihilation of all his crack troops by the People's Liberation Army in the Huai-Hai Campaign, the situation became so tense that in order to ease the tension, Chiang Kai-shek announced a sham resignation and made Li Zongren Acting President. Only then was this "special operation" temporarily cancelled.

Li Zongren began by telling me he had had no knowledge of Chiang Kai-shek's insidious plot against him until after he had read my article. When he was in Nanjing, he had noticed people watching him near his residence and along the customary route his car took every day. At that time he thought they were only plainclothesmen sent by the Nanjing Garrison Headquarters and the Capital Police or other local security organizations to protect him.

Li Zongren was pretty much worked up by this time. "Do you know," he demanded indignantly, "Chiang Kai-shek and I are sworn brothers? Time and again he made a great show of welcoming me to Nanjing. I'd never have believed he meant to kill me. I have always felt the deepest respect for him. Right to this day I have always referred to him as Mr. Chiang, but from now on I shall do so no more."

At this point Guo Dejie put in, "You've left a very important inside story out of your article. I shall supply that missing part for you today."

She then told me that shortly after their arrival in Nanjing, Chiang and his wife had invited them to dinner and were all kindness and hospitality. Soong Meiling presented her private plane, the Meiling, to them, extolling its excellent qualities. She explained that as she had another private plane, the Sino-American, she could easily place the Meiling at the Lis' disposal. Chiang then contributed his bit by stressing over and over again the safety of travelling on the Meiling. If the Lis wished to go anywhere, all they had to do was call the airport and the plane would be ready for them.

No one would have guessed that behind this demonstration of warm hospitality raged a plot against Li's life. At that time

Guo Dejie was looking forward to flying to Hangzhou and Shanghai and enjoying the luxuries of the plane. Only because Li was kept busy all the time receiving guests and attending meetings and was unable to take time off did they never get to ride in that plane.

On hearing the account, I smiled and said, "You were lucky not to have taken that plane. Just one ride might have sent you to meet Dr. Sun Yat-sen instead of coming to Beijing to meet Chairman Mao." It happened that one of the assassination operations I was conducting at the time was to command two fighter planes to shoot down the Lis' plane as soon as it flew out of Nanjing. What I did not know was that the Chiangs had personally taken a hand in the assassination plans.

Then Li Zongren said there was one thing he never quite understood. He asked me, "When I visited the Stone Forest in Yunnan in November 1949, why did Lu Han send the Communications Police Corps, which were under the control of the MIB, to protect me instead of the Military Police or his own Secret Service Battalion?" I explained to him that it was one of Lu Han's little stratagems. Aware of the conflict between Chiang Kai-shek and Li, Lu Han was afraid that the MIB might finish off Li at any moment and then demand that he hand over the assassin, making him a scapegoat. So through Tang Yuzong, director of the Bureau of the Yunnan-Vietnam Railway, who had connections with Li Zongren, Lu Han had asked the Railway Police Department to send two Communications Police detachments to protect Li. By so doing, he could evade responsibility if anything happened. It was also a way to avoid the MIB's sending its own people to murder Li in the desolation of the Stone Forest.

In fact, Lu Han's estimation was entirely correct. On November 2, 1949, I received the intelligence that Li Zongren was coming to Kunming the following day. I immediately dispatched a telegram to Mao Renfeng reporting this information and asking for instructions. Early in the morning of November 3 Mao Renfeng's reply came, instructing me to keep a close watch on everything Li did and said in Yunnan and Lu Han's attitude towards Li. Then in a tone rarely used before he wrote, "Acting upon personal instructions from above, I order you to make speedy arrangements similar to those made in Nanjing. Be ready to act upon orders." This meant that he had received instructions from Chiang Kai-shek in person to notify me to be prepared to assassinate Li Zongren in Kunming. Since I had made arrangements for the job in Nanjing, naturally I was the only one who knew what the message meant. Mao Renfeng had laid particular emphasis on the instructions coming from Chiang Kai-shek personally in order to impress on me the importance of the message.

I proceeded to station several of my men around Lu Han, among them his adjutant Zhu Jiacai, who could get within closest range. Zhu had become connected with the MIB through his brother-in-law as well as close friend Zhou Boxian, who was an MIB man and head of the Criminal Brigade of the Kunming Police, so Zhu was willing to help the MIB where Lu Han was concerned. With a foot in each camp, he gave me only half his information on Lu Han, reserving the other half. At the same time he volunteered scraps of information about my arrangements with regard to Lu Han to show his loyalty. He did not hesitate to keep me fully informed on what other people said in their interviews with Lu Han, however, so I had practically all the information I needed on what Li Zongren did or said in Kunming and relayed it all to Mao Renfeng.

Chiang Kai-shek's main fear at the time was that Li Zongren might have his remnant Guangxi troops transferred to Yunnan and contend with him for possession of this ideal base on the mainland for fighting against the Communists. Li had several

interviews with Lu Han, all of which I duly reported. For instance, once Li complained to Lu Han that he was Acting President in name only, one who "acts but is totally ignored". He said that it was impossible for him to exercise his power as president, the main reason being "the one who has resigned is not willing to let go". He was still pulling strings behind the scenes and had not loosened his grasp by one iota. Such comments seemed to me to be of great importance. Strangely, my reports produced no reaction.

Once when Li and his wife were dining at Lu Han's, Guo Dejie told Lu Han that they had come to Kunming to seek temporary refuge and would be leaving after a few days' visit. As these words came from Guo Dejie, I attached little significance to them. Strangely, Chiang Kai-shek did so. Once again Mao Renfeng, acting upon "personal instructions", ordered me to verify the facts and report in detail. I asked Zhu Jiacai to bring to my home the two guards who had heard Guo Dejie utter those words. After I had questioned them myself, I sent off a cable to Mao Renfeng. By this time I was in complete readiness. As soon as the order came, I would dispose of Li. I waited until November 9, when the Lis left after spending six days in Kunming and visiting the Stone Forest in Yiliang; still no order came.

When I told Xu Yuanju about this years later, Xu said that Mao Renfeng had also instructed him to carry out an assassination when the Lis visited Chengdu. At a dinner given in their honour by Wang Lingji, Governor of Sichuan Province, Guo Dejie once again said that they had come to seek refuge for a few days and would leave after a brief visit. Because of this they were left unharmed in Chengdu. Only then did it dawn on me why Chiang Kai-shek attached so much importance to Guo's words.

Guo Dejie burst out laughing at this and remarked, "Who

would have thought that those words of mine had saved our lives! Only now have I come to understand the meaning of the saying, 'A word can bring a nation prosperity, and a word can bring a nation destruction.' I never thought a woman like me could have played such an important role."

When I took my leave, Li Zongren grasped my hand and said with deep feeling, "Isn't it something that this hand of yours, which once handled a Mauser so skillfully, should be handling a fountain pen today and recording history too? What a tremendous change!"

After leaving the Lis, I too went through a train of reflections. The Communists had not only transformed old China into a new society but transformed a whole generation of people who had served the old regime and established a completely new human relationship, turning opponents into supporters, enemies into friends.

While it filled me with admiration to witness the reconciliation of antagonists in pre-Liberation factional strifes within the KMT, effected in New China, I was even more moved by and filled with gratitude for the magnanimity of the Communists towards me, who had persecuted them relentlessly.

In 1964 the novel Red Crag, written by Luo Guangbin and Yang Yiyan, appeared and created a sensation throughout the country. The novel was set against the background of Chongqing on the eve of Liberation, with the MIB wrecking the underground organization of the Communists and launching a mass arrest of its members. It tells of the fierce struggle put up by the Communists in prison against their enemy and of the hundreds of Communists slaughtered in cold blood by the MIB in the two detention camps, Bai House and Zhazidong, both located on the former site of the Sino-American Cooperation Organization (SACO). The negative figures in the novel, Xu Pengfei, Shen Yangzhai and Yan Zui, were modelled on Xu

Yuanju, Zhou Yanghao and me. Although the authors had added some artistic touches to their descriptions of these three characters, their features, personalities, functions and behaviour corresponded basically with facts. I deliberately bought two copies of *Red Crag* and sent one to Xu Yuanju so that he might review his own past. The other I kept for myself.

Later, when Luo Guangbin and Yang Yiyan came to Beijing to ask me and Dong Yisan to supply them with information on the MIB and SACO, I related a story they had no knowledge of. It was about Jiang Zhuyun's indignant denouncement of Xu Yuanju.

As Xu Yuanju and I were on very familiar terms, we always invaded each other's territory freely, bedrooms excepted, without waiting to be announced and never bothering to knock. That day when I went to Chongqing to see Xu Yuanju in his office, I was told by his adjutant that he was conducting an interrogation in the next room. I walked in on him as was my wont. On seeing me, he nodded and smiled and made a sign for me to sit down beside him on the long sofa. The person he was interrogating was a woman Communist Jiang Zhuyun.

Xu Yuanju waited until I was seated before he continued his questioning. He fired one question after another at Jiang, to which she responded with stony silence. Xu Yuanju, who had a nasty temper, was smarting under Jiang's disdain. He was prepared to resort to his old method of dealing with women criminals, which was to strip off all their clothes in the hope that they would confess out of shame. If this failed, torturers would prick their nipples with needles or lash their private parts with a thin cane. According to his years of "experience", in nine cases out of ten this method worked with women criminals, so when Jiang refused to answer him, Xu could restrain himself no longer and roared, "Strip off her clothes!" A dozen torturers made towards her, smirking lecherously.

At this moment Jiang, who had been silent the whole time, suddenly cried in a ringing voice, "Don't you dare!" Thinking she was afraid, Xu Yuanju said triumphantly, "So you're afraid, eh? Hurry up and confess, then!" Fixing him with her angry gaze, Jiang pointed a finger at his face and said, "Even death holds no terror for me. Do you think you can strike terror in me by humiliating me with your base methods of stripping me naked? But I say to you, do not forget that you were born of woman. Your mother is a woman; so are your wife, your daughter and your sisters women. When you submit me to such humiliation, not only I but all the women on earth are being humiliated, which also includes your own mother! You have humiliated her too! If you have no sense of decency towards your mother, your sisters and all women, then order your men to strip me!"

This barrage of stern rebuke disconcerted Xu Yuanju acutely. At this juncture I prodded him lightly with my foot and murmured, "Can't you find some other way of dealing with her?" Then Xu Yuanju ordered his torturers to drive bamboo splinters into her fingernails. As is known, this is a most cruel kind of torture as the pain inflicted can be most excruciating. Still Jiang did not confess.

After hearing my account, Luo Guangbin and Yang Yiyan both said with great regret, "It is truly a pity that we were not able to include this story of Sister Jiang's resourcefulness and heroism in our novel."

Soon afterwards many drama troupes in and out of Beijing vied with each other to adapt the novel Red Crag for the stage, and a film based on the novel, called Immortality in the Burning Flames, was produced. The script-writer, director and actors all came to see me, asking for relevant materials and detailed information. Some drama troupes invited me to give talks on the subject. They were all very gracious to me, sending me

tickets for their performances and soliciting my suggestions and advice. I always did all I could to help. I felt that in so doing I was doing something beneficial for the people.

In fact, I felt I had done far too little in this respect, especially when I recalled our second interview with Premier Zhou Enlai. One afternoon in November 1963 Premier Zhou and Vice-Premier Chen Yi received the four groups of people granted special pardon who were residing in Beijing in the Fujian Hall in the Great Hall of the People. Their families were also included, which made it over twenty people. Present at the interview were also Zhang Zhizhong and Fu Zuoyi.

Premier Zhou spoke, encouraging us to work well and wishing us happiness in our later years. He also said he would arrange for us to visit the South in the spring, when it would be warm and the flowers would be blooming, so that we might see the changes that had taken place in the last ten years or so since Liberation.

While toasting us at the banquet, Premier Zhou told me he had read what I had written and hoped I would write all I knew. I was greatly encouraged by the Premier's words. I had never expected that Premier Zhou, who had innumerable affairs to attend to every day, would find time to read what I had written.

Then Premier Zhou, Vice-Premier Chen Yi and the others posed for a photograph with us. I have treasured this picture and kept it by me through the past years. In times of difficulties or during the period when the "gang of four" tyrannized the people, the sight of this precious picture always filled me with courage and confidence. No matter what setbacks or perils I encountered, I would fulfil the promise I had made to Premier Zhou.

Chapter XIII Meeting Old Enemies

As soon as I was given a special pardon, I began to worry about the difficulties ahead. I hoped that I would not be kept in Beijing, because I had learnt on the second day of my special pardon that one of our leaders in Beijing was Liao Mosha, head of the Department of United Front Work of the Beijing Municipal Party Committee. During the anti-Japanese war, when he was working on the staff of New China Daily in Chongqing, he was one of the MIB's main targets for close surveillance. I was sure he had not forgotten the numerous plots engineered against him by the secret agents. Even if he did not seek revenge against me, it was inevitable that he regard me with disfavour, which would put me in an unfavourable position.

Contrary to my forebodings, when we met a few days later, he exerted himself to dispel my anxieties, telling me to cast off the burdens of the past. He assured me that as far as he was concerned, what was past was past and suggested that I adopt the same attitude. He then told me that during the years he was in Chongqing, he was frequently aware of being followed by special agents whenever he left the house. He found this most annoying, especially when he had to shake them off somehow or other. What enraged him most was the insolence and brutality of the special agents in their treatment of the Communists when they were forced to leave Chongqing in 1947 after talks between them and the KMT broke down. The Communists were full of

indignation and sternly rebuked the higher-echelon MIB spies, Tan Rongzhang, Chief of the Criminal Police Department of the Chongqing Police, and Luo Guoxi, Chief of the Inspection Department of the Chongqing Garrison Headquarters, for being instrumental in their ejection. They also warned them that the Communists would be back soon. In a little over two years these words came true and Chongqing was liberated. When the KMT were driven from the mainland, however, it was a wretched sight indeed. Utterly routed and fleeing for their lives, their undignified flight was in sorry contrast to the Communists' departure from Chongqing.

Although he behaved in a perfectly normal manner on our first encounters, I could not help worrying that he might visit upon my head retribution for all the persecutions he had suffered at the hands of the special agents if he and I were alone

together.

In the winter of 1961 when I had received a letter from my wife, Su Yanping, in Hongkong, expressing the wish to come back, I had taken the letter to the Bureau of Civil Affairs, which in turn had sent it to the Department of United Front Work of the Beijing Municipal Party Committee. Liao Mosha, head of that department, had immediately given me permission to meet her in Guangzhou. To my surprise, when I arrived at the Bureau of Civil Affairs from the Red Star Commune to go through the procedures for travelling to Guangzhou, I was told that Department Director Liao had asked me to have dinner with him. I calculated that this time I was going to be soundly criticized and perhaps subjected to sarcasm and vindictiveness. Hence I was rather distraught when I left the Bureau of Civil Affairs and walked along with my head bowed. Suddenly I heard the urgent honking of a car behind me. I whirled and jumped out of the way just in time to miss being hit by an American Buick sedan. A foreign woman at the wheel gestured in apology and sped away.

The sight of this car recalled an incident that had taken place more than ten years before. In the middle of the anti-Japanese war the MIB purchased four new Buicks from abroad, and I went to the parking lot of the Car Brigade to test them. While the chief of the Car Brigade, who was accompanying me, and the squadron chief in charge of the sedans were talking with me, the man on duty in that squadron ran up to us to report to the squadron chief that Director Zhang Guotao had called for a car. (Zhang was then Director of the MIB Research Office on Special Political Matters. He was conducting a staff training class at Ciqikou in Chongqing and he had to go there frequently to give lectures, his main job being the training of a large number of spies to infiltrate the Shaanxi-Gansu-Ningxia Border Region, then under Communist leadership, in order to conduct secret activities there.) I do not know why I felt such a revulsion for this big Communist traitor that day. As the squadron chief was giving orders to the driver to pick up Zhang Guotao, I interrupted, saying, "Send a pedicab. Just say that all the cars are busy." The chief of the Car Brigade and several others in charge all started laughing at my suggestion, realizing that I intended to take Zhang down a peg or two. So a pedicab was sent upon my orders

Just as I was backing the last car into the garage after I had given all four a trial run, Zhang Guotao rode into the garage in the side-car of the pedicab, dripping wet. As soon as he jumped out of the pedicab, he made for the squadron chief's office, reprimanding him at the top of his voice and demanding why he had been sent a pedicab, causing him to get soaked through, when there were so many cars around. Although the squadron chief tried to explain, Zhang kept ranting. At this point I sauntered over and said cryptically, "It's not his fault; I told him to send the pedicab." Ordinarily when we met, I treated him

with perfunctory courtesy while actually despising him. In the MIB I always followed Dai Li's principle in my treatment of Communist traitors: "Show courtesy but no respect. Use them but do not trust them." Zhang was all the more enraged by my interruption. Swinging around, he pointed to the new cars, demanding, "So you keep good cars like these for your own disposal, just because you are in charge, while you dump this shabby vehicle on me! What kind of treatment do you call that?" Becoming quite angry myself by this time, I struck the table hard and retorted, "Chairman Zhang!" (He used to be Chairman of the Shaanxi-Gansu-Ningxia Border Region Government but became a KMT spy after he made his escape.) "Please don't put on airs. This is not Yan'an!" At these words his face turned scarlet with mortification, and tears sprang to his eyes, ready to fall at any minute. I had rendered him speechless. Fortunately, the chief of the Car Brigade and the squadron chief averted a scene between us. Taking him outside, they had him driven off in a new car and got rid of him. In any case I got a severe dressing down from Dai Li, who accused me of having no head for politics.

Recalling this, I began to worry again about my impending dinner with Liao, wondering what kind of scorn I would be subjected to.

When I entered the resplendent dining-room on the east side of Laijinyuxuan Restaurant in Zhongshan Park (Sun Yat-sen Park), Liao and several other leaders received me very warmly, repeatedly congratulating me on my coming reunion with my wife, at the same time promising to arrange living quarters for us and a suitable job for Su Yanping, also asking me again and again if my travelling expenses were sufficient. Then a section chief of the Bureau of Civil Affairs handed me a hard-sleeper ticket. From beginning to end not a word of reprimand was spoken at that dinner. Instead they were so full of concern for

my welfare that I almost wept with gratitude. Of course my tears were completely different from Zhang Guotao's tears of anger and humiliation.

From that day on I no longer worried that Department Director Liao would seek revenge for an old grievance.

That same year, at Spring Festival, the Department of United Front Work of the CPC Central Committee gave a banquet for the first special-pardon group. The five from the second group who had been kept in Beijing were also invited. Before the banquet Director Li Weihan announced Premier Zhou's personal decision that seven people, including Pu Yi, Du Yuming, Song Xilian and Wang Yaowu, were to be assigned as specialists to the Cultural and Historical Materials Research Committee of the CPPCC National Committee with an increase in salary from sixty yuan a month to one hundred. Pu Yi and the others were all greatly moved. He immediately expressed his deepest gratitude to the leaders present and said over and over again that he had never dreamed that such an arrangement and such treatment could be possible. A vice-director then said to him and the others who had received special pardon, "All of you have been accustomed to living in luxury. Naturally we cannot let you live as you did before, but we consider the ordinary living standards inappropriate for you; therefore we have made it possible for you to live at an upper-middle level in New China, which will be slightly higher than ordinary. If you have special needs or difficulties, you are welcome to bring them to our attention and we can consider giving you a temporary subsidy."

As I listened to him speak, I had a feeling that I had met this official somewhere before, but I couldn't remember just where or when. After dinner, when everyone had started chatting, this vice-director came over and sat down beside me, saying with a friendly smile, "Mr. Shen, don't you recognize me? I still remember you, though!" while offering me a cigarette. Stunned

by this opening, I accepted the cigarette and stood up, replying very politely, "It seems that I have met the Vice-Director before, but my memory fails me at the moment." While I was uttering these words, I thought to myself, "I worked against the Communists so many years; any Communist who knows me must have been persecuted by me. Oh, well, now I'm cornered by one of my old enemies and there's no getting away. Undoubtedly he's sought me out to reprimand me. Pretty soon I shall be working under the CPPCC, and I'll have no end of tight shoes to pinch my toes."

While my thoughts were thus running on, he pulled me down beside him on the sofa. Chuckling, he said, as though he had read my thoughts, "In the past many people crossed your path; naturally you cannot be expected to remember me. Do you recall the occasion when you and Wu Jingzhong asked me to come to dinner? My name is Xu Bing. Does this help refresh your memory?" As soon as he said this, I immediately remembered the circumstances under which we had met.

It was in Chongqing during the anti-Japanese war. One day Dai Li was presiding over a Weekly Commemoration Meeting. After he had finished ranting and haranguing, he announced the ceremony at an end. His ranting had made him sweat profusely, so he went to take a bath, as was his wont. As soon as he stomped out of the auditorium, I gave the order to dismiss. Only then did those present dare to walk out gingerly after him. Just then an old colleague called Wu Jingzhong hurried over to me. He was from Hubei and a Communist traitor who had graduated from the Moscow Sun Yat-sen University. At that time he held the post of Section Chief of the Sino-Soviet Information Co-op. We had worked together in the Linli Special Training Class and were on fairly friendly terms. He pulled me aside and said in a low voice, "I have to see Dai Li personally on an important matter." Being familiar with Dai Li's disposition, I knew that he

usually could not wait to take a bath and change into fresh clothes after he had exhausted himself berating people. He did not like to see people at such times, much less a mere section chief from a unit not directly connected with us. I tried to dissuade Wu by advising him to avoid being snubbed, but he was really anxious to see Dai Li, insisting that his business was truly important; all he needed was a word with him. Unable to refuse a favour to a friend, I had to agree to accompany him to see Dai Li. I took him to a room downstairs in House No. 19 and told him to sit down and wait awhile. In the meantime I went to attend to a few urgent matters. Then, calculating that Dai Li had probably finished his bath, I went upstairs. When I reported to him that Wu Jingzhong had some important matter to report, he told me impatiently to take him to Mao Renfeng. Whereupon I reminded him that Wu had come over from the Communists, so if he had something important to report, it must be connected with the Communists. Only then did Dai Li grunt his assent and I led Wu into his office. Fearing that Wu might use this opportunity to go on and on, I stood by, ready to rush Wu out of the room as soon as I detected any sign of displeasure on Dai Li's face.

Without any preamble Wu reported that he had run into an old fellow student from the Moscow Sun Yat-sen University who had been sent by Yan'an to work in Chongqing. Would it be all right if he and this old fellow student saw each other? (He mentioned a name, but I didn't catch it.) Dai Li was delighted and immediately asked Wu to sit down. Wu then told him on what good terms he used to be with this fellow student and how happy they were to meet again. Dai Li promptly decided to ask this person to dinner the next day at Shu Lu, which was near the Zaozilanya Gate of the MIB, and ordered me to make preparations. He also invited several MIB agents who had graduated from Sun Yat-sen University, ordering me to provide

a car for Wu Jingzhong to fetch his guest.

Inviting guests of no special importance to Shu Lu was usually left to me. The culinary skills of the MIB chefs were usually not of the highest order. In any case, every time a banquet was given there, I always sat at the end of the table. One of the reasons for this was that it was convenient to have me there seeing to everything, but the main reason was that the guests were either people Dai Li was meeting for the first time or mere acquaitances, in which case Dai Li wished to have me present because my proficiency in martial arts and excellent marksmanship gave him a sense of security. Scheming against other people all the time, Dai Li was constantly on his guard for intrigues against himself. As he couldn't have guards standing about while he was giving a banquet, I was the best person to have at table, since my position qualified me to sit at the same table with his guests and at the same time I could serve as an ideal bodyguard. Consequently when Dai Li gave a dinner at Shu Lu, more often than not I was there to help entertain his guests.

I could understand quite well why Dai Li was so impatient to meet Wu Jingzhong's fellow students, because several years before there had been an incident in which the Communist Zhang Weilin had insinuated himself into the MIB Central Radio Station, developing his organization within the station, so that even the chief operator and several other operators were absorbed into the Communist underground organization and were conducting their activities inside the MIB. Ironically this organization, whose sole purpose was to conduct anti-Communist activities, had been infiltrated for a long time by Communists, and it was only by accident that this was discovered. Although Zhang Weilin and the people he had absorbed had all been arrested, their underground organization in Chongqing had not suffered. Because of this Chiang Kai-shek had given Dai Li hell, almost stripping him of his position and

prosecuting him. Jumping up and down with rage, Chiang Kaishek had hurled curses at Dai Li. Between clenched teeth he snarled, "Every day I give you orders to infiltrate the Communists, but you have not even been able to infiltrate the public Communist organs sleeping right at our side in Chongging. They, however, have not only wormed their way right into our very bosom, but have remained there for a long time without our even being aware of it. They would be there still but for this chance discovery, and you have the face to go on living!" I do not know how many times Dai Li repeated these words of Chiang Kai-shek's to his trusted core members. For him this was the greatest humiliation of his life. He had to admit that this was the most dismal failure he had suffered in his anti-Communist campaigns. Because of this he had not smiled for a long time, either frowning and scowling or exploding into uncontrollable rages, and would hit or kick his subordinates at the least provocation.

One day he called the Central Radio Station, asking to speak to the chief operator to check whether anyone suspicious had been arrested after the Zhang Weilin case. The operator who answered the phone had just been transferred from another city to replace the old operator. His loyalty had been tested and proven through the years. His transfer to the Central Radio Station had puffed him up with pride and self-importance, so that when he heard Dai Li speak so rudely on the phone, he repaid him in kind. Furious, Dai Li had himself driven immediately to the Central Radio Station. Because the root of his humiliation lay in that station, old and new grievances burst forth together. He got hold of the operator who had answered the phone and delivered a succession of vicious blows on his face. It was only through the urgent intercession of the chief operator that the man was not thrown into prison.

Not long after that there was another outburst. This time it

was directed at the Section Chief for Social Affairs of the General Affairs Department, who, in arranging for a French spy and his wife, the Annan princess, to stay at Dai Li's villa in the countryside, had prepared gifts that Dai Li found totally unsatisfactory; in fact, he thought them disgraceful. In a fit of rage he grabbed a chair and aimed it at the Section Chief's head. Luckily I dashed up in time to catch hold of the chair before Dai Li could break the Section Chief's head with it. By this time I, too, was furious. Throwing the chair down, I demanded of Dai Li whether he still expected anyone to work for him if he was going to kill people for just one mistake. He ignored me, still bent on hitting the Section Chief. Again I stopped him and told the Section Chief to run away. Immediately Dai Li turned on me. "All right, you have let him get away. Now it's up to you to produce a valuable gift for me at once. I give you half an hour."

"It shall be done," I promised, "but you must not beat him anymore. If I can't produce the gift, you're welcome to beat me." Only then did he sit down, still panting with anger, to wait for me to produce the gift. I drove directly to the MIB valuables storeroom and brought back some ten items that were, as a rule, pleasing to foreign women - necklaces, corsages, bracelets, etc. - and asked him to make a choice. He finally picked two, satisfied at last. I ordered the caretaker of the storeroom to put the rest of the things away and asked Dai Li to sign his name on the inventory. He asked me where the things came from. I answered, "These are goods confiscated by the Anti-Contraband and Inspection departments. Didn't you approve a regulation putting them in my care?" Only then did he remember. In the past when many of the public MIB organs that were used as fronts turned over to the MIB numerous things they had plundered or confiscated, Dai Li had merely written on their reports, "Hand over to General Affairs Department for safekeeping" without taking a look at the staff or even going over the inventory carefully.

While he was happily occupied with the two valuable gifts, which he felt confident would gain him favour with the Annan princess, I seized the opportunity to give him some advice: "If you persist in your present behaviour, beating people up at the least provocation and going from beating an orderly to beating the guards and from them to the radio operator, who is a lieutenant, and today to the section chief, who is a major, pretty soon it will be my turn, I who am Department Chief of General Affairs with the rank of major general. I don't want to work in the bureau anymore, particularly at your side. I request to be transferred to some public MIB unit, because I have never been hit by anyone in my life. I could never bear such a humiliation!"

After he had heard me out, he gave a long sigh. "Don't you see that after the Zhang Weilin case the humiliation I have been exposed to these years is ten times worse than being berated and beaten? If I were feeling just a bit better, would I beat anyone for no reason at all?"

Hence, still smarting from the humiliation of the Zhang Weilin incident and Chiang Kai-shek's tirade at his failure to infiltrate the Communist oganizations in our midst, Dai Li could hardly wait to give a dinner the next day for this Communist working in Chongqing, after being so opportunely presented by Wu Jingzhong with such a connection. He planned to handle the job personally, to lure and buy over this person.

The next day I decided to drive Wu Jingzhong myself to pick up this guest — first of all to show him how important he was in Dai Li's eyes, second to introduce an element of threat into the atmosphere. When we arrived at his place, Wu explained to him that Dai Li was very eager to meet him and had invited him to dinner. Then Wu introduced me to him, announcing that Dai Li had sent me as his representative to invite him. To our surprise, this man refused point-blank. I remember only that he then said

somewhat reproachfully to Wu that when they had met the other day, he had merely expressed the wish to meet Wu when the opportunity arose; Wu had never obtained his consent to see Dai Li, much less informed him that Dai Li was going to ask him to dinner; therefore he could not go that day. He then turned to me and said, "Please thank Mr. Dai Li for me. I am really occupied today and cannot manage it. In the future I will visit Mr. Dai Li when I deem it necessary." I was furious when I heard this and I said to myself, "This man doesn't seem to appreciate honour bestowed on him. God knows how many people would fall all over themselves for just such an honour, while this man refuses even to budge at an invitation from Dai Li! Every person I have hitherto invited in Dai Li's name from directors in the KMT government to ministers, from governors to commanders-in-chief and the like - each and every one of them has jumped at the invitation, whereas a small fry like him is behaving with such arrogance. This is truly unheard of." So I drew a long face and said, "Please reconsider. It is impossible for me to return with a refusal." Seeing me in full uniform with an exquisitely made revolver hanging from my belt and hearing my menacing tone, he turned his back on me, ignoring my presence, and continued to reproach Wu Jingzhong.

I remember when we returned to Shu Lu, Dai Li, hearing the car pull up, immediately ordered his high-ranking MIB guests to go out and welcome his guest of honour. When they saw only Wu and me get out of the car, they were greatly disappointed and everyone started to upbraid Wu Jingzhong, warning him that Dai Li was sure to explode again. Just as we had anticipated, when Dai Li heard that his guest had refused to come, he began to curse Wu Jingzhong for an incapable fool. He was so busy cursing Wu that he forgot entirely about dinner. In the end I had to go in to remind him. Only then did he tell everyone to eat.

Although the dinner I had ordered was extraordinarily sumptuous, it did not stop Dai Li from cursing throughout the entire meal. As the business had nothing to do with me, it did not hinder me from thoroughly enjoying my dinner.

I recalled this incident after Vice-Director Xu Bing reminded me of it. He then told me that while he had been amused by my intolerably overbearing manner and rudeness, he had also seen that it boded ill for him. And he was not mistaken. The day after his refusal of Dai Li's invitation he became aware that the number of spies following him had increased. It seemed extremely likely that they would either kidnap him or beat him up. Therefore, for quite a long time, he avoided going out by himself.

Thinking he was going to settle old scores with me, I apologized profusely, but he laughed and tried to put me at ease, explaining that his intention in bringing up the past was only to suggest that when I was writing about the crimes of the MIB, I include "An Invitation from a despot", so that people would know what kind of activities the MIB and Dai Li dealt in. He had not mentioned this as something he held against me. Although I was somewhat relieved to hear this, I still felt that since he had not forgotten the incident, he would "take it out on me" some way or other, so I was always nervous when I met him.

Early in 1964, when the dozen or so of us in Beijing who had received special pardon returned with our families from our visit to the provinces in the Southeast, General-Secretary Zhang Zhiyi of the CPPCC gave a dinner for us in the third conference room of the CPPCC auditorium. To my surprise Xu Bing, who had then been created full director, came too. He treated me with great cordiality. Pulling me down beside him on the sofa, he asked me how I was progressing with my writing.

In 1962, the first summer after I started working in the CPPCC, I used to go up to the roof garden of the CPPCC

auditorium to enjoy the cool of the evening. There was entertainment there almost every evening. Some of the members of the CPPCC and leaders of the various departments in the Central People's Government who had not gone to summer resorts would go there too. The specialists of the Cultural and Historical Materials Research Committee were accorded the same privilege by Premier Zhou. The M.C. for the entertainment was a member of the CPPCC, the great master of cross-talk Hou Baolin. He not only invited many famous artists to perform but also gave one or two marvelous performances himself. Hence owing to the coolness and the excellent performances, the roof garden was always full.

One evening I arrived a little late. Unable to find a seat, I stood and watched a famous opera singer singing arias from local northern opera. Just then I noticed a cadre sitting not far from me whose face seemed very familiar, but I couldn't place him. Shortly after, someone came to look for this man and he left in a hurry. Then the attendant beckoned to me to take the seat the cadre had just vacated. I took this opportunity to ask him softly, "Who is the man who's just left?" "That's Vice-Mayor Wang Kunlun," he answered. As soon as I heard the name, I congratulated myself on not having rashly gone up to say hello to him, for not only had we not been friends in the past, but he was a revolutionary I had almost arrested. Although many past events have vanished like smoke from my memory, some have left quite a few traces.

Before the anti-Japanese war, when I was group leader in the French Concession Group of the MIB, I had seen Wang Kunlun several times. I was sure he had forgotten all about the bunch of young men in western-style suits who could always be seen hanging about his house those days in Lafayette Lane on Rue Lafayette in the French Concession whenever he returned from Nanjing to Shanghai. One of those young men was I. Wang was

then a member of the KMT Legislature and a key member of Sun Ke's "Prince Faction". He did not really work for the KMT but engaged in secret revolutionary activities to sabotage the KMT. Whenever he set out from Nanjing to go to Shanghai, the Nanjing Special Agent Division would notify the Shanghai Special Agent Division to watch his movements, and it would be my job to investigate and watch his activities in the French Concession.

From a now-forgotten source came the information that during the season for the famous succulent peaches of the south, Legislature member Wang would be giving a house-party at his Turtle Head Islet villa on the shores of Lake Tai in Wuxi. His guests would all be anti-Chiang revolutionaries, including underground Communist leaders. This was fairly important information at the time, and the occasion was also considered by Dai Li to be most opportune for arresting Wang Kunlun, for he had not only been dealing in secret activities against Chiang Kaishek but dared to condemn publicly Chiang Kai-shek and the KMT's policies. His name had long been on the blacklist of the Special Agent Division. The information we received was that he would ostensibly be giving a party and taking his guests on a tour of his gardens, but in reality this would be an important secret anti-Chiang meeting. Dai Li ordered me to head a group of 12 secret agents. We were to prepare reconnoitre and, when necessary, arrest the whole lot.

I took four secret agents with me to Wuxi to make contact with a Sheng somebody, the Wuxi group leader of the Special Agent Division of the Jiangsu Branch, and enlist his aid and that of several local agents under him. Either the information was inaccurate or the date of the party had been changed, for all was quiet at the Lake Tai villa. This made me anxious, so Sheng and I did some secret reconnoitring through one of his agents (who was a relative of the gardener at the villa) and discovered that

preparations for the house-party were in progress, whereupon I settled down to wait somewhere close at hand.

By the fifth day of our arrival in Wuxi, Wang and his guests had all arrived. First to arrive were Wang Kunlun, his sister Wang Feng and several others. Then Wu Maosun, Sun Xiaocun and the rest arrived. The two agents who were responsible for watching Wang recognized these people as frequent guests at Wang's home in Lafayette Lane. Then several middle-aged guests in well-cut, expensive suits arrived. Which one was an important Communist personage? Nobody could tell. After careful consideration I was still afraid to take action for fear of acting rashly. Although I had made arrangements with Sheng and the Wuxi Police to have the police on hand to help with the arrest, I had not dared to tell them whom to arrest. As the Wang family were held in great respect by the local gentry and people of Wuxi, any leak in our plan would cause trouble.

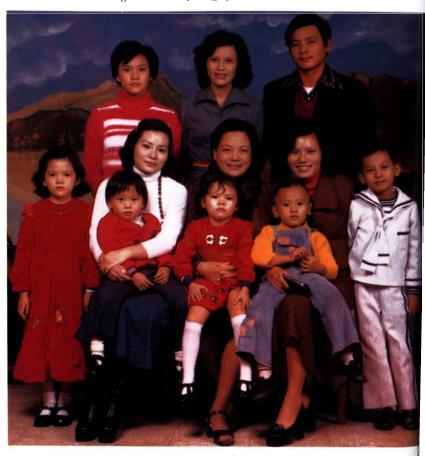
Uppermost in my mind at the time was Dai Li's repeated exhortation—that I was to arrest only the important Communist personage; otherwise there would be an uproar from the Sun Ke faction. If I could not arrest the important Communist or if he did not make an appearance, I should not make a rash move. I figured that even if this important person did come, he would certainly not carry any self-incriminating documents on his person, while the people I recognized were all prominent people in society. Arresting them all on no evidence, particularly arresting members of the Legislature on a mere whim, was a risk I was not prepared to take. When Chief Secretary Tang Zong of the Special Agent Division had ordered the arrest of several advocates of a "reshuffle in government" who were engaged in anti-Chiang activities, Wang Jingwei had raised such an outcry in person that Dai Li not only had to release those people at once but had to fire Tang Zong.

