

坎路 Muddy road

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1948



1950



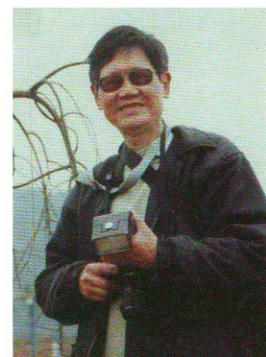
May, 1956



1967



1992



2007

Is there a fine line between freedom and restriction?
Can we strive for satisfaction without being greedy?
Are there men who are neither winners nor losers, who choose not to play the game?
Is there a small village of peace far away from distrust and hatred, where we can once again trust each other?

我们能否在自由与约束之间求同存异?
我们能否彼此帮助, 携手共进, 超越贪得无厌, 战胜饥寒交迫?
我们能否怀抱赤子之心, 兄弟情谊, 对成败荣辱付之一笑?
我们能否在一个宁静祥和的世界, 摒弃仇视与憎恨, 重拾信任与宽容?

<1>

1937年的那个冬天格外寒冷。我父亲去南京做生意，当时我哥哥七岁，我五岁。那时的中国正处在一个动乱时期，当年七月日本发动全面侵华战争，而国内那些愚蠢的军阀头目们却鏖战正酣。天灾人祸，相逼而来，人民处于水深火热之中。

后来我懂事了，知道父亲去南京其实不是做生意，他是共产党员，当时是一个工会的负责人，母亲因为志同道合也赞同他去南京。唉！风雨易测，祸福难料，自此一别，阴阳永隔。父亲到达南京后仅仅几周，日本军队就占领了南京城，六周之内，超过三十万中国人被屠杀，我父亲就再也没有回来了。

母亲留在长沙，盼呀！等呀！最终还是没有等到父亲的消息。生活日渐艰难，悲伤无奈之下，母亲只好带着哥哥和我一路乞食返回平江老家。我们唯一的亲人是我的祖父，他在广东警察学校毕业，曾在长沙一个市区担任过警察厅长，退休后回到平江，在县城买了一幢漂亮的房子，我的祖母早逝，他和一个比他年轻很多的情妇住在一起。

按理说，媳妇，孙儿们远道而来，做爷爷的应该是高兴地接待，然而看到我们衣襟褴褛，形如乞丐，他就很厌恶地把我们拒之门外，母亲低三下四说了很多好话，说我们绝不会给他带来麻烦，她会找一份工作来养活我们兄弟俩。为了让祖父同意收留我们，母亲还写下了一份保证书，为了养家糊口，母亲给镇上人洗涮缝纫，织布补衣。

每天清晨，她坐在一台缝纫机前开始一天的工作，或是坐在一条小板凳上洗一整天的衣服，辛苦劳动得来的几个钱，每晚却被我祖父一个铜板一个铜板全收进他自己的荷包。

我们在祖父屋外的过道下摆了一张上下铺的木架床，遮风挡雨的就是那块短短的房檐，晴天还好，碰上雷雨交加的夜晚可就糟糕了，我们哥俩年纪都小，每遇倾盆大雨，电闪雷鸣，就哭得哇哇直呼怕，在祖父的许可下，我们才可以搬到屋内的走廊里睡。母亲常常抱着我们，一边安慰一边擦眼泪，三个人哭成一团。我三十多岁了，每遇电闪雷鸣，仍然心有余悸，回想起童年经历，不寒而栗。

为了生活，为了把我们哥俩养大，母亲不得不忍气吞声地顺着祖父，那是一段多么艰难而屈辱的日子呀！我们母子过的生活和祖父相比是天壤之别，我们餐餐吃的是萝卜，酸菜，腐乳；而祖父和他情妇天天大鱼大肉。

艰辛的生活，繁重的劳动，不平等的待遇，我们实在无法再忍受下去。在一个寒冷阴沉的早晨，母亲带着满心的悲伤和愤怒，带着一双因过度洗涤而伤痕累累的双手，牵着哥哥和我，离开了祖父家，这个我们原以为最温暖却最寒冷的地方。

哦，对大多数五、六岁的孩子来说，祖父是那么的温和热情，和蔼可亲。但每当我回忆童年想起我的祖父时，那个秋日清晨的沉沉暗霭，阴森寒气，扑面而来。

Chapter1

It was a very cold winter in the year 1937. My father went to Nanking to do some business there. My elder brother was seven years old and I was about five. At the time, China was in a state of ferment. In July of that year Japan launched an all-out war of aggression against China. There were a lot of stupid warlords in China during that time who fought against each other. Between the war and famine, the populace at large was caught between two fires.

Later I came to know my father had said he went to do business in Nanking but he actually went there as a manager of a labor union and a member of the Communist Party. My mother agreed with his viewpoint and she approved of his going to Nanking. But who knows? They were separated forever because several weeks after my father went to Nanking, the Japanese troops occupied the city and more than 300,000 people were killed in six weeks. It was the Nanking Massacre. And my father never came back.

My mother stayed in Changsha (Capital of Hunan Province), waiting for a long time to get news from my father, but she got nothing. It was difficult for her to make a living in this big city. My mother was very sad. She took my elder brother and me back to our hometown, Pingjiang. We begged for food during our trip. The only family we had was my grandfather, who was a policeman and had graduated from a Police Academy in Canton. He was a superintendent of the police station in a district of Changsha. After he retired, he went back to Pingjiang and bought a nice house in the county. My grandmother died very early, so my grandfather was living with his lover, a pretty lady much younger than he was.

My grandfather was disgusted with us when we came to visit him with ragged clothes like beggars. He didn't like to see us that way at all. My mother promised him that we wouldn't bring him any trouble; she said she would find a job to make a living. She wrote down a contract and exchanged it with my grandfather stating the terms under which we could live with him. My mother washed and mended clothes for the townspeople.

Every morning, she sat at a sewing machine or washed clothes all day to earn some coins, which were then taken by my grandfather every night. We slept on a bunk bed outside of our grandfather's house under a roof with a short overhang. It was okay on sunny days, but it was really bad on rainy days especially when there was thunder. My elder brother and I were both scared and cried, and with my grandfather's permission, we moved to an entryway in the house. My mother used to wipe our tears and comfort us as my brother and I held each other and cried. Until I was more than 30 years old, every time I heard the sound of thunder and heavy rain against the window, I still got scared remembering my childhood.

My mother had to follow my grandfather's commands. It was a very hard time for us. Everyday we only ate rice, radish, pickled cabbage and preserved bean curd for food while my grandfather and his lover ate meat everyday. There was a great difference between our grandfather's life and ours.

At last we couldn't stand the heavy work, unfair treatment and hard life anymore. On a cold, cloudy morning, my mother got fed up. Holding my brother and me by her rough and scarred hands, we left my grandfather's house. It was supposed to be the warmest place in the world, but unfortunately it was the coldest one.

Oh, to most five or six year old children, grandpa is tender, warm and affectionate, but when I look back on my childhood and my grandpa, the darkness of that chilly autumn morning envelopes my mind.

<2>
讲到逃难，在三十年代，那可真是老百姓的家常便饭，也是我童年里记忆最深的事情。日本鬼子侵略中国，杀人放火，奸淫掳掠，无恶不作。有血性的年轻人都参军去打鬼子了，留下的都是些老弱病残，妇女儿童，毫无防卫能力，你不逃难行吗？

那时候，没有一个家庭是完整的，在举目无亲，四顾无援的境地下母亲竟幸运地找到了她的一个堂姐，她为人和善，乐于助人，她丈夫是国民党军官，驻守粤北，她带着个11岁大的儿子留在家里。母亲和姨母开了一家杂货店，自此我又多了一个表哥，我们五个人就住在店内的一间小屋。日子平静了一段，又起波澜。

1942年6月的一个下午，我正在县城小学的教室里上课，忽然天空呜呜的警报声响个不停，老师知道这是敌机来了的警报，日本鬼子来轰炸县城了。她扔下粉笔，迅速地把我们这群小学生转移到学校后山一个又黑又潮湿的防空洞里，我们一进防空洞就听见外面轰隆隆，轰隆隆的巨响，那巨大而尖锐的声响从我的耳膜刺入脊背，我浑身颤抖，头昏眼花，轰炸了半个多小时后，响声停止，飞机飞远，我们都不敢起出来，又等了很久，我们才从那个令人窒息的防空洞走出来。

当我跑到街上再往家里跑时，我看到那原本还好好的一栋栋民房，一间间琳琅满目的商店，都成了一片废墟，空气中弥漫着硝烟，那是死亡的烟火。刚才还是好好的活人，现在成了一个血肉模糊辨认不出的僵硬尸体，孩子们哭着，喊着，“爸爸，妈妈……”一些人在废墟堆里跑来跑去，寻找他们的孩子。“操你妈的日本鬼子，狗婊子养的！”哭声，叫声，喊声，骂声，声声凄惨，句句揪心，满城一片狼籍，悲凉的空气中仇恨在四下蔓延。

