

My Experiences at Baodi Detention Center, Tianjin

After some time, I woke up again. I heard a voice that was hard to believe, "Is she dead? If so, just throw her out of the window. We will then report that she committed suicide."

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On December 22, 2000, I went to Tiananmen Square, unfurled a banner, and spoke out from my heart that "Falun Dafa is good." Some policemen then rushed towards me, and threw me into a police van. I was first sent to Qianmen Police Subdivision, where I saw Dafa (*great law and principles*) practitioners were handcuffed and everywhere: in the office, hallway, lobby, basement, and bicycle shelter. It was estimated that several thousand practitioners were arrested on that day. We were not allowed to eat, drink, or go to the toilet. Late in the night, we were dispatched to suburban counties. I was sent to a police subdivision in Yanshan Petroleum and Chemical Company, then to a local detention center. Police pressed us for our names, addresses, and other information; however, nobody revealed anything. An officer then said, "If you continue to be uncooperative, I will send you to Baodi." It seemed that they all knew Baodi Detention Center was a vicious place. At dawn on the 24th, we were thrown in a police van and sent to Baodi. Throughout the trip, the windows were shielded with curtains and guarded with police, uniformed or plainclothed.

I am a 65-year-old doctor. I am fortunate to have received Dafa five years ago. People of my age have experienced all the major political and social upheavals. Thus, there is no doubt in our minds what is true and what is not. Accordingly, we are no longer interested in political movements, which accuse and harm innocent people. However, with total disregard of the truth of Falun Gong, Jiang Zemin abuses his power, manipulates and forces the whole country to persecute Falun Gong. We become the victims.

I am the person who knows exactly how much I have benefited from Falun Gong. Before I started practice Falun Gong, although I was a doctor myself, I was saddled with many sicknesses, which kept me in bed. The pain was so severe that I would rather die. However, all my sicknesses and pains disappeared soon after I started practicing Falun Gong. These were the true experiences I had, how could someone suppress them with his power or lies? Of course I will speak out that Falun Dafa is good. We have the right to speak, not just watch the lies and slander on TV and newspaper. In accordance with my basic rights protected by the Chinese Constitution, I went to appeal. However, all the appealing channels were blocked, and the only avenue left was to go to Tiananmen Square and let people know the truth. Tiananmen Square was also within the earshot of the top government officials for them to learn about the truth and what we had to say. However, practitioners would be arrested after arriving at Tiananmen Square and sent back. We would not be allowed to say what we wanted, or local government officials would be punished. In Xinji, a city near us, many government officials were discharged because of this. To prevent more people from getting into trouble, we stopped telling them our names or addresses. However, we would then be pressed for such information. That was why we were sent to Baodi.

I was interrogated by the police in the afternoon on the day we arrived in Baodi. Clearly they had no other motives but to get our names and addresses. They tried luring and threatening, and showed their vicious nature when that failed. They threatened to handcuff me and pull out all my teeth. The rignarole lasted for two or three hours, but at that time they didn't physically abuse me. However, when they interrogated me again at 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, they tried many ways they thought might shake my determination including: grabbing my hair, twisting my ears and mouth, slamming me hard against the wall, and forcing me to kneel down on the ground.

They then asked me to stand half squatting down with legs apart. This was not only a punishment, but also an insult. I was 65-years-old and exhausted from lack of food and sleep in

the past few days, so I refused. A vicious policeman then grabbed my collar and pushed me down. My body was shaking, and I sweat profusely. He then hosed cold water down my neck. He also beat my hands and feet with a stick. I couldn't bear it any more and had to sit down. They then grabbed my hair and pulled me up. One hand was grabbing my hair and the other hand was beating hard on my back and shoulder. I was rolling on the ground in pain. Meanwhile, someone was kicking me hard on my legs with his leather boots. I was beaten like this for a long time, and they became increasingly exasperated. While beating me, someone wrapped me in my clothes and said that he would put me in a large bag and bury me alive.

While braving their insane beatings, and getting an earful of their hysterical clamoring, the pain somehow no longer seemed to bother me. I was able to observe their lunatic behavior with a clear mind, while quietly reciting Teacher's poem: "*To live with no pursuits, To die with no regrets; All excessive thoughts extinguished, Cultivating Buddhahood is not difficult.*" "*With Dafa's demeanor, and a heart of Zhen-Shan-Ren; as an Arhat in the world, ghosts will revere and spirits honor.*" (the translation is subject to further improvement) This way, time passed by imperceptibly, and the vicinity drifted to the distance.

When I faded away, a head policeman took out a cigarette lighter and began to burn my fingers one by one. As he was burning, he was also mumbling. I couldn't see his crazy face, but I clearly heard the voice of a demon saying, "I am a fascist, I am a fascist."