This had served as a warning to me, so my only intention was



The author autographs a copy of his memoirs in Chinese for a reader.

The author's first wife, Su Yanping, with their children and grandchildren, photographed in Taiwan in 1981.





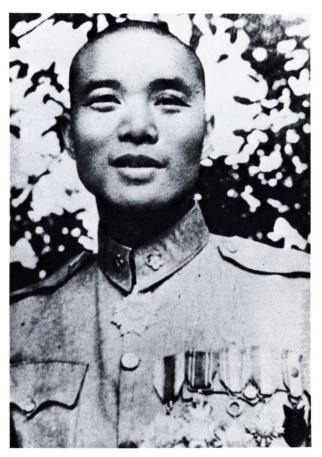
The author with his wife, daughter (Meijuan), son-in-law and grandchildren in Beijing.





The author with Su Yanping and theretwo daughters aboard a ferrybox from Hongkong to Kowloca January 1981.

The author with his daughter Meijuan visits Ocean Park, Hongkong.



The author as commissioner of the KMT government's Defence Ministry in Yunnan and concurrently chief of the Yunnan Agency of the KMT secret service MIB in 1948.



The Shen family in Chongqing in 1942. Seated in the centre is Shen Zui's mother. Standing in the back row are (from left) Shen Zui's eldest brother and wife, his second brother and wife, Shen Zui and his first wife, Su Yanping, and his younger brother and wife.



The meeting on November 28, 1960, at which war criminals were granted special pardon.

The author talks with Guo Xu, his former colleague in the KMT secret-service agency, MIB, soon after the latter was granted special pardon in 1961.





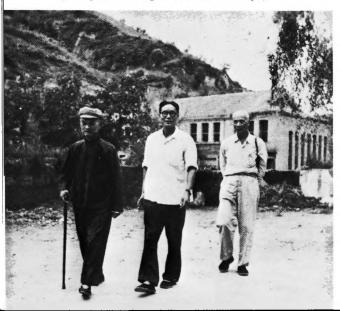


Premier Zhou Enlai and Vice-Premier Chen Yi pose with former KMT generals who crossed over, KMT war criminals granted special pardon and their families, in the Great Hall of the People, Beijing, on November 10, 1963.



China's last emperor, Pu Yi, and his brother, Pu Jie (second and first from right), with the author (centre) visit Sun Yat-sen's Mausoleum in Nanjing in March 1964.

The author with Kang Ze and Fan Hanjie, war criminals granted special pardon, during a visit to Yan'an in 1964.





The author visits a Suzhou garden with Kang Ze (front) and others in 1964.

The author with other former high KMT officials in Luoyang in 1975.





The author speaks at a press conference in November 1984 after becoming a member of the National Committee of the CPPCC.

The author chats with Wen Qiang (centre) and Dong Yisan (left) in June 1983. Wen and Dong, like the author, were formerly senior officers in the KMT secret service and became members of the CPPCC.





The author speaks at a study meeting in early 1984. On his right are Huang Wei and Du Jianshi.

The author meets Professor Ma Bi, who came to Beijing from Taiwan in 1982.





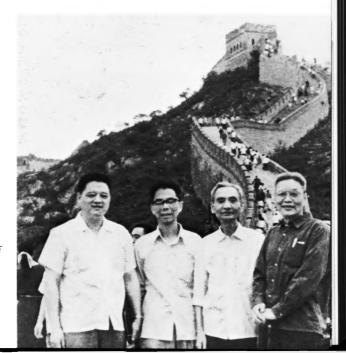
The author talks with Song Xilian at a reception.

The author with Zhou Zhenqiang, former chief of Chiang Kai-shek's guards, at a meeting commemorating the 60th anniversary of the Huangpu Military Academy, held in Beijing in 1984.





The author pays a visit to Pu Jie (centre) at his home in the spring of 1984. Seated on the right is Deng Pufang, Deng Xiaoping's son and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors of China Welfare Institute for the Handicapped.



The author and friends on top of the Great Wall in 1984.



The author with the dancer Zhao Qing (first from left), the Hongkong film star Xia Meng (second from left), and Zheng Fengrong, holder of the world high jump record for women in 1957, during a CPPCC session in Beijing in June 1984.

The author and his wife with the singer Guo Lanying (second from right) and Jiang Wei, an industrialist.





The author visits ruins of ancient Jiaohe city in Turpan, Xinjiang.



The author visits a Kazak herdsman's yurt in Xinjiang.



The author visits Urumqi, Xinjiang Uygur Autonomous Region, with Zhang Quan (centre), member of CPPCC Standing Committee and well-known musician, and Fang Jufen, member of CPPCC National Committee and actress, in the summer of 1984.



The author visits a kindergarten in Tangshan in 1982.



The author in his hotel room at Kowloon, where he stayed during his visit to Hongkong in January 1981.

The author with Fei Yimin (centre), director of the Hongkong Ta Kung Pao, and Lu Keng, former Deputy Editor-in-Chief of the KMT Central Daily and now director of the Hongkong fortnightly The Populace, in Fei Yimin's office.





The author's visit to Hongkong in 1981 was front-page news in the local papers.

to find out through the relative of the agent of the Wuxi group what was going on at the villa and to then go over the information carefully. Apart from information about banqueting and sampling the peaches we could find out nothing about what was going on, so I decided it would be better to be hauled over the coals by Dai Li than to expose myself to the risk of making an arrest upon such slim evidence, especially when our targets were all people not to be taken lightly. How would I get out of my predicament if I had them all arrested and failed to produce any evidence of their having any connection with the Communists? As the saying goes, "It is easy to catch a tiger but difficult to set it free." So I did not take the risk. Fortunately, they did not stay long at the villa.

I sent all the agents I had brought with me back to Shanghai and went to Nanjing to see Dai Li, reporting that as I had not discovered any important Communists at the house-party, I had not deemed it wise to arrest this crowd. All Dai Li did was order me to keep them under surveillance, observing the activities of Wang Kunlun and the rest in Shanghai. He seemed confident that he would sooner or later find a pretext to arrest Wang Kunlun that Sun Ke would not be able to kick up a fuss about. But right up to the anti-Japanese war no evidence could be found that was strong enough to incriminate Wang Kunlun. Meanwhile all the special agents knew beyond a doubt that Wang Kunlun was carrying on anti-Chiang activities and was secretly in frequent contact with a large number of people.

For a time it was Dai Li's wish to have Wang assassinated. He asked me if I had the confidence to eliminate Wang Kunlun inside the French Concession. I answered that I would immediately see to the arrangements and get the job done whenever he gave the order. For some reason he never gave the order and I was only too happy not to bring up the subject.

Sitting in the wicker chair Wang Kunlun had vacated, I found

these scenes of my past crimes surging and beating against the walls of my memory so that I hardly noticed what was going on on the stage. After the performance was over, I got up slowly and quietly walked home. I kept seeing the familiar faces of Wang Kunlun, his sister, Wu Maosun and Sun Xiaocun and worried about what I would say to them when I met them.

Ever since I had gone to work at the CPPCC, I had on many occasions run into people I and the MIB had either directly or indirectly persecuted. If I had not been living in this new society under the Communist Party, I would undoubtedly have met enemies at every turn who would have made life difficult for me. But none of them created any difficulties for me. They befriended me instead. Consequently I no longer feared meeting an antagonist face to face on a narrow road. If I had not experienced this myself, I would have had doubts. Of course this was not a change that had taken place in certain individuals but a change that the whole society was going through. The antagonists I ran into were more numerous than those mentioned; many more I have not written about.

Chapter XIV

Becoming Friends Again

On February 28, 1961, the second pardon group staying in Chongnei Hotel received an invitation from Vice-General-Secretary Yu Xinqing of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress to have dinner at his house. This was the second time I had received a private invitation to dinner since my pardon. The first one was from Lu Han, which I had happily accepted. I deliberated a long time over accepting this invitation, but I went in the end. Why had I hesitated at the beginning? Because Yu Xinqing had once been arrested by the MIB and imprisoned for a long time, barely escaping execution. I had seen him only when I went to inspect the prison, so it was improbable that he would remember me. Shortly before this he had attended a Spring Festival banquet given by the CPPCC. He used to know Pang lingtang from the second pardon group very well. Pang used to be a member of the Central Executive Committee of the KMT; later he was also Chairman of KMT Party Headquarters in Shandong Province, the highest-ranking KMT party-affairs official to be captured. When Vice-General-Secretary Yu and Pang met at the banquet, Pang itroduced all the second pardon group to him. That was how we met.

It was sometime in September 1947 that Yu was arrested and imprisoned by the MIB. When he was Vice-Director of the Planning Committee of the Baoding Pacification Commission, he had tried to instigate Sun Lianzhong, Director of the

Baoding Pacification Commission, to stage an insurrection. At that time Sun Lianzhong was in command of the KMT armed forces in the Hebei area. As Sun and Yu had both been subordinates of General Feng Yuxiang of the Northwest Army and were on intimate terms, Sun Lianzhong began to waver under Yu's instigations. If Yu had not been arrested for his involvement in an accidentally discovered incident and Sun Lianzhong had successfully carried out an insurrection, the Chiang Kai-shek regime would have been destroyed much sooner.

The unfortunate incident came about because a KMT radio monitor from the No.2 Department of Monitoring Radio Messages of the Beiping Field Headquarters had a quarrel with his wife and could not go to sleep, so he got up in the middle of the night, put on his headphones and heard an unregistered station sending out messages. The regulations at the time stipulated that secret agents responsible for monitoring radio messages remain at their posts 24 hours a day, working in shifts, but as the underground Communist radios never operated at any fixed hour, fixing the time for their next message only after one had been sent, monitoring their stations was by no means easy. In addition, no one really obeyed the regulations, even though they were very strict. Agents working on night shifts often neglected their duty and went to sleep when it was very late. So it was by accident that our radio monitor discovered a strange, unregistered station sending out messages. This discovery was duly reported to Section Chief Zhao Rongde, who, being fairly experienced, promptly ordered all the monitoring agents to keep their ears open and concentrate all their attention on this station. Very soon it was verified that there was a secret station

^{*}Beijing was renamed Beiping when the KMT government moved its capital to Naniing.

operating within the city of Beiping. Then monitoring devices were installed in jeeps, and three monitoring bases narrowed the range little by little until they closed in on the neighbourhood of East Jingzhao Street, From there the Criminal Police Brigade of the Beiping Police took over, sending special agents to climb onto the roofs of the houses and observe from there. In the end operators Li Zhengxuan, Meng Liangyu and others were arrested on the spot while the Communist Party underground station was sending and receiving messages at 24 East Jingzhao Street. Many telegrams and coded messages were found. Upon this evidence Chief and Vice-Chiefs Xie Shiyan, Ding Xing, Yu Xinging, etc., of the Staff Department of the Baoding Pacification Commission were arrested. Because one of the people became a turncoat soon after his arrest, the Communist Party's underground stations in Xi'an, Lanzhou and Shenyang all suffered, resulting in the arrest of dozens of underground workers one after the other.

Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Renfeng were extremely delighted and awarded Zhao Rongde and the operator who first discovered the station with decorations, medals and bonuses, while Xie Shiyan, Ding Xing and the group of Communists arrested, upon being taken to Nanjing, were all killed by Chiang Kai-shek. At the same time Chiang Kai-shek, gnashing his teeth, cursed Zheng Jiemin, Mao Renfeng and other high-level special agents, saying, "No wonder we're losing the war, with Communists planted right inside our higher military organs, such as the War Operations Staff Department. From now on you must guard strictly against such incidents happening again."

Yu Xinqing was not executed after it was confirmed that he was not a Communist. There were two other reasons for his being spared, one of them being the intercession of many Northwest army generals on his behalf. Since Chiang Kai-shek

had been hoping that, after Feng Yuxiang's death, the Northwest Army generals could be induced to serve under him, he was using every possible means to win them over to his side. The other reason was that the MIB agents had discovered that besides the northwestern generals several people not belonging to the Northwest Army faction were busy seeking help for Yu. Mao Renfeng and company estimated that these people were probably connected with the Communists or might even be underground Communists. Therefore in order to implement his scheme of "throwing a long line to catch a larger fish", which would enable him to destroy the underground Communist organization, he did not have Yu killed. Later when Li Zongren became Acting President upon Chiang Kai-shek's "retirement" and under the "Peace Talks" atmosphere of the time, some political prisoners were released. Yu was fortunately spared and released on bail.

Thus, after over a year of persecution by the MIB and almost being killed by them, Yu was a fortunate survivor. I was the first MIB secret agent to have his special pardon published in the papers. I had been connected with many of the MIB crimes and had twice been to inspect the MIB prison at 19 Ninghai Road, where Yu was incarcerated after being brought under guard to Nanjing. At that time, as I was in charge of General Affairs, the sudden addition of dozens of Communists to the prison caused the prison to raise many complaints concerning accommodations, so I had gone down to inspect. I had also gone there out of a sense of curiosity. During my inspection I had stood outside Yu's cell and, pointing a finger at him, had asked him mockingly, "How is it that a devout Christian like you should want to work for the Communists? Can it be that you wish to be a red-robed pastor?" (Only cardinals of the Catholic Church wore red robes, thus my play on the word red associated with communism.) "Aren't you afraid that God will punish you after you die and forbid you to enter the gates of Heaven?" I still remember clearly that after my speech he looked at me scornfully and turned away. As soon as my back was turned, someone uttered a sound of contempt behind me. Instantly enraged, I swung round to see if the sound had come from this Christian pastor. At that time every MIB agent with some authority, whether in charge of prisoners or responsible for their torture, had undergone training under me as an "operations man". If the sound had come from Yu, only a word from me would have sufficed to settle his hash. The warden who was accompanying me on my inspection tour, seeing that I became angry, hurried to explain that these people behaved insolently to everyone, begging me to pay no attention to them. As I was very busy that day, after hearing the warden's explanation, I decided not to waste my time or energy in punishing Yu. It now seemed to me only yesterday when this incident had taken place. I felt I should apologize to him in person and beg his forgiveness.

We walked to Yu's home, and he received us at the door. He told us that he loved roses, and if we had come in spring, when the whole garden was in bloom, we would have seen a beautiful sight. As he said this, he pointed to the rose bushes wrapped in straw for the winter. I grew calmer at his demonstration of hospitality and cordiality. First he chatted awhile with Pang Jingtang, then he turned around and started to chat with me. I found that I could not recognize the person once locked up in 19 Ninghai Road. I was sure if I did not mention it, he would not recognize me either. Nevertheless I brought it up and expressed my deepest apologies. When he heard this, he looked intently at me, then said reflectively, "If you hadn't mentioned it, I would surely never have recognized you as the person who sneered at me. How arrogant you were then!" I bowed my head at this remark. It was my way of showing my deepest remorse. When he saw this, he seemed to think that I had resented his remark or was saddened by the contrast between the present and the past. That day I inspected the prison I had appeared in full regalia the plum-blossom insignias signifying my rank as general on my collar, the gold stars on my epaulets, all pure gold—plus subordinates on every side. I had long seen that all those trappings were shameful, and I was not in the least ashamed of the cotton clothes I was wearing now. Perhaps because he had misunderstood my response, he reframed his words and said, "In the past we walked along different paths; today our two paths have at last converged. We are all serving the people under the leadership of the Communist Party." I then revealed my innermost feelings to him, stressing that I had come expressly to acknowledge my error. He stood up and, taking my hand, said, "Please do not talk like this. Haven't we become good friends now?" I was very much moved by his words and saw that he was both magnanimous and sincere.

For dessert we had small sweet dumplings made of glutinous rice flour. He reminded us that the Lantern Festival was coming, so he had prepared dumplings for us, because this was a small reunion of old friends on the mainland. When Taiwan returned to the bosom of the motherland, he would invite everyone to eat big sweet dumplings with our friends in Taiwan for a big reunion. I was very happy to hear this.

After dinner Yu showed us some of his collection of rare historical relics, calligraphy and paintings. He brought out a commissioned horizontal scroll by Zheng Banqiao. He asked me to tell him if it was a genuine Zheng Banqiao. He said that he had gone to a lot of trouble and had paid a large sum of money for this scroll but had been told by some people that it was a fake, which had greatly disheartened him. After carefully examining it, I told him that there was no question of the scroll being genuine, whereupon Pang Jingtang began to tease me, accusing me of posing as an expert. I answered that in the past I did not

have the slightest knowledge of what was a genuine painting or work of calligraphy or cultural relic, but after the victory of the anti-Japanese war I became an expropriator, plundering the wealth of the nation, and had participated in making inventories of the antiques in the Palace Museum, During this time I had learnt a little from many connoisseurs. Then I asked Yu, "Why have you been told that this is a fake?" He said that a friend had told him that he had seen a scroll exactly like his somewhere else that had been pronounced genuine by many people. Therefore this friend was sure that the scroll he possessed was a fake. I proceeded to explain to him why it was not a fake. "From the style and the seals on the scroll it is without doubt Zheng Banqiao's work. Then why should there be two scrolls exactly alike? I have heard that quite often whatever a famous painter and calligrapher like Zheng Banqiao painted or wrote would be appropriated by people. In his day when his commissioned paintings or works of calligraphy were hung up, someone inevitably stole them while he was not looking, and he would have to do another one. If this one got stolen, he would have to do yet another one, hence the appearance of scrolls exactly alike. It is quite common for calligraphers and painters to do many paintings exactly the same except for differing dates or This is inscriptions. especially true of professional calligraphers."

Yu was very happy to hear this, saying that although there was no doubt that famous painters often produced identical paintings, commissioned horizontal scrolls exactly the same would easily look suspicious. He then said with a smile, "The theft part had never occurred to me." I cannot remember which of my friends put in, "You being an honest and upright man, naturally the idea of theft would not occur to you, whereas old Shen here is well-acquainted with every sort of trade, honest or shady. He would, of course, see things from every aspect."

Everyone began to laugh at this.

Then I said, "I will tell you a story about the theft of a piece of calligraphy. There was once a very famous calligrapher whose work was much sought after. This man refused to write if he wasn't in the mood; therefore it was very difficult to obtain a piece of calligraphy from him. One day on his way home he saw someone urinating near his house. He went home and promptly wrote, 'Do not urinate wherever you please,' and pasted it on the wall. The next day the writing was gone. Thinking it had been blown away, he wrote another notice and pasted it in the same place. The third day it was also gone. Believing that no one would have any use for a notice like that, he put up another one with the same words written on it without being in the least suspicious. Again it was taken away. He was really perplexed by this, believing that no matter how good a piece of writing was, it had to serve some purpose. No one could possibly hang words like that in his living room. One day walking by a mounting shop, he saw that one of the pieces of paper he had lost was being mounted into a vertical scroll. Drawing near, he realized with a shock what had been done. The words had been transposed to produce a very good maxim: 'One must not treat even trifling matters casually.""

After that meeting I had several dealings with Yu, asking him to provide the Cultural and Historical Materials Research Committee with written accounts of the past. I especially expressed the hope that he would write about his experience after his arrest by the MIB. He promised that he would, but he had one question to ask me—had someone betrayed them at that time? I answered that when a case developed into such dimensions that the radio stations of organizations in other places could be damaged and many people arrested, it meant that there had been a traitor, for the secret agents were not so capable as all that. When he heard this, he struck the table and cursed

fiercely, "The softie!" Then he told me that when he had been taken from Beiping to Nanjing, he had already suspected that this fellow had betrayed them.

Vice-Director Shen Bochun of the Culture and History Committee also persuaded Yu to write something about this period. He finished it only a little before the "cultural revolution" and took it himself to CPPCC to hand to Shen Bochun. Vice-Director Shen was not in his office that day, so I asked Yu to sit down and accepted his written account for the Vice-Director. Originally his article was to appear in Selections of Cultural and Historical Materials, but by then we were already plunged into the ten-year catastrophe, so it did not get published.

I had not been quite happy about being assigned to the CPPCC, preferring to return to Hunan so that I could be with my daughter, but I did not feel I should ask to have my assignment changed, so I resigned myself to working in the CPPCC. Perhaps even now many people do not know my feelings about this matter. Since many of the leaders and members of the CPPCC had been persecuted either by me or by MIB agents, my fear was that these democratic personages would not be so open-minded as the Communists, in which case I might be subjected to their discrimination or mockery. So I prepared myself for such treatment from the day I received special pardon. At the same time I adopted a kind of evasive tactic, trying to avoid contact wherever I could, and when that was impossible, I would compel myself to meet disaster head on. Only now has this fear of mine completely vanished. Although I wrote over ten thousand words about past events, there were many people and incidents that I did not mention. This also shows how difficult it is to really change one's ideology.

There is an old saying in Chinese: "An ugly bride will sooner or later have to come face to face with her in-laws." So it was

with me, always having to come face to face with progressive patriotic personages, hence I had to be prepared all the time and in every way.

I remember very clearly that soon after I started working in the CPPCC, I was issued, along with my medical card, an admission card to the CPPCC Auditorium Clubroom. With the admission card to the clubroom I could enter the auditorium like every other member of the CPPCC. In the three years of national economic difficulties (1960-62) we could buy there daily articles and food that were very difficult to procure outside, and better food was served in the dining-room. Before my daughter joined me in Beijing, I used to receive, apart from my monthly salary of a hundred yuan, quite a bit of money for my articles and books, sometimes as much as three to four hundred yuan a month. If I worked conscientiously, I could write seven to eight thousand words a day. I generally did not make a rough draft first, but thought everything out clearly, then put it all down on paper in one draft. In this way I could get several hundred thousand words written in a few days, and since I had never learnt to be economical as a child, always spending all the money I had, I now often used my admission card to the CPPCC auditorium to buy things or to dine there.

One day as I was heading towards the dining-room through the back entrance of the auditorium, I ran into Gao Chongmin, Vice-Chairman of the CPPCC, and Yan Baohang, member of its Standing Committee. Both men I had seen in Chongqing. I had become a colleague of Yan Baohang's on the Cultural and Historical Research Committee, but I could not quite remember Vice-Chairman Gao. On seeing me, Yan introduced us, saying, "This is Vice-Chairman Gao Chongmin." It is hard to describe my reaction on meeting him of all people! But Vice-Chairman Gao shook hands with me warmly and asked me what I was planning to write next. He told me he had read my *The Dai Li I*

Know and hoped that I would go on exposing the MIB crimes through my writing. I exchanged a few polite words with him, then seeing that they, too, were going to eat in the dining-room, I found that I no longer cared to eat there. I bought a few things at the counter and went to eat in the CPPCC staff dining-room.

The meeting with Vice-Chairman Gao made me realize how difficult it had been for a patriotic democratic personage, under KMT rule, to make some contribution to the cause of liberation of the motherland. It had been a great risk to take; the least bit of carelessness on his part might have cost him his life. Gao Chongmin, for instance, after the fall of the Northeast on September 18, 1931, had organized the Northeast Populace Anti-Japanese Association for the Salvation of the Nation with Yan Baohang, Wang Huayi, etc., and had actively engaged in anti-Japanese and national-salvation activities. They had also appealed many times to Chiang Kai-shek to send soldiers to win back the lost territories of the Northeast. Chiang Kai-shek had not only ignored their appeal, which had the unanimous support of all the Chinese people, but fabricated a charge against these patriotic activities. Gao Chongmin had once gone down to Nanjing himself at the head of a petition delegation to appeal to Chiang Kai-shek to send soldiers to fight the Japanese. Not only did he not obtain results, but from that time on the leaders of that organization were looked upon as enemies by the secret KMT organs.

The activities of high-level special agents are not so simple as some people think. They do not merely arrest or kill people. Many of their double-dealings are more sinister and vicious than that. For example, Chiang Kai-shek personally asked Zhang Xueliang to persuade some of the leaders of the association to liquidate their secretly organized Committee for the Recovery of the Lost Territories of the Northeast, from which the KMT had been excluded. He suggested instead the establishment of some

sort of organization called the Institute for the Preservation of the Four Virtues. On the surface this was to enable the key members of the Revival Society*, such as He Zhonghan, Liu Jianqun, Deng Wenyi and Dai Li, to co-operate with Wang Zhuoran, Gao Chongmin, Yan Baohang and Wang Huayi, who were core members of the Zhang Xueliang faction. The real purpose behind this was to win them over, disintegrate them from within and exercise control over them so that the upper-echelon northeastern patriots would be prevented from trying to win back their home territory. The MIB then promptly availed themselves of the opportunity to infiltrate the organization, so that all the activities of the "institute" became known to the MIB.

Why had Chiang Kai-shek insisted on the liquidation of the Northeast Populace Anti-Japanese Association for the Salvation of the Nation and the secret Committee for the Recovery of the Lost Territories of the Northeast and their replacement by the Institute for the Preservation of the Four Virtues? Mainly because before the Xi'an Incident *** Chiang Kai-shek had obstinately persisted in his policy of "maintaining domestic stability before resisting foreign aggression". Therefore the attitude he chose to adopt towards the Japanese was one of "non-resistance" and "not causing offence".

^{*}The Revival Society served as a front for the KMT.

^{**}Xi'an Incident: In 1936 the Northeast Army, led by Zhang Xueliang, and the 17th Route Army, led by Yang Hucheng, were ordered by Chiang Kai-shek to the Shaanxi-Gansu area to attack the Worker-Peasant Red Army. Zhang and Yang, under the influence of the Chinese Communist Party's policy of a National United Front and the people's anti-Japanese movement, requested that Chiang Kai-shek join forces with the Communists and fight against the Japanese. Chiang Kai-shek refused. On December 12 Zhang and Yang put Chiang Kai-shek under house arrest in Xi'an, hence the name Xi'an Incident. Chiang Kai-shek, compelled to accept the conditions of joining forces with the Communists to fight the Japanese, was then released and allowed to return to Nanjing.

Consequently terms like "Anti-Japanese" and "National Salvation," which were extremely offensive to the Japanese, were forbidden. At the same time, in order to lull the people's fighting spirit, he announced, "Courtesy, justice, a sense of honour and a sense of shame are the four national virtues. If these four virtues are not upheld, the nation will fall." Thus he named this concoction of his the Institute for the Preservation of the Four Virtues. In fact, I often overheard people make fun of Chiang Kai-shek behind his back, saying he was capable of making a lot of noise only about courtesy, justice and a sense of honour, implying that he had no sense of shame.

After the Xi'an Incident Zhang Xueliang was arrested and his men were taken over by Dai Li. At this time the National United Front proposed by the Communist Party was gaining more and more support from people all over the country, and exiles from the Northeast had become ever more anxious to recover their home territory; thus organizations for national salvation under various names were formed one after the other, on the basis of which the Northeast National Salvation Federation was established. Although Dai Li hated the Federation like poison, he did not dare to sabotage it openly, even pretending to agree to give it financial support. This was an example of the sinister and cunning measures he adopted. In 1937 when I was retreating from Shanghai, I remember going to see Dai Li in Wuhan on my way back to Linli, Hunan, with over a thousand exiled students recruited in Zhengzhou for secret-service training. He asked me to stay and dine with a number of MIB core members, who had also come to visit him. At dinner some of them asked him, "Why do we still support this Northeast National Salvation Federation when it is apparently reactionary?" To which Dai Li merely answered, "You don't understand!" and left it at that.

After 1941, when I was in Chongqing, I was told by someone

'that when Gao Chongmin, one of the leaders of the Northeast federation, got married in Chongqing, Dai Li even gave him an enormous sum of money as a wedding present, a gesture that many MIB people found perplexing. In 1942 I was transferred to the Department of General Affairs of MIB to take up duties as department chief. I often found myself working at Dai Li's side. One day the leader of the Northeastern Special Operations Group, which worked directly under the leadership of the MIB, told me that Gao Chongmin had used the large sum of money from Dai Li to run a progressive journal. He had also been to visit Zhou Enlai, the representative of the Chinese Communist Party in Chongging. All this sounded completely incomprehensible to me, so I asked him, "Have you submitted a report on all this?" "How could I not have done so?" he replied. "Dai Li invariably reads all the important information himself." Soon after this a fellow villager of mine called Li Xiaobai came to see Dai Li. (Li used to be chief of the MIB Personnel Department; later he became head of the Mail Censorship Department of the KMT Military Council.) As I had an urgent document for Dai Li to sign, I happened to be there and overheard Li Xiaobai also talking to Dai Li about Gao Chongmin. I could not refrain from interrupting the conversation and asking Dai Li why Gao Chongmin had not been arrested. Dai Li merely glared at me rather angrily and snapped, "What the hell do you understand?"

Could it be, then, that Dai Li did not want to have Gao Chongmin arrested? No, I realized only afterwards that the "time was not yet ripe". After victory in the anti-Japanese war, when Xinhua News Agency broadcast over the radio that Gao Chongmin had been made governor of a province in the Northeast, Dai Li's orders for Gao's immediate arrest were issued to the Inspection Department of the Chongqing Garrison Headquarters. Gao was still living in Chongqing at the time.

After the secret agents failed to catch him at home, they lay in wait for him at every checkpoint of road, water and air transportation. Fortunately, Gao slipped through the net spread for him and escaped safely from Chongqing.

Much later I learnt that after Gao heard the news over the radio, he too knew that the secret agents would be on his trail. With great audacity he chose the house of Wang Huayi, member of the Planning Committee of the MIB, for his hiding place. Wang and I had both been instructors in the Linli MIB Special Training Class, and most of the core members of the Chongoing Inspection Department and Department of Criminal Police had been trainees in this class. How could they possibly have imagined that this "important criminal" would be hiding in Instructor Wang's home? Wang Huayi was one of Zhang Xueliang's loyal followers. He worked ostensibly for the MIB but was in reality engaged in progressive activities. Wang not only gave Gao protection but put Gao on board an American ship sailing for Shanghai, so that Gao managed to escape the inspection of secret agents. If Gao had been arrested in Chongqing, even if he had only been imprisoned and not executed then, he would certainly have been martyred in the Chongqing massacre. For this reason I tried to avoid him when I saw him.

There was no avoiding Yan Baohang, however. I was a Cultural and Historical Specialist of the CPPCC appointed to the Political Group of that committee, while he was a member of the Standing Committee and concurrently leader of the Northeast Group of the same committee. Pu Yi and Pu Jie both worked under him in this group. Although we specialists were all assigned to different groups—for instance, Du Yuming, Song Xilian, Liao Yaoxiang and several others worked in the Military Group—we all got together for political studies, which were two half days and sometimes a little more than that every week.

For some time Yan was responsible for instructing us. He did not in any way discriminate against me but always encouraged me to write as much as I could, telling me not to be apprehensive. He also reminded me time and again to put into writing, truthfully, the plots that the MIB had engineered against the patriots of the Northeast and promised to supply me with detailed information concerning himself if I needed it. He often said that in writing history it was impossible to deny facts, and if one tried to make oneself look better, one would be all the more disgraced when exposed by others. Therefore, in his opinion, besides writing about oneself, it was advisable to have others write about oneself, making the account more objective.

During the anti-Japanese war, when I was in Chongqing, I knew about Yan Baohang's activities and also met him at a banquet Dai Li gave for the upper circles of the Northeast. I found it difficult to understand why he had rejected Chiang Kaishek's efforts to win him over and had gone instead to work for the workers' welfare in an arms factory. Of course I did not know at the time that he was a member of the Communist Party. I knew only that he was a core member of the Zhang Xueliang faction. In order to buy over Zhang's subordinates, Chiang Kaishek had invited Yan Baohang to start the "New Life" movement and had received him more than once, so if Yan had wished to go over to Chiang Kai-shek's side, he could have filled any number of high positions. His going to work for the workers' welfare in an arms factory aroused Dai Li's attention. At that time every arms factory in Chongqing had a secretservice organization—a Guard and Investigation Group accredited to the Arms Works by the Guard and Investigation Department of the Armament Bureau. This group took a special interest in Yan Baohang's activities in the factory. Also, the leader of the MIB Northeast Special Operations Group was a Communist traitor. If he had known Yan Baohang was a Communist, he would have received a bonus for betraying a revolutionary comrade. Although the MIB did not obtain sufficient evidence from its investigations among Yan's fellow northeasterners and its surveillance of Yan to arrest him, it nonetheless entered Yan's name on its blacklist.

In my years of contact with Yan he told me more than once about the KMT secret agents' flagrant act of sabotage on the celebration of the old Political Consultative Conference in Jiaochangkou, Chongqing, on February 10, 1946*. On that occasion he had been a member of the presidium and was nearly injured by the secret agents. Whenever he spoke about this incident, I could feel the old hatred stirring up in him again. He could not blot from his memory the cruelty and viciousness of the secret agents. But he always added, "I am not reproaching you; I am only giving vent to my hatred for Chiang Kai-shek. Without his orders I doubt if any of you would have dared to break up such a solemn ceremony with such unbridled insolence and, what is more, beat up and injure so many patriotic democratic personages in front of thousands of people in broad daylight. No, you wouldn't have dared. But to add insult to injury, the blame was put on us. The KMT newspapers actually distorted the events that had been witnessed by thousands of people, not only juggling the facts but also vilifying the leaders of the democratic parties. What provoked our wrath even more was that the KMT court dared to subpoena Li Gongpu, Tao Xingzhi, Zhu Xuefan and others, accusing them of 'infringing

^{*}In January 1946, Chiang Kai-shek was compelled to agree to call a political consultative conference in Chongqing, attended by representatives of the Kuomintang, the Communist Party and other political parties, and by personages without party affiliation. The conference adopted five agreements conducive to the maintenance of internal peace and the promotion of democracy. While feigning acceptance of these agreements, Chiang Kai-shek did everything he could to prevent them from being carried out. The Jiaochangkou Incident was one of the many incidents created by the Kuomintang to that end.

upon the people's freedom to congregate'." Although Yan Baohang kept assuring me that he was not laying any of the blame on me, the self-reproach I underwent on hearing this was more than words can describe.

Chapter XV

Impressions of Visits to the South

In March 1964 the CPPCC decided, upon Premier Zhou's instructions, to let the people who had received their special pardon in Beijing visit places south of the Yangtze River. They would start from Beijing and were allowed to take their families if they had any. Those without families who needed someone to look after them could take a son, daughter, niece or nephew. Each would be given two hundred yuan as pocket money.

The tour group was officially called the Cultural and Historical Research Specialists Tour Group, but it was called in jest by some people the Emperor, Prince, General and Minister Tour Group because it included the former emperor Pu Yi, the former prince Pu Jie, former KMT Army commanders Du Yuming, Fan Hanjie, Song Xilian, Liao Yaoxiang, Wang Yaowu, Luo Lirong, Zheng Tingji, Yang Botao, Li Yikuang and Du Jianshi, who had been mayor of the municipality of Tianjin.

Among the score or so family members who went along a few were particularly conspicuous, such as Pu Jie's wife, Saga Hiro, a relative of the emperor of Japan and heroine of the Japanese film *The Exiled Royal Concubine*, the respected mother-in-law of the world-famous scientist Dr. Yang Chen Ning, Du Yuming's wife, Cao Xiuqing, and Du Jianshi's bride, the well-known painter Li Nianshu.

I was as excited as anyone at the prospect of visiting the south. After making all the necessary arrangements for my child, on March 10 we boarded the sleeper of the express from Beijing to Nanjing. When we set out, the ice and snow had not entirely melted in Beihai Park, but when I awoke, it was to the fresh green of spring on the other side of the Yangtze River.

When we got off the train, we were met by comrades from the Jiangsu Province CPPCC who had been waiting a long time at the station. As we crossed the river on a small steamboat reserved for our use, we caught sight of the huge piers of the third Yangtze River bridge to be constructed, after the Wuhan and Chongqing bridges.

After we landed, Song Xilian and I, who prided ourselves on being "old-timers" in Nanjing, started to tell Pu Yi and Pu Jie, who were curious about everything, all about the city. The old KMT Navy Headquarters and the Railway Ministry were still recognizable, but when we came to the Drum Tower neighbourhood and saw the new square, the wide avenues and numerous new buildings, all we old-timers could do was stare open-mouthed in amazement. We were unable to tell what streets they were, so we had to let the friends who had come to meet us introduce each of these places to us.

