



林語堂文學獎

2013 LIN YUTANG LITERARY AWARDS
2013.6.1 - 2013.8.31

林語堂文學獎

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作品集刊

COLLECTED WORKS FOR
LIN YUTANG LITERARY AWARDS

2013

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C O L L E C T E D
W O R K S

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【序】

曾泰元（林語堂故居執行長）

「作家的筆正如鞋匠的錐，越用越銳利，到後來竟可以尖如縫衣之針。但他的觀念範圍則必日漸廣博，猶如一個人的登山觀景，爬得越高，所望見者越遠。」——林語堂

林先生這一段話，既闡發作者的自覺和夢想，也說明了文學的意義。以「尖針」為喻，暗示作家必須以文字鑿穿現實，展現常人不易發現的美景。本屆參賽作品題材廣泛，小說部分，包括網路、寓言、愛情、成長，和以人文關懷、家庭親情、社會運動為題的各類型作品，十分多元豐富。翻譯獎部分，投件數量相較以往，數量又更增多，足見本獎在華人翻譯界已逐漸打響名號。

一如以往，眾多林語堂故居的老朋友們共襄盛舉，協助我們共創這次文學獎的繁盛豐收。包括書林出版公司董事長蘇正隆先生、臺大外文系梁欣榮主任、師大翻譯所賴慈芸所長、幼獅文藝吳鈞堯老師、喜函文學網喜函老師。而除了老朋友們的幫忙與豐收。

指導外，今年的文學獎又有好幾位新朋友加入：創作獎的複審，邀請到知名作家鍾文音老師擔任複審評審，決審部分，也邀請到知名作家陳雨航老師、自由副刊主編蔡素芬老師，以及政大台文所范銘如所長給予指導。除了再次感謝，更希望所有師長能不吝給予我們持續的支持與協助，幫助林語堂文學獎這一片筆耕不輟的沃土，更能連年豐收。

本次文學獎在徵件上，也持續與著名出版集團——城邦·POPO原創合作，藉由其建置的「征文舞台」平台之宣傳，讓許多國內、甚至遠在海外的參賽者更有機會看見這一個具有意義的文學比賽。在此特別向城邦·POPO原創致謝。

林語堂故居前執行長馬健君老師在此文學盛事上費心費力，有目共睹，特此鳴謝。

在每一篇精采作品的背後，都有一段值得珍藏的故事和人生經歷。七年來，林語堂文學獎已經成為各方文學好手以文會友的重要平台。未來，故居仍將本著推廣文學的熱忱，持續打造、經營這個得之不易的寶貴平台。感謝所有喜愛文學的朋友們，也期待我們再一次的相遇。

COLLECTED
WORKS

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北京大學



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文學創作獎



秋子的夢

吳思瑩 首獎

作者介紹

自中央大學中文系、藝術學所畢業，輾轉於文案採訪工作夾縫吸取一丁點和文學沾上邊的靈光。離開校園多年，擱置了文學夢，但多麼榮幸，第一個投遞的文學獎，就能自林語堂故居尋回創作的悸動與能量。

還記得，小學作文總愛引語堂先生「演講要像女人的裙子，越短越好！」增添少年老成的幽默感，到了成年，語堂先生的《京華煙雲》則成了我時時難忘的人生經典與處世圭臬。還記得，先生寫到紅玉之死，不禁以手帕拭淚。如今，在這條太晚開展的創作路上，我也以此自付：能為筆下人物遭遇所感動，或者才是先過了自己這關。再次感謝有此機會得到這項獎勵，也感謝三位評審老師懇切指教，10月22日斜風細雨故居一訪，正如蔡素芬老師所言「不虛此行」，亦將是我珍藏於心，敦促我不要放棄的錦囊。

秋子每天上午六點起床，第一件事就是打開衣櫥。衣櫥裡藏著她的夢。

一床結婚用雙人絨毯，蓬鬆蜷曲衣櫥裡，像包裹了新婚夫婦纏綿的體溫，捨不得放開。秋子把臉埋進絨毯，一朵大牡丹迎上來，緋紅的漸層粉瓣隨她起伏的肩膀律動，一張一闔，霧著淚水和呼吸。此刻，牡丹是活的。

那是二十年前秋子為自己辦的一件嫁妝，她拜託做舶來品生意的遠房姑姑去後火車站買來，日本製的，質料十分細緻。

「妳別向人說買多少，如果不是我跟老闆娘太熟，不可能拿到這個價錢。」姑姑拉著她的手，閩南語細聲細語傳遞一個天大的祕密。她環顧四周，老市場裡雖一攤挨著一攤，挑高的鐵棚是口大音箱，才剛說出嘴就被捲上鋼架繞樑迂迴，轉著轉著成為稀釋的雜音，失了音律，也不成篇章，沒人會聽見的。

「嗯，我知道。」秋子從皮夾裡拿出準備好的十張千元鈔票，一張張點給姑姑看。「妳做什麼事最專心？」腦子閃過很久沒見面的高中同學淑敏突然在電話那頭這樣問她。「數鈔票的時候。」哈哈。兩個人一起在話筒兩頭笑得大聲。那是真的，秋子此刻再清楚不過。

鈔票熨上她隱形的指紋，要把它們遞送出去，心裡閃過一絲不捨。



「沒有比錢更有用的東西了。」這句話多年來秋子每天都要對自己說上好幾回，存款數字堆起來的堡壘，是牢不可摧的依靠。

拍拍大絨毯，整回原有的蓬鬆，秋子回神過來。

套句很多時尚雜誌裡名人的話：「這是一場儀式，每天不這麼做就渾身不對勁。」那些名人磨咖啡豆煮黑咖啡，重新排列環遊世界蒐集來的杯具，或點燃一根幾百元的線香，把這些動作當成喚醒靈魂的儀式。

「是沒有那麼不對勁。」秋子坦率審視自己的感受。只是當初花了那麼多錢買的絨毯，現在也只剩這麼點安慰。關上衣櫥，去隔壁房叫醒兩個侄子，趁他們洗臉上廁所，趕緊到巷口老蔣燒餅買早餐。

每次看到老蔣燒餅的招牌都還是覺得好笑，老闆真的姓蔣，只是老蔣應該是蔣總統專用的吧？怎麼可以變成店名呢。「短跪就好了，又不是自己父母過世！」「長跪才對，畢竟是國家元首，就像親生爸媽那麼重要啊！」班導和隔壁班老師這麼爭論著。小蔣，欸，是蔣經國總統去世，那年她高三，從靠近士林官邸的學校集合列隊到中山北路上，比嗆啞還刺耳的哨聲穿耳入腦，每個人都跪落了。套在制服黑西裝外套裡的各校學生，彷彿約定好穿了喪服，看到靈車駛來，集體的啜泣沒彩排就播送出來。冬北季風拂過樟樹，掉在秋子肩上的一片黃葉，也在這時耗盡生命，隨偉人遠去。

每天買早餐都要把跪靈的場景翻過一回，像強迫症似的，老蔣燒餅跟小蔣移

靈的畫面糾結一起，怎麼也扯不開了。

張羅兩個侄子一天三餐是秋子這幾年最重要的例行活動。自從弟弟離婚，她覺得兩侄子就是她的孩子。確認自己跟婚姻斷了關係，別人斷了線的婚姻，她接了起來。「對不起！我知道我錯了，現在在這裡，我會好好反省，出去後重新做人，兩個孩子就拜託你們了。」接到弟弟獄裡來信，工整的原子筆書，讓她很驚訝，「不愛念書、一天到晚蹺課，什麼時候練出這麼漂亮的字。」但這是弟弟第一次入獄寫的信，現在他又被羈押，五年內再犯，這次不可能輕判了。

秋子聽見律師這麼說，心頭一緊，說要反省，說要重新做人，原來都是從鄉土劇抄來的台詞。但搞不清自己怎會有一點高興，高興她能繼續嚼著兩個孩子，當他們稱為姑姑的媽媽。當初弟弟要結婚，她是最反對的。「不是我結不了婚才來反對，兩個不務正業每天抽煙喝酒的人，哪有資格結！」那時她不知道弟媳已經懷了大侄子，可能因為尼古丁加快代謝，瘦乾身形完全看不出懷孕五個月。弟弟婚姻維持不到三年，老二還沒滿月，弟媳就把孩子抱給秋子媽媽，說她帶得好累。第二天看到她全身噴得香香穿露臀短褲出門，秋子跑到陽台往下看，一個小腿爬滿鬼面刺青的男人騎著摩托車載走她。

遠在六樓的秋子好像還聞得到摩托車滿不在乎噴出的青煙，轉身關上落地窗



她用力地在口鼻前揮了好幾下，祛除這穢氣東西。

「怎麼又是燒餅油條配米漿？」過完暑假吃胖三公斤的小侄子嘟著嘴抱怨。

「有得吃很好了！都沒了媽媽還有什麼好挑。」秋子咬一口燒餅，用湯匙舀米漿，送到嘴才發現燙得不得了。

「大姑姑，有買阿嬤的嗎？」大侄子問。

「沒有，幹嘛買她的！」

「大姑姑，阿嬤眼睛才開完刀，妳應該也幫她買。」

秋子正把大侄子吃落的燒餅芝麻撿自己盤子裡，微微抖著的手指，掐不準每一粒白芝麻。好像老人家使筷子夾花生，控制不了筷尖，一顆顆花生像調皮溜課的學生，散得滿桌。

她突然轉過身一個巴掌挨上大侄子左頰，紅紅掌印拓貼蒼白的臉。兩道眼淚從男孩腮緣滑下，黑眼珠狠狠地瞪著她，跟他爸爸好像。

「你們一天三餐都用我的錢，我高興買給誰就買給誰，阿嬤要吃自己買！」

秋子不知道這肚子氣要向誰出，因為她最疼愛大侄子，這巴掌出手得很後悔。

「妳這樣就是不孝！而且妳不是我媽，沒有資格打我！」

大侄子書包一背，摔門出去了。

這場景秋子從小到大看過不知道幾次，弟弟都是這樣對媽媽，同樣的戲碼，是每天清晨這個家固定的儀式。

相同的對待，會在一個家裡重複上演嗎？

「妳這個臭雞掰，要妳打掃個廁所就給我臉色看喇！」阿嬤用力捏她大腿，一邊幹譙她。聽多阿嬤滿口髒字，久了也不覺得刺耳。有時還沒睡飽，阿嬤就過來擰大腿，穿著內褲、小學六年級的秋子被這恐怖的晨喚驚醒，跳下床繞著屋子讓她追著跑。

從小她就覺得當女生很衰，因為阿嬤只喜歡男孩。弟弟怎麼壞、偷枕頭下的錢，她都笑笑地睨著他，弟弟在眼鏡後的單眼皮，不論何時都帶著笑意，阿嬤看了很歡喜。即使最後病得很嚴重，整天躺在漫溢萬金油味道的房間裡，昏昏沉沉也喊「阿倫阿倫，我的寶貝喇！」

還寶貝喇，多一根就是寶貝，女生就是臭的不得了餓爛飯，光聞都想吐。

活過了四十歲，秋子總算知道阿嬤的感覺。男生的味道就是好。汗裡的酸味，聞起來總讓人興奮。她不是心理變態的姑姑，只是覺得那味道讓她歡喜，心甘情願為他們做任何事。



只是大侄子這句話好傷人，她一直以為自己的角色是個稱職的媽媽，即使兩個孩子嘴上不說，心裡也早就承認她吧！

原來真正的媽媽永遠不會消失。

兩個男孩剛剛懂事，小學不知道幾年級時間，「姑姑，我們媽媽去哪裡了？」

「你們媽媽死了。」說完，她掩嘴呵呵笑了。

她想，這是她和兩個孩子之間的笑話，是一個微小無害的幽默，這樣講孩子不會介意的。他們都知道，媽媽不是真的死了，媽媽是拋棄他們離開了，姑姑這麼說是在出氣，又順便詛咒一下這個只顧自己享樂的壞女人。

小侄子也背著書包出去了。

秋子傻愣地看著布滿冰裂掌紋的雙手，「我沒有錯，媽媽沒有資格要我買早餐。」她沒時間懊悔，只在想，等下要幫孩子買什麼午餐。加油站對面的義大利麵好嗎？還是捷運旁新開的蛋包飯專賣店？

作為一個靠會錢利息生活的單身中年女子，她開始編織一整天的運作路線。

秋子高中畢業開始幫家裡顧小吃攤，就沒做過別份工作。靠著媽媽一個月發兩萬元薪水她有點慌張，不是開銷不夠，是為將來的日子發慌。所以她決定每

天都從小吃攤的零錢筒拿100元，再暗中跟會，以會養會，造就了中年豐厚的儲蓄。

秋子發慌是有原因的。她生出來右耳就異常地小，找過很多醫生檢查，都說小耳症就是家族的耳疾遺傳。那時媽媽忙著在市場賣肉羹麵，爸爸很年輕就跟阿嬤一樣重聽，只能自顧自削甘蔗做單純的小生意，沒人注意到她患病。到了五、六歲，秋子媽媽才驚覺女兒一耳聽力報廢，家裡也沒有餘錢長期治療，就讓秋子帶著小耳長大了。

秋子對這點很自卑，所以都留長髮遮住小耳。漸漸地，左耳的聽力也越來越差，到了三十歲那年，她跟人們講話都用吼的，但看著人們唇形，還能辨認七八成語意。

顧小吃攤那幾年，是秋子的黃金年華。上午十點多就幫忙切切洗洗，一直忙到晚上九點。她做事靈巧，附近有年齡相仿兒子的店家，都來問秋子有沒有男朋友。她自覺長得不錯，身形細長，胸脯老是鼓鼓的，稱不上玲瓏有致，可也是市場裡的一枝花。

年輕的秋子眼睛水亮亮，略凸的圓弧線勾出一種單純的神情，嘴唇對應著胸形一樣豐滿尖翹，只要擦點桃紅色口紅，對面桿水煎包麵皮的阿豐、炸鹽酥雞的陳榮康、賣冬瓜茶的蔡仔都不時偷瞄她。秋子知道自己有很多人喜歡，二十來歲就展開相親巡迴。



惦惦自己還有幾年的歲月可以挑剔，秋子的確非常挑剔這些平日眉來眼去的小伙子。頭先是訕笑約會地點選得差，「我家就在賣肉羹了，還問我下次要不要一起去通化街吃麵線！」又因為自己修長，矮的當然看不上。「矮子矮，一肚子拐！媽妳沒聽過這句話嗎？哈。」雖然方才吃飯，比她矮半顆頭的吳俊傑其實蠻體貼的。沒想到拒絕他不到半年，就跟隔壁賣滷味家的二妹結婚了。

她到現在偶爾都會懷念的飯局是在波麗露餐廳。高中補習時就聽隔壁靜修女中的學生說波麗露牛排好吃，還說在那邊相親的都會成功。那次對象是在日本料理店當二廚的張東民，他爸爸是老榮民，所以國語說得標準，體格也很穩當。秋子小時候就喜歡字正腔圓的男生，因為自己跟著媽媽學話成了台灣國語，「秋子害相尸病喔！」常惹男同學捉弄。

相親前經過張東民上班店頭好幾次，有時跟壽司台後方的他對望，發現那雙眼睛老早等在那兒，秋子就害羞撇開頭假裝無視地匆匆走過。

那好像是她第一次知道戀愛的感覺，「原來這就是怦然心動啊！跟小說寫得很像。」想到高中同學借她看的色情小說，「一片熱唇對上另一片，那熱的濕的黏稠的化不開的液體，從這片唇流到那片唇，而她的褲底，早就濕透了。」那本名為《愛在夕陽裡》的情慾歡愛，幾乎是她愛的啟蒙範本。

怎麼只是看張東民一眼，底褲就一陣潮糊，秋子好驚訝自己是這樣的女生，一點點刺激就控制不了嗎？「不是這樣的，相親之後，我可不會馬上答應讓她

約。」波麗露餐廳牛排真的好吃，人家優雅得很，白瓷盤盛好安靜地等待人們享用，不像夜市整塊鐵板吱吱響，還糗斃了趕緊拿餐巾紙遮在胸前。

秋子很滿意這次相親。

波麗露餐廳雙排壁鏡把她襯托得更明豔，再加上必殺技桃紅唇膏，張東民整頓飯都沒安心吃，連叉子都掉了兩次。張東民問她興趣是什麼？她不好意思說是看希代小說和獨家報導，兩者掐頭去尾就變成了看電影。於是他約她下星期天一起去國賓戲院，她把頭髮塞到左耳耳際輕輕地說，星期天要在家裡幫忙不方便。

抬起眼皮發現張東民漲紅了臉，秋子馬上就後悔說出口的話。可她知道矜持會讓男生更心養難耐，至少《愛在夕陽裡》欲拒還迎都換來男主角更猛烈的挺進，所以，她決定不改口。隔天，媽媽說張東民來電話了，要她回電，她按捺不撥，想探探他有多少耐力，有多喜歡她。

連著一星期，張東民天天打來，秋子決定把這曖昧的愉悅延伸到一個月。

第二個星期張東民打了三通，一個月後再打來一通。最後，客廳再沒有電話鈴響。秋子開始不知所措，挑一天晚餐約同學淑敏去日本料理店。兩、三個師傅隔著生魚片冰櫃嚷嚷，「張東民跟老闆去大陸開店了。吼！聽說上海姑娘很嗆很辣，這下阿民卯死啊！」

秋子眼淚掉下來了，怎麼這時左耳聽得這麼清晰？悶頭猛吃生魚片丼飯的淑敏突然轉頭找她聊天，她抹抹眼角，趕快抽張面紙遮住酸紅了的鼻頭，搥手直



喊：「哇沙米好噲，辣得我眼淚流不停！」

那張雙人喜毯是跟張東民去波麗露餐廳前請姑姑買的，因為秋子知道張東民很喜歡她，他們一定會結婚。

失去張東民音訊後幾年間，秋子仍繼續相親，也知道張東民在上海當店長，娶了年輕的大陸老婆，而且很快就幫他生了個兒子。年近三十，秋子飯局對象不是離了婚有孩子，不然就是年紀大她十多歲。每次媽媽都力勸她別挑剔了，「想想妳耳朵這樣，人家不嫌妳不錯了。」這句話幾乎是放錄音帶一樣地在她快聽不見的左耳重複播送。於是，她真心恨起媽媽，如果不是媽媽失職，她也不會變成這樣。

「先去租書店還小說，有兩本好像超過一天了，一本可能要多付5元。」

「兩個小孩都愛吃蛋，等下還完書就去買蛋包飯，還附飲料。」秋子盤算上午的行程。她習慣提早一小時在校門口等侄子們來領午餐，但不會把在家一天可看上三本的浪漫輕小說帶出來打發時間。大多時候拿著沿路發的房地產廣告翻看，房子媽媽已經過戶給她一間了，暫時是不會投資在這上面。最近也會帶一本迷你版的心經來念，大概念個50遍，午飯鐘聲就響了。

「下午要去SOGO兌換滿額禮，這次應該可以換到兩把史迪奇摺疊傘，兩個男生一人一支才不會搶。」秋子一抬頭，一束陽光從葉縫照向她的雙眼，「哎呀，

忘記戴太陽眼鏡了！」她努力回想「眼鏡不會丟在蛋包飯餐廳了吧？」喔，對了，媽媽說她手術後眼睛畏光，是我昨天拿她去她房間了啊！

評審評語

蔡素芬：我非常喜歡這一篇，因為它充滿了畫面。

陳雨航：我也蠻喜歡這篇〈秋子的夢〉，是讓我在選的時候有些掙扎的篇章。那就是他有市井小民活蹦亂跳的生命力。



寧靜的愛情

駱修思

貳獎

作者介紹

政大俄文系畢業，政大英美研究所畢業。熱愛閱讀、鍾情繪畫、喜歡幻想、擅長打瞌睡，對和美有關的一切藝術創作都有興趣。覺得藝術的世界裡更可以放肆地鑽研鑽牛角尖，比現實生活更寬廣更曲折更奇妙。第一本小說《人魚的眼淚》入圍皇冠大眾小說獎前十二名，另著有《死神之約》和《預言的盡頭》。目前也從事插畫創作，為出版社提供封面繪圖，並和其他十人合著電繪教學書《百變CG電繪職人技：Painter x Photoshop》

太太活到六十歲有個體悟：事出必有因。

只是，因果向來微妙，未必能參得透，也沒必要參透。

譬如說，在菜市場遇到某人又談起某事，而碰巧，那天是她六十歲生日。

守寡二十八年，邱太太的生活向來規律。六點鐘起床，做個簡單伸展操，打

理好自己，去一趟菜市場。

出門前，她向掛在門口的日曆望了一眼。很微妙的，今天的日期和她的生辰恰巧相合。於是，她心底有了譜，今天要萬事留神。就像年份的生肖和自己的生肖微妙地相合時，稱之為犯太歲，一切得留神得留神。

她對著市場裡的茄子小心翼翼觀察色澤和硬度時，肩膀被拍了一下。

「邱太太，很久沒遇到妳哪！」

她撈著茄子轉過頭，茄子的紫色光暈旁出現一張笑臉。

胖胖的笑臉，女性，年紀和她相仿，嘴角的弧度則比她大得多。而且，那微笑的魚尾紋不知怎的看起來有些心虛。

「啊！」腦海中的記憶醒得即時。「是羅媽媽，對吧？」

「是。」魚尾紋垂下來。「最近好嗎？」

「很好啊！這年紀，就好好過日子嘛！那宜……」她遲疑了，女孩的名字不知怎的卡在舌中。

所幸對方瞭然於心，毫無破綻地接了過去。「宜婷過得很好。以前多謝妳照顧啦！她現在結婚了，也生了孩子。啊，照片我還帶著呢！」錢包被掏了出來展開。「看，我這外孫多可愛。」

她湊過去，一張全家福被放在錢包內側。女孩的長相變得不多，氣質沉穩了些，女孩旁的男人一手摟著她，看起來很老實。



她得到了幸福。
視線移到女孩懷裡的嬰孩，她的心跳慢了一拍。
這……

「是個男孩。」嬰孩的外婆笑得得意：「乖得不得了，一雙大眼睛溜溜地轉，誰講話就盯著誰看，也不大哭。」
她連忙露出笑容大讚一番，邊笑邊帶著買好了茄子一起遁走，魚尾紋卻凝住臉攔住她。

「嗯……」魚尾紋切入正題：「這宜婷要給妳的。」
一個信封被遞在她手上，像是卡片。
魚尾紋又笑了，依然有點心虛，但也有感傷。「可惜啊！我們沒有緣分。」

她拎著滿載的菜籃往回走，手裡一路捏著那個信封，回到家時，信封幾乎都捏破了。

她覷著裂縫往裡瞧，幾個字隱隱若現：伯母，生日快——
「媽！今天我要早點到公司！」

兒子叨著牙刷從浴室出現，睡亂的頭髮遮住半邊臉。

「喔，好！」她忙把信封揣進懷裡。「我快點弄早餐。」
她的手忙碌了起來，心跳卻還是慢了半拍。

她的生日，女孩還記得。

送走兒子形影相弔的背影，邱太太不覺嘆了口氣。
魚尾紋說得對，沒有緣分哪。

還是其中有什麼奇妙的因果她參不透呢？
六年前，女孩是兒子帶回來的。

「媽，這我女朋友，叫宜婷。」

女孩很是羞澀，和她對上視線就會臉紅，不過她倒很喜歡。獨生兒子算是孝順，但偶爾她還是夢想有個女兒，可以講點女人家的事。所以幾個月後，兒子提出要女友一起過來住，省點房租補貼水電費，她並沒有反對。

「我是沒關係，」禮貌上她還是得問一聲。「但宜婷的爸媽覺得好嗎？」
「噢。」她沒再問下去，彷彿對女孩眼裡偶爾露出的孤單就這樣得到答案。
起先，一切都好。

女孩原本就溫順好相處，熟識後除去了羞怯，就更有意思了。偶爾陪她上菜市場，下班後也會跟著她一起下廚，開開小玩笑。

她看著兒子，也漸漸有了當人丈夫的樣子，也許這就是成家的雛型吧？
過了兩年，她甚至暗示兒子，若女孩有了身孕，就娶過來吧。兒子也老大大



小，現在這年頭先有後婚也挺時尚，她體力還不錯，一個人在家也可以帶孫子。「媽，別開玩笑了。」兒子臉色一變，很難得地對她皺起眉頭。「我工作又不穩，講什麼結婚生子。」

媽媽說笑啦！說笑啦。當然結婚生子你自己決定，媽都是支持你的。

「媽妳不用擔心這種事。」兒子冷靜地說：「我都有很嚴格規定宜婷吃藥，不會有意外的。」

現在想起來，兒子那時說話的神情，有那麼些肅穆狠辣。

後來的日子，不知怎的就變了調。

雖然變調這事她也懂得，也經歷了，本人生常態嘛；但看著後輩也這樣照演一遍，她卻看得更糊塗了。

原來，這事不管是當事者還是旁觀者，都參透不了。

譬如說，兒子為何為了一個特別的禮物大發脾氣？

那次是她的生日。除了蛋糕慶祝之外，女孩買了一個特別的禮物給她。

一件連身泳衣。

她又尷尬又暗喜，說不出的滋味。

「我想伯母一定不會自己去買的，」女孩解釋道：「就想買給伯母試試看。」

伯母不是一直說想學游泳，夏天想泡泡水嗎？」

的確是想。聽說游泳較不傷筋骨，是很和緩的運動。市場不遠處就有一個市立游泳池，她每經過都會張望一下，夏天時更是吸引人。

但她不會游泳，不會憋氣啊。

「伯母，沒關係的。我可以教你啊！別看我這樣，我以前可是游泳隊的呢！」

女孩鼓勵著，她也興致勃勃起來。立刻和女孩一起換了泳衣，把浴缸放滿了水，穿戴好女孩為她準備的泳帽蛙鏡，練習憋氣。

照著女孩的解說，她把頭探進水裡，呼嚕呼嚕地吐氣。午後的陽光灑進水裡，水泡晶晶瑩瑩地在眼前往上飄，她覺得神奇極了。

好久沒嘗試這麼新鮮的事情了，她感到自己又年輕了起來。

她呼口氣抬起頭，正想跟女孩分享心得，卻看到女孩臉色蒼白地站在一邊，剛剛的笑容不見了。

兒子不知何時出現，站在另外一邊，滿臉怒容。

她一時搞不清楚狀況。

「怎麼了？」

兒子上前遞毛巾給她，氣呼呼的。她邊擦臉邊覷著眼前的謎樣氣氛。

「媽，」兒子咬著牙：「宜婷就愛這樣亂鬧，妳不要理她。」

「這很好玩啊！」



兒子沒有回應，拉著淚眼汪汪的女孩回房了。她一頭霧水，參透不了眼前怪異的氛圍。是所謂代溝嗎？她始終不曉得。又譬如，兒子為何對一碗打翻的粥如此憤怒？

那天她身體不舒服在床上躺下了，兒子加班未歸，女孩倒是先回來了，給她熬了粥喝。電視開著，不知所云的綜藝節目響著，她和女孩有一搭沒一搭的聊著，女孩端著粥一匙一匙給她餵著，伴著電風扇嘎吱嘎吱吵著，她覺得日子平凡幸福著。

粥喝著喝著，突然喉嚨一陣癢，無法抑制狂咳起來。女孩一時反應不過，湯匙一歪就把粥給打翻了，弄得她滿臉滿身。

兒子正好此時回來，開門看到這一幕。他臉色大變，撲向女孩一掌就把粥碗拍打在地。

「妳在幹什麼！！」

粥早就不燙了，潑在臉上身上也只需要洗洗就是。但兒子的臉色鐵青，彷彿和殺父仇人對質，青筋都爆出來了。

女孩傻了。

後來，女孩把滴在地上的淚水和粥一起抹淨，但她覺得抹去的似乎不只那些，原本的平靜平凡似乎也被擦乾抹淨了。

她看得出兒子對女孩越來越喜怒無常。女孩的眼神日漸惶惑，彷彿世界巨震

不已。但她接不起女孩求助的信號。

接不起，也接不住。

她拿起魚尾紋轉交的信封，拆了開來。

是一張卡片。她讀著女孩熟悉的字跡：

「伯母，生日快樂！這次沒法幫您慶祝了。衷心希望您一切都好。很感謝您那些日子的支持和照顧。我現在過得很好，不過還是常常想起您。只是，我到底——」

她抬頭凝視著生活了三十幾年的客廳，陳舊的模樣底下疊著她記憶裡的酸甜。回想從前，到底她是無能為力。

她有沒有跟女孩道過歉？好像有，又好像沒有。她記不得了。

唉，年紀大了就是這樣，很多事情想不起來。

現在想來，她有股衝動想跟女孩說聲對不起。不是為了沒幫上女孩，而是因為她也不懂。

活到這把年紀，真是慚愧，她還是不懂。就算重來一次她還是搞不定的。看來此生參透無望。

明明照著規規矩矩的路線走啊，到底哪裡出錯了？

照著那年代的慣例，她是相親結婚的。那時哪講什麼愛不愛的，就找個伴生



兒育女，好好過日子。她的表親、她的姊妹、她的同學都這樣，沒道理她要例外。何況，丈夫長得一表人才，有房子有穩定工作，實在沒什麼好抱怨的了。相親之前，她就想過媒婆就算多虛報一點也可接受，何況實情如此實在。相親後，他帶著她看了幾場電影，吃了幾次飯，就是浪漫了。

