

# 流动中国 China

刘博智

Pok Chi Lau

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Flow China

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13



献给我外婆，引领我踏出万里之行的第一步。  
献给我母亲，在穷困的日子里，创造美丽。

I dedicate this book to my maternal grandma whom  
led the first step of my 10,000-mile journey; and to my  
mother whom showed me beauty in times of difficulty;



献给我阿婶（父亲的原配），第一位传授中国道  
德伦理观念给我家的人，自己却一生受尽欺凌。

And to my aunt-mother who introduced Chinese  
virtue to our family but was bullied and humiliated  
all her life.



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To my wife, Daphne Johnston, for her enduring patience and guidance; and my son, Tyler, who, among many other jobs, was my guardian angel and errand boy on some of the most challenging journeys.

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## 前言 Foreword

可以说,世界其实有两个中国——一个是“本土中国”,另一个是“海外中国”。

人类翻开“地理大发现”这一章之后,也就是在中国明代后半期,中国人向海外移民的趋势开始形成,但真正大规模的移民运动则与近代史同步。

始于鸦片战争之后开埠下的国家沉沦,始于周边国度(尤其是东南亚)未开垦的土地提供的温饱诱惑,始于北美洲淘金热和铁路建造浪潮所点燃的富梦楚望……从19世纪40年代年起,“到海外去”渐渐成为沿海中国民众的一种生存取向。

近200年来,无论本土境况孰好孰劣,巨大且持续的生存压力导致中国向着海外的大规模人口流动从未消歇。保守估计,仅是鸦片战争到1941年太平洋战争爆发这一时段,离境的中国人超过了1000万,平均每年10万人以上。显然,从旅途到居留地,伴随着新移民的更多的是艰辛和磨难,但中国人的出国潮依然一浪高于一浪,甚至不时以畸形成形(例如偷渡)表现出来。而海外栖息地的环境恶化、社会动荡、迫害频仍,又或者是对更新“金山”的憧憬,总是不断驱使着曾经的中国移民辗转走在继续移民的路上……经典的说法是:有海水的地方就有中国人;而一项统计显示:当今中国本土以外的华人人数已经直逼一亿。

来自中国的基础移民——“猪仔”、“契约华工”、流衣妇、佣人、垦荒者、小商贩、流浪汉——可能不曾料想到,以其为中心而带动的族亲式、地缘式、裙带式的海外聚集与扩散,很快就在他乡重构起了一个“中国”——一个虽然分散但却庞大的“海外中国”。尽管概念上与母

国血脉相连,事实上的海外华人社会却是一个必然与本土有所疏离的独立世界,其间充斥着不同族群对于祖国难免变形了的记忆和个别经验,以及各自对中国价值观念相去甚远的理解、选择和变通,堆积着迥然相异的方言、岩炭、用物、习惯、礼俗、符号……

成型的海外华人社会对于世界生活的影响同样出人意料:一方面,海外华人力最强烈且富有成效地参与了中国现代化进程——从孙中山的推翻帝制到邓小平的改革开放;而另一方面,“海外华人”一经形成,便不可避免地被视作“本土方面”的自然延伸,从而成为外部世界审视中国的直接标本或窗口。某种程度上,西方对中国文化的诠释、褒贬以及散发而来的主观想象,大都得自这一似是而非的近距离模型。换言之,海外华人社会很大程度上左右着世界对中国的观感与判断。这种奇特的纠葛,使得“本土中国”与“海外中国”之间充满复杂、多义且莫衷一是的连结。

身为海外华人中的一分子,摄影家刘博智有着从内部察看与记录其族群的独特便利,这也令他天然地具有一个既非西方也非本土的,相对公允且能切入“细胞”进行观察的优异位置。华人无比粗砺的生存能力,是一直令刘博智深为着迷的命题。至为重要的是,刘博智对于“海外中国”生态的关注还是一个不曾中断过的长过程,始于1967年的“华人生存形态”拍摄,延续至今已有40个年头。同样可贵的是,刘博智的镜头从来都是广角的,他不会让他的焦点固定在某个或某些社区中,而是不停移向其所能到达的任何一处华人落脚点;他总是兴趣盎然,情不自禁将目光投射在那些行将消逝的、但依然弥漫著