The second day of our arrival in Nanjing happened to be the 39th anniversary of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's death, and the CPPCC of Jiangsu Province had arranged a visit to his mausoleum. It was decorated much more beautifully and looked more stately than before. The inscriptions on the walls made by Chiang Kai-shek and others had been preserved. I couldn't help seeing the blatant contrast between these inscriptions and the actions of Chiang Kai-shek and the so-called followers of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Wasn't what they had done in direct opposition to Dr. Sun Yat-sen's three major policies of "alliance with Russia, co-operation with the Communist Party and assistance to the peasants and workers"? After we had all paid our respects before Sun Yat-sen's statue, in front of which masses of wreaths were piled, we

made a tour of the tomb.

After visiting the Sun Yat-sen mausoleum, everyone else went to the Ling Gu (Soul Valley) Temple, but I wished to see the Zhi Gong Hall nearby in order to have a look at Dai Li's tomb. Pu Yi, who did not feel like climbing, said he would go along with me. He asked me if the Zhi Gong Hall had been named after the Zhi Gong of whom it was said, "When Zhi Gong gave lectures on Buddha's teachings, the stones nodded their heads." I told him it was precisely that Zhi Gong, and Pu Yi remarked, "Although hard stones like us have never heard Zhi Gong speak and have only studied Marxism and Leninism, we have also nodded our heads in conviction."

While Pu Yi was in Zhi Gong Hall, I slipped out to the right of the hall where Dai Li was buried. I was sure that Dai Li's tomb would be damaged beyond recognition. As I drew near, I could hardly believe what I saw. Except for the tombstone with Wu Zhihui's inscription on it, which was no longer there, the tomb of this chief of spies, who had murdered thousands of Communists, had been entirely preserved.

Dai Li's burial ground had been chosen by Chiang Kai-shek himself and I had personally supervised the construction of the tomb. Mao Renfeng, fearing that Dai Li's coffin might be opened and his corpse flogged, had exhorted me to have a very strong coffin made and also to have it reinforced. I had seen to it that mixed cement was poured into his grave so that the coffin and grave solidified into one mass, making it very difficult to break open his coffin.

In 1949 Mao Renfeng discussed with several high-ranking special agents the possibility of digging up Dai Li's body, cremating it and having his ashes carried to Taiwan to prevent his body falling into the hands of the Communists. But as the tomb had been so solidly built, only explosives could blow up the concrete, which was several metres thick, and even if the

tomb were blasted open, the body would have been blown into powder. So they decided not to disturb it. In the end Mao Renfeng, taking me and several chief agents with him, shed tears of farewell before Dai Li's tomb. Everyone was certain that as soon as Nanjing was liberated, the Communists would level this tomb to give vent to the hatred of the past years.

As I stood before Dai Li's grave, my thoughts raced along many channels. I had long come to feel revulsion for Dai Li's crimes, yet our personal friendship was something I found hard to forget. Reflecting upon the magnanimity of the Communists in overlooking past evils, with Dai Li still lying in eternal rest underneath the earth, I was extremely moved.

That afternoon we visited the Nanjing Automobile Factory, which used to be a small machine repair shop for the KMT with only around thirty employees and one diesel engine. It was then called a one-load factory. Now it had developed into an automobile factory capable of producing trucks, something that would have been unimaginable in the past, when many of the parts had to be imported whenever a car needed repairing.

During our visit Du Yuming and Pu Yi both had a ride in a newly assembled car. I knew that Du Yuming was an expert on cars, so when I saw him get out of the car all smiles and heard his endless praise, I knew how happy he was to see something produced by China.

Then we visited the Martyrs' Park in Yuhuatai (Rain Flower Terrace). Before Liberation this place was the KMT's execution ground. The blood of countless revolutionary martyrs had flowed here for the liberation of the people. After Liberation the people built the park to commemorate those who gave their lives for the revolution.

As we stood before the Martyrs' Monument, everyone's heart was heavy. My heart was even heavier with grief because, whereas most of the others had only led armies in battle and had

not participated directly in the murders of the revolutionaries, I had participated in the slaughters and had also been one of the schemers. Although I had not arrested and killed Communists directly in Nanjing, many of those who had captured revolutionaries and been their executioners had been trained by me. For instance, in 1947 when the MIB had sabotaged an underground Communist organization in Beiping, the twenty or so people involved had been taken, along with those arrested in Xi'an and other places, to Nanjing to be sentenced. Some of them were murdered right there at Yuhuatai.

After paying our respects at the Martyrs' Monument, we scattered to look for some Yuhuatai pebbles to take back as mementos. I picked up only a few red pebbles, putting them in an inside pocket close to my heart.

As soon as the train pulled into Shanghai, my heart began to beat violently, since Shanghai was where my life as a special agent had begun.

Since the headquarters of the Communist Party was in Shanghai at that time, the KMT focused on secret activities there. I went to Shanghai when I was 18 and was recommended by my brother-in-law, Yu Lexing, to Dai Li, starting out first as a liaison man, then detective, then operation group leader over a period of six years altogether. In those six years I personally made countless arrests and engaged in kidnappings and assassinations, for which I was singled out for praise by Dai Li. The more Dai Li trusted me, the more I exerted myself for him.

I remember when I was operation group leader, we once received information that an underground worker was living on the fourth floor of a house in the French Concession. In order not to disturb the police in that area I took my men and surrounded the house in the middle of the night. When I broke into the underground Communist's room, it was empty. His quilts were all neatly folded. Putting my hand inside a quilt, I

found that it was still warm. From experience I knew that the man could not have gone far. Seeing a skylight that led to the roof, I ordered my men to guard every exit while I quietly crept up to the roof. Suddenly someone jumped out from behind a chimney and grabbed me from the back. We began to wrestle until we both fell off the roof. Each of us had been trying to push the other off the roof, but as we were tightly locked together, we both fell off. The underground Communist, who touched ground first, died immediately from the impact of the fall. My fall was broken by a bamboo pole, so I landed on top of him and was saved. Only my left eye was scratched by the bamboo pole, and to this day I carry the scar.

Another time I was ordered to arrest an underground Communist in a responsible position. When he discovered that we had come to arrest him, he tried to escape through the back door, but I shot him in the leg and he was caught. Later I heard that this man was executed.

I was also a direct participant in the arrest of representatives of the Third International and in the Case of the Strange Westerner*, which rocked the city of Shanghai.

At that time the MIB not only ferociously arrested and slaughtered Communists but persecuted patriotic democratic personages and people in responsible positions in other factions who opposed the Chiang Kai-shek regime or who threatened the interests of the "four big families". I was an active participant, directly or indirectly taking part in the assassinations of patriotic democratic personages Yang Xingfo, Shi Liangcai and others.

^{*}Before the anti-Japanese war, when the MIB sabotaged the Far East branch of the Third International in Shanghai, they arrested a foreigner by the name of Walton who was actually a man from the Soviet Union called Lawrence. Because he refused to talk and because his nationality was unknown, the case was called by the newspapers the Case of the Strange Westerner.

Now I both feared and longed to go to Shanghai, because every street would awaken painful memories and I was curious to see what had become of the weird assortment of social phenomena and the disorganized public order of old Shanghai.

In 1949, when the KMT were driven out of Shanghai, Tang Enbo, Mao Renfeng and others had predicted that even if the Communists took over Shanghai, they would soon be corrupted and would never be able to bring that city under control. After Liberation I had also heard about the Communists' efforts to transform Shanghai. Although I believed that the Communists had the methods to achieve transformation, not having myself seen the changes I felt they could achieve basic change only to a limited degree. I did not feel they could change Shanghai completely and thoroughly.

During our eight days in Shanghai I went out by myself whenever there was time. I visited many familiar streets and lanes where all the filth and scum used to collect and no respectable person would set foot. Assuming the behaviour and language of old days, I tried to find a go-between or intermediary to show me something of the old society, so as to confirm my preconceived ideas before the visit. I was disappointed, but it was a kind of disappointment that made me extraordinarily excited. As a Chinese, I found it truly exhilarating to see all traces of filth and foulness wiped out.

In Shanghai we saw public order and the people's mental attitude had taken on a completely new look. Construction in the city was also making great advances. Zhaojiabin Road used to be a foul-smelling ditch. Now it was clean and orderly, with trees lining it. The thatched shacks in Fangua Lane had been replaced by buildings five storeys high. THe Race Course in the centre of the British Concession, where the rich had gone to gamble, had become People's Square. Shanghai had been transformed from a consumer city, relying only on imported

goods, to an industrial city; factories had sprung up everywhere. The people of Shanghai, once tyrannized by foreigners, were now the masters, no longer compelled to behave servilely towards imperialists. One day after dinner I went for a walk in Waitan Park with Guo Xu, who had been assigned to the CPPCC in Shanghai. As we approached the park, which was once "Out of Bounds to Chinese and Dogs", we were both overcome with emotion. Before Liberation the Chinese people on Chinese territory were considered even lower than the dogs of foreigners, and the KMT government had actually been able to stomach this terrible humiliation.

I stood in Waitan Park and, looking west, caught sight of the painted roof of the Sassoon Mansion. It reminded me of the year the KMT government began construction on the Central Bank beside it. The authorities of the Sassoon Mansion and the International Settlement forbade the Central Bank to build higher than the mansion, forcing the bank to be built one metre lower.

Arrogant foreign military vessels no longer sailed the Huangpu River. In the past I had seen with my own eyes a Japanese warship open fire on a Chinese boat drawing up to it and a foreign ship flagrantly unload smuggled goods and opium while the sailors took liberties with Chinese women whenever they pleased. All these insults and humiliations have been swept away with the rebirth of the motherland. Recalling the abject days of the past and seeing the strength and prosperity of the motherland today, I felt a profound pride and honour in being Chinese.

After Shanghai we went to Hangzhou, famous for its beautiful scenery. People often say, "Up in Heaven there is Paradise. Down below there are Suzhou and Hangzhou." Suzhou is known for its unique gardens, Hangzhou for its lakes and hills. Before Liberation I had been to Hangzhou several

times, but I had never felt so relaxed and happy as this time.

We stayed in Hangzhou Hotel near the Temple of General Yue Fei. At dawn the next morning I decided to take a walk by the lake, which I had not seen for so many years. Standing on my balcony and looking into the distance, I could vaguely distinguish the familiar outlines of Su Causeway, Mid-lake Pavilion and Solitary Hill. As my gaze travelled farther, it fell upon unfamiliar rows of buildings. I hurriedly threw a jacket across my shoulders and walked towards Su Causeway. The causeway had been widened and reinforced. The water of West Lake had become clearer and more beautiful. The willows along the causeway were sprouting a tender green and the peach trees were just budding. The morning mist had not yet dispersed, shrouding the Mid-lake Pavilion and Solitary Hill in a misty haze. The entire West Lake looked like a shy maiden, demurely hiding her lovely face behind a thin veil. The light breezes of spring brushed against my face, making me feel as if I had stepped into fairyland, and I was filled with an intense joy.

After walking awhile on Su Causeway, I decided to take a look at the Temple of General Yue Fei. It had been repaired and looked more dignified. On both sides of the main hall rows of orchids and spring plum blossoms emitted a delicate fragrance. A few old ladies were offering incense in the hall, where wisps of smoke spiralling in the air lent the temple an extra touch.

It was balmy in the afternoon, the best time to go boating on the lake. Our group of some thirty people boarded about a dozen small boats and rowed around the lake, trying to catch up with one another as our laughter rang out over the lake. Flocks of wild ducks and white gulls soared overhead or swooped down upon the sparkling ripples, adding liveliness to the scene. Our little boats sailed by Autumn Moon on the Calm Lake, wound round Mid-lake Pavilion towards Three Pools Reflecting the Moon and finally stopped at Flowery Alcove for

Watching Fish. Here the changes were tremendous. What used to be a pond of a little over two mu had been expanded to one of 210 mu where thousands of goldfish were swimming merrily. Harbours and flowers were carefully laid out. Each view composed a lovely and subdued brush painting.

After leaving West Lake, we went to Orioles Singing Among the Willows Park. Before Liberation the willows had withered and the orioles had disappeared, but now the leaves hung heavily from the weeping willows and the air thrilled with the song of orioles; at last the park had become worthy of its name.

The brothers Pu Yi and Pu Jie were the most excited by the visit to Hangzhou, never having been there before. During this visit they saw many stone tablets on which were carved inscriptions of their ancestor Emperor Qian Long on his visit to the south down the Yangtze River. When they saw the name of Orioles Singing Among the Willows Park in Emperor Qian Long's writing so well preserved, they were very happy. They could not refrain from gently passing their hands over the stone and saying with emotion, "The preservation of historic relics by the People's Government is a rare thing in history."

After seeing Hangzhou to our hearts' content, we boarded a big, comfortable bus and drove westward along the beautiful Fuchun River to visit the Xin'an River Power Station with its huge dam more than a hundred metres high. All the equipment for this enormous power station had been produced and installed by our own country, and the controls were completely automatic. One had only to press a button and electricity would reach Nanjing, Shanghai and other big cities. We were told that this large-scale project had been finished a year ahead of time.

It was even more enchanting at night when thousands of lights were lit all at once, shimmering and glowing at every level, lending an extraordinary beauty to this remote mountain region. It seemed to me that if West Lake was a beautiful, bright

jewel of our motherland, this spot was a luminous pearl.

Li Nianshu, the painter, was even more fascinated by this artificial lake, which was many times larger than West Lake. From afar the green hills half hidden by the water appeared to be green lotus plants standing erect in a vast expanse of shimmering mountain lake. The painter's hands began to itch. At break of day she carried her paintbox to the dam to start sketching. Unfortunately, the morning mist shrouding the hills refused to lift. I happened to be taking a walk that way and, observing her frustration, wrote a poem to tease her:

The beauty of lake and hills meets the eye; The painter's clever brush captures heaven's creation. That all-conquring beauty by a veil half concealed, Fearing adulteration by the painter's brush.

At last the sun rose slowly from behind the hills, and the colours of dawn cloaked lake and hills with an unearthly beauty and splendour. The painter started working with feverish intensity, while I stood by and watched until she finished her sketch.

As scheduled, we went to the famous Huangshan (Yellow Mountain) in Anhui Province. It is said, "After you've seen the Five Sacred Mountains*, other mountains lose their charm. After you've seen Huangshan, the Five Sacred Mountains lose their charm." Huangshan is famous throughout the country for its "tall, fantastic peaks, ancient rare pines and heavy, yet everchanging clouds". When we arrived at the foot of Huangshan, raindrops began to fall. The Administration Office gave us a briefing on Huangshan, then showed us a colour film of its scenery. As soon as the rain stopped, we all hurried outside

^{*}The Five Sacred Mountains: Taishan in the east, Hengshan in the south, Huashan in the west, Hengshan (a different Heng character from that for Hengshan in the south) in the north, and Songshan in the centre.

in order to start climbing. Accompanied by a guide and equipped with umbrellas and raincoats, we started out.

After passing the Temple of Benevolent Light and crossing Standing Horse Bridge, we stopped to rest at Pine Drum Hillock. A terrible wind started to blow and the rain began pouring down. This discouraged some of our group and they began to descend one after the other, but I and a number of others were still full of enthusiasm, so we went on climbing. We got only as far as Halfway Point Monastery around noon. The monks there invited us to rest and fried peanuts and brewed Meifeng tea for us. The tea certainly lived up to its fame; its leaves were a tender green and its flavour was fragrant and pure.

After we had had a rest, we looked at an oddly shaped rock that resembled a rooster flapping its wings and crowing. It looked extremely lifelike, but after we had descended from Coiled Dragon Slope and climbed Horizontal Cloud Pavilion, then turned around to look, the golden rooster had become an old man leaning on his stick, his beard floating in five long wisps in the breeze. He too looked very real. As soon as we stepped over the Threshold of the Gates of Heaven, the scenery became even more spectacular. There were more ancient cypresses and pines, fantastic peaks and strange rocks than the eye could take in. At last we reached Wenshu Monastery. The doctors and comrades who had come with us, fearing the climb might be too much for us, tried to persuade us to return, saying, "If one hasn't seen Wenshu Monastery, one hasn't really seen Huangshan. Now that you've reached Wenshu Monastery, you can say you've been to Huangshan." Still we did not want to go down, so the doctors gave us a checkup, after which Fan Hanjie, Song Xilian and Du Yuming were pronounced unfit to climb farther, while I, Li Yikuang, Yang Botao and two others were declared normal. So the five of us, accompanied by a few young people, continued our climb. The scenery was even more magnificent as we went higher.

When we reached West Sea Peaks and stood in front of Cloud Dispersing Pavilion, the mists and clouds rolling in the far distance seemed to us like an endless sea. The rolling masses of clouds were like the white foam of the swelling waves. The half-concealed and indistinct peaks resembled clusters of islands. Standing before this sea of clouds, I let my imagination carry me to the shores of the Pacific. How I wished a boat would appear on one little island there and carry my children to my side so that they could be here with me to drink in the beauty and splendour of our motherland's rivers and mountains and imbibe the milk and honey of New China.

After the visit to Huangshan we continued on our travels south, visiting Nanchang, Ji'an and Jinggangshan and arriving finally in my native province of Hunan.

I had been dreaming of returning to Hunan for many years, sure I would never be able to. Now I had come back at last. The green hills were unchanged, but everything else was new. Changsha had been reduced almost to ashes in that big fire of 1938. At that time one could see the bleakness and desolation of Yuelu Mountain from any angle in Changsha. The memory of that scene still makes me shudder. Now the whole city seemed like a forest of tall buildings with busy traffic and signs of prosperity everywhere. Yuelu Mountain, which I used to climb more than twenty years before, now, densely covered with trees, seemed to have grown younger. At the foot of the mountain many new schools and institutes had been built. It had long become a cultural district.

In Changsha we stopped at the guesthouse in Sun Yat-sen Road. This was once the residence of He Jian, the former KMT governor of Hunan Province. Now it had been turned into a mansion three storeys high. It combined the features of old Chinese palaces and characteristic local style, which at once

made me feel at home and happy.

In Hunan everyone's greatest desire was to visit Chairman Mao's former home. The day was mild and warm when we drove out to Shaoshan, Xiangtan. The highway from Changsha to Xiangtan had been paved with asphalt and the car drove so fast and smoothly that in an hour or so we were at the Shaoshan Guesthouse. Originally we were to have lunch and take a rest, then go on our visit, but we were so anxious to pay our respects to Chairman Mao's former home that none of us could wait. During our visit many of us could not refrain from touching the ancient wooden bed in which Chairman Mao was born, and the furniture and farm implements Chairman Mao had once used filled me with an unusual sense of intimacy. Later we visited the place where Chairman Mao worked in his youth and listened to our guide recount how Chairman Mao used to help the poor peasants when he was a boy. These accounts associated themselves in my mind with the revolutionary course of the Chinese people's arduous struggle, led by Chairman Mao.

Returning from Shaoshan to Changsha, I went to visit old friends and relatives I had not seen for more than ten years. We were all so happy to see one another again. Many of the old people could not tell me enough about the changes in our native province and encouraged me to work hard to reform my ideology, explaining to me, "Where patriotism is concerned, it does not matter who is first or who is next. As long as we repent, everyone will be treated with leniency." Of course I had realizd this long before, but these words coming from friends and relatives made me happy. I wrote a poem to express my feelings:

Half a lifetime of evil for the sake of position, Covered with shame, today I have returned. To my fellow townsmen and elders, the only comfort I offer Is the return of their prodigal son. After saying goodbye to my friends and relatives, I went alone to Lannichong to visit my father's grave. After more than ten years both my father's and my sister-in-law's graves were still in good condition. I bowed before my sister-in-law's grave and kowtowed three times before my father's. My thoughts turned to my mother, who had died in Taiwan, to my children drifting anchorless in Taibei, and to my wife living away from her home in Hongkong. I remembered how my mother, before she left Kunming, had repeatedly expressed her fear of dying in an alien land and not being able to be buried under the earth of her own homeland. It was I who had made the old lady go, so that now her spirit could not rest in peace and her body could not be brought back home for burial. Thinking of this, I wept desolately.

My mother's not being able to be buried on home soil, the impossibility of my being reunited with my wife and children and our motherland not yet united — wasn't all this the result of a situation that we, the once loyal followers of Chiang Kai-shek, had created? I remember a foreign poet once wrote, "The past belongs to the God of Death; the future belongs to oneself." I was determined to use my remaining years doing everything in my power to contribute to the reunion of our motherland; otherwise I would never be able to face my own children in this life and my parents in the next.

Bidding my native place farewell, we crossed the Wuhan Yangtze River bridge and boarded the train back north. At the end of a short visit of about fifty days some twenty pieces of clothing had been added to our luggage and we had all gained several pounds, but what we had gained ideologically and spiritually could not be calculated in numbers. Before we had started off on our visit, Premier Zhou had particularly warned us to avoid accidents. Most of us who had been all over the country and had done a lot of travelling knew what we should be

careful about. Pu Yi was the only one who had never travelled like this before. Luckily his wife, Li Shuxian, took good care of him.

On a dazzlingly sunny morning we returned to Beijing. The willows were green and the peach blossoms were pink. Spring had arrived there too.

Chapter XVI

Visiting the Northwest

To help us keep pace with the fast-moving motherland, the government, after organizing a visit to the South in spring, organized a study tour to the Northwest in August of the same year. The main places to visit were Yan'an, Xi'an, Luoyang and Zhengzhou, with special emphasis on Yan'an.

Before Liberation the Party's Central Committee and Chairman Mao had spent 13 years in Yan'an, where they directed the anti-Japanese war and the War of Liberation, which ended in final victory. Many people wanted to visit Yan'an, but since the place is in a remote part of the Northwest and not within easy reach, not everyone could have the opportunity to go there. I was indeed lucky and very happy to be given the chance. I told myself that in Yan'an I would try to find out what the Communists had relied on to defeat the U.S.-equipped KMT troops.

This was my second visit to Yan'an. My first had been in 1947. After the KMT had sent Hu Zongnan's troops to occupy Yan'an, they learned that the Communist Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao had not left the region, so the MIB was ordered to send a batch of secret agents to Yan'an to discover their whereabouts in the hope of rounding them up. The Inspection Department head sent there was Cui Yubin, a student of mine when I was instructor for the Linli Special Training Class, so I flew to Yan'an myself to make an inspection. Although Cui had arrested some underground Party

members during the several months he had been in Yan'an, he had failed entirely to locate the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

In Yan'an we visited Yangjialing and the Date Garden, where we saw the office building of the Communist Party Central Committee and the offices of Chairman Mao and Commanderin-Chief Zhu De and the caves where they had once lived. Before Liberation Zhang Guotao, after he became a turncoat and sought refuge with the MIB, had slandered the Communists, declaring that while the majority of the people in Yan'an lived wretchedly, the leaders of the Party Central Committee lived "a luxurious and decadent life". I believed him readily as I was well-acquainted with the life of dissipation led by the rich and powerful KMT people. My logic was: Man is essentially selfish and pleasure-seeking. Who does not want the good things in life when he is in power? Certainly the Communists were no exception. But now after visiting the living quarters and offices of Chairman Mao and other leaders and hearing the accounts given by the local people, I realized that the rumours spread by Zhang Guotao had been sheer fabrication.

The local peasants recalled that when the blockade enforced on Yan'an by the KMT was at its worst, Chairman Mao had led the army and the people in a mass production drive to achieve self-sufficiency; he had even cultivated a vegetable plot at the back of his dwelling and worked meticulously at it. Every evening until midnight he would either read or write articles by the dim light of a small oil lamp. He made strict demands on himself in matters of daily life, having only two or three dishes at each meal and never allowing the cook to give him anything extra. He wore the same grey cotton army uniform as the ordinary soldier, and a padded suit often lasted him three or four years. His room was sparsely furnished with only a mud kang

bed, a table and a chair. He showed deep concern for the hardships of the people. Once a young peasant wanted to get married, but he was so poor that he did not have the means to do so. When Chairman Mao heard of this, he immediately asked all the leaders of the Party Central Committee to give presents to the young peasant and help him make preparations for his wedding. Chairman Mao also made it a rule that whenever the local people went to the army hospital for treatment, they should not be asked to queue up but should be given priority.

It was the same with Commander-in-Chief Zhu De. During the mass production drive he carried and spread manure for the vegetables. He lived with the soldiers and often got up in the middle of the night to see that they were properly tucked in under their quilts, or he would go and feed the horses for them. Once while riding on horseback, he saw an old peasant with a load of grain on his back; immediately he offered his horse to the old peasant to relieve him of his burden.

In March 1947 the KMT mustered its air force and subjected Yangjialing, Wangjiaping and several other places to heavy strafing and bombing. Once a heavy bomb exploded not far from Chairman Mao's office, shattering the door and windows, but the Chairman did not turn a hair and calmly went on examining his military map. A soldier picked up a fragment from the bomb and showed it to him. With his usual smile the Chairman said, "Fine! We can make two kitchen knives with it."

Later, when Hu Zongnan's troops attacked Yan'an and Baotashan rumbled and roared with cannon fire, Chairman Mao, Premier Zhou, Ren Bishi and other Party leaders were still at their posts, carrying on as usual. To entreaties from everyone to make haste and withdraw, Chairman Mao merely replied humourously, "The wide road leads to the skies; each one walks on his own side. He goes his way, I go mine. If he occupies this hilltop, I'll move on to the next." Thus he waited until all the

people were evacuated, then withdrew. To this day, the hard work, plain living and solicitude for the weal and woe of the masses on the part of Chairman Mao and other leaders are still deeply engraved in the memory of the people of Yan'an.

It was a different situation altogether after Hu Zongnan's troops occupied Yan'an. They seized and killed all the chickens and pigs they could lay hands on. Within a few months they had devoured all the chickens in the village, which amounted to several hundred, and of the seventy-odd head of livestock only a few were left, creating havoc among the people.

After defeating Hu Zongnan and returning to Yan'an, the Communists immediately set about helping the peasants to restore farm production and to improve living standards.

The recollection of the people in Yan'an brought home to me the realization that the victory of the Communists lay in their hard work and plain living, which won them the support of the people, while the defeat of the KMT lay in their corruption and degenerateness, which caused them to lose the support of the people completely.

We also visited the Yan'an Memorial Hall of Revolutionary Martyrs, where the bodies of 28 martyrs rested. The "April 8" martyrs"—Wang Ruofei, Qin Bangxian, Ye Ting and others—were also buried there. On seeing the name of General Ye Ting, I could not help recalling the scene of his confinement by the MIB. I had visited him three or four times during that period. Every time I asked him if he needed anything, he always answered in the negative. He lived a very disciplined life. He took a cold bath every day after he got up and then did morning exercises. After breakfast he would read books or newspapers. He had a strong aversion to the KMT newspapers and would

^{*}On April 8, 1946, Communist leaders Wang Ruofei, Qing Bangxian, Ye Ting and others were killed in a plane crash on their way back from Chongqing to Yan'an.

throw them aside after giving them a cursory glance. Since no other newspaper was available, he could only pick up the Central Daily and read it again. He was always very courteous to the lower-ranking KMT officers and officials, but when the high-ranking KMT men went to see him, he would either ridicule them or denounce them fiercely. Our meeting just before his

release left the deepest impression on me.

During the peace talks between the KMT and the Communists after the victory of the anti-Japanese war, Chairman Mao raised the question to Chiang Kai-shek of the release of political prisoners. At this time I made a special visit to General Ye. I was consumed by curiosity as to the first thing a high-ranking Communist officer would wish to do after his release. High-ranking KMT officers and secret agents had been confined in the same MIB prison, and the first thing they had wanted upon their release was usually a reunion with their families, to gorge themselves on all the good food they had been deprived of in all those years, to have a photograph taken or to throw themselves into some pleasure or other to make up for their loss during their imprisonment. General Ye Ting seemed prepared for my question. The answer he gave me in firm tones amazed me: "The first thing I shall do upon my release is to request the Party to resume my Party membership." It had never occurred to me that he was a Communist who had lost contact with the Communist organization. I wished very much to find out how this had come about, but for fear of being rebuffed, I beat a hasty retreat, muttering insincerely, "That's fine! That's fine!" In fact Dai Li had constantly instructed me to try to corrupt General Ye by inducing him to make more demands for his material needs so that he might change his attitude gradually and come over to Chiang Kai-shek's side. So when I reported this encounter to Dai Li, he could find nothing to say. Only after a long while he managed to utter dejectedly, "Frightening, these

Communists! This is what's so frightening about them."

During our tour in the Northwest Du Yuming and his wife were the most excited and moved. They were natives of Shaanxi and this was the first time they had returned to their hometown after Liberation. As soon as our group arrived in Xi'an, many of their friends, relatives and fellow townspeople came to see them. They welcomed them warmly and exclaimed that they would never have believed that Du Yuming, who was once such a resolute enemy of the Communists and the people, would join the ranks of the people. This was indeed worth rejoicing over.

The people in Yan'an also took a great interest in Du Yuming. Wherever we went, the leading cadres of various units would converse with Du in the northern Shaanxi dialect. Greatly moved, Du told me that he had never dreamed that the people from his hometown would give him such a warm reception. "How kind and generous the people are!" he added with deep feeling.

Just as we were about to leave Yan'an, it began to rain heavily. The rivers became swollen and travel by car became impossible until the water had receded, so we had to be transported to Xi'an in two small planes.

The ancient city of Xi'an not only has a long history but is also full of places of historic interest. Among its scenic spots is Xingqing Park, built on the site of the palace of Prince Xingqing of the Tang Dynasty. There are also Huaqing Pool at the foot of Lishan (Li Mountain) and the Forest of Tablets on which are engraved the calligraphy of famous calligraphers throughout the ages. On the second day of our stay in Xi'an we went to visit Lintong and bathed in the hot springs of Huaqing Pool at Lishan.

One legend says that Yang Guifei, the royal concubine of Emperor Minghuang of the Tang Dynasty, used to bathe in Huaqing Pool, and to this day her fragrance lingers there; hence the place is also called the Guifei Pool. A simulated draught of Emperor Minghuang's blueprint shows Huaging Pool at Lintong was built on a fairly large scale, so no one knows exactly where Yang Guifei bathed herself. All the same, the name is enough to fire one's imagination. The actual Guifei Pool is not very large, allowing only a few people at a time to bathe. I went with Pu Yi, the last Qing emperor, to bathe there. He almost fell as soon as he got into the pool and actually did fall when we were about to finish our baths, nearly hitting his head against the stones at the edge of the pool. Fearing he had hurt himself, I quickly helped him up and begged him to be more careful. He retorted that it was not his fault; the water of the hot springs was too slippery. Whereupon I began to tease him: "You're absolutely right, the water of the hot springs is slippery. Bai luyi, the famous poet, warned us of this over a thousand years ago. You've only yourself to blame for not remembering his warning."

"How did Bai Juyi warn us?" he asked me in all earnestness. So I answered, "Didn't he tell us plainly in these lines of his poem 'The Everlasting Wrong':

In the chills of spring, by imperial mandate
She bathed in Huaqing Pool,
Laving her body in the glassy wavelets of the
fountain perennially warm.

The word glassy tells us that the water has always been slippery." Pu Yi laughed ruefully on hearing this while feeling the sore spot from time to time and muttering to himself, "I almost broke my bones without getting even a whiff of Guifei's fragrance."

In Xi'an we visited quite a number of scenic spots and places of historic interest. Then we visited the site of the office of the Eighth Route Army, which was set up after the Xi'an Incident, when Chiang Kai-shek was forced to stop the civil war and join forces with the Communists against the Japanese. With Lin Boqu and Dong Biwu as its representatives, the office conducted its work openly. The main work consisted of conducting anti-Japanese propaganda, carrying out the campaign of the National United Front against the Japanese, providing accommodations for the patriotic youth arriving from all parts of the country and escorting them to Yan'an.

This office was indeed an abhorrence to the MIB. Afraid to injure it openly, the MIB could only resort to secret measures. To prevent progressive youth from going to Yan'an they set up checkposts in five places, Caotan, Xianyang, Yaoxian, Sanyuan and Luochuan, searching and arresting young people who were on their way to Yan'an. In addition, some thirty secret agents were planted in the neighbourhood of the office specifically to watch its staff and the progressives who visited it. Moreover the "sex bait" was resorted to. A number of attractive women took up residence nearby in order to seduce and corrupt the cadres of the office. Sometimes in order to pick up information, the secret agents would smuggle themselves into the office under the pretense of reading the metre or repairing the brick stove or in the disguise of a delivery boy from the soy sauce factory. In spite of all their scheming and tricks they failed dismally. They could not prevent the staff from carrying on their anti-Japanese revolutionary activities, nor could they prevent the office from organizing an anti-Japanese united front.

Failing to undermine this revolutionary anti-Japanese stronghold through seduction, corruption and sabotage, the KMT, Chiang Kai-shek and the MIB resorted to the more vile tactics of blackmail, kidnapping, assassination and arrest. They ordered their secret agents to poison the water in the wells and the soy sauce delivered to the office. All the office supplies were held up, and members of the staff out on business would be

mobbed and beaten up and sometimes even secretly killed. They even went so far as to kill in secret General Xuan Xiafu, who was then working in Xi'an in the capacity of Senior Advisor to the Eighth Route Army.

General Xuan Xiafu, graduate of the first class of the Huangpu Military Academy and a Communist, was sent to work in the Xi'an office of the Eighth Route Army in 1937. He worked enthusiastically to rally around him the former subordinates of General Yang Hucheng and all the forces that could be united in order to organize a broad anti-Japanese united front. He organized progressive youth to go to Yan'an and did not leave a stone unturned in his efforts to procure provisions and military supplies for the Eighth Route Army. His anti-Japanese sentiments and patriotism were so strong that the reactionaries in Xi'an, namely Jiang Dingwen, director of Northwest Field Headquarters, and Zhang Yanfo, MIB chief of the Northwest District, regarded him as a thorn in their flesh. They reported his case in a cable to Chiang Kai-shek and were immediately instructed by Chiang in his return cable to "have him punished secretly". On receiving Chiang Kai-shek's orders, the secret agents had Xuan Xiafu kidnapped and taken to the southeastern corner of the city, where he was strangled with a rope in the middle of the night and his body thrown into a dry well about twenty feet deep. The Eighth Route Army Office made repeated demands to Jiang Dingwen for the return of Xuan Xiafu, and the Yan'an authorities lodged an official protest against Chiang Kai-shek, pressing for the deliverance of Xuan Xiafu. Under such circumstances Chiang Kai-shek was forced to admit his part in Xuan's death. He said, "Xuan Xiafu was my student. As he betrayed me, I gave orders to have him killed." Thus he stood unmasked in the true features of his sham resistance against the Japanese and genuine anti-Communist stand.

It was under such White terror that the staff of the Xi'an Eighth Route Army Office operated at that time. They overcame many difficulties by employing revolutionary dual tactics to counteract the counterrevolutionary dual tactics. Despite the sabotage and harassments of the secret agents, despite the hardships of their life and the dire circumstances, the staff held on until the victory of the anti-Japanese war, only then withdrawing to Yan'an.

After leaving Xi'an, we visited Luoyang, Zhengzhou and several other cities that had developed into industrial cities after Liberation. We were warmly received everywhere we went and greatly inspired by the brilliant industrial achievements of the motherland, of which every factory or enterprise we visited bore evidence.

After our tour the Beijing Camp for War Criminals invited Song Xilian, Du Yuming and me to give talks to the inmates about what we had seen and heard and our impressions.

I was happy beyond words to return to Qincheng. As the car swung onto the highway leading from Xiaotangshan to Qincheng, my heart brimmed with affection and tenderness. I felt like a married daughter going back to visit her parents for the first time. Every single thing was so familiar and dear to me and I was filled with profound joy at the sight of the locust trees flanking the highway, which we had planted with our own hands. Their trunks were now as thick as a bowl, their leaves growing luxuriantly, casting a cool shade over the highway.

To show how glad they were to see us, the leaders of the camp entertained us with a lavish lunch. Then they invited us to feast upon the pearl- and agate-like grapes and also the rose-tinted green honey peaches we had grown ourselves. What could be sweeter than the fruit of one's own labour?

Each of us gave a talk to old friends who had not yet received pardon. In our talks we concentrated on their fears and misgivings, such as being discriminated against after their release, being rejected by relatives and friends and finding themselves at loose ends with nowhere to direct their energies. We described our own experiences in detail in order to remove their anxieties. Our talks proved effective and most of them were pleased, except for Zhang Yanfo, who had personally plotted the murder of Xuan Xiafu. He became terribly depressed after he heard my talk on our tour to the Northwest. On the eve of Liberation Zhang had risen to the position of assistant to Mao Renfeng, which made him the highest-ranking MIB person captured by the Communists. He had joined the insurrection led by Cheng Qian in Hunan but was arrested on the accusation of being a hidden enemy. He had been transferred from the Northeast Camp for War Criminals to Beijing only recently.