我们的杂货店也被炸毁，货品都被落下的瓦砾泥土掩埋。当母亲看到我们哥俩活着回来，一切都好时，二话没说，抓着我们的手就往我们乡下老屋的方向跑，诚惶诚恐，担心日本鬼子的飞机又会飞回来。

乡下老屋按理也有我们的份，但是我的叔伯们都不接纳我们，只有一位做木匠的陈姓邻居，同情并接待了我们母子，给了我们一间小屋住下。本是一家人，为什么都不搭理我们呢？直到后来我才知道，他们认为我父亲在工会当过负责人，又是共产党员，他们怕与“共匪”有牵连，怕惹火烧身。

在那段艰难的日子里，是这位陈伯伯，热心地接待我们，又是做饭给我们吃，又是腾床铺给我们睡，真是“不是亲人胜似亲人”。解放以后，我们哥俩各自成家后，还经常隔三差五买些礼物去看他，接他到县城来住。我知道他们家的恩情我今生报答不尽，他的子孙都善良淳朴，并且生活富裕，家庭幸福。好人哟！好人有好报。这是中国人常挂在嘴边的哲理。

后来，为了躲避日本兵，我们逃难到了一个叫北风洞的地方，住在一个山洞里。那真是一个美丽的地方，苍翠的群山环绕中，一条小河缓缓流淌而出，婀娜的树影摇曳在平静的水面。只是年幼无知的我，终日担惊受怕，根本无心去欣赏那如画风景。

白天我们哥俩躲在山洞里，母亲在山上寻找野菜和野果，我们总是找不到足够的食物。有一次我们躲在山上，我的肚子饿得呱呱直叫，哭着喊妈要吃的，有一对和我们一起逃难的夫妇，见我哭得可怜，就给我夹了几片还带着猪毛的生猪肉，我抓起来就往嘴里一塞，几口一嚼，骨碌碌便吞到肚子里去了，母亲见我这种狼狈可怜的馋相，伤心地流下热泪，我却傻乎乎地吃着，乐着。

难呀！难，说不尽，也写不完，每当我回忆起那段辛酸的苦难日子，我就恨不得抓来几个日本鬼子，砍他几刀，才能平息心中之恨。

二战结束时我正好十三岁，我又可以上学了。二十斤大米读一个学期，为了攒钱给我读书，母亲又干起了洗涮缝纫的活儿。15岁的哥哥没有上学，而是在一家服装店当学徒工，赚点钱补贴家用。

母亲和哥哥的辛勤，鞭策着我刻苦学习，初中三年，不论是主课副课，还是美术体育，我都是全班第一。

每天早晨，母亲早早地起来给我做早餐，米饭，辣椒，腐乳，有时还蒸上一个鸡蛋，午饭在学校吃，放学回家就帮母亲洗碗碟，搓棉条，纺纱，做棉被，朋友们相邀一起去玩的时候，我就只呆在家里，寒暑假也是如此。

母亲心灵手巧，自己纺纱织布，衣服袜子，裤子棉鞋，总是做得大方得体，她经常对我说的话就是“在学校要保持整洁。”她是怕我在学校被同学看不起。

有一个学期，我们没有交足俸米（即学费），学校不准我参加考试，母亲只好拿出仅有的一件心爱的嫁妆，外婆送给她的手镯，到当铺里当了点钱，凑足俸米才使我如期参加考试。

战后的生活清贫，甚至有些拮据，但对我们母子三人而言，那却是一段好时光。直到另一场战争的到来。

Chapter2

In the 1930's, Chinese people became accustomed to war. I had to escape from the Japanese soldiers with my family many times as child. The Japanese soldiers killed people, raped women, and did many other cruel things to the Chinese. The Chinese young men who went to join the army and to fight against the Japanese left behind old and sick men, women and children who had no way of defending themselves so they had to escape to the mountains.

No family is complete, and although it was difficult to find a relative or friend to help us, we were lucky. My mother managed a store with her cousin, who was a kind madam and whose husband was a captain of the Kuomintang Army. She lived alone with her son, my cousin, who was about 11 years old at the time. The five of us lived in the rooms behind the small shop.

In June 1942, I was studying in a primary school in PingJiang County. Suddenly, the alarm rang and our teacher knew that it was a warning: the Japanese bombers were coming to bomb the town. The teacher threw down the chalk and gathered her students together to go to the hills where there was an air-raid shelter. It was cold and dank inside, and just after we went into the air-raid shelter the Japanese dropped bombs down to the ground. The loud, harsh noise sent shivers up and down my spine. The Japanese bombers dropped bombs for more than half an hour, and then stopped and flew further away. We were suffocated inside the air-raid shelter but were afraid of going out.

When I ran into the streets to go home, I saw that buildings, beautiful shops and people's houses had all fallen down. It looked like a wasteland and the smoke permeated the air. It smelled like fireworks at the time, but for death instead of for celebration. Many people had died lying down on the road. Some kids were crying, "Papa, Mama...". Some people were running in the streets to find their children. Some shouted, "Fuck you Japanese soldiers! Son of a bitch!" The crying and shouting were all over the place. The cold town was filled with hatred. Our small shop was damaged too. Goods like cookies and other food were scattered everywhere and some were buried in the ground due to the bombings.

When my mother saw that my brother and I had come back home alive, she grabbed our hands and we ran away from the town to our village. My mother was very scared because she thought that the Japanese would fire bombs again. We had some relatives there like my father's uncles and cousins. Although by rights we should have been able to share the house with our relatives, we ended up in a small shack loaned to us by our neighbors. I didn't know why our relatives did not treat us kindly. Once I grew up, I found out that my father was a member of the Labor union and Communist Party, so they may have treated us that way for political reasons or just because they wanted to stay out of trouble.

Our neighbor's family name was Chen. He was a very friendly, kind and sympathetic man. He used to serve us meals and help us a lot. He was just our neighbor, not a relative, and yet he was so kind and compassionate to us. He treated us better than any of our relatives did. Later, when my elder brother and I grew up and had families, we usually invited him to come to our place and have good time with us. I know I could never pay him back for all the things he had done for us. He is really a good person, and his children are all good, kind people. His family is still living happily. There's an old saying in China, "A good, kind man deserves happiness".

Later, we moved to a mountain cave in a village named North Wind Village to escape from Japanese soldiers. It is really a beautiful place with green mountains, beautiful woods and a peaceful river flowing through it. However, I was small and scared of the war so I didn't take a good look at all its beauty. We hid in the mountain cave during the daytime. My mother went to find wild vegetables and fruits in the mountains. It was difficult for us to get enough food at that time so when I was starving I cried to my mother, begging her for food. One time, we met a couple who were also hiding in the mountains. They brought us small pieces of pork, which were still raw, but I was so hungry that I grabbed the pork and ate it. I felt really happy to get some food while my mother became depressed when she saw me desperately seeking the food. She knew that we were in pain. She wept and cried. I was ten years old at that time, and it was a very difficult experience in my life.

I was 13 years old when World War Two ended, which meant I could go to school and study with my companions. My mother had to pay for school with about 10kgs of rice in exchange for one term of my education. She washed and wove clothes for people to earn money to buy the rice. My older brother was 15 but he didn't go to school. Instead he helped my mother to earn money by working in a drapery shop as an intern selling clothes. Their hard work enabled me to go to school and motivated me to study very hard every day. I started junior school which lasted for three years. In the junior course we needed to learn the main subjects which were Chinese, Math and English. The secondary courses were Physical Science, Chemistry and Biology (Science and Engineering) as well as Political Science, History and Geography (Liberal Arts) and Physical Education, Arts and Singing (special subjects). I learned all of them very well and was always number one in our class.

Every morning, my mother cooked a breakfast of rice, pepper and preserved beancurd for me. Sometimes, she also gave me egg. I ate lunch at school. When my friends came to our house to invite me to play outside, I just stayed indoors. After school, I helped my mother clean our dishes and our room and we wove blankets from cotton. During summer and winter holidays, I helped her at home. My mother was very good at making clothes, and she made shirts, trousers and shoes for me. "Be neat in school!" she always told me. She didn't want my classmates to laugh at me even if we were poor at that time.

One school term, we didn't have enough money to pay the tuition, so my mother had to pawn her bracelet, which was given by my grandmother as a gift for her wedding, to the pawnshop. Three years later, I finished junior school and began senior school.

We didn't have such good food, and we didn't earn much money, but it was a good time for us. Until another war broke out.

