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Brainwarping

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Research in Philippine colleges is an investment that can return double dividends. The results of research contribute to fundamental knowledge while the projects themselves strengthen the teaching programs and promise more and better qualified scientific manpower for the future. The importance of science for the Philippines is clear. Research in our colleges seems a necessary means to that end.

WILLIAM J. SCHMITT

Brainwarping

When we reached Hongkong, expelled from Red China after four years in its prisons, my companion, Father John Houle, and I, went directly from the ship to a press conference that had been arranged in a clubroom near the pier. One of the first questions which the reporters put to Father Houle was: "Were you brainwashed?" Father thought a moment, frowned, and then asked: "What do you mean?"

The process was not new to us, but this term for it was. And it did not seem to be a good name for what it described. When we wash something, we clean and purify it. Now there is nothing cleansing about this process as used in Red China,—neither in its methods, nor in its end product. It is dirty work, employed systematically to deprave and poison the minds of those subjected to it. By the time I had my second press conference on the subject, when I arrived in San Francisco, I had my own name for it: brainwarping—a deliberate distorting of honest information and thinking.

Edward Hunter seems to have been the first to give the term "brainwashing" wide currency, using it in 1951 in the title of his book, *BRAINWASHING IN RED CHINA*. Employed first to describe Communist measures aimed at moving non-believers to accept their commands and doctrines, the term is nowadays applied loosely to any technique designed to manipulate human thought or action against the desire, will, or knowledge of the individual.

The Chinese Communists call it "thought-reform" (*Ssu-hsiang Kai-tsao*), or "remoulding the mind,"—as if the mind of man were something merely material, and pliable like clay. They would claim that all non-Communists have incorrect "bourgeois" attitudes and beliefs, and must therefore be re-educated by them before they would be fit to take a safe and useful place in their new society.

Anyone whose thinking diverges from the Party line needs this "thought-reform", they say, and in a sense they have subjected the entire population of China to it. The dissemination of news and the expression of views in schools, the pulpit, or the open forum is severely controlled, and so also is talk within the home.

Editors are told plainly that their function is not to inform, but to educate: and to educate according to the Communist text. This control of news and views casts a sort of dome or crust over the whole land, through which objective truth about the world outside cannot break in, and through which the true plight and feelings of the people cannot break out to reach us. Officially, Peking has declared that the duty of newspapers and reviews is "to propagandize for the construction of Socialism and Communism under the leadership of the Communist Party," rather than to give the people an adequate picture of life in their land as material for enlightened self-government.

This helps us to understand why, in 1957, students wrote on the walls of National University in Peking: "The People's Daily is the Great Wall of China today, which holds Truth prisoner." And at the Peking Normal College in May of that year, students, speaking of the seven terror-campaigns which the Communist staged between 1949 and 1957, said: "Do not compel us to say that these purges were great things, or victories of the people. They aim simply at making a man afraid of his own indignation, afraid that his anger will force him to speak."

Brainwashing, then, is a way of manipulating human thought or action against the individual's own desire or knowledge; and there is a sense in which the whole population of a Communist country is continually having its thinking and acting manipulated in this way. But the term is commonly applied to a more intensive and systematic procedure. This brainwashing process was carried out on a vast scale to silence non-conformists and if possible to convert them to the Communist allegiance after the Reds first came to power. It is used continuously, at each new crisis or step in the continuing revolution, to break any opposition to the Party program or decisions. Roughly speaking, it has two target groups: the potential independent thinkers, who are nevertheless submissive and compliant, and the men of influence who show some resistance, whose non-conformism may constitute some appreciable obstacle to total Communist domination of the whole life of all the people.

The quasi-voluntary course is remotely comparable to a "closed retreat", usually of about six months' duration. I call it quasi-voluntary, because people are induced to attend it, often under thinly veiled threats of arrest and coercion. The groups may consist of professional men, writers, dramatists, teachers with a non-Marxist back-

ground, men prominent in industry, commerce or labor circles, overseas students on their return to China, other students or professors whose level of "political consciousness" is unsatisfactory, even soldiers or police about whose reliability some doubt has arisen.