As soon as he saw me, he grasped my hand and said dejectedly, "You're doing well now, but I don't have much longer to live. I murdered Xuan Xiafu. His wife came to question me not long ago; evidently she is going to settle accounts with me. If I die, please take care of my wife and children."

"No! No!" I hastened to comfort him. "Didn't we all kill many Communists? Yet we were granted special pardon all the same, weren't we?"

Still Zhang Yanfo shook his head, saying, "It's not the same, not the same! The person I killed was Xuan Xiafu, and Xuan occupied a high position in the Communist Party." After reflecting a moment, I said, "Who murdered Fang Zhimin? Who shot Qu Qiubai? You must agree that their positions were not lower than Xuan's. Haven't their murderers been granted special pardon?" On hearing this, Zhang seemed to see some glimmerings of light, and he exclaimed, "You're right! Your words have disentangled this knot of so many years. Now I can

set my mind at rest."

Then I went especially to see Zhou Yanghao, who had just been transferred from the Chongqing Camp for War Criminals, Xu. Yuanju and that so-and-so who had cursed me a whole day and night for my unwitting offence. Both Zhou and Xu were delighted to see me. I tried to tell them about all my experiences outside and expressed my best wishes for their early release, to which they both responded with great confidence. "We will surely be released soon. Start preparing a welcome party!" I was immensely happy to see them so full of confidence. That Mr. Soand-so was excited and a little ashamed at seeing me. He grasped my hand in a tight grip and said, "Although I once cursed you, you never forgot to ask after me when you wrote, and today you have come especially to see me. This really puts me to shame!" Somewhat moved myself, I said, "Please do not talk like this. We all come from the old society; each has his own deplorable faults. I only hope you will remould yourself well and strive to obtain an early pardon." He nodded his head in complete agreement.

The road stretched straight ahead of us as our car sped along the richly shaded Qincheng-Xiaotangshan Highway. It seemed to me that instead of riding in a car I was striding along the journey of life, going forward to meet happiness, to pursue a bright future.

Chapter XVII

Evil Omens

The picture of prosperity that greeted my eyes everywhere impressed upon me the bright future of our motherland. My visit to the Northwest had filled me with greater confidence and courage to do my part in the socialist construction of the motherland. But just when I was so thoroughly immersed in happiness, a "storm broke out of a clear sky". Disasters struck one after another.

It was the autumn of 1965. My daughter was about to graduate from senior middle school. Through the good intentions of a colleague I made the acquaintance of a nurse who worked in a certain hospital. Her name was Du Xuejie; she was forty and still unmarried. My daughter took a liking to her and was evidently determined to have me marry this lady. With Xue Xue's consent I was formally divorced. Soon afterwards I married the nurse and formed a small, happy family. Scarcely was our honeymoon over, however, when my wife began to suffer on account of her marriage to me. She was discriminated against in the hospital, people made caustic remarks to her and the leadership was thinking of transferring her to some other job. The injured look on my wife's face deeply distressed me. I placed the situation before the leadership of the CPPCC. They promptly went to see the leaders of the hospital and explained to them the Party's policy. This brought some change in the attitude of the leadership towards her, but nothing much could be done about the sarcasm and sneers. I could easily understand the bitter hatred people felt for me—the Yen Zui in the novel Red Crag but why should my newly-wed wife be made to suffer? This made me very wretched. It had never occurred to me that our union would lead to such misfortune; still less could I have been expected to be prepared for the even more painful events to come.

Soon my daughter graduated from senior middle school. She had worked hard and had done quite well in her examinations. Both of us were pretty confident that she would be admitted to a university, but it turned out otherwise. She was not admitted. Because of this she wept secret tears of disappointment. I was so unhappy that I could neither eat nor sleep, for I knew my child's entire future was concerned. I went everywhere, trying to find out why she had been rejected. If it was really because her grades were not high enough, I would see that she reviewed her lessons for another year and took the exams again. But the reason I finally uprooted was that she was disqualified simply because the former "Yen Zui" was her father. Merciful heavens! Wasn't it the Party's policy that whereas consideration should be given to one's class origin, the stress should be on one's political. behaviour? My daughter had always studied hard and had sought to improve herself ideologically. She had been separated from me when she was a little over three years old and from her mother when she was only five. She had been brought up by her relatives in Changsha. When had she profited from any of my exploited things? How could I have influenced her in any way? Why should my crimes be visited upon my wife and daughter? There are no words to describe my anguish. If my child could have been absolved from "guilt" by my death, I would gladly have died, but stark reality was that even if I died, my child would not be washed clean of her "original sin". It was just her misfortune to have been conceived in the wrong womb.

Thanks to the flexibility of youth, my daughter, after a few good cries, put the incident from her mind and cheerfully settled down to await a job assignment. Soon all her classmates who had failed the examinations were given jobs; only she was shoved onto the Neighbourhood Committee to await other arrangements. Setbacks, however, seemed to mature her. Shortly after she was transferred to the Neighbourhood Committee, she resolutely applied to join the Production and Construction Corps in the frontier regions. According to the policy then, an only child was not supposed to go to the countryside, but she wrote one application after another without letting me know until she finally received approval from the Neighbourhood Committee to join the Ningxia Construction Corps. When she joyfully broke this news to me, I felt as if I had been dealt a heavy blow on the head. For a long while I was struck speechless, but the girl, much more optimistic than I, said, "This concerns my future. Once away from home, I can shake off the influences of a bad family origin. What's more, not everyone who wants to go is qualified. I had a pretty difficult time getting the approval, so please let me go." I had to admit that what she said was quite true. In 1965 the call to go to the countryside had not yet become universal. Those who were not entirely fit physically or were only children were not allowed to go. My daughter and I had been altogether dependent on each other, so I could not easily accept the idea of her going off to work in the fields in a remote frontier region. But what could I say?

My child eventually left. I felt she had been forced to take such a step because of me. Nursing my grievances, I went to the leaders and muttered peevishly, "When I was going through my divorce from her mother, she proposed that I send the child to Hongkong to visit her. I had not consented for fear she would keep her there. If I had known that this would happen, I would

have sent her to her mother and let her continue her studies there." Once I revealed these thoughts, it was like drawing fire to myself. I became the immediate target of criticism. Some said, "The Communist Party has pardoned you for your crimes and given you a second life. What cause for anxiety have you in entrusting your daughter to the care of the Party?" Others said, "What's so terrible about your daughter going to the frontier regions? It is very wrong of you to want to send your daughter to Hongkong just because she wasn't admitted to the university and wasn't assigned a job."

Soon Hai Rui Dismissed from Office *was criticized. From articles carried in the newspapers I inferred that it was merely an academic controversy in art and literary circles. Never did it occur to me that this was the prelude to a political storm.

The weather was fine on the morning of June 3, 1966. In the afternoon it turned cloudy; by dark it had begun to rain. The changes in the weather seemed to foreshadow the changes in the political climate.

It happened to be my 52nd birthday. As usual, I stayed away from all recreational activities that day, observed abstinence and permitted no birthday celebration, because my mother went through horribly painful labour when she gave birth to me. The day was called by some people Mother's Suffering Day. From the time I entered primary school and began to understand things, I had commemorated my mother's suffering in giving

^{*}Hai Rui Dismissed from Office: Script of a Beijing opera written in 1960 by Wu Han, vice-mayor of Beijing and a historian specializing in the history of the Ming Dynasty. The protagonist, Hai Rui (1514-1587), an honest, upright official, was known for his outspokenness and courage to remonstrate with the Emperor. Jiang Qing and Kang Sheng, reporting to Mao Zedong, condemned the script as a "poisonous weed" aimed at reversing the verdict passed on the former Minister of Defence, Peng Dehuai, who had been dismissed from office. In November 1965 Yao Wenyuan published his article "On the Newly Written Historical Play Hai Rui Dismissed from Office", which was the prelude to the "cultural revolution." Wu Han was persecuted to death.

birth to me in this way. I had also made it a day of abstinence as a tribute to my mother.

I passed the day quietly, my thoughts dwelling every minute on my mother in Taiwan. How I regretted making her leave the mainland. She had insisted on staying with me even after my former wife had left with the six children for Hongkong. Not until a few days before the liberation of Yunnan did I finally persuade her to board the plane to Hongkong.

That day in 1966 my wife had to go on night duty, so we had a simple meal of noodles with vegetables and then it was time for her to go. As I was turning over the pages of my diary since the repudiation of Hai Rui Dismissed from Office scores of days before, I suddenly heard the beating of drums and gongs and the sound of cheering outside. "I never expected so many people to come and congratulate me on my birthday!" I muttered to myself jokingly. Hurriedly, I went outside to see what it was all about. It turned out they were celebrating a reshuffle in the Beijing Municipal Party Committee and a replacement in the post of first secretary. Crestfallen at this news, I went back and threw myself on the bed. I had never suffered from insomnia, but that night I could not sleep. Certainly it was not the noise of drums and gongs that had disturbed me, but this joyous celebration had set my thoughts into motion. Why would the replacement of a municipal first secretary by the Central Committee of the Party give rise to such wild rejoicing as if a big battle had been won? To me, there was something ominous in this beating of gongs and drums. It indicated that in the eyes of the Party Central Committee the old Beijing Municipal Party Committee was a formidable "enemy" who had been routed only with the utmost difficulty, so the whole city had to be mobilized for a grand celebration. Such a situation looked definitely unfavourable to former KMT people who had been on the other side, particularly for an arch MIB secret agent like

me. I turned the matter over and over in my mind for several hours before I gradually fell into an uneasy sleep.

On June 16, 1966, a CPPCC leader suddenly summoned about ten cultural and historical specialists to the meeting room. Solemnly he announced, "The specialists may take part in the Cultural Revolution with the staff of the CPPCC office." We exchanged glances of pleasure when we heard this. Hold on! Not so fast, please! After this announcement he proceeded to remove the lid from his teacup, slowly took a sip, then continued. "Owing to the fact that the masses have lodged many complaints against Selections of Cultural and Historical Materials, in which they have found numerous serious political mistakes, the leader of the Research Committee, Shen So-and-so, who supervised publication, will withdraw his presence. He may not take part in this revolution." The joy of a moment before immediately vanished. If serious mistakes really existed in Selections of Cultural and Historical Materials, none of its contributors would be let off easily. Hardly had I come to the end of this line of thought when the leader took another sip of tea and continued with his announcements. "Editor Wang Soand-so of the Cultural and Historical Office will be relieved of his post for self-examination. He will be required to make confessions." These words weighed even more heavily on us. If the editor was guilty, could we, the writers of the articles, be innocent? It was impossible to make head or tail of what was happening. No matter what tempests were going to sweep over us, we could only sit and wait; what else could we do?

Beginning July 6, criticism and repudiation meetings against Shen Bochun, Director of Cultural and Historical Research Committee of the CPPCC, were held on the third floor of the CPPCC auditorium. The person who presided over the meetings fired one question after another at Shen, all of which, were impossible for him to answer. Despite Shen's explanations, he was invariably accused of "not being honest enough" or "not making a clean breast of it". The leader would always end by drawling cryptically, "This question will be suspended for the time being." It was very upsetting to witness this old cadre, who had been our leader for so many years, being exposed to such humiliation. When I did not join the chorus of slogans that burst forth from the crowd, I was given a poke by those sitting beside me as a warning.

The "struggle sessions" against Shen Bochun were held for three days in succession, during which we kept him company as targets. After being criticized along with Shen, we had to go back and hold discussions. Since many questions raised at the meetings concerned the materials we had written, at least we could always find something to talk about.

On the afternoon of August 24, 1966, the "revolutionary rebels" openly declared in the form of an order the dissolution of the Cultural and Historical Materials Committee, which had been established at the behest of the Premier of the People's Republic of China and Chairman of the CPPCC Zhou Enlai. The dozen or so specialists assigned by Premier Zhou personally to the Cultural and Historical Research Committee were all ordered to stop attending to studies and to do physical labour, with no exceptions in the cases of the aged or sickly. Thirty yuan was arbitrarily taken out of our monthly salary of a hundred yuan, which had also been Premier Zhou's personal decision. We were now given only seventy yuan. The order carried a special warning — it must be carried out within three days; no delay would be permitted.

Since we had long prepared ourselves for it, this "order" did not take us unawares. Nor did it cause any consternation among us. As for such lawlessness, we merely dismissed it with a smile. The following day we took up our duties of sweeping and cleaning the office of our own accord.

Chapter XVIII

The Death of Pu Yi

The "cultural revolution" bore down with such violence that many people were exposed in varying degrees to persecution. Our relatives and friends went through all kinds of tribulation on our account, while we, thanks to Premier Zhou's conscientious implementation of the united-front policy, were spared much unpleasantness. Whenever we were reprimanded or punished, he spoke up for us.

Thursday, September 29, 1966, happened to be the Moon Festival. Because of the abolition of the "four olds" (old ideas, old culture, old customs, and old habits) moon cakes and other traditional food were dispensed with. Of course we still had to eat, so we had to go and get our pay. Ever since thirty yuan had been taken out, many of us dreaded pay day because we would inevitably be jeered at by the "rebels". So when I went to get my pay, I would pick up the pay of those who could not move about so easily in order to spare them the ordeal.

I was taken completely by surprise by the turn of events that day. I was told that orders from above had restored our salaries to one hundred yuan a month. As for the deduction the previous month, they were awaiting instructions as to whether it should be made up to us. I immediately responded that it was not necessary, but they insisted that they had to wait for instructions. I found this rather perplexing. Hadn't it been expressly anounced that a thirty percent deduction was to be

made in our salaries? Who, then, had countered this decision?

When I took Du Yuming his pay, Tang Shengming, a member of the CPPCC who lived in the same compound with Du, happened to be there too. Tang was famous for always knowing the latest news. On hearing my story, he said at once, "I've already heard about this. It was Premier Zhou himself who gave the order not to make any deductions in your salaries and to make up what was taken out. Who else has such authority?"

Du Yuming and I were extremely moved. The loss of thirty yuan did not matter much to us, but that Premier Zhou should trouble himself over a deduction in our salaries when he was so weighed down by a thousand and one affairs of state was enough to show how persistently he adhered to the Party's united-front policy.

Of course Premier Zhou's concern for us did not manifest itself merely in the matter of our pay. Whenever we were in great difficulty, he took his stand, based on the Party's policy, and rescued us. During the early days of the "cultural revolution" when the "gang of four", conspired to seize power under cover of the slogan "Sweep away all monsters and demons," we, the "emperors, kings, generals and ministers" from the old society, were in the direct line of fire. Besides cutting our salaries, some people decided to have all the cultural and historical specialists taken back to their native places to do manual labour under surveillance. When Premier Zhou learnt of this, he severely criticized them for violating the policy, so we were spared from being driven out of Beijing.

When the "gang of four" fanned a wildfire of beating up people, smashing and looting, only a few of us received any blows. We suffered nothing compared to the torments many veteran cadres had to go through. We owe all this to Premier Zhou's personal concern for these matters.

We survived the ten-year havoc, but Premier Zhou is gone

from us forever. The memory and gratitude we cherish for our revered Premier will never die. If Pu Yi, who died during the "cultural revolution", were still alive, he would surely agree with me.

During the ten-year calamity many people buried their real feelings deep in the recesses of their hearts, but from the onset of the "cultural revolution" I discovered that Pu Yi, the "Little Emperor" (the customary address for him by old-timers in Beijing), whom we used to consider incapable of distinguishing clearly between right and wrong, was not so muddle-headed after all.

On one occasion when the struggle sessions against Liao Mosha were at a hysterical pitch, Pu Yi suddenly burst out crying, protesting, "Director Liao is a good man. Why are they struggling against him?" (When Liao was director of the Department of United Front Work of the Beijing Municipal Party Committee, he had presided over some of our political study sessions.) When Pu Yi saw the arrogant and bullying manner of some people towards the veteran cadres they were "criticizing", he not only dared to voice his opposition in public but also dared to accuse those people of not adhering to the Party's policy and Mao Zedong Thought. Such behaviour might easily have brought disaster to him, but he did not seem to care. He seemed to have departed radically from his normal behaviour. Ordinarily, in the past, when we had political study sessions, whether on Party literature or the editorials in People's Daily, he would merely repeat the essence of the documents and never ventured an opinion of his own. We often criticized him for not studying in earnest and being afraid to link his study with his own thoughts. But when the real test came, it was we, the sophisticated and worldly-wise, who drifted with the tide to play safe and dared not air our views.

Only after my special pardon in 1960 did I come to know Pu

Yi. At that time he was in my eyes only a puppet who let himself be manipulated by anyone. As we were both without a family when we first worked together in the CPPCC, I used to go shopping with him in my spare time or accompany him to the parks. I felt that no one could be more suitable as a guide in the Palace Museum. When I visited the Palace Museum with him, he could name each place on all four sides of the palace with closed eyes and also recount the important historical events that took place there. I couldn't help feeling, however, that he was much too trusting and credulous, believing, as he did, all the fairy-tales and myths spun by his eunuchs. Once, pointing at a bronze crane, he told me there was a dent in the body of the crane caused by an arrow shot by Emperor Qian Long. The bronze crane had flown out to protect Emperor Qian Long when he was making a tour south of the Yangtze River, but the Emperor, mistaking it for an ordinary crane, had shot an arrow at it. Although the arrow had not killed it, the crane had flown back mortified by the rebuff. I told Pu Yi this was a fabrication; probably some eunuch or maid-in-waiting had dented the bronze crane through carelessness and invented the story as a cover-up, but he insisted the story was true. I also said I very much doubted that those bronze cranes existed in Qian Long's reign. Nevertheless, he did not give up trying to convince me that the story was true. Why did he insist on believing this myth of a bronze crane offering its protection to the Emperor? After pondering this, I concluded that in all probability he still believed that an "emperor ordained by heaven", like him, would be protected by the gods and spirits.

Pu Yi's gratitude for the Chinese Communist Party was different from that of ordinary people. Once I went with him to Jingshan Park. When we came to the twisted tree from which Emperor Chong Zhen, the last emperor of the Ming Dynasty, had hanged himself, Pu Yi, the last emperer of the Qing

Dynasty, stood gazing at it for a long while, then said musingly, "Many of the last emperors in Chinese history have met tragic ends. Before Emperor Chong Zhen hanged himself, he killed his children with his royal sword, lamenting their fate in being born into a royal family. This seemed a cruel thing to do, but it is hard for people to understand how he must have felt at the moment." This led to the subject of the tremendous changes in his own life. He had been driven out of the old palace when he was young, then he was made emperor of the puppet Manchukuo, after which he was captured by the Soviets and detained in the Soviet Union for several years before he was sent back to China. Because of this he had also experienced regret over his birth into a royal family and wished that he had been an ordinary citizen instead.

He was inclined to be talkative that day. He recalled how the last emperor Li Yu of the Southern Tang Dynasty brought fatal disaster down upon his head after being captured simply by writing in a poem the lines:

Into my cell the east wind blows tonight;
My country I cannot bear to recollect in the bright moonlight.

"Who told him to yearn for his country in captivity?" I retorted. "Of course he had to be poisoned." Whereupon Pu Yi countered with, "The last emperor Liu Chan of the Shu Kingdom not only did not yearn for his country but even said, 'I am content here. I do not miss Shu.' Wasn't he killed all the same?" Then he cited the fates of the last emperors of the Han, Sui and other dynasties, after which he patted his head and exclaimed quite happily, "Thanks to the Chinese Communist Party, I, the last emperor of the Qing Dynasty, have ended up well!"

After the "ten-year calamity" began, the health clinic for cadres was abolished; even ministers of the Central People's

Government had to wait their turn to see the doctor. Naturally, the preferential treatment we specialists enjoyed, along with department and bureau directors, by Premier Zhou's special permission, was also abolished, so when Pu Yi became ill and needed hospitalization, the hospitals refused to take him in. Once again Premier Zhou had to call the hospital himself before Pu Yi was admitted. I visited Pu Yi several times before he was hospitalized. Whenever we talked about the tyranny and lawlessness of the "gang of four", he would get all worked up. I would then try to persuade him not to court trouble, but he did not care and kept saying that their actions were a violation of Chairman Mao's policies.

The first time I went to visit Pu Yi in the hospital I was spotted by some people who knew me. Not only did they not allow me to see Pu Yi, they ejected me from the hospital, pushing me and calling me all sorts of names. When I learnt that Pu Yi was dying, I could no longer restrain myself, so I took advantage of the noon break and sneaked into the hospital. I found Pu Yi lying there with an oxygen tube inserted in his nostril. He looked ghostly. When he became aware of me standing by his bedside, he looked at me with eyes brimming with tears. Overwhelmed with grief, I grasped his hand in mine. Just as I was about to speak, a nurse on duty came in. Unceremoniously, she thrust me out of the room. Within a few days the sad news came. Pu Yi had died.

Not long after Pu Yi's death I was standing at the door one day when I saw several children heading noisily towards my home. I figured they were coming to make trouble, but seeing there was no way of avoiding it, I decided to stay where I was and face the music. Just then Aunt Zhang, who lived in the same courtyard with us, caught sight of the children making for my room. She immediately called them by their names and told them to hurry home and not make mischief. Astonishingly, the

children obeyed her and did not enter my room. They departed docilely after giving me a fierce glare. I was filled with gratitude for Aunt Zhang and marvelled at her power to get rid of the children. Later I learned that she had once been a teacher in the CPPCC kindergarten. That was how she knew all these children and could address them by name. I cheered my luck on having such a good neighbour, who had saved me from so much unpleasantness.

Chapter XIX

Testimony

From the winter of 1966 to the winter of 1967 the number of people who came to seek written testimonies from me steadily increased. Sometimes more than ten batches would turn up, amounting to several dozen people a day. Of their own accord they formed a queue, so that they could see me on the basis of "First come, first served". For a time my days were taken up in talking with them and my nights were spent in writing materials, thus leaving me without a moment's peace.

Why did so many people come to me? It was mainly because after my special pardon I had written many articles, in which I had exposed Dai Li and the MIB secret agents. Quite a number had been published in the Selections of Cultural and Historical Materials edited by the CPPCC. Among them "The Dai Li I Know" and "The Inside Story of the Confidential Information Bureau" had appeared in Volumes 22 and 24 respectively. Later after these articles were printed in book form by the Masses Press, they must have been read by a large public. Consequently, whenever people had any questions concerning MIB secret agents, they inevitably came to me. Actually, out of the thousands of MIB agents the activities of fewer than ten percent were known to me.

By the summer of 1967 most of the people who wanted written materials from me came directly to me instead of going through the CPPCC. Among them some honestly wanted to

clarify the cases of certain individuals in order to wind them up fairly. Some hoped to make me their instrument in framing people who had had nothing whatsoever to do with the MIB. In one case I was expected to deny a certain person's connection with the MIB when he had been connected beyond any doubt. Others came intending to magnify the cases of certain individuals so that they could be sentenced to imprisonment or even death. In short, all sorts of people appeared with all sorts of motives. The more people I received, the clearer the situation became to me. It came to the point where I could discern a person's intentions after only a few words were spoken. For my part, I adhered to this principle: Never wrong an innocent person. Never serve as anyone's hatchet man. Never let an evildoer get away. Never cover up for anyone's transgressions.

At first the people who came to me deliberately talked in circles before coming to the point. For example, if they wanted to find out something about a certain Wang, they would start by asking me where I worked in such and such a year, what friends, colleagues, subordinates and students I had contact with at the time. From there they would progress to how many of these people had the surname Wang. If the Wangs I enumerated did not include the particular Wang I was expected to identify, they then spelled out his name word by word. Whenever this happened, I was often secretly amused. I would say to myself, "You people are really underestimating others with these tactics of yours." But outwardly I remained patient with them. When they came to what they considered the heart of the matter, I often gave them a plain answer in three words, "I don't know," if I had no information to provide. Later the number of people who came became so large that if someone took up time asking roundabout questions, those who were waiting their turn would complain. Sometimes this even caused them to quarrel among themselves

Turning over the pages of my diary for that year and some of the letters of introduction I kept, I find that during that period of almost 12 months, from 1966 to the day of my arrest on November 6, 1967, people from every province and municipality came to talk to me or to ask for written evidence. On my busiest days there wasn't even time to stop for lunch. At such times my wife would put some bread in front of me so that I could get something to eat and go on talking at the same time. That constituted my lunch—a few pieces of bread and a few gulps of water. It was quieter in the early morning and evening. Even so, unexpected visitors might turn up and I had to see them as they came; otherwise there would be no getting rid of them.

To be honest, the large majority of people who came to me for testimonies behaved well, especially the older ones; they were more reasonable. But there were a few who were simple and crude in their methods with a complete disregard for policy or were prompted by some motive to obtain testimony through coercion. This would put my back up and result in quarrels between us, even to the extent of coming to blows. Now when I recall all this, I can see how funny it was.

The worst row I had was with three people sent by a "rebel" organization. They tried to force me to admit that the leader of their work unit had met me twice before Liberation when he was in charge of the working committee of the Communist Party in a certain province, through a classmate of my former wife. They asserted that he and I had had a discussion together under the pretence of fishing somewhere. For this reason I had not arrested him when I was conducting a mass arrest in a certain place. Now they wanted a testimony from me on his relationship to me. My answer to them was, "No such thing ever happened." They were extremely dissatisfied with my answer. We talked the whole morning with no result, upon which they left in a rage.

The next day just after I had finished my breakfast and my wife had left for work, these three people stalked truculently into the room. I asked them to sit down, but they refused. Sensing trouble, I hurriedly retreated into a corner and sat down, holding on to a stool. One of them shouted at me, "If you will not make an honest confession to the questions we asked you vesterday, I'm afraid we will have to dispense with formalities! With this, he pulled out a knife hidden somewhere about his leg. As he held it up I sprang up and hit him on the wrist with the stool to ward off the thrust. The knife dropped to the floor. At this juncture several people who often came to me for materials and several Red Guards from a local university rushed into the room and dragged them out. They confiscated their knives and warned them never again to come and make trouble. The three people never showed up again. This taught me to be more vigilant, so I was careful to keep my door shut all the time. Whenever anybody came, I took a look through the window before opening the door.

Just when I was working unsparingly to supply visitors from all parts of the country with written evidence, the ax fell.

The date was November 6, 1967.

Before this I had heard that the violence in Ningxia was very bad, which made me very anxious about my daughter's safety in the Ningxia Construction Corps. I had tried several days in succession to get a cable through to her, but the telegraph office refused to send a message even as far as Pingluo County. I was frantic with anxiety. How happy I was when my daughter finally came home on October 17, but a fortnight had hardly passed when she decided to go back. I understood what was behind this decision. Rather than add to my troubles she had chosen to go back and expose herself to the dangers in Ningxia. That day I squeezed out some time to go shopping with her for things she could take back and received fewer people. However, in the

afternoon I received four batches of people, around a dozen altogether, who all wanted written testimonies. After supper I managed to get two testimonies done quickly, with two more still to be finished. Feeling exhausted, I went to bed a little after ten, but my mind was still busy recalling a past event I had not finished writing about, so that I could write it down the next day.

I was just drifting off to sleep when I heard the sound of two cars pulling up at our gate. Then I heard people getting out of the cars and banging the doors shut. There was no question but that they were coming to my house. Of the people living in the same compound two were cooks, one was a driver, another a kindergarten teacher. Then there was a woman, who had moved in quite recently and seldom had visitors. As I was getting up and pulling on my clothes, I heard a familiar voice at the door. I went and opened the door. By this time my wife and my daughter, who slept in the little room inside, had also quickly got up. I thought people had come to search my house and confiscate my property, for my house had not yet been searched and no one had come to smash the "four olds".

A thump of heavy boots and three husky fellows in police uniform and two cadres swiftly crowded into the room. It was apparent that they had come to arrest me. I made a quick mental review but could find no offence for which I should be arrested. Not only had I not done anything wrong, but I had been extremely careful about every word I said. Furthermore, I had devoted all my efforts during the past year to writing. Apart from the few rows I had had, I had committed no offence. But then I realized, "There is no longer any distinction between right and wrong. They are free to behave as they like. Didn't I behave with prolonged total disregard for the law in the past?" With this I suddenly became calm again.

After they had formed a circle around me, a policeman larger

than I asked me my name and function. It having been confirmed that I was the person they wanted, he then pronounced solemnly, "Shen Zui, you are under arrest! Sign your name here and come with us immediately!" So saying, he handed me a printed sheet of paper, pointing to the place where I was to sign my name.

After I had signed, the policeman told me to take articles for everyday use with me and go with them. Before doing so, I requested the two cadres to allow me to finish two testimonies and to sign my name and impress my seal on two other testimonies for a Rebel Corps. My request was granted, so I went to my desk, took out some paper and wrote down the information I had recalled in bed a while before. Then I signed my name to it and marked it with my seal.

I handed the finished testimonies to my wife, telling her that when the people came for the materials the following morning, she must first make sure that they were the right people before giving the materials to them. After settling all these affairs, I gave my wrist-watch, wallet and some small change to my wife. While my wife and daughter looked at me with tears in their eyes, I said simply, "Don't worry! I have done nothing evil since Liberation. I don't think anything will happen." The policeman reminded me again to take articles for everyday use with me, but I said I was not going to take anything with me. I knew that If I was to be put in prison, according to the prison rules, these articles would be provided. If I was going to be executed, they would be unnecessary. Before walking out the door, I turned around and let my eyes rest on my wife and daughter for a moment, wondering if we would ever see each other again. Immediately I felt a stab of grief. I controlled myself, fearing to add to their sorrow.

As I followed the men to the gate, my wife ran after me and threw a thick padded jacket over my shoulders. Ironically this was the jacket issued to me seven years before when I had been granted special pardon. Now I was wearing it back to prison!

Chapter XX

"Making a Comeback" to the Deepest Recesses of Prison

Ever since my special pardon I had never dreamed that I would be arrested again. My conscience was clear. Except for the one occasion when I could not accept my daughter's going to the frontier regions, I had never had any feelings of discontent. Moreover, I had never done anything against the law. Then why had I been arrested? The reason eluded me completely.

The streets were deserted at that time of night. As our car sped out of Desheng Gate, I could see by the scenes that flashed past the windows that I was being taken back to the place I had quit seven years before. As we approached our destination, I took a good look at the locust trees and poplars that Du Yuming, Song Xilian and I had planted along the two sides of the road in 1958. The trees had grown much taller and bigger than when I had last seen them in 1964, when the Ministry of Public Security had invited Du, Song and me to talk about our visit to provinces in the Southeast and Northwest to the war criminals detained in the prison. I wondered what their reaction would be-the war criminals with whom I had gone through reform and who had not yet been granted special pardon - at seeing me "make a comeback" to prison. What could I tell them? What new counter-revolutionary crimes had I committed to be thrown into prison again? Had the Special Pardon Order No.9, issued to me by the Supreme People's Court of the People's Republic of China on November 28, 1960, become a piece of waste paper? Besides my past crimes, what other crimes had I committed to deserve imprisonment?

I was quite aware that there was nowhere one could make an appeal at the time. One could only let things take their course. And if worst came to worst, it would merely cost me my life, which, in any case, did not have too many years left to it. This made me somehow curious to see how I would be dealt with.

The car swung through the huge iron gate into the yard and drew to a stop. They took me into the office and removed my handcuffs; their job was done. Then two men in army uniform searched me thoroughly. As I had brought nothing with me, I was saved a lot of trouble over registration procedures. My sole possessions—my old padded jacket and thin woolen underwear—were rolled up into a bundle and tied with my belt. Then I was told to change into the black padded prison uniform and ordered to follow them in the direction of a second iron gate. I knew none of these people. It seemed that the whole staff had been replaced.

Upon entering the second iron gate, I automatically stared towards the building where I had once been confined, for the place was still familiar to me, although the people were not. "Turn right!" the two people behind me shouted together. This order sounded ominous to me because I knew that the building on the right consisted of single cells where only important criminals were confined. I had often swept the yard of this building with other war criminals in the past, because the criminals locked in there were deprived of the right to do physical labour. Now I found on my re-entry into prison that I could not even go back to the former war-criminal detention camp. Had I then become an arch criminal, denied even the right of doing physical labour? This was hard to take!

At last they pushed me into a vacant cell on the second floor

that contained a low bed formed from wooden boards. On the bed was a thin mattress, a pillow without a pillowcase, black and grimy, and a very thin quilt. How different it was from the thick mattresses and quilts and spotless white pillowcases we used to be given by the war-criminal detention camp! It was, on the whole, a sad deviation from the past.

I figured if I had been branded an active counterrevolutionary, I would be fetched for interrogation that night, so I simply sat on the bed to await the summons that might enlighten me as to just what crimes I was guilty of.

Around thirty minutes passed; no one came for me. Just as I was beginning to wonder, a soldier patrolling outside opened the wooden door and told me through the iron bars to go to bed. He asked me why I had not gone to bed, since it was already past midnight. I replied that I had just been arrested and was waiting to be interrogated. Perhaps he had just come on duty and had not been given specific instructions about me by the guard he had replaced, so he merely shut the wooden door and went away. In a moment he was back again. This time he did not open the wooden door but only the small aperture in it; he told me to go to bed without mentioning anything about an interrogation. I assumed that he had been to inquire. As it looked as though nothing were going to happen that night, I decided I might as well go to sleep. Even if I were going to be killed or tortured, it could wait until the next day.

Perhaps because I had had such an exhausting day, I fell sound asleep as soon as I lay down. I was awakened only when someone opened the small door at the bottom of the wooden door and ordered me to come and get my breakfast. The cadre bringing the breakfast shouted twice at me to get my bowl for the gruel, which threw me into a rage. "I have not come here to beg for food!" I retorted. "Why should I bring a bowl with me?" Hearing this, he opened the wooden door. Through the

bars I saw another man in army uniform holding a ladle in his hand. Although he was displeased with my retort, he did not lose his temper, but merely said, "Since you're a newcomer, all you had to do was to tell us that you hadn't been given bowls. Why make these unpleasant remarks?" I ignored him. In any case I did not want to eat. Since I was already full to the bursting point with anger, I did not feel at all hungry. Getting no response from me, he closed the wooden door and went away.

After a while the wooden door was opened again and the same cadre was back with two bowls, a plastic spoon to be used in place of chopsticks and an enamel mug. He told me the bowls were for meals, the mug for water when the boiled water was brought later on. Then he asked me if I had brought things to wash myself with. I said I had brought nothing with me. Again he told me they would be issued to me. Thus, with these simple articles for everyday use, I began life there. Life behind bars was not unfamiliar to me, but I could see no rhyme nor reason for my imprisonment this time. What could it all be about?

I kept waiting to be interrogated, hoping to uncover the reason. If a mistake had been made, then my liberty should be restored. What was the idea of locking up an innocent person?

One day, two days, three days went by; still there was no summons for an interrogation.

On the morning of the fourth day the same cadre in army uniform unlocked both the wooden and iron doors and walked in. I thought this meant that I was being fetched for interrogation, but before I could open my mouth, he handed me several outlines for investigations, some sheets of paper, a bottle of ink, and a penholder and nib. Then, looking severe, he said, "Write according to the outlines given there. If you run out of paper, you may ask for more. If you've finished, you may ask to report when your meal is brought to you." I blew up immediately and, assuming a look of equal severity, demanded,

"On what charges have I been arrested? What crimes have I committed? If I'm not told the reason, I refuse to write anything."

At my refusal to take the things he had brought and my daring to question him instead, he too became enraged and said, "You know perfectly well why you have been arrested. If you're told to write something, you must do as you're told!" "I don't know why I was arrested, and if I'm not told why, I will write nothing!" "You dare?" "What have I to fear? I simply will not write!" "Fine! Then you just wait and see!" With this he took all the things with him and slammed both doors behind him.

Not caring a bit, I waited to see what they would do with me. Soon another man in an army uniform with four pockets arrived. (I could tell only that those who wore uniforms with four pockets were cadres and those with two pockets were soldiers.) This man was better-behaved. He had brought back the same things. He told me they were not clear themselves why I had been arrested, but he would tell me after he had inquired. As it was necessary for me to furnish testimony for so many investigations, I should devote the present to writing. As for other matters, they would have to wait until later on. Seeing that it was useless to ask further questions and somewhat mollified by his attitude, I let him leave the things behind.

One fifth of the space in that small single cell was taken up by the bed and the toilet, leaving precious little space for me to move about. Everything had to be placed on the bed and moved from the bed to the floor when I went to bed and moved back to the bed after I got up. Only in this way could I have some space to walk about in. At first I was determined not to write anything more and see what they could do to me, but in the course of moving these things about, my eyes suddenly fell on several of the outlines, some of which asked me to testify that a certain businessman I had known was a "hidden spy" under my orders.