<3>

1946年，国共内战爆发。斯大林无疑是幕后黑手，他曾设想以长江为界，将中国一分为二，就像他成功分裂德国时所采取的手段一样。中国老百姓普遍厌战，大多数民意倾向于建立联合政府，但以国共两党截然不同的意识形态，它们自身都不能联合，又怎么能领导人民来建立联合政府呢？一山不容二虎，内战到底还是打响了。

我哥哥和表哥因国民党抓壮丁而被迫参军，因为姨父（表哥的父亲）托些关系而把他们俩安排在广东后方的一个无线电报部门工作。姨父也厌倦了战争，并且十分害怕失去他的独子。在1948年下半年，姨父一家迁往台湾，他劝我哥哥也跟他一起去台湾，但我哥最终决定返回家乡跟母亲和我团聚。此后，我们两家就失去了联系，我一直也没有打听到表哥一家的消息。而因为战争的原因一再耽搁，我哥在两年之后才回到家乡，期间我们没有任何他的音讯。

1949年7月的一个晴朗的早晨，我和往常一样，挑着一担水桶去井里担水，一出门走在街上，就看到屋檐底下，到处都睡着解放军，持枪和衣而卧，我当时既兴奋又惊讶：兴奋的是我亲眼看到了解放军；惊讶的是，他们来这里怎么一点动静都没有，他们是什么时候来的？怎么不像国民党军队那样，杀气腾腾地敲开老百姓的门，要老百姓滚开，自己却住在老百姓家里。解放军纪律多么严明，丝毫不惊扰老百姓，便就地露宿，此情此景，对解放军的崇敬之情在我心底油然而生。

正当我站在那儿凝思时，有些战士已经醒来了，一个战士过来帮我去挑水，其他战士招呼我坐下聊天，他们问我的名字和年龄，我告诉他们我十七岁，是个中学生，来自一个贫苦家庭。

他们向我介绍解放军为什么打反动派，怎样帮穷人分田地，斗地主，打土豪，如何领导穷人翻身作主的一些道理和故事，还一边给我宣讲解放军的三大纪律，八项注意。他们也问了我一些数学问题，一些汉字的写法，拼音方面的问题。一个看上去像是他们领导的人说，既然我受过这么好的教育，如果我愿意，可以参加解放军，将来还能在部队当教官呢。

我说我要问过我母亲，心里却是十分兴奋，我觉得我要是穿上军装，当上解放军，那多光荣啊！

回到家里，我便高高兴兴地把刚才解放军和我的谈话一五一十地告诉了母亲，想征求她的同意。话刚出嘴，就遭到了母亲的训斥，她说起了我那一去不回的父親，还有参军快两年的哥哥，到现在都音讯杳无，也不知道是死是活。她说说着，就哭起来，“你哥哥也不在，你又要走，家里怎么办？留下我一个老家伙，又怎么办？”话一说完，她就把房门重重地关上，用铁锁把门锁上了。

整个假期，我都无法出门，直到学校开学。而解放军也悄悄地走了，他们又雄纠纠气昂昂地继续伟大而光荣的南下使命。

Chapter3

On the 26th of June, 1946, the Chinese Civil War broke out. Stalin had become accustomed to the exercise of great influence. He wanted to see a North China and a South China, just as there was in Germany. The Chinese people were tired of war. Most wanted to build a united government, but if the Nationalist Party and the Communist Party were not united, how could they rally the people to build a United Government? One mountain, one tiger, finally the civil war broke out in 1946.

My cousin and my brother joined the Nationalist Army where they worked in the telegraph department. My uncle (my cousin's father) was tired of war and feared losing his son. So my uncle ordered the two boys to stay in Canton. In October, 1948, my cousin's family moved to Taiwan. My uncle persuaded my brother to go to Taiwan with him, but my brother chose to return home from Canton and had his 19th birthday with my mother and me, but his plan was delayed by the war for two years, and during that time, we didn't hear any news from him.

It was a sunny morning in June 1949 when I got up and went out to get water from a well house carrying two pails tied on a pole. When I was working in the street, I saw a large group of soldiers. They were laying down under the shade of the roof. I recognized them the Chinese Liberation Army. We had not known when they were coming and when they came, we were a little surprised that they did not break down doors and occupy people's houses as the Kuomintang soldiers have done before. By contrast, they were very disciplined. The group I saw had put their guns just beside them and were holding them as they slept. Some of them were already awake and saw me getting water.

One of them came to fill the pails for me, so I sat talking in the street with the other soldiers who were very kind. They asked me my name and age and I answered that I was a seventeen year old child from a poor family. They told me a story about what they had done and what they were doing to help the poor people to get their land back from the landlords. They explained the rules of the Liberation Army and asked me questions about Math as well as writing and pronouncing Chinese characters. One man looked like their leader. He told me that since I was very well educated I could teach them writing, Math and other subjects, and I could become a teacher in the Army someday.

I told them that I had to ask my mother first, but I was really happy and excited. And I began to imagine that one day I could wear their uniform and become a member of the Chinese Liberation Army. It would be my honor. When I went back home and told my mother about it, she was terrified because it reminded her of what had happened to my father when he was a member of the Communist party before. When my brother joined the army, we did not get any news from him for more than two years. We still didn't know if he was alive or not. My mother, wondering how she would be able to survive if I joined the Liberation Army also, she pushed me into a small room, slammed the door and locked it.

For the rest of the summer holidays, I was not allowed to go out of our house until the new school term began.

不同的时代给予我们不同的机会，我们应该最大程度地把握住它。

新中国成立后，百废待兴，在政府大力支持下，许多年轻人进入军校，党校，工程兵学校学习，这些年轻人日后都将被安排到祖国各个地方，去进行基础设施建设。

开学的前一天，我在去学校的路上碰到一个姓潘的同学，他竟然穿着一件中国人民解放军的军装，“你这是在哪儿偷来的？”我问他，他神气十足地说，“我现在是长沙军政大学的学员呢。”他又指了指胸前佩戴的校徽，我就近看了看，又摸了摸，果然货真价实，他没有吹牛。我顿时羡慕极了，一掌过去，说道，“你小子真不错，能考上军校！”他说，“军大的政委是我们平江的一个老首长，你也去长沙碰碰运气吧！”

听同学这么一讲，我就没去了学校，转身一口气跑回了家。神秘而高兴地拉着妈妈的手说，“我要去长沙考军政大学，以后读书就不像过去一样要交俸米了。”母亲见我如此激动，如此高兴，心思疑虑地问我，“不上前线吗？”我回答说，“不上前线，是去学习，就在长沙，离家不远。”经过我反复地向她讲清军大的性质，学习内容，学习目的，她才慢慢地觉悟理解，默默地点了点头，却始终不想说出“可以”两个字。

去军大的意志已定，第二天一早没告诉母亲我就搭车去了长沙。心想，也去试试看。汽车一路颠簸了两个小时，到长沙后，下车一看，真是“乡下人上了街(gai),脑壳看得歪。”摸不清东西南北，很快就迷路了。为了找到军大，我不得不叫了一辆人力车，足足要去了我一天的饭钱。

一到军大总校校部门口，两个威武庄严的哨兵就把我拦住了。于是我向他们说明来意，并提出我是平江来的，要见他们政委。他们一听是平江来的，就客气了，并立即把首长的秘书也请来了。当我把来考军校的意图详细地告诉他以后，他很欢迎，立刻进去和首长请示了一下，便单独出题对我进行了考试。考的是比较简单的语文，数学和英语三门，足足考了两个钟头。秘书才把我的试卷拿了进去，一会儿出来告诉我说，“我给你写个介绍信，你到总部去报到。”当时我的心里是多么地高兴啊！乐滋滋的就像吃了蜜糖。

拿着首长秘书的介绍信，我没有立即去军大报到。而是搭车又回到了平江，主要是把录取军大的喜报告诉母亲，也到母校向班主任和同学们告别。

在这个人生的分水岭上，我们就此告别，我的生活也从此改变。

就在我去军大读书的两个月后。几经磨难，我哥终于回到家乡，他和母亲在镇上开了个裁缝小店，远离战争的日子祥和而安宁，他很快成家了，母亲自然是把这喜讯告诉我。对于战争，我哥哥只字不提，当人们问及他那两年的去向，他只是说去广东做服装生意了。只是树欲静，而风不止。

Chapter4

Different periods of time give people different opportunities, and we should make the most of them. After the founding of the PRC, the Chinese government supported young men to higher-level schools such as military, political and logistics academies so that those young people could later join the army, work in factories or help poor areas build infrastructure like water, electricity and roads.

The day before the next school term began, I went to school and met one of my friends, Pan, and he was wearing the army uniform with the logo of Chinese Liberation Army. "Where did you get that, Pan?" I asked him. "I am now a member of the Military Academy of Changsha." He flung back his head and seemed very proud. "The commissar of the Military Academy is from our hometown. Go to Changsha and have a try."

So I went back home and told my plan to my mother. I said, "I want to go join the Military Academy because it's free to study there and I can get a good job after graduation." "They are shipping young men off to the war," my mother said. "No, I am going to study there." It took some explaining to get the point across. Finally, she said not a word, but nodded her head.