一天，電影結束後的夜裡，他陪她走回家。她走路絆了一下，低頭才發現鞋帶鬆了。

他彎下腰給她繫上。

她看著他蹲在腳邊的身影，突然雙頰熱了起來。

是他抬頭見著她臉頰發紅的樣子吧？他起身時在她頰邊親了一下。

在那個相信男女手牽手就會生小孩的年代，那個吻幾乎讓她連魂都給了他。

事情就這麼訂了。

起先，也是一切都好。

他工作，她也工作。然後，他們有了孩子。

是因為孩子而有了變化嗎？她真的不清楚。

兒子出生後，她辭了工作專心照顧。而丈夫，回家的時間卻越來越晚。

越來越晚倒不是問題，麻煩的是，都帶著酒氣。

酒後的丈夫是一團謎，裡頭裝著的是她不知道的憤怒和怨恨，借著酒精發酵，一股腦爆發出來。有段時間，家裡能摔破的東西都沒能完好。孩子還小，拿

不穩的東西破了；她努力護住的，等丈夫回來也都碎了。

好不容易哄睡的孩子，被遲歸丈夫的吼叫吵醒。受了驚嚇的孩子哇的大哭，把晚餐的東西都吐出來。她哄著孩子，擦洗著孩子；然後等丈夫鬧完了，再重複一樣的動作，擦洗著他嘔吐出來的酒精穢物。

丈夫這個謎，她真的解不了。她邊擦邊心驚，怕又觸動了哪個爆發的地雷。抹著抹著，心顫手抖，一下子把穢物倒在仰躺的丈夫上，沾了滿臉滿身。丈夫的口鼻溢滿著酒液胃液，鼻孔的位置隨著呼吸冒起一個泡泡，又一個泡泡。

泡泡越來越小，越來越小，然後漸漸平息。

「媽媽——」

她回頭望著剛滿兩歲的孩子，孩子恐懼的眼神讓她心痛。怕是嚇壞了吧？這麼小的孩子怎禁得起夜夜的恐慌？

摟住孩子的瞬間，她感到些許的安寧。她想要的並不多啊。她只想要寧靜的生活，寧靜的愛情。

丈夫換了個姿勢，轉為側睡。穢液靜靜淌下來，呼吸聲沉穩地響起。每天只有此刻，她才能靜靜回想那個低著頭在她腳邊繫鞋帶的他。

「——還是常常想起您。只是，我到底還是負擔不起這樣的緣分，所以只好做了這樣的決定。我想要——」



女孩也跟她一樣吧？

她想起女孩決意分手的那一刻。

「伯母，我沒辦法了。」

兒子外出和朋友聚會，尚未回來。

「你們也交往這麼久了，」她向來想不出勸慰的話：「等他回來好好談談吧。」

「沒辦法的。」女孩的眼淚流下。「發生了——我不是故意的，但他一定會原諒我。一定會逼我——等他回來，又要依他的決定——」

女孩的話因哭泣而斷斷續續，但女孩的眼神沒有動搖。她認得那眼神，那是目睹碎裂後的決心，或是決心護住某個重要東西的神色。

她決定幫助女孩後，才發現女孩這些年來的處境。女孩的薪水都給兒子了，日常用品也都是兒子決定是否購買。女孩連搬家的錢都沒有，她父母之處也不便去。

瞞著兒子，她給女孩找了住處，付了三個月的租金，還給女孩添購了日常所需。在另一個兒子加班的夜晚，她送走了女孩。

離別之時，女孩手中提著大包小包，但還是回頭望。

不過她沒有回頭。她知道自己會想念女孩，但日子要往前過。
要寧靜平穩地過。

傍晚了，她收拾好心情，開始準備晚餐。

不久，兒子下班回來了，手裡提了個生日蛋糕。

「媽！生日快樂！」

「噢，你還記得啊？我還以為你忘了呢！」

「怎麼會忘？六十歲耶！一甲子呢！」

是啊！活了一甲子。但為什麼很多事情她還是不懂？是因為不懂所以才做不好？還是因為做不好，所以才不懂呢？

兒子殷勤起來，又是給她添飯斟茶，又是搥背的。是啊，孤兒寡母，也這麼走過來了。就算帶著不懂的疑惑活著也沒關係，只要能這樣寧靜靜地過生活就好。

「明天周末，有要去哪裡玩嗎？」

「同事有約要去游泳，」兒子扒著飯。「不過我不去。」

「喔？游泳玩水不錯啊。怎麼不去？」

「噢，媽妳不知道我討厭游泳啊？」兒子撇了她一眼：「超討厭玩水的。」

「這樣嗎？」她疑惑了。「小時候你很喜欢啊！」

「小時候是小时候啦！」

想起小时候的他，她微笑了。兒时的他多可爱啊！她在浴缸放满水给他玩，



白嫩嫩的他笑得開心暢懷。如果丈夫沒回來就更好了，那天一定會留下更快樂的回憶。

但丈夫還是回來了，口一張又是一道穢物噴出，染得整個浴缸水變色。也不知裡頭有什麼刺激物，兒子柔嫩的肌膚被噴上就起了紅疹。她嚇傻了，立刻推開丈夫，撈起兒子就打開蓮蓬頭猛沖水。

腳步不穩的丈夫跌倒在浴缸，帶著酒氣怒氣掙扎想要站起。她深怕他又要吐出穢物，慌忙拿蓮蓬頭開到最大對準他沖去。

一定要沖乾淨……

她不敢搓揉兒子的皮膚，只是用水沖。

一定要沖乾淨……

不知道沖了多久，她才關了水，細心把兒子擦乾。

兒子沒有哭，只是瞪大眼睛無辜地望著她。

沒事喔！乖乖，沒事喔——

丈夫倒在浴缸裡一動也不動。浴缸的水已經滿出來了，丈夫的頭髮在水面上漂一漂的，臉朝下面。

她仔細觀察兒子擦乾後的肌膚。還好，紅腫已經退了。

沒事了。

「——宜婷偷偷搬家，是你吧？媽，」兒子把她喚回神。「是你幫宜婷搬家吧？」

「啊？」

「幹嘛幫她啊？我才是妳兒子耶！」

她回過神，微笑了。

「媽就只有你這麼一個寶貝兒子，」她摸了摸他的頭。「當然只幫你啊！怎麼會幫外人呢？」

看著他狐疑的臉，她不怪他不懂。

想起魚尾紋給她看的照片，裡頭的嬰孩，和兒時的兒子長得一模一樣。

她也想起了女孩的卡片：

「——做了這樣的決定。我想要的，只是一份，寧靜的愛情。」

評審評語

陳雨航：那裏不只是一個寧靜的愛情，更翻轉到一場「寧靜的謀殺」；我感覺他裏面的筆觸很輕微，只是帶過去，但絕對可以看出是一場謀殺。這和真正的人生其實很有結，我認為寧靜的謀殺，反而是增強了寧靜的愛情的情度。



白水河

文雅 參獎

作者介紹

文雅，1986年生，湖南人，現就讀於中國電影藝術研究中心戲劇與影視學專業。作品《嬰兒藍》曾獲第四期「扶持青年優秀電影劇作計畫」優秀劇本獎。喜歡閱讀，喜歡電影，相信文字及影像之美，足以對抗孤獨和遺忘。未來動向不明，此心安處，即是吾鄉。

清貴確實看見了。

幼時他跟著父親去山裏採茶籽，十月寒露已過，明晃晃的日光仍是刺得他的眼一陣恍惚，連口舌之間，也盡是燥熱的煙土塵氣。父親走得急，清貴赤著腳跟不上，沒多久就被落下。經過村後的白水河時，他無意間朝乾涸的淺灘上瞥了一眼。

這一瞥之後不久，清貴就莫名其妙地生了病，高燒連夜不退，迷迷糊糊中

還在念叨著胡話。請來醫生只道是天熱體乏，開了幾味藥給他服下便匆匆離去。清貴病好後，給父親講他在白水河看見了紅面利爪的人，身型如野犬般大小，全身覆蓋的棕黑色毛髮，還在濕漉漉地滴著水。清貴望著他的時候，他也盯視著清貴，隔了幾秒鐘便跳入了河裡。父親聽到這裡一驚，疑心清貴是不是瞧見了「水猴」，清貴好奇什麼是「水猴」，父親卻支支吾吾不肯再說什麼，反而責備他是燒壞了腦子亂講話，末了又交代他以後絕不能單獨去白水河。

事實上清貴並不感到害怕，視線相接的瞬間，他看見那張深紅似汗血的臉上，嵌著兩顆幽如孤燈的眼，混淆著水色和無邊無際的晦暗。他便想起寒冬圍坐在炕前燒柴取暖時，總有不小心捨得的濕木熏出嗆鼻的煙，好像欲將灼烈的火壓下去般，源源不斷地湧動著灰黑色的濃霧。那張臉上隱隱透露出的生命力，就被沉沉如霧的眼色壓至低凹沼澤。

置身於喧鬧嘈雜的人群中，清貴扶著哭到快背過氣的雙葉，怔怔望著眼前靜滯的白水河，再次回想起了這樁本應被模糊的記憶和平淡的歲月湮沒的往事。當時天色已近黃昏，燃燒的殘陽於河面灑下凌亂的豔光，仿佛預告著完全的黑夜即將降臨。然而從正午到傍晚，五個小時過去了，打撈仍是一無所獲。

領頭的撈屍人對清貴說，「這樣的天氣，不出三天，屍體就會浮起來。」他掐滅手中的菸，收起網鉤。沾染這個行當太久，便有腐蝕的腥臭從他的鼻息和



口腔裏溢出，與劣質菸草交糅成曖昧難辨的氣味，常年縈繞不散。

接下來連續的幾天裏，他們在沿途的水閘、支流和水庫尋找，白日將漁網掛在橋樑和水壩，並試著用長鉤在河水中打撈，夜晚則亮起探照燈，強撐起精神觀察著水面的動靜。然而半個月的時間過去，那十歲孩子的屍體卻猶如憑空蒸發了一般，再難覓到蹤影。

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白水河為何會被叫做白水河，原因已經不甚明瞭，它只是一條略顯庸常的河流，日夜流淌其中的水也並非白色。早年村裏的女人在河岸邊洗衣服，常會碰上被摸腳的情形。那時候孩子中間流行著「水鬼摸腳」的遊戲，熟識水性的孩子頻頻潛藏在洗衣台的石板下，趁不備時飛快摸幾把岸上人裸露的腳背。碰上潑辣嘴利的女人，脾氣躁了，就罵罵咧咧，「誰家的小流氓，看老娘怎麼收拾你！」隨即挽起衣袖，瞅準澄澈微波下的白嫩小手，一把將那頑皮孩子從水裏揪出來，順勢在他屁股上拍幾掌。被捉住的孩子便趕緊雙手抱拳，嬉皮笑臉道一句，「女俠饒命。」與其一起的夥伴們見到他被擒獲落網，就紛紛從河裏探出腦袋，「咯咯」笑個不停。

起初人們以為是無害無妨的嬉鬧玩笑，漸漸便有人發現，偶爾隨著沁涼的水滴攀上腳踝的，不再是孩童柔軟肌膚的溫度，而是一種難以名狀的觸覺，如枯樹

皮般尖刻，支離破碎。這源自感官的體驗令人毛骨悚然，並與某種行將速朽的生命體徵緊密聯繫在一起。

後來便有水鬼拖人下河的流言散佈開來，傳聞中那僥倖逃脫的年輕姑娘鬼使神差被捲入湍急的密流，不知從何處蔓生的水草緊緊纏繞著她的手腳，一團濃黑的影在試圖貼近著她的身體。她奮力掙紮，游向河岸，終於擺脫了那股將她往下拉沉的力量，驚魂未定地再次見到照耀著白水河的太陽。村裏人閒聊時說起這件事，便笑話姑娘年紀輕輕一定是犯了臆病，才會反覆提及在河底的最深處，有一雙黑色的眼在看著她。

然而人們總歸是口是心非，慢慢的再沒有人去往白水河。偶有外鄉人趕路途經此地，便會看見掩映在蔥翠綠野中的白水河仿佛怕驚擾了世界的寧謐，如一顆緩慢跳動至停止的心臟般悄無聲息。而每到入夜，懸在空中的月在黑漆漆的河面投下粼粼的波光，影影綽綽卻欲言又止的秘密，便挾帶著寒氣森然的涼意，隱匿在寂寞的晚風裏。

那已是父輩一代的事了，時隔多年的炎夏，因著清貴孩子的溺亡，白水河重新回歸到人們的生活。

村裏人聽聞清貴年逾四十卻喪子的消息，也只得背地裏哀歎一聲「造孽，好端端的娃娃說沒就沒了。」局內人身心俱悴的噩運，到了旁人眼裏，便生生成為



茶餘飯後對命途多舛的無力感慨。有人記起那些久違的關於白水河的隱秘傳言，便急匆匆將清貴拉出門輕聲說，「這河裏是不是有什麼東西？」清貴心裏「咯噔」一下，臉上卻掛著不動聲色的寒霜，晾下不合時宜的來訪者，轉身回屋去照顧病倒在床的雙葉。

大概是一周以前，當他幾近放棄尋覓孩子的屍體。春生一家三口上門來道謝，提著幾兜營養品，進門便「撲通」一聲跪下，連眼也不敢抬，怯生生地說，「清貴哥，要不是你們家涵子救了……」沒等話說完，雙葉便從裏屋走出來，瞅了一眼春生，又用手指著那些禮品，冷冷說出一句，「帶上你們的東西，滾！」春生家女人急著插嘴，「這也是我們的一番心意，雙葉，你收下吧！」雙葉便有些失控，嘶聲力竭地哭嚎起來，沖上去一邊大吼著「滾出去！」一邊用瘦小的身子推搡著春生。清貴連忙攔腰抱住她，雙葉哭得驚心，清貴只覺得自己的衣袖很快便濕成一片。他用眼神示意春生趕緊走。春生站起身，走幾步又佇立在門口，拉攏自家紅著眼的孩子，回頭看看雙葉，微微歎口氣。

那時有一隻青灰色的燕子突然飛進屋，低低迴旋了幾圈又輕淺離去。「又不是四月天，從哪裡來的燕子？」清貴琢磨著這樣無關緊要的問題，又想起不知在哪裡聽說過燕子飛進屋預示著福氣臨門，只覺心內苦澀。他的目光跟隨著燕子飛行的痕跡，這才覺察天色恍如暗夜般焦灼，魚肚白和墨黑的明晰分際似將遠空與

世界剝離，風雨欲來的徵兆。

雙葉就是自這天開始生病，在驟然響起的驚雷和瓢潑般的暴雨裏，屋內的黑暗似滴墨浸入染缸，濃鬱迅速蔓延。清貴祈求著一切能平息下來，可雙葉的眼淚卻似再無窮盡。

她常呆呆地倚在屋門口，看見春生家的孩子背著書包去上學，就著急問清貴，「咱家涵子去學校了沒？」清貴便順著她，囁囁著唇說，「早出門了。」雙葉聽到回復，睜圓空洞的眼，心不在焉地點點頭。她問或糊塗間或清醒，而無論是臆想中的世界還是絕然的現實，都難令她獲得如釋重負的解脫。有時半夜她搖醒睡眠中的清貴，驚惶失措地吼叫，「是不是有人偷去了涵子的生辰八字，用了陰毒的招數，讓他成了替死鬼！一定是春生！一定是春生！」有時她接近歇斯底里，嚎泣著都是因為清貴的名字裏帶「水」，給孩子起名又帶「水」，涵子才會被活活奪去了性命。有天清貴找遍了屋也找不到她，心急如焚，臨近午夜時才打著電筒在墳山上尋見她，跪在黑漆漆的墳墓堆裏反復念叨著，「一定是祖墳的風水不好；風水不好；」清貴心裏有火，把她從地上狠狠拽起來，雙葉一仰頭，臉都哭花了，清貴看她枯瘦的身子上掛著件涼薄的衣衫，膝上跪得儘是黃土，想著雙葉跟著他也沒過上什麼好日子，拽著的手就垂落下來，嘟囔幾句，「什麼風水，我不信這一套。」領著雙葉就著已漸微弱的電筒光回了家。



清貴不信命，此時他身強體健，正值壯年，從來篤信自己甚於其他。他只是憂心雙葉的病是好不了了，疲倦不堪的內心凝結起尖銳的冰。

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雙葉死後有一陣，清貴常常從噩夢中驚醒，他已將近五十，早已過了多夢的年紀。某晚他夢見自己的肢體重新變得輕盈，皮膚上的每個毛孔似乎都在全然張開，肆意呼吸，他能更敏銳地感受到縈繞在周圍溫和的水溫，似雲絮一般輕輕包裹著他本應老去的身骨。置身於一片無窮無盡的黑暗中，他渾濁的雙目復又變得明澈，能更清晰地察覺到微渺的光亮。他伸展四肢不知疲倦地遊曳著，好似擁有使不完的力量。

當他循著頭頂上方閃爍的光，縱身浮出水面，才發現周遭的一切充溢著光明。那本應是一個因過分熟悉而生厭的世界，對於夢裏的清貴來說卻恍若新生。他赤著雙足走在銀沙般的河灘上，忽然看見了還是孩童模樣的自己，站在不遠的山路上回望著夢裏的他，那是1971年秋天，十一歲的他跟隨著父親去山裏採茶籽。清貴驚恐萬分，卻發不出任何聲音。白水河的太陽炙烤著他的身體，人類所能擁有的光滑肌膚碎成塊狀脫落在地，裸露模糊不清的深紅血肉，黑色的毛髮瞬間攀援而上。

從夢裏醒來後，清貴開始感到莫名的害怕。大抵他便是從這一天真正意識到自已已不再年輕。除夕將至之時，他離開空蕩蕩的屋，跟隨著人群走在熱鬧的集市裏，選購了年畫、春聯、五彩繽紛的糖果和糕點，最後落座在集市盡頭的算命攤位前。灰布長衫的算命先生握著他的手，細細撫摩著掌上的紋路，爾後搖搖頭，毛筆一揮，歎他「命中註定無子，必將苦守孤燈。」清貴瞅見那白布幡子上寫著的「指點迷途君子，喚醒久困英雄」幾個大字，不禁啞然失笑，想著「就算你眼瞎耳卻不聾，我清貴這些年發生了些什麼事，恐怕這村裏沒有人不知道。」

他沿著來路，跌跌撞撞地走回家。縱然嘴裏不服，心裏卻怕著「苦守孤燈」那四個字。好像有一條昏黑的河流，沉澱著汗濁的恐懼，日夜在他的身體深處流動不息，清貴能聽見河水奔湧迸裂的聲音，欲將從他腐朽老化的骨髓裏傾瀉而出。

這晚外面鞭炮喧天，間歇夾雜著狗的叫聲和孩童的嬉笑。清貴隨便擦了擦身子，食了些甜糕就早早躺上了床，在昏黃的燈光裏隱約瞅見蚊帳上方破了個拳頭大小的洞，到了來年夏天恐怕難擋飛蚊。「明天起早把它補上，再全部檢查一下。」他喃喃自語，翻了個身，轉念又心灰意懶，想著「算了，天熱了再說。」便熄滅了燈。前半夜他總被持續的炮鳴聲驚醒，而過了凌晨一時，喧囂漸止，如潮水般的靜寂漫湧，他開始覺得這夜輾轉重複，過分漫長，令他反覆憶起過往。



他疑惑他們都去了哪里，他的父親、孩子，還有雙葉，沉于水的深處或化作灰土，最後又是否會成為這廣袤世界的微小分子。

在人生的最後一個寒冬，他踏著皚皚的覆雪去往白水河。天色黯淡未明，村舍有雞始鳴，像數十年來所經過的每一個曦光初露的清晨，一切並沒什麼特別之處。月亮並未運行到太陽和地球中間，所以不會有難得一見的日蝕現象的發生。並非位於南北兩極區域，自然也就沒有目睹綺麗極光點燃蒼穹的可能性。他穿得單薄又寒碇，不知有多少個年頭的羊羔絨衣已不再飽滿豐盈，變成乾癟的一層貼在身上，颼颼的冷風從青布褲衫寬大的褲腳往裏灌著，令他不斷前行的雙腿猶如風中抖索的枯木。

任誰看來都是一個生命如殘燭般的可憐人，可是清貴不以為意，前半輩子的事於他而言已顯得遙遠，他的身體正在逐漸忘却所有類似於人類的情感，悲傷、憎恨和短暫的歡愉，全都煙消雲散了。在與宇宙中某個隱秘的部分取得和解的過程中，清貴就像自然界的貓狗一般，知曉了自己生命的終點，並為之做好了全部的準備。

他蹲在河岸，燃起一根菸，看著白色的冷霧滲透在空氣中。

整個世界連同他的心，都沉溺於宛如延伸至永恆的寂靜裏。在他恍惚意識的

最深處，仿佛能看見光，從堆積著厚厚雲層的蒼色天空裏溢出的光。看見明澈春水微漾，冰河解凍。看見億萬光年以外，一顆類日恆星明亮的凋亡和對最深黑暗的賦歸。

「現在我與你一樣了。」他望著眼前的白水河低聲言語，眼皮漸沉，身體也已儲滿倦意。

自遙遠的北方突然刮起陣陣強烈的風，吹皺河心未凍的冬水。臨岸的樹木在寂風中發出沉沉的嗚咽，豐累於禿瘠枝條上的細雪緩慢地下墜，穿透清澈的河水表層，還未沉落至底，已融化在冰冷的水中。

恍若有誰擲石入水，凜冽的薄冰於此刻從中心向邊緣碎裂，白水河開始泛起層層漣漪。

評審評語

陳雨航：他的調子很緩慢，時間很長，並不是典型的短篇小說，我甚至覺得他感覺是更有長篇的雛形，但我喜歡的主題還有文字。

蔡素芬：他的文字很好，而且富有鄉野性，給我一種宿命感。



青蔥

邱郁棻

佳作

作者介紹

一九八二年生，苗栗卓蘭人。新竹師院初教系畢業，國北教大語創所畢業，現職國小教師。非正式身分相當多重，愛書人，愛貓人，半調子馬拉松跑者，非專業烘焙師父，菜鳥烹飪小廚娘。興趣廣泛但有鍾情程度的差別，喜歡山多於水，喜歡貓多於狗，喜歡麵食多於米食，喜歡小說多於散文。常常跌倒還是會拔腿追公車，常常喊胖還是會吃宵夜吃甜點，常常失眠還是會喝茶喝咖啡。幾個月前，在一個徹底崩潰的失眠夜後，起身切起三星蔥，卻惹得自己淚流成河，和著怨氣怒意通通匯入蔥油餅裡頭，手洗淨摺乾就寫成了《青蔥》。寫小說不是第一次，但是投稿倒是第一次，得獎也是第一次，我珍惜每一個這一次，期待每一個下一次。

她先抹去額角的汗珠，再以兩手支撐腰桿，接著讓緊繃的脖子轉了轉，還來不及啜飲一口水，隨即再度掄起沉重的菜刀，吃力的彎著腰以配合老舊流理臺的

高度，喀喀咯的切著左手抓握著的青蔥，以免一個不小心讓切了半天的蔥末跌落地面。

刀鋒在塑膠砧板上下躍動，已成段的蔥白擠在布滿刀痕板面的邊緣，刀子每落下一次就有幾顆蔥白狠狠墜地，她瞄了草綠色瓷磚上的點點蔥白，掙扎著是否要暫停手邊的工作先處理墜崖慘案，但眼看距離丈夫下班返家剩下不到一個鐘頭，她心一橫，決定一股作氣將幾把青蔥一次切完再收拾殘局。

結婚年餘，她從一個切青蔥會猛流淚的小姐，成了懂得先將青蔥浸在水中再切的少婦。從來沒洗過一只碗、沒操煩過一毛錢的她，竟然過起了斤斤計較柴米油鹽醬醋茶的生活。人生就是這樣，不知道在哪个路口走岔了，人生列車就一路狂飆而去由不得回頭。

瓦斯爐上的爐火催促著湯鍋裡的水快快燒熱，好讓早已洗淨備用的蛤蜊、鳥蛋、杏鮑菇、玉米筍紛紛入鍋；工作桌上裹著保鮮膜的蔥油餅麵糰靜置進入第二十分鐘，從癱軟逐漸收攏；烤爐裡的葡萄乾瑪芬蛋糕換上焦黃外衣，掩上爐門也關不住一室奶香；她一邊切著青蔥，一邊留意廚房各處的鍋爐，像蟄伏於矮灌木叢後的獵人，屏息緊盯周身的每一個動靜。



過去她是不吃青蔥的，嚴格來說，過去八年她是不吃青蔥主義者。

曾經她喜歡以大量的蔥蒜佐火鍋入口，也喜歡咬下蔥大餅香味四溢的瞬間，因為她的初戀情人不吃青蔥，久而久之，她竟也複製了對方的嫌惡，青蔥在她的生命裡自此成了不受歡迎的食物。初戀情人風流倜儻、才華洋溢，恍若擁有普天下人們渴望的所有條件，雙十年華的她自然為他深深癡迷，而他竟然在眾多傾慕者中欽點了她，她因而更加景仰愛戀著他，恨不得能變成他的同類，出類拔萃的同類。

似乎在某些領域卓越超群的天才必然伴隨著莫名的怪癖，怪癖有如颱風來襲前四竄的螞蟻，數量眾多又叫人焦慮，越是親近他越是感到焦慮。年輕的她，曾經以為唯有錐心徹骨的愛，才是不容質疑的真愛，於是未曾懷疑過真愛是否非得伴隨苦痛，就是默默概括承受而已。

比方說他獨立於一般人的時間軸之外，無論是已取票的音樂劇開演在即，或者捷運車廂即將關門的警告聲響起，還是馬路上的小綠人開始閃動，他依然以從容的步伐傲然前行，不跟著趕時間的人潮盲動。幾次她幾乎要以小跑步跑了起

來，卻發現身旁的他一副無所謂的樣子，她從心急不解到放心了解，也或許她從來不曾真正接受，只是強迫自己接受。

在飲食方面的好惡尤其嚴重，不管是上餡子或吃路邊攤，幾乎都要特別交代廚師或老闆不要加某些食材。他不吃青蔥，不吃韭菜，不吃芹菜，據他所說，舉凡綠色長條狀的蔬菜都列為拒絕往來戶。

交往初期，和他在學校附近的東北麵食小館用餐，他去停車，她先點了一碗乾拌麵和一籠餃子，等他一入座見到乾麵上的蔥花和餃子裡的韭菜後，便蹙眉一一挑出細細密密的綠色菜末，好像往狗身上挑蟲子一樣一隻也不放過。

一回想起他遏抑著微愠神色，埋首挑出菜末的表情，她忍不住笑出聲來，因為那讓她能真實感受他的存在。

「叮！」烤爐尖聲呼喚，通知她葡萄瑪芬蛋糕可以出爐了，她這才回過神來，連忙加快手邊的動作，陸陸續續將菜餚甜點端上桌，接著火速到浴室沖個澡、洗把臉，因為丈夫的嗅覺特別敏感，別說嗆鼻的油煙味了，就連宜人的花香和洗衣精淡雅的芳香都會引發嚴重過敏。



使用香水讓她有拿到成人世界入場券的感覺，自從初戀情人送她生平第一瓶香水Kenzo的經典香水Flower，之後只要忘了噴灑香水便覺渾身不對勁；在結婚之初得知丈夫有嚴重的鼻過敏後，就再也沒有旋開香水瓶蓋了，如今香水早已蒸散一滴不剩一滴不剩。