The number at one indoctrination center may be as many as 4,000, broken down into sections of 1000 each, classes of 100, and study groups or cells of from 6 to 10 members. Life in the Center is strict and austere, but more like that of an internment camp than that of the Red prisons.

The first month or six-week period is devoted chiefly to the ideological, with the day's main feature a two to six-hour lecture by some Communist theorist. The topics may be the History of the Development of Society, Dialectical Materialism, the Chinese Revolution, the writings of Lenin, Stalin, and Mao Tse-tung. Actually a new, restricted language is being taught, with its vehicle a set of Communist slogans, and history re-written as a fairy tale which must be learned by rote. "For ages and ages our human race was a captive in chains in a dark, black cave; and the darkest hours were those just before the dawn. Then Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao came to the rescue. Communism set man free from slavery, and began the reign of paradise on earth." "The Party and Government know what is best. They have brought us here to study to learn how to think aright. We must do what the Government wants. Confess all our past misdeeds or bad thoughts frankly, and entirely. We must be thankful to the Government." Each man takes up the chorus. The repetition of slogans kills the faculty of reflection and thought. Everything is a matter of conditioned reflexes. The slogans are hammered home with hypnotic effect. Words in the Red jargon are twisted to bear a sense far different from that which universal tradition and common sense give them. And afterwards, the only ideas a man can express are those which fit into this straitjacket vocabulary. The only meaning which he can put into words, acceptable to his political tutors, is the strange meaning which the Party has given to those words.

Suppose that someone told you: "Hereafter you can use only 40% of the words which you have used up to now, and these words will have the meaning that I give to them." Can you begin to see what that would do to your mind? Unfortunately, I am not making this up; it happens. A well-educated Chinese, speaking to me about the newspapers and books published since "liberation", as they must call the Red take-over, compared writing nowadays to shuffling a deck of cards. "The same few Marxist slogans are dealt to us day after day," he said. "Only the order of their appearance varies from one occasion to another."

The second phase of this milder brainwashing course shifts after a month or six weeks from the intellectual plane and world problems to the emotional plane and personal matters. An intense orgy of criticism, confession and denunciation takes up most of the remaining months. All of one's past and present thoughts, words and deeds come under criticism. Any show of unorthodoxy or non-conformity brings down a storm of shocked censure. Only what they call the materialistic and proletarian standpoints are tolerated. A man's progress in reform is judged by the volume and intensity with which he criticizes himself and others.

Men accuse themselves and each other of the capital sins in the big Red book. These are, for instance, "individualism", or placing personal interests above those of what the Party calls the "people"; "subjectivism", or applying a personal viewpoint to a problem rather than the "scientific" Marxist approach; "objectivism", or too much detachment, as if one were above the class struggle and a mere spectator of events in the new China; "sentimentalism", letting attachment to family or friends interfere with needed reform, and being reluctant to denounce family members or friends who can somehow be associated with the "exploiting classes." Deviationism, individual heroism or adventurism, and revisionism are other faults which occasion much breast-beating.

In an atmosphere charged with emotion, those being brainwashed must write out a long life-history, describing their family for two generations back, the education and social influences undergone, using the Party jargon to vilify everyone and everything that is at variance with Communist standards. A man will write and rewrite these confessions and accusations in a frenzied effort to impress his tutors and companions as to the extent and sincerity of his "progressive" attitude.

Those in the indoctrination camp try to outdo each other in candid, comprehensive, lurid confessions. One group challenges another and competes with it, filling up blackboards and "wall newspapers" for all to read. The course is climaxed by mass rallies where selected men, conditioned to be completely responsive to the teachings and suggestions of the Party staff-men, expose themselves as horrible examples of non-Communist thinking and conduct in the past, and throw themselves completely, mind and heart, body and soul, on the mercy of the government.