I didn't go to school the next day, but instead I took a bus to Changsha early in the morning. That was my first time to come to the big city, and I only walked for twenty minutes before I got lost. So I had to call a rickshaw to find the way to the Military Academy, and that cost me the money I had for food. Two guards stopped me at the gate of the Military Academy, and I told them I was from PingJiang and that I wanted to see their commissar. The secretary of the commissar came out for a short time, and I told him I wanted to join the Military Academy. The Commissar was reading a report when I was ushered in by the secretary. He looked unpleasant, but actually he was very kind and

well known in our hometown. He joined the Red Army during the time of PingJiang Uprising. Soon after my meeting with the Commissar, I sat for my examinations as a student of the military school, and I passed my exams in Chinese, Maths and English. It took about two hours but the exams were easy for me. Then the secretary read and graded my examination papers and said, "You passed the exams." He wrote down a recommendation and showed me. "New recruits should report to the orderly room. Take it with you."

I was happy but I didn't go to the orderly room that afternoon. I took a bus back to PingJiang and told my mother the good news, and then I went to my school and said good-bye to my teacher and my classmates. At the parting of the ways of our lives we took leave of each other, and then the direction of my life changed.

Two months after I went to the Military Academy, my brother finally returned home. He turned in on himself since he came back. He lived with my mother and made a living as a tailor while my mother took charge of the business. Those days away from war brought him peace and happiness. He got married soon and settled down to family life.

He tried to bury the memories of his experience in the Chinese Civil War. He didn't say a word about the war, and when someone asked where he had been during the past two years, he just said he had gone to do some work in the garments business in Canton. However, it is impossible to live without some daily ruffles to our composure. There is an old saying in China: "The tree wants quiet but the wind never stops blowing."

<5>

1950年端午节过后，我们军大的校友便一批一批地毕业开始分配了。

我被分配到了广东乐昌的一个炮兵连，这里原来是国民党高级将领薛岳的老巢，既是连接湘粤的交通要道，又属于山区，土匪很多，情况比较复杂。

我的职务是文化教员，当时，我刚满十八岁。我们的战士大多来自东北的农村，参军前大多没有文化，为南下解放而作战，也没功夫学习文化知识。我们到连队后，战士们对我们寄予了很大期望。我们当时的行动口号是，“战士在哪里，我们就在哪里。”不论阵地如何分散，环境如何艰苦，为了让他们多掌握文化知识，我们常常肩背黑板，手拿粉笔，身揣教材，走遍每座桥梁，跑遍每个隧道，为战士们讲课，学文化。尽管战士们值勤时，风吹日晒，非常辛苦，但是他们的学习情绪都很高。

作战胜利后，对于俘虏的国民党士兵，我们先进行政治教育，再将他们改编。我们吃在一起，住在一起，对他们进行潜移默化的政治教育。

我还清楚地记得第一次和俘虏们见面时的情景。当连长叫他们稍息之后，我润润嗓子，壮壮胆子，高声说道，“朋友们，我是来给你们当炊事员的。”话音一落，连长和指导员都愣了，心想，怎么啦？这个小文教头句话就走火了，刚才连长介绍时是说来当文化教员的，怎么说是来当炊事员的呢？我沉着地接着说，“我这个炊事员不是在厨房里做饭炒菜，而是在课堂里给大家送精神食粮的。”这么一讲，队列里立刻爆发出一阵阵热烈的掌声。连长和指导员也笑了，我也笑了。

我年轻又和气，从来不跟任何人争吵，我始终记着母亲的教诲，“和气待人，与人为善，己所不欲，勿施于人。”这是母亲引用的不多的几个道理之一，也是她经常教导我的话，而正是遵从这样的教诲，我赢得了大家的尊重与信任，还有友谊。

一个十八、九岁的年轻人，穿着一身略显宽松的军装，戴着一个军帽，把帽檐压得很低，遮住了他的眼睛，不想让别人猜到他的真实年龄。他的声音低沉浑厚，在整个教室回响，那个就是我！

在乐昌三年的生活，远离尘嚣，清贫而艰苦，我全身心地投入生活，也得到了全面的发展。

Chapter5

In June, 1950, after eight months' training in the Military Academy, all the students were assigned to suitable jobs. I was sent to the field artillery unit in a small town, Lechang, in northern Guangdong. That is a mountainous world: the area stretching from northern Guangdong along the Hunan-Jiangxi border into southern Hubei lies entirely within the Lohsiao mountain range.

I was 18 years old, young and pretty tall, a very good basketball player and good at playing accordion.

The artillery unit of Lechang was responsible for traffic flow from Hunan to Guangdong. During the war, a unit of heavily armed soldiers from Kuomintang were overpowered before leaving for Taiwan and disappeared into the mountains. Some of them were tired of war, so they moved down from the mountains and were lost in the crowd. Others were not yet tired of fighting, and afterwards people driving or walking through the mountains were sometimes attacked by them.

In passing I would like to mention our propaganda and educational work. In fact, our propaganda included the government's ideological and political work for prisoners. I lived with those prisoners as a teacher of politics and education, rehabilitating them and preparing them for life as soldiers. Isn't that extraordinary! I was only a young man then myself, just out of school.

I still remember the first time I was asked to address the prisoners. "Hello, guys, I've come here to be your cook," I said to them, and our company commander was very surprised. "But I won't work in the kitchen. I will work in the classroom and provide food for your soul." After a short silence, they broke into laughter.

I am a good-natured person and have never had a quarrel with anyone. I respect people even if they are prisoners. "Treat people as you hope they will treat you," my mother always told me. This was the only old saying she knew, which brought me friendship, respect and trust from everyone I met.

Picture a young man in a military uniform with his army cap on and the peak pulled down low over his eyes so that nobody could guess his true age. His voice boomed out in the crowded hall: yeah, that was me.

Most of the soldiers came from villages where they didn't get a good education from school. Their first and most important goal was to learn to read and write. We also organized basketball matches and singing competitions.

I stayed there for three years, and although I led an austere life in the mountains, I had a really good time.

<6>

在广东连队三年的良好表现，让我得到了团政委的欣赏和重视，一九五三年四月我被调到团部工作。离开连队前，我写了一份入党申请书，连队指导员、党支部书记用盖有支部公章的介绍信，向团部的机关党支部介绍了我在连队的表现和准备吸收我加入党组织的一封公函，公函是用信封封好交给我带走的。我当时心里很高兴，认为我上调了，又要入党了，我把这好消息写信告诉了母亲。

母亲回信说她十分想念我，还告诉我哥哥的小孩快出生了，她说她会找个时间尽快来看我。十月份，我的母亲，哥哥，嫂子和她刚出生才一个多月的女儿，到团司令部来探望我，一下来了四个人，还有个刚满一个月的婴儿，引起了部队首长们的不解和同志们的好奇。东北的兵，家属来探亲是经常的，但一般都是妻子看望丈夫，我是湖南的兵，来的除母亲外，还有哥嫂和侄女，大家的疑虑就多了。第二天，团长、政委在看望我母亲时，还旁敲侧击地谈起这些事情。随即，保卫科的科长也来了，还单独向我详细打听了哥哥的情况。原来，有个国民党俘虏兵认出了我哥哥。

我哥哥在国民党部队当兵时，是在一个无线电报部门做事。在当时来讲，这就是特务性质的工作单位。由于我的社会关系是这样的复杂，团部经过考虑、审查后，不到一年我便被调离了团部到了乐昌县部队速成学校，又开始了我以前干过的文化教员工作。从此，我的入党问题也就成了泡影。对此我十分困惑与不解，思想有了毛病，工作也不安心，不到三个月，我便借口生病住进了师部的后勤医院。

我们师部的后勤医院就驻扎在离衡阳市不远的一个小镇上，这个后勤医院从炊事员到清洁员、理发师，从护士到医生，都是日本人，只有指导员和几个工作人员是东北南下来的。为什么全是日本人呢？因为日本在一九四五年向中国投降后，医院成建制的被我军收留，然后随解放军一起南下，为我军服务。其中也有几个是我军在东北伪满州国招来的，还有少数是自愿加入我军的学生。我认识的一个日本姑娘，就是这一类。

医院里的伤员大部分是南下的东北老兵，他们仇恨日本鬼子，对于护士、医生做得稍有不如意的地方，就大声辱骂，而且还动手动脚。我呢，很年轻，是部队的文教，一位年轻的军官，护士和医生对我很尊敬，我对待他们的态度和东北老兵不一样，我不但不大声讲话，也没有粗话和训斥的话。

我的病房，有几位年轻的日本女护士，她们都很乐意为我服务，但每次要在臀部打针时，我就有点害羞，不要她们动手，而是要一位老护士“嘎莎”来给我注射。嘎莎在日本语里是妈妈的意思，也正因为我的腼腆，她们总是嘀嘀咕咕，背着笑我一阵，并且用尊敬和好奇的眼光看着我。医院里有个业余女子篮球队，并且经常组织参加师部举行的比赛。我喜欢篮球，她们在练习时，我也常站在一旁看热闹，有时也给指点指点。她们知道我懂球技，便找到指导员想聘请我为她们球队的技术指导。本来按医院的规定，病号除看病、打针，平常是不能和她们单独接触聊天的，也不准一起参加活动，可院方政委却给了我一个特殊对待。

