

怀念爸爸

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爸爸去世近六十七个年头了，但疼痛和思念却不时涌上心头，特别在享受的时候。

我常常记起爸爸留下来的白长裤。他去世十年后我到福州读大学还穿着它（见右图）。记忆中的爸爸和照片中的爸爸从来是西装革履，直至他 49 年 8 月在厦门被捕下狱，被刑讯，被绞杀。当他被剥去西装革履，被按在老虎凳上，他当没有后悔（否则他就会被放出来）。他当不在乎他的体面的衣服，但他肯定十分在乎他扔下的妈妈和三岁的弟弟和八岁的我。剧痛中，临刑前，他或许仍然相信，他是在为新中国添砖添瓦。他或许充满希望，他的妻儿和亲人不久将在新中国过上好日子。



啊，可怜的爸爸。您白牺牲了。新民主主义从来没有在中国实现。我们孤儿寡母在挣扎中贫困中凄惨度过很多很多年。我们不仅被领袖骗，幸福日子从来没有到来；还被亲戚骗，750 银元成了 75 块。我们不仅经济上没有翻身，还被抄家，妈妈还被关到龙海食杂公司大楼里。弟弟下乡时考大学得高分，政审却被卡下来。爸爸，我们冤啊。爸爸，您冤啊！

后来，我们倒是过上较好的日子。这跟您给我们的基因有关，跟妈妈的抚养和我们自己的努力有关。但这跟那场革命，跟您的献身毫无因果关系。于是，当我睡上席梦思，当我享受热水泡浴的时候，我总想到爸爸您。我心疼啊，爸爸！

左图是 1941 年爸爸和妈妈和我的照片（摄于石码王宫巷外婆家大厅前）。以此纪念爸爸就义 67 年。

My dad passed away 67 years ago, but I still miss him badly, and ached for him, in particular when I was enjoying niceties of life.

I often thought about the white pant that he had left at home. Ten years after his death, I was wearing it (see first picture below) when I was at college in Fuzhou, China. My dad as I remembered always wore suit and tie. He was in a suit until the last moment in August 1949 when he was arrested, put in jail, tortured, and killed by strangle. When he was stripped of his suit and tie, savagely beaten in the torture chamber, he certainly did not repent (otherwise he his life could have been spared). He certainly did not feel sorry for his nice suites. But he certainly thought about his young wife and his three- and eight-years-old sons. During severe physical beatings, and when rope was placed around his neck, he probably still believed in the New China that he was

laying the foundation for with his dear life. He probably was confident that his wife and children and parents and relatives would live in happiness as promised by the revolution.

Oh, poor Dad. You have died in vain. The New Democracy claimed, promoted and promised by Mao never materialized. Mom and me and my brother lived in extreme poverty for a great many years. We were not only cheated by Mao, who never delivered happiness to his people, but we were also cheated by our uncle, who kept our bereavement money of 750 silver dollars, and only gave my mother 75 dollars back. Our family not only lived in hardships, but our home was ransacked during Mao's Cultural Revolution, and Mother was put in jail. My brother scored high grades in one of the college entrance examinations, but was not admitted to college because my mother's work unit alleged that my father did not die a true revolutionary. Oh father, how badly ill-treated we were! How badly ill-treated you were!

Our lives eventually improved after Mao's death. You are to be credited for the gene you gave us. Mother was to be credited with her devotion for us, and we ourselves were to be credited with the hard work we ourselves put in. But it had nothing to do with your dying for the New China. You died in vain. And that was why I missed you and pained and ached for you the more. I felt so sorry for you, dear Dad, you never slept on a Simmons mattress. You never bathed in a hot tub, dear father. I so felt for you!

The second picture below was taken in 1941 with my dad, my mom and me. August 22, 2016, written for the 67 death anniversary of my beloved dad