After these volunteer "progressives" have shown the way to salvation, the full weight of the reformatory machine is brought to bear on so-called lagging or backward elements (*Lou-hou fen-tze*). Mounting pressure is applied against those whose family or social background is regarded as bad in the books of Karl Marx, against those who do not accuse themselves strongly or specifically enough to give the authorities power over them, and those who do not denounce others

in unqualified terms, or who do not display a positive, enthusiastic attitude towards the regime. If they continue to lag behind, they are publicly pilloried in a harrowing mass trial.

All along a regimented life goes on. Those present rise and eat and work and sleep collectively, at the same hour; they eat identical meager food; they read or hear together only the same carefully screened news and views. This, of course, tends to diminish personal identity and character, towards the remaking of man in the image of Mao.

Unsuccessful reformees go to prison, for an ordeal far worse and much longer than that which those in the indoctrination centers endure. Many die, and some lose their minds in prison. This is known in the brainwashing centers. The dread of being labelled a reactionary haunts all those in the camp. Naturally, there is much insomnia, loss of appetite, symptoms of ulcers, and utter fatigue. But if you become ill, you are told: "This problem is of your own making. Confess everything; you are holding something back. Throw yourself absolutely into the hands of the government. Then you will receive its leniency, and know peace of mind and good health again."

When such anxiety and fear are at top pitch each of those in the camp prepare a final document of from 5,000 to 20,000 words. It contains a full confession. For the Chinese, in almost every case, it involves a strong denunciation of his father, both as a symbol of the past ruling class, and as someone who could be personally dearer to him than the Communist regime. For a Chinese, usually, this recitation of his father's personal, political and economic "sins" is the most revolting thing he could be asked to do. It does violence to deep-rooted filial piety. Persistent prodding and threats are used to make the man reject family loyalty and attach himself only to the State. But few fail to comply. In this final document, the man also declares his newly-discovered awareness of the blessings of Communism, and he pledges solemnly that he will continue to improve his thinking along Communist lines, and serve the Red regime unreservedly throughout the future.

Men come back from these indoctrination centers grey of face and hollow-eyed. And yet they feel great emotional relief. The strain at last is over. By their confession they have broken with the past. They no longer confide in, nor trust, their old friends. The deep and widespread mistrust of man towards man, the breakdown and shriveling up of human friendships, is an appalling feature of Communist society. Yet these men feel that they have forged a new bond of dependence between themselves and the government. They can "lean upon it", as they say. Their life and liberty are in its hands. Copies of the confession go into the files of each man's police and employ-

ment record. It follows him and hangs over his head wherever he goes.

Such, briefly, is the more common form of brainwashing in Red China. I think it is no exaggeration to say that during the past ten years, 100,000,000 men and women in mainland China have undergone courses which do not differ substantially from what I have described.

The more virulent form of brainwashing goes on the prisons. Its victims are the ten or fifteen million political prisoners kept there. The same underlying psychological principles and steps are employed for totally mobilizing physical and social pressures to create an artificial sense of guilt, to extort an untrue or grossly misleading confession, to fabricate propaganda material for use inside or outside China, to destroy one's old personality and loyalties, inducing an eagerness to accept the only acceptable ideology, and to become an obsequious, unquestioning slave of the State. But they are employed with a ruthlessness many times intensified.

One of the first questions put to me by the Press when I reached Hongkong, was: "Did they mistreat you in prison, Father?" The correspondent wanted some sensational copy which would lead the morbidly curious to buy more papers. Actually I answered: "Well, unjust arrest is mistreatment." For four years I was buried alive. And the physical hardships, real as they were, were mere shadows compared to the moral and psychological torments I endured. Compared to these injustices, other points were mere matters of detail.