Another one asked me to bear witness that a certain individual I had once known but whose real identity as an "underground Communist" had not been known to me was a "traitor". There was no doubt that the purpose of these "disclosures" was to fabricate charges in order to frame people.

After prolonged and deep contemplation I saw that I was being used by certain people as a tool for frame-ups. In view of my own loss of freedom, how could I bear to see people join me in prison on trumped-up charges? The Communist Party had taunght me to tell the truth, to adhere to facts. Now if these people were going to employ such foul measures to extract "authentic proofs" from me to harm others, I would let the facts speak for themselves. I would not allow them to persecute innocent people. I would write. I would write truthfully all I knew!

That day I began to write according to each given outline, supplying all the information I had on certain people. As for those who were blatantly being wronged, I grudged no time and spared no effort in making my statements as clear as possible, describing in minute detail the qualifications required of an MIB agent and other relevant conditions. No one could become an MIB agent simply by being labelled one. To ensure that my materials would produce an opposite effect in their hands, I dwelt at length on the procedures involved in joining the MIB organization and the relationship between its superiors and subordinates. I gave clear specific details on the assignment of hidden agents — —the time, qualifications, contact methods, missions, pay, etc. Without this evidence no one could wantonly be charged with being a "hidden spy".

In the case of "traitors" I was asked for even more testimonies. It seemed to me that their only purpose was to have many of the Communists who had worked underground in the KMT-controlled areas branded as "traitors". Nobody knew

better than I how loyally and unswervingly these fine Party members had served the Party under constant threat of arrest and death. It was only by sheer luck that they had survived. But today these people whom the KMT agents had failed to harm were actually being denounced as "traitors"! I felt that if I were so irresponsible as to bear false witness against them, I would be doing irreparable wrong to people who had sweated and shed blood for the cause of the Party.

Beginning with the fifth day after my arrest until November 28, 1972, the day of my release, I kept count of the documents I wrote. With the thin copper plate attached to the plug of my sink I marked on the wall of my toilet the number of testimonies I wrote during the five years. The total came to something over 1540.

I could not understand why so many people who had worked for the Party at the risk of their lives should fall under suspicion. The issue really confused me. But in the midst of my confusion I did one intelligent thing.

Around two weeks after my arrest I was summoned for interrogation. I was quite happy, thinking that as soon as it was established that I had not committed any fresh crimes after my special pardon, I would be released.

As I followed the two guards to the prison interrogation room, I noticed that the cadres in army uniform standing outside the room all stood in complete silence, hardly daring to breathe. This told me at once that my interrogator must be someone pretty important. The guards took me in, announced with great deference, "Shen Zui has been brought here," and immediately withdrew, closing the door carefully behind them. Raising my head, I saw three people in army uniform seated on the platform. The one in the middle had grey hair; the two on each side of him were somewhere around forty. Without question the one in the middle was some kind of leading cadre.

I stood in silence before them. Then the person in the middle ordered me to sit down on a pot-bellied stool that resembled a beer barrel. This was the first time I had ever been interrogated and the first time I had ever seen such a stool. I became lost in secret admiration for the ingenuity of the inventor of this stool. I was also lost in conjectures. Was his invention the result of lessons he had learnt the hard way? In the past when I had questioned revolutionaries, I had had my share of negative experiences due to the lack of just such an invention. If the interrogated were not allowed to sit down, the questioning could not last long; at the same time a show of "benevolence" could not be demonstrated. If, however, he were allowed to sit on a small chair, a stool or any object with four legs or two and he resisted, the object could easily be turned into a weapon, whereas no one could lift a stool like that, because there was no way to grasp it with one's hand. If it were lifted with both hands, not only would it be impossible to hit anyone with it, one would also make oneself vulnerable to attack. I was recalled from my musings on the appropriateness of such a stool in an interrogation room by a soft voice reaching down to me from the platform. "Are you Shen Zui?" "Yes!" As I waited for his next question, a cigarette was thrown to me. "Have a cigarette!" Picking up the cigarette, I saw it was a Panda brand, the best brand produced in China for export; judging from this cigarette, the chief interrogator must be someone of very high rank. Then one of the men sitting beside him came down and lighted my cigarette with his lighter. In an offhand manner the man in the middle then handed a cigarette to each man at his side. After the four of us had each taken a few puffs, the chief interrogator proceeded to question me on the people I had had contact with when I was working in Shanghai. I named several dozen people, none of whom interested him. In the end he came to the point and asked me, "In your book The Dai Li I Know you mentioned a

correspondent, Cui Wanqiu, who worked directly under the MIB's Shanghai Special District. Did he communicate with you frequently?" As soon as I heard Cui's name, I understood that they would question me about people connected with him, so I answered that I had visited Cui several times a month. Immediately he followed up with, "Who were the people you met at his home on your visits?" "Some were from press circles. The others I didn't know. I never bothered to ask him, since my job was to take him money and collect information." "Did you see any women there?" "There were both men and women." "Did you know the names of the women?" "No, I didn't." "Think carefully before you answer!" Following this command another Panda cigarette was thrown to me. I reflected as I smoked. It was becoming clearer and clearer what they were driving at. The name they wanted to extract from me was Lan Ping (the film name of Jiang Qing), a fourth-rate movie star in Shanghai at that time who had appeared in the film Old Wang No.5 and whom I had encountered frequently at Cui's home. I was positive that their coming to question me on her relations with Cui Wanqiu at such a time could bring me no good. My Book The Dai Li I Know was published in 1962. Why had they waited all these years to ask me this question when Jiang Qing held the lives of people in the palm of her hand? The omens looked undoubtedly bad!

In fact I had often met Lan Ping at Cui's home; sometimes she had even poured tea for me. Cui was then editor of *The Torch*, a supplement of the Shanghai *Grand Evening Post*, and often wrote flattering reviews of Jiang Qing, such as "Beauty of the North". Naturally such plaudits were more than a fourth-rate actress could dare to hope for. Not only did I remember this very clearly, I also retained the impression of a man I saw at Cui's, dressed in a cheap Western suit, called Di Ke, whom I identified as Zhang Chunqiao after the fall of the "gang of four".

Half my cigarette was finished and I was still deep in thought. "Have you recalled anything?"

"Allow me to report, Senior Officer, it's been so many years since these things happened that I can hardly remember them, particularly under the circumstances of the shock of my recent arrest, the reason for which is still unknown to me." "Do you not know why you have been brought here? It is a protective measure for your own good, so why should you be suffering from shock?" Casually he had let drop the answer to the question I had wished to ask but had not yet asked. So he knew quite well the reason for my arrest. I was not in the least appreciative of the good intentions behind this "protective measure". I became even more aware of the graveness of the situation. Again and again I repeated that I could not remember any of the women who used to visit Cui. He decided to jog my memory a bit: "Did you meet any film stars there?" "I haven't the slightest impression now." "Think hard." "I really cannot recall anything." "If you can recall anyone among Cui Wanqiu's circle of friends who is now a Party and state leader, it will be much to your advantage. If you can only say the name or names, you will be accorded special preferential treatment. This concerns your well-being in your later years. So why don't you rake your memory in earnest?" By this time I had finished my third cigarette, but my answer remained the same: "Really I cannot remember! It is my great loss that I cannot profit from such a good opportunity to receive preferential treatment. I deeply regret it."

Throughout more than two hours of persistent questioning I stuck to my original answer—I did not know the names of Cui's friends. I then backed this up by expressing my willingness to sign a guarantee that should my words be proved a lie, I would willingly accept death by execution. I delivered these words with such finality that they realized it was useless to

question me further.

About a week later I was questioned again on this subject, this time by three plainclothesmen. They also seemed to be people of consequence, but they were less polite than the other three. I was left to stand for quite some time before they allowed me to sit down, nor were Panda cigarettes offered me. In fact they launched straight away into me, flatly accusing me of having been dishonest. After a week's mental struggle I was fully prepared for this, so I pointed out even more self-righteously that even though I had killed so many Communists in the past, the Party and the government had not punished me. It was certainly no crime to know a few people, particularly if they now held leading posts in the Party and state. Wouldn't that be to my greatest advantage? Wouldn't that be a matter worth rejoicing over? Having dared to confess my atrocious crimes, why would I be afraid to admit my acquaintance with Party and state leaders? Even the greatest fool on earth would not have done such a foolish thing. Though my words sounded more forceful than the first time, these people refused to be convinced. Instead they became more vicious and brutal. The two people sitting on each side came down and twisted my arms behind me as if preparing to beat me up. Filled with foreboding, I insisted even more firmly, "I really don't know. I can't recall a single name. That's all I can say even if you beat me to death!" Whereupon they seized me by my hair, ready to knock my head against the wall, and twisted my arms, bending them outwards.... In short, they employed several methods to frighten me and inflict physical pain. But my answer remained negative. Finally they threw me with force on the cement floor, while the larger of the two raised his booted foot and aimed it at my head. He was just about to kick me when a sound emitted by the man in the middle, together with a meaningful glance in his direction, stopped him.

Before they let me go, they repeatedly exhorted me to report to the guard whenever I recalled anything and they would give me another hearing. In any case, I had survived this ordeal.

After the "gang of four" was smashed, I read an article, consisting of thousands and thousands of words, entitled "Jiang Qing's Shanghai Days" by Cui Wanqiu, published in Hongkong. I was truly impressed by the sagacity of the man. When Jiang Qing was at the zenith of her power, he had not taken advantage of their former intimacy to seek an official post for himself and had not so much as dared to write about his relationship with her. He had waited until Jiang Qing was safely locked up in prison before he ventured to have his long article published in the fortnightly *The Populace* in Hongkong.

Although I often referred complacently to this incident as the most intelligent thing I had ever done in my life, I learned later through authentic sources that I had been deluding myself. The true situation was that after I had denied acquaintance at my second interrogation with the two "leaders" who were busy usurping Party and state power, Xie Fuzhi, then Minister of Public Security, in order to curry favour with the two intimates of Cui Wanqiu, had already signed my death warrant, but as there was such a large demand for written testimonies from me by people all over the country, it was proposed to Xie Fuzhi that I be allowed to finish writing before I was executed. He agreed. I never dreamed that writing testimonies had served as a "probation" on my death sentence, so that I could drag on into 1972, when Premier Zhou gave orders to release me.

In those five years of prison life both my physical and mental health were seriously damaged, but I did reap one tiny "harvest".

It was like this: Before Liberation, for more than ten years, I had never smoked or drunk alcohol. This was mainly because of my mother's strict discipline. I joined the Shanghai secret

service when I was not yet twenty. When I was over twenty I became group leader of the Detective Brigade of the Garrison Headquarters of Wusong and Shanghai. My monthly income was three to four hundred yuan, in addition to which I received bonuses and other extras. I was still single then, but I lived more than five years in the great metropolis of Shanghai without smoking, drinking, visiting prostitutes or gambling. I owed all this to my mother's teachings. For recreation I went hunting or fishing.

During the eight years of the anti-Japanese war, particularly after my appointment as Director of General Affairs of the MIB, I preserved these habits despite the number of social activities I participated in. For this reason I had always had a sound constitution.

I began smoking only in the spring of 1949. It was in Chongqing when Mao Renfeng summoned a meeting of the responsible MIB personnel in all the provinces and municipalities in the Southwest and Northwest of China to discuss the so-called Emergency Plan. The purpose of this meeting was to prepare for planting hidden agents, fighting guerrilla warfare, etc. After the meeting we found we had no funds to carry out our plan, so I was unanimously elected to go to the Managerial Department of the Bureau of Confidential Information in Shanghai to procure funds for the various provinces involved and for the assignment of hidden agents. Since I had worked there for many years and was familiar with the place and the people, they believed I would surely get the money. As a safeguard against devaluation of the paper currency, I had to change the money into gold and U.S. dollars before taking it back.

Before I flew to Shanghai, the chief of the Northwest District, Hu Ziping, asked me to buy him several British-made 3B pipes. I bought him four pipes in a British shop in Shanghai and a few

tins of good tobacco as well. When I took these back to him and he saw the figures on the bill, which came to over a hundred U.S. dollars, he didn't seem to want them, so I kept them for myself to give to people as presents. One day I idly picked up a pipe, opened a tin of tobacco, gave it a try and found that it had quite a nice flavour. Thus, little by little, I began to smoke. When I returned to Kunming, I did not dare smoke in my mother's presence, so after meals I would retreat to the sitting-room downstairs to smoke my pipe. I was discovered by my second daughter, who promptly reported me to her grandmother. My mother knew that I was acutely depressed over the successive defeats of the KMT and the precarious situation in the Southwest. She had observed me sitting on the sofa, deep in thought, without stirring for a whole hour or even two. Hearing that I smoked in secret, she summoned me upstairs and asked me why I was smoking behind her back. I explained it was because I was so worried and disturbed; I smoked to seek some relief. I added that if she forbade it, I would stop smoking at once. She grew very sad at my words and said slowly, "I did not allow you to smoke, drink, gamble or indulge in other vices before, because I was afraid it would ruin your health. Now that things have come to such a pass, I can see clearly how despondent you are. If you think smoking will give you some relief, I give you permission to smoke, but you must promise to stop smoking when the situation takes a turn for the better and you are no longer weighed down by anxiety." Thus I began to smoke.

After Liberation, during my ten years of reform, I had smoked on and off and had not been able to quit altogether. After my special pardon I began to smoke more heavily, under the pressure of writing exposés of the crimes of the MIB. My daughter often remarked that their million words had been smoked out with the fumes from my cigarettes. She made several unsuccessful attempts to get me to quit smoking. At

most I would stop smoking for a few days, then take it up again.

When I was thrown into prison the second time, the number of papers I had to write gr v larger and larger. Frequently I could not go on writing, so I told the guard I could not write if I were not given cigarettes. To my surprise my request was granted, but I was given a ration of only ten Qianmen brand cigarettes a day and only ten matches. As smokers all know, sometimes it takes two or even three matches to light a cigarette. Without an increase in my ration of matches it would be impossible to smoke ten cigarettes at ten separate times, so I devised a method. I tore several shreds of cloth from the mop in my cell and dried them on the radiator in case of need. When I struck a match to light a cigarette, I also lit a dried strip of cloth. When I heard the guard's footsteps receding from my door, I hung the strip of cloth in the corner of my toilet. But I had not reckoned on the peephole in the wall of the tiny toilet, which was large on the inside and small on the outside, making it possible to obtain almost a full view of the toilet. Since the burning piece of cloth produced not only smoke but also a stench, it attracted the attention of the guard, causing him to search for the source. Finally I was found to be the offender. After a good dressing-down I had to abandon this device.

As I would run out of matches after my fifth or sixth cigarette, I was tantalized by cigarettes I could not smoke. I refused to reconcile myself to such a situation. My former wife used to exaggerate my instincts for survival, declaring that I was capable of keeping alive even on a stony mountain. That may not be strictly true, but I did enjoy discovering means to cope with a situation. Surely this is an aspect of human nature that all mankind shares and not a special gift that I alone possess.

One afternoon I was simply dying for a smoke. Tantalized beyond endurance by the sight of cigarettes I could not light, I

resolved to learn from Sui Renshi* to produce fire by friction. I drew a few straws from my mattress and plucked some cotton from my padded jacket and put them between the soles of my padded cloth shoes. When I heard the guard walking away from my door, I quickly began to rub the soles of my shoes together until the straw and the cotton became enmeshed. Then with an extra hard flick a spark was produced. I hastily lit a cigarette with it, thus solving the problem of smoking without matches.

One day, two days passed...and nothing happened. One afternoon, after I had clearly heard the footsteps outside moving farther away, I swiftly proceeded to produce fire in this way. It was much easier now that the straw and cotton had caught fire before. Only a few rubs produced a spark. Just as I was gloating over my invention, the wooden door opened with a bang and there stood the warden. I had only been listening to the footsteps of the guard and had not been prepared for the warden, who had come noiselessly after him to inspect the cells. Obviously he had seen everything through the peephole. That was why he had flung the door open and demanded sternly, "Are you thinking of committing arson in prison?" "You saw for yourself that I'm merely smoking a cigarette," I answered. "Why should I commit arson?" "Why don't you use the matches you've been given?" he demanded. "What are you reserving the matches for if you light your cigarettes this way?"

Despite my repeated explanations that one match was not always enough for one cigarette and that I resorted to this method only when I had no alternative, he kept accusing me of intending to commit arson, as though by making this vital discovery he could bring a new charge against me and thereby win himself a Merit Citation Class III. I was so furious that I

According to Chinese legend, Sui Renshi was the first person to produce fire by friction.

snatched up the remaining cigarettes and flung them through the bars at him, saying, "For these few cigarettes I've taken all the bullying I can from you, and now you want to level a new charge against me. I will smoke no more!" Pointing at me angrily, he said, "You just wait and see. You'll pay for this!" A whole afternoon and a whole evening went by; there was nothing for me to see and nothing for me to pay for. Perhaps his leaders were still deliberating my punishment.

The next morning ten cigarettes and ten matches were brought to me as usual. As my anger had not entirely abated, I resolutely refused them, announcing, "I have already said that I will no longer smoke cigarettes, for which I have suffered enough. My mind is made up." So they were taken away. After a while a cadre who seemed to be of some minor importance arrived. He was more polite. "Have you really given up smoking?" he asked. "Really!" "But you've got to write materials all the same, you know." "That's all right. I shall write them as usual." That was how I gave up smoking. I can find no other name for it but my "harvest".

Chapter XXI

Bonds of Friendship Between Fellow Sufferers

After almost a year of solitary confinement I was put in with prisoners of lesser importance. Perhaps all the single cells had been taken by the increasing numbers of arch-criminals who had to be "quarantined"; we had to make room for them.

During my 11-year imprisonment after Liberation all my cellmates had been high-ranking KMT military and government personnel. This time, however, they were veteran cadres and Party members who had joined the revolution long before. Ever since my special pardon I had been filled with bitter remorse for my past; now my heart ached to see these veteran cadres of the Communist Party locked up with me. In five years of prison life together we shared misfortunes and built a profound friendship. I often asked myself, "Why were these veteran revolutionaries arrested? If this is not a retrogression in history, how could such a thing have happened?"

One day late in the afternoon the guard opened the door of my cell and ordered me to pack up my bedding and unfinished testimonies and get ready to move to another cell after supper. He warned me to pack immediately so that I would be ready as soon as the order came. I welcomed the idea of moving. If I could move back to the war-criminal detention camp and be with my old acquaintances, it would truly be ideal. Considering the chaos outside, where people could wantonly be beaten up or

even killed with nothing done about it, I was much better off in prison, where there was at least some peace and quiet. Therefore I was quite happy when I was told to get ready to move to another cell.

After I had packed my things, I picked up my luggage to see if I could lift it. To my surprise and dismay I found I could hardly stand on my left leg. I had been wounded once in the left shank when I was in my twenties. It was not a wound to be proud of, any more than the wounds in my head and chest and those on my legs and feet. To put it more clearly, they were marks of punishment left on me by revolutionaries when they had wrestled with me while resisting arrest and injured me.

As I rubbed my leg, the scene in which I had received my wound came back to me. It was in 1934. With two secret agents I was escorting a revolutionary I had captured from Shanghai to Nanjing by train. We occupied a compartment with four soft berths. In the middle of the night the revolutionary asked to go to the toilet. The secret agent on duty accompanied him there without waking me or the other agent. Since it was necessary to remove his handcuffs before he went into the toilet, the secret agent unlocked them at the door of the toilet. He removed the key and slipped it into his pocket in readiness to clamp the handcuffs on again. Being inexperienced, he was taken completely off guard when the revolutionary, on entering the toilet, gave him a mighty shove and immediately shot the bolt on the toilet door. It was already too late when the secret agent tried to push the door open. Unable to get hold of the conductor to open the door, he came back to wake us. I dashed out immediately to pull the emergency brake; at the same time the three of us went in separate directions to look for the conductor to open the toilet door. After the train had puffed and groaned for quite a distance, it finally slid to a standstill and several railway police joined our pursuit of the revolutionary, who had

escaped through the toilet window. Ordinarily, anyone jumping from a fast-moving train would be badly injured even if he escaped death. In any case it would be impossible to escape right away. Evidently the revolutinary had had a brainwave on seeing a long rope dangling from the corner of the toilet. Here was his means of escape. So he had pushed the secret agent away, locked the door and opened the window. He had tied one end of the rope to the water pipe in the toilet and had slid down the rope, but as the train was going very fast, he had not dared to jump off. Luckily for him, I had pushed the signal for an emergency stop, which gave him the opportunity to jump down safely as the train slowed. Since it was pitch dark, we did not find him. I got off the train at once with my two men while the train continued on its scheduled journey. We headed back towards the nearest station to wait for a train back to Shanghai, carrying on with our search on the way.

As we came to the highway that ran parallel to the railway tracks, we caught sight of a truck going in the direction of Shanghai. Planting myself in the middle of the road, I stopped it. It was a goods truck that had broken down on the way and, having just been fixed, was hurrying back to Shanghai that night. On seeing three men with guns in their hands, the driver and his escorts thought they had run into bandits. As soon as the truck stopped, they started to entreat me to spare their lives. I showed them my identification card from the Detective Brigade of the Wusong and Shanghai Garrison Headquarters, and after I explained the situation to them, they gladly gave us a lift. I calculated that the revolutionary would hop a train for Shanghai, so if the truck could reach Shanghai before dawn, the three of us could intercept him separately at Zhenru, Nanxiang and the North Station of Shanghai, in which case there was no fear of his escaping again. Unfortunately, something went wrong with the oil circuit and the water tank leaked, so we had

to stop many times on the way for repairs. By the time we got to Shanghai it was already broad daylight. The train from Nanjing to Shanghai had arrived quite a while before and all the passengers had gone. So I decided that we would have breakfast first in a place near the station and then hire a taxi to Caojiadu, where the revolutionary lived, to try to extract from his wife what friends and relatives he had in Shanghai and what places he usually frequented. As soon as we approached his home, I ordered the two agents to guard the front and back entrances in case he should be home and escape on seeing me. So I went alone to the house. On hearing people talking in low voices inside at my knock, I immediately began to bang and kick the door, which his wife opened slowly only after a while. I asked her where her husband was, and she retorted, "Didn't you take him away?"

"He has escaped," I told her. At this she became a little flustered, so I pushed her out of the way and stalked into the bedroom. Following my usual practice, I pushed the door open with great force. This was a precautionary measure in case someone was hiding behind the door. Anyone behind the door, even if he were not injured by the impact of the door, would lose the advantage of attacking the person entering. Not finding anyone behind the door, I began to search the room. Suddenly a flowerpot came flying at my head from behind the wardrobe. As I dodged, I discovered him hiding behind the wardrobe in the process of changing clothes, his jacket not yet buttoned up. It seemed that he had just come home and was preparing to escape again after a change of clothes. He had not expected me to track him down so soon. As soon as he jumped out from his hiding place, I grabbed him, whereupon his wife seized a large wooden stick to strike at me. Quickly I pushed her husband forward, using him as a shield. The blow fell on him. I then shouted to my two agents guarding the front and back entrances to come in quickly. I had not noticed his wife aiming her stick at my legs. I just barely managed to lift my right foot when her stick landed on my left one. She almost felled me with that blow, but I did not loosen my grip on her husband. By the time the two agents had burst into the room and handcuffed the couple, pain was slowly setting in following my foot's initial numbness. After that I injured the same foot when I fell while pursuing another revolutionary on a dark night. This time I nearly snapped the bones in my ankle. Though these two injuries had healed, the thinness of my mattress and quilt and the absence of heating during my second imprisonment had caused all my old injuries to ache from prolonged exposure to cold. The fierce kick I had received in my left leg from a "rebel" at an interrogation and crouching for months at my low bed, which served as my desk, hadn't helped any either, so when I tried to lift my things all of a sudden, I could hardly stand.

After supper the guard opened both the wooden and irongrate doors, came in with a soldier and left me in his charge. The soldier was a kindly person. I warmed to him at his first words: "Can you carry all these things yourself?" "Yes, I can!" "Then let's walk slowly." I carried my pack on my shoulder and started to follow him down the stairs, but just as I stepped out of my cell, my left leg began to tremble uncontrollably. The pain was excruciating, but I clenched my teeth and followed him. Then I began to feel as though I had lost control of my lower left leg and I could not stand up anymore. Fearing that I might fall, I put my things on the floor and sat down on them. The soldier seemed to know why people like us had been arrested. Though he did not dare express his concern in words, he managed somehow to show it in his manner, which moved me deeply. Seeing nobody around, he picked up my things quietly with one hand and supported me with the other, saying, "Just walk on slowly! You'll be reprimanded if you stop here." With his support I

moved step by step towards the building at the back. "There's something wrong with your leg; why don't you see a doctor?" he asked. Such words, simple as they were, flowed straight into my heart like a warm current in the midst of a bitter winter. I told him I had made repeated requests to see a doctor but they had been ignored. "Things will be different in your new place," he told me. "There you will be able to see the doctor every day." I realized then that I would receive better treatment in the place I was moving to. My leg was already less painful after walking a little, so perhaps it was because I had not exercised it for such a long time.

As soon as we walked into the yard of the building, I heard people talking in low voices in a downstairs room. From this I guessed that even if I was not returning to the war-criminal detention camp, I would no longer occupy a single cell. It may be difficult for some people to understand what a luxury it was in those days to have someone to talk to!

A cadre came out to meet us as we entered the building and immediately filled me with relief. He asked my esteemed soldier to carry my things, while he himself helped me up the stairs to the second floor. He told the soldier to put my things down only when we drew near the door. Before he left, the soldier gave me a look that illuminated his young face with goodness. I thanked him gently and he quickly left.

The first thing this kindly cadre told me was, "Hereafter you can use only your number, which is 6798; you are not allowed to reveal your name to others." "What about my writings?" I asked. "Of course you have to use your name for those," he said. "What I meant is that you can use only numbers to address each other when you are with your cellmates." "I understand!" I responded.

Only four people were to occupy a spacious cell of some twenty square metres. In the cell there was also a urine bucket. I

had come near this building only once, clearing up bricks and tiles, and had never entered the yard again. I supposed this was where criminals of minor offences had been confined, so there were no attached toilets and no doors with iron bars. Every morning we had to go to the lavatories in each lane to relieve ourselves and to empty the urine buckets. For one who had been confined in a solitary cell for so long the chance of getting this bit of exercise was a pleasure indeed!

I was the first to move in, then three others came one after the other. Before they were put in the cell, each of them was warned not to reveal his name or talk about his case. It was permitted to talk about things that concerned everyday life if necessary, but it was absolutely forbidden to shout or speak in a loud voice.

Though we had not known one another before, all of us were extremely excited at being thrown together at such a time in such a place. Each felt like a lone wild goose that, having strayed from the flock, had found its mates again. We did not shake hands or introduce ourselves, yet we all experienced a sense of intimacy. In my ten years of imprisonment in the war-criminal detention camp I had never had this sensation. Having been in solitary confinement for so long, I felt I had been dropped back into the world of human beings.

That night we went to bed at the time stipulated by prison regulations. Our four wooden beds were placed less than a metre apart. We nodded and smiled at each other continually, each anticipating a bright and happy tomorrow. Perhaps because we were all over-excited that night, none of us slept well.

The next morning after the bell rang for us to get up, we began to talk to each other in whispers. One man had been imprisoned a year before us. He had been denounced by someone for having kept an important fact of his past concealed. The other two and I had been put in prison at about the same

time. It was then that I fully realized that the purpose of the "cultural revolution" was to "wage a revolution" against the veteran cadres within the Party who had rendered meritorious service.

As for my other two cellmates, one was a civil official and the other was military. On close scrutiny I felt I had met this civil official before. When we got to talking, everything came back to me. He had been an underground worker during the antilapanese war. While he was working for the revolution in Shanghai, I was engaged in counter-revolution. He lived in the building of the China Vocational Education Society, diagonally opposite the French Park in the French Concession. When I was leader of the French Concession Group of the Shanghai Special District in the Secret Agent Department, he was under my surveillance. I knew only that he was engaged in progressive activities and had not the slightest notion that he was an underground Party member. Now, on seeing his face and physique, especially on hearing his strong Hunan accent, I felt as if I were reliving my life in Shanghai. But the stark reality was that this revolutionary, whom I had watched and even planned to arrest, had now been thrown into the same prison cell with me. He had worked for the Party for so many years before Liberation and had survived the White terror of those days, even managing to keep out of a counter-revolutionary jail. Yet after making further contributions to the Party and the people after Liberation, he now found himself in prison. Wouldn't such a situation make one stop and think?

Through the case of another "38 Calibre" veteran cadre, whose name was Feng Shaobai (alias Hong Long), I gained an even clearer insight into the nature of this "revolution".

When the anti-Japanese war broke out, he had just graduated

[&]quot;38 Calibre" refers to cadres who joined the revolution in 1938 during the anti-Japanese war.

from the Cadets' Academy in Japan. As he had taken a first in his class, after his return to China many KMT military organs vied with each other to get him on their staff, but he refused firmly and instead went to Yan'an, and became an instructor in the Anti-Japanese Military and Political Academy, content with a monthly pay of five yuan. Many of his schoolmates tried to persuade him to return to Nanjing, where he could have the rank of colonel or thereabouts with a salary of more than a hundred yuan per month, but he refused. He had devoted many years of painstaking study to Sun Zi's Art of War and had written a book about it that had won Chairman Mao's admiration. Because of this Chairman Mao had personally received him and granted his request to join the Party.

Soon he was assigned to the New Fourth Army, where he first served as staff member of the army and later chief of staff of a division. After Liberation he first worked in Hangzhou, then in Shanghai. When the "gang of four" learned that he had worked with the leaders of the New Fourth Army for a long time, they forced him to write confessions about them. After he had written a truthful account, he became the object of attack from every side. He was accused of glorifying them instead of exposing their "collaboration with the puppet army". He was enraged by their slanders, which were more vicious than the KMT's, so he was put in prison and would not be let out unless he wrote what the "gang of four" wanted him to.

During my five years of imprisonment only once was I questioned at night, but this veteran cadre was often interrogated in the daytime and again at night. We all felt sorry for him and could not sleep until he came back. Sometimes we waited until midnight, when he would finally drag his weary body back and throw himself on the bed in deep dejection. All three of us would feel extremely miserable at the torments and anguish he had been through.

Of us all he suffered most and longest. He insisted on telling the truth, while his interrogators were determined to make him perjure himself by forcing him to fabricate evidence against some leaders of the New Fourth Army. Once the pressure was so great that he broke down and said something in retort, for which he suffered their curses and beating. Angered beyond endurance, he put up a desperate struggle. As a result he was not only cursed and beaten even more viciously but also thrown back into solitary the same day. So intense was my anguish that I almost cried out, "You cannot torture him so!" But I realized it would be futile. I could only force down my wrath. After an exchange of tearful glances on parting, it took me a long time to calm down. What could all this mean?

During the days when the four of us were together, we confided everything to each other. The bonds of friendship forged in times of adversity are often stronger than the blood relationship between brothers! After he had been taken away, the three of us remained depressed for months, thinking and worrying about him. We knew that they had placed him in solitary confinement in order to torture him more effectively. I had a profound admiration for his integrity. Even when the interrogators and newspapers repeatedly labelled the leaders of the New Fourth Army (particularly Liu Shaoqi and Chen Yi) as "the biggest capitalist-roaders", "traitors", "secret agents" and "collaborationists", he did not waver. He consistently maintained that those people were the real anti-Japanese heroes. The interrogators failed to extract from him a single verbal or written admission. How could I not feel whole-hearted admiration and esteem for such a good Party member! Several times I said to him, "As long as we are alive, after we get out, if you don't find me unworthy, I should like to keep up our relationship like real brothers. I shall do my best to learn from you."

In 1972 I was the first to be released. He was not released until May 13, 1975, and then his case was not closed. He was not rehabilitated politically or assigned work, and his Party membership was not restored. He came to see me the second day he arrived in Beijing from Shanghai. On seeing each other, we were both filled with joy and sorrow. I told him how anxious and sad I had been since we had parted. He recounted how he had been shut up in the newly built red brick prison next to ours. iust as we had expected. There the treatment was completely different. He was no longer allowed to read newspapers. He was ordered every day to conduct self-examination and forced to bring false charges against the leaders of the New Fourth Army. As he persistently refused to write these materials, they tormented him every day right up to six months before his release, when they slackened a bit. He had been quite thin before: now he was emaciated. I asked him to stay for dinner and kept my promise by cooking several of his favourite dishes myself. Thereafter whenever he came, he would allow me to cook only an extra dish of scrambled eggs. In this way we maintained close brotherly contact for several months.

He had come to Beijing to seek rehabilitation, having secured testimonials from people in many quarters, but the person in charge of his case deliberately created obstacles for him. Fearing that the testimonials he had taken great pains to secure would be seized from him, he left them in my care. I placed them in safekeeping with the piles of historical documents in our office in the CPPCC.

A year after the downfall of the "gang of four" he was finally rehabilitated. With great joy he informed me of the good news and expressed his wish to fulfil his promise of inviting me to be his guest at his home in Shanghai. Some time later, in November 1980, I was just preparing to visit him in Shanghai when I received a notice from his funeral committee to attend his

memorial meeting. I was stunned! How could he be dead? He was not old. He still had the best years of his life to serve the Party and the people, yet his life had ended prematurely! Wasn't this the result of the years of torture he had suffered from the "gang of four"? How many more fine Communists had died like this at the hands of the "gang of four"? This not only saddened me and made me grieve but increased my hatred for the "gang of four" a hundredfold.

The old Party member who had seemed familiar to me was someone I admired and esteemed even more. He had known Jiang Qing long before in Shanghai. Fearing that he and his wife might reveal her unsavoury past, she had them both put in prison on trumped-up charges and unceasingly tormented. He was rarely interrogated, but after each interrogation he would be troubled for a long time. The same demands were made on him—to write false testimonies against veteran cadres. When he refused to do so, they exerted more pressure on him. Once he said to me with firm resolve, "I don't care what charges they lay against me, but if they expect me to frame other people, even by a single word, the smallest deed, I would rather sit in prison for the rest of my life. I won't sacrifice other people in any way in exchange for my own freedom." What nobility of character!

What I needed to learn from this old Party member was not only his noble qualities but also his practice of putting others' interests before his own. He was never selfish. In prison a little scrap of anything could be a treasure, but he would often be content with less food and water so that others might have a more filling meal. It is only under such circumstances, when one cannot tell what the morrow may bring, that a person's true moral character stands revealed. The consistency of his behaviour made me feel that he was truly worthy to be called great.

Apart from this I was overwhelmed with admiration for his

profound learning. I had had no more schooling after I left school at 18. In the old society I had seldom sought guidance from anyone because I did not want to lose face. As I rose higher and higher in my reactionary career, people felt embarrassed about correcting me when I wrote a character incorrectly or mispronounced a word. During those four years he gave me sincere help, guidance and encouragement like a strict teacher and good friend. I shall never forget all he did for me.

He left prison three years after me. He too got in touch with me immediately after his release. My wife had heard me talk so much about him that the first time he came with his wife to see me, my wife welcomed them as warmly as I. On our first meeting we grasped each other's hands and stood for a long time, unwilling to let go, until tears of joy rolled down our cheeks.

After the "gang of four" was smashed, his case dragged on for some time before he was fully rehabilitated. During this period we saw each other frequently, but I never heard him say a word of discontent or complain at the delay. Instead when I expressed indignation at the procrastination, he always said, "The leaders of the Party and state are so busy. They should attend to the most urgent and important matters of the moment. I have firm faith in the Party. I am sure my case will be dealt with fairly and objectively."

Just as he had predicted, both he and his wife were fully rehabilitated not too long afterwards. Soon after this the newspapers revealed that he and his wife had been arrested upon Jiang Qing's personal orders.

The couple soon left joyfully for their new posts. At our parting they expressed their apprehension at not being able to serve the Party well because of the heavy responsibilities involved in their future work, but I felt differently. It seemed to me that there was nothing the Communist Party could not

accomplish and no difficulties it could not overcome with so many excellent people to form its backbone.

Chapter XXII

Each Day Like a Year

In the days when the "gang of four" ran amuck and I was inexplicably thrown into prison, I found it impossible to achieve a state of acceptance. Furthermore, I was often berated and picked on for no apparent reason, which put me under even greater mental strain and suffering. All day long I would feel as though I were sitting on a bed of thorns, and each day seemed like a year.

Though I had been detained in the war-criminal detention camp for more than ten years, I had never felt lonely. In the Kunming Prison it was easy to get through the days because there were so many friends, colleagues and subordinates to associate with that I was kept busy all day long. Although life in prison was made unbearable by bands of rats emerging at night to disturb my sleep, once I was soundly asleep, my spirit could float away and wander wherever it pleased and I would be a free person again. This combined with the belief that my confinement was only temporary and I would soon be released helped me endure everything with patience.