球队里有一个年龄最小的主力队员叫藤绳温子，她的父亲当时是伪满州国本溪市铁路上的锅炉工，战后又在中国工作了十年。温子随解放军南下当了一名小护士，她年轻、貌美又单纯，穿着制服，戴个军帽，大大的眼睛下面一个小小的鼻子，旁边是两个深深的酒窝，很逗人爱。她觉得我诚实，和蔼，打针腼腆的时候，像个大姑娘，对我也十分尊敬。

于是，我们打球、聊天、研究篮球战术，单独接触的机会也多了，有时还偷偷地相约一起上街，在球场周围散步，渐渐地相互产生了爱情。在部队男女无论如何是不准单独接触的，更不能谈恋爱。可我和温子却有说不完的情话，“像那潺潺的溪流，像那松林中瑟瑟的风声，像那低垂的柳枝轻拂着平静的水面，点起一道道涟漪……”

一九五四年的十二月份，我要出院了，篮球队的朋友们都依依不舍，温子的心里更不用说。离开时，她写下了我家的地址。一年后，她回日本了，并给我写来了一封信，信中告诉我她回到了母亲的身边，开始了新的生活。往后，我们的通信也来往不断，她要我去日本，我要她来中国，后来因为中日关系恶化，两国断绝了外交关系，我们也就没有通信了。

她走了，到了另一个辽远的国度，在那一片片樱花树下聆听着尖塔上响起的晨钟，那钟声召唤着踏着木屐的善男信女去膜拜神道。

而我们的爱，像雨后虹，渐行渐隐.....

Chapter6

By April, 1953, I had been in the army for three years. I was transferred to a regimental cadre from my company as a reward for my hard work. At that time, I wrote a letter to apply for Party membership. The application was getting along well, so I wrote to my mother and told her the news. It was three years to the day since I had bundled my belongings and walked away from home to catch the train to the Military Academy. My mother wrote me back, saying how much she missed me and that my brother was going to have a baby, so she would come to visit me soon.

In October, my mother, my brother and his wife brought their two-month-old daughter to visit me at army headquarters. It was unusual for the whole family to visit me in the army, and unfortunately, while my brother was there, he was recognized as a Kuomintang soldier by one of the prisoners.

After they went home, I was asked to disclose what kind of job my brother had done in the Kuomintang Army. A month later, I was removed from office to a military school, and my application for Party membership was up in the air. I was bewildered and confused.

Three months later, after having worked in a state of weariness and diminished energy, I went to the military hospital in Hengyang, Hunan. All the cleaners, barbers, nurses and doctors in that military hospital were Japanese; only the office workers were from Northeastern China. After World War Two, all the Japanese medical staff were rehabilitated and served for the Communist Government, and some of them were moved to southern China to work in military hospitals. Miss Atsuko, who was born in China, was a nurse in the hospital at the time. Her father was a railroad worker in the northeastern part of the country, and they each worked in China for ten years after World War Two before returning to Japan.

Most of the wounded soldiers were from northeastern China, and they drove southward during the Chinese Civil War. These soldiers hated the Japanese. Sometimes they even added injury to insult when hospital service was not good enough. Because I was a young officer from the military school, everyone in the hospital looked up to me. I was very shy when they gave me the injection and I had to take off my trousers before the young nurse, I requested that the oldest nurse do that instead. People called her "Garsa" in Japanese, which means mother. They laughed at me for my bashfulness at first, but later we got along very well.

The Japanese nurses often had races and even formed a basketball team. I liked basketball and I always watched when they went to practice. They knew I was a good basketball player, so they filled out an application to request that I be their technical coach. The hospital office granted that request although that meant I was spending an unusual amount of time with the Japanese staff. Generally, the Chinese soldiers had only limited interaction with the Japanese staff in the hospital, but I was different in that respect.

Atsuko was about twenty years old. She was the youngest player on the basketball team and because she loved playing and practiced so hard, she was put on the first string. She was young, good-looking and intelligent, and we were always left alone together. We spent all that time sitting or walking around the playground or roaming about the streets. We talked about basketball, music, life and love. Yes, we fell in love with each other, even if it was strictly forbidden in the army.

Oh, love, just like "a murmurous brook in the mountains, a sighing wind in the pines, a willow branch sweeping the surface of the water..."
FN

December, 1954, was the date set for me to leave the hospital and return to the military school. It was not an easy parting. Atsuko asked for my address so that she could write to me when she went back to Japan the next year. She wrote to me from her home where she lived with her mother, and told me that she wanted me to come to Japan. I wrote her back and asked her to come back to China to marry me, but later relations between China and Japan deteriorated and contact between us was practically broken off.

She had left for a faraway land, where under pink cherry blossoms, she listened to the bells of the peaked pagoda calling straw-sandaled devotees to worship. Our love had been just like a rainbow, remaining only briefly in the sky after a rain.

FN: From R.P. Warren's poem.

<7>

在部队速成学校工作一年后，因为入党问题一直悬而未决，所以我就想到了转业，在一起工作的又都是些老同志，老战友，聊的话题都是转业回家到好一点的地方，于是我也找师部干部处的处长，要求转业，说家有病弱的老母，快六十了，健康状况是每况愈下。

一九五五年，我被分配到了湖南省商业厅，回到了久别的长沙。也许这就是生活吧，总会有些缺憾，也总会有路可走。

我在长沙租了一个套房，把母亲接了过来，又给她请了一个保姆。起初，她怎么都不答应，说我请保姆浪费钱，说她自己的事情自己能干；后来和保姆熟识了，知道她找工作养家糊口也不容易，两人一来二去就成了好朋友，经常有说有笑一起在厨房做饭。我把她的衣服包给洗衣店，每月只要三块钱，但她怎么都不同意，仍然坚持要自己洗。

我每天早晨很早就出门，晚上很晚才回家，一回家往床上一倒就呼呼大睡。

由于多年劳累过度，母亲有失眠症要服药才能入睡，她怕影响我休息，每次我回来，她总是假作酣睡。有一次她病得很重，保姆帮我把她送到医院，但没住上几天，她就闹着找医生要出院。我劝她听从医生的建议做手术，但她说什么都不肯。“我自己的病我自己知道，不要浪费钱了。”她朝我笑笑说。

她也不是很习惯熙熙攘攘的城市生活，最后还是回去乡下哥哥家了。我至今都很愧疚我没有好好地陪伴过她。

1960年7月8日晚，我正在参加一个会议突然有人进来说家里来了电话，有急事。一种不详的预感涌了上来，电话那头哥哥沙哑悲伤的嗓音告诉我母亲走了。

回家的路上，眼前，脑中，一幕幕往事化作如潮泪涌.....

在那些风雨交加的夜晚，我们只能睡在祖父屋外的房檐下时，她抱着我们，安慰我们。

在日本鬼子飞机大炮的轰炸下，我们四处逃难，她带着我们，保护着我们，坚定地求生。

在战后为了我们有更好的生活，洗刷缝纫，踩着纺车盈来小利苦度日子，供我求学，交不起俸米时，不惜当掉她心爱的手镯。

在我背着行囊，匆匆赶去军校时，她一个人站在那里，默默地流泪，不知道接下来的日子该怎么过.....

母亲，为什么不早点告诉我呀？在生命的最后一天，我却没能陪着您！走到母亲身边，我嚎啕痛哭起来，不知不觉就晕了过去。等我醒来时，已是第二天的清晨。

I worked in the military school for about a year, during which time I was denied the Party membership that I had been hoping for. But such is life, I suppose. Several hundred thousand cadres were going to be transferred from military work to civilian construction jobs at that time, so I applied for one of those jobs. Also, I really wanted to take care of my sick mother, as she was fifty-five years old and her health was beginning to fail.

At the end of 1955, I was placed in charge of accounting work in the Power Company of Changsha where electricity was exported to Hunan. There, I rented an apartment to which I brought my mother to live with me. I employed a nursemaid to take care of her. At first, she accused me of wasting money. Later, after she came to know that the nursemaid really needed the job, they became very good friends and enjoyed cooking together. Each month I tried to take her clothes to the dry cleaner's which cost only five Yuan per month, but my mother insisted on washing her own clothes.

I went to work early every morning and when I came home late every night, I went to sleep immediately because I was so tired. Sometimes I worked outside for several days and passed out as soon as I came back. My mother was afraid of disturbing me so she feigned sleep when I went to tell her good night, even though she had a sleep disorder and needed pills to help her sleep.

One time she got very sick and the nursemaid helped me to take her to the hospital, but she returned home after a short stay. I urged her to have the operation that her doctor recommended, but I did not succeed in convincing her. "I understand my illness very well. Don't waste money on me," she said, and smiled at me.

She couldn't get used to the hustle and bustle of city life, so eventually she went back to the village to live with my brother.

I worked for five years building power lines on the mountains for remote villages. I felt ashamed of having so little time to get together with my mother.

On the 8th of July, 1960, I was at a meeting at the Power Company, when an office lady came into the meeting room and told me that there was an urgent call from PingJiang. I had a premonition that something bad had happened. My brother broke down and wept when he told me over the phone of our mother's death.