At the time, my right hand was burned so severely that it turned dark purple and black. A blister of the size of a walnut appeared in my right palm. Even now, one can see a pit in the right middle finger, which was caused by the damaged nail from the burn. I survived their tortures like this that day. Throughout the ordeal, I could feel the protection from our Teacher. I knew why I was there: to validate the Fa (*law and principles*), to clarify the truth of Dafa and raise the conscience of the people in the world. This is to save people who were deceived and misled by the lies. Hence, no matter what happened to me, my mind was always tranquil, without any anger or regret. Instead, compassion arose in me. For a while, I had difficulty breathing, I was shaking all over. It was a near death experience. To help our Teacher with Fa rectification, and to let more people know the truth so that they can have a wonderful future, I would give up my life. After all, my life was created by Dafa (*great law and principles*).

At that moment, I suddenly thought of our Teacher. He said in his poem "*There are demons everywhere, but every obstacle must be overcome.*" (the translation is subject to further improvement) The evil wanted to kill me, how could I follow them? "*When it's difficult to endure, you can endure it. When it's impossible to do, you can do it.*" (Zhuan Falun) With our teacher and the Fa by my side, why would I be afraid? I thought to myself, "I must not die; I have to stay alive to validate the Fa. My mind is clear. Yes, my life is created by the Fa, and I need to give up everything. But this is not an excuse to escape during the time of vicious suppression. We must stay awake and endure them with clear minds." Having thought through this, my mind became totally clear. I vomited lots of bile, and they forced me to swallow it. Eight or nine hours had passed, and it was almost dawn. They were tired and let me go back to my cell.

A guard saw the condition I was in, and was afraid that I would die. He called in a doctor to forcibly give me an injection. After that, I lied down and had a rest for three or four hours. At a little past 8 am, I was interrogated again. To my surprise, I found I had totally regained my spirit and physical strength, as if nothing had happened to me. Thus, they began another round.

This time they used a different group of people, with a soft approach. I wanted to tell them my understanding about Falun Dafa based on my five years' cultivation, and tell them how much Falun Dafa had given me, hoping that they could calm down and listen to the truth. They did not let me speak. The person heading the interrogation repeatedly admonished, "If people don't look after themselves, they will not survive." All other people at his side were yelling and cursing, sometimes burst out laughing for no reason. I did not understand their performance at the time. Now when I look back, they wanted to analyze me to see if I had any attachment they could take advantage of, since I was not afraid of their rough treatment.

At noon, the interrogator was changed again. He was in plain clothes. He said he was a clairvoyant, but seemed to utter only lies and nonsense. He started to beat me when I paid no attention to his nonsense. First he hit my face, and then he slapped my forehead and right leg. He grabbed my hair and pulled it hard. Finally he took out an electric baton and yelled, "They dare not using this, but I will." He zapped the left side of my face. The electric baton gave out noise and sparks. I did not feel anything and was not scared. As he was zapping me on the right side, he asked, "Are you still going to practice?" Every time he asked me, I replied, "Yes I will! Yes I will!" He then shocked each side of my face in turn. Bystanders were all numbed and motionless watching his execution. Not able to get his way, he became exasperated. Like Jiang Zemin, he said, "I don't believe I can't get you subdued." He furiously grabbed my hair and forcefully pulled it back. He raised his electric baton and shocked my neck and laryngo-tracheal area; I was choking. I realized that I had not actively suffocated the evil but instead had been passively enduring their torture. I should no longer just let it be. I struggled onto my feet and with all my strength I yelled out, "I will practice! I will continue to practice!" They were angered and rushed to grab and beat me. I screamed out loud so the whole building could hear, "Help! The policemen are beating people!" They all stopped immediately and dragged me to a chair. The torturer completely failed. Exasperated, he ran towards me and jabbed my right ribs with his knee. I passed out instantly.

Sometime later, I felt someone tried to force tablets into my mouth. I heard a voice, "Force it down and she will tell us everything, this drug is used for that." When I felt the tablets went in my mouth, I struggled free from the hands that held my mouth, crushed the tablets and spitted them all out. They failed again.

At around 5 or 6pm they sent me back to my cell. A cellmate said she had told them her name. People here asked the supervisor and she could go home alone. She was waiting for notice to purchase ticket. Many people passed by my cell that night. They were all happily saying goodbye to each other and said their family member were coming to pick them up. There were others saying that they would call home. Then a few criminal inmates working outside of the cell came over just to tell us that those people left after giving out their names and addresses and they were not picked up by their local police. By then, there was only another practitioner and I left in the cell. There was a lot of hustle and bustle outside, we did not realize they were staging it for us. Nonetheless, after exchanging ideas, I decided to continue not to tell. Preparing for the worst, I told her my name, address and some family information. In case something happened to me, she could then help to clarify things and expose the vicious actions.