刷的一聲，丈夫提著公事包，面無表情的拉開門走進來，她一個箭步上前接過丈夫的公事包，提醒他去洗手換衣服後，夫妻倆分別就座開始動起筷子。餐桌上除了金屬筷子撞擊碗盤的聲音外，就只有丈夫嘖嘖的嚼食聲以及呼嚕呼嚕的喝湯聲，她一向受不了丈夫的餐桌禮儀，畢竟那有違她從小接受的教養，嫌惡閃過她秀麗的兩道眉間，但丈夫逕自埋首嚼食著，絲毫沒有察覺任何異樣。

丈夫年近四十、身形中廣，臉色紅潤、膚色偏黑，鼻樑架著一副普通的金屬細框眼鏡，老是穿著略微寬鬆的襯衫和直統西裝褲，腰間的皮帶和腳下的皮鞋都磨損得早已辨認不出最初的色澤，外表老實沒什麼個人特色，是每一棟辦公大樓前都可以看到的那種最平凡的上班族。經過一天的馬拉松預算會議後，丈夫原本就已往後退的髮線顯得更高了，法令紋也鑿得更深了，她別開了臉不忍心再去看去。

餐後，丈夫起身收拾餐桌，接著弓著背刷洗著鍋碗瓢盆。丈夫雖然不擅言詞，在行動上卻是體貼的。水龍頭的水嘩啦啦的沖刷著，沖走殘留的碎末、洗淨滑膩的油汙，卻怎麼也趕不走她心上的陰影，還有耳畔巨大的空寂。

她受夠了沉默，端了杯明目枸杞茶回房，打開看了好幾年仍停留在前幾頁的書。書是初戀情人上網訂購的《追憶似水年華》第一卷，當時書一到貨她就拿了第一卷，開玩笑說只要握有第一卷，這輩子他為了要讀後面的六本書，當然就離不開她了。

結果他終究離開她了，而離不開的人，是她。

書頁裡頭不知道什麼時候夾了株酢漿草，她的指腹輕輕拂過細縷般的莖葉，想起這份未曾送出的禮物。

初戀情人駕著車一路從南臺灣駛回臺北，途經新竹特別繞進市區，說要帶她去從前唸大學時鍾愛的麵店，順道見一位同為美術系畢業的朋友。她一向喜歡跟他天南地北的聊，也喜歡隨他東奔西走的吃，這次自然也依了他的安排，不曾多



問，就跟以往沒有兩樣。

金黃的阿勃勒珠簾覆上了柏油路面，將食品路妝點得璀璨耀眼。麵店位於一所小學的斜對面，門口豎立著一面不起眼的旗子，簡單明瞭的宣告店內的商品僅有鍋燒意麵和關東煮。車停妥，他邁著一貫輕鬆的步伐走向麵店，她輕巧的在後頭東張西望，忽然瞧見店家前的人行道石磚間隙有一株酢漿草。

她喜歡大自然贈予大地的每一個禮物，尤其是一草一木，她彎腰拔起了酢漿草，正要笑吟吟的獻花給他時，一位頭髮削得短短的女孩迎向門口。

「我點了兩份鍋燒意麵，不放青蔥，還有你喜歡的蘿蔔、米血和甜不辣。」女孩明快的交接著，不是徵詢，不是討好，以一種不由分說的高傲姿態宣告著，卻又蘊含無數的理解與柔情。光這麼一句簡單的話，就足以讓她難過上好久，她好羨慕女孩閃閃發亮的自信，還有深深理解的柔情，她覺得自己花上一輩子也無法如此貼近他。

他簡單介紹她們認識，接著就逕自與短髮女孩聊起來了，好像忘了身邊有一個她。他倆的言談越形艱澀，梵谷、維梅爾她還多少知道，馬格利特、超現實主

義之類的就完全不了解，談到共同認識的藝術家、威尼斯雙年展還有租借展演空間的對話時，她已經徹底的受不了，受不了自己的貧乏一點都插不上話，受不了他們的丰采一點都沾不上邊，她緊緊絞著手中的酢漿草。

回程的路上，她第一次沒有說話，女孩晶亮的眼眸讓她黯然失色，對照出自己的匱乏與空洞。

「下棋嗎？」丈夫敲敲房門，輕聲問道，丈夫粗啞的嗓音將她從回憶中拉回現實。

她扯了個笑臉，掩不住疲憊，將披散的髮絲隨興挽起，坐到丈夫擺好棋子的棋盤前。其實她沒有這麼熱愛下棋。偶爾下一盤棋可回味童年時光，但天下下很快就膩了。要追溯起這每日晚餐後固定的活動，是婚後有天他倆經過文具店，一瞧見櫥窗裡的棋具，她隨口提到小時候會跟父親在棋局廝殺，看似木訥的丈夫點點頭沒做回應。

隔天那組棋具就擺在客廳茶几上。這是丈夫表現愛的方式，卻讓她逐漸承受不起。



丈夫愛她，卻不懂得怎麼愛她。她吃過一次檸檬夾心餅乾，家裡的食物櫃便永遠躺著一包檸檬夾心餅乾；她哼過一次張惠妹的歌，他載她時就總是播放著張惠妹的歌。其實，她只是突然想吃那個口味，她只是突然想哼那段旋律，不是檸檬夾心餅乾狂熱者，也不是張惠妹的瘋狂粉絲。

她想告訴丈夫真相，卻又怕扼殺他的心意，卻又怕就此失去愛意，所以噤聲無語。

她的興趣廣泛、動靜皆宜，喜歡跑步、打桌球、玩投籃機，喜歡閱讀、看電影、烘焙甜點，但現在她什麼都提不起勁，也不想再表達自己喜歡什麼，她已經厭倦興趣淪為嗜好例行公事，不主動表示喜歡什麼，就不必承擔對事物由喜愛轉為嫌惡的風險。

初戀情人就不一樣，他重視她的好惡，卻也未曾掩飾過自己的好惡。

週末晨間，她還賴在被窩裡嚷嚷懶得出門時，只要他想出外踏青攝影，就會拉開窗簾讓朝陽喚起她；平日晚間，她還抱著書本攤在沙發上翻看時，只要他想

出門運動透氣，就會捻熄燈火讓黑暗驅動她。他強勢，他自私，他自我得讓人嫉妒，但她無可救藥的迷戀這些特質，為他癡狂。

又是一場贏面很大的棋局。

不知道是丈夫的棋藝真如此拙劣，還為了討她歡心才故意讓她當永遠的贏家。明知道會贏的比賽，絲毫無法挑起她的欲望，她血液裡奔騰的好勝心需要被更強大的力量激起。

初戀情人旺盛的企圖心從來不曾跟愛她的心相抵觸。

他們曾經一起到社區的音樂室打桌球，她自豪的誇耀自己最擅長的運動項目就是桌球，起初他的確一路處於挨打狀態，但好勝的他憑著優異的運動細胞，不消多久已可以在球桌上勢均力敵，後來她繃緊神經仍舊擋不住他強勁的攻勢。幾次她惱羞成怒扔下球拍，噘著嘴又著腰在休息區生悶氣，他也只是摸摸她的頭哄哄她，一旦捉起球拍依然不退讓。

不只是在球桌上不讓她，舉凡跳繩、爬竿、游泳、搖呼拉圈、玩成語接龍、聽前奏猜流行歌歌名，他都全力以赴，好像輸了任何一項就會被逼著吞食可怕的青蔥一樣。她曾經氣惱情人不順著她的意，讓她挫敗，讓她喪氣；但如今面對一



場場絕對獲勝的棋局，她卻更加挫敗，更加喪氣。

太多時候，她以為已經處於人生谷底，卻沒有預料到真正的谷底是如此無底。

她眯著眼、歪著頭，半倚著丈夫，丈夫正幫她吹髮。

左手從髮根輕輕撥開髮絲，右手握著的吹風機緩緩的擺動著，那轟轟的聲響好像代替了丈夫的言語，訴說著他溫熱的絮語，她聽見了，聽懂了，同時也淚流滿面了，為什麼在全世界都該感到幸福的時刻，她只感到恐慌與疏離？丈夫仔細的用木質齒梳梳亮她的髮，再用雙手的大拇指按壓她的肩頸，指頭陷入肩窩最痠痛的內裡，她忍不住微微呻吟出聲，他俯身吻上她的唇，珍藏了她每一個喘息，收妥了她每一聲呢喃。

丈夫總是懂得她的身體地圖，不但清楚出入的門路，穿梭身體也從未迷失方向。丈夫霸氣的領著她攀上山巔，間適的牽著她步入林道，溫柔的擁著她漫入海水，瘋狂的拉著她騰過雲朵，他總是比她更懂得她的身體。

但是，為什麼丈夫摸透了她的肌膚，穿越了她的身體，還是距離她的內裡好

遠？

初戀情人就懂得她的心嗎？他只要望向她的眼睛，她就彷彿赤身裸體的任憑他檢視，他對他的理解直接入裡。初戀情人又懂得她的身體嗎？他只要探向她的身體，她就全然屏氣凝神的感受他馳騁，他對她的需求同樣直接入裡。

他極盡所能的企圖戳入她的最深處，他自己卻始終過度自我保護，只讓她觸及最表面的那些，那些曾經讓她誤以為非他不可的死心眼，到頭來只不過是一時意亂情迷導致的鬼遮眼。

初戀情人總是激烈撞擊她的生命，豐沛她的同時也耗損她，讓她傻傻漾著笑卻又苦苦淌著淚。她不要和著苦澀的愛戀，即使甜美的時刻叫人迷醉，她也無法承受再拚命也追趕不上對方的無助與自厭。

丈夫的指間感受到她眼底的溫熱，從眼眶、顴骨、頰邊，一路吻向頸項。

丈夫永遠只是吻去她的眼淚，卻從不過問淚從哪裡來，又不是為了他而流的。

每到她顫抖著身體，自喉間猛獸般嘶吼後，眼淚總隨著一顫一顫沿頰流下。



她從來分不清流淚的原因，是高潮來臨時必定會牽引淚腺，還是來自於心窩深處冰封的融雪，或者是青蔥切面的硫化物促使她淚流不止。

她使盡全身的力氣號哭著，淚海汨汨而來，像青蔥總讓她的淚水不聽使喚一樣，淚水像地熱一樣把體內的灰色記憶從每一個毛細孔催逼出來。最終，她明白自己從來沒有真正討厭過青蔥，她討厭的是那個破碎無主的自己。

評審評語

范銘如：這篇就是女性小說技巧很完整的小說。談的是你愛的人與我愛的人，那種女性的掙扎。我覺得他的跳接、調度還滿成熟的。但可惜的是，以「青蔥」做象徵意義，甚至當成題目，但我覺得他用此來扣題，並沒有很有說服力。

年壁

小冰 佳作

作者介紹

本名郭宏昇，1980年生於新店。
共獲五次林語堂文學獎、2012聯合報極短篇小說獎、2013好詩大家寫新詩獎等獎項。著有「針」（2008）、「那堵牆」（2013）創作文集，另於「飛碟探索雜誌」發表〈怪奇事物誌〉插畫專欄。願把榮耀獻給我第一個兒子。

父親年輕時喜歡慢跑，從這條舊巷一直跑到下一個社區的河堤便道然後再折返，雖然很慢，但回來時總是滿身大汗，就直接靠在牆上脫鞋，日子久了，牆面上留下大片模糊的汗漬，深淺不一，變成隱約的形狀，鑲嵌在屋子裡就好像多了一個人。

直到有一天父親再也無法自己跑回來，我和弟弟沿著河堤找了又找，終於在



堆放廢棄腳踏車的涵洞中找到父親，他渾身哆嗦，口中振振有辭，一向熟悉的道路開始變得模糊，就和牆上的人形一樣。

距離拆遷日只剩一個月，舊巷盡頭不時傳來學生社運團體的演唱聲，伴隨著吉他與金杯鼓，以及一些簡單的合弦樂器就唱了起來，許多不認識的人們聚集在狹小的巷弄裡顯得吵雜，但全然無損父親畫畫的興致，自從不再慢跑以後，那面白色的牆轉變為他的畫布，吃完午餐以後，他總是小睡片刻，然後揉揉眼睛，自己泡茶自己喝（但有時忘記放茶葉），接著就拎起我和弟弟陸續從公司偷偷帶回來的各式麥克筆在牆上塗鴉，首先是用紅色大面積塗抹，似乎在象徵從前那具大汗淋漓的身體，然後在腳跟的地方畫出兩個橘色橢圓形，正是父親最喜歡的名牌慢跑鞋，右手垂掛著一條長長的藍色圖案，我想應該是礦泉水吧，即使父親從來就不曾帶水出門慢跑過，他曾經說過一定要感受那種口乾舌燥的緊迫感，才會有活著的感覺。

那好吧，姑且就把那藍色的條狀物理解成父親想像出來的水瓶吧！反正他的改變在這幾年本來就不只如此，就和這面牆一樣，當我意識到某種謎樣的氣氛流竄在整間屋子時，這幾年的改變早就不止如此了。

最後父親會用最粗的黑筆沿著各種色塊描繪出輪廓（所以黑筆的消耗量最大），很明顯是一個人的形狀，就和以前那片汗漬的位置差不多重疊在一起，但

我和弟弟並不清楚他是真的記得，還只是單純喜歡畫在那個角落而已。

住了三十多年的老公寓，什麼東西都舊了，只有父親的腦袋越來越新，能夠記住今天電視新聞哪個主播唸了白字，某個打錯電話的陌生人「請問你這邊是不是0920712XXX」的每個號碼，因為只要過了一天，父親的記憶又會嶄新如白紙，才容許他記住這麼多細節，並且同等地遺忘。

這面牆也一樣，無論再怎麼厚重的堆疊技法，到了隔天，就會消失地無影無蹤，就連原本因汗漬留下的人形也一乾二淨，就好像兒童畫板只要扯動下方的拉軸就會全部消失一樣，「是你塗掉的嗎？」剛開始弟弟這麼問我，但我搖搖頭，接著我拿起麥克筆在它身上畫了一個大烏龜，隔天起來，又消失了，「是你塗掉的嗎？」換我問弟弟，但他也搖頭。

我們開始推測可能是筆的墨水揮發快，透過日照以後容易不見，於是試了好幾種媒材在牆上亂塗亂畫，簽字筆、油漆、膠彩、樹脂漆……，甚至弟弟直接拿美工刀在牆面上劃出一道約十公分的痕跡，隔天不用上班就晚上不睡覺盯著看，我去上廁所後換他去，兩人陸續回到玄關睜大了眼睛，牆面白淨地如美女素顏，在月光的透亮下發出淡淡藍光。

「怎麼會這樣？」

弟弟湊上前去，用手指輕撫著牆面，不要說什麼各種各樣的媒材了，就連直接劃出傷口的證據都平整地痊癒，屋裡萬籟俱靜，窗外幾隻發情的野貓傳來嗚咽



的嚎叫，父親在房裡也傳來陣陣鼾聲，面對這堵越來越年輕，沒有人能夠在它身上留下任何記憶的年壁，我們兄弟倆竟然一起想到還要帶父親去哪家醫院找哪個醫生才能找回他的從前是多麼愚蠢的事。

找不到任何解釋或證據，我們開始亂畫屋子裡其他牆面，只有這面靠近玄關的牆有這種現象，「那就讓父親畫吧，反正我們也不必清理啊！」我說，我樂觀地說（也是因為太過離奇不敢找師傅檢查只怕被當成奧客）。

所以我們找了一天，幫父親泡好茶，拿出一堆畫筆當著他的面在這片詭異的牆上大肆塗鴉，小時候只要看到我或弟弟刻上身高尺度就會大聲喝斥的父親，竟然樂得拍手叫好，一連喝了好幾杯茶，起身，跟我和弟弟搶起筆來亂描亂畫，看著父親左右跳動、大聲放笑的身影（雖然呈現出來的東西比小學生還不如），我和弟弟面面相覷，因為不知道父親的歡愉到底來自於哪裡。

起初因為父親幾乎不記得前一天發生什麼事，所以示範畫牆的行動就由我和弟弟輪流，持續了一個多月，終於讓父親習慣了例行性的塗鴉，但有時候他卻又會斥責我們，哪裡來的野孩子幹嘛有事沒事亂塗我們家的牆？

直到三年前接到市政府因為都市更新，需要把整條舊巷住戶的房子全部拆掉的公文，我和弟弟就比較少注意父親到底畫什麼了。雖然我們曾經試圖徵詢父親的意見，畢竟三十多年，父親領著鄉公所技工的微薄薪水頂起了這座家，母親在生時還曾經暫停在客廳裡讓各親友上香膜拜，當時父親哽咽著一直持香讓灰燼滴

落在雙手上都還不放，有太多太多的細節灌注在屋裡的每道縫隙裡瀰漫著陳舊的氣息（除了那堵牆），如果父親還記得些什麼，我和弟弟認為他不會贊成拆掉房子，住在一棟很高很高、空氣稀薄到令人無法呼吸的大樓裡。

「年輕人，幫我拿一下黑色的好嗎？這枝快沒水了。」

但他總是這樣回答。

因為有部份的住戶也不想拆遷，所以一開始不需要我們表示什麼意見，自然會有些個性積極而略顯急躁的鄰居透過民代或議員之類的，向市政府表示抗議，我們還是一樣過著往常的日子，從害怕那面牆到把它當成一個超大型的便利貼，所有煩惱與憂愁都不會停留太久，隔天醒來總是有潔白新鮮的時光等待我們充實。一直到有拿著大聲公的大學教授和幾乎清一色戴著眼鏡的大學生、研究生在電視上談論著這件案子，我們才知道原來巷子的盡頭在這幾個月裡集結了各路人馬，有的反對拆遷有的贊成，而我和弟弟都只是繞過他們走到某福利中心採買日用品，心中暗自責怪哪來的野孩子一直佔用道路？

「一個月後政府就要派怪手來拆了，你是知道不知道？」隔壁反對拆遷的阿姨對著我說。

這時弟弟剛好拎著一袋雞蛋要進去，父親興沖沖地跑出來說我幫你拿我幫你拿，搶過去沒拿好，啪的一聲數十顆雞蛋全砸在地上流出黏稠淡黃的汁液，父親怔怔地站在原地，弟弟卻沒有任何大動作，只是拾起破碎的雞蛋摟著父親進去，



「喂！快喔！今晚吃蛋炒飯、蛋花湯、畫蛋彩喔」，我急忙地向阿姨說知道了下次再聊，眼角布滿魚尾紋的阿姨喃喃地叨唸，下次就在磚頭裡聊了，還下次。

其實破掉的蛋用途也不少，因為已經到了不得不吃的地步，所以會想更多辦法趕快處理它。首先是蛋炒飯，因為是三人份所以掏出三顆蛋（當然有一些是從塑膠袋中倒出糊在一起的蛋白與蛋黃），我負責從冰箱裡拿出隔夜冰好的白飯並以湯匙攪散，弟弟則進行打蛋工作，父親堅持要擔任最危險的熱鍋、熱油步驟，並且將蛋液與白飯搶去倒入鍋中，滾燙的油瞬間霹哩啪啦地作響，用鏟子不停地反覆翻攪，好像在牆面上作畫，我監督著父親，弟弟則俐落地切著蔥花、小辣椒，看到白飯變成金黃色時撒上去，父親立即露出一副「野孩子幹什麼亂畫別人家牆壁」的神情，我便趁隙側放了一點胡椒粉及麻油，等待所有米飯都染成金黃色的時候，關成小火，父親還是不停翻動、翻動，下一道就是加入貢丸的家常蛋花湯，做法也極為簡單……。

煮完所有東西之後，我們在背對著牆壁的餐桌上一同享用雞蛋大餐，食物冒出一陣陣白色的煙霧，所有人的臉龐都顯得氤氳。在此之前弟弟故意在它身上畫了好幾顆破掉的雞蛋，即使我們早已觀察到那些筆觸或痕跡都會在眼角的餘光中如蒸發一樣慢慢褪去，越是假裝沒注意，復原的動作就越明顯，但看著它一點一滴侵蝕著我們極力想要留住的過程，仍不免感到神奇甚至略為驚恐，隨著消失的速度越來越快，這彷彿越來越年輕、新穎的牆壁，什麼時候會再也畫不上一丁點

筆劃，好像牆上的雞蛋與桌上被吞嚥到胃裡的食物一般，全被融化成誰也想不起的灰燼殘渣。

午后時分，父親有時會因為巷口傳來的聲音太大而停止塗鴉，他探出頭去看了看，又會回到屋內喝茶，一直到傍晚甚至是半夜，才會想起今天該完成的功課還沒做。隨著拆遷日逼近，部分同意戶已經拆除了，剩下包括我們在內的人家被視為「釘子戶」，在斷垣殘壁中反而顯得獨立而完整。

眼角布滿魚尾紋的阿姨和幾個學生、民間團體、群眾輪流高喊抗議口號，甚至不惜與相鄰數十載的同意戶相互謾罵，我、弟弟、父親三人則什麼也沒做，更正確的說，是不知道該做什麼，我們多麼希望這一切都可以在眼睛不注意的時候忽然消失不見，父親一如往常地慢跑回來，帶著滿身的汗臭進入浴室淋浴，我們仍然可以望著牆上經年累月形成的人影而感覺家裡始終存在著四個人。

只是巨大的怪手仍然無情地刨挖水泥建物，堅硬的堡壘像是紙糊般應聲倒下，空氣裡揚起陣陣灰塵，伴隨著震耳欲聾的聲音，將陽光切割成細碎的粒子，小到幾乎不見光亮。

看來拆到我們家也只是遲早的事了。

弟弟提議，要不要再帶老爸去慢跑？

「為什麼？」我問。



弟弟回答，再讓爸爸看一次熟悉的街道吧，雖然他都不記得了，但至少趁現在，還可以從河堤回到這裡。這顯然是一個令人無法拒絕的提議，也是自從父親失智以後，再次踏上這段慢跑的路徑。我們要趁著原點還在的時候，盡可能把握每分每秒，不讓任何的攻擊擊碎每件可能被拾起的記憶。

「我們要去哪裡？要不要帶水？」

父親不安地詢問著，因為那種被汗水浸濕的感覺早已經被沖刷地一乾二淨，弟弟騙父親說我們要去畫更大的牆壁，把筆全部帶著，父親才答應跟著我們出門，他靠在那面牆上用單腳站立穿著鞋，恰好是以前汗漬遍佈的位置，我刻意在牆面畫上起點到終點之間所有記得的景物，跟父親解釋等下會遇見的風景，他一點點頭，好像記得又好像不記得，或許走完這一趟，回來，會跟牆面一樣什麼也沒發生過。

但我們終將啟程。

越接近巷尾，人聲越鼎沸，好幾戶人家的牆面被打出好幾個大洞或癱倒在地，父親不斷問著為什麼這些房子都要拆掉，我和弟弟沒有回答，只得在無形中對父親施加拉力，一左一右地驅策他快步通過這路段。從頭到尾我們都沒有跑起來，光是牽著父親走完這不算短的距離就已經夠吃力了，所以仍然流了不少汗，到了河堤旁，弟弟從背包中拿出了麥克筆，選了一處很少人通過的路段，請父親在旁邊的牆面上塗鴉，他非常高興，眼前這面牆比家中的還要大上好幾倍，可以

畫出更多的東西，所以他跑來跑去，把不同的色彩輪流塗抹在牆面上，我和弟弟則坐在生鏽的公園長椅上漫無目的地聊天，彼此都知道對方下意識地用眼角餘光瞄著牆面，看父親那些幼稚的畫作會不會跟家裡的一樣也消失殆盡，可是卻任何事都沒發生，甚至一度以為這才是件不尋常的事。

等回到家中，牆面果然是潔淨光亮。

父親達到了滿身大汗的目的，習慣性地靠在牆上單腳脫鞋，濕漉漉的汗水直接附著在牆面，瞬間像是泡沫一般爆裂然後消失不見。

接連幾天，我和弟弟同時向公司請假，帶著父親到河堤塗鴉，有幾次被民眾通報招來警方關切也在所不惜，已經沒剩幾天，什麼都不能做的我們，就再也不能從這裡出發，重新繞行這再也熟悉不過的街景了。

魚尾紋阿姨告訴我，預計明天就會拆到我們這排，他們會用生命來捍衛，有些學生開始練習手拉手倒臥的姿勢，就是要阻撓警方與拆除大隊，問我和弟弟要不要一起來？我並沒有回答，只是笑了笑說聲謝謝，接近傍晚的時候還是帶著父親出門，沒有讓他察覺絲毫異狀。

也因為這樣，家中這面奇異的牆壁好陣子沒有使用了，頂多父親從河堤回來時會短暫依靠著維持平衡，無從消失的牆面反而看起來沒有這麼新，它好像需要某種養分，不管什麼都好，只要是沾附在其上的任何事物都可以被吸收掉，使它變得更新更年輕。



這天父親洗完澡以後就先睡了，黑夜來得很快，我們這一個多月來所能打包的家當其實並不多（一方面也是容易藏起來不讓父親發現），但總算也是做出個決定了吧！我與弟弟輪流在牆上寫字，把這幾年在屋子裡發生能夠記住的事全都寫上去，選擇寫在會消失的牆面上其實不為什麼，因為過了今晚，能帶走的畢竟真的不多。

而父親依舊深深地安睡著。

「來！手拉手躺在地上，絕對不要放！」

隔天莫約九點，大批的警力終於圍住了我們，頭綁抗議布條的學生們躺在地上，魚尾紋阿姨也拉高分貝藏在其中。我們還在屋內，怪手緩慢地逼近，走向父親的房間，才發現他根本不在。

「老爸？」

我與弟弟找遍了屋內，仍然無法找到父親，窗外機械運作的聲音越來越響，和人們的叫罵聲連成生滿荊棘的刺網。父親不可能一個人出去，因為窗外有太多令他害怕的陌生人，我與弟弟開始焦急起來，警方已經突破學生構成的人牆，在窗外與我們對望，父親會到哪裡去了？我們走向玄關準備出去，走近潔白的牆壁時，忽然悄悄發現，依稀有數十個小巧而輕淡的水漬在牆面上逐一蒸發，沿著它們消失的輪廓串連起來，似乎可以得出某種臆測——那是不久前有人緊緊貼著牆

面所殘留下來的印子，與以前那片汗漬差不多的位置，我們唯一可以確定的是，水分還在逸失，那堵牆，比我們想像中都還要潔白無瑕。

或許父親真的記得，或許只是單純喜歡那個角落。

評審評語

范銘如：這篇小說屬於現代主義一點的感覺。我認為有些安排頗為巧妙。例如失智症的

爸爸、一堵牆壁，還有現在很夯的題材：「都更」、「拆遷」。我認為他把這些東西，組構成一個家族、城市、歷史的記憶相互纏繞。

ON HUMAN DIGNITY

In the preceding chapter, we have seen man's mortal heritage, the part he shares with the animal world, and its consequences on the character of human civilization. But still we find the picture is not complete. There is still something missing for a well-rounded view of human nature and human dignity. Ah, human dignity that is the word ! There is a need of emphasizing that and there is a need of knowing what that dignity consists of, lest we confuse the issue and lose it. For there is a very evident danger of our losing that dignity in the twentieth century and especially in the present and immediate following decades.

"Don't you think a man is the most amazing of animals, if you insist that we are animals ?" I quite agree. Man alone has invented a civilization, and this is not something to be lightly dismissed. There are perhaps finer animals with better forms and nobler structures, like the horse; with finer muscles, like the lion; with a finer sense of smell and greater docility and loyalty, like the dog; or better vision, like the eagle; or a better sense of direction, like the homing pigeon; with greater thrift and discipline and capacity for hard work, like the ant; with a sweeter temper like the dove or the deer; more patience and contentment like the

文學翻譯獎原文



the individualist than has been done for the scamp in Chinese literature, and it is certainly no accident that Walt Whitman, the greatest literary champion of American individualism, is himself called the "Magnificent Idler."

cow; better singers, like the lark; and better-dressed beings, like the parrot and the peacock. Still there is something in a monkey that makes me prefer the monkey to all these animals, and something of the monkey curiosity and monkey cleverness in man that makes me prefer to be a man. Granted that ants are more rational and better-disciplined beings than ourselves, as I have pointed out, and granted that they have a more stable form of government than present-day Spain, still they haven't got a library or a museum, have they? Any time ants or elephants can invent a giant telescope or discover a new variable star or predict a solar eclipse, or seals can discover the science of calculus or beavers can cut the Panama Canal, I will hand them the championship as masters of the world and Lords of Creation. Yes, we can be proud of ourselves, but we had better find out what it is that we have got to be proud of, what is the essence of human dignity.