生存体温的——从宏大壮观的——生活印记上:家园、场景、房间、暗角、物件、墙壁、花贴、刻痕、姿态、眼神、手势……自1969年从香港移居美国以来,他的拍摄行程贯穿了五大洲。以拍摄时间与空间广度、以作品的系统性和密集性来衡量的话,可以说,在这个题材上,刘博智的成就迄今无人企及。

值得重视的还有,在以惊人韧性纪录“海外中国”的同时,刘博智对“本土中国”的关注也异乎他人,这既表现在他的敏感和果决上,也体现于他的热情和投入的力度上。在改革开放启动前的1979年,刘博智便不顾一切后果“潜入”当时依然处处严控海外华人的中国大陆,进行根本不被允许的纪实摄影。近30年里,刘博智回国达16次之多,足迹行经近20个省区。其以海外华人摄影家的视角对于“本土中国”的纪录与摄取,为“两个中国”之间的互相比对、互相观照和互相注解,提供了极为丰富的视觉文本。

拍摄依然在全球版图上流动的“海外中国”;拍摄在现代化潮流中变动不拘的“本土中国”;在不紧不慢的持续漫游中实践广义拍摄;在漫长的拍摄中还原一个民族的文化生命;在急速流变的其他文化景观下捕捉永恒的流动符号;在嬗变中的人种和表情背后确认相似的血脉……《流动:中国》企图直观母族与移民之平淡而又强大的联系,以及这种联系是片段的,又是叙事的时间覆盖之下亘古的不变。它的内涵既是片段的,又是叙事的,每一孤立的画幅之后都自有故事,而不同的故事则互相缠绕着并且指向同一个耐人寻味的问题——关于一个民族存在并且重新崛起的理由。



One can say that there are, in fact, two China(s) in the world: the "Native China", and the "Overseas China".

The Chinese began to migrate abroad after the worldwide "Age of Discovery" during the latter half of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644), but large-scale migration didn't begin until modern times.

There are several reasons for this Diaspora. China had been spiraling downwards after the Opium War. Uncultivated land in neighboring countries, especially in Southeast Asia, and later the Gold Rush and railway projects in North America, provided temptation and opportunity for a better life. Ever since the 1840s, "going abroad" had become a popular trend for people in the coastal areas.

The trend has never stopped in the past 200 years. Regardless of the situations in China, hardship kept pushing large numbers of people abroad. By conservative estimation, more than 10 million Chinese fled China from the Opium War through 1941, when the Pacific War broke out. 100,000 people left every year. The journey and the new life for migrants were often grudgingly harsh, as many exoduses were illegal and dangerous, but that obviously didn't stop the waves of people going abroad. The trend went on despite social turmoil, persecution and the deterioration of the overall environment in their new habitat. The longing for a more stable and prosperous "Golden Mountain" inspired the journey to flow to new lands. A familiar saying describes this flow, "Where there's the sea, there are the Chinese". One survey shows that the number of the Chinese Diaspora amounts to one billion.

What the Chinese migrants — forced coolies, contract laborers, laundry ladies, servants, land cultivators, small-time merchants, and drifters — didn't expect as they unknowingly participated in the Diaspora, were its scope and consequences. It resulted in the creation of another China in a foreign land — a dispersed but huge "Overseas China" and the formation of centers for gathering and expansion based on family/geographical ties. Despite common Chinese heritage, the overseas Chinese society is destined to be a distant and independent world, full of old memories and unique individual experiences. Coming from different ethnicities in the motherland, these memories and experiences are often distorted.

Each ethnic group has its own distinctive understandings, choices, solutions and alternative versions of Chinese values, further compounded by drastically different dialects, clothing, daily articles, habits, rituals, symbols, etc.