In the Chongqing Prison I was again among friends. We could get together every day to chat idly or play cards or chess. True, at times I had been depressed or very resentful or grouchy, and I had even quarrelled violently with my interrogators, but thanks to the policy of not subjecting prisoners to curses, beating and humiliation, I had been able to live through those

days. In 1956, when we war criminals were put together to speed up our reform, we could move about freely within certain limits. This, with the knowledge that we were not to be executed or sentenced, led to our conviction that we would soon regain our freedom. Such a prospect made the days go by more easily.

The second time I was thrown into prison was after the Supreme People's Court had proclaimed my special pardon to the whole nation and the world, when I had committed no fresh crimes but was working earnestly and conscientiously. The "gang of four" had seized the power of the Ministry of Public Security, labelling all the responsible cadres "capitalist roaders", and put into force a so-called military control, whereby all the fine traditions, the excellent policies and the good working style maintained by the public security departments throughout the years were completely destroyed.

It is impossible to describe the agony of solitary confinement. Even when I shared a cell with three other people, each of us was keenly aware of the unpleasantness of our situation. From morning till night our daily routine alternated between writing materials and interrogations. Sometimes when one of us was summoned, the rest of us would sit on our beds waiting up anxiously for him, going to sleep only after he had returned.

Once in bed, one should at least be able to become "a free spirit in his dreams, be there thousands of locks on the iron gate", but how could they allow us such luxury? If they didn't wake up all the prisoners with their racket several times a night, they might find themselves under suspicion of "having capitulated to the enemy". If any of us did not conform to the sleeping posture stipulated in the "New Regulations", such as sleeping with his head buried under his quilt because he was unaccustomed to sleeping with the light on or, if he slept next to the wall, unconsciously turning over in his sleep so that he faced the wall instead of the ceiling or outwards, or if someone

neglected to sleep in a jacket in summer, and so on and so forth—in short, a violation of any one regulation would bring the guard to our door, banging and yelling, "Heads not allowed to be covered!" "Turn your face this way!" "Put your jacket on!" Often when we were deep in slumber and enjoying our escape into pleasant dreams, we would be startled out of our dreams by their shouts and reprimands. This would make us so angry that it took a long time to go back to sleep again. Once when I was sleeping by the wall, I happened to turn my face towards the wall. Immediately I was awakened by the guard. Enraged, I started quarrelling with him. "I have been imprisoned before," I said. "I have never heard of rules that applied to one's posture in sleep!"

"It is different now from the past. These are new regulations!" came his answer, referring to the regulations formed after the "gang of four" had seized power. I imagine these rules were invented because the "gang" felt that if the people they so intensely hated couldn't endure the terrible injustice done them and committed suicide, it would be letting them off too easily. So they had to be kept alive and sadistically tormented in slow stages!

What was most absurd was that the prisoners, not given undershirts or vests, had to keep their jackets on in the hot, stuffy summer, seemingly promoting "civilized behaviour". In reality, the "gang" had laid such utter waste to civilization that not a vestige was left.

Our meals were also unpleasant affairs. There were a few guards who, when distributing our food, would curse the prisoner if he was not fast enough or asked for a little more staple food. If the meal happened to be better than usual, it would be prefaced with an enlightening harangue: "You scoundrels! Here you're getting all this good food, isn't it about time you confessed all your crimes?" It was even more

infuriating when they brought us boiled water. Since I was the youngest of the four, I took it upon myself to go for the food and water. The guard who brought the hot water often deliberately poured the scalding water on my hand, causing it to become red and inflamed. If I cried out in pain, he would immediately rebuke me with, "It won't kill you! What are you making all this rumpus for?" So they could scald us deliberately, but we were not allowed even to utter a cry of pain.

Once the back of my hand and wrist were both scalded and the swelling remained for several days, when it was observed by another guard who had brought our food. "What's the matter with your hand?" he asked me. I told him from beginning to end how it had happened, after which he merely remarked, "Be more careful next time!" How was I to be more careful under such circumstances? After a while, however, he brought a military surgeon, who dressed my hand. Once again this gave me reassurance that "Everywhere fragrant grass can be found. In prison too good people can be found!"

Every day I had to write testimonies without a break. When I could not finish them by day, I had to go on writing under a none too bright light at night. Hence my eyes began to react to the strain; they became bloodshot and watery until they refused to open any longer. Eyedrops were issued me, but they would be taken away at bedtime. I tried to explain over and over again that my eyes would get well only if I applied the eyedrops several times after going to bed. The answer was NO! The reason was that the vial was made of glass. What if, in a moment of desperation, I used the vial as a suicide weapon? So the vial had to be taken away. I was of common stock, however. Ordinarily, eyes in such a painful state would take a long time to cure, but I could actually go on with my writing in the daytime on a few drops of Chloromycetin. The sequel was pretty bad, however. I became half-blind in my right eye. Even the long treatment I

underwent after my release could not restore my eyesight. Now I have to depend entirely on my left eye, which is itself more than three hundred degrees near-sighted, for reading and writing.

In those five years the greatest inconvenience I suffered was being denied scissors to trim my toenails. In the old society I always went to a pedicurist to get the nails of my two big toes trimmed. As a result the nails began to grow inwards, so that it became necessary to go to a pedicurist at regular intervals; otherwise it would be impossible for me to walk. After Liberation I learnt to prise out the ingrowing nails myself with a small knife and a pair of scissors. Sometimes, if I was not careful, some flesh would come off too and cause bleeding; however, I would be able to walk again in a day or two. But now there was no way to solve this problem in prison, and this became a terrible affliction, particularly when the day was fine and we were let out for exercise. Should I stay behind and give up this rare opportunity to get some exercise? If I went my feet would hurt with every step. It would not be entirely fair to say that the guards totally disregarded the well-being of the prisoners. After all, they did bring us, once a month, an instrument for cutting nails, warning us of the amount of time allotted us, after which they would come and take it away again. But as that special nailcutter was as big as a pair of pliers, I found it impossible to use it to dig at my ingrowing nails. Later I learnt to use the thin nail file attached to the clipper to dig out a bloody mess of nails and flesh. Although this was extremely painful, the wound would heal after a few days and I could walk for a month or two without any pain.

Usually one learns a lot through reading newspapers and also derives pleasure from them, but the newspapers published in the time of the "gang of four" aroused only disgust and pain. Every time the papers were brought to the prison, the guards would order us to study carefully articles by Liang Xiao (the pen-name

of the writing group of the "gang of four") and the like. I was invariably bored by those long, tedious, stereotypic articles and would sometimes fling the paper on the bed when I came across one of them. If I happened to get caught in the act by one of those "ultraleft" guards, the wooden door would be thrown open and I would receive a severe lecture and be ordered to pick up the newspaper and read carefully. I had no choice but to pick it up again and pretend to read.

One day the wooden door opened and a cadre pushed in a small cartload of the Selected Works of Mao Zedong and proceeded to call each of us by our designated numbers, announcing that from that day on we would study Chairman Mao's works. He also stipulated that we were to place the books in the centre of the bed when we studied them in the daytime and on the left side of our pillow when we went to bed at night. He reiterated his instructions before he shut the door behind him.

From the bottom of my heart I wished to study Chairman Mao's works well, because it angered me to read in the newspapers about this or that veteran cadre being struggled against. In particular, the names of the "gang of four" and their cronies appearing daily in the newspapers and given more and more prominence increasingly disgusted me. Thus I considered it a great event to be given Chairman Mao's works to read. However, I could not understand why they wanted us to study Chairman Mao's works. Did they really want us to remould our ideology by studying Chairman Mao's works, or were they prompted by some other motive, to prove that all their words and deeds were strictly in line with Chairman Mao's teachings?

The four volumes of Selected Works of Mao Zedong brought us precious spiritual food; however, they also brought us a lot of trouble and distress. The first night my old fellow sufferer put them under his pillow to make it higher. By this action he committed "the unpardonable crime of violating principle"!

The wooden door opened immediately and two guards marched into the room, each delivering a severe lecture in turn. Similar incidents followed, which made the four books a great burden for us at bedtime. We were required to place them in a neat pile on the left side of our pillow. If in our sleep we happened to push one volume off the bed, we would get a good dressing-down. Most incomprehensible was what happened whenever we were let out for exercise in that small open space enclosed on four sides by high walls. Someone would always come to our cell to see if anyone had made alterations in the books or make a mark somewhere. Once the same old fellow sufferer was again the offender. He had inserted a piece of toilet paper between the pages of the book as a bookmark. He was accused of gross disrespect and severely criticized again. But what could one use as a bookmark when one had nothing?

Despite these unpleasant occurrences, we still treasured Chairman Mao's works, which were most educational for us. Upon my release I begged the warden to let me take the four volumes with me as a keepsake, although I already had two sets. To this day I often study from the volumes I was given in prison.

As for my testimonies written in prison, the majority were handled through the cadres in charge. The few exceptions were those with the high and mighty behind them or someone particularly ferocious who could summon me, interrogate me and demand testimonies written according to outlines prepared beforehand. Usually the cadres summoned me to the interrogation room and questioned me on each case. If I had knowledge of a case, I would be told to take the outlines and write accordingly. If I had no knowledge, the outlines would be returned. Most of the outlines were left by investigators from other provinces after they had been refused permission to speak to me directly. Some were mailed to the prison. For all these outlines I supplied truthful accounts and handed them in on

time.

Each day during those five years in the prison of the "gang of four" was like an unbearably long year. Did anything brighten our existence? Yes, there was one moment, and that was when Premier Zhou and President Nixon signed the Shanghai Communiqué, an initial agreement reached by China and the United States. Like people all over the country we were extremely happy at the good news. Although other incidents cheered us up occasionally, the iron door, the barred window, the opaque glass of the few half-open windows that met my eyes whenever I raised my head would immediately plunge me into indescribable gloom. It is only now that I realize that during the "gang of four's" reign of terror I was not the only one to whom each day seemed as interminable as a year.

Chapter XXIII

The Whole Nation Mourns

I had survived five whole years and twenty days in prison. Suddenly one day I was called outside by a milder-mannered minor official who said to me, "You may communicate with your family now," and asked me how many sheets of letter paper and envelopes I needed. Somewhat disturbed, I murmured, "Give me two of each." Taking the letter paper and envelopes to my cell, I sat down by my small bed and picked up the pen with which I had just been writing my testimonies. Then I began to write one letter to my only daughter on the mainland and another to my wife, to whom I had been married only a little over two years before I was arrested. I wanted to tell them that I was all right, which meant that I was still alive; in other words, I wanted to give them a happy surprise. Yet I was afraid my letters might cause them even more worry and anxiety than they'd experienced in the five years when they did not know whether I was dead or alive.

On November 28, 1972, I left prison for the second time. Released the same day was Specialist Dong Yisan, whose case was similar to mine. When we were taken back to the CPPCC, our wives were waiting there. Many old colleagues, hearing we would be returning to the office that afternoon, refused to go home after work and instead remained there waiting for us. It was a most moving scene. In the five years that had elapsed since we parted everyone had become more wasted and worn. We stood for a long time, tightly clasping each other's hands, unable

to say anything. In truth, each of us had much to say, but what could we say there at that moment?

Carrying the four volumes of the Selected Works of Mao Zedong that I had begged from the prison authorities as a keepsake, I followed my wife towards our new home. On the way my wife told me that shortly after my arrest she had been driven out of our sunny three-room apartment with modern facilities to a two-room one facing west. Soon after that she was driven out of that apartment and forced to move into a small garage. Only a few days before my release was she allotted two rooms facing west near the CPPCC office. Of course those two rooms were much more spacious than the small garage.

After a three-day recuperation I had to go back to work. In the past we specialists had done only mental labour; now we did physical labour, for dark clouds still hung over the nation. Sweeping away people like us, the so-called demons and monsters, was only a blind, the real purpose of the "gang of four" being to usurp Party leadership and state power. On finding that a few former senior KMT officers who had already been granted special pardon had been arrested again, Premier Zhou immediately gave orders for their release. Thus it was again through Premier Zhou that we regained our liberty a second time.

In our office each specialist had previously been entitled to a desk and an armchair in which to sit during recess or study sessions. On going back I found there was only one desk for the dozen or so specialists to write investigation materials on and some broken-down armchairs and straight chairs scattered about for us to sit on after doing physical labour. Our main jobs were to clean the offices of the CPPCC and its neighbouring streets, to tend the flowers and plants, to load and unload and carry things. As I was the youngest among the specialists, not yet sixty, a new participant and in good physical condition, I was

always assigned heavy jobs. I also tried to do more, since the other specialists were all my seniors, some ten years older than I. But I had not done such heavy work for a long time. Once when I was shovelling coal from a truck with someone several years older than I, I suddenly felt dizzy and everything went black before my eyes. I fell off the truck on top of the heap of coal. If that heap of coal had not been almost as high as the truck itself, I would have gone to my "eternal rest" before my time.

When we were undergoing reform in the war-criminal detention camp, we also took part in a certain amount of physical labour. The principle then had been, "Do what you can and what is within your capacity." Now we were expected to, "Exert your utmost until your strength is totally spent." Once I was assigned to carry a huge wooden crate up to the fourth floor with another comrade. I tried to explain that my leg had been injured and I was afraid it might give out on me if I climbed the stairs with such a heavy load, and I offered to carry smaller loads by myself instead, so that I could stop and rest on the way. My request was refused. Not only did I have to carry the crate, I had to bring up the rear, so that I shouldered most of the weight. Clenching my teeth, I heaved the crate up onto my shoulder, supporting the weight with one hand and clutching the banister with the other. Step by painful step, I mounted the stairs, stopping at each landing to shift the crate to the other shoulder. After taking a breath, we would go on climbing. In the middle of the third flight of stairs my injured leg gave way and I dropped to my knees. The heavy crate began to slide down, forcing all its weight upon my head and shoulders. At this critical moment the kindhearted driver who had brought the things happened to be just behind us, helping to carry the other things upstairs. He immediately dropped what he was carrying and rushed to catch the crate and help my comrade up. Thus I was spared injury. Then he offered to carry the crate for me and asked me to follow with the things he had put down. Although I was filled with gratitude, I dared not say, "Thank you!" in those circumstances for fear he would be accused of "not drawing a clear line between friends and enemies", and thus I would get him into trouble. I have never forgotten this driver, who lent me a hand in time of need.

Perhaps because the "gang of four" were becoming more and more intensely involved in their conspiracies to usurp Party leadership and state power, dictatorship over us, the "emperors, kings, generals and ministers" from the old society, was gradually relaxed. Manual labour also became lighter. Overtly or covertly the "gang" had struck down Liu Shaoqi, He Long, Peng Dehuai and other veteran revolutionaries and founders of the People's Republic; even our beloved Premier Zhou and Vice-Premier Chen Yi had been injured by them to varying degrees. By the time we specialists, the group of specially pardoned war criminals, were allowed to resume half-day study and half-day labour, the pathetic remnants of our routed army numbered fewer than twenty. However, except for the few who had died of illness through lack of timely treatment, we had all survived the political storm. The chief reasons for this were that we were not in a position of power and we were always ready to be at the disposal of others. Besides, the CPPCC was an organ for united-front work; therefore the majority of its cadres showed concern for us in one way or another, particularly Premier Zhou, who frequently inquired about us. Thus we managed to escape death. None of us were physically ill-treated. Only Dong Yisan and I were thrown into prison for no apparent reason, yet it helped us escape a number of calamities.

After my release my greatest consolation was my daughter's homecoming from Inner Mongolia with her one-year-old son. In the five years that had elapsed since we had parted in tears on the night of my arrest she had grown from a young girl into a

mother. My first grandson was so lovable that I felt infinitely warmed. Although they stayed less than a fortnight, their presence acted as a most soothing cure for my spiritual wounds of those five years. I had never before so felt the happiness of family life. Once my daughter went out to see her friends and left the little fellow in my care. When I kissed him after he awoke, he gave me a resounding slap on the face. Although this was the first time I had ever been slapped, it made me extraordinarily happy, because the slap had been delivered by my own flesh and blood. No matter how much he pouted in petulance, I still carried him around and saw that he enjoyed himself. I did not want him to feel that his grandfather was a stranger. In a few days' time we became very close.

A year later my daughter and son-in-law came back with their second son as well as the one who had been home the year before. The arrival of a family of four immediately broke the quiet of our home and set it buzzing with activity. I was very happy playing untiringly with my two grandsons. Two months slipped by quickly. Before they left, my daughter and her husband decided to leave their younger child with us. This one-year-old grandson became the darling of our hearts. Though I had had six children of my own, I had never taken care of any of them. Now I seemed to be making up for it. Not only did I not find it troublesome to look after a baby, I derived the greatest joy and solace from it.

The period after my release was relatively uneventful. I went to work every day and did manual labour for half the day, which consisted of cleaning the office building. We were no longer told to sweep the streets because Du Yuming had been seen by a leading cadre collecting horse manure for the flowers and plants outside the gates of the CPPCC. Instructions were immediately issued that we were not to be allowed to sweep the streets anymore, because of the bad impression it made. It might be said

that only someone with a very high sense of policy could have held such views at that time. However, it was not until after the fall of the "gang of four" that we stopped sweeping the floor and wiping the tables in the dining-hall. Then, after a certain length of time, we took up our pens again and resumed our original work. We were, however, still responsible for the care of the flowers and plants on the office grounds. There was a very good explanation for this. Wasn't growing plants a hobby with these old men? So let them go on doing it. It would be good for their health. Gratefully we accepted this kind gesture of concern and went on tending the plants for another year. To be perfectly honest, to this day people are full of praise for Du Yuming and Luo Lirong's grafting skills. The two of them succeeded in grafting several different species of apples and pears onto one pear tree. The fruit from this tree appealed to everyone's taste, so the cadres felt they were absolutely right to let these old men take on this "light" manual labour too. Pruning trees or sawing off withered branches necessitated climbing trees, however, and we old men were unequal to the task. Difficulties and the danger of falling threatened us every day. Once I climbed a tall tree with another specialist to remove several big withered branches. Reaching out too far, I lost my footing and fell from a height of about seven metres. Luckily I landed on a heap of coal, which merely made me black and blue all over and saved me from bone fracture. After more deliberation the authorities apparently came to the conclusion that we old men were getting a little clumsy even for such "light" work, so we were finally exempted. After this we were told to devote our time exclusively to writing cultural and historical materials, but as most of us had established a work attitude, we enjoyed cleaning our office, including its environs, although physical labour was no longer compulsory. Because of this our office was commended several times for its cleanliness. In March 1975, after all the war

criminals were released, seven people were added to our ranks, including Huang Wei, Zhao Zili, Wen Qiang and Li Jiusi. Our office resumed the bustling atmosphere of ten years before the great catastrophe.

After the release of the war criminals, Vice-Chairman Ye Jianying and other Party and state leaders received a group who had come to Beijing on a study tour. The dozen or so of us cultural and historical specialists were also invited to the interview and banquet. Once again my name appeared in all the papers throughout the country and in some Hongkong papers as well. Old friends with whom I had lost contact for years now dared to correspond with me.

Again through the concern of Premier Zhou the State Council allotted a new four-storey building on East Street of Yongdingmen for the use of the special-pardon war criminals assigned to Beijing and for specialists whose living accommodations needed improvement. While Dong Yisan and I were in prison, our families had been forced to move again and again. This time we were each given a new apartment.

Just as my heart was beginning to thaw, I heard that Premier Zhou was seriously ill. I was thunderstruck and filled with such anguish that I couldn't help praying for him in secret. In the past I had never believed in the existence of God or any supernatural being. Now I couldn't help wishing for a God who governed man's fate and who would protect Premier Zhou and soon restore him to health. One afternoon, on returning from work, my wife told me that news was spreading among many medical workers that Premier Zhou was steadily declining. After hearing his, I could hardly eat my dinner, and though I seldom suffered from insomnia, I could not sleep that night. My heart seemed to be crushed under a heavy weight. Still I had to go to work as usual the next day. Riding my bicycle from Yongdingmen to the CPPCC office, I was so upset and agitated

that I had several near accidents, just barely avoiding crashing into others.

As I stumbled distractedly into the office, blinded by tears, the specialists who had arrived before me saw at once that I was deeply perturbed. They were men who had run the gamut of human experience and were, thus, expert at reading the subtlest shifts in human moods and in social and political moods as well. Seeing my state, they all reached out to steady me for fear I might fall down, questioning me urgently at the same time, "What has happened?" Haltingly I squeezed out each word: "Premier...Zhou...is...getting...worse!" On hearing this, no one could hold back the tears.

I was anxious day and night. But the dreaded news was finally announced over the radio to the accompaniment of the mournful strains of the Funeral March. "Premier Zhou has passed away!" I was again riding to work that day. When the shocking and tragic news reached the people in the streets, everyone wept. Even the traffic police on duty gently admonished the cyclists in broken tones to pay attention to the red lights and be careful of accidents in spite of their grief. I had seen many strange spectacles in my life, but I had never even heard of one in which everyone wept — every family, the whole city, the whole nation weeping over the death of one man. Premier Zhou had won the deep love of the whole nation through his untiring work for the country throughout the decades, his brilliant achievements in the liberation and construction of China and the unstinting dedication of all his energies. His uprightness, honesty, candour and sincerity, the utter blamelessness of his life and his total disregard for personal fame and position — all these qualities had won him universal acclaim and esteem. Premier Zhou's decease was more bitterly mourned by many, many people, including us hardened ex-war criminals who rarely shed tears, than the deaths of their own

parents. This was even more unparalleled in history! In the several thousand years of Chinese history I believe only Premier Zhou deserves to be called "a man of perfection for all time".

To our bitter regret we were not allowed to pay our last respects to his remains, though we had been received many times by him in his lifetime. The "gang of four" deliberately had his remains laid out in a tiny room in the Beijing Hospital in order to keep more people from coming, which aroused great indignation. I could only resign myself to watching the event on television; even so the scene filled me with grief and anger. When Jiang Qing appeared on the screen, she stood there haughtily without deigning to remove her military cap. What was her motive behind this refusal to observe even the basic proprieties? Everyone was outraged by what they saw!

Despite the scheming and plotting of the "gang of four" to prevent people from paying their last respects to Premier Zhou, on the day his body was to be cremated people from far and wide thronged the streets leading from Chang'an Boulevard to the Babaoshan Revolutionary Martyrs' Cemetery to bid Premier Zhou a last farewell as the hearse drove past. Among the countless crowds of people were old people hoary with age and young pioneers in red scarves, but mainly there were young and middle-aged people. That day I squeezed myself into the crowd standing near the Broadcasting Building, waiting like everyone else, with eyes overflowing, for the hearse to go by. We all knew that we could not see the remains of Premier Zhou, but we felt that just by catching a glimpse of the hearse carrying his remains, we would be expressing our sorrow and respect. This gesture on the part of the people was something the "gang of four" had not anticipated. Standing near me were a schoolteacher from Tongxian County and a young peasant from Daxing County. I was sure people had come from even farther away places. Everyone waited in a mood of deep devotion. In

spite of the bitter wind more and more people gathered. As the hearse came slowly into view, the sobbing of the crowds drowned the noise of the car engine. It is impossible to describe this heart-rending scene. The driver of the hearse, as though in empathy with the feelings of the throngs of people there, drove as slowly as he could so that people could gaze a little longer. Even after the hearse and its motorcade of escorts were long out of sight, people still stood there in silence, unwilling to go. Ah! They were waiting in the cold for the hearse to come back so that they might gaze upon it once more. Nothing in the world is valuable enough to be exchanged for such profound love. At the sight of the hearse I wept. At the sight of this spectacle I wept again.

Various restrictions laid down by the "gang of four" prevented many units from holding memorial meetings, but we specialists devoted one of our study sessions to the memory of Premier Zhou. From the beginning some people could be heard sobbing softly, but when Pu Jie burst out crying, everyone broke into loud weeping. It is unnecessary to dwell further on this. The above is sufficient to show our deep love and esteem for Premier Zhou and how we cherished his memory.

One unfortunate event followed another. Soon we were again plunged in sorrow at the death of our great leader Chairman Mao. Chairman Mao was our benefactor; it was his policy of reform that had transformed us from enemies of the people into honest citizens; it was his united-front policy and policy of leniency that had enabled us to pass the remainder of our lives in happiness. That day the CPPCC office notified its entire staff to be there for an important announcement. We all arrived on time. Seeing the tear-blotched faces of the earlier arrivals as we entered the conference room, we knew right away that Chairman Mao had passed away. Tears rolled down my cheeks. Ever since I had read the bulletin announcing Chairman Mao's

grave illness, I had been praying daily for his recovery. The person who read us this sad news began tearfully. By the time he had finished reading, the room was one mass of weeping. That night I lay awake again, thinking of how Chairman Mao had dedicated his whole life to the cause of the Chinese people's liberation and the building of New China, making unprecedented achievements and contributions. The Chinese people would always cherish his memory and pay him homage. I was then filled with remorse when I recalled how I had followed Chiang Kai-shek all those years and opposed Chairman Mao. It seemed incredible that he whom I had once regarded as my enemy had turned out to be my greatest benefactor.

This time the CPPCC made arrangements for all us specialists not only to pay our last respects before Chairman Mao's remains in the Great Hall of the People but also to attend the Memorial Meeting in Tiananmen Square. For some reason I could not help thinking of Premier Zhou on both occasions, and the tears I shed in mourning for Chairman Mao were also tears in memory of Premier Zhou. It is they who helped me gain my new life.

Chapter XXIV

China Is Saved

After Premier Zhou's death more and more grapevine news circulated among the people. The indignation and hatred of the people for the tyranny of the "gang of four" had reached the bursting point. A silent, smouldering anger had advanced to acts of resistance against the "gang", and the "gang", terrified by such resistance, became even more fiendish and brutal.

An ordinary remark such as "Premier Zhou left a will before he died" frightened the "gang of four" out of their wits and made them seethe with hatred, so they staged an act of "getting to the root of the rumour", as though they would not give up until they had got to the source. This made me very apprehensive that someone was going to suffer for it. It would be most appropriate to describe the actions of the "gang of four" as those of a thief with a guilty conscience.

After the death of Premier Zhou I could no longer ride my bicycle to work. My extreme grief kept me from concentrating, and within a few days I had either been knocked down by others or crashed into other people. So I bought myself a monthly ticket and took the trolley from Yongdingmen to Tiananmen, where I changed to the No. 7 bus, which took me to the CPPCC office. During the days surrounding the Tiananmen Incident (April 5, 1978) the terminus of the bus had to be changed several times. A few days before Qingming (Sweeping the Graves Day) contingent after contingent of people began to carry wreaths to the Monument to the People's Heroes. My eyes would always

fill with tears at this sight and I could not restrain my grief. I had seen the sea of tear-stained faces and had gone up to read some of the poems written in memory of Premier Zhou. The cypresses and the surrounding walls had been decked with myriads of white paper flowers. No one had organized this activity; no call had been given. On the contrary, attempts were being made to prevent it, yet the people kept surging into the square. Finally the "gang of four" bared their fangs and let loose their henchmen, using violence to disperse the crowds. It happened that my little grandson was sick that day, so I had to take him home from the family who took care of him to look after him myself. I was lucky not to be caught in the scene of disaster, since every time I changed buses, I lingered among the wreaths for a long time. The day after the "incident" I took advantage of my wife's being home to look after the baby to go and have a look in Tiananmen Square. I was halted a long way off by the military police. I could see from afar only people washing away bloodstains on the steps of the monument. How many people had shed their blood in memory of Premier Zhou! Yes, they could wash away the bloodstains on the stone steps with water, but they could never efface the hatred stamped in the hearts of the people. Everyone knew what this was all about, but everyone also knew that the time had not yet come for the settlement of this debt of blood. Although I wept in grief, I was also fully confident that I would one day be able to expose these atrocities.

As the saying goes, "Good will be rewarded with good and evil repaid with evil." The "gang of four" finally came to a disgraceful end. A few days before Document No. 15 of the Central Committee was made public, the news of the smashing of the "gang of four" was already spreading; quite a number of people were whispering the news in the streets and lanes of Beijing. Big smiles lighting up their faces, they passed this

wonderful news on to one another. When people met, all they had to say was, "Have you heard?" The person asking the question would appear about to burst with joy, and if the listener had already heard the news, he would respond with a joyous smile. Naturally the more people talked about it, the more it added to confirmation of this wonderful news, and the news would be passed on with greater enthusiasm, as if nothing could be more worth rejoicing over! When I first heard the news, I was so shaken that I cried from the bottom of my heart, "China is saved!" My informant then added in uncontrollable excitement, "The Chinese Communist Party is also saved!"

The catastrophe our motherland had been through, the catastrophe the Communist Party had been through had been the primary cause of anxiety to millions of people day and night. Except for a small handful, who could help jumping with joy at such marvellous news!

Although it was not until December 21, 1976, that I heard the news formally, when Document No. 16 was read to us in the CPPCC auditorium, basically I was sure this was no grapevine news when the "gang of four" and their henchmen, who loved to see their names in print, suddenly vanished from the public eye after October 7. Anyone with the vaguest political awareness had by then formed some kind of conclusion, although there was as yet no public discussion or public celebration. Therefore, as soon as this most exhilarating news was formally proclaimed by the Central Committee, the people began to parade in celebration. Even discussions were postponed in deference to the parades. The banner of the CPPCC, which had not been raised for more than ten years, was held aloft again. All of us specialists who were still able to move about suddenly looked years younger, and we marched behind the leaders and staff of the CPPCC from our office to Shatan, joining people from various democratic parties there and walking with them to Tiananmen. Along the way paraders and onlookers showed respect for the ranks of old men and women who had survived the disaster and were now celebrating the smashing of the "gang of four" with the young people.

The next day the CPPCC, the democratic parties, the Industrial and Commercial Association, etc., gathered again at Shatan and paraded to Xidan. In the wake of such glad tidings, who would not want to celebrate some more!

The third day the parades went on. Out of concern for us old men the CPPCC tried to dissuade us from going again, but I and four others went anyway. Such a joyous event was enough to rejuvenate old people and frighten fatigue away.

After a series of celebrations in the form of parades and mass rallies and a succession of discussions, the People's Daily published an editorial entitled "The Great Historic Victory", which took us into a period of exposing and refuting the "gang of four". I was then trying to get together some materials on the crimes of Jiang Qing and Zhang Chunqiao in Shanghai. I remembered that when I was imprisoned the second time, two groups of people had come one after another to question me. They kept asking how it was that I knew Cui Wanqiu but did not know the people he had contact with. The only intelligent thing I ever did in my life was my firm denial of any knowledge of Cui's associates. I had stood firm in the face of both "polite" persuasion and fierce coercion. I had entertained no illusions that being acquainted with some top leaders would be "advantageous" and chose instead to remain in jail. Thus it had been possible for me to emerge intact from prison. Now if I wanted to expose their atrocities, it would be necessary to delve into their ugly past and expose them step by step. I should step forward of my own accord and stop denying the truth. As I was racking my brains, getting ready to put into writing all I knew about Cui Wanqiu — how he had sung the praises of Jiang Qing

in his supplement to the Shanghai Grand Evening Post, calling her the Beauty of the North, and the relationship between them — I unexpectedly read an article in Red Flag that said that when Zhang Chunqiao was writing attacks on Lu Xun in the Grand Evening Post under the pseudonym of Di Ke, he had been working in collusion with a "reactionary scholar" called Cui Wangiu. Zhang had even demanded a reply from Lu Xun to be delivered through Cui. When I came to this part, I struck the table and sprang up with delight. The other specialists thought I had gone out of my mind, and they all hurried over to ask, "What's the matter?" Pointing to Cui Wanqiu and Di Ke's names, I said happily, "Who would have thought that the Di Ke of those years was actually Zhang Chunqiao! Didn't I state in my book, The Dai Li I Know, that Cui Wanqiu was a correspondent for the Shanghai Special District?" All the specialists were delighted with my discovery and urged me to write down this affair as supporting evidence that when Zhang Chunqiao had attacked Lu Xun under the assumed name of Di Ke, he had done it in collaboration with Cui Wanqiu and had been working for the MIB under Cui Wanqiu's instructions. That day I dropped all my other work and hastily put together more than three thousand words of written evidence and handed them to the leaders of the CPPCC.

At the same time Wen Qiang recalled that when he was going through reform in the war-criminal detention camp with MIB agent Xian Daqi, he had heard Xian talk about Jiang Qing's act of betrayal after she had been arrested by MIB agents in Shanghai.

We all burst out laughing at this. Good God! So that was why the "gang of four" had been so vicious and brutal! Small wonder when one of their chiefs was a traitor and another an MIB agent! No wonder they had all the tricks at their fingertips in dealing with veteran revolutionary cadres. Not only had they inherited

an "inexhaustible fund of family erudition", they had multiplied that inheritance manifold. Now all the pieces were falling into place. I added the following lines to my written evidence: "In the past Chiang Kai-shek and Dai Li had racked their brains seeking ways to harm the veteran revolutionary cadres and had failed. It is almost impossible to believe that these founders of the People's Republic, after having made so many contributions to the building of New China, should have become the victims of the conspiracies of the 'gang of four'."

After I handed in my written account, it immediately aroused the attention of those concerned. They dug up old issues of the Shanghai Grand Evening Post and found Cui Wanqiu's lavish praises of Lan Ping and a great many articles by Di Ke, which they investigated, checked and double-checked. They also found among the files left behind by the KMT Cui Wanqiu's MIB agent card with his photograph on it and his curriculum vitae attached. Thus my evidence together with the evidence provided by Xian Daqi about Jiang Qing's being a traitor and the written evidence of Chen Lansheng, former Chongqing MIB Group Leader of the Sichuan Special District, testifying to Cui Wanqiu's connection with the MIB in Chongqing during the anti-Japanese war were all printed in the documents exposing the "gang of four".

Although the "gang of four" had been smashed, a small number of people were still deluded by them, as yet unaware of having been deluded. Therefore my written evidence caused some small annoyances for me; I received a phone call cursing me and one or two threatening letters. These small incidents did not really bother me, since I had been through more violent storms and upheavals, so I merely dismissed these threats with a smile. The leaders of the CPPCC did not treat these occurrences so lightly, however. They were much concerned for my safety and urged me to move out of my Yongdingmen apartment into

the CPPCC office, because they felt the place where I lived was too out of the way. Also as it was a long way from the office, they were afraid I might come to harm at the hands of evil-doers. Although the threats didn't bother me, I was very touched by the concern of my leaders, so I moved into the dormitory of the CPPCC office, though I found moving a great nuisance. I still had to get my grain supply and groceries at Yingdingmen. The leaders of the CPPCC exhorted me repeatedly not to go out alone but to ask for a car from the car pool whenever I wanted to go anywhere. Having been the "teacher" of professional assassins, I knew that if murder were planned, assassins had to be well-prepared beforehand. They never acted without proper preparations. Therefore when I went back to Yongdingmen I did not ask the office for a car but took the trolley or the bus. Once I had an amusing encounter.

After I had picked up my grain coupons from the Yongdingmen grain store, I boarded the No. 106 trolley to Oianmen, where I could change to a bus to return to my office. After I got on the trolley, two young men, one with long hair, the other sporting a moustache, got on. I took my wallet from my pocket to buy my ticket and put it back again. By this time these two young fellows had picked me, an old man, out for their target. When the trolley stopped at Zhushikou, a big crowd got on, which gave these two fellows a chance to press themselves against me. My wallet was attached to my belt by a small chain. As the trolley moved towards Qianmen, I suddenly heard a small click. I put my hand in my pocket and found my wallet was no longer there. All that was left was the small chain, which had been cut in two with pliers. I was delighted, for I knew these were "professionals", not just someone who had been tempted to steal at the sight of a fat wallet. I knew how to handle such people! I swung around immediately and with my left hand grasped the belt of the moustached fellow, who was

pressed against me, from behind and gave him a hard shove in the back. Since I am able to do several dozen push-ups with two fingers, it would be extremely painful for anyone if I exerted just a little force with one hand. While he was struggling to turn around and have it out with me, I pushed my right hand in front of his face and said, "Friend, give it back to me!" "What do you want?" he blustered. "Give it back!" I repeated. As he tried to deny it and also started to quarrel with me, I exerted a little more force on his back and said, "You've passed it on to your companion; tell him to hand it back or else neither of you will get off this bus!" Realizing that the old man they had run into was someone familiar with such tricks, he signalled his companion with his eyes, whereupon the long-haired fellow immediately cried, "Isn't that your wallet on the floor?" pointing to the wallet at his feet. In order to prevent them from knocking me on the head while I was bending to pick up my wallet. I exerted more force on the back of the moustached fellow. By this time the pain had become too much for him and he said, "There's the wallet you dropped. Why do you still hold on to me?" This was said in a somewhat pleading tone, probably hoping I'd let go of him. He knew by then that I held him at a vital spot and he was helpless. What was more important was that, although his accomplice could throw out the wallet he had picked from my pocket, he could not throw out the pliers he still had on him, which would furnish the evidence for his crime. Upon this evidence I could have taken him to the police precinct. He would not be able to deny his theft, because the severed chain dangling from my belt would prove that he had used the instrument of theft he carried to cut it. Unfortunately, I was alone and had business to attend to, so I was in a hurry to get back and could not hand them over to the police. I had to be content with merely giving orders to the moustached fellow. "Tell him to pick up my wallet, open it and show it to me. Then I will consider whether or not to let you go." Another eye signal was sent. The long-haird fellow followed my orders to the word. He picked up my wallet, opened it and showed me the contents. The five yuan and a few jiao were all intact. Only then did I take it back with a severe warning: "The next time I catch you at this, I will not let you off so easily! There are lots of people in the world much more skilled at this sort of thing than you fellows. I advise you to wash your hands of this business and live a decent life!" As soon as the trolley stopped at Qianmen, the long-haired fellow leapt off and sprinted away while the one with the moustache followed painfully with one hand pressed against his back. I walked slowly towards the door of the trolley. A stout conductress sitting near the middle door of the bus commented delightedly to a passenger sitting next to her, "I've been a conductress for more than ten years. This is the first time I've seen a stolen article returned to its rightful owner so quickly!"

