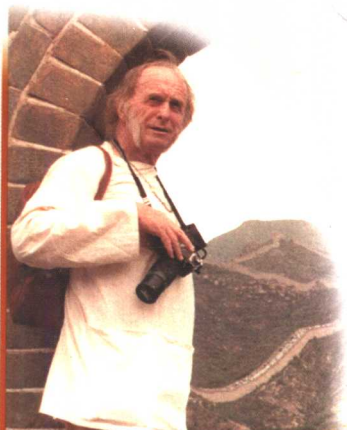


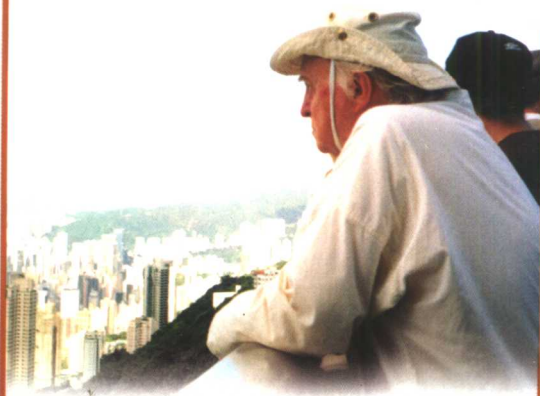
“蓝眼睛看中国”
英文读物系列

John McCallum [加拿大] 著
张曼君 注释



梦一般的国度

Where Do You Park Your Elephants Now?



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Here am I with my son, Roger McCallum, his wife, Jacqueline Richer and the one cuddling up to me is Miriam, their daughter, my granddaughter. They have all visited me in China. Jacqueline has been to China three times, Roger twice and Miriam once. Jacqueline is an outstanding artist who came to China once to put on a show of her work in Beijing.

Photo—John McCallum



Me, overlooking Hong Kong, the city that takes my breath away. When my son saw Miriam, his daughter, looking awestruck at its splendour, said, "Now you know what Alexander felt when he first saw the wonders of Babylon."

Photo—John McCallum



Those were the halcyon days. Tingxia and I were truly lotus-eaters^注, posing for a picture on the campus of the University of Toronto, in the summer of 1988. That was one of the rare years when I spent the whole of it in Canada. The year before, I came to China and met Tingxia. The next year I returned to China to work on the *China Daily*.

Photo—Jiang Xiaoying

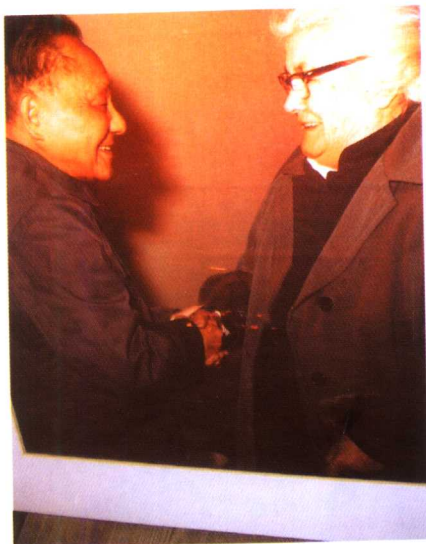


The sight of these carts was common in Beijing and everywhere in China in 1982. They were collecting what was called euphemistically "night soil"... They are all gone now. Byron Goto painted many pictures of them in their infinite varieties and sold them all to people eager to remember that passing piece of China's social history.

Photo—Byron Goto

注：食忘忧树果实而忘却往事的人；贪图安逸的人

Rose Smith with Deng Xiaoping in 1981. She was part of the social and political fabric of China. Zhou Enlai and Rose were friends. She fled home to England during the Cultural Revolution. She returned when Zhou Enlai invited her to return. He instructed she be kept comfortable and be well looked after during her old age. She was.



Here I'm having one of our many chats with Rose Smith, under the walnut tree in her garden in Beijing. Here she is 92. She was as alert as she must have been 70 years earlier. She knew my grandfather. I never did because he died six years before I was born. They were both founding members of the Communist Party in Great Britain. Rose saw Communism as the only hope for the survival of the common folk.