As I went back home that night, memories of the old days crowded in on me and I could not hold back the tears that welled in my eyes.

When we were exposed to the windy, rainy nights outside of our grandfather's house, she had held us in her arms and comforted us.

When the Japanese were bombarding us day and night, she had taken us to the mountains, protected us, and ensured our survival with her firm determination.

When we settled down after the war, she had worked so hard for a better life and for my education that she even pawned her bracelet to pay my tuition. When I hurried away from home to catch the train to the Military Academy, she had stood there and cried, knowing that she would have to plough a lonely furrow.

Oh, mother, why not tell me sooner? I was not there with you on the last day. I cried bitterly holding my mother's body. I was suffering so much from sorrow that it sent me into a prolonged state of shock.

When I came back to life, it was the next morning.

<8>

我的家是一九六三年组建的，那时我已三十岁。

讲迷信，算是天赐的缘份，找了同一个单位比我小八岁的妻子。她，担任过助理经济师，主管会计，门市部主任，性格开朗，热情好客。但有时对我管的很严，用两种标准对待各自的朋友，一路走来，磕磕碰碰。

我们领养了一个女儿，后来又生了一个女儿，生活平静而安宁。平地一声惊雷，文革的暴风骤雨，席卷而来。

“右派份子”这个词在今天听来，也许有点可笑。在五、六十年代的中国，那就是反党，反社会主义。我哥哥被划作右派，送到干校，因为他是给国民党当过兵的，还是特务兵。所谓干校，就是集中营，劳教所，每天挖土种菜，植树造林，砍柴挑水；晚上还要挨批斗。半夜把人拉起来，“你给国民党都做了什么坏事？你最好老实交待！”然后就是开批斗会，分为几个小组，每个小组每晚轮着开，问来问去，问的都是同一个问题，这个被称作“车轮战术”。如果招供了，就叫出成绩，逼不出成绩，就要“吊边猪”（用绳子绑住被批斗者的一只脚，悬吊在柱梁上，拉上拉下。）

在那个疯癫的年代，好多人经受不住这样的折磨，走上了自杀之路。

就在我哥被带到干校后几天，我也被抄家了，造反派搜到我有一台收音机，便认定我收听了敌台。“收音机是你的吧？”“是的。”我说。“收听敌台，你表哥在台湾！是吧？”这个红卫兵头头，吼了起来。“没有！”我也吼了起来，他的话让我既震惊又疑惑，难道这就是人性吗？战争已经结束快二十年了，我和表哥一家失去联系也快二十年了，然而，这就是哥哥和我被送到干校批斗的原因。

解释也没用，几天来的“车轮战”把我弄得筋疲力尽，晕头转向，我幻想快点解脱，于是在第二天的批斗会上，把苏联、柬埔寨、缅甸、老挝、越南当作敌台进行交待，因为这是假话，又因为这些都是社会主义国家，便越说越假，弄得造反派以为我问题不少，一定是条大鱼。几天后，我夫人也被带到了干校，但是不准相见。

一天，一位“善良”的造反派头头来“动员”我说，“你把收听台湾敌台的内容交清了，就可以解放了；你哥哥你夫人，也都一起自由了。”我说，“我根本没有收听过，更不知道什么内容。”他便从“关心”我的角度出发，把如何收听敌台，收听了些什么内容，都写了下来，他说我只要按个手印就可以了，其他事情他会“帮助”我办好。

造反派收到这封“认罪书”后，很快就把我宣布解散了，我和夫人一起看望了岳母后，回到乡下和哥嫂住了一阵。我原以为这下是真的解放了，可是不到一个月，我又被带回干校，造反派向我宣读了县革命委员会一份我被开除公职的处分决定。而我的职位，自然是有他人顶替，从诱供到开除公职，都是策划好了的，胳膊拗不过大腿，我认输了。

在干校劳动改造了一年，和我一起劳动的都是些政治犯。每天清晨起床的第一件事，就是向着毛主席他老人家的相片敬个礼，把红宝书拿出来，翻到第一页，高声朗读，“革命不是请客吃饭，不是做文章，不是绘画绣花，不能那样雅致，那样从容不迫，文质彬彬，那样温良恭俭让”。这叫“早请示”，请示完之后，再去洗漱，再去劳动。晚上就寝前要来个“晚汇报”，也是抱着红宝书，默默念着，“凡是反动的东西，你不打，他就不倒。这也和扫地一样，扫帚不到，灰尘照例不会自己跑掉。”

我们用餐是受限制的，不能吃鱼吃肉吃荤菜，伙食也很差，长时间不吃荤，心里很发慌，有时肚子饿得哇哇直叫。幸好干校的炊事员对我很好，多次偷偷地由我出钱他去买菜，搞点红烧肉，红烧鱼，和我两个“走资本主义道路的当权派”的朋友，躲在一间又暗又小，布满灰尘的仓库里，狼吞虎咽地吃过几次。

Chapter8

I got married in 1963 when I was thirty years old. My wife is eight years younger than I am.

She was the chief account of our company. She was hard worker as well as a very pleasant and sociable person who willingly and consistently helped her fellow workers. But sometimes she treated me too strictly and treated my friends and her friends differently.

We adopted a girl as our daughter and later we had our own daughter. Nothing disturbed the peaceful current of my life.

Suddenly the Cultural Revolution was launched and the storm that it caused burst upon us in all its fury.

The word "Rightist" had been in wide use in 1950s and 1960s in China, although today it may sound ridiculous. It referred to those people who were standing opposed to the Party and Socialism.

My brother was sent to the labor camp in the county as a rightist, because he worked for the Capitalist Government in the Chinese Civil War twenty years ago. In the camp, he was forced to work all day, and was brought forward for trial each night. The red guard kept asking him the same question in turns, "What have you done for the Kuomintang Government? You'd better own up to your crime before it is too late." The trial always began at midnight, and he was forced to work on a normal schedule the next day. The Red Guard called it the "Wheel's Tactics." If they didn't get the accused to admit to what they wanted them to admit to, they bound the person upside down to a stake with a rope to draw them up and down; this was called "Hanging Pigs." In despair of the torture, many of the people held in labor camps took their own lives in that era of madness.

Several days after my brother left for the labor camp, I was taken by the red guards as well. I had a radio in my home, and not so many people had a radio at that time.

"Is this your radio?" the guard asked me.

"Yes," I said.

"Do you use it to receive messages from Taiwan? I know your cousin's there..." he shouted.

"No!" I said. His words shocked me. The war had quieted down for twenty years, and we had been out of contact with our cousin for the entire period of quiet. We did not want to rake up the past, however, this was the reason that my brother and I were taken to the labor camp.

Several days' worth of the "Wheel's Tactics" left me exhausted. During the day, I worked in the labor camp, and at night I was asked to answer so many questions that I lost my bearings. I wished I could shake off those troubles and tensions, so I lied, saying that I received and listened to some radio programs from the USSR, Cambodia, Burma and Vietnam, which was a problem because those countries were communist at the time. Since there is no end for a lie, the red guard thought that I posed a serious threat to the government.

Several days later, my wife was taken to the labor camp, too. But we weren't able to see each other. There were a lot of women there in the labor camp who were separated from their husbands, a tactic designed to get a quick confession from those men.

One day, a guard came to talk to me and said if I made a clean breast of my crimes, my brother and my wife would be released and if I carried myself well, I could go home, too. He was devious: saying he would help me, he gave me a piece of paper and advised me to admit to the crimes that had been written on it.

I made my decision after weighing the pros and the cons. The next day, my brother, my wife and I were released back from the county to the village where my brother's wife lived from hand to mouth by farming an arid hillside with their daughter and younger son. I was thinking it was over, and we settled down in the village. However, less than one month later, I was taken back to the labor camp and told that I was forced out of public office.

I was put in the labor camp for one year, where I worked with many political prisoners. Every morning, the first thing we had to do when we woke up was to hold a little red book, face a portrait of Chairman Mao Zedong, and read some quotations from him, such as "A revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay, or painting a picture, or doing embroidery; it cannot be so refined, so leisurely and gentle, so temperate, kind, courteous, restrained and magnanimous." "A reactionary won't fall down unless you hit him hard enough to make him fall down. Just like sweeping a dusty room, dust won't brush itself aside, but must be brushed by the broom". And every night, when we finished our work and came back from the farm to our dorm, we had to take out our little red book, face Mao, and read another quotation from the book.

We were fed as vegetarians in the labor camp. We worked long, hard days, but got bad food which we couldn't possibly eat. We appealed to the guards, but nothing improved. Fortunately, the chef of the labor camp was a kind man, so sometimes I gave him money to buy meat and fish so he could cook something extra for my two friends and me. We hid in a small dusty storage room, fell on the food and ate it greedily.