"This time a petty thief has met a big thief!" came a rejoinder. As I got off the trolley, I turned to see where this remark had come from and saw an old acquaintance who had once worked in the Cultural and Historical Office of the CPPCC to make up for the difference in his retirement pension. He had been dismissed several years before. I could only smile wryly at his ambiguous remark. As I walked back, I pondered this question: If even a "big thief" like me could turn from evil to good under the reform and education of the Communist Party, why couldn't the young people poisoned by the ten-year calamity turn back? This was truly worth contemplating.

After the downfall of the "gang of four", under the unanimous wish for order, the work of the CPPCC improved daily. The organization became stronger and we gradually resumed our normal work and studies. We all treasured these remaining years of our lives, which had survived the catastrophe, each of us hoping to contribute something to our

motherland and the people in the limited time left to us.

To my surprise, on the eve of the 1977 National Day several specialists and I received invitations for the National Day banquet. I actually had a seat in the huge dining-room of the Great Hall of the People, which could seat five thousand guests. As this was a memorable occasion, I kept the menu embossed with the National Emblem. On National Day Pu Jie and his wife, my wife, my grandson Bao Bao and I rode together in a sedan to the Summer Palace, where we spent most of the day. There we met Du Yuming and his wife and many other old friends. We were all in extremely high spirits and feeling very relaxed. In the evening I took my wife and Bao Bao to watch the fireworks from the Tiananmen visitors' stand. It had been such a long time since we had had such a National Day celebration! In those ten disastrous years it was truly a case of a very few enjoying themselves while millions suffered. This year the whole nation was rejoicing and celebrating. That a handful of people could fill so large a population with such fear and trepidation and throw the whole country into such turmoil was a painful lesson that should never be forgotten.

According to the old saying, "If one survives a terrible disaster, one is sure to have good fortune later on." I am not certain how much truth there is in this, but it is definitely true that after the overthrow of the "gang of four", all who had managed to survive the persecutions under the gang were able to stretch themselves again.

My own experience may serve as testimony.

First of all, my five years' salary while I was in prison was made up to me. Although in the past I had received much more money than this in royalties, I had a habit of throwing money around and had never saved any.

The leaders of our office put in a request to give us specialists each a subsidy amounting to half our salaries. For an elderly

bachelor an income of 150 yuan a month was sufficient to dine in restaurants every day. This could surely be called enjoying a happy old age!

The medical-care system for cadres, which had been abolished during the "cultural revolution", was resumed. This was a great convenience for the cultural and historical specialists, who were mostly old, weak or sickly.

Through the concern of the Party my daughter Meijuan, who had been parted from me for more than ten years, was transferred to Beijing from Inner Mongolia with her family of four. I was very grateful to the government for this, because I really needed the solace of my daughter's nearness in my old age. My other daughters and close relatives in Taiwan and other countries were all very happy when they heard about this.

The most unexpected event was that the history of thirty years before, when I had been forced to take part in the Yunnan Insurrection, had come to light. This was what happened. After the insurrection was underway, its leader, Lu Han, let Zhang Qun, the KMT Chief of Administration of Military and Political Affairs of the Southwest, who was already in his custody, return to Taiwan. Then he released the detained corps commanders Yu Chengwan and Li Mi and Division Commander Shi Butian. So when the PLA marched into Kunming, he had to hand me and three others over as criminals of war to the PLA Military Control Commission in Kunming, but he withheld the files that showed my participation in the insurrection. It was not until September 1979, when the files were being sorted out in Yunnan, that this was discovered and the files duly sent to Beijing. After the department of the Central People's Government responsible for such matters had conducted the necessary investigations, an announcement was made immediately that my status of special-pardon war criminal had been changed to one of insurrectionary military officer. The status of my family members was changed from the family of military personnel of the old regime (to be frank, they used to be pointed out as the wife and daughter of an arch spy) to that of a revolutionary cadre. How could I not be filled with admiration and esteem for this objective and realistic spirit of the Party and its open and aboveboard work style, which made it ready to amend mistakes! People asked me, "Why have you not asked to have the mistake corrected in thirty years?" and I answered sincerely, "I committed so many terrible crimes against the Party and the people, and even my little contribution was made under coercion. I would be ashamed to argue for such justice! For someone like me, who has done so much evil, I truly treasure the high evaluation given me by the Party and the people of having 'truly turned from doing evil to doing good'. I shall always keep this precious special-pardon order with me."

I felt even more ashamed when, after the discovery of my part in the insurrection, my salary was raised again. How could I not be filled with gratitude!

On August 28, 1980, the Beijing Evening News printed on its front page an article about me called "An Interview with Shen Zui, Cultural and Historical Specialist." This article brought many letters from old friends and subordinates expressing their happiness at learning that I was healthy and well. The article gave me strength and spurred me on. I should use my health to devote myself fully to the realization of the "four modernizations" of China.

In the latter half of my life, after having been through ten years of the tyranny of the "gang of four" and especially after witnessing their downfall, I watched with a joy never experienced before the Lin Biao clique and the "gang of four" led to the defendants' seat before the Special Court.

On November 11 and 17, 1980, I was notified to go to the Beijing West Guesthouse to hear the authorities concerned give

a briefing of the forthcoming trial. I found this very revealing. It enabled me to understand more clearly the significance of interrogating these people in a special court, because this was what the entire nation demanded. It was a great event in the political life of the Chinese people.

On the afternoon of November 20 I went to the auditorium of the Ministry of Public Security to sit in on the public trial of Lin Biao's diehard followers and the "gang of four". Quite a few of us specialists had been given a "Visitor's Card" from the Special Court of the Supreme People's Court of the People's Republic of China, which was very difficult to acquire. My seat was number three in the 27th row. In accordance with the regulations printed on the "Visitor's Card", we arrived thirty minutes before the trial and entered the auditorium through a side door on the west side of the Ministry of Public Security, which had been converted temporarily into a special court. The ten seats reserved for the defendants below the judge's platform were still vacant. In the dignified atmosphere of the Special Court I was sure everyone was experiencing the same feelings - recalling how the "gang of four" had taken the law into their own hands and tyrannized the people so that the people could only rage in silence. Now at last we were witnessing the shameful end they justly deserved.

Of the eight hundred or so seats in the auditorium not a single one was unoccupied. At the stroke of three the presiding judge of the Special Court, the chief judge and the jury entered the solemn and dignified courtroom. After the chief judge had declared the court open, he ordered the courtroom police to bring the ten defendants in and then ordered the defendants to stand in front of their seats. Although Jiang Qing and Zhang Chunqiao strove to maintain an outward calm, it was not difficult to see that they were frightened and panicky. Perhaps they had expected this trial to be like their "public trials" for

revolutionary cadres, which were a mass of confusion and a deafening volume of screamed curses; therefore they could not help being tense and apprehensive. When they were led into the courtroom and saw the order and quiet, they began to assume an air of self-assurance and nonchalance. When the judge read out their indictment, enumerating each of their heinous crimes, it was apparent that all these charges had been carefully sifted through and checked out at length, finally constituting an ironclad case against them. It was impossible for them to deny any of those charges. The facts clearly indicated their fate. They also understood what kind of occasion this was, so none of them dared disobey the judge, sitting down only when they were ordered to do so. Of their old arrogance, not one vestige was left.

After the indictment had been read, the judge called for an adjournment, upon which the defendants were led out of the courtroom. Then we filed out in order. Thousands of people on hearing about the trial had gathered in the parking lot, hoping to get a glimpse of the "gang of four" being led out. Although the police kept telling the people, "The defendants will not be brought out through here," the crowds refused to disperse. As there were many entrances to the Ministry of Public Security, they really had no chance to get a glimpse. Luckily the trial was shown "live" on TV, so that people could watch in their homes what comtemptible figures these people had cut—this "gang of four", whom "the whole nation had declared deserving of death".

While the car I had come in was making its way with difficulty through the crowds, I raised my head and saw the imposing and majestic Tiananmen rostrum, the symbol for the People's Republic of China. In great excitement, just as when I first heard about the overthrow of the "gang of four", I cried out softly,

"China is saved!" Once again I seemed to hear my friend's voice adding, "The Chinese Communist Party has also been saved!"

Chapter XXV

Visiting Relatives in Hongkong

The domestic situation steadily improved after the overthrow of the "gang of four". A scene of stability and unity prevailed over the whole country. My daughter Meijuan and I firmly believed that the days when "anyone with relatives or friends abroad is a potential spy" were gone forever. We were no longer fearful about communicating with our relatives and friends abroad. Meijuan's mother (my former wife) often wrote to her, telling her how much she missed her and hoped she could visit her in Hongkong. Meijuan naturally missed her mother too and wished to go to Hongkong and renew the ties that had been severed for thirty years.

On the night of the Moon Festival in 1980 Meijuan and I stood on the balcony of our new apartment, gazing at the full moon. At this moment both of us were assailed with "an even stronger yearning for one's dear ones on a festival day". Meijuan informed me that she had heard from her mother again, expressing the hope that she could visit her in Hongkong. I immediately suggested that she write an application and see. She stood there staring at the moon for some time, then nodded her head and said, "I'll write the application tomorrow." How could I not feel excited? I thought, "How wonderful it would be if I could go too! It has been more than thirty years since I saw my children who were now in Taiwan and the United States. When we parted, they were still babies. Now they are all grown

up with families and careers of their own. If only we could have a reunion in Hongkong and recapture some of the family atmosphere. That..." I refused to go on. I knew myself well enough not to pursue this line of thought. What was the use of distressing myself?

So anxious was Meijuan to see her mother that she gave me her application the next day to submit to the authorities. When I handed her application to the leader of our office, he read it through and glanced at me, not saying anything for a long time, as if he were weighing something in his mind. I was sure this meant "no go", in which case my daughter would be very disappointed and unhappy. To my astonishment he asked me, "Why don't you apply to go with her?"

"I? Would I be given permission to go?"

"Although I am not in charge of such matters, according to the regulations set down by the government, you are also qualified to apply," he replied.

"Then I'll give it a try." With this I returned to my office, wrote an application and gave it to him. He promised to hand it to the higher authorities directly.

In less than three months Meijuan excitedly brought home two travel permits for Hongkong and Macao. Stamped on them were the words "Valid for One Year". She also told me that the leadership had taken into consideration the fact that I would need money and had obtained for me a considerable sum of advanced payment from my publisher who was going to publish for my book *My Memoirs*.

"Can all this be true?" I kept asking myself. It was very clear to me that this indicated not merely a few leaders' concern for me but the government's trust in me. Before we left Beijing, Meijuan and I both made a promise to ourselves: Since the government had shown such trust in us, we would never do anything that would be harmful to the government or the

people. This was in striking contrast to what had happened to me on the eve of Liberation in Yunnan. Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Renfeng had ordered me to send my whole family of eight away, which showed their distrust in me and their fear that I might betray them, so my family had been used as hostages. Today the government was allowing me to take my only daughter on the mainland with me. For such trust I was not only filled with gratitude but also felt that the greatest honour had been bestowed on me.

In order to buy a Western suit that would fit me, I rode all over Beijing in a car looking in the biggest stores without success. In the end I had to leave in a hurry in my serge Sun Yatsen suit. This suit had been quite adequate for grand occasions on the mainland, such as state banquets, and watching the parade or fireworks in the visitor's stand in Tiananmen Square. But as soon as I set foot in Hongkong and walked into a second-rate hotel in Kowloon, I was treated like a "country bumpkin". That I, as head of the family, had moved my whole family to Hongkong in 1949 and should, upon returning thirty years later, be regarded as a "country bumpkin" was not so strange. I had become completely different from them not only in the matter of clothes, but also in my habits.

When we first got to Hongkong, we had some amusing encounters. For instance, as soon as our taxi stopped in front of the hotel, the bellboys rushed forward to open the door of the car for us and carry our luggage. After we had finished registering at the desk, they took our luggage up to our respective rooms. According to my custom in Beijing, I shook hands with the two bellboys and said, "Thank you! Sorry to have troubled you." If this had been in Beijing or any other place on the motherland, the attendants would have responded courteously, "You're welcome. Please check and see if you've got all your luggage." But in Hongkong I got no such response.

They stood there without moving, looking at me, as if waiting for something. Only then did it dawn on me: the tip! I had forgotten all about tipping. No wonder they took me for a "country bumpkin". Immediately I pulled some coins from my pocket and gave them each a tip. Then and only then did they become all smiles and, bowing slightly, say "Thank you!" As soon as they were gone, Meijuan laughed and said, "Is this what a capitalist society is like? As soon as you gave them money, they thanked you. It was the money and not a "Thank you" from you that made them so eager to help us with our luggage!"

This was not our only amusing encounter; more amusing ones were to follow. But first things first. What I want to recount is the main purpose of my visit: to visit relatives and friends.

The next day as soon as she got up Meijuan called her mother. Her mother was just as anxious to see her as she was to see her mother. Presently she arrived with her second husband to fetch our daughter. The sound of their happy voices reached me through the wall to Meijuan's room. I refrained from thrusting my presence upon them too soon. After thirty years of separation it was difficult to tell how we would react towards one another. It seemed advisable that Meijuan brief them on my situation and sound them out, so to speak, and then I could decide what to do. Meijuan did not at first tell them that I was in Hongkong. She told them only that I had accompanied her to Guangzhou. We had arranged that she first ask her mother if she wanted to see me. If the answer was ves, then I would come to Hongkong; otherwise I would return to Beijing. Such an arrangement would allow time for my former wife to consider instead of suddenly being brought face to face with me, which would be embarrassing for all concerned.

After Meijuan had gone with her mother. I started to look up relatives and friends I had communicated with frequently. When

I appeared before them, they were both amazed and delighted, but also a little worried. "How did you get here?" some of them almost cried out.

"Openly and legally. I was not smuggled in, I can assure you. There's no need to be anxious on my account." So saying, I showed them my travel permit for Hongkong and Macao.

"Wow! That's marvellous! A whole year. Then all you've got to do is to remain another six months and you can apply for permanent residence."

"I've come only to see my relatives and friends. I do not intend to stay permanently."

"What? Haven't you suffered enough on the mainland? Don't tell us you still want to go back after managing to get out!" "That's right. Just because I've managed to win such trust, I must go back!" Nine times out of ten I went through a similar dialogue with all the friends and relatives I met. I was not particularly grateful for their brand of kindness and hospitality. I merely tried to explain my point of view to them, which they found difficult to accept. One thing at least made me happy: Even though we argued with each other until we were red in the face, we still talked openly and frankly as old friends do.

I regretted not having considered carefully before putting my own name on my permit. If I had used my alias, there might have been less trouble. I had believed, without foundation, that after so many years a mere nobody on the mainland like me would arouse no one's interest. I had not stopped to think that with so many relatives and friends in Hongkong and, particularly, Taiwan, my coming out would inevitably create a small stir among certain people. I did, however, use an Anglicized version of my name when I signed the hotel register. I felt it would cause less bother, since the people staying in that hotel were mostly tourists from other countries. But I had reckoned without the reporter stationed at the Shenzhen border who took down all

the names of the people going to Hongkong from the mainland. He had got hold of my name while I was going through the formalities of obtaining my entrance visa in Lowu.

Among press circles in Hongkong I had some old friends and some new ones. A few of these old friends had been very close friends. Just before Liberation some of them had been driven out of other places to Kunming. Finding themselves in a desperate plight and terrified of being taken captive by the PLA, they had come to me for help, because they knew I controlled all the tickets for planes that flew out of Yunnan. At that time all I had to do was make a phone call or write a note to the check group of Kunming Airport and my friends could board a plane to Taiwan, Hongkong, Bangkok or some other place. It was my wont to give these friends a ticket free of charge and also a gift of money in order to make it easier for myself. In the old society journalists used to be classified as one of the "five poisons" whom no one could afford to offend. (The other four poisons were prominent society people, delegates to the KMTcontrolled National Congress, young army recruits and members of the Women's Association.) I had given these people free passage with the double purpose of making friends and not wishing to offend. Naturally it was an entirely different matter with tested friends.

Among the journalist friends I had helped to leave the country, some were in Taiwan, some in Hongkong, still working at their old jobs. Some had died or were living abroad. Fortunately, there were not many in Hongkong, but their hospitality towards me was very moving.

The other reason my name was not unfamiliar to Hongkong press circles was that after the fall of the "gang of four", I had written several articles for the Hongkong papers, exposing the Kuomintang. Also, somewhere around the time I went to Hongkong, my book *The Dai Li I Know* was being published in

daily installments by the Hongkong New Evening Post under the title "The Secret Story of Dai Li." East-West monthly was also serializing the book under the same title. The monthly Li Bao had also published my "Inside Story of the Confidential Information Bureau". That was why, after I had obtained my entry visa at Lowu, many people had expressed the hope of meeting me, which was only a normal reaction. But I not only did not appreciate the hospitality of some people, I ended up arguing with them. For instance, some already had their drafts ready on my arrival in Hongkong under such headings as "Emerging Alive from the Jaws of the Tiger" and "A Near Escape to Hongkong". I not only opposed such wording but warned them that if they cavalierly published their articles under such titles, I would most certainly sue them. I had known that this would happen and was prepared. I would show no ambivalence; I would be firm and not let myself be manipulated.

When some people heard that I was going to meet my former wife, they were convinced that a "scene of violence" would take place, thus providing the papers with a juicy bit of gossip that would rock Hongkong for some time. Therefore, there was much jostling among the journalists to be first on the scene, get the first picture and rush the news to their papers.

My meeting with my former wife and her second husband took them totally by surprise. Our meeting was very warm and full of mutual understanding. This they felt was even more sensational and had more news value than a real fight. I kept trying to impress upon the reporters that we all had to go on living as respectable citizens, especially those who had to live permanently in Hongkong. I asked them not to publish the news of our meeting even if it constituted such a rare item for them, for I knew once something was played up in the papers by these people, it would be distorted beyond recognition. As to the effect on their subjects, they never gave a thought. In reality

our meeting was just another case of "shaking hands again". What was there to make such a fuss over? If anyone doubts it, the following account will show it was really just as simple as that.

After three days Meijuan called, saying, "Mother and Uncle [that was how my daughter addressed her stepfather] both wish to see you." It was not difficult to imagine that Meijuan had used her powers of persuasion. No one knew better than my former wife the ruthless, cruel side of my nature. She had not only been married to me for more than ten years but seen me in action as one of my trainees. It was only natural that she should have reservations about meeting me. So when they appeared at the door of my hotel room, I hastened to meet them. Grasping their hands firmly in my own, I drew them into the room.

After my daughter had shut the door behind us, I said softly to my former wife, "I am very sorry! I have not fulfilled my duty as a husband and have caused you a lot of suffering! What is more, I have failed in my duty as a father and have left all the children for you to bring up. Today I have come expressly to Hongkong to thank both of you!" Perhaps this was not what she had expected from me, for all she could say was, "Since you are able to forgive me, shall we be friends in the future?" "No!" I replied. "We are not just friends, since our two families are really one family. You are my younger sister, and you [pointing to her second husband] are my younger brother. Please call me Third Brother from now on!" Her husband said, "Since Third Brother has come all this way, we should present Third Brother with..." "I have not come all this way for money," I interrupted him, "but to see both of you and the children." That was all that was said on this occasion of reunion.

After that we saw one another frequently, like members of one family, visiting parks, dining out together. My "younger brother" even bought a new camera, with which he took a lot of pictures of us. In this way we spent some twenty days together like a close family, and when I went to visit them, they did not treat me as a guest. Still they felt obliged to give me something as a souvenir, which I also felt obliged to accept, or it would seem too unreasonable and also affected. As it seemed necessary to exchange gifts, I made them an even more valuable gift in return. On receiving my gift, my former wife merely murmured softly, "You have brought honour to me!" I was somewhat nonplussed by this remark at first. Later, after thinking it over, I decided perhaps she had left the following words unsaid: "See the kind of man my former husband is!"

The daughter who was in business in the United States came through Taiwan to Hongkong to see me. This was my favourite daughter. The words "My Darling Teddy Bear," written in English on the windscreen of my car in the old days, bore witness to this fact. When we had parted, she had been a little girl in pigtails. The day she arrived from Taiwan I was busy meeting people, so she had to wait for me at her mother's place. I hurried back to see her in the evening. When her mother, answering the doorbell, opened the wooden door and saw me standing outside the iron-grilled gate, she cried as she opened the gate, "Teddy Bear! Your father's here!" This daughter, whom I had not seen for thirty years, was now a woman dressed in American-style clothes, holding a half-smoked cigarette between her fingers. Hearing her mother's cry, she jumped up from the sofa in the sitting-room and, shouting, "Daddy! Daddy!" came racing towards me with both hands outstretched to seize (not shake) mine. "Ow!" I cried out in pain, at which she hastily withdrew her hands. Her mother picked up my hand to see what the trouble was and found a small blister on my left thumb from a burn made by my daughter's American cigarette. Her mother was just about to reproach her when I laughed happily and said, "I take this as a present from my once favourite

child." This made my daughter rock with laughter so that she couldn't speak. The rest all burst out laughing too.

Then we grew serious and started to tell each other briefly about all that had happened since we had parted. We were so engrossed in our conversation that I lost track of the time; when I finally looked at my thirty-year-old watch, it was almost 11 p.m. Teddy Bear immediately recognized my watch as the one she used to fight with me over when she was a child—an automatic waterproof Rolex. She laughed and asked why I had been wearing the same old watch for thirty years without changing it for another. "This watch," I told her, "has been with me through adversity. I cannot bear to part with it. I have worn it here also to illustrate a point: This watch not only was very valuable when I bought it but is very valuable in Beijing today. My still having it in my possession is living proof that the PLA do not search people for money and valuables and the Communists do not confiscate personal property, not even that of war criminals or ordinary criminals. I have worn this watch here just to let all of you have a look at it, because it is familiar to all of you. That I still have it indicates many points. Therefore I do not wish to change it for another. It's not because I haven't got the money. Just the money I'm paying for a day in the hotel would be enough to purchase a fairly good watch in Hongkong!"

Having been to so many places, Teddy Bear had become a capable and independent woman. In spite of this, she immediately settled into the old father-daughter pattern. She insisted on taking me back, fearing I might meet with some accident so late at night. (Actually it was unnecessary, as Hongkong was a city of night life.) Although my former wife and her husband both insisted on taking me home, as did Teddy Bear, she would not let them, arguing that they had all seen me home before. Since she had just arrived, it should be her turn; in

any case she wanted to talk with me. The others were silenced by this argument, so they let her take me back by herself.

As soon as we were out of the house, her questions tumbled out: "Are there really no ill feelings between you and Mother and Uncle?"

"None at all," I answered. "We have arrived at a state of mutual respect, openness and frankness. From opponent and foe we have changed to one intimate family!"

"Do you mean it?"

"Just observe for yourself. The facts will convince you and reassure you."

"Thank God! You can't imagine how happy this makes us, your children!"

Not just my children had doubts; my friends and relations in Hongkong and Beijing, when I saw them after I returned, found it hard to believe at first. Later they all congratulated me on handling this problem so well. I always explained to them that I had had no previous experience of "shaking hands again". Although I had been in prison twice and had seen and experienced many strange things, I had never even heard of such a situation before. Certainly none of my friends or relatives had had any such experience, so there was no one I could go to for advice. I said I believed my former wife and her husband should be given the credit for the satisfactory solution to this question. Their openmindedness and the sincerity on the part of all three made it possible to work it out. If one of us had been unwilling, such a relationship would have been impossible, so two thirds of the effort had been made by them and one third by me. Even if I had made the gesture with my daughter's help as mediator, it would have taken great determination and sincerity on their part to meet me. Otherwise, with their knowledge of my past, they would not want to see me. If my new-found "younger brother" especially had refused to meet me, that would have been the end of the matter. Although he had become a businessman, he had retained the frankness and directness of the soldier. The sordid side of business had hardly touched him. Therefore it had been easy for us to meet on frank and honest terms.

Teddy Bear's doubts were dispelled by all the evidence she saw. She was finally convinced that it was clearly not a case of all smiles on the surface and angry recriminations muttered through gnashing teeth behind each other's backs. My former wife also behaved as though neither of us had remarried, often half seriously, half in fun, scolding me in front of the children and her husband. She would sometimes recall some occasion on which I had not heeded her in the past or how I had turned around and broken my promise to her after it was made and how I continued to see people she disapproved of.... She went on scolding me until she made a slip: "You are a born henpecked husband!" This made her sound as if she hadn't been my wife in the past. I for my part still behaved as in the old days, listening silently and respectfully to all she had to say. As soon as her husband heard her remark, he immediately walked over to me and said commiseratingly, "My poor Third Brother! So you have a false reputation! You were born under the sign of the tiger and also used to make people turn pale with terror at the mention of your name for the things you did, as though talking about a real tiger, while she was born under the sign of the sheep, and a winter sheep at that. It has always been that sheep fear tigers, but today I have learnt of a strange phenomenon where tigers fear sheep!" This lengthy comment made everyone burst out laughing.

I was surprised to find as we dined quite often together during the twenty or so days that I picked only what was less rich and not so highly seasoned; I also ate very little. I seemed no longer to care about expensive sea foods and such delicacies. On these occasions my former wife invariably served the best

portions to me. I immediately dropped her a hint not to behave like that. That was the way she was, never caring what other people might think, and I was worried that her husband, sitting by her side, would be displeased, so I tried to avoid her attentions. To my surprise, he said very sincerely to me, "I am not familiar with Third Brother's tastes, so I might offer you something you don't care for. As she knows your preferences, let her serve you!" In reality I had become accustomed to simple fare in these years. In Cantonese restaurants they put sliced fish, sliced chicken or even meatballs into a bowl of gruel. It made me lose my appetite even to look at it, so I could not easily adapt myself to the life there.

There was another problem: Whenever I was there, my two daughters and their mother would all revert to our native dialect with me. As my "younger brother" was from Zhejiang Province, I tried to speak in his native dialect in order to include him in our conversation. He was not in the least offended, however, by their refusal to let me speak in any other dialect; instead he tried to communicate with us in the Hunan dialect.

It was only shortly before I returned that my Chinese-American daughter finally believed there was no barrier between her mother and step-father and me. Happily, she informed me, "Mother has carried this burden for twenty years. Uncle has lived through years of anxiety. Now the knot is untied; we children are really happy about this. When we children were still together in the past, we all wished for one thing, that is, to have a mother and a father. Now the two families have become one; we have a mother and a father again and an uncle! Oh how happy we are!"

"For this you ought to thank your mother and uncle. They have made it possible. I, too, should thank them." Teddy Bear contemplated this for a while, then said with deep feeling and somewhat metaphorically, "When I parted from you as a child

thirty years ago, I retained a memory of a father who was big and tall. Now I have grown as tall as you, although I was only half your size when we parted, but your image looms even larger and greater in my heart than the one in my memory!"

Chapter XXVI

The Shore Is Beijing

It was a great joy to be with my own flesh and blood in Hongkong, talking, laughing, going places, basking in their warmth. The only thing that marred this otherwise perfect happiness and caused me deep regret was that my children in Taiwan could not come.

I also found in Hongkong that I could no longer fit into a life of dissipation such as I was accustomed to before Liberation. I found the perpetual round of social activities most irksome. It was impossible not to show appreciation for the overwhelming hospitality of friends and relatives who paid thousands of Hongkong dollars for a banquet, but I really felt no interest in all that expensive food. What was worse, before one banquet was over, one of the other guests would claim his turn to host the next one. I felt that I could not go on with this whirlwind of banquets much longer. Of course, the most difficult situations to cope with were the well-meant suggestions from friends for me to stay on, offers to provide spacious living quarters and assurances that living expenses would be no problem. Apart from declining all these offers graciously, I told reporters who came to interview me that I planned to stay for only a short time and would return to Beijing after seeing my children who were living outside the mainland. After the Hongkong New Evening Post of January 1, 1981, had published the news on its front pages under enormous headlines in red saying "General Shen

Zui Arrives in Hongkong for Short Stay, His Children Outside the Mainland Coming for Reunion", some of my friends and relatives began to speculate that a "short stay" meant at least half a year or a year. Under such circumstances they felt I ought not to go on staying in a hotel and that it was necessary to make arrangements for me to be properly housed. Because of this, I made a statement to reporters of Ta-Kung-Pao that I intended to return to Beijing before Spring Festival. Therefore when Ta-Kung-Pao published the news of my arrival in Hongkong with my daughter, they also stated clearly my intention of returning to Beijing before Spring Festival. This piece of news disappointed many of my friends and relatives; it also astonished some people.

The news of my decision to return early caused my friends to ask why. I answered unequivocally, "It's very simple. I came here to see my children living outside the mainland. Since they aren't able to come, I cannot go on waiting. I really cannot handle all these social affairs any longer. It will be worse when everyone's on holiday during Spring Festival. I fear this old body of mine will expire under the weight of more wining and dining, so I must go back before Spring Festival."

Some old acquaintances, through motives of their own, learning that I was not even going to spend Spring Festival in Hongkong, confronted me with this blunt question: "Aren't you afraid people will call you a traitor to your country and party and a turncoat?"

"They're perfectly right in calling me that," I replied.

"What!" they exclaimed. "You say they're right to call you a traitor and a turncoat? You haven't taken leave of your senses, have you?"

Then I replied seriously and firmly, "Just because I have all my senses about me, I say that they are perfectly right in branding me thus. But I'd like to make one point clear and also

ask you a question: 'Shouldn't one betray the KMT that a billion people have turned their backs on and a Republic of China that the whole world refuses to recognize? The people of the whole nation love the Communist Party. The whole world acknowledges the People's Republic of China. Should I or shouldn't I surrender?' My question left them flushed and speechless with embarrassment.

Then again some of my old friends reproached me for constantly claiming that Beijing was better than Hongkong. One day they came specifically to engage me in debate. They got about ten people together and stipulated beforehand that the one who lost the debate would have to stand the others to dinner. I gladly agreed.

The first point was: "The streets in Beijing are too dirty, mainly because everyone spits on them." I answered, "True, spitting is a bad habit that some people have not rid themselves of, but they are trying to break themselves of it. If everyone spat in the streets, Wangfujing Street would be a river of spittle. I still maintain that the streets of Beijing are cleaner than those in Hongkong." They accused me of sophistry, so I went on: "All right, I admit there is spittle on the streets of Beijing, but what about the dog urine and shit one often sees on the streets of Hongkong? Do you mean to tell me that human spittle is filthier than dog urine and shit?" All they could say to this was, "Er... er...," so I won the first round.

Then some of them who owned private cars brought out the next argument: "The traffic in Beijing is surely less advanced than in Hongkong." To which I replied, "The number of cars running in the streets is not the only standard by which to measure the advanced or backward state of traffic."

"What other standard is there?" they countered.

"The standard should be measured mainly on the basis of the advanced or backward state of the vehicles of transportation,

not on the number of cars. Here in Hongkong you've got the most backward tram cars. Such backward vehicles are not just noisy; the worst thing about them is that they cannot make way for other vehicles. If one tram breaks down, a whole line of trams has to stop. Beijing long ago tore out the rails and got rid of such backward vehicles!" I warmed more and more to my argument: "Also rickshaws can be seen only in the museums of Beijing now, but here in Hongkong they can still be seen in the streets. Such vehicles are decades behind the times." "Rickshaws here are provided merely for tourists to have their pictures taken in," was their defence, which I shattered with, "Well, it's in Hongkong that such pictures are taken and not in Beijing. You certainly can't deny that, can you?" Again they were silenced.

Then another took over the offensive. He produced a photograph of a winter day in Beijing with snow falling. In the picture was a long line of people waiting to pick up their milk. In the cold wind both old people and children had their necks shrunk deep into their collars and their hands stuffed into their sleeves, their milk bottles stuck under their armpits. Triumphantly he said, "It's evident that getting milk in Beijing is not so convenient as in Hongkong."

"That only shows that the living standards of the people have been raised," I defended. "How have living standards been raised when it costs so much effort to get a bottle of milk?" He asked. "Because the amount of milk produced on the dairy farms cannot keep pace with the increasing numbers of consumers. Hence the queues," I explained.

"According to your explanation, if the millions of people in Hongkong and the hundreds of millions in Tokyo want to drink milk, how big must the dairy farms be to meet the demand?" he asked.

While I was considering how best to answer this question,

someone put in, "This is a question of social system and also the work style of the bureaucratic yamen [government office of feudal China]. In Hongkong and Tokyo the dairy business is run by businessmen who compete with one another. In Beijing everything is run by government organizations, where there is no competition. Employers get paid whether the enterprise makes or loses money, so there is no need to rack one's brains or exert oneself to devise new methods. As a consequence, these problems have not been solved in thirty years. Although it is true that one is hard put to find a backward aspect in Beijing, this long queue for milk has of itself supplied the perfect material ..."

Not wanting to hear more, I interrupted him. "There are difficulties in getting milk in Beijing, but it is definitely not the product of the socialist system. It is true that the bureaucratic-yamen work style should be changed, but this should not be confused with the social system. The socialist system is undoubtedly superior. One of its major manifestations is that everyone is guaranteed the basic necessities of food, clothing, shelter and transportation. Even the United States, which you consider the best representative of the most advanced capitalist system, cannot compare with China in these four aspects."

"Look, let's stick to the milk problem and not digress too far," he interrupted. With this he pulled out of his wallet one photograph after another, all showing people standing in long lines to get foodstuffs. Realizing that this was a problem that needed to be solved in the future, I did not wish to go on debating this point, but I did not accept defeat in my heart. I was convinced that the "four modernizations" promised a brilliant development of our motherland and the problems that could not be solved now would surely be solved eventually.

Starting a little after nine in the morning, our debate was still going on heatedly at 11:30. Confidently, I fired one round of

ammunition after another: "There are beggars, prostitutes, opium dens, gambling joints, horseracing and so on in Hongkong that bankrupt and ruin people. Surely, such things can't be found in Beijing, can they?" These were facts they could not deny, so I concluded, "I have come out the winner in this debate, after all. According to our agreement, you should be the hosts, but I'd like to introduce to you the standard held in the motherland in regard to competition, which is, "Friendship first, competition second." Today I am the victor, so let me be the host. Since I come from the capital, I should follow the custom of the motherland, so will you please accept my invitation?" Thus our debate ended happily and everyone gladly accepted my invitation.

As we were always dining in one restaurant or another, something unexpected happened once. One evening an old friend took me out to dinner. As soon as I stepped out of the elevator, I noticed a man with a large paunch who kept eyeing me. While I was exchanging a few words with my host, this man followed me in. Drawing my old friend aside, he asked him something and then immediately walked over to me and bowed deeply before me. My old friend introduced him, saying, "This is the owner of this restaurant." Without waiting for my friend to finish the introductions, the man broke in and asked me, "Old Superior, don't you recognize me? I used to be your old subordinate!" I remembered him then and greeted him, saying, "I see you've become rich!" He hurriedly replied, "I owe all this to your patronage!"

He was referring to a small incident that had happened thirty years before. He had been with me for many years, but all I knew about him was that his family used to own a restaurant. I did not know whether he could cook. In September 1949, when Mao Renfeng came to Kunming and was my house guest, I feared that my cook's skills were not good enough to suit his palate, so

I ordered this man to hire a cook to help out. Whereupon he recommended himself. I decided to give him a try and found that he really could cook. Mao Renfeng was very pleased with his cooking, and in the month Mao stayed with me this man cooked for him. Just before Yunnan was liberated, my family were all sent to Hongkong. As I was all alone, I did not need him to cook for me. One day, contemplating that in the future I would always be on the move and would be eating whatever there was to eat, it occurred to me that since this man had such skill, it would be better if I let him go to Hongkong to make a living for himself. So I provided him with an airplane ticket and a small gift of money. Thus he had flown to Hongkong.