This matured overseas Chinese society has an equally unexpected influence on the world at large. On the one hand, overseas Chinese have actively and effectively participated in China's modernization (from the revolution initiated by Sun Yat-sen to Deng Xiaoping's Reform and Open Policy). In the meantime, once the "Overseas China" had taken shape, it was inevitably considered to be an extension of native China. It became a specimen to be scrutinized or a window through which outsiders could gaze to glimpse another world. To a certain extent, the interpretation, misreading and consequential subjective image of Chinese culture adopted by the West came from this ostensibly accurate model. In other words, the world's impressions and judgment about China are largely influenced by the overseas Chinese society. It is this curious entanglement that ties a complicated, layered and inconsistent knot between the "Native China" and the "Overseas China".

As a member of this "Overseas China", the photographer Lau Pok Chi benefits from the convenience of observing and documenting this society from an internal and unique perspective, one that is neither western nor local, objective and detailed at a cellular level. The Chinese ability to "rough it" has been a topic of lifelong obsession for Lau. It has been 40 years since his 1967 photography project began. The viewer should take note of the breadth of his vision. Never confined to one place or certain locations, Lau tries to reach every corner in the world where Chinese communities can be found. The focus is always on the soon-to-disappear trails of life, grand or trivial: home, surroundings, room, dark corner, object, wall, poster, north, posture, expressive gaze and gesture. Since migrating to the United States through Canada from Hong Kong in 1969, Lau has traveled as a photographer to five continents. In view of the breadth of time and space, the consistency and the density of his work, Lau's achievement is second to none on this subject.

While documenting the "Overseas China" with amazing perseverance, Lau's concern for the "Native China" is also above

others. It is demonstrated in his sensitivity, decisiveness, passion and commitment. In 1979 — the early days of China's Reform and Open Policy — disregarding whatever consequences, he sneaked into "the forbidden realm," the then foreigner-unfriendly China to do his documentary work. He has made 20 trips in almost 30 years, and has journeyed to 20 provinces in China. His perspective as an overseas Chinese photographer has provided rich visual documents for the comparison, annotation and reflection of the two China(s).

Lau photographs the on-going and globally mobile "Overseas China" and "Native China" as a modernizing and ever-flowing current in a discreet, unhurried and coherent manner — a *flâneur* — making photographs to restore the "flowing destiny" of a people, capturing an eternal motif amongst the drastically evolving cultural landscape, and reiterates the mother heritage behind varying racial mix and expression.

*Flow / China* aims to look directly into the simple yet powerful connection between the Chinese Diaspora, the host countries, and their transformation. This collection of work reveals an eternal truth throughout the passage of time. Fragmented, yet informed by narrative, with stories behind every frame, all elements are intertwined and indicate an intriguing question: what is the reason for a people's existence and revival?

( 译 / 李如 — 校译 / Daphne Johnston 刘泰伦 )  
(Translated by Lawrence Li, Revised by Daphne Johnston and Tyler Lau)



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1963年我小学毕业，炎夏，第三任外婆带我到她的老家，在澳门外的小渔村——逸仔。

她为我打开世界之窗。那六个小时三等大轮的海上经验，如千百个老神仙眼眉毛的白头浪，一米多高，抛得我吐个仙女散花。这次的经历是个里程碑，成为我以后往卅个国家跑的勇气。

这几天，我真正认识了我家以外的好人。

外婆的老家是个收购渔产品的小商人家庭，没有凤扇、冰箱、收音机和沙发。每个从未见过的远亲整天忙干活，慈祥的笑跟我可认住了。

在海边，又逢盛夏，一屋子里外都是鱼腥臭。白天一群金乌蝇（苍蝇）成群结队飞来飞去，在这湿热的天气格外不客气。到了晚上，不知为何没有美味的海鲜，原来夏天不是渔季。渔家都穷，向他们做渔商的借钱，秋天交渔获还债。饭后，一家人坐在大门口说家常，虽然我大都听不懂，群虾又穿梭作伴，但我爱听逸仔方言的声调，大家都叫我“猪仔”，因“猪”与“智”谐音。整个礼拜没玩，我揣摩出一点很难得的体会——待人的厚道。