<9>

在干校呆了一年后，我又被派到一个偏远的山区，分配在一个农村互助组劳动，真正踏进了“农门”。

互助组的队长对我这个新来的农民还挺关心的，安排我和一些小伙子，小姑娘一起做些铲草皮、锄田堪等轻活，比起在干校的劳动来说，这真像是休闲一样。

七月农忙的收割季节，是农民们最辛苦的时候，烈日当头，炎热难熬，一阵活儿下来，个个都汗流浹背，气喘嘘嘘。我的任务除了割禾、打谷外，还要把打完谷的稻草一捆一捆像小山一样堆在农田里，然后才能回宿舍做饭。

等我回家做饭时，农友们都酣然进入了梦乡，而等我吃完饭时，下午的农活又开始了。在我隔壁住着一位老大娘，她和蔼可亲，慈祥善良，常常在我中午收工时帮我点火烧水，或帮我做饭煮熟，有时还送上一、两个鸡蛋，关心地对我说，“干农活挺累的，注意补补身子，不要把身体搞垮了！”让远隔亲人的我听后非常感动。

由于我踏实肯干，待人和气。互助组经过讨论，给了我一个不晒太阳的农活——猪饲养员，平江话叫“猪郎信”。从切猪菜、煮猪泔到清理猪圈，队长一手一脚地教我，我虚心学习，认真操作，慢慢就适应了，没多久，我还真正成了一个称职的猪郎信。猪菜切得细细的，猪泔煮得香香的，猪圈也打扫得干干净净，大队干部来检查时都赞不绝口，夸说猪栏里都可以睡人了。我听了，好一阵高兴。

为了让猪儿快点长膘，我还学会了用发酵饲料，把酵母买回来后，我就把家里的箱子，写字台的抽屉都拿出来，一边做发酵试验，一边观察实践。“功夫不负有心人”，牲猪吃了我试验出来的发酵饲料，效果挺好，长膘很快，一年下来，我就连续送了三批合格的猪，为生产队捞回了几千元的收入。

生产队奖励了我一块自留地，自留地是可以由社员随意种植的，所得也不用交公。地虽小，我却把它当成一块宝，按不同的时节陆续种上了白菜，花菜，茄子，大蒜，青葱，豆角，丝瓜，黄瓜……等近二十个品种，每个品种都是三、四窠，我不求数量，只作尝试，一心一意，细心培植。不知是苦心培育，还是选种有方，我种出来的瓜菜，都葱葱绿绿，藤藤结满，既使我这个新农民学到了不少种菜的知识，也丰富了我餐桌上的菜肴。

每当我提着自己种植的瓜菜，送给岳母和夫人时；每当我大口大口吃着自己的劳动所得时，它总是那么香，那么甜。

在农村改造的那段岁月，我过着孤独而清贫的生活。远离尘嚣却亲近自然，那些发自内心的乐趣与甜蜜，有如涓涓细流，又如醍醐灌顶，让我领悟到，自然准则是迥异于人性和人类社会规则的，我越接近它，越能体会到它的包容与伟大。

Chapter9

After I worked in the labor camp for one year, I was sent to a remote village which was far away from my family. I worked in the Help Each Other Cooperative in the village where I met a lot of nice people.

I had my own shack, and at first I worked with some young people there. Compared to the labor camp, I felt more comfortable and free. Later I learnt how to sow rice seeds, to apply fertilizer to rice seedlings, to clean up wild grass, to use pesticides and to take care of many pieces of farmland at the same time.

July is the harvest time and is the hottest month of the year in my hometown. We worked during the heat of the day, busily getting in the rice. We used a thresher to separate the rice from the straw and set the rice out on a bamboo mat in the sun to dry out, and I had to bale the straw.

When I went back home to cook lunch, I had no time to rest before going back to work in the afternoon. Fortunately, my neighbor was a kind old woman who always came to help me to cook, bringing one or two eggs along for me. She knew that I had never done heavy labor before and she always told me, "You should be taking care of yourself." Her kind words comforted me while I was far away from my family.

Later the captain of the village cooperative asked me to work on the pig farm. Since it was my first time to feed thirty pigs, he taught me how to cook pig food, to tidy up the pigsty, and to take care of those pigs.

Pigs' staple food was sweet potato vines and a mixture of ground grain and nutrients. I read many books on livestock breeding and tested a kind of fermented ground grain on our pig farm. All those pigs became strong and fat and I always kept the pigsty clean. When the captain went to check my work, he was always teasing me, "The pigsty is as clean as your bedroom." We sold those pigs and made a good profit for the village cooperative.

I dug up a vegetable plot in the backyard of the pig farm, where I planted cabbage, cauliflower, eggplant, garlic, shallot, beans, melons and cucumber. There is an old saying in China, "You harvest as much as you have tilled."

Because of my hard work on the farm, I could approach the captain about taking one or two days off to go back to the county to get together with my family. My wife was living with her parents at the time, and every time I brought them a lot of vegetables and melons, it was a happy moment.

It was a lonely period of my life, working there in the remote village, but I was so much closer to nature and to the people there, all the joy and happiness dawned on me. We have to endure the rules of human society, but we also get to experience the unmistakable joys of nature.

基辛格访华大大地推动和改善了中美关系，而如火如荼的文革也似乎在1971年有所冷却。

我于1972年恢复公职，到1987年的十五个年头，都在县政府一个局级单位的办公室工作。办公室的主要任务是：为领导召开大会写报告、写发言稿；综合情况向上级提供书面汇报材料，宣传介绍先进典型；一年一度的工作计划，工作总结，一年四季有写不完的东西。

为了给领导提供基层动态，我还要下乡去进行实地调查，写通讯报道，这些报道要抓住关键，围绕重点，审时度势，言简意赅。我于一九八四办了一份农村调查简报，前后四年共发表三十多万字的简报，如“一个靠人才发展的村办企业”、“幕阜蚊香香万里”、“加义竹器厂一包三改出现了活力”、“城东扇厂以新、优、廉取胜”、“充分利用本地资源发展商品生产”、“谢江瓦厂是怎样扭亏为盈的”、“我县楠竹资源应该怎样开发利用”。

坐在办公室，每天还要处理各种繁杂的机关事务。外地来客或基层来人联系工作，要笑脸相迎，热情接待，泡茶让座。上级领导来了，还要分烟泡茶，安排住宿，晚上还要安排文娱活动，不能让领导感到枯燥无味，孤单寂寞，招待不周。

我也于1977年在县城定居下来，我的小女儿也正是这年出生的。

十五年的秘书工作，我和各种各样的人都打过交道，政府单位的，农村的，工厂的。除了这份工作外，县领导还安排我组建乡镇企业培训中心并担任负责人。

Chapter10

Kissinger's visit to China in 1971 enhanced relations between China and the United States and afterwards, China's political environment improved steadily during the Cultural Revolution. In 1972, I was promoted to the county government and worked as a secretary. The government had a development program for the rural economy, and our job was to advertise the village's products to people outside and to receive leaders from other counties in Hunan.

Pingjiang has many small villages with many different local strengths, so villagers combined these advantages with their native products to develop their industries. People built small factories in different villages to make incense, tiles, bamboo wares, paper fans, wooden cabinets, and china; they also made chili jam, camellia oil, tea, dried bean curd, preserved egg, and preserved ham. Those factories were more nimbly run than big corporate factories because the workers could make the products in their spare time after farm work had been completed. Since 1977, the living standards of the people have improved considerably due to the influence of these factories.

I worked in the county government for fifteen years where I met all different kinds of people in government organizations, in villages and in factories. I was also the director of a training school for villagers. My wife and I had our own house in the county, and we had our small daughter that year.

1985年7月，分别了近三十年的我的日本朋友—藤绳温子，千里迢迢远渡重洋，专程来平江看我。她提前一个月告诉我她的行程，先坐飞机从东京到上海，再坐火车从上海到长沙，然后我再去长沙接她。

去长沙接她之前，我夫人提出三条禁令：一、见面时不准拥抱；二、见面时不准流眼泪；三、见面后不准单独接触。

温子抵达长沙后，我们一同游览了长沙岳麓山、爱晚亭、长沙图书馆，和长沙著名的汉代古墓。饱览美景风光后，我们便坐着由县领导安排的一辆轿车回平江了。

温子的来访，政府非常重视，安排她住最好的宾馆，还专门安排了一位女同志接待她。在县委招待所还摆了两桌酒席来为她接风。县委来了两个领导，还有我几个朋友，在宴席上，大家敬酒，温子非常感动，连喝了几杯，当时桌上有道菜叫“仙鹅抱蛋”，这道菜一上桌，我夫人就用筷子夹着一个蛋递给温子，说，“这是滚（热）蛋，你吃吧！”

温子是在中国长大的，一听这话觉得对方言语不善，吃完第三个菜就离席而去，一个人独自在客房里流泪，欢乐的气氛一下子凝固并且蒙上了一层极不愉快的阴影，宴席也就不欢而散。

晚宴后，温子提出要和我单独谈谈的要求，为了不激发矛盾，县领导先征求我夫人的意见，可夫人一听，就说，“不行！无论如何不行！”后来，县领导做了几个小时的思想工作后，她才勉强同意单独会面半小时。

