

简单生活不简单

郑玫◎著
经济日报出版社

SIMPLE BUT NOT NAÏVE

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前言：我的糊涂妈妈

我的妈妈糊涂事儿太多，不能一一列举，不然这本将变成我写的书了。

从我们很小的时候开始妈妈就经常出差，每次她出门前一定和我们一大轮亲吻拥抱，但我和弟弟都很清楚这不代表告别，因为她一会儿还会为忘带手机、手表、钱包、证件、机票……一项或者多项东西再回来。不过这都不算什么，妈妈曾经揣着弟弟的护照从北京出发经香港准备去美国，够夸张吧！现在坐飞机有了电子客票对我老妈来说可是一大救星，那样她就不怕丢掉回程机票而回不了家！

糊涂妈妈车开得很好，起码比路上一般女司机要好很多，但是就是不认识北京的路。有一次我们去完动物园还想去朝阳公园玩，妈妈说西直门周围那几个高架天桥太混乱她根本搞不清楚该上哪一个，不如先奔四环路回家再往朝阳公园走。

我们住在北京的时候最怕就是那种周末上班平日放假的“黄金周”，因为总搞不清楚哪天上学哪天放假，有一次妈妈一大早将我和弟弟都穿戴整齐了背着书包准备上学，幸亏出门碰到和我们同一学校的邻居。可惜的是她没有糊涂到上学的日子还让我们在家放假。

糊涂妈妈在家的時候经常给我们做各种中西美食，她做的椒盐虾、红烧排骨、苹果派甚至饺子都是最一流的。不过像忙半天炮制美味的海南鸡饭，却忘了将电饭锅的煮饭按钮按下这类事件也经常发生。

几年前妈妈开始在报纸上开写专栏，她说写文章的目的是为了给我们和弟弟做榜样，因为我们俩都极痛恨作文。自从从妈妈除了整天东跑西颠、忙忙叨叨外还成为了“作家”后，她的糊涂事儿当然就更多了。不过我和弟弟真的很支持她的写作事业，那样老妈聚精会神地搞创作很有可能顾不上我们俩在地下室里拆卸组装电器、柜子顶乔装武士比剑……还有最主要的——玩电子游戏！

FOREWORD: OUR DUM-DUM MAMMY

If I were to give an account of all our Mammy's silly little things, it would be so lengthy that this book would end up as my book.

Ever since we were very young, our Mammy frequently had to go on business trips, every time she would give us a whole lot of hugs and kisses before she left home, but both my brother and I knew that this did not mean goodbye, because she would soon enough return for one or more items of her mobile phone, her watch, her passport, her tickets that she had forgotten... But this isn't all, Mammy once attempted to travel with little brother's passport from Beijing via Hong Kong to the United States, quite unbelievable, isn't it! Present day e-tickets have come as a saviour to our Mammy as she will no longer have to worry about losing her return ticket and not being able to fly home!

Our dum-dum Mammy's driving is very good indeed, well at least much better than the average female driver, but she hardly knows her way around Beijing. Once we wanted to go to Chaoyang Park after visiting the zoo, but Mammy said that she gets very confused with the many flyover bridges around Xizhimen (the most direct route) and just wouldn't know which one to take, so it was best that we took the 4th Ring Road home before making for the Park (a long roundabout route).

What we hate most about living in Beijing are those *Golden Week* national holidays, when one works during the weekend and rest during the weekdays, we can never clearly work out which days we have to go to school and which days we are off. On one particular occasion, Mammy dug us out of bed then got us ready for school, and it was a great piece of luck that we bumped into our neighbouring schoolmate as we walked out of the house. But it is such a pity though that she cannot be more silly and tell us to stay at home when school is on.

Dum-dum Mammy often cooks us delicious Chinese and Western dishes when she is at home. She is ace with her spicy peppercorn prawns, braised spare ribs, apple pie and she even does some very good dumplings. But busying herself for half a day over the preparation of some mouthwatering

Hainanese chicken rice and then forgetting to switch on the rice cooker is just one of her many mishaps in the kitchen.

A few years ago, our Mammy began writing for a newspaper column, her reason being that she wanted to set an example for me and my brother, because both of us really loathed compositions. Since Mammy added the tasks of an *author* to her already very hectic days, she has involved herself in even more silly things. Nonetheless, my brother and I are honestly very supportive of her writing career, because then while she is focused on her writing she may be too occupied to notice us disassembling electrical appliances and dressing up as samurais sword fighting on top of cupboards ... but most importantly, playing electronic games!