I mentioned in a previous number of this Review the circumstances of my arrest: in the middle of the night, by a dozen members of the Security Police brandishing revolvers, searching a simple room elaborately, snapping flashbulbs and cameras. Then handcuffs tight on my wrists, a bandage over my eyes, and I was spirited off to prison. If you saw it in a movie, you would say it was cheap melodrama. But the procedure is gone through to try to startle the arrested man into thinking that he must be an important and dangerous criminal of some sort, after all.

At the prison I was stripped, searched, photographed, fingerprinted. My belt and shoelaces were taken away (lest I use them for suicide, presumably), and so was my rosary and everything else in my pockets. I was thrown into what had been a basement storeroom of a courthouse, until the prisons overflowed and more cell-space was needed. It was below street level, with no view out on the grounds or sky. An electric light was kept burning all day and all night through the 23 months I spent there. The walls were of pressed earth and straw, whitewashed; but the whitewash was cut away against the earthen background in grotesque, obscene and anti-religious patterns likely to disease a man's imagination and mind.

There was a wooden floor, and a slop-bucket in one corner; no other furniture. One other prisoner was in the cell already. We slept on the floor, ate on the floor, and were strictly obliged to remain seated on the floor, unmoving, with eyes open, all day long except for a 20-minute exercise period, when we were to walk round the cell in squirrel-cage fashion, after each meal.

The next day I was called before the interrogators. These men have total control over the prisoner. There is no division of authority between the court officials and the prison officials, as in this country. A prisoner's food and clothing and amount of sleep are determined by the interrogating "judge"; if a prisoner needs a blanket, or a bar of soap, or medicine, the warden or guard cannot supply it unless the interrogator approves. If the prisoner is not docile, this approval is withheld. No piece of reading matter, no book or pamphlet, may reach the prisoner unless the interrogator thinks that it will help his program. For educated men, to whom books are daily bread, it is a severe trial to be deprived of all reading matter for long months, or years, in some cases.

A guard with a rifle or revolver summoned the prisoner to the interrogation room and sat beside him during the questioning. They asked me if I knew why I was arrested. I said that the bill of arrest accused me of being a saboteur, but I protested that the charge was absurd. I had not gone near any railroad station or steamship or factories. What sabotage could I commit? They explained that my sabotage was ideological. I had been giving people the wrong kind of leadership in the order of ideas.

Even there, I had kept close to religious matters in what I said or wrote, trying to keep clear of politics so that I could remain with my students and the people a longer time. So I asked them: "What are some concrete instances of this ideological sabotage of mine?"

They said: "That is what you must tell us! You are not here to ask questions. You are here to answer them." Then I had nothing to say. They pressed their point repeatedly: "Unless you speak, unless you confess to your crimes, you cannot settle your case. The government would not have arrested you if you had not committed many unlawful acts. Our procedures require that you admit these crimes before any solution to the case can be reached."

So I asked to see the law, saying that I would study it, and if I had violated it, I would tell them. But there was no code of laws in force. The six codes of the Kuomintang regime were abrogated in 1949, and even now no definite code of civil or criminal law has been approved to replace them. No clear definitions of crimes nor fixed sentences for them exist. All is decided by political expediency. Political prisoners are charged as reactionaries, saboteurs, imperialist agents,

mule-headed rightists, economic spies, or counter-revolutionaries, and under these blanket charges any work or action is represented as a crime.

Instead of showing me a law, they counter-attacked: "Do you mean to say that the People's Government arrests people wrongfully, by mistake? Are you one of those who go around saying that we persecute religion?" If I answered "yes" to that question, I would be guilty of a crime, insulting the government. If I answered "no", I would tacitly admit that I was guilty of some offense.

When I said nothing, they told me: "Very well. Go back to your cell. Sit down there and think over your crimes. When you are ready to talk, we shall get together and listen to you. We can wait: one year, two years. It won't matter much. One more bowl of rice is not going to break the People's Government."