On the 4th day, the chief interrogator whom I met on December 27 came to see me. He was the one who came to interrogate me after my night of torture, and who did not beat me up. He said he wanted to invite me to his home and have me stayed there for a few days. He also said others had given their names and addresses and went home. We were the only few left. He also reminded me that I was an elderly person. His tone and facial expression was calm and sincere. He insisted on taking me to his home. I did not realize that he was putting on an act. Teacher said, "*Every obstacle has to be overcome, devils are everywhere.*" (*the translation is subject to further improvement*) I did not see through the performance of this devil; I still had attachments and omissions. I said to myself, "It is hard to meet a person here who does not curse or beat anyone."

The reason we do not give out our names and addresses is because we don't want to cause trouble to our working units, local police stations, and administrative offices. We also want to prevent Jiang Zemin's conspiracy - to incite conflicts between local governments, the public, and practitioners - from succeeding. If I go to stay in his home, it will be trouble for him as well.

Sensing that he had made some inroads with me, he said, "You could instead have a nearby relative pick you up. We absolutely would not inform your local company or police station. As long as it is your relative that comes, we would release you." I trusted him and used his cellular phone to call my daughter in Shenzhen (in Guangdong province). However, within one hour, they found out everything about my home address and company. When I walked out of the detention center, I was met and picked up by my company security staff and the local administrative supervisor. I was deceived.

Many practitioners were tricked this way and sent back. An elderly woman from Pingshan also called home for her relative. When she went outside, instead of her family member, there were office staffs from her province that reside in Beijing, to pick her up. When she asked to go back to her cell to pick up her belongings, they did not let her because they were afraid that their trick would be exposed and would no longer work.

This was my experience in Baodi detention center. All the practitioners who came out of there alive would be witnesses. The way the practitioners were treated was truly inhuman. With my own eyes, I witnessed a young female practitioner being stripped naked with her limbs spread-eagled and cuffed. She was then tortured with electric shocks and beaten. It was extremely humiliating and crude. As a vicious policeman was beating her, he said, "If you end up here again, we will find someone who are experts at 'treating' you to receive you." The female practitioner asked, "Are you still human beings?" They giggled. There was another 58-year old practitioner. In her first trial, she was slapped on the face over ten times. Three or four hours later she was back in the cell and her face was contorted, her hair was a mess, and her face had patches of red and white. Her clothes were soaked with sweat. We spoke only a few words and she was called out again for more torture. After that we were separated to different cells, and I never saw her again.

My company sent a car to take me from Tianjin to Beijing. They went to their office in Beijing to finish the paperwork and handcuffed me in the toilet. They then handcuffed me on the frame on top of the car on the way back. The next day the police station sent me to a detention center for one and a half months. Policemen and supervisors from police stations and administrative offices were all yelled at and penalized by higher officers. My company took the hardest hit. Business was already in a difficult situation with many problems at year-end. In addition to sending people and vehicles to look for me, they were also charged with tens of thousands of Yuan RMB as penalty. They also had to reimburse the police station over 10,000 Yuan (about \$1,200) traveling expenses. This was the deliberate policy setup by Jiang Zemin, to incite other people's resentment towards us and ruin our reputations. However, informed people would, in their hearts, put the blame on Jiang Zemin's viciousness.

After being struck by the vicious policeman at Baodi detention center, my right ribs were swollen. After more than 20 days, the swelling and pain were still significant. A specialist surgeon said it was the characteristic of bone fracture. Fortunately it was not mal-aligned. During those 20 days or so, I had a cough, I salivated profusely, and my right chest was very sore to the touch. I could not stand up straight or bend over, but now I am back to normal. This was all because of the kind protection from Teacher. In future, I will be more conscientiously and wholeheartedly help the Teacher in the tide to save people in the world. I will let go of all my attachments and completely realize my original oath.

However, Jiang stubbornly clings to his wrongful policy, despite repeated peaceful appeals from Dafa practitioners and righteous people throughout the world. In desperation, instead of remorse and reconsideration, he intensifies his vicious persecution. He directs and encourages so many

mean hired thugs like the ones in Masanjia and Baodi detention centers to unleash their animal nature. They unashamedly call themselves "fascists." No matter how much money and reward they heap on these thugs, or what new praises they give them, they are reinforcing their evil nature. They will only worsen this already corrupted society and government. The saddened citizens will be more saddened. How can they whitewash all this? They are destroying themselves. Why don't they realize it and stop before it's too late?

I hereby reaffirm from the bottom of my heart: "Falun Dafa is good!" I will help the Teacher to validate Dafa, and eliminate the evil for as long as I live! To those vicious people, can you kill all the people in the world who insist on the truth? The bad might get their ways momentarily, but evil can never conquer righteous forces! The day when Fa rectifies the world will finally come.

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Posting date: 3/21/2001

Original article date: 2/28/2001

Category: Eye Witness Accounts

Translated on 3/14/2001 from <http://minghui.cc/mh/articles/2001/3/11/8926.html>