尽管那年头我还是只小猪，也没有脑袋去问长短，反正觉得去澳门如同出国，以为考完试便可玩到疯。一星期下来度假村生活让我瘦了几磅，只剩头被毒蜂群咬得还有个猪型。猪脑袋像生了点说不准的智慧。所以20年后我才想起要多谢我这位很疏（疏远）的外婆，想来很有歉意。

1925年，外公的原配病逝，娶了第二任老婆。连连乱世，我家的第一代就这样从台山举家搬到广州大南路，外公做木工，后来做工头、老板，发了点财。30年代开始在香港建洋房。一天工程完成，一班三行佬（土木工人）喝了几杯，拉了我外公去玩，酒醒后他才发觉有个陌生女人和他在床上，这个女人以后便是这位第三任的外婆。她做了十多年的外室，养育了二个子女。之所

以成为第三任，是因为外公在原配去世前已在广州另取填房入室。

母亲的亲母、阿爷、阿婆在我出世后不久便去世，我无缘与他们见面。1949年新中国成立，外公自觉地将生意结束，加入建艇生产大队，大家庭富庶的生活从此一去不返。在那年代，女人大多无法掌握自己的命运。1970年外公去世，两位外婆更无依靠。第二任外婆时辈下辈们没什么深厚感情，一定是穷孙满堂“细佬”（小孩）多，上下拉扯十八个。这第三任外婆也未见过谁有特别多的疼爱，老人家都不识字，孙儿的名字对她们来说就是个“联合国”。但因为母亲、阿婆们都叫她“细姐”，所以觉得有点儿另“外”，况且，她从不打骂任何孙儿。

时隔41年，今天重回澳门，因前缘又过桥到了逸仔饮茶，这个“悠”（“悠”，粤语“tun”，低下积水之地）变了石屎森林，渔村成了跑马场，再也找不到外婆亲戚的白粥油条小糕点店的存在，觉得很失落。香港地贵人多，她们婆孙三代一家，搬了又搬。地区、年纪和际遇，是我和他们之间最大的隔阂。他们在香港的亲人，只有我在1984年曾再次探望外婆老家一次。逸仔那一代被边缘化的人，也不敢来香港这市俗的大都会。

新纪元，世界风起云涌，我已多次东西飘流。回到香港、大陆拍摄，人事全非，犹如隔世。祖母庇荫，我得启蒙。她大半生穷困坎坷，却不断无意地积德，保留逸仔人那种实具诚的价值观，并在极其艰苦的条件下，养育了一群孝顺的孙女和孙婿，使她临终无憾、无限，90多高龄含笑而去。

2005年写此为记，我，已55。

（改于2007年12月）

In the summer of 1963, after my graduation from primary school when I was thirteen, my No.3 maternal grandmother took me to her hometown Taipa (meaning a hole in the marshland), a small fishing village outside Macau on the tip of the Pearl River Delta. She opened a window for me to see the world and broadened my mind. We were in the storage for six and a half hour's while 3-foot waves rolled like the white eyebrows of thousands of old immortals. I threw up like an open faucet that had lost its valve. However, this experience gave me the backbone to travel to 30 countries.

It was the first time that I got to know people who were really as nice as my family members. Maternal grandmother's maiden family was just her older brother and his wife, both fishermen, and in a separate household, their daughter's family had a tiny breakfast canteen. Their house had no fan, no refrigerator, no radio and no sofa. Although these distant relatives whom I hadn't met before, worked all day, their kindness and smiling faces soayed with me.