A few weeks later they had changed their tune. "We cannot let you go on like this, you know. Many people are waiting. All the others connected with you have confessed their crimes; the government is ready to be lenient. But we have to check their story with yours to see if you both speak the truth. You are holding these friends of yours in jail, you know." So they can wait, and they can't wait; and I am supposed to invent some story of crimes which I did not commit.

Throughout the interrogations I was told: "Everything depends on your attitude, on your level of political consciousness. We do not follow the unenlightened rules of Western courts. It is not the number of a man's crimes nor their gravity that matters, but whether or not he repents of them, recognizes them for what they are, and confides himself completely to the government for clemency." We have to have your confession; that is our X-ray, to know the dispositions of your mind and heart. It has no other purpose; don't be afraid it will incriminate anyone. But without it we can give you no leniency." I heard this refrain repeatedly, hypnotically.

I tried to argue with them that such a system did not make sense. "Suppose that two men were arrested. One has a long list of crimes against the interests of the people. But he wants to get out of prison, and perhaps to renew his hostile acts. He gives you a long and lurid confession; you say that you will give him leniency. Another man has no crimes, or even if he has some and repents of them, he is decently unwilling to expose friends to distorted, unfair charges. You're lenient to the first man, and say that the second is dangerous and should be kept in jail. What is so enlightened and progressive in all this?"

They simply mumbled and said: "Well, we have other criteria for finding out whether that first fellow is sincere or not." I suggested

that we move on to those other criteria, since the confession did not seem to be an effective sincerity test.

They accused me of being stubborn and stupid. "You are like a man living in a dark house; he is brought up to a window. Outside the sun is shining and the fields are fair. But there is one little black spot on the window. You come up and set your eye against the black spot, and say that everything outside is dark and gloomy. You don't trust us, who are trying to help you; but it's the only way to freedom and living again for you." I said that I wanted to be sure that the black spot was not the real piece of open glass, and that the rest of the frame had not simply been painted in with sunshine and flowers that were only false promises. So I went back to my cell, to sit and search my conscience for more weeks and months.

A prisoner is subjected to alternate threats and promises. He is told that every day he withholds a confession counts against him. I remember how, one afternoon, the interrogators told me that I certainly must see now that I was committing a new crime: "You are defying the government. For this we can add to your sentence."

There I was, thin, dog-tired, unshaven, with my head bowed in correct submissive prison form, while a well-fed guard yawned at my side and clicked a clip of cartridges in and out of his gun, and three interrogators glared and shouted at me: "You are defying the People's Government." I couldn't believe that I understood them correctly. "*K'ang-chu liang-ko-tzu you shen-mo yi-ssu?*" — "What does this expression, *defying*, mean?"

The next day my cellmate gave away the fact that he also was on the team against me, by explaining to me that I should not talk to the judge impolitely. If I had said: "*K'ang-chu shih shen-mo yi-ssu?*," it would amount to: "What is the meaning of your phrase? I don't understand it." The expression I had used amounted to: "What do you mean *defying*? It doesn't make sense."

I had not told the cellmate myself about the trial. But he was constantly called up to tell the interrogators anything I might say in the cell, or any reactions I would show; and was coached by them to apply pressures or suggestions on me as they might think useful. George Orwell, in his book *1984*, represents the government searching the citizen's mind and issuing orders to him by a two-way tele-screen. The Peking regime, in an out of prisons, does this by agents and informers, with unlimited curiosity and effectiveness. This awareness that the man you share a cell with for many months reports all your words and reactions higher up leaves you desperately lonely. Yet you do not blame him. He has a wife and five children; has committed no heinous crime either; and is promised "merits" towards freedom if he gains results with you.

Besides threats, there were blandishments; sudden changes to outward kindness that were more unnerving than harshness.