This human dignity, as I have already hinted at the beginning of this book, consists of four characteristics of the scamp, who has been glorified by Chinese literature. They are: a playful curiosity, a capacity for dreams, a sense of humor to correct those dreams, and finally a certain waywardness and incalculability of behavior. Together they represent the Chinese version of the American doctrine of the individual. It is impossible to paint a more glowing portrait of



paws were still paws merely lumps of flesh and cartilage.

Let me for a moment forget that I am not a qualified biologist and speculate about the rise of human civilization from this emancipation of the hands, because I have a few things to say here, which may or may not have been observed by others. The assumption of an erect stature and the consequent emancipation of the hand had extremely far-reaching results. It brought about the use of tools, the sense of modesty, the subjection of women, and in this connection probably also the development of language, and finally a prodigious increase in playful curiosity and the instinct of exploration. It is pretty well known that human civilization began with the discovery of tools and that this came from the development of the human hands. When the big anthropoid ape descended partially from the tree, probably because his body was too heavy, he had two roads to follow, either that of a baboon, going on all fours, or that of the orang-outang, learning to walk on its hind legs. Human ancestry could not possibly have come from the baboon, a quadruped (or quadrumanum), because the baboon's front paws were too much occupied. On the other hand, with an erect posture more or less successfully acquired by the orangoutang, the hands acquired freedom, and how significant was this freedom for all civilization! By that time, the anthropoid ape certainly had learned already to pick fruit with his hands, instead of with his big jaws. It was but a simple step, when

ON PLAYFUL CURIOSITY: THE RISE OF HUMAN CIVILIZATION

How did the human scamp begin his ascent to civilization? What were the first signs of promise in him, or of his developing intelligence? The answer is undoubtedly to be found in man's playful curiosity, in his first efforts to fumble about with his hands and turn everything inside out to examine it, as a monkey in his idle moments turns the eyelid or the ear-lobe of a fellow-monkey, looking for lice or for nothing at all just turning about for turning about's sake. Go to the zoo and watch a pair of monkeys picking each other's ears, and there you have the promise of an Isaac Newton or an Albert Einstein.

This figure of the playful, fumbling activities of the exploring human hand is more than a figure. It is a scientific truth. The very basis of human civilization started with the emancipation of the hands consequent upon man's assuming an erect stature and becoming a biped. Such playful curiosity we see even in cats, the moment their front paws are relieved from the duty of walking and supporting the body. It might have been quite as possible for a civilization to be developed from cats as well as from monkeys, except for the fact that in the case of the monkeys, the fingers were already well developed through the clasping of branches, whereas the cat's



on a line with its weight properly distributed. Asking the human pregnant mother to stand erect is like tipping the wash line vertically and expecting the clothes to remain in position. Our peritoneal muscles are badly designed for that: if we were originally bipeds, such muscles should be nicely attached to the shoulder, and the whole thing would be a more pleasant job. Anybody with a knowledge of the anatomy of the human womb and ovaries should be surprised that they keep in position and function at all, and that there are not more dislocations and menstrual troubles. The whole mystery of menstruation has never yet been satisfactorily explained, but I am quite sure that, even granted that a periodical renewal of ova is necessary, we must admit that the function is carried out in a most inefficient, unnecessarily long and needlessly painful manner, and I have no doubt that this inefficiency is due to the biped position.

This, then, led to the subjection of women and probably also to the development of human society with its present characteristics. I do not think that if the human mother could walk on all fours, she would have been subjected by her husband at all. Two forces came into play simultaneously. On the one hand, men and women were already by that time idle, curious and playful creatures. The amorous instinct developed new expressions. Kissing was still not entirely pleasant, or wholly successful, as we can see

he took to living in a cave on a high cliff, to pick stones and pebbles and roll them down from the cliff on his enemies. That was the first tool man ever used. There we must picture a constant fumbling and manipulating activity of his hands, grasping at things for some purpose or for no purpose. There would be sharp flints or jagged pieces of rocks which through his aim-less fumbling were accidentally discovered to be more useful for killing than round pieces of stone. The mere act of turning things about, for instance, of looking at the back as well as the front of an ear-lobe, must have already increased his power for conceiving things in their totality and therefore also the number of images he carried in his brain, thus stimulating the growth of the frontal lobes of the brain.

I believe the mystery of the origin of sexual modesty in man, which is totally absent in animals, is also due to this erect posture. For by this new posture, which Father Nature in his scheme of things probably never intended, certain posterior parts of the body at one stroke came to occupy the center of the body, and what was naturally behind came in front. Allied to this terrible new situation were other maladjustments chiefly affecting women, causing frequent abortions and menstrual troubles. Anatomically, our muscles were designed and developed for the quadruped position. The mother pig, for instance, carries its litter of pig embryos logically suspended from its horizontal spine, like wash hung



to walk. While the baby calf or baby elephant can trot about practically as soon as it is born, the human baby took two or three years to learn the job, and who was the most natural person to look after him except the mother?

Man then went off into a completely new path of development. Human society developed from the single fact that sex, in the broadest sense of the word, began to color human daily life. The human female was more consciously and constantly a female than a female animal the negress more than the tigress, and the countess more than the lioness. Specialization between men and women in the civilized sense began to develop, and the female, instead of the traditional male, began to decorate herself, probably by picking hair out of her face and her breast. It was all a matter of tactics for survival. We see these tactics clearly in animals. The tiger attacks, the tortoise hides, and the horse runs away all for survival. Love or beauty and the gentle cunning of womanhood had then a survival value. The man probably had a stronger arm, and there was no use fighting him; why not, therefore, bribe and flatter and please him? That is the very character of our civilization even today. Instead of learning to repel and attack, woman learned to attract, and instead of trying to achieve her goal by force, she tried her best to achieve it by softer means. And after all, softness is civilization. I rather think therefore that human

it between two chimpanzees kissing each other with hard, clapping, protruding jaws. But the hand developed new, more sensitive and softer movements, the movements of patting, pawing, tickling and embracing, all as incidental results of chasing lice on each other's body. I have no doubt that lyrical poetry would not have developed if our hairy human ancestors had had no lice on their bodies. This, then, must have helped considerably to develop the amorous instinct.

On the other hand, the biped human pregnant mother was now for a considerably longer period subjected to a state of grievous helplessness. During the earlier period of imperfect adjustment to the erect position, I can see that it was even more difficult for the pregnant mother to carry her load and go about, especially before the legs and heels were properly modified, and the pelvis was properly projected backwards to counter-balance the burden in front. At the earliest stages, the biped position was so awkward that a Pleistocene mother must have shamefacedly gone on all fours when nobody was looking, to relieve her aching spine. What with these inconveniences and other women's troubles, the human mother began to use other tactics and play for love, thereby losing some of her spirit of independence. Good Lord, she had need of being patted and pawed during those times of confinement! The erect posture prolonged, too, the period of infancy by making it difficult for the human baby to learn



inquiry into knowledge had its start. Today human progress still consists very largely in chasing after some form or other of lice that is bothering human society. An instinct for curiosity has been developed which compels the human mind to explore freely and playfully into all kinds of subjects and social diseases. This mental activity has nothing to do with seeking food; it is an exercise of the human spirit pure and simple. The monkeys do not chase after lice in order to eat them, but for the sheer fun of it. And this is the characteristic of all worthwhile human learning and human scholarship, an interest in things in themselves and a playful, idle desire to know them as they are, and not because that knowledge directly or immediately helps in feeding our stomach. (If I contradict myself here as a Chinese, I am happy as a Chinese that I contradict myself.) This I regard as characteristically human and contributing very largely to human dignity. Knowledge, or the process of seeking knowledge, is a form of play; it is certainly so with all scientists and inventors who are worth anything and who truly accomplish worthwhile results. Good medical research doctors are more interested in microbes than in human beings, and astronomers will try to record or register the movements of a distant star hundreds of millions of miles away from us, although the star cannot possibly have any direct bearing on human life on this planet. Almost all animals, especially the young, have also the play instinct, but it is in man alone that playful curiosity has been

civilization began with woman rather than with man.

And then I also cannot help but think that woman played a greater role than man in the development of chattering, which we call language today. The instinct for chatter is so deep in women that I firmly believe they must have helped to create human language in a more important manner than men. Early men, I imagine, were quite morose, silent creatures. I suppose human language began when the first male anthropoids were away from their cave dwellings hunting, and two women neighbors were discussing before their caves whether William was a better fellow than Harold or Harold was a better fellow than William, and how Harold was disgustingly amorous last night, and how easily he could be offended. In some such form, human language must have begun. It cannot be otherwise. Of course the taking of food by hands, thus relieving the original double duty of the jaw in both taking and eating food, eventually made it possible also for the jaw gradually to recede and diminish in size, and thus also helped toward the development of human language.

But, as I have suggested, the most important consequence of this new posture was the emancipation of the hands for turning things about and examining them inside out, as symbolized in the pastime of chasing lice by monkeys. From this chasing of lice, the development of the spirit of free



ON DREAMS

Discontent, they say, is divine; I am quite sure anyway that discontent is human. The monkey was the first morose animal, for I have never seen a truly sad face in animals except in the chimpanzee. And I have often thought such a one a philosopher, because sadness and thoughtfulness are so akin. There is something in such a face which tells me that he is thinking. Cows don't seem to think, at least they don't seem to philosophize, because they look always so contented, and while elephants may store up a terrific anger, the eternal swinging of their trunks seems to take the place of thinking and banish all brooding discontent. Only a monkey can look thoroughly bored with life. Great indeed is the monkey!

Perhaps after all philosophy began with the sense of boredom. Anyway it is characteristic of humans to have a sad, vague and wistful longing for an ideal. Living in a real world, man has yet the capacity and tendency to dream of another world. Probably the difference between man and the monkeys is that the monkeys are merely bored, while man has boredom plus imagination. All of us have the desire to get out of an old rut, and all of us wish to be something else, and all of us dream. The private dreams of being a corporal, the corporal dreams of being a captain, and the captain

developed to an important extent.



The vision of a desirable ideal life companion has an irresistible force which the less imaginative and less idealistic never feel. On the whole, humanity is as much led astray as led upwards by this capacity for idealism, but human progress without this imaginative gift is itself unthinkable.

Man, we are told, has aspirations. They are very laudable things to have, for aspirations are generally classified as noble. And why not? Whether as individuals or as nations, we all dream and act more or less in accordance with our dreams. Some dream a little more than others, as there is a child in every family who dreams more and perhaps one who dreams less. And I must confess to a secret partiality for the one who dreams. Generally he is the sadder one, but no matter; he is also capable of greater joys and thrills and heights of ecstasy. For I think we are constituted like a receiving set for ideas, as radio sets are equipped for receiving music from the air. Some sets with a finer response pick up the finer short waves which are lost to the other sets, and why, of course, that finer, more distant music is all the more precious if only because it is less easily perceivable.

And those dreams of our childhood, they are not so unreal as we might think. Somehow they stay with us throughout our life. That is why, if I had my choice of being any one author in the world, I would be Hans Christian

dreams of being a major or colonel. A colonel, if he is worth his salt, thinks nothing of being a colonel. In more graceful phraseology, he calls it merely an opportunity to serve his fellow men. And really there is very little else to it. The plain fact is, Joan Crawford thinks less of Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor thinks less of Janet Gaynor than the world thinks of them. "Aren't you remarkable?" the world says to all the great, and the great, if they are truly great, always reply, "What is remarkable?" The world is therefore pretty much like an a la carte restaurant where everybody thinks the food the next table has ordered is so much more inviting and delicious than his own. A contemporary Chinese professor has made the witticism that in the matter of desirability, "Wives are always better if they are others', while writing is always better if it is one's own." In this sense, therefore, there is no one completely satisfied in this world. Everyone wants to be somebody so long as that somebody is not himself.

This human trait is undoubtedly due to our power of imagination and our capacity for dreaming. The greater the imaginative power of a man, the more perpetually he is dissatisfied. That is why an imaginative child is always a more difficult child; he is more often sad and morose like a monkey, than happy and contented like a cow. Also divorce must necessarily be more common among the idealists and the more imaginative people than among the unimaginative.



dreams and the memories of such dreams persist through generations and centuries. Some of these are noble dreams, and others wicked and ignoble. The dreams of conquest and of being bigger and stronger than all the others are always bad dreams, and such nations always have more to worry about than others who have more peaceful dreams. But there are other and better dreams, dreams of a better world, dreams of peace and of nations living at peace with one another, and dreams of less cruelty, injustice, and poverty and suffering. The bad dreams tend to destroy the good dreams of humanity, and there is a struggle and a fight between these good and bad dreams. People fight for their dreams as much as they fight for their earthly possessions. And so dreams descend from the world of idle visions and enter the world of reality, and become a real force in our life. However vague they are, dreams have a way of concealing themselves and leave us no peace until they are translated into reality, like seeds germinating under ground, sure to sprout in their search for the sunlight. Dreams are very real things.

There is also a danger of our having confused dreams and dreams that do not correspond to reality. For dreams are escapes also, and a dreamer often dreams to escape from the present world, hardly knowing where. The Blue Bird always attracts the romanticist's fancy. There is such a human desire to be different from what we are, to get out of the

Andersen rather than anybody else. To write the story of The Mermaid, or to be the Mermaid ourselves, thinking the Mermaid's thoughts and aspiring to be old enough to come up to the surface of the water, is to have felt one of the keenest and most beautiful delights that humanity is capable of.

And so, out in an alley, up in an attic, or down in the barn or lying along the waterside, a child always dreams, and the dreams are real. So Thomas Edison dreamed. So Robert Louis Stevenson dreamed. So Sir Walter Scott dreamed. All three dreamed in their childhood. And out of the stuff of such magic dreams are woven some of the finest and most beautiful fabrics we have ever seen. But these dreams are also partaken of by lesser children. The delights they get are as great, if the visions or contents of their dreams are different. Every child has a soul which yearns, and carries a longing on his lap and goes to sleep with it, hoping to find his dream come true when he wakes up with the mom. He tells no one of these dreams, for these dreams are his own, and for that reason they are a part of his innermost growing self. Some of these children's dreams are clearer than others, and they have a force which compel their own realization; on the other hand, with growing age, those less clear dreams are forgotten, and we all live through life trying to tell those dreams of our childhood, and "sometimes we die ere we find the language." And so with nations, too. Nations have their



not good enough for us. Why is the present world not good enough for us? We should be more surprised at the question than at any answer to the question if we were out on a visit to the country on a spring day.

And so with dreams of Utopia also. Idealism is merely that state of mind which believes in another world order, no matter what kind of an order, so long as it is different from the present one. The idealistic liberal is always one who thinks his own country the worst possible country and the society in which he lives the worst of all possible forms of society. He is still the fellow in the a la carte restaurant who believes that the next table's order of dishes is better than his.

present ruts, that anything which offers a change always has a tremendous appeal to average humanity. A war is always attractive because it offers a city clerk the chance of donning a uniform and wearing puttees and a chance for travel gratis, while an armistice or peace is always desirable after three or four years in the trenches because it offers the soldier a chance to come back home and wear civilian dress and a scarlet necktie once more. Some such excitement humanity evidently needs, and if war is to be avoided, governments may just as well recruit people between twenty and forty-five under a conscript system and send them on European tours to see some exposition or other, once every ten years. The British Government is spending five billion pounds on its Rearmament Program, a sum sufficient to send every Englishman on a trip to the Riviera. The argument is, of course, that expenditures on war are a necessity while travel is a luxury. I feel inclined to disagree: travel is a necessity, while war is a luxury.

There are other dreams too. Dreams of Utopia and dreams of immortality. The dream of immortality is entirely human note its universality although it is vague like the rest, and few people know what they are going to do when they find eternity hanging on their hands. After all, the desire for immortality is very much akin to the psychology of suicide, its exact opposite. Both presume that the present world is



something terribly important and the world could not be saved, except by them. Franklin D. Roosevelt often smiles in public good for him, and good for the American people who like to see their president smile. But where are the smiles of the European dictators? Or don't their people want to see them smile? Or must they indeed look either frightened, or dignified, or angry, or in any case look frightfully serious in order to keep themselves in the saddle?

We are not indulging in idle fooling now, discussing the smiles of dictators; it is terribly serious when our rulers do not smile, because they have got all the guns. On the other hand, the tremendous importance of humor in politics can be realized only when we picture for ourselves (by that faculty for dreaming known as "D") a world of joking rulers. Send, for instance, five or six of the world's best humorists to an international conference, and give them the plenipotentiary powers of autocrats, and the world will be saved. As humor necessarily goes with good sense and the reasonable spirit, plus some exceptionally subtle powers of the mind in detecting inconsistencies and follies and bad logic, and as this is the highest form of human intelligence, we may be sure that each nation will thus be represented at the conference by its sanest and soundest mind. Let Shaw represent Ireland, Stephen Leacock represent Canada; G. K. Chesterton is dead, but P. G. Wodehouse or Aldous Huxley

ON THE SENSE OF HUMOR

I doubt whether the importance of humor has been fully appreciated, or the possibility of its use in changing the quality and character of our entire cultural life the place of humor in politics, humor in scholarship, and humor in life. Because its function is chemical, rather than physical, it alters the basic texture of our thought and experience. Its importance in national life we can take for granted. The inability to laugh cost the former Kaiser Wilhelm an empire, or as an American might say, cost the German people billions of dollars. Wilhelm Hohenzollern probably could laugh in his private life, but he always looked so terribly impressive with his upturned mustache in public, as if he was always angry with somebody. And then the quality of his laughter and the things he laughed at laughter at victory, at success, at

getting on top of others were just as important factors in determining his life fortune. Germany lost the war because Wilhelm Hohenzollern did not know when to laugh, or what to laugh at. His dreams were not restrained by laughter.

It seems to me the worst comment on dictatorships is that presidents of democracies can laugh, while dictators always look so serious with a protruding jaw, a determined chin, and a pouched lower lip, as if they were doing



carve and an "impression" to make on the world, who expect and hope to look down the ages from the eyes of a bronze figure sitting on a bronze horse in some square. Curiously, the able, the clever, and the ambitious and haughty are at the same time the most cowardly and muddleheaded, lacking in the courage and depth and subtlety of the humorists. They are forever dealing with trivialities, while the humorists with their greater sweep of mind can envisage larger things. As it is, a diplomat who does not whisper in a low voice and look properly scared and intimidated and correct and cautious is no diplomat at all. ... But we don't even have to have a conference of international humorists to save the world. There is a sufficient stock of this desirable commodity called a sense of humor in all of us. When Europe seems to be on the brink of a catastrophic war, we may still send to the conferences our worst diplomats, the most "experienced" and self-assured, the most ambitious, the most whispering, most intimidated and correct and properly scared, even the most anxious to "serve" mankind. If it be required that, at the opening of every morning and afternoon session, ten minutes be devoted to the showing of a Mickey Mouse picture, at which all the diplomats are compelled to be present, any war can still be averted.

This I conceive to be the chemical function of humor: to change the character of our thought. I rather think that

may represent England. Will Rogers is dead, otherwise he would make a fine diplomat representing the U. S. ; we can have in his stead Robert Benchley or Heywood Broun. There will be others from Italy and France and Germany and Russia. Send these people to a conference on the eve of a great war, and see if they can start a European war, no matter how hard they try. Can you imagine this bunch of international diplomats starting a war or even plotting for one? The sense of humor forbids it. All people are too serious and half-insane when they declare a war against another people. They are so sure that they are right and that God is on their side. The humorists, gifted with better horse-sense, don't think so. You will find George Bernard Shaw shouting that Ireland is wrong, and a Berlin cartoonist protesting that the mistake is all theirs, and Heywood Broun claiming the largest share of bungling for America, while Stephen Leacock in the chair makes a general apology for mankind, gently reminding us that in the matter of stupidity and sheer foolishness no nation can claim itself to be the superior of others. How in the name of humor are we going to start a war under these conditions?

For who have started wars for us ? The ambitious, the able, the clever, the scheming, the cautious, the sagacious, the haughty, the over-patriotic, the people inspired with the desire to "serve" mankind, people who have a "career" to



of life and thought is the highest and sanest ideal for civilization and culture, that when a civilization loses simplicity and the sophisticated do not return to unsophistication, civilization becomes increasingly full of troubles and degenerates. Man then becomes the slave of the ideas, thoughts, ambitions and social systems that are his own product. Mankind, overburdened with this load of ideas and ambitions and social systems, seems unable to rise above them. Luckily, however, there is a power of the human mind which can transcend all these ideas, thoughts and ambitions and treat them with a smile, and this power is the subtlety of the humorist. Humorists handle thoughts and ideas as golf or billiard champions handle their balls, or as cowboy champions handle their lariats. There is an ease, a sureness, a lightness of touch, that comes from mastery. After all, only he who handles his ideas lightly is master of his ideas, and only he who is master of his ideas is not enslaved by them. Seriousness, after all, is only a sign of effort, and effort is a sign of imperfect mastery. A serious writer is awkward and ill at ease in the realm of ideas as a nouveau riche is awkward, ill at ease and self-conscious in society. He is serious because he has not come to feel at home with his ideas-Simplicity, then, paradoxically is the outward sign and symbol of depth of thought. It seems to me simplicity is about the most difficult thing to achieve in scholarship and writing. How difficult is clarity of thought,

it goes to the very root of culture, and opens a way to the coming of the Reasonable Age in the future human world. For humanity I can visualize no greater ideal than that of the Reasonable Age. For that after all is the only important thing, the arrival of a race of men imbued with a greater reasonable spirit, with greater prevalence of good sense, simple thinking, a peaceable temper and a cultured outlook. The ideal world for mankind will not be a rational world, nor a perfect world in any sense, but a world in which imperfections are readily perceived and quarrels reasonably settled. For mankind, that is frankly the best we can hope for and the noblest dream that we can reasonably expect to come true. This seems to imply several things: a simplicity of thinking, a gaiety in philosophy and a subtle common sense, which will make this reasonable culture possible. Now it happens that subtle common sense, gaiety of philosophy and simplicity of thinking are characteristic of humor and must arise from it.

It is difficult to imagine this kind of a new world because our present world is so different. On the whole, our life is too complex, our scholarship too serious, our philosophy too somber, and our thoughts too involved. This seriousness and this involved complexity of our thought and scholarship make the present world such an unhappy one today.

Now it must be taken for granted that simplicity



gradually shape themselves into a convenient formula which suggests itself to us one fine morning, and we arrive at that true luminosity of knowledge which is called wisdom. There is no longer a sense of effort, and truth becomes simple to understand because it becomes clear, and the reader gets that supreme pleasure of feeling that truth itself is simple and its formulation natural. This naturalness of thought and style, which is so much admired by Chinese poets and critics, is often spoken of as a process of gradually maturing development. As we speak of the growing maturity of Su Tungpo's prose, we say that he has "gradually approached naturalness" a style that has shed off its youthful love of pomposity, pedantry, virtuosity and literary showmanship .

Now it is natural that the sense of humor nourishes this simplicity of thinking. Generally, a humorist keeps closer touch with facts, while a theorist dwells more on ideas, and it is only when one is dealing with ideas in themselves that his thoughts get incredibly complex. The humorist, on the other hand, indulges in flashes of common sense or wit, which show up the contradictions of our ideas with reality with lightning speed, thus greatly simplifying matters. Constant contact with reality gives the humorist a bounce, and also a lightness and subtlety. All forms of pose, sham, learned nonsense, academic stupidity and social humbug are politely but effectively shown the door. Man becomes wise because

and yet it is only as thought becomes clear that simplicity is possible. When we see a writer belaboring an idea we may be sure that the idea is belaboring him.' This is proved by the general fact that the lectures of a young college assistant instructor, freshly graduated with high honors, are generally abstruse and involved, and true simplicity of thought and ease of expression are to be found only in the words of the older professors. When a young professor does not talk in pedantic language, he is then positively brilliant, and much may be expected of him. What is involved in the progress from technicality to simplicity, from the specialist to the thinker, is essentially a process of digestion of knowledge, a process that I compare strictly to metabolism. No learned scholar can present to us his specialized knowledge in simple human terms until he has digested that knowledge himself and brought it into relation with his observations of life. Between the hours of his arduous pursuit of knowledge (let us say the psychological knowledge of William James), I feel there is many a "pause that refreshes," like a cool drink after a long fatiguing journey. In that pause many a truly human specialist will ask himself the all important question, "What on earth am I talking about?" Simplicity presupposes digestion and also maturity: as we grow older, our thoughts become clearer, insignificant and perhaps false aspects of a question are lopped off and cease to disturb us, ideas take on more definite shapes and long trains of thought



ON BEING WAYWARD AND INCALCULABLE

It seems that today the scamp is being displaced by the soldier as the highest ideal of a human being. Instead of wayward, incalculable, unpredictable free individuals, we are going to have rationalized, disciplined, regimented and uniformed, patriotic coolies, so efficiently controlled and organized that a nation of fifty or sixty millions can believe in the same creed, think the same thoughts and like the same food. Clearly two opposite views of human dignity are possible: the one regarding the scamp, and the other regarding the soldier, as the ideal; the one believing that a person who retains his freedom and individuality is the noblest type, and the other believing that a person who has completely lost independent judgment and surrendered all rights to private beliefs and opinions to the ruler or the state is the best and noblest being. Both views are defensible, one by common sense, and the other by logic. It should not be difficult to defend by logic the ideal of the patriotic automaton as a model citizen, useful as a means to serve another external goal, which is the strength of the state, which exists again for another goal, the crushing of other states. All that can be easily demonstrated by logic a logic so simple and naive that all idiots fall for it. Incredible as it may seem, such a view has been upheld and is still being upheld in many

man becomes subtle and witty. All is simple. All is clear. It is for this reason that I believe a sane and reasonable spirit, characterized by simplicity of living and thinking, can be achieved only when there is a very much greater prevalence of humorous thinking.



who can be led to the pasture or to the slaughter-house at human behest with equal magnanimity and nobility of mind, motivated by the sole desire to sacrifice themselves for their master. At the same time, I am such a lover of humanity as not to desire that we become cows ourselves. The moment cows rebel and feel our recalcitrancy, or begin to act waywardly and less mechanically, I call them human. The reason I think all dictatorships are wrong is a biological reason. Dictators and cows go well together, but dictators and monkeys don't. In fact, my respect for Western civilization has been considerably lowered since the nineteen-twenties. I had been ashamed of Chinese civilization, and I had honored the West, for I regarded it as a stain upon Chinese civilization that we had not developed a constitution and the idea of civil rights, and I decidedly thought that a constitutional government, republican or monarchical, was an advance in human culture. Now in the very home of Western civilization, I have the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing that human rights and individual liberty, even the common sense rights of individual freedom of belief that we in China enjoy and have always enjoyed, can be trampled upon, that a constitutional government is no longer thought of as the highest form of government, that there are more Euripidean slaves in central Europe than in feudalistic China, and that some Western nations have more logic and less common sense than we Chinese. What more easy than for me to play the trump card

"civilized" and "enlightened" European countries. The ideal citizen is the soldier who thought he was being transported to Ethiopia and found himself in Guadalajara. Among such ideal citizens two classes, "A" and "B", may again be distinguished. The "A" class, consisting of the better citizens from the point of view of the state or its ruler, are those who, on discovering that they have been landed in Spain, are still extremely sweet and amiable and offer up thanks to God directly or through the army chaplain for sending them, by a kind of providential miracle, to the thick of the battle to die for the state. Class "B" would be those insufficiently civilized beings who feel an inner resentment at the discovery. Now for myself, that inner resentment, that human recalcitrancy, is the only sign of human dignity, the only spark of hope illuminating for me the otherwise somber and dismal picture, the only hope for a restoration of human decency in some future more civilized world.