Photo—Byron Goto

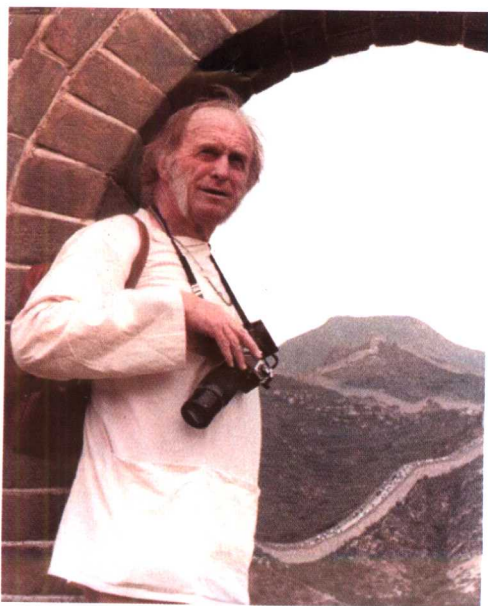


There's probably not one place on this earth that's better known than this one—Tian'anmen Square. When I came to China in 1982, I came with my kilt. My father and mother were Scots. The kilt is a family's ID. My kilt is in the McCallum tartan and anybody who sees it knows my name. It is like the family flag. I came to China determined to have my picture taken wearing it on The Square. Just before I left China the first time I asked Kelly Haggart to come with me to take my picture on the square. We drove to the edge of the square. I asked the driver to stay there with his engine running so that we could take the picture and get away quickly before the crowds came. We did all that, took the picture and hardly anybody noticed. Simon Johnstone's comment was that the ones who saw me thought I was just another visitor from Tibet.

Photo—Kelly Haggart

Here I am at Badaling on the most famous wall on earth. The picture was taken by my dear friend, Gail Rutherford, when she came to visit me in 1983. I've heard it said that the Great Wall is the only man-made structure that can be seen from the moon. I met a Mexican astronomer in Beijing that year who said that's not true. She said it is not wide enough to be seen from the moon.

Photo—Gail Rutherford



Dedication

本书献给……

I dedicate this book to my wife, Tingxia*, who made the sun rise in my courtyard.

There is an addendum or an apologia to this dedication. After six years and thirty-four days, the sun set on our courtyard. We were divorced. I still dedicate this book to Tingxia because those were years and days that were always interesting and often exciting. She was part of my dream of China. May she, and the dream, live forever!

* Her name, Tingxia, translated, means Sunrise in the Courtyard.

代序

约翰·麦卡伦是一位 80 岁的加拿大老人。乍一看到这个身材魁梧的老人，我只注意到了他的两个特点：一是他装束非常醒目，一套似乎是在裁缝店里定做的奇特的白布衣裤，松松地罩住他偏胖的身材；头上是一顶宽边白布帽子，脚上一双黑色凉鞋。我后来发现，这是他一年四季最常见的打扮。另外，他看人的眼神特别专注，可以说相当严肃，仿佛在探究对方的内心想法，好像不太随和的样子。这时旁边的加拿大朋友对我介绍说：“他以前是我们国家的一名优秀记者。”啊，原来如此，我立刻释然地想，他的神情可能是一种职业习惯吧。

可事实上，约翰从事过的职业可就多了，而且足迹遍及欧、美、亚、澳几大洲。除了在加拿大、英国等地做过多家新闻社的记者以外，他还在加拿大做了 21 年大学教授，当过播音员，做过电视剧制作人，创办过报纸，还涉猎过广告、销售等领域。约翰出身贫寒，在二战中入伍，是盟军中的降落伞兵；二战后，小学文化水平的他到大学里刻苦攻读，最后成为一名优秀的记者。1982 年，他受联合国教科文组织派遣到中国来任职，陆续在新华社、中国日报社、北京电视台、郑州大学等单位工作，在中国一住就是 10 年，还曾经与一位中国女士有过 6 年的婚姻。这些不一般的经历，我是认识他好几个月以后才听说的；它们在我这个年轻人的耳中听来简直是天方夜谭。

我很快就意识到，我对约翰“不太随和”的第一印象是不准确的。他的个性非常开朗宽容，善于与人交流，我很快就成了他的朋友。和他聊天是一件很愉快的事情；他的思维很活跃，特别善于分析、总结问题，而且知识渊博、见多识广，即使滔滔不绝地说上几个小时，话题也不会单调重复，而是让听者觉得获益良多，还想再听下去。而随着认识约翰日久，我对这位老人就越发敬重。