In those hot and sticky days, the house was imbued with a nauseous fishy stench. Dark green flies with golden wings swarmed the neighborhood. As the summer heat scales down the catch, fishermen would borrow money from this family and pay back with fish in the fall. My expectation of memorable holidays with delicious seafood evaporated. After dinner, with mosquitoes added to the fly squad, the whole family sat talking and laughing in Taipan dialect, which I didn't quite understand. The sound was impressionable and my name was homophonic to Little Pig (Chi). Having been there for one week without a playmate, I learned much from them and came to realize that one should always be considerate and kind to others.

In those chaotic days of civil war in China life was difficult. The rural economy was in shambles and bandits raided the Taishan region known for wealthy overseas Chinese returning home. My maternal grandfather's first wife had been ill for sometime after giving birth to two daughters. He pulled up roots from Taishan and moved to Guangzhou, working as a carpenter and then a construction foreman. Later he became a boss and made some money. In the 1920s, his construction business expanded to Hong Kong. One day having finished a day's work building a Western-style house, he went out for happy hour with his colleagues. The next morning when he awoke, he found a woman in his bed that he had never met. After being a mistress for over ten years and bearing two children she became my No. 3 maternal grandmother. However, before my maternal grandfather's first wife passed away he married a second wife in Guangzhou.

During the Japanese invasion in Hong Kong in 1938 my maternal grandfather returned to Guangzhou. His construction business closed under the new Communist regime in 1949. His large family was immediately

plunged into poverty. In 1970 he passed away in Guangzhou, with most of his family living in Hong Kong. In the old days, women didn't have a lot of control of their destiny. As poor single mothers in the 50's in Hong Kong both my maternal grandmothers could not keep up with eighteen grandchildren whose names were like the United Nations. Living different households, illiterate, all working adults had to help raise these children, and I had never seen them beat or scold. However, my mother and aunt called the second maternal grandmother, "Aunt", and the third, "Little Elder Sister", which bespoke some alienation.

At that time, simple-minded and naive, I thought going to Taipa meant going abroad and that, after the 6th grade examination, I could eat and play like crazy. Whereas, it turned out that I had lost weight and had no playmates after spending a week in the village. My head was stung by mosquitoes and turned into something indeed like a pig's head. However, this pig's head had gained some insight about life. Twenty some years later, with apology, I thanked my No. 3 maternal grandmother.

I came to Taipa again forty-one years later. This hole in the marshland had turned into a concrete jungle, the fishing village into a racetrack, and the canteen selling porridge and fried bread had disappeared. I was saddened by this loss. My maternal grandmother's family had moved several times because of high rent in Hong Kong. Distance, age and circumstance formed major gaps between all of us. I was the only one to visit my maternal grandmother's family once again in 1984. Taipa people have been displaced and their culture marginalized. My distant relatives are not willing to come to Hong Kong, such a money-worshipping metropolis.

Big changes have taken place in the new millennium. I have drifted afar in my journeys and returned to Hong Kong and China to carry on my photography work. Homeland has become a whole different world. Shaded by my maternal grandmother's blessing in the shadows I am enlightened. In sheer poverty, persistent in her subconscious native Taipan values, she kept the virtues of frugality, honesty and good deeds all her life. With these values she inspired a group of filial granddaughters and sons-in-law. Content in her nineties, without pain and regret she passed with a smile.

In the year of 2005, I am writing in memory of her. By now, I am fifty-five.

(This article has been revised in December 2007)

(译/方力斯 校译/刘博智 Translated by Fiores Kwan, Revised by Pei Chi Lau)