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吃饱了不想家

我有一个酷爱旅行的爸爸，从我记事起就几乎没有见过他在家呆着超过一周，如许多与他同行过的旅伴，我认为与他一起旅行是天下最大的乐事。旅途没开始前他就兴高采烈地将沿途各目的地好吃的给你一道道来，大家由他带头咽着口水精神会餐一遍，对旅程充满了期望。无论途中是否停下来欣赏过当地美食，到达最终目的地后的第一件事必然就是先去大吃一顿。“吃饱了不想家”，他每次都以这句话作为大快朵颐后的总结。

父亲去过的地方很多，地球上也就只能数出几个国家他尚未游过，而他衡量一个地方是否可去或者是重游，是以那里有没有好吃的作为先决条件。自三岁起我就有幸经常和父母去长途旅行，母亲的性格与父亲反差很大，大家闺秀的她所受的教育是不允许整天将“吃”这件俗事挂在嘴边的。每每父亲和我在旅途中回味吃，讨论吃，研究吃的时候，母亲都一定会泼一盆冷水让我们清醒下来去关注湖光山色之美。可惜我没出息，身上太多父亲的遗传因素，没有完全继承母亲那秀丽脱俗的美，而更多的是父亲乐呵呵的生活态度，爱到处瞎跑与对“吃”的执迷不悟。

在英国上学时是 80 年代初，煤矿工人正闹罢工，市面萧条，餐厅的水平不敢恭维。可是我对“吃”最美好的记忆却恰恰是在英国的那些年。西班牙同学用橄榄油将土豆片和洋葱煎得金黄，再铺上由他美丽的委内瑞拉女友打得起了泡泡的鸡蛋；新加坡的同学将家里带来的肉骨茶配料早早焖好了一锅排骨；我们香港人来自美食之都，当然要多露几手了。起个大早到鱼市抱回来一整箱扇贝不过 10 英磅，掀开放在锅里清蒸三五分钟后鲜甜无比，没等淋上葱花油酱油就被抢得七七八八；超市里买到整块的五花肉，在猪皮上扎上好多洞洞铺上一层厚厚的盐放在烤箱里烤成脆皮烧肉，那香味整条街道都能闻见；从唐人街弄来便宜得不得了的鸭舌鸭肫肝给卤了，同宿舍的鬼仔鬼妹们含着鸭舌大叫：原来与鸭子接吻是这样的滋味儿！

如果说我对英国的回忆全都是带着葱姜蒜花椒大料的，那么对法国

的记忆就高雅清淡得多，最令我怀念的是室友凯特琳做的菜。记得早上我起来喝着她煮好的咖啡、往牛角包上涂自制的橘子果酱时她正好拎着个大菜篮子从菜场回来。凯特琳做菜的宗旨是将食品的本质发挥出来，无论是什么材料，到了她手里都被发挥得淋漓尽致。如果有朋友想到我们的小公寓来吃凯特琳做的菜，条件就是一定要带最好的葡萄酒，因为只有最好的酒才能做出最美味的菜。与凯特琳已失去联系近十年了，她当年做的那些菜让我对法国永远充满依恋。最近一次去巴黎，在法国常住的英国好友带着我们走街串巷东吃西吃，餐馆的老板都跟他很熟，听着我们对话惊讶地对我朋友用法语说：你的英语说得真好！他朝我眨眨眼，没想到这身为英国贵族后代的家伙常年赖在色香味俱全的巴黎，本地化得如此彻底。

近期给我震撼较大的是两周前到东京的一次旅行。当我踏进新宿的伊势丹的地下一层，眼前是干净整洁的柜台和美丽端庄的女售货员们，耳边飘来的是悠扬的圣母颂，然而水晶玻璃柜里陈列的闪闪发亮的竟然不是珠宝首饰香水化妆品，而是令人垂涎欲滴的食品！我觉得自己的呼吸都要停止了，心已跳到了嗓子眼儿，这活生生的美食殿堂给我的感官刺激简直胜过我到过的世界各地任何一间博物馆。

