

# 含英咀华

中国英语女教授随笔（英汉对照）

For Faith,  
Hope and Love

Collected Essays of Women  
Professors of English

外语教学与研究出版社

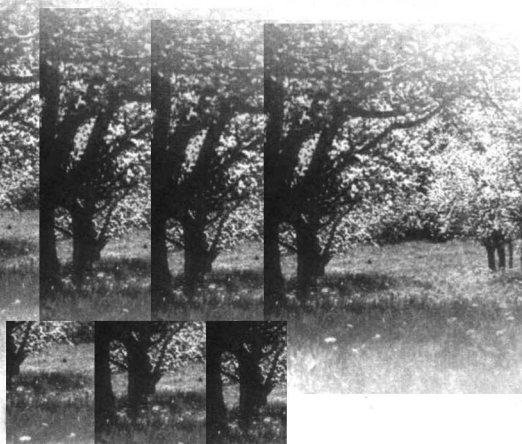
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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## 编者语

“师者，所以传道、授业、解惑也。”古往今来，老师在我们人生道路上所起的作用都是不可估量的。可是，随着现代社会生活节奏的加快，我们与老师之间的交流越来越有限，除课堂上的“授业”以外，“传道”、“解惑”的机会并不常有了。然而，老师们从一生的坎坷经历中总结出的人生经验对我们是一笔宝贵的财富，如果错过这个机会，岂不是很遗憾？

展现严谨的学者们学术以外的生活，给老师和同学们提供更多的“传道”、“解惑”的途径是我们长久以来的一个心愿。而作为外语教学与研究出版社，我们更迫切的愿望是展现外语教授们的内心世界，让大家了解他们历尽沧桑之后对人生的感悟。实现这一目的的最好的方法，就是请老师们走下讲坛，以朋友的身份，来谈一谈自己的人生道路，讲一讲自己的故事。这是我们编辑这本女教授随笔集的初衷。

我们都曾经听过女教授们的课，她们在课堂上所展现给我们的是渊博的学识，优雅的谈吐，严谨的治学态度和诲人不倦的精神。但是您了解课堂以外女教授们的生活吗？她们以前都经历过什么？她们的青少年时代是怎么度过的？她们的成长中是否也有与我们类似的欢乐与烦恼？她们经过怎样的努力才达到了今天的成就？在今天的微笑背后，曾有多



少泪水？在今天的辉煌背后，曾有怎样的艰辛？如今的女教授们，又在关注什么？思考什么？历尽沧桑之后的她们，会有什么样的经验和心得，想传授给我们呢？

这本由我国英语界知名女教授讲述自我的英汉双语随笔集，就饱含着老师们对我们的深情关爱和殷殷期望。从事英语教研工作多年的各位海内外女教授，特意用英、汉两种文字撰稿，畅谈求学经历、治学心得、生活趣事以及人生感悟，不仅展现了女学者们在学术之外的自我风采，而且以其独特的英汉对照形式，充分展示了英汉两种语言在表达上的不同妙处。

几经波折，这本随笔集终于在作者和编者的共同努力下，于千禧之年面世了。在此，编者谨以后辈的身份，衷心感谢各位教授在编辑过程中给予我们的深切理解和大力支持。也希望本书能够不负初衷。

在新的世纪即将来临之际，姑且以这本随笔集作为我们对外语教学界广大师生的一份千禧贺礼吧。



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(以上目录按姓氏笔划顺序排列)



Eva Hung

孔慧怡



Chinese University of Hong Kong

香港中文大学

My two worlds not only sounded different, but also had different smells, textures, and each moved to a different rhythm.

我的两个世界不但有不同的声音,而且有不同的气味、质感,更以不同的节奏运作。……

——**Growing up in Two Worlds**

**两个世界**

## Eva Hung

### *Character*

Eva Hung was born and educated in Hong Kong, and has suffered from two basic problems for as long as she can remember: insomnia and stubbornness. As a young teenager she was forced by her father to learn to play the piano (for which she is now extremely grateful), and as a reaction decided to pay her own way through ballet and classical Chinese dance classes, which she did by tutoring. She continued taking dance lessons in Hong Kong and London until she became too badly injured to carry on. This is perhaps the most vivid illustration of her stubbornness.

### *Reading Habits*

Eva's favourite English-language writers include (chronologically, starting from the age of fourteen) Jane Austen, Thomas Hardy, Oscar Wilde, G. K. Chesterton, Virginia Woolf, and most recently, Rohinton Mistry, and Arunhatha Roy. Having developed an appetite for detective fiction as a young teenager, she is also a keen supporter of this popular sub-genre, and has great respect for writers such as Colin Dexter and P. D. James. She regularly recommends Agatha Christie to students who want to improve their basic command of English. English fiction of all types, which she borrows from local public libraries, makes up the bulk of her leisure reading material.



In terms of Eva's Chinese reading material, everything else is dwarfed by Song dynasty lyrics and the *Honglou meng*. However, in recent years she has been spending more and more time on the *Grand Tripitaka* because of her research.

### *Creative Writing*

Eva started writing for the literary supplement of Hong Kong's *Sing Tao Daily* in late 1985, and has kept her column going since then. In recent years, however, both the frequency and regularity of the column have suffered because of the increase in her academic workload. She is therefore very grateful to her editor for her indulgence.

Eva started writing short fiction in 1991, and has published a collection of feminist stories in Taiwan. She is also the author of two collections of essays.

