

为什么不全力以赴？

美国总统卡特自传

WHY NOT THE BEST?

by Jimmy Carter

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Dedicated to
my mother, Lillian,
and my wife, Rosalynn

谨以此书
献给
吾母莉莲
吾妻罗莎琳

I had applied for the nuclear submarine program, and Admiral Rickover was interviewing me for the job. It was the first time I met Admiral Rickover, and we sat in a large room by ourselves for more than two hours, and he let me choose any subjects I wished to discuss. Very carefully, I chose those about which I knew most at the time—current events, seamanship, music, literature, naval tactics, electronics, gunnery—and he began to ask me a series of questions of increasing difficulty. In each instance, he soon proved that I knew relatively little about the subject I had chosen.

He always looked right into my eyes, and he never smiled. I was saturated with cold sweat.

Finally, he asked me a question and I thought I could redeem myself. He said, "How did you stand in your class at the Naval Academy? Since I had completed my sophomore year at Georgia Tech before entering Annapolis as a plebe, I had done very well, and I swelled my chest with pride and answered, "Sir, I stood fifty-ninth in a class of 820!" I sat back to wait for the congratulations—which never came. Instead, the question: "Did you do your best?" I started to say, "Yes, sir," but I remembered who this was, and recalled several of the many times at the Academy when I could have learned more about our allies, our enemies, weapons, strategy, and so forth. I was just human. I finally gulped and said, "No, sir, I didn't always do my best."

He looked at me for a long time, and then turned his chair around to end the interview. He asked one final question, which I have never been able to forget—or to answer. He said, "Why not?" I sat there for a while, shaken, and then slowly left the room.

than did I or anyone else on the farm. In nearby Plains, Daddy opened a small office where he bought peanuts from other farmers on a contract basis for a nearby oil mill, and where he eventually began to sell fertilizer, seed, and other supplies to neighboring farmers.

I never even considered disobeying my father, and he seldom if ever ordered me to perform a task; he simply suggested that it needed to be done, and he expected me to do it. But he was a stern disciplinarian and punished me severely when I misbehaved. From the time I was four years old until I was fifteen years old he whipped me six times and I've never forgotten any of those impressive experiences. The punishment was administered with a small, long, flexible peach tree switch.

My most vivid memory of a whipping was when I was four or five years old. I had been to my Sunday School class, and as was his custom Daddy had given me a penny for the offering. When we got back home, I took off my Sunday clothes and put the contents of my pocket on a dresser. There were two pennies lying there. Daddy thus discovered that when they passed the collection plate I had taken out an extra penny, instead of putting mine in for the offering. That was the last money I ever stole.

Most of my other punishments occurred because of arguments with my sister Gloria, who was younger than I, but larger, during our growing years. I remember once she threw a wrench and hit me, and I retaliated by shooting her in the rear end with a B.B. gun. For several hours, she re-burst into tears every time the sound of a car was heard. When Daddy finally drove into our yard, she was apparently sobbing uncontrollably, and after a brief explanation by her of what had occurred, Daddy whipped me without further comment.

I never remember seeing Daddy without a hat on when he was outdoors. He laughed a lot and almost everybody liked him. He kept very thorough and accurate farm and business records and was scrupulously fair with all those who dealt with

草的地窖里，受用了几年之久。

我母亲最小的妹妹“小妹”和我们很亲密，她结婚时，婚宴是在我们家里举行的。全家忙了几天，准备一顿美饌，好好招待那许多来自佐治亚全州各地的宾客。主菜是鸡肉凉拌。喜筵进行时，我们那些客人盛装坐在院里遮荫树下，逢巧有好几十只小鸡竟在我们跟前——死去。

我们一时手忙脚乱，赶快把这些死鸡收拢起来，免得让客人见到。没有一个人因食物中毒身亡，后来我们才知悉，院里的那些小鸡吃过有毒的硝酸钠，装硝酸钠的袋子敞着口放在房屋附近的田野里。

我的黑人伙伴就是那些在田里和我一起干活的少年儿童，我们做的都是适合我们的工作。我们背沲水给田里年纪较大的成人。我们给棉花洒除虫药水；垒理甘薯和西瓜的藤蔓、摘除畸形的小西瓜，搬运木柴、打扫院子、提残羹剩饭饲猪、拾取鸡旦——都是些吃力不讨好的工作。但是我们也骑骡马穿越树林、从谷仓阁楼跳到一大堆一大堆的燕麦杆上、摔角、打架、钓鱼游泳。我在他们家里，他们的母亲完全可以管我（我不记得他们的父亲管过我）。我小时最要好最亲密的朋友名叫A·B·戴维斯。他现在在一家锯木厂工作，我相仪他有十四个孩子。