## 1. 大霜柜 (冷藏仓)

1970年，我踌躇满志要到加拿大多伦多的安大略艺术学院读书，但到了才被告知资格不够，不得不另谋生路。为了到加州摄影，我要赚钱交学费，但打工是犯法的。经朋友介绍，我离开多伦多，到加拿大东部城市的小哈哈利法克斯 (Halifax) 做厨房工，先学炉灶炸春卷 (厨房分工有头厨、二厨、三厨；炉头、炉尾；头砧、二砧，春卷用料便宜，在火炉尾做)，甜酸猪 (咕啲肉)，鸡和排骨，后学脆鸡皮，脱骨，切猪肉，开猪肉肉、打粉、剥蛇皮、洗饭 (专有名词，洗煮好的热饭表层的粘质，干水后放冰仓冷藏干燥，炒饭时才不会粘锅) 和斩排骨。一个月下来便适应了一个星期工作6天，每天工作10小时的生活，也能说一些带广东口音的台山话。

第二个月的一天凌晨3点，老板打烊后用车送雇员回家，要我跟着。老板说他听到消息，加拿大骑警曾在某地的华人餐馆抓人，守在前门后门分头追着华人查身份证，像我这样没身份的人便不得鸡飞狗走。有位同行在骑警的堵截下无路可走，急中生智飞跃闪入大冷藏仓，躲在像人一样高的菜盒子背后的肉架下，两个小时骑警班师回朝，这位厨子却没出现，同事都以为他被带走了，便继续工作，等到去冷藏仓拿材料时，才发现身手敏捷的厨子已被冻死。

一天晚上将要关铺的时候，我们在厨房进行了一次“加拿大

骑警突击搜查”的演习，除了地氈和大霜柜，我还不知道哪里？我想象可以躲在堆积成山的100磅重米袋下。老板于是示范如何扛起100磅的米袋。我二话不说，一下子将他抬起来在肩膀——175磅。

第三个月，又一位老厨师死了。不少的华侨打工，大都没有劳保或正职退休金，雇主给员工的工资都是用现款，雇主与员工都省了税。一般老华侨都不懂英语，文化水平不高，也不太清楚北美洲国家的社会福利政策，以为省两块钱不纳税就是占了小便宜，不知道顾及养老的需要，有的人赚了钱便寄回家乡，有的则是赌钱输个精光。华侨七老八十 (七、八十岁) 还穿着“围身” (围裙工作服) 在厨房工作时死去的事时有发生。

第四个月，老板找我商议经营快餐连锁店的事，我说我年纪轻轻口袋没钱，没资格。他说不用我花钱，因为我英文好，快势好厨 (台山话，手快厨艺好)，可以协助他经营连锁店。的确，这对普通年轻人来说是无本生财和致富的良机，只要肯努力。但我谢绝了，说我是来北美读书的。老板是读到中三后因家境而辍学的，跟我辈到这个年龄已经35年，现在还是在很老的房子，而一般厨房员工的情况则更差。

12个月后，老板送我到机场，很多同事跟我握手道别，有的还很羡慕我能离开，自创生意。老板要我答应他，以后若要开餐馆一定要找他。

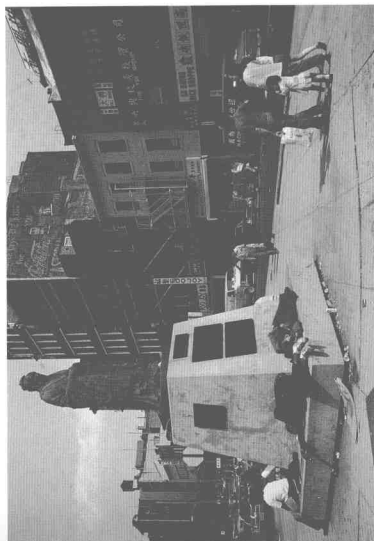
## 2. 金钻劳力士·帝女花

1995年，我带儿子刘泰伦去看纽约的摩天大厦，要让他看看，美国这个年轻的国家何以能在第一次世界大战后跻身强国行列，而其最具代表性的城市——纽约——也就成为世界级的大都会。

