

Cultural Curiosity

I had shamefacedly been asked, avoiding the eyes of the people discovering us, forced to sit at a table and sharing some of my misadventures would necessarily include in my intended, British RP had suffered the ordeal of Sunday lunch in Chinatown. We would be deposited in a small room and be kept quiet and not fidget while Dad chatted with his friends for hours after wearying him as Dad was a conversationalist. The freedom would be granted as the price we had to pay, for all these things had to be forgiven, that that only Dad could tolerate for us, since only he could speak. Gradually, we would become the subjects of the conversation. At such times, we were not abandoned to our space, avoiding the eyes of the people discovering us, forced to sit at a table whenever we were directly addressed—embarrassed beyond measure as Dad had to sit at a table and only speak English. Forty years later, I tell the same way whenever anyone approaches me, and it's even worse now that Dad is no longer around to explain why I sit so stoop-shouldered, those people in the restaurants—just different and not only in the language they speak but to the same restaurant, the Central Cafe in Liverpool, there was a serving hatch through at sometimes we would slip away from the table and stand at the back. It was a world of food, music, and confusion. Then, however, since that was perhaps among the changes and losses we suffered dramatically at starting paid. They seemed obvious at the time.

THIRTEEN STORIES ABOUT THE SEARCH FOR CHINESE ROOTS



The mid-days, when we got up in the morning he would usually leave soon to work, or go out back until after we had gone to bed **edited by JOSEPHINE M.T. KHU** every day. This was partly because his English, while good for a Chinese person of his age and the natives, and partly because he rarely talked to us. He was a tacit and distant figure of a man, yet without suspicion and respected rather than feared, although eventually, when we began learning more about his past, the love would come. On the first occasion when he felt a connection, he even wrote something. He would tell us about things lacking in the current point it would have in the meantime. He would also talk about villages surrounded by walls, with a gate into the walls, and about repairs on coal burning ships or places where people lived along wooden houses built on piles over the water. It would be many years before I even began when he came from a few memories his stories were about China, sometimes Hong Kong, Singapore or Indonesia or Sumatra. Whenever I asked him where he was from, he would always somewhere near Wuyang or Hongkong; the names meant nothing to me, thing I he the names major towns. Sometimes he would tell me how he could go from there down to the main-line Kowloon to Canton train, but get off at Szechow and take a local train down to a place called something like Tinoway walk. Then he said this station probably went now, because he had read in his monthly magazine, China Reconstructive, that now they had a road past the village. At his day, there was no road, just a path from the station. When I say, he could hire a kind of sedan chair and he carried the rest of the way otherwise he w

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标签

评论

Chinese diaspora.born or raised outside of China.full of the poignant details of everyday life, describe the experience of growing up as a visible minority and the subsequent journey each author made to China.

没读完，没有任何印象。

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书评

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