在读中学那几年，我们在射艺里有一个棒球队，由十名球员组成。（第十个球员是“挡球员”，他站在捕手后面，负责挡住漏接的球）。

附近的平尻镇，人口约五百五十人，在我来说，它是一个商业、教育和宗教中心。镇上有一家小轧棉厂，一个出售花生、西瓜、鸡旦、罗马甜瓜、奶油、牛油、黑莓和其他农产品的市场。

去上学。我们的第一辆校车是自己用一辆轻便货车的底盘装上车身拼凑而成的。车子里的两排长板凳，大约可坐十五名学生，车身安装得非常可笑，竟与开行方向成十度角。乘搭普通校车的孩子们，把我们的校车叫做“饼干盒”。最初的校车只供白人孩子乘搭，因为全郡各地有几十个规模很小的学校，离开黑人儿童的家不远，步行可到。

我生平的光荣时刻之一，是在我获颁一条白帆布带，一枚钤质徽章^①，誓担任学校交通纠察员的时候。我的责任是执行一切安全防护措施，但是我们的临时代用校车常常在雨季滑入水沟，碰到这样的情况，我得到最接近的人家去求助。

射艺里的社区中心是火车站，非洲卫理公会主教派教會的教堂，约翰逊主教的学校，铁路分段房舍，和教坐对面的一间小铺子，铺子的屋顶和四壁，完全是用平平歪歪的艾伯特王子牌烟丝缸头铁皮包着。射艺里学校是一座大大的两层高的木板房子，里面有住处、办公室和课室。

射艺里发生过的最重大的事件是约翰逊主教的葬礼。什么地方都有传教士和唱诗班前来吊唁，来自各州的巨型黑色卡地拉牌、柏卡德牌和林肯牌汽车，川流不息涌来，歪坐村庄的人看了惊讶不已。附近乡镇有几十个白人朋友都来参加他的葬礼。约翰逊主教在一九三六年逝世，那年我十二岁。

在我童年时代，南方炎热的太阳对我是一项恩物。从四月初到十月底，我们从不穿鞋，除了上教堂或是上学，我们很少穿衬衫。

我们的玩具不是在农场上捡到的就是在农场上制造的。我们用一根粗铁绳做推动回来滚铁环，乘着旧犁头的元盘滚下松林草坡、用投石田和强弓打猎、用绳子放自制风筝或六月虫，又玩用

向新伦敦报到。这艘潜艇体积较小，特别沉寂，是一种专为在寂静的海底与其他海船舰作战而设计的潜艇。

这艘定名为美舰艇“K 1号”的舰艇，由康涅狄格州新伦敦市电船公司设计建造，我在那里的责任是代表海军监督装置、评估，有时并重新设计构成这艘新式潜艇的组成部分。

事实上，有好几个月，我是那条船上唯一的海军人员，对潜艇最后装配阶段的建造工程很感兴趣。“K 1号”上装有长程监听声纳和其他新式配备。我并负责拟定这艘潜艇将来出海时使用的各种程序，其中包括工程、保养、下潜及浮出水面、安排人员宿舍以及预定中的供应物品等。

其他更高级的军官，后来在实际编入现役时间来临时奉派到“K 1号”来，然后由全体人员在出海前集中学习操纵程序，包括潜水、浮出水面、盘旋及其他操作。

我对这种工作的创新及实验性质很感兴趣。“K 1号”操作良好，对于海底声音传送的知识和使用远距离监听各种噪音分析敌人舰艇动向，贡献至大。

我们总是在海中作长时期的潜水，穿着长统袜工作，机田都不开动，全仗偶尔将潜望镜升高或降低几呎来控制深度。潜艇重量不变，只要把排水量稍加变化，在潜望镜移动的时候，潜水艇会缓缓上升或下沉。这种巧妙的平衡，需要高度的技巧、经验和运气，但它使我们有了一个几乎完全寂静的台口，用以侦查可能