It is clear then that, in spite of all logic, I am still for the scamp I am all for the scamp, or the tramp, and for "Mary, Mary, quite contrary." Our contrary-mindedness is our only hope for civilization. My reason is simple: that we are descended from the monkeys and not from the cows, and that therefore we are better monkeys, nobler monkeys, for being contrary-minded. I am selfish enough as a human being to desire a sweet and contented temper for the cows,



indifferent to the individual and have almost forgotten that he exists. But we can understand how this mechanistic view of man came about at a time when mechanistic science was proud of its achievements and its conquests over nature. This science was pilfered, its mechanistic logic transferred to apply to human society, and the always imposing name of "natural laws" was very much sought after by the students of human affairs. Hence the prevalent theory that the surroundings are greater than the man and that human personalities can be almost reduced to equations. That may be good economics, but bad biology. Good biology recognizes the individual's power of reaction as just as important a factor in the development of life as the physical environment, as any wise doctor will admit that the patient's temperament and individual reactions are an all-important factor in the fight against a disease. Medical doctors today recognize more and more the incalculable factor of the individual. Many patients, who by all logic and precedents ought to die, simply refuse to do so and shock the doctor by their recovery. A doctor who prescribes an identical treatment for an identical disease in two individuals and expects an identical development may be properly classified as a social menace. No less a social menace are the social philosophers who forget the individual, his capacity for reacting in a different manner from others, and his generally wayward and incalculable behavior. Perhaps I don't understand economics,

from my sleeve by producing the Chinese ideal of the happy-go-lucky, carefree scamp, tramp and vagabond, which is the highest cultural ideal of a human being according to the Chinese conception? Has the West a trump card to match, something to show that its doctrine of individual liberty and civil rights is a serious and deep-rooted belief or instinct? I am waiting to see it.

It is easy to see how the European tradition of individual liberty and freedom has been forgotten, and why the pendulum is swinging in the wrong direction today. The reasons are two: first, the consequences of the present economic movement toward collectivism, and second, a heritage from the mechanistic outlook of mid-Victorian times. It seems that in the present age of rising collectivism of all sorts social, economic and political mankind is naturally forgetting and forfeiting its right to human recalcitrancy and losing sight of the dignity of the individual. With the predominance of economic problems and economic thinking, which is overshadowing all other forms of human thinking, we remain completely ignorant of, and indifferent to, a more humanized knowledge and a more humanized philosophy, a philosophy that deals with the problems of the individual life. This is natural. As a man who has an ulcerated stomach spends all his thought on his stomach, so a society with a sick and aching economics is forever preoccupied with thoughts of economics. Nevertheless, the result is that we remain totally



or silver or commodities, as the weather bureau can forecast the weather. The reason clearly lies in the fact that there is a human element in it, that when too many people are selling out, some will start buying in, and when too many people are buying in, a few people will start selling out. Thus is introduced the element of human resilience and human uncertainty. It is to be presumed, of course, that every person who is selling out regards as a fool the other person who is buying in what he is selling out, and vice versa. Who are the fools only future events can prove. This is merely an illustration of the incalculableness and waywardness of human behavior, which is true not only in the hard and matter-of-fact dealings of business, but also in the shaping of the course of history by human psychology, and in all human reactions toward morals, customs, and social reforms.

but economics does not understand me, either. That is why economics is still floundering today and hardly dares pop up its head as a science. The sad thing about e-economics is that it is no science, if it stops at commodities and does not go beyond to human motives, and if it does go beyond to human motives, it is still no science, or at best a pseudo-science, if it tries to reach human motives by statistical averages. It hasn't developed even a technique suitable to the examination of the human mind, and if it carries over to the realm of human activities its mathematical approach and its love of drawing statistical averages, it stands in still greater danger of floundering in ignorance. That is why every time an important economic measure is about to be adopted, two economic experts or authorities will come out exactly on opposite sides. Economics after all goes back to the idiosyncrasies of the human mind, and of these idiosyncrasies the experts have no ghost of an idea. One believed that, should England go off the gold standard, there would be a catastrophe, while another believed, with equal cocksureness, that England's going off the gold standard would be the only salvation. When people begin to buy and when people begin to sell are problems that the best experts cannot reasonably foretell. It is entirely due to this fact that speculations on the stock exchange are possible. It remains true that the stock exchange cannot, with the best assemblage of world economic data, scientifically predict the rise and fall of gold



personalism? To that all bends; and it is because toward such result democracy alone, on anything like Nature's scale, breaks up the limitless fallows of humankind, and plants the seed, and gives fair play, that its claims now precede the rest. The literature, songs, esthetics, etc., of a country are of importance principally because they furnish the materials and suggestions of personality for the women and men of that country, and enforce them in a thousand effective ways.

Speaking of the individuality as a final fact. Whitman says:

There is, in sanest hours, a consciousness, a thought that rises, independent, lifted out from all else, calm, like the stars, shining eternal. This is the thought of identity yours for you, whoever you are, as mine for me. Miracle of miracles, beyond statement, most spiritual and vaguest of earth's dreams, yet hardest basic fact, and only entrance to all facts. In such devout hours, in the midst of the significant wonders of heaven and earth, (significant only because of the Me in the centre), creeds, conventions, fall away and become of no account before this simple idea. Under the luminousness of

THE DOCTRINE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

Philosophy not only begins with the individual, but also ends with the individual. For an individual is the final fact of life. He is an end in himself, and not a means to other creations of the human mind. The greatest empire of the world, like the British Empire, exists in order that an Englishman in Sussex may live a fairly happy and reasonable life; a false philosophy would assume that the Englishman in Sussex lives in order that there may be the great British Empire. The best social philosophies do not claim any greater objective than that the individual human beings living under such a regime shall have happy individual lives.

As far as culture is concerned, I am inclined to think that the final judgment of any particular type of culture is what type of men and women it turns out. It is in this sense that Walt Whitman, one of the wisest and most far-seeing of Americans, struggles in his essay *Democratic Vistas* to bring forth the principle of individuality or "personalism," as the end of all civilization:

And, if we think of it, what does civilization itself rest upon and what object has it, with its religions, arts, schools, etc., but rich, luxuriant, varied



political problems in different ways. It is foolish to assume that man must be swamped by the machine in a uniform, helpless manner, when we realize there is such room for variety of life, when we see that two drivers on the same truck will take a joke differently. A father of two sons who gives them the same education and the same start in life, will see how they gradually shape their lives according to the inner laws of their own being. Even if both turn out to be presidents of banks with exactly the same capitalization, yet in all things that matter, in all things that make for happiness, they are different; different in their address, accent and temperament; in their policies and ways of handling problems; in the way they get on with their staff, whether they are feared or loved, harsh and exacting or pleasant and easygoing; in the way they save and spend their money; and different in their personal lives as colored by their hobbies, their friends, their clubs, their reading and their wives. Such is the rich variety possible in identical surroundings that no one can take up the obituary page of a newspaper, without wondering how persons living in the same generation and dying on the same day have led entirely different lives, how some plodded on in a chosen vocation with a singular devotion and found

real vision, it alone takes possession, takes value. Like the shadowy dwarf in the fable, once liberated and look'd upon, it expands over the whole earth, and spreads to the roof of heaven.

The temptation is strong to quote more from this typically American philosopher's most eloquent glorification of the individual, summed up in the following manner:

.... and, as an eventual conclusion and summing up (or else the entire scheme of things is aimless, a cheat, a crash), the simple idea that the last, best dependence is to be upon humanity itself, and its own inherent, normal, full-grown qualities, without any superstitious support whatever. The purpose of democracy. . . is, through many transmigrations, and amid endless ridicules, arguments and ostensible failures, to illustrate, at all hazards, this doctrine or theory that man, properly train'd in sanest, highest freedom, may and must become a law, and series of laws, unto himself. . . . After all, it is not our surroundings, but our reactions toward them that count. France, Germany, England and America are all living in the same machine civilization, yet their patterns and flavors of life are all different, and all solve their



but also from the fact that the improvement of our social and political life and international relationships comes from the aggregate action and temper of the individuals which compose a nation and is eventually based on the temper and quality of the individual. In national politics and the evolution of a country from one stage to another, the determining factor is the temperament of the people. For above the laws of industrial development, there is the more important factor of a nation's way of doing things and solving problems. Rousseau little foresaw the course of the French Revolution and the appearance of Napoleon. The course of the French Revolution was not determined by the slogan of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, but by certain traits in human nature in general and in the French temperament in particular. . . .

And so the conduct of a nation's affairs and the course of its social and political development are eventually based on the ideas which govern the individuals. This racial temperament, the thing we abstractly call "the genius of the people, " is after all an aggregate of the individuals who comprise that nation, for it is nothing but the character of a nation in action, as it faces certain problems or crises. There is nothing more false than the notion that this "genius" is a mythological entity like the "soul" in medieval theology, as if it were something more than a figure of speech. The genius

happiness in it, how others had a checkered and varied career, how some invented, some explored, some cracked jokes, some were morose and without a sense of humor, some skyrocketed to fame and wealth and died in the cold, dark cinders of the rocket, and some sold ice and coal and were stabbed to death in their cellar homes with a hoard of twenty thousand dollars in gold. Yes, human life is wondrous strange still, even in an industrial age. So long as man is man, variety will still be the flavor of life.

There is no such thing as determinism in human affairs, whether politics or social revolution. The human factor is what upsets the calculations of the propounders of new theories and systems, and what defeats the originators of laws, institutions and social panaceas, whether it be the Oneida Community, or the American Federation of Labor, or Judge Lindsay's companionate marriage. The quality of the bride and bridegroom is more important than the conventions of marriage and divorce, and the men administering or upholding the laws are more important than the laws themselves.

But the importance of the individual comes not only from the fact that the individual life is the end of all civilization,



thing called the character of a people in action, revealed by its approvals and disapprovals, its tide of changing emotions, in a conflict among many working motives of assumed validity. Such motives were personal loyalty to a popular prince, the Church of England's prejudice against a divorcee, the Englishman's traditional conception of a king, the question whether a king's private affair was or could be a private affair, and whether a king should be more than a figurehead, or whether he should have definite Laborite sympathies. A little more of any one of these conflicting sentiments might have brought about a different solution of the crisis.

And so throughout current history, . . . whether the German Catholic and Protestant churches might or might not hold their integrity in their resistance against the Nazi regime (that is, how much human resilience there is in Germany), whether England might turn truly Laborite, and whether the American Communist party might grow or lose in public favor, are things which eventually are determined by the ideas, sentiments and character of the individual members of the states concerned. In all this moving panorama of human history, I see only flux and change, determined by man's own wayward and incalculable and unpredictable choice.

of a nation is nothing but the character of its conduct and its way of doing things. So far from being an abstract entity with an independent existence of its own, as we sometimes think of the "destiny of a nation, this genius can be seen only in action; it is a matter of choice, of certain selections and rejections, preferences and prejudices, which determine the nation's final course of action in a given crisis or situation. Historians of the old school would like to think with Hegel that the history of a nation is but the development of an idea proceeding by a kind of mechanical necessity, whereas a more subtle and realistic view of history is that it was very largely a matter of chance. At every critical period, the nation made a choice, and in the choice we see a struggle of opposing forces and conflicting passions, and a little more of this kind of sentiment or a little less of that kind might have tipped the scale in the other direction. The so-called genius of a nation, as expressed in such a given crisis, was a decision by the nation that they would like to have a little more of one thing, or had had enough of it. For after all every nation went ahead with what it liked, or what appealed to its sentiments, and rejected what it would not tolerate. Such a choice was based on a current of ideas and a set of moral sentiments and social prejudices.

In the last constitutional crisis of England, eventually compelling the abdication of a king, we see most clearly this



national life is orderly; then the world is at peace. From the Emperor down to the common man, the cultivation of the personal life is the foundation for all. It is impossible that when the foundation is disorderly, the superstructure can be orderly. There has never been a tree whose trunk is slender and whose top branches are heavy and strong. There is a cause and a sequence in things, and a beginning and end in human affairs. To know the order of precedence is to have the beginning of wisdom.

In this sense, Confucianism connected the question of world peace with the cultivation of our personal lives. The very first lesson that Confucian scholars since the Sung Dynasty have decided should be learned by the child at school contains this passage:

The ancient people who desired to have a clear moral harmony in the world would first order their national life; those who desired to order their national life would first regulate their home life; those who desired to regulate their home life would first cultivate their personal lives; those who desired to cultivate their personal lives would first set their hearts right; those who desired to set their hearts right, would first make their wills sincere; those who desired to make their wills sincere would first arrive at understanding; understanding comes from the exploration of knowledge of things. When the knowledge of things is gained, then understanding is reached; when understanding is reached, then the will is sincere; when the will is sincere, then the heart is set right; when the heart is set right, then the personal life is cultivated; when the personal life is cultivated, then the home life is regulated; when the home life is regulated, then the national life is orderly; and when the



FIND THYSELF: CHUANGTSE

In modern life, a philosopher is about the most honored and most unnoticed person in the world, if indeed such a person exists. "Philosopher" has become merely a term of social compliment. Anyone who is abstruse and unintelligible is called "a philosopher." Anyone who is unconcerned with the present is also called "a philosopher." And yet there is some truth in the latter meaning. When Shakespeare made Touchstone say in *As You Like It*, "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" he was using it in the second meaning. In this sense, philosophy is but a common, rough and ready outlook on things or on life in general, and every person has more or less of it. Anyone who refuses to take the entire panorama of reality on its surface value, or refuses to believe every word that appears in a newspaper, is more or less a philosopher. He is the fellow who refuses to be taken in.

There is always a flavor of disenchantment about philosophy. The philosopher looks at life as an artist looks at a landscape through a veil or a haze. The raw details of reality are softened a little to permit us to see its meaning. At least that is what a Chinese artist or a Chinese philosopher thinks. The philosopher is therefore the direct opposite of the complete realist who, busily occupied in his daily business,



enjoy life, and who can best enjoy life? No perfectionism, no straining after the unattainable, no postulating of the unknowable; but taking poor, mortal human nature as it is, how shall we organize our life that we can work peacefully, endure nobly and live happily?

Who are we? That is the first question. It is a question almost impossible to answer. But we all agree that the busy self occupied in our daily activities is not quite the real self. We are quite sure we have lost something in the mere pursuit of living. When we watch a person running about looking for something in a field, the wise man can set a puzzle for all the spectators to solve: what has that person lost? Someone thinks it is a watch; another thinks it is a diamond brooch; and others will essay other guesses. After all these guesses have failed, the wise man who really doesn't know what the person is seeking after tells the company: "I'll tell you. He has lost some breath. " And no one can deny that he is right. So we often forget our true self in the pursuit of living, like a bird forgetting its own danger in pursuit of a mantis, which again forgets its own danger in pursuit of another prey, as is so beautifully expressed in a parable by Chuangtse:

When Chuangtse was wandering in the park at Tiao-ling, he saw a strange bird which came from the south. Its wings were seven feet across. Its eyes were an inch in

believes that his successes and failures, his losses and gains, are absolute and real. There is nothing to be done about such a person because he does not even doubt and there is nothing in him to start with. Confucius said: "If a person does not say to himself 'What to do? What to do?' indeed I do not know what to do with such a person!

"One of the few conscious witticisms I have found in Confucius.

I hope to present in this chapter some opinions of Chinese philosophers on a design for living. The more these philosophers differ, the more they agree that man must be wise and unafraid to live a happy life. The more positive Mencian outlook and the more roguishly pacifist Laotsean outlook merge together in the Philosophy of the Half-and-Half, which I may describe as the average Chinaman's religion. The conflict between action and inaction ends in a compromise, or contentment with a very imperfect heaven on earth. This gives rise to a wise and merry philosophy of living, eventually typified in the life of T'ao Y ü anming□ in my opinion China's greatest poet and most harmonious personality.

The only problem unconsciously assumed by all Chinese philosophers to be of any importance is: how shall we



follows: 'When you go into the world, follow its customs.' Now when I strolled into the park at Tiao-ling, I forgot my real self. That strange bird which flew close past me to the chestnut grove, forgot its nature. The keeper of the chestnut grove took me for a thief. Consequently I have not been out."

Chuangtse was the eloquent follower of Laotse, as Mencius was the eloquent follower of Confucius, both separated from their masters by about a century. Chuangtse was a contemporary of Mencius, as Laotse was probably a contemporary of Confucius. But Mencius agreed with Chuangtse that we have lost something and the business of philosophy is to discover and recover that which is lost in this case, "a child's heart," according to Mencius. "A great man is he who has not lost the heart of a child," says this philosopher. Mencius regards the effect of the artificial life of civilization upon the youthful heart born in man as similar to the deforestation of our hills:

There was once a time when the forests of the Niu Mountain were beautiful. But can the mountain any longer be regarded as beautiful, since being situated near a big city, the woodsmen have hewed the trees down? The days and nights gave it rest, and the rains and the dew continued to nourish it, and a new life was continually springing up from the soil, but then the cattle and the sheep began to pasture upon

circumference. And it flew close past Chuangtse's head to alight in a chestnut grove.

"What manner of bird is this?" cried Chuangtse. "With strong wings it does not fly away. With large eyes it does not see. So he picked up his skirts and strode towards it with his crossbow, anxious to get a shot. Just then he saw a cicada enjoying itself in the shade, forgetful of all else. And he saw a mantis spring and seize it, forgetting in the act its own body, which the strange bird immediately pounced upon and made its prey. And this it was which had caused the bird to forget its own nature.

"Alas!" cried Chuangtse with a sigh, "how creatures injure one another. Loss follows the pursuit of gain."

So he laid aside his bow and went home, driven away by the park-keeper who wanted to know what business he had there.

For three months after this, Chuangtse did not leave the house; and at length Lin Chü asked him, saying, "Master, how is it that you have not been out for so long?"

"While keeping my physical frame," replied Chuangtse, "I lost sight of my real self. Gazing at muddy water, I lost sight of the clear abyss. Besides, I have learnt from the Master as



PASSION, WISDOM AND COURAGE: MENCIUS

The ideal character best able to enjoy life is a warm, carefree and unafraid soul. Mencius enumerated the three “mature virtues” of his “great man” as “wisdom, compassion and courage. “ I should like to lop off one syllable and regard as the qualities of a great soul passion, wisdom and courage. Luckily, we have in the English language the word “passion” which in its usage very nearly corresponds to the Chinese word ch’ing. Both words start out with the narrower meaning of sexual passion, but both have a much wider significance. As Chang Ch’ao says, ”A passionate nature always loves women, but one who loves women is not necessarily a passionate nature. “ And again, “Passion holds up the bottom of the world, while genius paints its roof. “For unless we have passion, we have nothing to start out in life with at all. It is passion that is the soul of life, the light in the stars, the lilt in music and song, the joy in flowers, the plumage in birds, the charm in woman, and the life in scholarship. It is as impossible to speak of a soul without passion as to speak of music without expression. It is that which gives us inward warmth and the rich vitality which enables us to face life cheerily. Or perhaps I am wrong in choosing the word “passion” when I speak of what the Chinese writers refer to as ch’ing. Should I translate it by the word “sentiment, “

it. That is why the Niu Mountain looks so bald, and when people see its baldness, they imagine that there was never any timber on the mountain. Is this the true nature of the mountain? And is there not a heart of love and righteousness in man, too? But how can that nature remain beautiful when it is hacked down every day, as the woodsman chops down the trees with his ax? To be sure, the nights and days do the healing and there is the nourishing air of the early dawn, which tends to keep him sound and normal, but this morning air is thin and is soon destroyed by what he does in the day. With this continuous hacking of the human spirit, the rest and recuperation obtained during the night are not sufficient to maintain its level, and when the night’s recuperation does not suffice to maintain its level, then the man degrades himself to a state not far from the beast’s. People see that he acts like a beast and imagine that there was never any true character in him. But is this the true nature of man?



lives in a dream world in memory of her. The tragic sense is shown in the remaining part of the Chinese play long after the dénouement, In a swelling crescendo of sorrow. As he travels in his exile, he hears the distant music of cowbells in the hills on a rainy day and he composes the “Song of Rain on Cowbells” in her honor; everything he sees or touches, a little perfumed scarf that still retains its old scent, or an old maid servant of hers, reminds him of his beloved queen, and the play ends with him searching for her soul with the help of Taoist priests in the abode of the Immortals. So then, we have here a romantic sensibility, if we are not allowed to speak of it as passion. But it is passion mellowed down to a gentle glow. So it is characteristic of Chinese philosophers that while they disparage the human “ desires” (in the sense of the “ seven passions”), they have never disparaged passion or sentiment itself, but made it the very basis of a normal human life, so much so that they regard “the passion between husband and wife as the very foundation of all normal human life.” It is unfortunately true that this matter of passion, or still better, sentiment, is something born in us, and that as we cannot choose our parents, we are born with a given cold or warm nature. On the other hand, no child is born with a really cold heart, and it is only in proportion as we lose that youthful heart that we lose the inner warmth in ourselves. Somewhere in our adult life, our sentimental nature is killed, strangled, chilled or atrophied by an unkind surrounding,

which is gentler and suggests less of the tumultuous qualities of stormy passion? Or perhaps we mean by it something very similar to what the early Romanticists call “sensibility, “ which we find in a warm, generous and artistic soul. It is strange that among the Western philosophers so few, except Emerson, Amiel, Joubert and Voltaire, have a good word to say for passion. Perhaps we are arguing about words merely, while we mean the same thing. But then, if passion is different from sentiment and means something tumultuous and upsetting, then we haven’t got a Chinese word for it, and we still have to go back to the old word ch’ing. Is this an index of a difference in racial temperament, of the absence among the Chinese people of grand and compelling passions, which eat up one’s soul and form the stuff of tragedy in Western literature? Is this the reason why Chinese literature has not developed tragedy in the Greek sense; why Chinese tragic characters at the critical moment weep, give up their sweethearts to their enemy, or as in the case of Ch’u Pawang, stab their sweethearts and then plunge the knife into their own breasts? It is a sort of ending that will be found unsatisfying to a Western audience, but as Chinese life is, so is Chinese literature. Man struggles with fate, gives up the battle, and the tragedy comes in the aftermath, in a flood of reminiscences, of vain regret and longing, such as we see in the tragedy of Emperor T’ang Minghuang, who after granting the suicide of his beloved queen to placate a rebellious army,



What if Sappho sinned? For although she sinned, she also loved, and to those who love much, much will be forgiven. Anyway she emerged out of an equally harsh business environment with more of the youthful heart than many of our millionaires. The worship of Mary Magdalene is right. It is unavoidable that passion and sentiment should lead us into mistakes for which we are duly punished, yet there is many an indulgent mother who by her indulgence often let her love get the better of her judgment, and yet who, we feel sure, in her old age felt that she had had a more happy life with her family than many rigorous and austere souls. A friend told me the story of an old lady of seventy-eight who said to him, “As I look back upon my seventy-eight years, it still makes me happy to think of when I sinned; but when I think I was stupid, I cannot forgive myself even at this late day. “But life is harsh, and a man with a warm, generous and sentimental nature may be easily taken in by his cleverer fellowman. The generous in nature often make mistakes by their generosity, by their too generous regard of their enemies and faith in their friends. Sometimes the generous man comes home disillusioned to write a poem of bitterness. That is the case of many a poet and scholar in China, as for instance that great tea-drinker, Chang Tai, who generously squandered his fortune, was betrayed by his own closest friends and relatives, and set down in twelve poems some of the bitterest verses I have ever read. But I have a suspicion that he kept

largely through our own fault in neglecting to keep it alive, or our failure to keep clear of such surroundings. In the process of learning “world experience,” there is many a violence done to our original nature, when we learn to harden ourselves, to be artificial, and often to be cold-hearted and cruel, so that as one prides oneself upon gaining more and more worldly experience, his nerves become more and more insensitive and benumbed especially in the world of politics and commerce. As a result, we get the great “go-getter” pushing himself forward to the top and brushing everybody aside; we get the man of iron will and strong determination, with the last embers of sentiment, which he calls foolish idealism or sentimentality, gradually dying out in his breast. It is that sort of person who is beneath my contempt. The world has too many cold-hearted people. If sterilization of the unfit should be carried out as a state policy, it should begin with sterilizing the morally insensible, the artistically stale, the heavy of heart, the ruthlessly successful, the cold-heartedly determined and all those people who have lost the sense of fun in life rather than the insane and the victims of tuberculosis. For it seems to me that while a man with passion and sentiment may do many foolish and precipitate things, a man without passion or sentiment is a joke and a caricature. Compared with Daudet’s Sappho, he is a worm, a machine, an automaton, a blot upon this earth. Many a prostitute lives a nobler life than a successful business man.



“Wealth.” Many cultured persons were able to escape the lure of wealth, but only the very greatest could escape the lure of fame. Once a monk was dis-coursing with his pupil on these two sources of worldly cares, and said: “It is easier to get rid of the desire for money than to get rid of the desire for fame. Even retired scholars and monks still want to be distinguished and well-known among their company. They want to give public discourses to a large audience, and not retire to a small monastery talking to one pupil, like you and me now.” The pupil replied; “Indeed, Master, you are the only man in the world who has conquered the desire for fame!” And the Master smiled. From my own observation of life, this Buddhist classification of life’s humbugs is not complete, and the great humbugs of life are three, instead of two: Fame, Wealth and Power. There is a convenient American word which again combines these three humbugs into the One Great Humbug: Success. But many wise men know that the desires for success, fame and wealth are euphemistic names for the fears of failure, poverty and obscurity, and that these fears dominate our lives. There are many people who have already attained both fame and wealth, but who still insist on ruling others. They are the people who have consecrated their lives to the service of their country. The price is often very heavy. Ask a wise man to wave his silk hat to a crowd and make seven speeches a day and give him a presidency, and he will refuse to serve his country. James Bryce thinks the

on being generous to the end of his days, even when he was quite poor and destitute, being many times on the verge of starvation, and I have no doubt that those bitter sentiments passed away like a cloud and he was still quite happy.

Nevertheless this warm generosity of soul has to be protected against life by a philosophy, because life is harsh, warmth of soul is not enough, and passion must be joined to wisdom and courage. To me wisdom and courage are the same thing, for courage is born of an understanding of life; he who completely understands life is always brave. Anyway that type of wisdom which does not give us courage is not worth having at all. Wisdom leads to courage by exercising a veto against our foolish ambitions and emancipating us from the fashionable humbug of this world, whether humbug of thought or humbug of life.

There is a wealth of humbug in this life, but the multitudinous little humbugs have been classified by Chinese Buddhists under two big humbugs: fame and wealth. There is a story that Emperor Ch’ienlung once went up a hill overlooking the sea during his trip to South China and saw a great number of sailing ships busily plying the China Sea to and fro. He asked his minister what the people in those hundreds of ships were doing, and his minister replied that he saw only two ships, and their names were “Fame” and



into an insane asylum? But these primary and secondary humbugs keep him happily busy, if he is successful, and give him the illusion that he is really doing something and is therefore “somebody.”

Yet there is a secondary social humbug, quite as powerful and universal, the humbug of fashion. The courage to be one’s own natural self is quite a rare thing. The Greek philosopher Democritus thought he was doing a great service to mankind by liberating it from the oppression of two great fears: the fear of God and the fear of death. But even that does not liberate us from another equally universal fear: the fear of one’s neighbors. Few men who have liberated themselves from the fear of God and the fear of death are yet able to liberate themselves from the fear of man. Consciously or unconsciously, we are all actors in this life playing to the audience in a part and style approved by them.

This histrionic talent, together with the related talent for imitation, which is a part of it, are the most outstanding traits of our simian inheritance. There are undoubted advantages to be derived from this showmanship, the most obvious being the plaudits of the audience. But then the greater the plaudits, the greater also are the flutterings of heart back stage. And it also helps one to make a living, so that no one is quite to blame for playing his part in a fashion

system of democratic government in America is such that it is hardly calculated to attract the best men of the country into politics. I think the strenuousness of a presidential campaign alone is enough to frighten off all the wise souls of America. A public office often demands that a man attend six dinners a week in the name of consecrating his life to the service of mankind. Why does he not consecrate himself to a simple supper at home and to his bed and his pyjamas? Under the spell of that humbug of fame or power, a man is soon prey to other incidental humbugs. There will be no end to it. He soon begins to want to reform society, to uplift others’ morality, to defend the church, to crush vice, to map programs for others to carry out, to block programs that other people have mapped out, to read before a convention a statistical report of what other people have done for him under his administration, to sit on committees examining blueprints of an exposition, even to open an insane asylum (what cheek!) □ in general, to interfere in other people’s lives. He soon forgets that these gratuitous assumptions of responsibility, these problems of reforming people and doing this and preventing one’s rivals from doing that, never existed for him before, perhaps had not even entered his mind. How completely the great problems of labor, unemployment and tariffs leave the mind of a defeated presidential candidate even two weeks after an election ! Who is he that he should want to reform other people and uplift their morals and send other people



wedding dresses for other women, “ as the Chinese saying goes.

approved by the gallery.

