

## CHAPTER 1

# Meeting the Walking Dead

“We lost truth a long time ago,” he said. He then laughed. “It is extremely miserable.”

I returned his laugh with a broad smile until the English translation of what he had said came into my ear a few seconds later. My smile disappeared.

“People there don’t live like real humans,” he continued, “they live like walking corpses. It’s a world for ghosts, not for humans.”

“Hold on,” I interrupted, doing something that I religiously avoid doing when conducting an interview. “Translator,” I called out loudly so they would hear me through the interviewee’s microphone. “Did you translate his last sentence? I’m not getting his meaning.”

“Walking corpses . . . walking ghosts,” the translator stammered, obviously tired from well over an hour of continuous translation from Chinese into English. But now was not the time for a break.

“Walking dead?” I asked, trying to maintain a calm exterior while my mind was racing.

“Yes, that’s correct,” replied the translator.

I looked back at the interviewee. He was the highest ranking

communist official we'd been able to get on camera so far. He was the first in charge of modernizing the technology of the CCP's Public Security System (that oversees police and citizen control). The technology has since helped turn China into one of the most highly controlled and surveilled countries on the planet.

I watched him as he continued to speak, momentarily ignoring the translation. He spoke without anger or remorse, but his tone showed a sense of apathetic disregard for Caucasians. He looked at me as if to say: You should understand what I'm talking about—you all should, but you don't. And I don't expect you ever will.

That was one of our first on-camera interviews with a former high-ranking CCP official in New York, back in 2016. In subsequent interviews with more officials and CCP members, I would casually mention how someone had used the term, "Walking Dead," to describe the state of Chinese people under CCP rule today. Then I'd be closely watching for their response. And from former officials living on opposite sides of the world, who had never met each other, who worked in completely different departments in China, who were born in different generations and grew up in different regions, none of them batted an eye at the mention of the term. I had hoped it would be an anomaly and that I could thereby justify ignoring the term, but to my alarm, the concept of China's Walking Dead was a norm to them.

"Oh yes, I have published several articles about that," said a Chinese professor, who is also a doctor of philosophy, and a former CCP model student.

**"You know, in China, sometimes I was drunk and then did [heart] operations on people."**

"Yeah. Walking Dead," nodded another CCP member in broken English. He leaned toward me, as if to avoid the cameras and to

indicate we were now speaking off record.

“I have some thoughts,” he continued, “but they are probably useless for your interview.” I encouraged him to continue.

“You know, in China, sometimes I was drunk and then did [heart] operations on people.” I gulped, but he nodded and shrugged his shoulders. He had been a heart surgeon and worked most of his life at a large, prestigious hospital in China, particularly famous for organ transplantation operations.

“And policemen—drunk, and then go to their job.”

I raised my eyebrows and lowered my chin. With wide eyes I searched his face for any hints to grasp his meaning.

“Yeah,” he said, “drunk, play mahjong all night, the whole night, and then go to work.”

He was dead serious.

“Where was this?” I questioned.

“Everywhere, everywhere, everywhere,” he said waving his hands. “Being in that environment is like being in a big vat of dye. Over time it will change you. Gradually you will lose your true self, your soul, or your spirit. That will die. That’s the Walking Dead.”

He leaned back in his chair and began talking in Chinese again, talking and talking . . . but at that moment I felt I’d entered a world that I couldn’t leave—not until I could fully understand what he meant.

For the last five years I’ve tried to forget the Walking Dead. I couldn’t bear to use such a ghastly term to describe my fellow human beings in any country, let alone the interviewees who had given me their trust. It was too difficult a term to unravel for an audience in a world of political correctness, and so full of

cultural distortion and depravity that I chose to ignore it. And my decision felt justified because the Walking Dead didn't fit the frame I needed from these interviews for our movie, *Finding Courage*,<sup>1</sup> which up until now, had been my task at hand.

But I feel a growing weight of responsibility bearing down on my shoulders. Scores of translated CCP documents and interview transcripts sit in boxes in my office. Over 50 hours of recorded interviews with former Chinese communist officials and CCP members and operatives have, until now, sat unused. It had been challenging to find willing interviewees, and it took time and patience during the interviews to build their trust and overcome cultural, knowledge, age, and gender differences. But eventually, the overwhelming majority warmed to my questioning and spoke sincerely and candidly. Their lived experiences, their truths, are rarely told in Chinese or Western media. Their stories are too foreign for those who don't understand, and too disturbing for those who do. And worse, their guilt, remorse, distress, failure, and despair, were overshadowed by an overwhelming hopelessness. And without hope, I felt obliged to hide these stories, rather than pour more sorrow upon the world. We already have enough.

But today I do see a hope and a purpose in sharing these stories.

As pro-communist, socialist, globalist regimes—especially China—seek to expand their oppression worldwide, and as the beacon of the Free World, America, is on the brink of losing its foundation of personal liberties and succumbing to socialist control, understanding the poison that created China's Walking Dead may help us save ourselves from their fate. And I truly and dearly hope that it is not too late to awaken many of the Walking Dead from their poison-induced slumber.

## CHAPTER 2

# A New Puzzle

We were well over an hour into our interview when he finally started making eye contact with me.

His thin grey hair was brushed neatly across his scalp, framing an oval face that had seen many battles over his 80-plus years of living. He wore a neat colored shirt beneath a vest and light coat, which I never saw him remove. Occasionally his eyes would spark with an intensity that drew my curiosity, but also made me shiver.

This Senior Official had been Police Commissioner, Class II, and Deputy Chief at the Ministry for Public Security in China's capital, Beijing. The Ministry was where the soldiers set out from before descending on the square where they killed a yet-to-be-disclosed number of innocent students.

“Every day I was at Tiananmen. The Ministry was like the heart of the Tiananmen incident.”

Like most Chinese, he used the regime's term “incident” (short for *political incident*) to describe the bloody massacre.

“The soldiers ambushed the students from the Ministry,” he stated. “I was there. I knew. I saw it all. I saw everything. The night of the massacre, I was at the Ministry of Public Security. I saw how the CCP deceived the people and how it allowed the