It was certainly a surprise to find him a rich owner of a restaurant. Most of our party knew him and greeted him courteously as they entered. Turning to me, he pointed to the neon sign above his restaurant and said respectfully, "Will the Old Superior take a look at that sign? You will see that I have never forgotten you. The first character is your name; mine comes only after yours. I read in the papers that you had come to Hongkong, but I didn't know where you were staying, so I could not go and see you. It is my good fortune to have seen you today. Tomorrow I shall be your host. Please do me the honour and please give me your address, so I can send someone to fetch you."

It was impossible to decline such hospitality. The next day he sent a car to my hotel to fetch me. Upon entering the restaurant, I saw a large round table with only one place set. At the same moment he emerged in white work clothes and greeted me, saying, "Dinner will be ready in a minute. Please have a rest first." In a short time he came back carrying four dishes and a bowl of soup on a tray. Placing them in front of me respectfully, he said, "Will you sample these dishes, Old Superior, and see if they still suit your taste as they did in the past?" I was astounded.

"Do you mean to say that you actually went into the kitchen and cooked this meal for me with your own hands?" He then explained that he had stopped cooking a number of years ago, but he had cooked this time because I was his guest. I, of course, insisted on his eating with me, but he would not until I threatened, "If you will not keep me company, then I will not eat." Only then did he sit down, first serving me a bowl of rice himself. The most touching part of this encounter came after we had finished dinner and the fruit course, when he ordered the door to the connecting room to be thrown open and he called out, "Come out here, everybody!" Suddenly seven or eight people emerged. He introduced each of them to me - his wife, his children, his daughter-in-law, etc. Then he led a little boy six or seven years old up to me and said reverently, "Old Superior, I shall not express my reverence to you myself but will ask this little grandson of mine to kowtow before you for me." Saying this, he pushed the child to his knees. Hot tears filled my eyes and I snatched the child up in my arms, reproaching the grandfather at the same time. "What are you doing? How can I accept this?" But he said, "Without your patronage, would I have what I have today? I shall never forget your deep beneficence!"

When it was time for me to go, he insisted on taking me home himself. At the door several people were waiting for him, but he waved them aside, saying, "Wait till I get back."

"Please don't bother to see me home when you're so busy," I told him, but he was adamant. After we were seated in his beautiful sedan, he explained that he had built up this restaurant little by little, and he greatly valued his business. Therefore it was necessary for him to see to everything himself. Although he had several managers working under him, he still couldn't trust everything to them entirely. If there was some business of even the slightest importance, they had to obtain his approval first. In this way he knew the names of everyone on his staff, which

amounted to over a hundred people. While he was complacently telling me all this, his driver turned around and asked, "Shall we cross the sea?" to which he answered promptly, "Of course." From this brief exchange I saw that this was a parsimonious man who counted every penny, for it cost many times more to drive a car back and forth under the sea than to take the subway. It meant that he made the crossing only on very rare occasions.

When we arrived at the hotel, he immediately asked me to move into his house when he learnt that it cost more than two hundred yuan a day to stay there. I told him that many relatives had asked me to stay with them, but I had refused because I would be returning to Beijing soon. He was not at all happy with my reply and said hesitatingly, "There is a saying I have heard people utter, but I do not quite understand. Would the Old Superior please instruct me as to its meaning?"

"What is it?" I asked.

"I have heard people say something like this: 'He who understands the times is a great man.' What is the meaning of these words?" he asked. I laughed to myself at his question and also saw how pathetic he was in spending all his time and energy on making money. I answered, "You know very well that I too had little schooling in the past, but I persistently studied on my own. Do you still remember? Although I was very busy, I persisted in reading books, newspapers and also keeping a diary. According to my interpretation, this saying you just asked me about means that as a Chinese one should love one's country. For instance, at present our motherland seeks unification, therefore we should contribute as much as we can towards this end and we should also stand firmly on the side of the billion Chinese people. Only in this way will the people recognize us as great men and patriots. If on coming into money, we seek to become citizens of a foreign country and forget our country and ancestors, then we will be spurned by the people and

condemned by history!"

"Right, right, right!" he ejaculated in succession.

"You should subscribe to *People's Daily*," I continued, "and learn a little more about the motherland."

"Old Superior," he answered, "if I subscribed to such a paper, I would frighten away many old patrons." I was just about to enlighten him further when the telephone rang. "Yes, this is Shen speaking," I said into the receiver. "Please come immediately. If the children wish to come too, they're also welcome."

"Who is coming, Old Superior?" he asked.

"A friend who came here from Beijing the year before last," I informed him. "He wishes to bring his children here to see me." When he heard that it was a friend from Beijing, he got up at once and took his leave. Actually the person who was coming to see me was an old acquaintance who used to work at the Beijing Socialist Institute. He had finally with great difficulty found a job in a clock and watch assembling factory and his wife was still doing part-time work. They had no money to see a doctor. When their daughter got sick, she had to be sent back to Beijing for treatment and had returned to Hongkong only after she was well again.

As for this man who kept calling me Old Superior and vowed his eternal gratitude to me with every breath, after that one time I was his guest at his restaurant, I did not visit him again. I wrote him a letter telling him I was returning to Beijing the day before I left.

For years my habit had been to get up every morning at five and do calisthenics after a cold bath. I would take a short nap after breakfast, then start working. After lunch I would take another nap, which would put me full of energy the rest of the afternoon. I usually went to bed around ten. All my habits were disarranged, however, during my stay in Hongkong. The

people there got up late and went to bed late. All activities began after 10 a.m. Work continued after lunch. No one ever took a nap and no one went to bed before 11 p.m. So I adjusted my schedule accordingly. I used the long morning periods to write. First of all I wrote amusing anecdotes from my years of contact with Pu Yi, which several Hongkong papers and journals and the Japanese journal Chuokoron were eager to get hold of. Then I followed with amusing incidents that took place during the time I was undergoing reform in the war-criminal detention camp. My purpose was to let people know through numerous specific and vivid facts what the reform policy of the Communist Party was all about and thus repudiate the book Personal Account of a War Criminal, written by a war criminal who had received special pardon, in which he had slandered and attacked the reform policy of the Communist Party. The title of my article was "Amusing Incidents in the War Criminal Reform Camp". On seeing this title, some old friends demanded, "Except for discontent and complaints, what can a war criminal shut in prison find amusing?" I explained, "To have hundreds of Kuomintang generals, governors, special agents and such concentrated in one place—living together, studying together — this in itself is unheard of in world history. A book hundreds of thousads of words long could be written just about the hilarious incidents that occurred when these people tried to cope with the business of daily life. You must remember that these people were once perched very high and had hundreds of people at their beck and call. Among them there was one whose concubine had had to squeeze out his toothpaste for him. After he was imprisoned, the first time he squeezed toothpaste for himself, he squeezed so hard that the toothpaste shot out a foot long. Who would not burst out laughing at such a sight and sulk and grouch instead?" In any case many of the stories I had to tell were things that people in Hongkong had never heard about in

all their lives. These anecdotes, compared to the erotic and sordid stuff they had grown tired of reading day in day out, would appear infinitely fresher and more amusing. My purpose in writing, however, was not merely to cater to their curiosity but to enable them to form a correct understanding of the policies of the Communist Party.

At first many people doubted my ability to write because they had known me as someone capable of handling only a gun, not a pen. Even the textbook which I was supposed to have compiled and which was used by many of the MIB training classes had not really been written by me. I merely gave instructions as to how it should be arranged, at most giving some verbal explanations or some demonstrations of the movements, and I became the author of the book. Therefore when they read my account of Dai Li in the Hongkong papers, they admitted that the facts were correct, but they were sure I had merely recounted the facts to a ghost writer. Now when they heard that I was writing in Hongkong, everyone was curious to see for himself. When they saw that I could write without even making a rough draft, they were dumfounded. Whereupon I teased them, saying, "You know the saying: 'Scholars should see one another in a new light even after a separation of three days'. It has been thirty years since we've seen each other. Shouldn't you take off your biased eyeglasses, open your eyes wide and take a proper look at me?"

The writer's copyright prevents anything published in Hongkong or foreign countries from being carried in other papers without payment. In that world where money takes precedence over everything else, I did not hesitate to accept money for what I wrote. I was even generously reimbursed for articles published in the past. Under those circumstances, as long as I produced over a thousand words a day, I did not have to worry about my living expenses. One day while I was taking a nap after lunch, an old friend came to see me. When he saw me

getting up to receive him, he remarked, "Why don't you write at noon instead of sleeping? Aren't you sleeping the money away?" This remark sounded too ridiculous to me and I told him, "I haven't come to Honkong to make money. I write only when I have time to spare. If I had to give up my nap in order to make money, I'd do without the money, no matter how much it was." Then there were those who, posing as "solicitous" friends, proffered advice such as: "Although the fees you are getting for your articles are 'very generous', they are nevertheless negligible. If you could write articles in which you 'damned with faint praise and actually helped the other side', your fees would not be calculated by the thousand word, but by the word!" I was instantly enraged by this advice, but being a guest from Beijing who talked daily about "friendship first", it was necessary to maintain a certain style, so I answered in a teasing manner, "Some years ago I did write several articles for Hongkong in the damning with faint praise style. I wonder if you read them?" They shook their heads. I then pulled out two articles of mine that had been printed on the front pages of Ta-Kung-Pao and Wen Wei Po on August 14, 1975. One of them was called "From Zhang Tieshi's Death See the Assassination Methods of the Chiang Kai-shek Clique". (Zhang Tieshi, after receiving special pardon in 1975, had requested to go to Taiwan for a family reunion and was one of the ten detained in Hongkong and finally murdered in Fu Du Restaurant in Hongkong.) I also showed them an article printed on the front pages of Ta-Kung-Pao on February 13, 14, and 15, 1975, in which I exposed the Chiang Kai-shek clique's persecution of patriotic personages and intellectuals. Also printed was my autographed photograph. After reading these articles, they said, "We've read all this long ago. What we want you to write is something disparaging about Beijing." I interrupted with a stern rebuke: "Oh, I see what you're driving at. What you want me to do is discredit the Communists, is that right? Then please tell me what there is to discredit when the Chinese Communist Party has rebuilt China from a poverty-stricken and backward country into what it is today, so that a billion people are fed and clothed, thus solving a problem of several thousand years that a succession of dynasties failed to solve. No, they are not the ones who should be condemned."

Before I had finished speaking, someone else put in, "You could always condemn those who were not good to you, couldn't you?"

"The Communists have been good to me," I answered. "Naturally there have been a few exceptions, when some people did not carry out the policy in earnest, but it is not necessary for me to criticize them. The People's Daily often criticizes cadres who do not carry out policies conscientiously. It is printed on its pages for everyone to see. The Communists never indulge in shielding their officials. If a few people were not nice to me, it was because they lacked a proper understanding of the policies. In the past I did so much harm to the Communists, killing so many of them, it is only natural that some people find it difficult at times to implement those policies. Besides, they have contributed much more than I to the motherland and the people. How could I dampen their enthusiasm for their work because of the trifling things I suffered? If I took advantage of my coming out to play little tricks, would I be benefiting the country and the people or harming them?" Of course, it was not easy to convince these people with a few words. There were always people who made the same demands of me. I maintained a firm stand, saying, "Even if you paid me a thousand liang of gold per word, I could not write articles condemning the Communists. It would be a shameful act of betrayal of my integrity and soul. It is a major issue of principle that would earn one the condemnation of posterity. Through one article one could leave behind a good

name or go down in history in infamy. As the saying goes, "Leave a fragrance through the ages or leave a foul odour for a million years."

Naturally the reaction to such a rebuff would first be shame. followed by retaliatory anger. What did they think about my being in Hongkong? I believe a few short passages from an article under the screaming red headline, "An Exposé of Shen So-and-So's Shameful Motives", published on January 17, 1981, in the Hongkong Times, put out by the Chiang Kai-shek clique, will prove most illuminating. This article was signed "Fans of Your Paper". The writers all claimed to be "loval to our country". First they stated their purpose in writing this article, which ran as follows: "We are greatly incensed at the publicity given by several of the bandit papers on this island to the visit of Shen So-and-So, renegade of the Kuomintang and running dog of the Communist Bandits' United Front. There are some among us who were formerly acquainted with Shen. We have visited him at his hotel and demonstrated to him the major principle of doing what is right, trying to persuade him to return to the fold, in fact, turn back before it is too late. We have tried to make him see his opportunity to turn around and strike out at those he had wrongly sided with and to sincerely mend his ways. To our dismay we found that this lackey is already beyond redemption. After having done our utmost to redeem him and failed, we now deem it necessary to expose his shameful motives and urge him to consider his future in earnest. Therefore we request to take up a corner of your esteemed paper to give this lackey some advice that might sound unpleasant to his ears. At the same time we wish to warn him to abandon his obstinate foolishness."

Following this introduction, pregnant with some sort of ulterior motive of their own, they enlarged on their topic "What is the Purpose of Bandit Shen's Visit to Hongkong?" They

denounced me: "Completely disregarding General Dai's boundless beneficence in order to win the approval of the Communist bandits, Shen has not hesitated to vilify General Dai. If this can be tolerated, then what is there that cannot be tolerated? We wonder if there are any human instincts left in this person? What is more infuriating is that certain newspapers claim that Shen So-and-So came to Hongkong to meet his children outside the mainland. Why don't we call a spade a spade and admit that his sole purpose is to meet his numerous children in Taiwan?" With this as a prelude, they denounced me as an ingrate with regard to "the deceased old President's deep kindness" to me and went on to say, "Is he actually attempting to entice his own children into becoming lackeys of a Communist Bandit United Front lackey? Does he not even hesitate at sacrificing his own flesh and blood in order to curry favour with the Communist bandits? Truly, this man does not know that such a thing as shame exists in this world." Then they performed a little verbal somersault. "If Shen So-and-So has not entirely lost his human instincts and has retained some fatherly feelings for his children and still wishes to enjoy the pleasures of family life, all he has to do is to repent sincerely. He has only to turn back and the shore of redemption will stretch out to receive him. If his past deeds were all the result of coercion, he should avail himself of this God-sent opportunity and choose the road to freedom. What will his choice be? 'To leave a lasting scent of fragrance or to leave an odour of stench?' Everything hangs on this one choice. Choose carefully! Dwell upon it!"

Anyone with any sense would be able to tell at a glance what was behind this marvellous article, which attacked me and courted me in the same breath, cursing me and cajoling me in turn. As the saying goes, "It takes more than one cold day to make water freeze into ice three feet thick." Whether I leave a fragrance or a stench behind me, only history can tell. It cannot

be determined through wishful thinking.

While in Hongkong I usually bought several papers every day, but never the *Hongkong Times*. I was all too familiar with the "inventiveness" of the Central News Agency. They had once reported that I had been tragically murdered by the Communists, as though they had been on the spot and had witnessed my "cruel and tragic" death.

One morning, an old friend paid me an unexpected visit at my hotel. As soon as he saw me, he held up the newspaper smugly.

"Why are you here so early?" I asked. "Is there something urgent?"

"I've come to bring you this newspaper to read," he announced.

"Then it must be good news," I said. "Has Taiwan returned to the motherland?"

"It's an article attacking you!" he said. "Read it carefully and think it over carefully!"

I merely said, "Oh," and took the paper from him. Putting it on the desk, I continued to trim my fingernails, saying only "Thanks" with a laugh. This made my old friend angry.

"They [I'm sure "they" included him] are cursing you and you are completely indifferent. What is there to laugh at?"

"Look," I said, "it would be extremely dull if one had never been cursed by anyone in all one's life. If a small number of people are doing the cursing, it shows I have done something beneficial to the majority. One should laugh with joy over such attacks. If, however, one is cursed by the majority, it is time to stop and examine oneself and find out what bad things one has done against the people."

"Of course you're being attacked by a large number of people," he asserted.

"How large?" I asked.

"All your old friends plus all the people of Taiwan," he

answered.

"Do you think the people in Taiwan would curse me?" I asked.

"Of course they would," he answered.

"I'm sure the people of Taiwan Province would not curse me, nor would the billion people of the whole nation. So I should laugh!" I said.

Perhaps thinking I had really become "beyond redemption", this old friend, who had just a few days before praised me for always upholding the principle of "friendship first" and who had bid me "Good morning" in English on entering, now threw courtesy to the winds and left in a huff, leaving the door ajar, forgetting even to say "Goodbye" in English (or any other language for that matter). After I had finished trimming my fingernails, I opened the paper and, lo and behold, there it was! It showed that I had been entirely justified in laughing.

Courtesy must be returned. A guest from Beijing should show even more courtesy. Since someone had paid me the compliment of attacking me in the papers, the least I could do was to return the compliment. I had just taken out my pen and was preparing to write when two old friends walked in. As soon as they saw the beginning lines, they asked, "Don't you have to get permission before you make a written statement?"

"According to the constitution," I said, "every citizen enjoys freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly, and so on, so why should I ask permission on a personal matter?"

"At least shouldn't you submit it to some leading cadre?" they asked.

"I will take this to the newspaper office as soon as I finish it," I told them.

"We will wait till you finish," one said, "then we will all go out and have breakfast together."

"Good!" I answered. As soon as I concluded one page, they

read it, probably suspecting that I was only striking an attitude. Then they took out their cameras and photographed each page as I finished writing. This was certainly more exacting work than taking the imperial examinations in the old days. At least I did not disgrace myself and also satisfied their curiosity.

For a number of reasons I had for quite some time wanted to terminate my stay in Hongkong. One was my heart trouble. As the round of social activities became more hectic, I began to have fears of a heart attack and all the trouble it would involve. Another was that through my friends' correspondence with Taiwan I learnt that my son, daughter and son-in-law could not come out. Although my son possessd a car that he could use to drive friends and relatives to the airport, he was not allowed to go near the sea. Perhaps because he was such an excellent swimmer, the authorities were afraid he might swim over to Hongkong to join me and return with me to Beijing! Actually he had no impression whatever of his native place. Even if he were allowed to return, I doubt if the idea would appeal very much to him. It was inconceivable that he would swim over by stealth. Then there was my daughter Meijuan, who did not much care for Hongkong or the life there. So we talked the matter over and decided to return sooner. Also my younger brother in Canada was sick and could not come. He had sent his son and daughterin-law and their child to Hongkong to see me in his stead. Unable to fulfil all my wishes in Hongkong and with my heart acting up, I thought it sensible to go back. My friends and relatives all tried to persuade me to undergo treatment in Hongkong. It was not that I had no faith in the hospitals in Hongkong. Their medical equipment was all very advanced; their medicines were all fairly efficacious. What I feared was that I might die in Hongkong. If that happened, I would never be able to clear myself. All kinds of stories might be invented about me and I would not be able to defend myself. As long as I boarded a train back, even if I died in Guangzhou, I would have preserved the integrity of my later years.

In Hongkong I expressed more than once to well-meaning friends who tried to persuade me to stay that one's enjoyment of material luxuries is limited. Even the ancients said, "Despite the possession of a mansion with a thousand rooms, one sleeps in a bed seven feet long at night." How much can we eat, wear or consume in a day? Whereas spiritual enjoyment can be infinite. The noblest things cannot be measured in terms of money. Some relatives and friends who kept pressing me to stay in Hongkong and enjoy myself advised, "Don't have anything to do with either side, and you will not offend either side." My answer was an earnest "One's political stand is not an object one can place on the scales to make both sides balance. It is the wish of all the people to see our nation unified, but there are some people who do not wish it, ignoring what is beneficial to the nation, calculating only their own personal gains and losses. As a Chinese confronted with a major principle of right and wrong, how can I not make my stand clear? I am firmly for unification. How can I have nothing to do with either side and not offend either side? People who are not in the least concerned about the interests of their country, no matter how long or well they live, what meaning is there to their lives? When your sons and grandsons ask, 'What was your attitude towards the unification of your country?' how will you answer them? Will you say, 'I was concerned only with my personal well-being at the time' or will you sing the same old tune, 'To hell with matters of state; might as well play mahjong!' and be cursed all your life?"

After our decision was made to return sooner to Beijing, I could leave whenever I pleased, as I was staying in the hotel, but it was not so easy for Meijuan, who was staying with her mother and sister. She had repeatedly made her stand clear when pressed too urgently by her mother and sister to stay on, saying that she

did not wish to step into a ready-made life of luxury and did not find such a life so wonderful. She asserted that she had more faith in the motherland with its billion people. She was sure of a truly happy future under the leadership of the Party. She believed that only a life built through one's own efforts or in the building of which one had a share could be meaningful. But it was difficult for some people to understand such words. When she told her mother, "When Daddy goes, I'm going too!" her mother's answer was, "Daddy can go, but you mustn't." I suppose this could be called a sort of "struggle"! But Meijuan was insistent and in the end she won. "All right, I agree to let you go back with your father."

Not having time to say goodbye to many old friends before I left, I wrote them each a letter of farewell. Each letter contained a few lines similar to these: "I rejoice that I did not stray, that I could still find my way back. The bitter sea is boundless; into its depths I dare not plunge again. I turn around and there is a shore; the shore is Beijing. At your future convenience come on a tour or a visit. You will always be welcome. Reluctantly I part from you until we meet again. Please take care of yourself and accept my gratitude on my leave-taking. For not coming personally to bid you farewell, I humbly beg forgiveness."

The express bound for Guangzhou flashed like lightning, but this heart of mine had already flown back to the capital of the motherland—Beijing.

Epilogue

When I decided to return to Beijing in less than a month instead of staying out my full year's leave, some of my relatives and friends were nonplussed. They found this especially incomprehensible when some people, with no prospects of living abroad, had not hesitated at self-degradation to do so. My answer was: "The Communist Party and the people show concern for me, care for me and place the greatest trust in me. How could I abandon the motherland and make myself unworthy of their trust by living abroad under foreign rule? As someone who loves his country this is the least I can do to show my patriotism."

After my return I received quite a few letters from friends and relatives in Hongkong. Some wrote saying, "You never knew how to play chess before. This time you've been challenged by your opponent." I wrote back, chaffing them, "It is true I never knew how to play chess. I shall now learn to play it and practise very hard to acquire the skill so that I can return their challenge." Although this was written as a joke, I really meant every word of it.

Among my old friends, the first one I had to see was Du Yuming, because the press circles in Hongkong were all very concerned about him. He used to be much in the public eye and had even edited a paper himself. When a number of press people heard that Du was ill, they all asked me to convey their greetings and concern to him when I saw him. Besides carrying out the mission, I intended to ask Du Yuming to write something to be

published in Hongkong. While in Hongkong I had met several patriots who received their pay in U.S. dollars from Taiwan but were actually looking forward to the early unification of our motherland. These people informed me that although the articles written by former KMT officers and officials now in the CPPCC and published in Hongkong were not allowed inside Taiwan, the large number of people living in Hongkong on "Taiwan pay" enjoyed reading them, and after they read them, they sometimes managed to smuggle them into Taiwan. So I visited Du Yuming expressly to impart this news and to tell him my intention.

Not until I saw Du did I realize how sick he was. Although his daughter, Du Zhili, had purchased new medical equipment for him from the United States and he was being treated by the best doctors in Beijing, it seemed very difficult to effect a complete cure. I went three times to see him and was allowed to see him only on my third visit. Although he was still very weak, he could already get out of bed. He gave me a big hug and could hardly wait to hear me recount my meetings with old friends in Hongkong. I told him that many friends and relatives sent their best regards and were much concerned about him. This made him very happy and he kept saying, "Thank them for me when you write." Then I told him that although it had been thirty years since I had seen many friends and relatives and in spite of our long separation, the old ties of friendship had not been affected. We were as affectionate as in the old days and full of mutual concern. We talked about everything under the sun without any reservations. Again he was delighted and said several times, "This is more or less what I had expected. After all, we are all Chinese! There is no enmity between us as individuals; old friends will always be old friends. There is nothing we cannot discuss frankly." After a pause he said, smiling, "I've been waiting for you to appear all these days,

hoping you might help me write something to publish in Hongkong...."

Before he could finish, I interrupted with a joke: "Are you actually asking me, a 'fast but crude' bungler, to write for you, a 'slow and careful perfectionist'? I dare not accept this job. I could never produce anything to your satisfaction."

He slapped me on the back as he always did and said, "Since working fast has become a habit with you, why, then, practice makes perfect, so there's no question that you will be able to write both fast and well!" This was an old joke between us. Whenever he wrote anything, it was his wont to deliberate over every word, sitting for hours on end without budging. After he had finished writing, he would revise over and over again. It was just the opposite with me. As long as I had it all prepared in my mind, I would think and write at the same time. I was always too lazy to make a rough draft, therefore I could usually produce seven to eight thousand words a day. Because of this he used to make fun of me, saying I was a "fast but crude" writer, and often pointed out words I had misspelt or left out in my haste. It was very difficult to find any faults in his writing, even though I did my best. For this reason I and many others called him a "slow and careful perfectionist".

It saddened me and touched me deeply to see him so eager to write as soon as he was slightly better. Apart from refusing in jest to write for him, I sincerely tried to dissuade him: "Your only job now is to get well. The writing can wait till later on." To my astonishment he said to me very earnestly, "What I urgently want to write concerns the reunification of our motherland. How can you refuse to write for me and also try to dissuade me?" He almost made me weep with those words! In the face of the ardour and sincerity of his love and loyalty for the country, how could I not agree to his request? Although I knew I could never hope to write as well as he, I was willing to

undertake this difficult job to the best of my ability. When he saw that I was going to give in, he was happy again. He told me that he had been thinking about asking me to write for him ever since I returned to Beijing. Since I had just returned from Hongkong, he felt that I had at least had some contact with friends and relatives connected with Taiwan and was therefore in a better position to understand how old friends and colleagues in Taiwan felt. He then raised his head and turned his gaze towards the window, while tears rolled from his eyes. The sight of his tears frightened me and I anxiously asked him what was wrong. With deep feeling he said, "My friend, the split in our motherland, the death of thousands of people in the past, the impossibility of reunion between countrymen and families, the impossibility of exchanging even a single letter—we bear the responsibility for all this. Therefore it is my intention to tell some old superiors, friends, colleagues and subordinates in Taiwan that I hope we can combine our efforts and see that this tremendous task of realizing the reunification of our motherland is accomplished by our generation. This is a emplicated yet simple question that must not be left for the next generation to settle; otherwise posterity will never forgive us and we will be condemned by history. While we're alive, it is our responsibility, indeed our duty, to shoulder this honourable task. Only thus can our actions accord with the short- and long-range interests of the people. Therefore it is necessary to seize the hour and get down to work immediately."

On hearing these words, I was deeply moved by his profound enthusiasm. I asked him, "What title shall we use?" "Let's use a line from what I just said: 'The Tremendous Task of the Reunification of Our Motherland Must Be Accomplished by This Generation,' I have given the title considerable thought. What do you think of it?" I assured him that such a title was most striking and would immediately attract people's attention.

I also promised to start writing as soon as I got home.

I had not expected that my visit to Hongkong would make me the focus of so much attention after I returned. Not only was there a constant flow of guests and correspondence, there were also quite a number of reporters and editors who came to seek articles from me for their papers and magazines. I courteously declined their requests. Many of the letters I received were from people seeking information about their families in Hongkong and Taiwan. Having known the pain of being separated from one's family, I was more than willing to comply with the requests of these complete strangers and ask my friends and relatives abroad to make inquiries in Taiwan for these people. I hoped that they could get in touch with their loved ones and perhaps even reunite with them. This was a rather heavy extra burden, but I assumed it gladly and did all I could to help.

Owing to exhaustion from my visit to Hongkong, lack of proper rest after my return and my anxiety to get Du Yuming's article done, I had several heart attacks. Then a prolonged period of dependence on medicines to keep me going brought on problems with my liver, so my writing kept being postponed. When I finally managed to go again to see Du Yuming in my own weakened condition, to talk things over with him before making another attempt at writing, it was already an effort for him to talk.

I had to see the doctor every few days myself. As soon as Du Yuming was slightly recovered, he asked his wife to come and see me. I understood how anxious he was to get the article written, but I could not leave my bed.

On the morning of May 7, 1981, when I was a little better, I went to the CPPCC car pool to ask for a car to take me to see Du Yuming. Once again thunder burst out of a clear sky! A staff member of the CPPCC was also asking for a car. He told me that Du Yuming had passed away at daybreak! At this news the

world began to spin around me and I had just barely managed to utter, "I'm coming with you," when I sank in a heep on the ground. Luckily someone caught me in time, so that my head did not hit the ground. They all tried to dissuade me from going and helped me into the office.

We paid our last respects to Du Yuming's remains on May 23, because we had to wait for his son-in-law, Dr. Yang Chen Ning, to arrive in Beijing. Supported by my wife and daughter, I went to the Beijing Hospital. As soon as I saw his body laid out there, I burst into weeping. On the afternoon of May 25 I attended his memorial meeting, again with someone to support me. After Deng Xiaoping, Chairman of the CPPCC, Deng Yingchao, Vice-Chairmen of the National People's Congress, and other Party and state leaders had arrived, General Xiao Ke delivered the memorial speech. In it were the following words: "In more than twenty years Comrade Du Yuming has striven to improve himself, loved the motherland ardently and has done much that was beneficial to the motherland and the people." This was the most glorious evaluation that the Party and the people had given him, affirming his contributions after Liberation. He was given due honour in his lifetime and after his death. This was a great encouragement to us who came from the KMT.

When the memorial meeting was over, I remained standing before his ashes and portrait and made a silent vow: "I will not leave out a single thing he had hoped to write but had not even finished discussing. As for his unfulfilled wish to see the reunification of the motherland, I will strive to fulfil it together with our old superiors, colleagues and friends on the two sides of the Taiwan Straits. When that day comes, I will hasten to his graveside to report the great news to him."

I collapsed on my bed as soon as I got home. Even so, my mind was busy planning an article in memory of him. I would write about the latter half of his life, from his ten years of reform up to his work and life after he received special pardon. I would dwell in particular on the words he had said to me in his illness, when he still could not forget the reunification of the motherland. I would put all this in writing so that many of our friends and relatives in Taiwan and other countries could read it.

I began to write as soon as I could get up. I had written only a few hundred words when I had a terrible heart attack that compelled me to stop and lie down. When the pauses in my heartbeat became fewer than ten times a minute, I began to write again. Leaning against the pillow, I wrote behind a locked door, without the knowledge of my family, under the pretext that I needed absolute quiet. Even so, I could not get a thousand words written in a day; nevertheless I kept on. After I had written several thousand words, I could go on no longer. I did not even have the energy to check what I had written. It had to be handed the way it was to the China News Agency to be sent on to Hongkong and abroad to be published.

On May 30 my family, seeing that I was near collapse, decided to take me to the Fuwai Cardiovascular Hospital for a reexamination. After a cardiogram was done, the doctor immediately ordered me hospitalized.

In mid-June my article in memory of Du Yuming was published in installments in the Hongkong Wen Wei Po and New Evening Post and in the Overseas Chinese Daily in the United States, a friend sent me clippings of the article and also a clipping of an article entitled "Return to Truth", published on July 3 in the Taiwan-sponsored paper The Hongkong Times. It read as follows: "The running dog of the United Front, Shen Zui, is at it again, chanting the praises of the Huai-Hai Campaign from beginning to end. Perhaps his article would have greater impact if his name were changed to Shen Buzui*". It did not matter to me whether

^{*}Shen Buzui (Shen the Not Inebriated) is a play on the writer's name, Zui, which means inebriated.

they attacked me or derided me; at least they had had to read my article through to know what it was about. In any case there was no way for them to deny or repudiate the facts. The most they could do was accuse me of adulating the Communist Party, which was perfectly all right with me because I felt I could sing the praises of the Communists all my life for the deep favour and kindness they had shown to people like us. I was now a person whose every action was in his own name. I no longer behaved as I had in the past, using several aliases in one day to perpetrate atrocious crimes that could not be exposed to the light of day. Now my name was no longer denounced by the billion people, so there was no need for me to change it.

Thanks to the doctors' careful treatment and the nurses' patient care, I recovered basically after two months' hospitalization in the Fuwai Hospital, except that I still could not read or write anything. Meijuan had to answer the piles of letters for me. Mrs. Du was much distressed when she heard that I had been hospitalized through grief over the decease of her husband, she came on the afternoon of July 24 to see me in the hospital, leaning on the arm of her nephew. We both broke down and wept at the sight of each other. She brought me medicine for heart trouble that had been sent her from abroad. When I saw her to the elevator, tears started in our eyes again. We tried to console each other, but as soon as the door of the elevator closed upon her, I had another heart attack. A frantic emergency treatment was administered and I slowly recovered. After that I was strictly forbidden any visitors.

Soon after I returned home, I was gradually able to read a little. I was happy to find a number of articles were published in various papers, all reporting on my visit to Hongkong.

Much to my surprise, a decision was passed on November 23, 1981, at the Sixth Session of the Fifth Standing Committee of the CPPCC to make me a special member of the National

Committee of the CPPCC. This was beyond my wildest imagination—that the Party and the people should bestow such a great honour on me! I managed to express my gratitude and determination in the words that were part of my speech at the group discussions during the Fourth Session of the Fifth Congress of the National Committee of the CPPCC held later that month, which were: "If I was able to exert all my energies in serving the KMT in the past, I will most certainly be able to exert my all for the motherland and the people!"

When I spoke of the past, my thoughts automatically went back to the scene of the KMT election of delegates to the National Congress in 1947. I remembered that I had paid someone forty liang of gold to conduct a campaign for me in my hometown, which won me seventy percent of the votes. My opponent was a descendant of a famous man of letters at the end of the Qing Dynasty. When the names of the candidates were submitted to Chiang Kai-shek for final approval, he, on seeing that I was only 34 years old while my opponent was already around seventy, instructed Mao Renfeng to tell me to yield my candidacy and run for election next time. With a flourish of his pen he circled my opponent's name, which led to a popular expression of the time, "a circled surrender", meaning that other people had to surrender their advantage at a circle made by his pen. Just when I was feeling terribly frustrated with nowhere to vent my anger, Mao Renfeng had said to me in a somewhat embarrassed manner, "This time you've been circled to surrender your place because you are still young. You'll have plenty of opportunities." He continued, "Who told you to go and compete with a descendant of a famous scholar in your own hometown? Next time find yourself another county to do your campaigning. In any case, we've got all the police bureaus in our pockets. They would not dare to slight us, so there is no fear of your not being elected." The more I listened to him, the angrier

I became, and I retorted, "Never in my life will I run for delegates to the National Congress again!" Who would have believed that my words would come true? Who would have thought that without my having to finance a campaign, I would be made a special member of the CPPCC?

On December 21, 1981, the Central TV Station televised a report of my speaking during a group discussion and the *People's Daily* published an interview with we written by one of its staff reporters. This was another of the many coincidences that had occurred in my life, for hadn't the *Yunnan Daily* published my written message for the insurrection and my orders for a cessation in resistance on December 21, 1949?

The tortuous and extraordinary thiry years were past! The Party had transformed me from a key member of the Chiang Kai-shek clique into a patriotic personage, from an MIB secret agent, once an enemy of the Party and the people, into a person who loved the Party and the people. What a tremendous change this was!

A new thirty years had begun. I was determined to exert all my energy to shoulder my future load, which would be even heavier! I would make some contributions to the realization of the "four modernizations" and towards the reunification of our motherland, so that the history of another thirty years of my life could be written more affirmatively. That was my determination and hope.

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A KMT War Criminal in New China SHEN ZUI

SHEN ZUI, whose very name struck terror during the 1940s, was a high-ranking officer in the Kuomintang secret service when he was taken prisoner by the People's Liberation Army. The book recounts his experiences during 11 years in prison with other KMT war criminals—his initial apprehension, his astonishment at the humane treatment he received, his gradual sense of guilt, his sincere desire to reform as he came to appreciate the great changes taking place in New China.

In 1960 Shen Zui was granted special amnesty and assigned work as a historical research specialist. Again, he expected hostility as he encountered men he had hounded and persecuted in the past, but his fears proved groundless. His eventual peaceful life, including a stable second marriage, was shattered during the "cultural revolution", however, when he was once again imprisoned—this time with some veteran Communists. Emerging from this second prison experience, Shen Zui was nonetheless so firm in his commitment to New China that when he travelled to Hongkong in 1980 to visit family and friends, he rejected all implorations to remain.

Shen Zui is now a member of the National Committee of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference, the highest advisory political body.

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