田的组成部分。我们都曾经过高度国家机密调查，我们常常从申奈他第到华盛顿原子能委员会总部去，到制造钚的华盛顿州汉福制造厂去，到正在建造“鸚鵡螺”号潜艇和正在试验一座核子反应炉的爱达荷州去。我们对我们所研究和操纵的实验性反应炉的安全程度充满信心。据我所知，只有一个核子反应炉失去过控制，那是一个设在加拿大白垩河的实验装置。这个实验装置熔解了，有些辐射物质确已逃入大气层，但无人受伤。

后来，因为我们曾经过机密调查，也因为我们在这方面有点经验，我们被邀前往加拿大那个地点，协助拆除那座已经毁坏的核子反应炉心。辐射性很强，每人只能在灼热的炉心所在地逗留九十秒钟左右。

一个和这座反应堆造得一模一样的模型，设在附近一个网球场上，电视摄影机在拍摄设在地底深处的那座真实反应炉。每当我们的工作人员从炉心拆除一颗螺栓或配件，我们也把模型上的同一配件拆卸下来。

等到轮到我们工作的时候，我们这个三人小组要在模型上练习几次，以便确实知道我们带的是合用的工具，并确实知道怎样使用这些工具。最后，我们穿上白色的防护衣，到地底下的反应炉去，在规定时间内拼命工作。

此后数月，我们把我们排泄的大小便保存下来，看看里面有没有辐射性。我们在一分又二十九秒钟之内，吸收了一年以内可以吸收的最大限额。这种接触并没有发生明显的副作用——只是我们自己说了许多不大文雅的笑话，说是受了辐射你愿忘死亡呢还是愿忘丧失生育能力。

在原子潜艇发工初期，我和一小批海军军官共同工作，我们

卫分原因，是由于我的许多白人主顾不愿在压迫之下付钱给一个根本没有做事的组织。即使在今天，如果能够知道当时南方各地白人公民委员会所收的钱都用到哪里去，未始不能帮助我们解决许多问题。

原先有人发誓旦旦，宁愿关闭我们所有的公立学校和大学，也不愿取消种族隔离，但等到人们认清儿童不受教育后果将不堪设想的时候，这种决心也就渐渐消失了。数以百计的白人教育委员纷纷各自决定遵守联邦法院的命令。顽强不屈的白人家长，则将子弟送到公立学校就读。这些公立学校在那个困难的时代也许不能说没有价值，因为它们在某一方面发挥了社会上的安全活门的作用。其他民权法律的条款经过一段时间之后，最后也都一一被人接受。

由于百年以来的社会和政治形态几乎在一夜之间面目全非，这段时间对南方来说是一个难捱的时代。

佐治亚州和南方其他各州的公民，至少是住在乡村地区的公民，多半曾在工厂里、在田间、在买卖和交易里、在繁荣时期，在艰难困苦的时代，都跟他们的邻居——包括黑人和白人——有过密切的人与人之间的接触。尽管有种族隔离，这种关系，说也奇怪，还是随随便便的。南方的黑人和白人，在很大的程度上，比美国其他地方的黑人更能了解彼此的态度和习惯。

在这个纷纭扰攘的时代，一九六〇年代的大卫分岁月，阿特兰大市市长，是小伊凡·艾伦，阿特兰大有凭借黑人和白人社会中强有力的领袖共同维持社会安宁的传统，他向这个传统取得借钵，得到不少好处。在那个时期，有一次北方某大城市一个商会代表团到阿特兰大市政府大厦来，想谈一谈阿特兰大何以会有那样良好的种族关系。艾伦市长就在他的办公室安排他们和阿特兰大四位黑人领袖会议。这批访客全是白种生人，希望听听这几

dialect, Marathi, so she could teach nutrition to the people of India. Then, Mrs. Gandhi requested that some of the volunteers be assigned to an experimental program in family planning, and Mother had to learn another language, Hindi.

She went to the small town of Vikhroli, a few miles north of Bombay, and stayed there until her normal tour was completed. Because of her medical knowledge, she was soon transferred part-time to a little clinic, where she performed the services of a medical nurse and doctor after her regular family planning duties were done. Visiting the native homes and counseling people—who had little personal pleasure in life except sex—left her frustrated and unhappy. There were no birth control devices, and she had to recommend and almost require continence and vasectomy operations. For instance, no family could send a fourth child to school or live in public housing unless one of the parents was rendered infertile by an operation. Then she was asked to work full-time at the little hospital, and eagerly accepted this opportunity.