码完这两行字后我要整理箱子准备乘飞机由香港到北京，提醒着自己中午起飞前不要忘了打电话确认晚上水煮鱼餐厅的位子，六点到到他们能给留着。这时老爸也正忙着收拾昨夜旅行归来的行囊。他从箱子夹层里摸出来几天前去布吉岛潜水时买的小鱼干，联想到十天前从烟台带回来的海参，念叨忘记关照家里服务多年的菲律宾保姆发好了葱烧来吃，接着又塞了包苏格兰纯黄油饼干在我的包里说：北京下雪，晚点了别饿着。看看墙上的钟，他一拍手走进厨房准备乌塌菜炒年糕。看来出门前饱饱地吃一顿地道的家乡美食才是奠定吃饱了不想家的根本基础！

HOME IS WHERE YOUR HEART IS

I have a father who is infatuated with travel, memory tells me that he has never been home for more than a week at any one time, but travelling with him is one of life's greatest joys as many of his companions can testify. He would lead a rundown of the local gastronomies likely to be encountered enroute, setting all our mouths water and giving us a taste of things to come with this feast for our minds and spirits, and needless to say, we look forward to the journey with great anticipation. Whether we actually stopover to enjoy the many different culinary delights, we always begin with a banquet style meal when we arrive at our ultimate destination and my dear father would invariably sum up the much satisfied meal with his signature catchphrase "A filled stomach lets you miss home less."

My father has travelled far and wide, and the countries he has yet to set foot in can be counted on one's fingers, but his primary prerequisite for visiting or returning to a country has to be its food. I have been on numerous long journeys with my parents since the age of three, my father and I would often engross ourselves in the world of food whilst travelling, but as my mother came from a very respectable family – her upbringing and education did not warrant her to dwell endlessly on trivial subjects such as food – she would most certainly have thrown cold water on our discussions to wake and remind us that the scenery should be a feast for the eyes and not one for the mouth. Fortunate or unfortunate, instead of being blessed with all my mother's virtues, I have largely inherited my father's easygoing and carefree attitude towards life, and that includes his enthusiasm to roam around the world relentlessly in pursuit of *food*.

My education in England started in the early 80s when the miners' strike and economic recession constantly hit the headlines; spending cuts, massive unemployment, quality standards declined in every trade, including restaurants. But my most memorable recollections of food has to be during these years in England. Our Singaporean classmate would turn her Bak kut teh spices brought over from home into a pot of wonderfully aromatic spare rib soup. The Spanish Venezuelan couple would execute a simple yet delicate tortilla of potato and onion wedges fried golden in olive oil. As for us from the food haven of Hong Kong, we just had to be a

cut above the rest and display that little extra talent. Up real early to the fish market and back with a sizable box of fresh scallops for under £10, opened and washed then steamed three to five minutes simply accentuates the delicious sweetness of these creatures, they get snapped up even before the soy sauce and scallion scented oil are sprinkled on. A big slab of pork belly from the supermarket, skin pierced and thickly covered in salt then roasted, metamorphoses into a piece of crispy pork belly with smells you can pick up a street away. Duck tongues and gizzards cheap from Chinatown then marinated, Western students would hold a duck tongue in their mouths and roar with laughter around the accommodation, "So French kissing a duck can be such a lot of pleasure!"

If my memory of England springs notes of ginger and garlic, spring onion and anise pepper, then my memory of France is one of elegance and sophistication, especially that of Katherine's cooking. I would be up in the morning savouring the coffee that she had brewed and enjoying croissants with her homemade preserves, when she would return from the market with her baskets of shopping. Katherine's golden rule for cooking is to let the food show its true character and any ingredients in her hands can work wonders. Friends who wished to come to our little apartment and take pleasure in Katherine's cooking were required to bring along a bottle of the best table wine, since only good wine can complement good food. It has been almost ten years since I lost contact with Katherine but her cooking will forever keep my passion for France alive. The last time I was in Paris, an excellent English friend of mine, who regularly lived in France, guided us round the streets and alleys in search of food. This particular restaurant owner who was well acquainted with my friend had overheard our conversation in English and was rather surprised, he said to my friend in French, "Your English is very good!" My friend gave me a wink; it was a little hard to imagine that this guy, a descendant of English nobility, would persistently frequent the food paradise of Paris and blend in so thoroughly with the locals.

A recent trip to Tokyo turned out to be a revelation. The moment I stepped into the basement of the Isetan department store in Shinjuku

district, my breath was taken away and I could hear my heart pounding in my head. Before me stood these shining crystal cabinets with their chic sales assistants and a harmonious rendition of Ave Maria resonated in the background, but instead of the usual displays of jewellery and cosmetics were these exhibitions of beautifully presented food creations! I was literally spellbound by this sanctuary for food lovers, its impact on my senses was far greater than any museums I had ever visited.