The only objection is that the actor may replace the man and take entire possession of him. There are a few select souls who can wear their reputation and a high position with a smile and remain their natural selves; they are the ones who know they are acting when they are acting, who do not share the artificial illusions of rank, title, property and wealth, and who accept these things with a tolerant smile when they come their way, but refuse to believe that they themselves are thereby different from ordinary human beings. It is this class of men, the truly great in spirit, who remain essentially simple in their personal lives. It is because they do not entertain these illusions that simplicity is always the mark of the truly great. Nothing shows more conclusively a small mind than a little government bureaucrat suffering from illusions of his own grandeur, or a social upstart displaying her jewels, or a halfbaked writer imagining himself to belong to the company of the immortals and immediately becoming a less simple and less natural human being.

So deep is our histrionic instinct that we often forget that we have real lives to live off stage. And so we sweat and labor and go through life, living not for ourselves in accordance with our true instincts, but for the approval of society, like “old spinsters working with their needles to make



painting, life still goes on merrily with lots of people believing in wealth and fame and power, quite determined and anxious to serve their country. Were it not so, human life would not be able to get along at all. No, the Chinese are cynics and poets only when they have failed; most of my countrymen are still very good showmen. The effect of Taoistic cynicism has been only to slow down the tempo of life, and in the case of natural calamities and human misrule, to promote trust in the law of action and reaction, which brings about justice in the end.

And yet there is an opposite influence in Chinese thought in general which counteracts this carefree philosophy, the philosophy of the natural vagabond. Opposed to the philosophy of nature's gentlemen, there is the philosophy of society's gentlemen; opposed to Taoism, there is Confucianism. Insofar as Taoism and Confucianism mean merely the negative and positive outlooks on life, I do not think they are Chinese, but are inherent in all human nature. We are all born half Taoists and half Confucianists. The logical conclusion of a thorough-going Taoist would be to go to the mountains and live as a hermit or a recluse, to imitate as far as possible the simple carefree life of the woodcutter and the fisherman, the woodcutter who is lord of the green hills and the fisherman who is the owner of the blue waters. The Taoist recluse, half-hidden in the clouds on top of the mountain, looks down at the woodcutter and

PHILOSOPHY OF "HALF-AND-HALF": TSESSE

I have no doubt that a philosophy which enjoins the carefree and conscience-free life has a strong tendency to warn us away from a too busy life and from too great responsibilities, and therefore tends to decrease the desire for action. On the other hand, the modern man needs this refreshing wind of cynicism which cannot but do him some good. Probably more harm is done by a forward-looking philosophy delivering man over to a life of futile, wasteful activities than is ever done by all the cynicism of the ancient and modern philosophies combined. There are too many physiological impulses for action in every man, ready to counteract this philosophy, and in spite of the popularity of this great Philosophy of the Scamp, the Chinese people are still one of the most industrious on earth. The majority of men cannot be cynics, simply because the majority of men are not philosophers.

As far as I can see, therefore, there is very little danger of cynicism being transformed into a general vogue followed by the herd. Even in China, where the Taoist philosophy finds an instinctive response in the Chinese breast, and where that philosophy has been at work for several thousand years, staring at us from every poem and every scroll of landscape



highest type of life after all is the life of sweet reasonableness as taught by Confucius' grandson, Tsesse, author of The Golden Mean. No philosophy, ancient or modern, dealing with the problems of human life has yet discovered a more profound truth than this doctrine of a well-ordered life lying somewhere between the two extremes the Doctrine of the Half-and-Half. It is that spirit of sweet reasonableness, arriving at a perfect balance between action and inaction, shown in the ideal of a man living in half-fame and semi-obscurity: half-lazily active and half-actively lazy; not so poor that he cannot pay his rent, and not so rich that he doesn't have to work a little or couldn't wish to have slightly more to help his friends; who plays the piano, but only well enough for his most intimate friends to hear, and chiefly to please himself; who collects, but just enough to load his mantelpiece; who reads, but not too hard; learns a lot but does not become a specialist; writes, but has his correspondence to the Times half of the time rejected and half of the time published in short, it is that ideal of middle-class life which I believe to be the sanest ideal of life ever discovered by the Chinese. This is the ideal so well expressed in Li Mi-an's "The Half-and-Half Song":

By far the greater half have I seen through
This foaling life Ah, there's a magic word
This "half" so rich in implications.

the fisherman holding an idle conversation, remarking that the hills go on being green and the waters go on flowing just to please themselves, entirely oblivious of the two tiny conversationalists. From this reflection, he gets a sense of perfect peace. And yet it is poor philosophy that teaches us to escape from human society altogether.

There is still a greater philosophy than this naturalism, namely, the philosophy of humanism. The highest ideal of Chinese thought is therefore a man who does not have to escape from human society and human life in order to preserve his original, happy nature. He is only a second-rate recluse, still slave to his environment, who has to escape from the cities and live away in the mountains in solitude. "The Great Recluse is the city recluse, " because he has sufficient mastery over himself not to be afraid of his surroundings. He is therefore the Great Monk (the kaoseng) who returns to human society and eats pork and drinks wine and mixes with women, without detriment to his own soul. There is, therefore, the possibility of the merging of the two philosophies. The contrast between Confucianism and Taoism is relative, the two doctrines setting forth only two great extremes, and between them there are many intermediate stages.

Those are the best cynics who are half-cynics. The



adds anxiety, But half too little, adds possession's zest. Since life's of sweet and bitter compounded, Who tastes but half is wise and cleverest. We have here, then, a compounding of Taoistic cynicism with the Confucian positive outlook into a philosophy of the half-and-half. And because man is born between the real earth and the unreal heaven, I believe that, however unsatisfactory it may seem on the first look to a Westerner, with his incredibly forward-looking point of view, it is still the best philosophy, because it is the most human. After all, a half Lindbergh would be better, because more happy, than a complete Lindbergh. I am quite sure Lindbergh would be much happier if he had flown only halfway across the Atlantic. After all allowances are made for the necessity of having a few supermen in our midst explorers, conquerors, great inventors, great presidents, heroes who change the course of history the happiest man is still the man of the middle-class who has earned a slight means of economic independence, who has done a little, but just a little, for mankind, and who is slightly distinguished in his community, but not too distinguished. It is only in this milieu of well-known obscurity and financial competence with a pinch, when life is fairly carefree and yet not altogether carefree, that the human spirit is happiest and succeeds best. After all, we have to get on in this life, and so we must bring philosophy down from heaven to earth.

It bids us taste the joy of more than we
Can ever own. Halfway in life is man's
Best state, when slackened pace allows him ease;
A wide world lies halfway, twixt heaven and earth;
To live halfway between the town and land,
Have farms halfway between the streams and hills;
Be half-a-scholar, and half-a-squire, and half
In business; half as gentry live,
And half related to the common folk;
And have a house that's half genteel, half plain,
Half elegantly furnished and half bare;
Dresses and gowns that are half old, half new,
And food half epicure's, half simple fare;
Have servants not too clever, not too dull;
A wife who's not too simple, nor too smart
So then, at heart, I feel I'm half a Buddha,
And almost half a Taoist fairy blest.
One half myself to Father Heaven I
Return; the other half to children leave
Half thinking how for my posterity

To plan and provide, and yet half minding how
To answer God when the body's laid at rest. He is most wisely
drunk who is half drunk; And flowers in half-bloom look their
prettiest; As boats at half-sail sail the steadiest, And horses
held at half-slack reins trot best. Who half too much has,



and outward achievements and without leaving us a greater literary heritage than a thin volume of poems and three or four essays in prose, he remains today a beacon shining through the ages, forever a symbol to lesser poets and writers of what the highest human character should be. There is a simplicity in his life, as well as in his style, which is awe-inspiring and a constant reproach to more brilliant and more sophisticated natures. And he stands, today, as a perfect example of the true lover of life, because in him the rebellion against worldly desires did not lead him to attempt a total escape, but has reached a harmony with the life of the senses. About two centuries of literary romanticism and the Taoistic cult of the idle life and rebellion against Confucianism had been working in China and joined forces with the Confucian philosophy of the previous centuries to make the emergence of this harmonious personality possible. In T'ao we find the positive outlook had lost its foolish complacency and the cynic philosophy had lost its bitter rebelliousness (a trait we see still in Thoreau a sign of immaturity), and human wisdom first reaching full maturity in a spirit of tolerant irony.

T'ao represents to me that strange characteristic of Chinese culture, a curious combination of devotion to the flesh and arrogance of the spirit, of spirituality without asceticism and materialism without sensuality, in which the senses and the spirit have come to live together in harmony.

A LOVER OF LIFE: TAO YUANMING

It has been shown, therefore, that with the proper merging of the positive and the negative outlooks on life, it is possible to achieve a harmonious philosophy of the "half-and-half" lying somewhere between action and inaction, between being led by the nose into a world of futile busy-ness and complete flight from a life of responsibilities, and that so far as we can discover with the help of all the philosophies of the world, this is the sanest and happiest ideal for man's life on earth. What is still more important, the mixture of these two different outlooks makes a harmonious personality possible, that harmonious personality which is the acknowledged aim of all culture and education. And significantly, out of this harmonious personality, we see a joy and love of life.

It is difficult for me to describe the qualities of this love of life; it is easier to speak in a parable or tell the story of a true lover of life, as he really lived. And the picture of T'ao Yüanming, the greatest poet and most harmonious product of Chinese culture, inevitably comes to my mind. There will be no one in China to object when I say that T'ao represents to us the most perfectly harmonious and well-rounded character in the entire Chinese literary tradition. Without leading an illustrious official career, without power



delegate came and his secretary told him that he should receive the little fellow with his gown properly girdled, T'ao sighed and said, "I cannot bend and bow for the sake of five bushels of rice. And he immediately resigned and wrote that famous poem, "Ah, Homeward Bound I Go! " From then on, he lived the life of a farmer and repeatedly refused later calls to office. Poor himself, he lived in communion with the poor, and he expressed a certain paternal regret in a letter to his sons that they should be so poorly clad and do the work of a common laborer. But when he managed to send a peasant boy to his sons when he was away, to help them do the work of carrying water and gathering fuel, he said to them, "Treat him well, for he is also some one's son. "

His only weakness was a fondness for wine. Living very much to himself, he seldom saw guests, but whenever there was wine, he would sit down with the company, even though he might not be acquainted with the host. At other times, when he was the host himself and got drunk first, he would say to his guests, " I am drunk and thinking of sleep; you can all go. "He had a stringed instrument, the ch'in, without any strings left. It was an ancient instrument that could be played only in an extremely slow manner and only in a state of perfect mental calm. After a feast, or when feeling in a musical mood, he would express his musical feelings by fondling and fingering

For the ideal philosopher is one who understands the charm of women without being coarse, who loves life heartily but loves it with restraint, and who sees the unreality of the successes and failures of the active world, and stands somewhat aloof and detached, without being hostile to it. Because T'ao reached that true harmony of spiritual development, we see a total absence of inner conflict and his life was as natural and effortless as his poetry.

T'ao was born toward the end of the fourth century of our era, the great grandson of a distinguished scholar and official, who in order to keep himself from being idle, moved a pile of bricks from one place to another in the morning, and moved them back in the afternoon. In his youth he accepted a minor official job in order to support his old parents, but soon resigned and returned to the farm, tilling the field himself as a farmer, from which he developed a kind of bodily ailment. One day he asked his relatives and friends, "Would it be all right for me to go out as a minstrel singer in order to pay for the upkeep of my garden?" On hearing this, certain of his friends got him a position as a magistrate of P'engcheh, near Kiukiang. Being very fond of wine, he commanded that all the fields belonging to the local government should be planted with glutinous rice, from which wine could be made, and only on the protestations of his wife did he allow one-sixth to be planted with another kind of rice. When a government



use it as a strainer, and after the wine had been strained, he wound the turban again around his head.

There was then in the great Lushan Mountains, at whose foot he lived, a great society of illustrious Zen Buddhists, and the leader, a great scholar, tried to get him to join the Lotus Society. One day he was invited to come to a Party, and his condition was that he should be allowed to drink. This breaking of the Buddhist rule was granted him and he went. But when it came to putting his name down as a member, he “knitted his brows and stole away. “ This was a society that so great a poet as Hsieh Lingyun had been very anxious to join, but could not get in. But still the abbot courted his friendship and one day he invited him to drink, together with another great Taoist friend. They were then a company of three; the abbot, representing Buddhism, T’ao representing Confucianism, and the other friend representing Taoism. It had been the abbot’s life vow never to go beyond a certain bridge in his daily walks, but one day when he and the other friend were sending T’ao home, they were so pleasurably occupied in their conversation that the abbot went past the bridge without knowing it. When it was pointed out to him, the company of three laughed. This incident of the three laughing old men became the subject of popular Chinese paintings, because it symbolized the happiness and gaiety of three carefree, wise souls, representing three religions united

this stringless instrument. “ I appreciate the flavor of music; what need have I for the sounds from the strings?”

Humble and simple and independent, he was extremely chary of company. A magistrate, one Wang, who was his great admirer, wanted to cultivate his friendship, but found it very difficult to see him. With his perfect naturalness he said, “I’m keeping to myself because by nature I’m not made for the life of society, and I am staying in the house because of an ailment. Far be it from me to act in this manner in order to acquire a reputation for being high and aloof.” Wang therefore had to plot with a friend in order to see him; this friend had to induce him to leave his home, by inviting him to a feast and an accidental meeting. When he was halfway and stopped at a pavilion, wine was presented. T’ao’s eyes brightened and he gladly sat down to drink, when Wang, who had been hiding nearby, came out to meet him. And he was so happy that he remained there talking with him the whole afternoon, and forgot to go on to his friend’s place. Wang saw that he had no shoes on his feet and ordered his subordinates to make a pair for him. When these minor officials asked for the measurements, he stretched forth his feet and asked them to take the measure. And thereafter, whenever Wang wanted to see him, he had to wait in the forest or around the lake, so that perchance he might meet the poet. Once when his friends were brewing wine, they took his linen turban to



garden paths, but there will still be the chrysanthemums and the pine! I shall lead the youngest boy in by the hand, and on the table there stands a cup full of wine! Holding the pot and cup I give myself a drink, happy to see in the courtyard the hanging bough. I lean upon the southern window with an immense satisfaction, and note that the little place is cosy enough to walk around. The garden grows more familiar and interesting with the daily walks. What if no one ever knocks at the always closed door! Carrying a cane I wander at peace, and now and then look aloft to gaze at the blue above. There the clouds idle away from their mountain recesses without any intent or purpose, and birds, when tired of their wandering flights, will think of home. Darkly then fall the shadows and, ready to come home, I yet fondle the lonely pines and loiter around. Ah, homeward bound I go! Let me from now on learn to live alone! The world and I are not made for one another, and why drive round like one looking for what he has not found? Content shall I be with conversations with my own kin, and there will be music and books to while away the hours. The farmers will come and tell me that spring is here and there will be work to do at the western farm. Some order covered wagons; some row in small boats. Sometimes we explore quiet, unknown ponds, and sometimes we climb over steep, rugged mounds. There the trees, happy of heart, grow marvelously green, and spring water gushes forth with a gurgling sound. I admire how things grow and

by the sense of humor.

And so he lived and died, a carefree and conscience-free, humble peasant-poet, and a wise and merry old man. But something in his small volume of poems on drinking and the pastoral life, his three or four casual essays, one letter to his sons, three sacrificial prayers (including one to himself), and some of his remarks handed down to posterity shows a sentiment and a genius for harmonious living that reached perfect naturalness and never has yet been surpassed. It was this great love of life that was expressed in the poem which he wrote one day in November, A. D. 405, when he decided to lay down the burdens of the magistrate's office. Ah, homeward bound I go! why not go home, seeing that my this poem is in the form of a fu, progressing in parallel constructions, like the Psalms, and sometimes rhymed. field and garden with weeds are overgrown? Myself have made my soul serf to my body: why have vain regrets and mourn alone? Fret not over by-gones and the forward journey take. Only a short distance have I gone astray, and I know today I am right, if yesterday was a complete mistake. Lightly floats and drifts the boat, and gently flows and flaps my gown. I inquire the road of a wayfarer, and sulk at the dimness of the dawn. Then when I catch sight of my old roofs, joy will my steps quicken. Servants will be there to bid me welcome, and waiting at the door are the greeting children. Gone to seed, perhaps, are my



to escape from it, but “to go forth alone on a bright morning, or perhaps, planting his cane, begin to pluck the weeds and till the ground.” T’ao merely returned to the farm and to his family. The end was harmony and not rebellion.

prosper according to their seasons, and feel that thus, too, shall my life go its round. Enough! How long yet shall I this mortal shape keep? Why not take life as it comes, and why hustle and bustle like one on an errand bound? Wealth and power are not my ambitions, and unattainable is the abode of the gods! I would go forth alone on a bright morning, or perhaps, planting my cane, begin to pluck the weeds and till the ground. Or I would compose a poem beside a clear stream, or perhaps go up Tungkao and make a long-drawn call on the top of the hill. So would I be content to live and die, and without questionings of the heart, gladly accept Heaven’s will. T’ao might be taken as an “escapist, “ and yet it was not so. What he tried to escape from was politics and not life itself. If he had been a logician, he might have decided to escape from life altogether by becoming a Buddhist monk. With T’ao’s great love of life, he could not have been willing to escape from it altogether. His wife and children were too real for him, his garden and the bough stretching across his courtyard and the lonely pines which he fondled were altogether too attractive, and being a reasonable man, instead of a logician, he stuck to them. That was his love of life and his jealousy over it, and it was from this positive, but reasonable, attitude toward life that he arrived at the feeling of harmony with life which was characteristic of his culture. From that harmony with life welled forth the greatest poetry in China. Of the earth and earth-born, his conclusion was not



pleasures is material and which spiritual? Is it so easy to draw a distinction between the enjoyment of a sandwich and the enjoyment of the surrounding landscape, which we call poetry? Is it possible to regard the enjoyment of music which we call art, as decidedly a higher type of pleasure than the smoking of a pipe, which we call material? This classification between material and spiritual pleasures is therefore confusing, unintelligible and untrue for me. It proceeds, I suspect, from a false philosophy, sharply dividing the spirit from the flesh, and not supported by a closer direct scrutiny of our real pleasures.

Or have I perhaps assumed too much and begged the question of the proper end of human life? I have always assumed that the end of living is the true enjoyment of it. It is so simply because it is so. I rather hesitate at the word “end” or “purpose.” Such an end or purpose of life, consisting in its true enjoyment, is not so much a conscious purpose, as a natural attitude toward human life. The word “purpose” suggests too much contriving and endeavor. The question that faces every man born into this world is not what should be his purpose, which he should set about to achieve, but just what to do with life, a life which is given him for a period of on the average fifty or sixty years? The answer that he should order his life so that he can find the greatest happiness in it is more a practical question, similar to that of how a man

THE PROBLEM OF HAPPINESS

The enjoyment of life covers many things: the enjoyment of ourselves, of home life, of trees, flowers, clouds, winding rivers and falling cataracts and the myriad things in Nature, and then the enjoyment of poetry, art, contemplation, friendship, conversation, and reading, which are all some form or other of the communion of spirits. There are obvious things like the enjoyment of food, a gay party or family reunion, an outing on a beautiful spring day; and less obvious things like the enjoyment of poetry, art and contemplation. I have found it impossible to call these two classes of enjoyment material and spiritual, first because I do not believe in this distinction, and secondly because I am puzzled whenever I proceed to make this classification. How can I say, when I see a gay picnic party of men and women and old people and children, what part of their pleasures is material and what part spiritual? I see a child romping about on the grass plot, another child making daisy chains, their mother holding a piece of sandwich, the uncle of the family biting a juicy, red apple, the father sprawling on the ground looking at the sailing clouds, and the grandfather holding a pipe in his mouth. Probably somebody is playing a gramophone, and from the distance there come the sound of music and the distant roar of the waves. Which of these



chauvinistic as ourselves; He cannot, so we conceive, possibly have a “divine purpose” and “destiny” for the world, or for Europe, but only for our beloved Fatherland. I am quite sure the Nazis can’t conceive of God without a swastika armband. This Gott is always mit uns and cannot possibly be mit ihnen . But the Germans are not the only people who think this way. As far as the second question is concerned, the point of dispute is not what is, but what should be, the purpose of human life, and it is therefore a practical, and not a metaphysical question. Into this question of what should be the purpose of human life, every man projects his own conceptions and his own scale of values. It is for this reason that we quarrel over the question, because our scales of values differ from one another. For myself, I am content to be less philosophical and more practical. I should not presume that there must be necessarily a purpose, a meaning of human existence. As Walt Whitman says, “I am sufficient as I am. “ It is sufficient that I live and am probably going to live for another few decades and that human life exists. Viewed that way, the problem becomes amazingly simple and admits of no two answers. What can be the end of human life except the enjoyment of it?

It is strange that this problem of happiness, which is the great question occupying the minds of all pagan philosophers, has been entirely neglected by Christian thinkers. The

should spend his weekend, than a metaphysical proposition as to what is the mystic purpose of his life in the scheme of the universe.

On the contrary, I rather think that philosophers who start out to solve the problem of the purpose of life beg the question by assuming that life must have a purpose. This question, so much pushed to the fore among Western thinkers, is undoubtedly given that importance through the influence of theology. I think we assume too much design and purpose altogether. And the very fact that people try to answer this question and quarrel over it and are puzzled by it serves to show it up as quite vain and uncalled for. Had there been a purpose or design in life, it should not have been so puzzling and vague and difficult to find out.

The question may be divided into two: either that of a divine purpose, which God has set for humanity, or that of a human purpose, a purpose that mankind should set for itself. As far as the first is concerned, I do not propose to enter into the question, because everything that we think God has in mind necessarily proceeds from our own mind; it is what we imagine to be in God’s mind, and it is really difficult for human intelligence to guess at a divine intelligence. What we usually end up with by this sort of reasoning is to make God the color-sergeant of our army and to make Him as



planning a summer vacation, we take the trouble to find out some details about the place we are going to. If the tourist bureau is entirely vague on the question, I am not interested; I remain where I am. Are we going to strive and endeavor in heaven, as I am quite sure the believers in progress and endeavor must assume? But how can we strive and make progress when we are already perfect? Or are we going merely to loaf and do nothing and not worry? In that case, would it not be better for us to learn to loaf while on this earth as a preparation for our eternal life?

If we must have a view of the universe, let us forget ourselves and not confine it to human life. Let us stretch it a little and include in our view the purpose of the entire creation the rocks, the trees and the animals. There is a scheme of things (although “scheme” is another word, like “end” and “purpose”, which I strongly distrust) I mean there is a pattern of things in the creation, and we can arrive at some sort of opinion, however lacking in finality, about this entire universe, and then take our place in it. This view of nature and our place in it must be natural, since we are a vital part of it in our life and go back to it when we die. Astronomy, geology, biology and history all provide pretty good material to help us form a fairly good view if we don't attempt too much and jump at conclusions. It doesn't matter if, in this bigger view of the purpose of the creation, man's

great question that bothers theological minds is not human happiness, but human “salvation” a tragic word. The word has a bad flavor for me, because in China I hear everyday some one talking about our “national salvation.” Everybody is trying to “save” China. It suggests the feeling of people on a sinking ship, a feeling of ultimate doom and the best method of getting away alive. Christianity, which has been described as “the last sigh of two expiring worlds” (Greek and Roman), still retains something of that characteristic today in its preoccupation with the question of salvation. The question of living is forgotten in the question of getting away alive from this world. Why should man bother himself so much about salvation, unless he has a feeling of being doomed? Theological minds are so much occupied with salvation, and so little with happiness, that all they can tell us about the future is that there will be a vague heaven, and when questioned about what we are going to do there and how we are going to be happy in heaven, they have only ideas of the vaguest sort, such as singing hymns and wearing white robes. Mohammed at least painted a picture of future happiness with rich wine and juicy fruits and black-haired, big-eyed, passionate maidens that we laymen can understand. Unless heaven is made much more vivid and convincing for us, there is no reason why one should strive to go there, at the cost of neglecting this earthly existence. As some one says, “An egg today is better than a hen tomorrow.” At least, when we're



CHIN'S THIRTY-THREE HAPPY MOMENTS

We are now better prepared to examine and appreciate the happy moments of a Chinese, as he describes them. Chin Shengt'an, that great impressionistic critic of the seventeenth century, has given us, between his commentaries on the play Western

Chamber, an enumeration of the happy moments which he once counted together with his friend, when they were shut up in a temple for ten days on account of rainy weather. These then are what he considers the truly happy moments of human life, moments in which the spirit is inextricably tied up with the senses:

i : It is a hot day in June when the sun hangs still in the sky and there is not a whiff of wind or air, nor a trace of clouds; the front and back yards are hot like an oven and not a single bird dares to fly about. Perspiration flows down my whole body in little rivulets. There is the noon-day meal before me, but I cannot take it for the sheer heat. I ask for a mat to spread on the ground and lie down, but the mat is wet with moisture and flies swarm about to rest on my nose and refuse to be driven away. Just at this moment when I am

place recedes a little in importance. It is enough that he has a place, and by living in harmony with nature around him, he will be able to form a workable and reasonable outlook on human life itself.



disappears like a whiff of wind. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: I have pulled out the haif'ang and chihchhig in front of my studio, and have just planted ten or twenty green banana trees there. Ah, is this not happiness? i: I am drinking with some romantic friends on a spring night and am just half intoxicated, finding it difficult to stop drinking and equally difficult to go on.

An understanding boy servant at the side suddenly brings in a package of big fire-crackers, about a dozen in number, and I rise from the table and go and fire them off. The smell of sulphur assails my nostrils and enters my brain and I feel comfortable all over my body. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: I am walking in the street and see two poor rascals engaged in a hot argument of words with their faces flushed and their eyes staring with anger as if they were mortal enemies, and yet they still pretend to be ceremonious to each other, raising their arms and bending their waists in salute, and still using the most polished language of thou and thee and wherefore and is it not so? The flow of words is interminable. Suddenly there appears a big husky fellow swinging his arms and coming up to them, and with a shout tells them to disperse. Ah, is this not happiness?

completely helpless, suddenly there is a rumbling of thunder and big sheets of black clouds overcast the sky and come majestically on like a great army advancing to battle. Rain water begins to pour down from the eaves like a cataract. The perspiration stops. The clamminess of the ground is gone. All flies disappear to hide themselves and I can eat my rice. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: A friend, one I have not seen for ten years, suddenly arrives at sunset. I open the door to receive him, and without asking whether he came by boat or by land, and without bidding him to sit down on the bed or the couch, I go to the inner chamber and humbly ask my wife: "Have you got a gallon of wine like Su Tungp'o's wife?" My wife gladly takes out her gold hairpin to sell it. I calculate it will last us three days. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: I am sitting alone in an empty room and I am just getting annoyed at a mouse at the head of my bed, and wondering what that little rustling sound signifies what article of mine he is biting or what volume of my books he is eating up. While I am in this state of mind, and don't know what to do, I suddenly see a ferocious-looking cat, wagging its tail and staring with its wide open eyes, as if it were looking at something. I hold my breath and wait a moment, keeping perfectly still, and suddenly with a little sound the mouse



up over the wheel in a gushing torrent like molten silver or melting snow. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: I wake up in the morning and seem to hear some one in the house sighing and saying that last night some one died. I immediately ask to find out who it is, and learn that it is the sharpest, most calculating fellow in town. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: I get up early on a summer morning and see people sawing a large bamboo pole under a mat-shed, to be used as a water pipe. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: It has been raining for a whole month and I lie in bed in the morning like one drunk or ill, refusing to get up. Suddenly I hear a chorus of birds announcing a clear day. Quickly I pull aside the curtain, push open the window and see the beautiful sun shining and glistening and the forest looks like having a bath. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: At night I seem to hear some one thinking of me in the distance. The next day I go to call on him. I enter his door and look about his room and see that this person is sitting at his desk, facing south, reading a document. He sees me, nods quietly and pulls me by the sleeve to make me sit down, saying "Since you are here, come and look at this." And we

i: To hear our children recite the classics so fluently, like the sound of pouring water from a vase. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: Having nothing to do after a meal I go to the shops and take a fancy to a little thing. After bargaining for some time, we still haggle about a small difference, but the shopboy still refuses to sell it. Then I take out a little thing from my sleeve, which is worth about the same thing as the difference and throw it at the boy. The boy suddenly smiles and bows courteously saying, "Oh, you are too generous!" Ah, is this not happiness?

i: I have nothing to do after a meal and try to go through the things in some old trunks. I see there are dozens or hundreds of I.O.U.'s from people who owe my family money. Some of them are dead and some still living, but in any case there is no hope of their returning the money. Behind people's backs I put them together in a pile and make a bonfire of them, and I look up to the sky and see the last trace of smoke disappear. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: It is a summer day. I go bareheaded and barefooted, holding a parasol to watch young people singing Soochow folk songs while treading the water wheel. The water comes



i: To cut with a sharp knife a bright green watermelon on a big scarlet plate of a summer afternoon. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: I have long wanted to become a monk, but was worried because I would not be permitted to eat meat. If then I could be permitted to become a monk and yet eat meat publicly, why then I would heat a basin of hot water, and with the help of a sharp razor shave my head clean in a summer month! Ah, is this not happiness?

i: To keep three or four spots of eczema in a private part of my body and now and then to scald or bathe it with hot water behind closed doors. Ah, is this not happiness? I: To find accidentally a handwritten letter of some old friend in a trunk. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: A poor scholar comes to borrow money from me, but is shy about mentioning the topic, and so he allows the conversation to drift along on other topics. I see his uncomfortable situation, pull him aside to a place where we are alone and ask him how much he needs. Then I go inside and give him the sum and after having done this, I ask him: "Must you go immediately to settle this matter or can you stay a while and have a drink with me?" Ah, is this not

laugh and enjoy ourselves until the shadows on the walls have disappeared. He is feeling hungry himself and slowly asks me "Are you hungry, too?" Ah, is this not happiness?

i: Without any serious intention to build a house of my own, I happened, nevertheless, to start building one because a little sum had unexpectedly come my way. From that day on, every morning and every night I was told that I needed to buy timber and stone and tiles and bricks and mortar and nails. And I explored and exhausted every avenue of getting some money, all on account of this house, without, however, being able to live in it all this time, until I got sort of resigned to this state of things.