The experiences there changed her life. These are her own words as recorded by a newsman shortly after her return from India:

"I had one white dress I had taken with me, so I put it on in lieu of a uniform and I went over there. And what I beheld when I went in that door! There were forty patients sitting around waiting for the doctor. This doctor saw 200 to 300 patients every day. And I worked. I did everything but fill prescriptions. I did dressings, injections, helped the doctor examine and diagnose, helped with his 'stitch-'em-ups,' he called them. What I did then was say to myself, 'I'll make myself indispensable to him because this is what I want to do.' "

Mother persuaded the factory owner's wife to provide another clean room as a full-time dispensary, and she and her family back in this country induced the major drug companies to supply drug samples for the treatment of the most common ailments.

She had things going her way, and then a little girl with leprosy

came in, whose infectious disease caused Mother heavy concern and really tested her courage and commitment.

As Mother told it, "I had never touched leprosy. I never felt like I could. What it looks like—in the last stages one is completely eaten—but in the first stages you have black splotches all over you, and sores. . . . One day this little girl came in. She was eleven years old and only weighed thirty-two pounds. She was across her father's shoulder like a sack of flour. I had my own injection room, and the doctor would send the patient to the drug room for the medicine, and then to me. And there at the top of this little girl's prescription it had 'leprosy—infectious leprosy.' And I thought, 'Oh, God, I can't touch her.'"

"I told the man to put the little girl on a cot, and he did. I went back to the doctor's office and told him I thought I'd never be able to touch leprosy. And I was about to cry. And he said, 'Try. And if you can't, I'll come in and do it for you.'"

"I made up my mind from his office back to mine that I would give it. And I gave that child streptomycin and Vitamin B and B Complex . . . and I washed my hands, and washed them, and washed them, and all the time I was ashamed for washing them. I put alcohol on them, and it was just before lunchtime, and I went home and took a bath and put on clean clothes. And I knew that wouldn't do. I had told the man to bring her back every day so the next day when she came, I just washed my hands.

"And I learned to love her because in the weeks of giving her injections she began to gain, and soon I could give her an injection and just casually wash my hands. But that took a lot of prayer.

"We finally got her in a leprosarium—they have a long list of people waiting—and six months later she came out, and she came running there one day to me and she brought me a flower—all Indians love flowers—and she put her arms around my neck and *kissed* me. And you know, I didn't wash my face or hands. . . ."

初入政坛

第七章

我什么时候开始对政治发生兴趣，实难追忆。经济萧条期间，华盛顿在政治上的决策对我们的生活具有迅速而直接的形响。象农业计划、乡村电气化、公共事业振兴署、民间植林治水队以及其他种种措施，对每个人都极重要。

我外祖父吉姆·杰克·高迪对于政治很热心，也被人认为是韦伯斯特和史都华特两郡中政治知识最丰实的人。有一段时期他住在射艺里离我家不远，经常和我父亲讨论时局，把政局分析得洵洵楚楚。外祖父自己从未竞选公职，但他曾在四届总统任内担任过邮政局长，其后转任联邦地方税务官。这就需要在政治上多方奔走，因为那时还没有文官制度，得胜的政党可以随恣分派官位。

外祖父是国会众议员汤姆·华特森的一个热心支持者，当时华特森是一个全国知名的民粹主义者。外祖父在佐治亚州里治兰附近担任邮政局长时，他首先想到政府对乡村地区举办免费邮递的主意，他还一再向华特森众议员提议通过联邦立法来实现这个主张。这件事后来终于实现了，这是我外祖父最骄傲的成就之一。当他早已超过退休年龄的时候，他在州议会又找到一份看门的工作，他就是不想脱离佐治亚州的政治生活。

我记忆中的第一个群众性的政治集会是为国会众议员查理斯·克利斯普举行的。克利斯普在华盛顿任众议院议长，当时在

竞选参议员。虽然我们家里的人都支持克利斯普的劲敌汤姆·华特森，后来又拥护参议员理查德·罗素，但我们还是去参加国会众议员克利斯普那次在布克竞选开始的大会，因为他是我们的同乡——而且我们还想去看看热闹。克利斯普先生的计划出了毛病。他煞费苦心地把烧烤午宴的时间拖到他演讲之后，想使群众能够专心致志听他的演讲。但是他为这次大会在露天广场上装了一台新式的百包切片机，由于我们以前没有见过用机器切百包，大家都跑去围观是怎样一个切法，只有少数人在听这位国会众议员的演讲。