我希望他能够知其微，明白这一切在这个移民国家是如何成就的。于是带他出来见一位远亲——永祥和他的爱人亚珍从广州几经风浪到达香港，再以难民的身份到达纽约。永祥在纽约的街头摆地摊，每天从早上9点到晚上11点卖平价T恤 “I Love NY”，以及假名牌墨镜。后来生意发展到要开分店，竟口就有“烂仔” (地痞) 来索取保护费，永祥说自己从中国游泳去香港，烂命一条，什么都敢搏 (拚)，“烂仔”便不敢再搞 (骚扰) 他。之后，永祥便进口假名牌金表，以假件入货，再组装，其中最考验眼力和手工的是要把商标贴在金表面上。永祥是老板，主要工作是眼观六路，耳听八方，不用整天待在店里。通过手机联系来打点生意，可以很清闲，所以便带我去见吴师傅。

纽约永远熙攘，游客从欧美世界各地来唐人街这变租的中国，买便 (宜) 杂货，B货 (冒牌货)；听不一样的吱喳言语，看鲜血横飞的生鱼市场；感受杂、乱、脏、吵的有中国特点的市井气息；在充斥着鲜花芬芳、汽车废气以及菜市场杂货店的异昧中，吃一个炒面杂碎快餐，比去迪斯尼更便宜。又或者叫个燕窝羹，蚝油





1978年，纽约，孔子广场  
Confucius Plaza, New York City, 1978

豆腐。唐人则成群结队坐大巴到入西洋城瞻博娱乐，往返免费接送，而且还送免费晚餐和20美元的娱乐费，比抵食大件（划算）有过之而无不及，好“辣”的招数，贪小便宜的便很受用这“大肉团”。

永祥和亚珍从来都不稀罕这小杂耍，过着有方向的生活——赚钱。我以为这是他们冒着生命危险远渡重洋来金山寻梦的唯一目的。

穿过鲍华街、伊丽莎白和百老汇大道，来到一家旧工厂。工厂的内厅便是吴师傅的小工场，要掀开帐帘才能看到。里面只有一张能坐的长板，板上便是他的小工作台，台上有盏小台灯。吴师傅也是广州人，80年代曾是国家级的乒乓球手。后来中美邦交逐渐正常化，吴师傅便漂洋“过海”，留在纽约，并做起了“金劳”生意，他眼力好，手够定（稳健），把钻石金劳力士和欧米茄的商标贴在手表的正中位置，又快又准。我问吴师傅对下一代有何寄望，他说要坚持传授中国文化，比如粤剧。刚好他9岁的女儿吴咏音中午放学来看他，吴师傅说今天晚上他和女儿要到粤剧研究会排演，要提前做点准备。“落花满天闭月光，借一杯怀愁凤台上，帝女花带泪上香，愿丧身回朝爹娘……”（粤剧《帝女花》选段）。

午饭后，永祥开着他的烂车，1981年的别克，搭我父子到中

央公园，并请我们吃雪糕。我问永祥对下一代有什么样的期望？他说：

“细路（孩子）就要入大学了，要适应很多的变化。”

“他要读也（什么）科目？”

“可能是政治之类。”

“不会赚很多钱噢。”

“赚钱不准，做有意思的事更难。”

“比如呢？”

“这个世界呀（这么）多灾难，很需要能够解决纷争的人才，他如果赚不到钱，我有（可以支持他）。”

在一天当中，我在另一个“中国”理解中国的事，思考世界的事，也亲眼目睹中国人在外面能做什么事。所见所闻，很令我意想不到。永祥和吴师傅都在继续做着“金山梦”，为着自己的理想慢慢前进。亚珍则每天在布鲁克林的基督教女青年会（YWCA, Youth Women Christian Association）义务教溜旱冰。

永祥开车送我回唐人街，还买了只盐焗鸡。我们回到火车站（Union Station）的时候，离开还有一个小时，正是下班时间，人头涌动，但听不到一个人说广东话。刘泰伦是个“散鬼”，喊肚饿。我们干脆坐在地上手撕盐焗鸡，他觉得这是全世界最好吃的鸡。正吃着，有个人走过来乞钱，我递了一块粵脆过去。