One day, finally, the house is completed, the walls have been whitewashed and the floors swept clean; the paper windows have been pasted and scrolls of paintings are hung up on the walls. All the workmen have left, and my friends have arrived, sitting on different couches in order. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: I am drinking on a winter's night, and suddenly note that the night has turned extremely cold. I push open the window and see that snowflakes come down the size of a palm and there are already three or four inches of snow on the ground. Ah, is this not happiness?



both banks of the river talking his own dialect. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: When a good piece of old porcelain is broken, you know there is no hope of repairing it. The more you turn it about and look at it, the more you are exasperated. I then hand it to the cook, asking him to use it as any old vessel, and give orders that he shall never let that broken porcelain bowl come within my sight again. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: I am not a saint, and am therefore not without sin. In the night I did something wrong and I get up in the morning and feel extremely ill at ease about it. Suddenly I remember what is taught by Buddhism, that not to cover one's sins is the same as repentance. So then I begin to tell my sin to the entire company around, whether they are strangers or my old friends. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: To watch some one writing big characters a fool high. Ah, is this not happiness? i: To open the window and let a wasp out of the room. Ah, is this not happiness? I: A magistrate orders the beating of the drum and calls it a day. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: To see some one's kite line broken. Ah, is this not happiness? i: To see a wild prairie fire. Ah, is this not happiness?

happiness?

i: I am sitting in a small boat. There is a beautiful wind in our favor, but our boat has no sails. Suddenly there appears a big lorch, coming along as fast as the wind. I try to hook on to the lorch in the hope of catching on to it, and unexpectedly the hook does catch. Then I throw over a rope and we are towed along and I begin to sing the lines of Tu Fu: "The green makes me feel tender toward the peaks, and the red tells me there are oranges." And we break out in joyous laughter. Ah, is this not happiness?

i: I have been long looking for a house to share with a friend but have not been able to find a suitable one. Suddenly some one brings the news that there is a house somewhere, not too big, but with only about a dozen rooms, and that it faces a big river with beautiful green trees around. I ask this man to Slav for supper, and after the supper we go over together to have a look, having no idea what the house is like. Entering the gate, I see that there is a large vacant lot about six or seven mow, and I say to myself, "I shall not have to worry about the supply of vegetables and melons henceforth." Ah, is this not happiness?

i: A traveller returns home after a long journey, and he sees the old city gate and hears the women and children on



as we are. For only a philosophy that recognizes reality can lead us into true happiness, and only that kind of philosophy is sound and healthy.

i: To have just finished repaying all one's debts. Ah, is this not happiness? i: To read the Story of Curly-Beard. Ah, is this not happiness?

Poor Byron, who had only three happy hours in his life! He was either of a morbid and enormously unbalanced spirit, or else he was affecting merely the fashionable Weltschmerz of his decade. Were the feeling of Weltschmerz not so fashionable, I feel bound to suspect that he must have confessed to at least thirty happy hours instead of three. Is it not plain from the above that the world is truly a feast of life spread out for us to enjoy merely through the senses, and a type of culture which recognizes these sensual pleasures therefore makes it possible for us frankly to admit them? My suspicion is, the reason why we shut our eyes willfully to this gorgeous world, vibrating with its own sensuality, is that the spiritualists have made us plain scared of them. A nobler type of philosophy should re-establish our confidence in this fine receptive organ of ours, which we call the body, and drive away first the contempt and then the fear of our senses. Unless these philosophers can actually sublimate matter and ethereal-ize our body into a soul without nerves, without taste, without smell, and without sense of color and motion and touch, and unless we are ready to go the whole way with the Hindu mortifiers of the flesh, let us face ourselves bravely



from a healthy soul, living in touch with Nature. No man who loves the trees truly can be cruel to animals or to his fellowmen. In a perfectly healthy spirit, gaining a vision of life and of one's fellowmen and a true and deep knowledge of Nature, kindness is the natural thing. That soul does not require any philosophy or man-made religion to tell him to be kind. It is because his spirit has been properly nourished through his senses, somewhat detached from the artificial life and the still more artificial learning of humansociety, that he is able to retain a true mental and moral health. We cannot, therefore, be accused of teaching unselfishness when we are scratching off the earth and enlarging the opening from which this spring of kindness will naturally flow. Materialism has been misunderstood, grievously misunderstood. In this matter I must let George Santayana speak (or us, who describes himself as "a materialist perhaps the only one living", and who, nevertheless, as we all know, is probably one of the sweetest spirits of the present generation. He tells us that our prejudice against the materialistic philosophy is a prejudice of one looking at it from the outside. One gets a feeling of shock from certain deficiencies which are only apparent by comparison with one's old creed. But one can truly understand any foreign creed or religion or country only when one enters to live in spirit in that new world. There is a bounce and a joy, a wholesomeness of feeling in this so-called "materialism" which we usually fail

MISUNDERSTANDINGS OF MATERIALISM

Chin's description of the happy moments of his life must have already convinced us that in real human life, the mental and the physical pleasures are inextricably tied up together. Mental pleasures are real only when they are felt through the body. I would include even the moral pleasures, too. He who preaches any kind of doctrine must be prepared to be misunderstood, as the Epicureans and Stoics were. How often people fail to see the essential kindness of spirit of a Stoic, like Marcus Aurelius, and how often the Epicurean doctrine of wisdom and restraint has been popularly construed as the doctrine of the man of pleasure! It will at once be brought up against this somewhat materialistic view of things, that it is selfish, that it lacks totally a sense of social responsibility, that it teaches one to enjoy one's self merely. This type of argument proceeds from ignorance; those who use it know not what they are talking about. They know not the kindness of the cynic, not the gentleness of temper of such a lover of life. Love of one's fellowmen should not be a doctrine, an article of faith, a matter of intellectual conviction, or a thesis supported by arguments. The love of mankind which requires reasons is no true love. This love should be perfectly natural, as natural for man as for the birds to flap their wings. It should be a direct feeling, springing naturally



mortal sorrows is reserved for those who drive with hosunnas the Juggernaut cur of absolute optimism . But against evils horn of pure vanity and self-deceptzon, against the verbiage by which man persuades himself that he is the goal and acme of the universe, laughter is the proper defence . Laughter also has this subtle advantage, that it need not remain without an overtone of sympathy and brotherly understanding; as the laughter that greets Don Quixote's absurdities and misadventures does not mock the hero's intent. His ardour was admirable, but the world must be known before it can be reformed pertinently, and happiness, to be attained, must be placed in reason.

What then is this mental life, or this spiritual life, of which we have been always so proud, and which we always place above the life of the senses? Unfortunately modern biology has a tendency to track the spirit down to its lair, finding it to be a set of fibers, liquids and nerves. I almost believe that optimism is a fluid, or at least it is a condition of the nerves made possible by certain circulating fluids. Whence does the mental life arise, and from what does it take its being and derive its nourishment? Philosophers have long pointed out that all human knowledge comes from sensuous experience. We can no more attain knowledge of any kind without the senses of vision and touch and smell than a camera can take pictures without a lens and a sensitive

to see entirely. As Santayana tells us, the true materialist is always like Democritus, the laughing philosopher. It is we, the "unwilling materialists", who aspire to spiritualism but nevertheless live a selfish materialistic life, " that have generally been awkwardly intellectual and incapable of laughter. " But a thorough materialist, one born to the faith and not half plunged into it by an unexpected christening in cold water, will be like the superb Democritus, a laughing philosopher. His delight in a mechanism that can fall into so many marvellous and beautiful shapes, and can generate so many exciting passions, should be of the same intellectual quality as that which the visitor feels in a museum of natural history, where he views the myriad butterflies in their cases, the flamingoes and shell-fish, the mammoths and gorillas. Doubtless there were pangs in that incalculable life, but they were soon over; and how splendid meantime was the pageant, how infinitely interesting the universal interplay, and how foolish and inevitable those absolute little passions. Somewhat of that sort might be the sentiment that materialism would arouse in a vigorous mind, active, joyful, impersonal, and in respect to private illusions not without a touch of scorn . To the genuine sufferings of living creatures the ethics that accompanies materialism has never been insensible; on the contrary, like other merciful systems, it has trembled too much at pain and tended to withdraw the will ascetically, lest the will should be defeated. Contempt for



HOW ABOUT MENTAL PLEASURES?

Let us take the supposedly higher pleasures of the mind and the spirit, and see to what extent they are vitally connected with our senses, rather than with our intellect. What are those higher spiritual pleasures that we distinguish from those of the lower senses? Are they not parts of the same thing, taking root and ending up in the senses, and inseparable from them? As we go over these higher pleasures of the mind literature, art, music, religion and philosophy we see what a minor role the intellect plays in comparison with the senses and feelings. What does a painting do except to give us a landscape or a portrait and recall in us the sensuous pleasures of seeing a real landscape or a beautiful face? And what does literature do except to recreate a picture of life, to give us the atmosphere and color, the fragrant smell of the pastures or the stench of city gutters? We all say that a novel approaches the standard of true literature in proportion as it gives us real people and real emotions. The book which takes us away from this human life, or merely coldly dissects it, is not literature and the more humanly true a book is, the better literature we consider it. What novel ever appeals to a reader if it contains only a cold analysis, if it fails to give us the salt and tang and flavor of life?

plate. The difference between a clever man and a dull fellow is that the former has a set of finer lenses and perceiving apparatus by which he gets a sharper image of things and retains it longer. And to proceed from the knowledge of books to the knowledge of life, mere thinking or cogitation is not enough; one has to feel one's way about to sense things as they are and to get a correct impression of the myriad things in human life and human nature not as unrelated parts, but as a whole. In this matter of feeling about life and of gaining experience, all our senses cooperate, and it is through the cooperation of the senses, and of the heart with the head, that we can have intellectual warmth. Intellectual warmth, after all, is the thing, for it is the sign of life, like the color of green in a plant. We detect life in one's thought by its presence or absence of warmth, as we detect life in a half dried-up tree struggling after some unfortunate accident, by noting the greenness of its leaves and the moisture and healthy texture of its fiber.



as is evident in all religious sects. This has made it possible for religion to be associated with the worst forms of bigotry, narrow-mindedness and even pure selfishness in personal life. Such a religion nourishes a man's selfishness not only by making it impossible for him to be broad-minded toward other sects, but also by turning the practice of religion into a private bargain between God and himself, in which the party of the first part is glorified by the party of the second part, singing hymns and calling upon His name on every conceivable occasion, and in return the party of the first part is to bless the party of the second part, bless particularly himself more than any other person and his own family more than any other family. That is why we find selfishness of nature goes so well with some of the most "religious" and regularly church-going old women. In the end, the sense of self-justification, of having discovered the only truth, displaces all the finer emotions from which religion took its rise.

I can see no other reason for the existence of art and poetry and religion except as they tend to restore in us a freshness of vision and a more emotional glamour and more vital sense of life. For as we grow older in life, our senses become gradually benumbed, our emotions become more callous to suffering and injustice and cruelty, and our vision of life is warped by too much preoccupation with cold, trivial

As for the other things, poetry is but truth colored with emotion, music is sentiment without words, and religion is but wisdom expressed in fancy. As painting is based on the sense of color and vision, so poetry is based on the sense of sound and tone and rhythm, in addition to its emotional truth. Music is pure sentiment itself, dispensing entirely with the language of words with which alone the intellect can operate. Music can portray for us (the sounds of cowbells and fishmarkets and the battlefield; it can portray for us even the delicacy of the flowers, the undulating motion of the waves, or the sweet serenity of the moonlight; but the moment it steps outside the limit of the senses and tries to portray for us a philosophic idea, it must be considered decadent and the product of a decadent world. And did not the degeneration of religion begin with reason itself? As Santayana says, the process of degeneration of religion was due to too much reasoning: "This religion unhappily long ago ceased to be wisdom expressed in fancy in order to become superstition overlaid with reasoning." The decay of religion is due to the pedantic spirit, in the invention of creeds, formulas, articles of faith, doctrines and apologies. We become increasingly less pious as we increasingly justify and rationalize our beliefs and become so sure that we are right. That is why every religion becomes a narrow sect, which believes itself to have discovered the only truth. The consequence is that the more we justify our beliefs, the more narrow-minded we become,



first place, it is in itself almost a freak, a byproduct of our mental occupations, enjoyable because it is gratuitous, but not in any case as imperative for us as other vital processes. That intellectual delight is, after all, similar to the delight of solving a crossword puzzle successfully. In the second place, the philosopher at this moment more often than not is likely to cheat himself, to fall in love with this abstract perfection, and to conceive a greater logical perfection in the world than is really warranted by reality itself. It is as much a false picture of things as when we paint a star with five points a reduction to formula, an artificial stylizing, an oversimplification. So long as we do not overdo it, this delight in perfection is good, but let us remind ourselves that millions of people can be happy without discovering this simple unity of design. We really can afford to live without it. I prefer talking with a colored maid to talking with a mathematician; her words are more concrete, her laughter is more energetic, and I generally gain more in knowledge of human nature by talking with her. I am such a materialist that at any time I would prefer pork to poetry, and would waive a piece of philosophy for a piece of filet, brown and crisp and garnished with good sauce.

Only by placing living above thinking can we get away from this heat and the re-breathed air of philosophy and recapture some of the freshness and naturalness of

realities. Fortunately, we have a few poets and artists who have not lost that sharpened sensibility, that fine emotional response and that freshness of vision, and whose duties are therefore to be our moral conscience, to hold up a mirror to our blunted vision, to tone up our withered nerves. Art should be a satire and a warning against our paralyzed emotions, our devitalized thinking and our denaturalized living. It teaches us unsophistication in a sophisticated world. It should restore to us health and sanity of living and enable us to recover from the fever and delirium caused by too much mental activity. It should sharpen our senses, re-establish the connection between our reason and our human nature, and assemble the ruined parts of a dislocated life again into a whole, by restoring our original nature. Miserable indeed is a world in which we have knowledge without understanding, criticism without appreciation, beauty without love, truth without passion, righteousness without mercy, and courtesy without a warm heart!

As for philosophy, which is the exercise of the spirit par excellence; the danger is even greater that we lose the feeling of life itself. I can understand that such mental delights include the solution of a long mathematical equation, or the perception of a grand order in the universe. This perception of order is probably the purest of all our mental pleasures and yet I would exchange it for a well prepared meal. In the



the proper degree, they are called harmony. The inner self is the correct foundation of the world, and harmony is the illustrious Way. When a man has achieved the inner self and harmony, the heaven and earth are orderly and the myriad things are nourished and grow thereby. To arrive at understanding from being one's true self is called nature, and to arrive at being one's true self from understanding is called culture; he who is his true self has thereby understanding, and he who has understanding finds thereby his true self. Only those who are their absolute selves in the world can fulfil their own nature; only those who fulfil their own nature can fulfil the nature of others; only those who fulfil the nature of others can fulfil the nature of things; those who fulfil the nature of things are worthy to help Mother Nature in growing and sustaining life; and those who are worthy to help Mother Nature in growing and sustaining life are the equals of heaven and earth.

true insight of the child. Any true philosopher ought to be ashamed of himself when he sees a child, or even a lion cub in a cage. How perfectly nature has fashioned him with his paws, his muscles, his beautiful coat of fur, his pricking ears, his bright round eyes, his agility and his sense of fun ! The philosopher ought to be ashamed that God-made perfection has sometimes become man-made imperfection, ashamed that he wears spectacles, has no appetite, is often distressed in mind and heart, and is entirely unconscious of the fun in life. From this type of philosopher nothing is to be gained, for nothing that he says can be of importance to us. That philosophy alone can be of use to us which joins hands merrily with poetry and establishes for us a truer vision, first of nature and then of human nature. Any adequate philosophy of life must be based on the harmony of our given instincts. The philosopher who is too idealistic is soon tripped up by nature herself. The highest conception of human dignity, according to the Chinese Confucianists, is when man reaches ultimately his greatest height, an equal of heaven and earth, by living in accordance with nature. This is the doctrine given in The Golden grandson of Confucius.

What is God-given is called nature; to follow nature is called Tao (the Way) ; to cultivate the Way is called culture. Before joy, anger, sadness and happiness are expressed, they are called the inner self; when they are expressed to



文學翻譯獎作品

熱愛生活者：陶淵明

孫天 優選

作者介紹

孫天，女，江蘇泰興人，1992年2月生。2013年6月畢業于南京師範大學實用英語專業。現為南京大學外國語學院英語筆譯專業研究生。英語專業八級。曾參與金陵女子大學校史翻譯，「方言說江蘇」項目翻譯。

所以我們已經明白，如果把積極的人生觀和消極的人生觀適當地結合起來，我們便有可能到達一種和諧的中庸哲學，介於動靜之間，介於出世和入世之間。在當今世界所有的哲學中，中庸哲學宣導的生活理念可說是最健全，最幸福的了。更重要的是，這兩種不同人生觀的結合，能造就一種和諧的人格，這也是一切文化和教育的目的。值得注意的是，從這種和諧的人格中，我們能看到歡樂以及對生活的熱愛。



要描述這種對生活的熱愛是很困難的，但如果用比喻，或者是講述一位熱愛生活者的真實故事，則會簡單的多。說到熱愛生活者，偉大詩人陶淵明的形象便不由地浮上我的心頭，他是中國文化最和諧的產物。毫無爭議，陶淵明是整個中國文學傳統上最和諧，最完美的人物。不曾馳騁官場，不曾大權在握，也沒有傲人的功績，除了薄薄一本詩集和三四篇散文外，他不曾留下更多的文學遺產。但他的光芒至今仍如燈塔般，照徹古今。在許多小詩人和作家的心目中，他永遠是最高人格的象徵。他崇尚簡樸的生活和風格，對世俗精明的生活方式嗤之以鼻，令人油然而生敬畏之情。時至今日，他成為了熱愛生活者的典範，因為他雖心中反抗世俗貪欲，但並不淪於消極避世，而是在人生的諸多欲求中尋求到了平衡點。在陶淵明那個時代，浪漫主義文學，道家對閒適生活的推崇，以及對儒家思想的反抗已在中國活躍了近兩百多年。這些思想與先前的儒家哲學融合，便逐漸誕生了這種和諧的人格。以陶淵明為例，他雖樂觀豁達卻不愚昧滿足，雖玩世不恭卻不尖銳叛逆（我們仍可在梭羅神上看到這種不成熟的特質），而人類只有在學會寬容和自嘲之後，智慧才能真正走向成熟。

在我看來，陶淵明體現了中國文化中一種特質，融合了肉體的享受與靈魂的清高，追求精神層面而不至禁欲，追求物質享受而不至奢靡，由此人的外在欲求與內在靈魂到達了和諧統一境地。在這種觀念下，一位理想的哲學家應懂得欣賞女性之美而不流於粗鄙，熱愛生活而有度，能洞察塵世間成敗得失的虛無，從而

保持心境淡然，不生怨懟。陶淵明的心境便已達到了這種和諧的境界，以致看不到他內心有一絲一毫的衝突。而他的生活也因此與他的詩作一般，自然而祥和。

陶淵明出生於西元四世紀末葉，是一位著名學者兼官員的曾孫。這位學者閒來無事，常於清晨將一堆磚搬至別處，至傍晚時分又搬回原地。陶淵明年輕的時候，為了供養父母曾做過幾年小官，但不久便辭去官職歸於田園生活。由於下地耕作辛勞，他患上了一種疾病。一天，他問親友：「聊欲弦歌以為三徑之資，可乎？」一個朋友聽了這話之後，便薦他去彭澤令。陶淵明喜酒，便令縣裡的所有土地都種用於釀酒的糯米。但他的妻子強烈反對，他只好同意讓六分之一的土地種其他莊稼。一次，朝廷上級官員即將來訪，縣主簿建議他束帶相見，陶淵明歎曰：「吾不能為五斗米折腰。」他即刻辭官，隨後寫下了著名的《歸去來兮辭》。從那以後，他又過上了田園生活，別人請他做官，他也一概拒絕。陶淵明生活清貧，和窮人們生活在一起。在寄給兒子的信中，他曾感歎他們衣衫襤褸，工作低賤。但有一次，他把一個農家孩子送到他兒子那裡，幫忙挑水劈柴，卻囑咐兒子道：「此亦人子也，可善遇之。」

陶淵明唯一的缺點就是嗜酒。平時他獨自生活，很少宴請賓客。但只要看見酒，縱使不認識主人，他也会坐下與人共飲。有時，他邀人飲宴，卻常常自己先醉了，然後便對客人說：「我醉欲眠卿且去」；他有一把無弦的琴。這種古代樂器只有在心情平靜的時候，緩緩彈奏才有意味。飲宴過後，或是偶有興致時，他



便會撫撫這張無弦的琴。他說：「但識琴中趣，何勞弦上聲。」

陶淵明謙遜簡樸，不受拘束，交友尤慎。判史王弘很景仰他，想與其結交，可是無從謀面。他用其一貫順其自然的口吻說：「我性不狎世，因疾守用，幸非志潔慕聲。」王弘只好和一個朋友設計騙他。讓這個朋友前去邀他出門喝酒，來故意製造一次偶然的會面。他們走到半路便在一個涼亭歇腳，朋友接著就把酒拿出來，陶淵明果真就欣然坐下飲酒。王弘早就藏身在附近，這時便前來與他相見。陶淵明非常高興，和王弘在那裡交談了一下午，也不記得要去朋友家飲宴了。王弘見他赤足，便叫自己的下屬為他做雙鞋。當這些小官問他尺寸的時候，陶淵明竟直接把腳伸出來，讓他們為他量度。此後，王弘每當要與他相見，總要在林間湖畔等候，才有可能偶然遇見他。有一次，他的朋友們在煮酒時用他的頭巾來濾酒，用完之後還他，他竟然直接又戴在頭上了。

陶淵明那時曾住在廬山，那裡有一個著名的禪宗叫做白蓮社，擔任住持的是一位大學者。住持想請陶淵明加入白蓮社，有天便邀請他參加聚會。陶淵明提出的條件是要允許他在席間飲酒。本來飲酒是違犯佛家戒律的，但住持卻答允了他。可當他正要簽名入社時，卻又「攢眉而去」。在當時，白蓮社非常有名，大詩人謝靈運一直想加入，卻未能如願。後來那位住持還是想與陶淵明結交，便邀請陶淵明和另一位道長一起飲酒。他們三人分別代表了佛家，儒家和道家。一天他們送陶淵明回家，三人一路談笑風生，不知不覺間走過了一座橋。這位住持早

年曾發誓終生都不會走這座橋。反應過來之後，三人開懷大笑。後來，這三位大笑的老人的形象便成為了中國繪畫藝術中的常用題材。這個故事象徵著三位智者無憂無慮的歡樂，象徵著三大宗教因幽默而團結一致。

陶淵明就是這樣度過了他的一生，是一位無憂無慮，謙遜質樸的田園詩人，是位睿智而快樂的老人。從他的那本關於飲酒與田園生活的小詩集，三四篇即興散文，一封寫給兒子的信，三篇祭文（包括一篇自祭文），和留給子孫的一些話裡，我們可以看出，正是他豐富的情感和過人的天賦，造就了他的這種和諧的生活狀態。這種狀態已臻化境，無人可及。《歸去來兮辭》中便表現了他這種熱愛生活的情感。這篇名作完成於公元四零五年十一月，那時他剛決定辭去縣令之職。

歸去來兮辭

歸去來兮！田園將蕪，胡不歸？既自以心為形役，奚惆悵而獨悲？悟已往之不諫，知來者之可追；實迷途其未遠，覺今是而昨非。舟遙遙以輕颺，風飄飄而吹衣。問征夫以前路，恨晨光之熹微。

乃瞻衡宇，載欣載奔。僮僕歡迎，稚子候門。三徑就荒，松菊猶存。攜幼入室，有酒盈樽。引壺觴以自酌，眄庭柯以怡顏。倚南牕以寄傲，審容膝之易安。園日涉以成趣，門雖設而常關。策扶老以流憩，時矯首而遐觀。雲無心以出岫，



鳥倦飛而知還。景翳翳以將入，扶孤松而盤桓。

歸去來兮！請息交以絕遊。世與我而相遺，復駕言兮焉求？悅親戚之情話，樂琴書以消憂。農人告余以春及，將有事於西疇。或命巾車，或棹孤舟，既窈窕以尋壑，亦崎嶇而經丘。木欣欣以向榮，泉涓涓而始流。善萬物之得時，感吾生之行休。

已矣乎！寓形宇內復幾時，曷不委心任去留！胡為遑遑欲何之？富貴非吾願，帝鄉不可期。懷良辰以孤往，或植杖而耘耔。登東皋以舒嘯，臨清流而賦詩。聊乘化以歸盡，樂夫天命復奚疑？

有人認為陶淵明是「逃避主義者」，但事實上絕非如此。陶淵明想要逃避的是政治，而絕非生活本身。如果他是個邏輯學家的話，或許早就徹底逃離塵世，剃度出家了。但陶淵明卻沒有這麼做，因為他還是熱愛生活的。在他眼中，妻兒是真實的，他的花園，延伸至挺遠中的枝樞，以及他所撫摸的孤松，都那麼美好。他不是邏輯學家，只是個懂情理的人，所以他割捨不下這一切。這就是他對生活的熱愛，對生活的嚮往。正是因為秉持著這種理性且樂觀的人生態度，陶淵明體會到了和諧美好的生活，這也正是中國文化的特點。而中國歷史上最偉大的詩篇也誕生於這種和諧的生活中。陶淵明生於塵世，也歸於塵世，所以他不是避世者，而是「懷良辰以孤往，或植杖而耘耔。」他僅僅是回歸了田園，回歸了家庭，最終是和諧而非反抗。



論任性與難以測度

溫丹萍

優選

作者介紹

溫丹萍，女，1989年生，大陸廣東人。翻譯愛好者，尤其鍾情於文學翻譯。畢業於浙江大學德語專業。對翻譯、傳媒、教育、商務、二、有著廣泛的興趣，現從事電子商務外貿工作。

當今，軍人似乎取代了放浪者的地位，成為最理想的人格。我們不要那種任性的、難以測度的、無從捉摸的自由個體，而要理性守紀、嚴受管制、身著制服、心懷祖國的苦力，要能在有效的控制與組織之下，使一個五六千萬人的民族能信仰一致、思想統一、食物喜好相同。關於人類的尊嚴，有兩種相反的見解：一種以放浪者為理想人格，另一種以軍人為理想人格。前者認為保持其自由與個性的人，是最崇高的典型；後者則認為，完全喪失獨立判斷力、放棄了個人信仰