约翰目前在我所在城市的学校里教英语课。我有幸听过他的讲课，课堂上气氛十分活跃。他的话题跳跃性很大，几乎是想到哪

儿就讲到哪儿，不是泛泛地教授英语，而是将与学生交流思想、探讨文化异同当作每节课的主题。

我很快就产生了约请约翰写书的念头。我想请他写在中国的
经历、感想，写他眼里的中国，把他课上讲的内容形成文字，让更多的人看到。我和他说到此事；可巧他已经在过去几年陆续写了些东西，慢慢修改润色至今，正打算与出版社联系。我喜出望外，立刻把书稿要了来。仔细阅读之后，我感到书稿与我的构想正相吻合。它不是游记那种追求新奇的描述，也不像在中国学习工作一年半载就回国的外国人写的旁观者式的感想，而是以善意、积极的心态探究作者所认识到的中国人生活的方方面面。作者亲身经历了中国改革开放的整整10年，对中华文明与文化有较深入的了解，对中国的感情是真挚的。另外，他多年做记者的功力在书里发挥了出来，写得文笔优美、语言流畅，从始至终体现着睿智的观察和思考。这本书他本来是准备写给西方人看的，想让西方人以全新的角度了解中国；可是我在读稿的过程中越来越清晰地感到，从这本书中收获最多的还将是中国读者；这是一本写给我们看的好书。

约翰一直住在中国人中间，爱吃中国菜，向见到的每一个邻居打招呼，特别喜爱小孩。他虽然年事已高，却始终身体健康，他把这归因于自己始终不间断地工作——写书、教课。他在中国呆了这么久，不止一次地有人问他：“约翰，你的儿女、房子都在加拿大，你为什么一个人留在这里？”他耸耸肩膀，自然地回答：“当然了，因为我热爱这个国家和她的人民。”

编 者

Preface

前 言

It wasn't my intention, when I began to write this book, to write a short social history of the last two decades of twentieth-century China. That's what it has turned out to be.

Much that I have written about exists no more. For instance, I mention the feeling of nostalgia I felt when I encountered the poverty that was everywhere when I first came here. It reminded me of my life as a boy during the Great Depression. The poverty, in the cities at least, has gone.

I write of people living in their offices or in squalid, tiny rooms. That's gone too. Most of my Chinese friends live in spacious, modern flats as nice as my own in Montréal or my family and friends' homes in cities around the world.

—John McCallum

Index

目 录

Chapter One

Introduction

简介 1

Chapter Two

The Day I Stole a Bicycle and Other Brushes with Crime

偷车记等与犯罪有关的轶事 15

Chapter Three

The Dream from Whence It Came

梦一般的国度 32

Chapter Four

...That Has Such People In't

形形色色的人 62

Chapter Five

Yankee Noodle Dandies

中国人与美国文化 103

Chapter Six

Religions in China

中国的宗教 112

Chapter Seven

Where Mother Is Not a Dirty Word

神圣的“母亲”二字 126

Chapter Eight

Teaching and Students

师生趣话 158

Chapter Nine

- What a Trip! Down the Yangtze We Went
一次出乎意料的出游 177

Chapter Ten

- The Language and What Fun We Had with It
奇妙的语言 194

Chapter Eleven

- A Bonus
意外之得 234

Chapter Twelve

- A Quest for Truth
真实的报道 244

Chapter Thirteen

- Sic Transit...
拉下帷幕 262

Chapter Fourteen

- Concerns over Safety
关于日常生活的安全 267

Chapter Fifteen

- There Never Was Aggression
多说几句 277

Acknowledgements

- 志谢 284

Chapter One

Introduction

简介

I have just left Canada, my native land... By the time you read this I will have just returned to China. And here I'll stay until I die. My ashes will be sprinkled¹ on the Yangtze. And that will be the end of it.

But I'm getting a bit ahead of myself.² I've told you about what will happen to me when I die. First, let me tell you about what has happened to me while I lived.

We were still in the depths of the cold war in the days of Khrushchov when I first went to Moscow and 20 years later we were not yet into basking in the balmy days of the hot peace³ when I first went to Beijing. After all, my Moscow hotel, Hotel Berlin, was on the same street as the KGB headquarters.