在这半小时里，我的孩子们在妈妈的指挥下，一会儿跑到会客厅问，“爸爸你要茶吗？”；一会儿又来问，“爸爸你要烟吗？”宝贵的半小时，又被孩子们干扰得所剩无几。

她哭了一阵，把我过去写给她的信，照片都保存在一本影集里，一页一页翻给我细细地看。还拿出一张硬纸片，上面写着“牢不可破”四个字，是分别时我写给她的。她有了一段不圆满的婚姻，但那时仍是孑然一身，而再见面时，我们都年过半百。

我们没说上几句话，时间一到，为避免夫人起疑，我们也就无法再往下谈些什么。

温子在平江呆了三天，然后夫人和我一同送她到上海坐飞机回国。我们从此也就没有再见过面了，回国后，她来信批评我说，“你不应该惊动政府”，“以前你是个活泼开朗的好青年，现在没志气，瘦得多了”，“我十分理解你妻子的心情，我不愿意破坏你们的家庭，切望你们夫妻和睦”，“我听她的要求，以后不写信……”

我回信问候说，我看重中日间的友谊更甚于私人情谊。

时间静静地流逝，我的记性好像也越来越差了，一个年轻军官和一位年轻护士，在操场上牵手奔跑的情景，在我脑海中，渐行渐隐……有时，我也会拿出那张照片，看着那张年轻美丽的脸庞，我希望时间能治愈她的创伤。

Chapter11

In July, 1985, after thirty years' separation, my Japanese friend, Atsuko, went across the sea to visit me in PingJiang. She took the flight from Tokyo to Shanghai, and then took the train from Shanghai to Changsha.

Before I went to Changsha to receive her, my wife told me three prohibitions: "First, you are not allowed to take her in your arms; second, you are not allowed to cry when you see her; third, you cannot stay alone with her."

The county government also attached great importance to her visit. They arranged a nice car to receive her, she was arranged to live in the best hotel in the county, and a personal maid took good care of her.

We had a nice day in Changsha on the day of her arrival. We went to the highest mountain, the museum and the library of Changsha, and we visited the famous Western Han Dynasty Tombs in Changsha. We strolled on the street and immersed ourselves in days gone by, when we were young; we talked about our lives, sorrow and joy. An unhappy marriage had left its mark on her and she lived alone after her divorce. She showed me all the letters I wrote to her and our photo album, on which I had written "Unbreakable love" when we had departed from each other. She sat musing over the memories of the past, time was creeping on and we were older than fifty.

We had dinner together in the hotel with two government leaders, two friends and my family. It was supposed to be a nice dinner, but my wife got me into sticky situation with my friends. She reached over with her chopsticks to give an egg to Atsuko and said, "This is a hot egg, help yourself." the word for "hot egg" sounds similar to the word for "go away" in Chinese. Atsuko was brought up in China and she understood what that meant, and she took only a mouthful of food and then left to go to her flat.

After dinner, while still in the hotel, Atsuko called me and said she wanted to talk. When I told my wife, she told me, "No way." It took a great deal of convincing from a government leader to persuade her, but finally, we got half an hour alone to talk. Even in that short time, due to their mother's command, my two kids kept popping their heads into the meeting room and asking me, "Dad, do you want a cup of tea?" "Dad, do you want a cigarette?" We sat still most of the time, without many words passing between us.

Atsuko stayed in PingJiang for three days, and then my wife and I went to Shanghai with her. She took a flight back to Japan and we never saw each other again. But I got critical letters from her later on, because I had contacted the government so much during her visit. She said she understood my wife, but she didn't understand me.

I wrote her a letter and sent my greetings, and said that I paid much more attention to the friendship between Chinese and Japanese states than the friendship between two individuals.

As time goes by my memory seems to get worse, and the picture of a young man and a nurse running on the playground are fading out of my mind. Once in a while, I take out her photo to see her young, good-looking face. I hope her emotional wound will heal with the passing of time.

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九八年退休后，我也去很多地方旅游，像深圳，海南，我爱好摄影，而旅游正是我离家出走的最好理由。

平时我也爱好剪报，收集些健康饮食，养生，烹饪方面的信息。清晨起床我喜欢喝一杯醋，整个人一天就感觉舒服有精神，我也喜欢写写毛笔字，做做早操。

我的外孙女八岁了，钢琴八级，在市内也得过奖，我还打算教她拉拉手风琴，但她更喜欢钢琴。小的外孙也五岁了，经常缠着要我讲故事，讲完故事我就躺在一把竹制的靠背椅上，他把我摇过来，又摇过去...跟两个小家伙在一起，是我最开心的时刻。

走过那战火纷飞的时代，走过那风雨如磐的岁月，好日子最终还是让我给赶上了，对于生活又复何求呢？

当我回过头来，再去看那些沟沟壑壑，坎坎坷坷，一切又归于平淡；风雨，阴晴，成败，荣辱，一笑泯之，还有什么比过好眼前的生活更重要的事情呢？

Chapter12

I've retired since 1998, and in my spare time I traveled to many different places in China, such as Shenzhen and Hainan. I like photography very much, so this is a good reason for traveling instead of staying home. I also collect newspaper and magazine clippings which are about healthy food, cooking and diet. I drink a cup of vinegar every morning which makes me feel comfortable and energetic. Besides those things I also like calligraphy and jogging very much.

I have two grandchildren. I tried to teach my granddaughter to play the accordion, but she likes piano better. She is eight years old and was awarded a certificate of merit for her piano playing; my grandson is five years old and he always asks me to read stories. In return for reading to him, he rocks me in a bamboo bed. There is an old saying in Russia, "Your first child is your last doll, your first grandchild is your first kid." They afforded me my greatest pleasure.

Having survived in the years of the war and walked through the Middle Ages of the Cultural Revolution, I finally won my way to the summit of my life, and when I look back at my life, a feeling of calmness dawns on my worries. Sunny days and rainy days are both precious to me; I've had happy moments and sorrows. Now I just laugh off all my misfortunes. I am neither a winner nor a loser in life; I choose not to play the game.

老屋，女人和我
The old house, the village women and me



--我的家
往长寿街的公路经过加义时
你看到路边有栋老屋
这样的老屋平江还有好多
可我只记得这一栋
老屋很旧很旧
在我的记忆中
比老屋还要旧的
只有我奶奶

My house
When you pass by the Changshou street to the Jiayi village
You can see there is an old house beside the road
There are many old houses like this in Pingjiang
But I can only remember this one
My house is very, very old
In my memory
Only my grandma is older than the house





老屋·女人和我
图·文 汉子

-- 我奶奶

奶奶没读书没当官
没赌钱没买码
没穿过五十元的衣服
没摸过一百元的票子
没搽过貂油蛇油小护士
.....
奶奶活了一百多年

My grandmother

My grandmother has never been to school
She did not work for the government
She never bought any clothing worth more than 50 RMB
She never touched a 100 RMB bill
She did not use any makeup
She did not do any of those things
My grandma is now more than 100 years old

① 买码是指买六合彩

老屋·女人和我
图·文 汉子

-- 我母亲

看着母亲的脸
犹如面对着
一部摊开的历史
送过红军
躲过日本
扭过秧歌
炼过钢铁
挨过批斗
做过生意
.....
每次经历
都刻下了一道人生的年轮
如果把手中的竹竿换成钢枪
不正象一名警惕的战士
守卫着这栋百年老屋
守候着南去的儿女子孙

My mother

Look at my mother's face
Her face is like a history book that is open to me
She planted rice for the Red Army
She fought against the Japanese
She made steel during the Great Leap Forward
She suffered much during the Cultural Revolution
Every experience she has had added a new growth ring on an ancient tree
And put a line on her face
If you exchanged her bamboo walking stick for a gun, isn't my mother like a soldier
She is a guard in this old house
She is watching for her sons, daughters, and grandchildren
Who have gone to the south part of China, to return



老屋·女人和我
图/文 汉子

My teacher

My teacher is a beautiful lady
All the boys in our class liked her very much
And we planned to marry her after we grew up
But before we could
She married a rich gentleman

—我老师

我老师也是个女人
好漂亮哟
我们都想找她做夫娘
可没等我长大
她就嫁给了
一个有钱人

① 夫娘是指老婆

My older sister

There are so many things to talk about
When two women sit down to talk
My older sister is very happy to get married
My mother has a smile of intrigue
“Finally, finally...”

My daughter is happily married off.”

—我姐姐

女人和女人在一起
总有聊不完的话题
要出嫁的姐姐笑得得意
母亲的 smile 里多少有点阴谋
嫁不出去的闺女
总算嫁了出去



老屋·女人和我
图/文 汉子



This is me

I was born in this old house
And grew up in the shadow of the house and of women
Sometimes I danced in the dooryard of the house
With my friends
I was so happy because I was so small
Now that my beard is growing, I know what sorrow is
- 这就是我

就出生在这栋老屋
就在老屋和女人的
阴影下长大
也学着在老屋的天井里
跳起街舞
那么开心是因为那时很小
现在嘴巴长毛也懂得忧郁咯