On finishing these few lines, I would ready myself for the flight back to Beijing. I reminded myself to confirm the evening reservation for a Sichuan fish hotpot restaurant before my afternoon takeoff, this particular restaurant would only hold your table until six. All this time, my father was busy unpacking after his return to Hong Kong the previous night. From one of the luggage compartments, he fished out some dried anchovies that he had just bought on his Phuket diving trip, which prompted him to the dried bêche de mer from his Yantai excursion a week or so ago and that he had actually forgotten to instruct our long serving Philippine maid to soak the dried seafood and then stew it with some spring onions. He then turned and squeezed a packet of Scottish shortbread into my bag, "It's snowing in Beijing, they would keep you warm." and then glanced at the clock and abruptly left for the kitchen to prepare a stir-fry of leafy tatsai and glutinous rice sticks. After all, it seems the underlying basis of my father's catchphrase relies on a hearty meal of homeland dishes prior to leaving home.

拉动内需也要节俭度日

到了英国，时差关系一大早就醒了，百无聊赖中打开电视，看到专家正谆谆教导着英国人民如何在金融海啸中妥善理财渡过难关。早间节目针对的都是清早要赶着上班的打工族，一般的主题都非常简明扼要。这个五分钟的专题是这样说的：首先把你钱包里的信用卡都抽出来，放在家里，不要带在身上。身上只放有限量的现金，就不会在午休或下班回家的路上去瞎逛商店而不理智地刷卡消费。其次，当一定要去超市买必需品时，没有需要就一定不要推购物车，拎个购物篮足矣，假如要买的东西不过一两样，那就连购物篮都不要拎了。这样一段时间后自然会养成良好的购物习惯，不再提前消费将自己放入困境。这样的节目对大多数英国人来说想必是有教育意义的，不然怎么会在电视的早间新闻中穿插着重重复播。不知道美国媒体上是否也做类似的宣传，那里的人民似乎更需要好好地教一教。

飞机落地回到北京，收音机里一男一女播音员正轰轰烈烈地传授着刺激消费拯救经济的办法：OK，新年到啦，还不赶紧出去消费！除旧迎新，给自己置办一身新衣服，换个发型打造一个新形象吧！旧的、不带蓝牙的手机早就该换了，怎么！你还用这么老款的MP3？赶快扔掉吧，换成最时尚的……看起来播音员是在为拉动内需做贡献，“刺激”他们的受众群体——时尚的年轻人去消费。消费不等于浪费，让人家把能用的东西扔掉换新的纯粹是浪费。收音机里那些无聊的对话不外是为了填补音乐和广告之间的空白，但是将政府所说的拉动内需，解释为人都该出去花一把银子，鼓励这些年轻人继续贪图享受，花“未来钱”并不可取，更不值得提倡。

中国人从老祖宗开始都是不花没到手的钱，咱们过惯了存钱的日子，事实证明节俭不浪费有利于社会稳定，这样做是对子孙后代负责任的。当西方国家觉醒过来，发现该像中国人这样节俭了，我们怎能反过来要13亿人民开始信贷消费、超前消费，去重蹈美国人的覆辙。回顾过去，我们的经济发展主要靠的是出口，价廉物美的中国商品改善了西方人的生活水平，现在他们才发现自己的生活方式出问题了，原来不是所有的好东西都能往自己家里搬的，如果不需要还搬回来就会造成很大的

浪费。我们国家从过分依赖出口，现在转为用内需拉动经济持续发展，最困难的地方就是转变人们的观念。

拉动内需，强调的应该是那个“需”。看看周围的人，很多都需要消费；该结婚买房的、该买车或者是换车的，该买股票基金投资的……可惜大家都是同一个心态：等等吧，还要跌呢！也是，老百姓看着天天见涨的人民币和似乎还有下跌空间的房地产，滞销的汽车和令人心灰意冷的股市，放在银行里的银子哪怕是零利率，也不想搬出来花了。人人都等着抄底，本来有的需求都变成了观望。那经济自然无法带动。

胡乱鼓励浪费型消费、非理性消费带来的将是巨大的资源浪费，对我们环境、人文的破坏是子孙们永远还不完的债。