One afternoon, a few days before the end of my first year in prison, the authorities brought to my cell my hat, watch, fountain pen and cassock from the seminary where I had taught. They asked me to sign a receipt for them, and said that they would keep them at hand. "You can't use them here, you know; but you may need them any day." Hope surged up from the depths, almost violently. Then the next day began a series of interrogations, aiming at the extortion of admissions that would be false, and of considerable propaganda value to the Reds.

Another day, the cell door opened. Guards came in and handcuffed me; they wrapped a sheet around my head, and led me around to where a jeep was waiting at the prison gate. The sheet was to prevent my seeing persons in the street, and to prevent my being recognized accidentally by any acquaintance. The jeep began to race through the city streets. To me the thought occurred that we were on the way to the execution grounds, — an idea that made as much, and as little, sense as my initial arrest. I faced the notion calmly, more with relief that the ordeal would soon be over than with heroism or exultation. "Dear Lord, it's Yours for the asking," I remember saying, as I lifted my manacled hands to bless myself.

But after about five minutes, the guard at my side grunted: "We're taking you to the dentist." A bi-cuspid tooth of mine had broken the week before; the authorities knew about it, and now decided to see if benevolent, kind treatment would do more to soften me than scolding and severity.

More often, they were relentlessly strict. For some time I was in the same cell with a former journalist, about 55 years old. He said that he had always been in favor of progress and change, and had been willing to fight for what he thought was better. But he did not stop his revolutionary tendencies in time. He called himself the hen that laid the golden egg.

He had been in Ward Road prison, in Shanghai, when it was under the British in the days of the International Concession. He was jailed in Kuomintang days, after the Japanese war. And now, after having first enjoyed a position of privilege when the Communists came to power, he was rejected and imprisoned by them. He told me that, much as he hated to admit it, the British had given their prisoners more humane treatment physically, and had better respect for legal and human rights. The Kuomintang, he said, had used handcuffs and chains, and rough physical treatment; but the guards could be bribed, and the officials still left a man's mind and soul as his own. "But for maintaining a maximum of irritation around the clock," he told me,

"and for methodically grinding the humanity out of a man, this Communist prison regime is by far the hardest to endure."

I recall only one occasion when a prisoner was slugged and beaten by guards. Usually, severe discipline was enforced in other ways. A prisoner could be put in handcuffs and chains for three offenses: for quarreling with his cellmate, for disobeying a guard in any command he issued, and for being insolent during interrogations. But the disobedience or the insolence could be, and was, deliberately provoked when the interrogating judge thought that strong medicine might make a subject more docile, or "*lao-shih*."

These punishments were inflicted in four degrees: 1) handcuffs on the wrists in front of the body; 2) handcuffs on the wrists, and chains between the ankles; 3) these leg chains, and handcuffs binding the wrists behind the back, but unlocked for meals, sleep and natural necessities; and 4) leg chains, and handcuffs kept locked night and day without interruption. A European scientist, reaching Hongkong after his brainwashing experience, described this fourth degree of punishment as follows:

"After the night's session of interrogation, and the shackling of hands and feet, when you get back shuffling with the chains your cellmates receive you as an enemy. They start "agitating", to "help" you. The pressure, cajoling, harassing, reviling, humiliating, goes on all day until 8 p.m. You are obliged to stand with chains on your ankles and holding your hands behind your back. They don't assist you because you are too reactionary... You eat as a dog does, with your mouth and teeth. You arrange the cup and bowl with your nose to try to absorb some broth twice a day. If you have to make water, they open your trousers and you urinate in the cell-corner bucket. In the outside W.C., to which you are taken once a day, someone opens your trousers, and after you are finished they clean you. You are never loosed from the chains. Nobody pays attention to your hygiene. Nobody washes you. The lice grow and grow... in the cell, they say you are in chains only because you are a reactionary. They continuously tell you that if you confess all, you will be treated better... You start to think how to get rid of these chains. You must get rid of the chains, . . . at any cost."