父亲总是鼓励我去参加在邻近乡镇举行的群众性的政治大会，即使他自己不能去也劝我去。后来他愈来愈介入政治和地方事务，在他去世前一年，当选为州议员。虽然他只作了一年州议员，对于他那实在是一种使他十分兴奋的工作。

当我还是一名海军军官的时候，由于职务上的需要，我时常去华盛顿，而我也经常跑到参议院去拜访参议员华尔特·乔治和理查德·罗素。参议员罗素对海军的新计划尤感兴趣，有几次，我们有机会跟他进行讨论这些事件。等我参加了原子动力计划的工作以后，我更常去华盛顿。当时海军上将里科佛差点儿给挤出海军，后来幸亏杜鲁门总统和国会领袖们采取行动把他救了下来，我们一直都在密切注视华盛顿的政治发尸。

然而，大体上说来，我在海军时与政治圈子的接触还是短暂而肤浅的。

我父亲刚去世不久，郡里的政治领袖提议由我母亲接充父亲剩下的议员任期。母亲拒绝了，结果父亲的一位好友被选接替这个席位，他在州议会里做过八至十年的众议员。在往后几年中，

一直看着选民把选票圈好，把它投入一个顶上开着大洞的纸板箱内，有好几次他还打开票箱，抓出几张选票来检查。

这是个让人难以相仪的场百。他完全不理我的抗议。所有的选务人员似乎都在听他的吩咐办事。

我立刻开车到一家咖啡厅，打电话给附近哥伦布市的报馆，把我刚才看到的事传讲给他听。他们答应派一个记者来。过了三两个钟头，我从另一个郡里回来，这位记者正和当地那个政党头子在乡公所的台阶上谈天。他们显然是老朋友，而这位记者根本就不想写什么批评奎特曼郡选举经过的新闻。后来我才知这位地方上的大亨原来是州政府农业厅一位很有势力的官员，当地的民主党选举委员会完全在他掌握之中，他的太太则在主持该郡的福利工作。

我打电话给同郡的一位朋友约翰·波普，向他说明事传始末，并请他到奎特曼郡去看看。那一天剩余的时间，我都在本区另外六个郡里往来奔跑，帮我的助选人员请选民到投票处投票。当晚我们在平阮镇我的仓库办公室里，从电话里听取选举结果，最后我以大约七十票领先，但佐治镇的结果还没有揭晓。

我们知边当地约有一百人参加投票，那种显然违反规则的投票办法奎天没有改变。约翰和奎特曼郡几个支持我的人曾在场监督开票。票箱内共有四百三十三张选票，而根据选民名册所列，有一百二十六人竟按照字母顺序投票！当打开选票时，有时发现有四到八张选票折叠在一起的情形。显然有人在那个票箱里填过伪造的选票，而我就以些微之差落选。

我听到那个消息以后，和一位名叫华伦·福特森的年轻律

town with a young lawyer named Warren Fortson, and we began that night to obtain statements from residents there about the illegal voting procedures that had long been part of their community's political life. We were fighting tough opponents and, during the weeks that followed, our lives were threatened several times. Each time I drove into Georgetown to collect evidence or to obtain affidavits, at least one or two men would silently follow me at a distance of not more than ten feet. They listened to all my conversations, and made frequent notes in order to intimidate me and the person I was visiting.

At first, the people were quite timid and reluctant to talk. But we attempted to question everyone who was alleged to have voted. Many of the "voters" were dead, in prison, or had long ago moved away and voted in other communities. Some of the Quitman County citizens were evasive when questioned, and others signed affidavits stating that they had not voted. Our support within the county slowly grew as it became obvious that we were going through with the challenge.

But we were not making any progress with the outside world. The nearby Columbus newspapers pictured me as a politically naïve sorehead and a poor loser. State party officials proved to be aloof or downright hostile. The local judge and district attorney had strong ties in the county. Eventually we realized that for years the Quitman County votes had been delivered to state and local candidates in an arbitrary but politically important way. Although few voters were there, the now-illegal county unit system had multiplied Quitman County's significance tenfold.

We presented our challenge to officials at the State Democratic Convention in Macon, but it was ignored. My opponent was declared to be the winner, and the official Democratic nominee for the State Senate. We could hardly believe it!

Finally we called John Pennington, an investigative reporter for *The Atlanta Journal*, and he quickly joined us in our probe into the Quitman County political corruption. His news stories