### *Academic Career*

Eva received her B. A. and M. Phil. degrees from the University of Hong Kong and her Ph. D. from London University. Having been one of the guinea pigs in the first Translation degree offered in Hong Kong, she has firm views about the basic requirements which should govern the admission of students to translation and interpreting courses. She joined the Chinese University of Hong Kong in late



1986, shortly after completing her Ph. D., and was appointed Director of the Research Centre for Translation and concurrently Editor of *Renditions*, positions which she still holds today. In May 1997 she became a Guest Professor of Peking University.



## Growing up in Two Worlds

For a long time I lived in two worlds, using two languages—English at school, Cantonese at home. That started when I was in my early teens, for the majority of Hong Kong secondary schools had English as the medium of instruction. (English was the only official language in Hong Kong until 1973.) If the truth be told, however, only a very small number of schools had enough native speakers of English on their staff to make teaching in that language really meaningful.

Did that mean people who went to an average Hong Kong school with no native speakers of English on its staff were necessarily handicapped? The answer is a qualified no. The education system in Hong Kong was elitist, but Hong Kong was also a fair society, perhaps in the best sense of the word: anyone who had the will to learn would find the opportunity. I realized this at a very young age, at eleven perhaps, or twelve, when my father introduced me to a former student of his.

Let's call him Ken. Ken lived with his semi-literate mother in a rural area of Hong Kong, and went to a rural primary school. His father had left Hong Kong to work in Latin America when he was just a toddler, and in those days when people still travelled by ship and airfares were astronomical, that meant long years of separation. Ken had to rely entirely on himself in his studies. He went to a local secondary school where there was no native speaker of English on the staff, but he spoke English beautifully, with an authentic BBC

accent.

That was only natural, for Ken learned his English from the BBC. He bought a transistor radio as soon as he entered secondary school, and listened to hours of BBC broadcasts every evening. After three or four years, not only did he become completely fluent in the language, but he was also *au fait* about all sorts of things British. I don't know whether he had found it hard-going in the beginning. By the time I met him, the language had become second nature to him: he had managed to open the door to the English world for himself. The reason why my father introduced Ken to me was obvious: he was proud of this former student, and thought he would set me a good example. Ken left Hong Kong to join his father in Latin America after he graduated from secondary school. I never met him again. But I firmly believe that he must have learned Spanish with speed and ease, the same way he did English, and that after a little while, Latin American culture was no longer alien to him.

But back to my own story. The schools I went to were of the elitist kind. Over the years my English language and literature teachers included two English, one Canadian, one American, two Anglicized Indians, one Scottish and one Irish, all of them women. School meant English, not just the language, but a whole way of perceiving and constructing the world: knitting lessons were 'k1, p1', cooking lessons were scones and angel cakes, and poetry was Auden, Yates, Eliot, and the poor young men who died in WWI. But I learned to knit at home too, from my mother, 'one stitch above, one stitch below'. Cooking lessons at home meant turnip cakes and red bean pastries made specially for Chinese New Year. Poetry at home was of course all classical Chinese—I had graduated to



Yuan dynasty lyrics by the age of five.

Culture is not just a matter of language; it involves the intellect, emotions, and—to me the most important of all—our senses. It is our instinctive responses which invariably reveal our cultural affiliations. Language is one obvious indicator; few people would shout out sudden pain and pleasure in a second language. But there are clear non-linguistic indicators as well, one of the most important being our preferences for food, particularly when we feel unwell. All these can perhaps be summed up as ‘gut feelings’. Since these are responses uncamouflaged by our own or other people’s manipulation and wishful thinking, they are very reliable.

My two worlds not only sounded different, but also had different smells, textures, and each moved to a different rhythm. I was intrigued by the tangibility of that difference. It was like looking at two paintings, one a traditional Chinese landscape, the other an Impressionist work. Only I wasn’t just looking at them, I was living in both of them simultaneously.

Or almost simultaneously. There are things that I do in one culture but not in the other. I swear in English, using the whole range of standard, mild words starting with ‘d’ and ‘b’ and ‘sh’, very school-girlish and nothing shocking. I never swear in Chinese. Some people account for it by saying that swearing in a foreign language makes one less self-conscious because there is a distance between oneself and the language. For all I know it may be true in some cases, but it’s certainly not true universally. Swearing occupies a different position in different cultures; it is certainly so when we talk about Chinese Vs English culture. Whether we find something acceptable or not has a lot to do with the norms we are exposed to while we grow up. In my case, no one at home swears—such a





practice has no place in a well-educated Chinese family, particularly not one with a long history like ours. To do so would be out of bounds, especially for a woman. Though something of a malcontent, I have never been a rebel, so for me swearing just does not figure in the Chinese context. English, however, is a completely different world. For one thing there are mild swear words which *everyone* uses, monarchs and presidents included. One doesn't swear on formal occasions, of course, but in daily life it is not uncommon to express feelings of frustration or anger with a 'd' or an 'sh' word. Swearing in English is part of the cultural norm, and so I have no qualms about it. In the beginning we used euphemistic swear words in school, like 'sugar' and 'go to the other place', but soon everyone dropped the pretence at politeness, and so did I.

Even the use of exclamation words (or should I say sounds?) are cultural indicators. I shout pain, disgust and horror in English—Ouch! Yuck! Oh my god! But if I'm in an accusative mood—say someone poured melted jelly on my computer—I'd invariably come out with a loud Cantonese 'Aiya!' Does that show my Chinese self to be more confrontational? An interesting issue that psychologists may want to explore.

Since I was rather anti-social even as a child, the existence of these two separate worlds proved most convenient for me. As children we had to go to huge family dinner parties where dozens of uncles, aunts and cousins joined in a mixed chorus of mahjong and human noise, and the parties invariably went on for hours and hours. To be honest, it was sheer torture. The worst part of it was everyone's attempt to get me 'involved'. Then one day I found my refuge in my 'other world'. I took with me a nineteenth century