I was warned about this fourth degree of punishment, and heard sounds which seemed to indicate that prisoners were undergoing it in nearby cells, but I did not see it applied. But I do know that the second and third degrees were used on prisoners, men and women, sometimes for a month and a half or more.

In one block of seven cells where I was detained many months, I heard four prisoners begging to be taken out and shot: one old man, one well-educated woman, and two young men. This was no dramatic

gesture on their part; they simply found the mental anguish unbearable. The rest of us were close enough to the same state of mind to understand why death would be welcome. And all of this pressure converged on a man, made to believe that he alone faced a numerous team with unlimited tricks and power, and the accumulated experience of forty Soviet years in breaking millions of men. All this pressure converged on him to extort from him a confession of unreal offenses, propaganda material to destroy or damage the good work to which he dedicated his life, or to disgrace him and shatter his influence which was a real or imagined threat to the Party's power.

When innocent facts were turned up by the interrogations, attempts were made to exaggerate and distort them beyond any likeness to reality. The judges would admit no difference between news, information, and "intelligence". Not long after the Communist take-over, I had written to my mother that the price of razor blades was about 2000 yuan of the currency used at that time; I mentioned that coffee, an imported item, was prohibitively expensive; but that staple goods like rice remained constant in price, so there was no need to fear that I lacked enough to eat. This the judges insisted on interpreting as "sending economic information to a hostile country." "When the American censors of mail read the price of razor blades here," they told me, "they can judge whether our supply of steel is long or short. They can estimate our military potential. Now you must realize, and admit, that you sent to our enemies military intelligence."

We had a mission news bulletin inside China for a few months after the Reds came to power. By it we hoped to diminish the panic of pessimists, and to keep the overly-optimistic in touch with reality. In this I had published a letter from a Sister of Charity in Nanchang. At their Catholic hospital, the Sisters had cared for wounded Communist soldiers, when the Red armies were sweeping southward; and when the emergency ended, the competent Red officer publicly thanked, and paid a tribute to, the Sisters. In court I was told, five years later, that by mentioning this item of news, I had divulged troop movements and the location of military hospitals, "intelligence" which the enemy would use to send bombers and drop explosives on the hospital. Such an eventuality, of course, did not happen, and I do not see how it would even have been possible.

Men of any honesty and veracity do not twist words this way, trying to force prisoners to conspire in their own judicial suicide, and trying to mislead the public as to why they employ cruel means towards ends which they want to attain at any cost.

When I had been about 27 months in jail, and there was no sign of even the beginning of an end to it, I happened to be alone with the chief interrogator one day, and I asked him why on earth we were not getting anywhere. A year and a half before, an official had told me

that there was nothing very serious, and that he thought my case would be settled quickly. Yet there I was still, with no trial, no counsel, living like an animal. How long would it go on? Well, this time the interrogator hesitated, then finally said: "You know, you damaged the reputation of the Party abroad."

From 1947 to 1949 I had been correspondent in Peking and Shanghai for the National Catholic News Service and the Fides News Service. I was not then in Communist territory, but I was close enough to it to know, almost at first hand, what was happening there. Sixty-six priests were executed, thirty six died in Red prisons during that time. In the Trappist monastery at Yangkiaping, not as far from Peking as Baguio is from Manila, a community of 75 monks was arrested on August 15, 1947. Five and a half months later, by January, 1948, 33 of the 75 were dead..., six executed, 27 dying miserably from the conditions of imprisonment. Of course, I wrote about these facts, in protest against the oppression, and in praise of heroic virtue.

Did I damage the reputation of the Party abroad, or had the Party forfeited its own reputation? Would I have been a man, a priest a Catholic journalist, had I kept quiet timidly when I had the means to know the facts and the outlets to make them public? I would have been less than human if I had not done what I did, — try to speak out for those who could not speak for themselves.

CHARLES J. MCCARTHY