They were on my tail. I didn't catch

1. sprinkle: 洒, 撒

2. But I'm...myself. 我说得太远了。

3. we were not ... hot peace: 我们还未享受和平的好日子

them at it, mind you. They were too crafty for that. I know they were bugging¹ my phone. But I didn't let on² I knew.

I gave a Terylene³ shirt to a Russian. He was drunk. He dropped it several times on the dance floor of the Hotel Ukraine. All the people saw him drop it. They all heard him shout "Contrabanda⁴", as he picked it up. But they still didn't nab⁵ me. I know. They were playing games. Jean le Carré wrote about those things. It was all going on my file down the street.

By the time I got to Beijing, I knew what they were up to. I was going to put an end to it right there at the beginning. Or, speaking of Jean le Carré, if I put that in code, it would be, I was going to put an omega to it right there at the alpha. I wasn't going to put up with it. I wanted to find the bugs in my hotel room. I looked behind the pictures, under the carpet and in the cistern⁶ in the toilet. I'm not stupid, you know.

And yes. I had found it. There it was. A wire coming out of the edge of the ceiling and going back into the wall. I cut it.

I didn't have a phone for three days.

Like we all are, I was a victim of the press.

1. bug: 窃听

2. let on: 承认

3. Terylene: 涤纶 (商标名)

4. contrabanda: 违禁品

5. nab: 逮捕

6. cistern: 池子

7. Instead they... it never was. 相反, 他们的报道歪曲事实; 那个世界从来不是这样的。

8. accredited reporters: (一个机构派出的) 驻外记者

9. have my visa altered: 换我的签证

10. appalling: 令人惊愕的

Nowhere anywhere is really as it seems on the pages of your newspaper. Newspapers create a fantasy wonderland that's only loosely related to the rest of the world. The media are supposed to portray and display the world as it is. Instead they distort and contort the world like it never was.⁷

They've done the same with China.

There have been scores of books written about China in the past 20 years. This is not like any one of them. Most of them were written by journalists after they had finished their two-year-stint in the Middle Kingdom.

I am a journalist too, but I have little in common with them. Although I spent six of my ten years in China living in Beijing, as most of them did, I didn't live in the China they lived in. I saw little of the China they saw.

They were accredited reporters⁸. That is, they were there as official representatives of a foreign newspaper or news service. I was not.

I lived where I wanted to live. I was never followed. My mail was not opened and my phone was not tapped. I went where I wanted to go in China. I was called a Foreign Expert and regarded as a Friend of China. I often had an interpreter, but it was usually one of my choosing and nearly always a friend.

I saw little of the police. Except when I went to have my visa altered⁹, I saw nothing of the state security people either.

Yet, I did outlandish or even appalling¹⁰ things for which I only once paid a penalty.

What appalling or outlandish things? I was a bicycle thief in China.

Because I have lived ten years in China, I'll never be

the same again. No one who has lived in China for any length of time can leave that country the same person they were when they went there.

Two years before the Hong Kong take-over, I was in a Hong Kong bar owned by an American couple. Most of their customers were non-Chinese.

I was having a drink with their one Chinese customer. We were talking about China and Hong Kong's future and that of their patrons¹.

"Most of these people will never leave China," says he.

"Why's that," says I.

"Taoist philosophy² says the best way to invade is to allow yourself to be invaded then assimilate³ the invader. Then China will have won. All these people have been assimilated. They will never go."

He's right. I too have been assimilated. The ten years I have spent in China have not all been spent in one stretch. They have been during six trips to that country since 1982. Most of the time that I have been outside of China during that time has been spent introducing my Chinese wife to western culture and life, during our six years and thirty-four days of marriage. And I am just hurrying to

1. patron: 赞助人 (这里指到香港投资的人)

2. Taoist philosophy: 道教

3. assimilate: 同化

4. strait-jacket: 用紧身衣绑住 (通常用来制服精神病人或犯人)

5. Pearl S. Buck: 赛珍珠 (1892~1973), 美国小说家, 作品的题材多涉及中国。

6. subjugate: 征服

7. colonialism: 殖民主义

8. qualification: 资格

9. sabbatical leave: 公休假