自由與思想自由並完全受制於統治者或國家的人，才是最優秀最崇高的人。這兩種見解都有它們的道理，前者可用常識辯護，後者則以邏輯辯解。用邏輯來為機械化行事的愛國公民理想辯護，應該是不難的。作為模範公民，機械化的愛國者可以有效服務於一個外在目標，即國家實力；而國家實力又是為了另一個目標而存在，即征服其它國家。這一切都可以很容易地用邏輯來論證，這邏輯是如此簡單樸素，以致所有愚蠢的人都會上當。儘管這似乎有些不可思議，但事實就是：許多「文明的」、「開化的」的歐洲國家，在過去和現在都堅持這種見解。理想的公民是那種以為被遣往衣索比亞，結果卻到了瓜達拉哈拉的軍人。這種公民又可分为「甲」、「乙」兩等。「甲」等的，也就是國家或統治者認為較優秀的公民，是那些發現自己是在西班牙登陸時，仍然非常溫順、友好的軍人，他們還會通過自己禱告或軍中牧師代為禱告，感謝上帝創造奇蹟，將他們送到了戰爭最激烈的地方去為國犧牲。「乙」等的則是些未曾充分開化的公民，他們發現自己被運錯了地方，內心便感到憤懣不平。在我看來，那種內心的憤懣、那種反抗精神，是人類尊嚴的唯一標誌，是在未來更文明的世界中恢復人類的體面的唯一希望——若不是這僅有的希望之火點亮了未來的畫面，畫面將會是昏沉陰鬱的。

所以，不管它什麼邏輯，我當然還是支援放浪者。我完全支持放浪者或流浪者，支持執拗的人。我們這種不順從的心理是文明的唯一希望。我的理由很簡單：我們的祖先是猴子，而不是牛，因此不順從的心理使我們成為更優秀、更高



貴的猴子。身為人類的自私使我希望牛有一種溫順、知足的脾性，能遵從人類的命令，無論是被領到草地上，還是屠宰場裡，都能保持同樣無私、高尚的情懷，一心一意地為主人奉獻自己的一切。同時，我也十分熱愛人性，不希望我們自己變成牛。牛開始反抗，生出不服從的心理，或者開始表現得任性，不那麼機械的時候，我就要把它們稱為人了。我認為一切獨裁制度都是錯誤的，這是出於生物學上的理由。獨裁者可以跟牛和睦共處，但沒辦法跟猴子愉快相處。

老實說，十九世紀二十年代之後，我對西洋文明的崇敬已經減少了許多。過去我為中國文明感到慚愧，對西洋文明滿懷敬意，因為我們還沒有制定憲法，還沒有形成公民權利的觀念，我覺得這是中國文明的一個缺點；我當時堅定地相信，建立一個共和或君主的立憲政府，是人類文化的進步。可是如今在西洋文明的中心，我看到人權、個人自由，甚至個人的信仰自由權（在中國，我們過去和現在都享有這信仰自由的權利），都可以被踐踏，看到立憲政府不再被認為是最高政府形式，看到歐裡庇得斯奴隸在中歐比在封建時代的中國還要多，看到一些西方國家比我們中國有更多的邏輯，常識卻更少——這讓我暗中感到欣慰，覺得中國還是令人驕傲的。打出我的祕密王牌，展現出中國人理想中隨遇而安、無憂無慮的放浪者、流浪者和漂泊者——中國人觀念中最高文化理想的人格，不就是最便當的制勝良策嗎？西方可有一張足以匹敵的王牌嗎？可有什麼東西證明它的個人自由和公權權利學說是一種嚴肅的、根深蒂固的信仰或本能嗎？我拭目以

待。

歐洲個人自由的傳統是如何被遺忘，如今鐘擺為何擺往錯誤的方向，這是很容易明白的。原因有兩個：首先是現代經濟趨向於集體化的結果，其次是維多利亞時代中葉遺留下來的機械觀念。在今日的各種集體主義——社會的、經濟的、政治的——方興未艾的時候，人類似乎自然而然地忘卻、喪失了他反抗的權利，忘掉了他個人的尊嚴。經濟問題和經濟思維佔據著主導地位，遮蔽了其他一切人類思想，因此我們對更加以人為本的知識和哲學，即探討個人生活問題的哲學，一無所知，毫無興趣。這是很自然的事情。正如患胃潰瘍的人老是會想著他的胃，一個有嚴重經濟弊病的社會永遠都是以經濟思想為主導。然而，結果卻是我們對個人漠不關心，幾乎忘卻個人的存在。

可是我們知道人類這種機械觀是怎樣在機械科學為自己取得的成績和對自然的征服而驕傲的時候誕生的。人們剽竊了機械科學，將其機械邏輯拿來應用於人類社會，研究人類事務的學生也很喜歡用「自然律」這個讓人印象深刻的名詞。於是就有了環境比人類影響更大、人類個性可以簡化成算式這一類的流行理論。這也許是精湛的經濟學，但卻是拙劣的生物學。好的生物學理論承認個人反應的力量跟物質環境在生命的發展上是同樣重要的因素，正如良醫承認病人的性情和個體的反應在抵抗疾病時是至關重要的因素。現代的醫生越來越深刻地認識到個人的難以測度的因素。有很多的病人，依邏輯和前例來看全無生存希望，結



果卻活了下來並成功康復，令醫生驚歎不已。如果一個醫生給兩個患同樣疾病的人開相同的處方，並預計他們的病情發展會一模一樣的話，我們真可以把他當作社會的禍害。一個社會哲學家如果忘卻了個人，忘卻其作出與其他不同的反應的能力，忘卻其通常的任性與難以測度的行為，也一樣是社會的禍害。

也許我不懂經濟學，可是經濟學也不懂我。這就是今日經濟學仍然舉步維艱，不敢昂首以科學的身分示人的原因。經濟學如果不能超越商品的領域，討論人類的動機，它就不是科學；即使能討論人類的動機，如果它試圖以統計的平均數去研究這一問題，那麼它仍然不是科學，最多也不過是偽科學。這就是經濟學的悲哀。經濟學甚至還不曾開發出可以檢查人類心智的技術，而將其數學方法和常用的統計平均值帶到人類活動的研究中，更有黑暗中摸索的危險。所以每當要採取一個重要的經濟措施時，總有觀點截然相反的兩派經濟專家或權力機構跑出來爭論。經濟學終究是與人類心智的特殊癖性有關的，然而專家們對這些癖性一點也不瞭解。一位專家相信，如果英國放棄金本位，將會引發一場災難；而另一位專家卻同樣堅定地相信，放棄金本位是英國唯一得救的途徑。人們什麼時候買入什麼時候賣出，這是最優秀的經濟專家也無法合理預測的事情。證券投機具有可能性，完全是由於這個緣故。證券交易所縱使能搜集到世界各國最可靠的經濟資料，還是不能像天文臺預測天氣那樣，科學地去預測金銀或商品的市場價格的漲跌。原因是很顯然是人類這一要素的影響，當很多人在賣出的時候便有一些人

想買進，當很多的人在買進的時候便有一些人想賣出。這就是人類的適應性和不確定性要素。當然，可以認為每個賣出的人總是把買進的人看成傻子，反過來也是這樣。到底誰是傻子，只有未來才能證明。這只是一個例子，人類行為的難以測度和任性不僅體現在商業交易上，還體現在人類心理對歷史進程的影響上，體現在人類對道德、風俗和社會改革的一切反應上。



有關快樂

佟浩 優選

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佟浩，遼寧滿族人，現為中北大學英語專業本科學生，自2012年5月4日起學習翻譯，2013年初開始積極參加各類國內國際翻譯比賽，獲獎有：首屆「語言橋杯」全國高校筆譯邀請賽漢英組一等獎等獎項。

生活享受包括許多方面：享受自我，享受家庭生活、樹木、花朵、雲彩、蜿蜒的江河、飛流的瀑布，以及大自然中的形色種種，給人以享受。此外，還有詩歌、藝術、沉思、友情、聊天、閱讀等享受，這些是心靈交流的種種體現。有些享受，顯而易見：如享受食物，歡樂宴會或家庭聚會，美好春日外出遠足；有些享受，不甚明顯：如詩歌、藝術、沉思給人以陶醉享受。依我之見，不應把這些享受分為物質和精神兩種。其一，我不信任這種區分。其二，如此區分，使我

困惑。當我看見男女老少一起快樂野餐聚會時，該如何區分他們的快樂，哪些屬於物質快樂，哪些屬於精神快樂？我看見孩子在草地上玩耍嬉戲；另一個孩子在編籬菊輪鍊；他們的媽媽手拿一片三明治；家裡的叔叔咬著多汁紅蘋果；爸爸舒展地躺在地上，望著天空的流雲；爺爺手拿煙斗，叼在嘴裡；也或有人在播放留聲機，遠處傳來了音樂之聲和波濤迴響。此時此刻，哪些屬於物質快樂，哪些屬於精神快樂？享受三明治和享受堪稱詩意的景色，其中的差別很容易區分？聽音樂被稱作藝術享受，抽煙斗被稱為是物質享受，然而能說前者無疑是比後者更高級的樂趣？因此，依我看來，把樂趣分為物質和精神兩類的區分法有硬傷，不明智，也不真實。我懷疑這種區分來自偽哲學理論，即把靈與肉嚴格區分開來，而沒有更進一步去直接審視我們真正的快樂。

或許是我假想太多？回避了人類生活應當的目的？我常想生活的目的在於真正地去享受生活。道理就是這麼簡單。我對「目的 (end)」或「目標 (purpose)」兩詞感到很有疑慮。生活的目的或目標，在於真正去享受生活，這不是某種有意而為的目標，而是對人類生活自然而然的態度。目標這個詞暗含太多謀劃和努力。每個降生到這個世界的人都要面對的問題不應該是他生活的目標是什麼，以及他應如何去實現目標，問題應該是在平均五十或六十年左右的人生光陰裡，應該做些什麼。應如何規劃生活，才能從其中找到極大的快樂？這是



個更實際的問題，類似於人該如何度過週末，而不是什麼抽象深奧的議題，如什麼是人生在宇宙中神祕奧妙的目標。

與此相反，依我看那些研究生活目標問題的哲學家，通過假設生活必須有一個目標，而回避了這個問題。這個問題，如此隆重地擺在西方思想者的面前，無疑受到神學主義的影響。我以為我們設想太多計畫和目標，而事實是人們嘗試回答這個問題，為之爭論，為之困惑，顯然這都是徒勞，也不需要。如果生活中有一個目標或計畫，本不該如此令人困惑，模糊，又難以發現。

這一問題或許可以一分為二：其一是聖性神化的目標，上帝天神為人而設；其二是塵世人生的目標，凡夫俗子為自己而設。就第一個問題而言，我不建議來涉足討論，因為，我們所認為關於神的思想一定都來源我們自己的思想，那只是我們想像中神的思想。就人的智力而言，很難揣測神的思想。而推理神思的結果往往是使神成為我們的掌旗軍士，使神像我們一樣愛國排他。所以我們設想，神對別國沒有「神授的目標」和世界的「命運」，或是歐洲的「命運」，只對我們深愛的祖國，才有此殊遇。我相信，納粹分子心中想像上帝天神也一定帶著卍字臂章。「上帝總站在我們一邊，不會與你們同在。」但並不是只有德國人才有這種想法。

就第二個問題而言，爭論的焦點不在於人生的目標是什麼，而在於人生的目標應該是什麼。這是個實在實際而非玄虛抽象的問題。關於何者應為人生的目標，個人有個人的見解和價值取向。因此，我們會為之爭論，因為我們的價值取向不一而同。就我而言，我傾向於輕哲思理論，重實際實踐。我不會假設人的存在一定得有所目標和意義。正如沃爾特·惠特曼 (Walter Whitman) ①所說「我滿足於現在的自己。」這意味我現在活著，並也許還可以再活幾十年，人的生命還在，那就夠了。以此觀之，問題就變得極為簡單，而不容有兩個答語。除了享受人生，還有什麼能是人生的目的？

很奇怪，有關快樂，是異教哲學家關注的重要問題，卻被基督世界思想家完全忽視。困擾神學思想的重大問題不是人的快樂，而是人的「拯救」，「拯救」是個悲劇的詞彙。我對這個詞並無好感，因為我每天在中國都聽有人談論「拯救國家」。每個人都在試圖「拯救」中國。這使人想起沉船之人的心態，末日降臨之感，最好活著逃離的心理。基督教，被稱為是「兩個末日世界（希臘和羅馬）的最後歎息」，至今仍保留著某些此種特質，為拯救問題所困擾。考慮活離塵世的問題時，生活的問題被忘卻了。如果沒有在劫難逃之感，為何人要苦苦拯救來困擾自己？神學思想多慮拯救，而少思快樂，以致終日告訴我們未來會有渺茫的



天堂。當問及我們在天堂做些什麼及在天堂如何快樂時，回答卻含糊不清之極，例如，唱聖歌，穿白袍。默罕默德至少描繪一幅未來幸福圖景，有豐富佳釀，多汁水果，黑髮大眼熱情女僕，這些是我等門外漢也可理解的東西。除非天堂能被勾畫得更加生動和令人信服，否則毫無理由為去天堂，而忽視現世的生活。正如某君所說那樣：「今天有雞蛋，勝過明天有母雞。」至少，我們計畫暑假時，要花點功夫打聽些目的地的信息。如果旅遊局的回答是些模糊之辭，興趣也將索然喪失，寧可留在原地度假。我們在天堂要繼續努力奮鬥嗎？依我看，那些信仰上進和努力的信徒一定這樣認為。可當我們達到十全十美時，還要如何努力，如何進步呢？或者，我們只是遊手好閒，什麼也不做，什麼也不擔心？那樣的話，我們在此塵世就學習遊手好閒，以為永生的生活做好準備，豈不更妙？

如果我們必須有個宇宙觀，就讓我們忘記自我，不要局限在人類生活。讓我們拓展延伸些，把世間萬物——岩石，樹木，動物——的目標都囊括在內。萬物之中有所規劃（儘管「規劃」(scheme)——詞如「目的」(end)——和「目標」(purpose)——一樣，是我所極不相信的)我的意思是說，萬物之中有種模式，我們可以得到一些關於整個宇宙的觀念，我們以之立足，儘管這些尚不完整，還缺少定論。自然之觀和我們立足之點需是來自自然，因為我們生是自然的一部分，死後也將重歸自然。如果我們不冒昧嘗試，妄下斷語，那麼天文、地理、生

物、歷史都提供了很好的素材，以助我們形成準確的觀念。在「萬物的目標」這一更大的觀念中，人類的地位下降些也不要緊。人類有個地位就足夠了，通過與其周圍自然和諧相處，就可以對人生本身形成更切實可行，更通情合理的觀點。

注釋：

① 沃爾特·惠特曼 (Walter Whitman, 1819—1892)，美國詩人，背離傳統詩體，勇於創新，其詩作描寫了美國勞動階層的生活，表達了強烈的民主精神，作品有《草葉集》、《桴鼓集》等。



論幽默感

李婧 優選

作者介紹

1985年出生於吉林長春，獲得北京外國語大學的經濟學和英語學士學位，以及香港浸會大學的新聞碩士學位。曾任職報刊雜誌記者，目前在出版社做編輯及翻譯工作。現居香港。以筆名昕燕出版有詩集《風聞》。獲得林語堂文學翻譯獎優選獎和梁實秋文學獎譯文組評審獎。

我懷疑幽默的重要性是否得到了足夠重視，或者說，用幽默來改變我們整個文化生活的性質和特徵的可能性。它在政治、學術以及日常生活中應處的位置是否得到了足夠重視。因為它的功能是屬化學而非屬物理的，它改變我們思想和經驗最基本的構成。在國家事務中，我們可以視其重要性為理所當然。德皇威廉不會笑，結果失掉了帝國，或者按照美國人的說法，讓德國人失去了數十億美元。

威廉二世可能私底下會笑，但他在公開場合卻總是翹着鬍鬚，看上去如此威嚴，好像一直在生別人的氣。另外，他那笑的性質和他笑的對象——為勝利、為成功、為凌駕於人——也是決定了他一生命運的重要因素。德國戰敗是因為威廉二世不知道何時笑或者笑什麼。他那些野心不受笑的管束。

在我看來，對獨裁最嚴厲的評價莫過於，民主國家的總統都會笑，而獨裁者看上去總是極其嚴肅——下頷前凸，下巴僵硬，下唇兜齒，好像他們正在做些至關重要的事，除了他們，再沒有人能夠拯救世界。羅斯福在公開場合經常笑——這不僅對他好，對想要看到他們總統笑的美國人也好。但是那些歐洲獨裁者的笑都到哪裡去了？難道他們的人民不想看見他們笑嗎？他們非要掛上一副或驚恐、或威嚴、或憤怒、總之無論如何都異常嚴肅的表情，才能確保自己大權在握嗎？……

我們現在討論獨裁者的笑，可不是無所事事尋開心；如果統治我們的那些人不笑，事態就會非常嚴重，因為他們手裡有槍。換句話說，只有我們為自己描繪一個由一班玩笑長官治理的世界，我們才能意識到幽默在政治中何其重要。打個比方，派五六個世界頂尖的幽默大師去參加一個國際會議，讓他們全權代表那幫獨裁者，如此世界必然得拯救。因為幽默必然具備以下特徵：良好的理智、講理



的性情，還有極其精妙的頭腦，能夠察覺出矛盾、愚蠢和糟糕的邏輯。鑒於這實在是人類智能的最高形式，我們可以確定，每個國家派來參會的人一定具有最理智最清醒的頭腦。讓蕭伯納代表愛爾蘭，史蒂芬·里柯克代表加拿大；G.K.切斯特頓雖然死了，但是P.C.伍德豪斯或者德斯·赫胥黎還是可以來代表英國。可惜威·杰斯死了，不然他足以出任代表美國的外交官，但我們可以讓伯特·本奇利或者海伍德·布來代替他。另外，義大利、法國、德國和俄國也會派人來。大戰前夕，讓這些人碰頭開會，無論他們多努力，恐怕也不能讓歐洲開戰。你能想像這樣一幫外交官引發世界大戰，甚至有此圖謀？他們的幽默感根本不准。凡是對外宣戰的人都太嚴肅，且理智不健全。他們非常肯定，自己正確無比，上帝也站在他們那一邊。幽默大師卻不然，他們天生更有常識。你會發現，蕭伯納大喊愛爾蘭錯了，一個來自柏林的卡通畫家則抗議錯誤全在他們身上，海伍德·布聲稱美國要為這場亂局負絕大部分責任，史蒂芬·里柯克這時會坐在椅子上為全人類道歉，溫柔地提醒大家，論到做蠢事和冒傻氣沒有任何國家能稱霸。在這種情形下，我們怎麼可能以幽默之名發動戰爭呢？

究竟是誰為我們發動了戰爭？是志向遠大者、能力出眾者、聰明伶俐者、詭計多端者、謹小慎微者、睿智通達者、傲慢自大者、忠烈愛國者、受渴望「服務」全人類之激情鼓舞者、企圖開創「事業」並在世上留下「英名」者，他們

盼望能在某個廣場上，以青銅雕塑之身姿，跨上青銅駿馬，雙目炯炯俯視後世。說來也奇怪，那些能力出眾者、聰明伶俐者、志向遠大者和傲慢自大者卻同時又是最膽小如鼠者和稀里糊塗者，他們缺乏幽默大師的勇氣、深度和敏銳。他們永遠在處理雞毛蒜皮的小事，而幽默大師們卻能夠憑藉廣博的才智，展望藍圖遠景。實際上，一個外交官，如果不低聲下氣，看上去適度恐慌、受到威脅、一本正經、謹小慎微，那他根本就不算不上是外交官……但是我們甚至不需要召集各國的幽默大師來開會拯救世界。在我們每個人身上，這種叫做幽默感的搶手貨其實存量頗豐。適逢一場大戰在歐洲一觸即發，我們還是可以派最差勁的外交官去開會，他們最有經驗、最自信、最有遠大志向、最低聲下氣、最受到威脅又一本正經又適度恐慌，甚至最急切要「服務」全人類。但如果這樣規定，每天早上和下午會議開始後的十分鐘，專門用來播放米老鼠動畫，強制所有外交官到場觀看，那什麼戰爭都可避免了。

我認為這就是幽默的化學作用：它改變我們思想的特性。我甚至認為，它通往文化的根基，開創一條道路，迎接未來人類世界「智性時代」的到來。我能夠為人類設想出的理想境界非「智性時代」莫屬。那時要出現這樣一個族群，他們更加通情達理，更有判斷力、思想簡潔、性情平和、眼界高尚。歸根結底，這才是最重要的事。人類理想的世界並非一個理性世界，或是在任何意義上的完美世



界，而是一個能夠欣然接受缺點並且合理解決爭端的世界。對人類來講，那才是我們所能希望的絕佳世界，也是我們能合理盼望其實現的最高尚的夢想。這裡似乎暗示，只有簡潔的思考、豁達的理念和敏銳的常識，才能使得智性文化成為現實。這三者恰好都是幽默的特徵，而且必然出於幽默。

要想像出這樣一個新世界很困難，因為我們當下的世界與之如此相異。總的來說，我們的生活太複雜，我們的學問太嚴肅，我們的理念太消沉，我們的思想太雜亂。當今世界如此不快樂，就是因為這種在思想和學問上的嚴肅繁雜。

毫無疑問，生活簡樸思考簡潔是文明和文化最高尚最健全的理想狀態。當某個文明失落其簡潔，世故之輩不能返璞歸真，整個文明就會逐漸充斥各種災難和墮落。人成為他自己製造出的那些想法、思考、抱負和社會體系的奴隸。人類背負這些想法和抱負的重擔，似乎根本無法擺脫。不過幸運的是，在人類頭腦裡有一種力量，憑藉一個微笑，就能超越所有這些想法、思考、抱負和社會體系，這種力量就是幽默大師的敏銳。幽默大師運用這些思考和想法的方式，就好像高爾夫球或桌球冠軍擺弄桿下的球，又好像最熟練的牛仔扔套索。他們技能嫺熟，從而流露出一種泰然自若駕輕就熟的氣質。畢竟，只有輕鬆駕馭其想法的人才是他想法的主人，只有成為自己想法的主人才不會淪為其奴。說到底，嚴肅表明費

勁，而費勁表明技藝不精。一個嚴肅的作家在思想領域表現得笨拙不安，正如同個暴發戶在社交時表現得笨拙不安不自然。他之所以嚴肅，是因為他和他那些想法還沒有渾然一體。

雖然這聽上去有點矛盾，但簡潔正是思想之深刻的記號和象徵。對我來說，簡潔是做學問和寫文章最難做到的事。思維清晰已經夠難了，但唯有思維達致清晰，簡潔才成為可能。我們若看到一位作者絞盡腦汁地闡述一個想法，那可以確信，這想法正不遺餘力地折磨着他。我們平日所見即可證明這一點，剛畢業的高材生來學院做助教，他的課一般都深奧複雜，要真正做到思維簡潔表達自如，非得上了年紀的教授不可。如果一個年輕的教授不是滿嘴學究氣，那他必是真有才華，將來或者大有作為。從術語到簡潔，從專才到智者，其間的轉化，本質上是知識的消化過程，在我看來和新陳代謝完全一樣。任何博學之士，除非他已經把自己的專業知識消化，並且聯繫日常生活的觀察，否則不可能用簡潔易懂的語言講出來。我認為，他一路求知，艱苦辛勞（我們假設是威廉·詹姆斯的心理學學說），其間必有許多「提振精神的停歇」，好像長途跋涉後喝一杯冷飲。一個真正的專才會藉此機會問自己那唯一重要的問題：「我究竟在說些什麼？」簡潔的前提條件是消化和成熟：年紀越大，我們的思維越清晰，對於要處理的問題，能夠修剪掉無關緊要或者錯誤的分岔，讓我們免受攪擾，想法更加明確，迂迴曲



折的思考逐漸形成便捷有效的公式，在某個美好的清晨，知識的真光自然浮現，名曰智慧。不再需要煞費苦心，真理清晰呈現，如此簡單明了，讀者可以擁有那絕佳的享受，就是感受到真理本身之簡潔和真理呈現之自然。這種在思想和風格上的自然，廣為中國詩人和評論家所青睞，他們認為這表明了一個逐漸成熟的過程。我們提到蘇東坡的文章日趨成熟時，我們說他「臻於自然」——即一種新風格，擺脫了早年喜愛堆砌辭藻、賣弄學問、偏重技巧，和文壇炫耀的心態。

幽默感能夠滋潤思考上的簡潔，這是很自然的。總的來說，一個幽默大師緊貼事實，一個理論家則更凝神於觀念，只有當一個人只處理觀念本身時，他的思考才會變得無比複雜。幽默大師則不然，他能夠把事情顯著簡化，因為他沉浸於常識或智慧的一閃而過，也就是以閃電急速，點破我們的各種觀念和現實之間的矛盾。幽默大師經常接觸現實，這使他富有活力、輕鬆自在，並且細膩敏銳。一切形式的裝腔作勢、虛偽、學來的廢話、學術的蠢鈍和社交的詭詐都將被掃地出門，雖彬彬有禮卻一個不留。人類因為變得敏銳和詼諧從而變得智慧。一切都簡單清晰。這就是為什麼我相信，只有當幽默的思考方式更加普遍，一種以簡樸生活簡潔思考為特性的健全理智的精神才會實現。

論人類尊嚴

邵今是

優選

作者介紹

邵今是，1991年7月生於浙江省餘姚市，現就讀於廈門大學外文學院英語系。曾獲2011年「外研社杯」全國英語演講大賽特等獎，2012年首屆「譯國譯民杯」翻譯大賽（英譯漢組）一等獎，2012年「外研社杯」全國英語演講大賽（福建賽區）指導一等獎，以及2013年「語言橋杯」翻譯大賽二等獎。座右銘：用心做事。

我們在前一章中討論過，人與其他動物一樣終有一死，以及這一屬性對人類文明特質的影響。但我們發現這樣的描述並不完整。要形成對人類天性和尊嚴的完整看法，還缺少某樣東西。噢，有了，人類的尊嚴——這就是我們要找的詞！我們必須強調這一點，必須瞭解人類尊嚴由什麼構成，以免產生疑惑，喪失尊嚴。要知道，二十世紀，尤其是當前和隨後的數十年，我們顯然面臨喪失尊嚴的



危險。

「如果你認定我們是動物，那你難道不覺得人類是世界上最奇妙的動物嗎？」這一點我很贊同。不容忽視，只有人類創造了文明。世界上也許有形態更優美、構造更雄偉的動物，如馬；有肌肉更強健的，如獅子；有嗅覺更靈敏、性情更馴良、對人更忠誠的，如狗；又有像鷹那樣，目光更銳利的；像信鴿那樣，方向感更強的；像螞蟻那樣，更節儉守紀、吃苦耐劳的；像鹿或白鴿那樣，稟性更溫良的；像奶牛那樣，更有耐心、更容易滿足的；像百靈鳥那樣，歌聲更動聽的；還有像鸚鵡那樣，衣裳更靚麗的。但我覺得猴子身上有種特別的東西，讓我愛猴子勝過其他動物；而人身上那種猴子的好奇心和聰穎則讓我更想做個人。正如我上面所說，螞蟻與人相比確實更理性、更守紀，有著比今天的西班牙更穩定的政府組織形式，可是它們沒有圖書館和博物院，不是嗎？若有一天螞蟻或大象能夠發明大型望遠鏡，發現新的變星，或預測日蝕，抑或海豹能發明微積分，河狸能開鑿巴拿馬運河，我定會授予它們冠軍頭銜，奉它們為世界之主和造物之神。不錯，我們有理由為自己驕傲，但我們最好弄清楚我們為什麼可以驕傲？人類尊嚴的本質究竟是什麼？

我在本書卷首暗示過，此種人類尊嚴包括浪子的四種特質（中國文學歷來頌揚浪子）：嬉戲的好奇心、夢想的能力、修正夢想的幽默感，以及行為的任性和難以測度。這些特質合起來代表了中國版的美國個人主義。中國文學中的浪子形

象是對個人主義者最鮮明生動的描繪，而捍衛美國個人主義的偉大文學巨匠瓦爾特·惠特曼被稱為「偉大的放浪者」也絕非偶然。



論人類尊嚴

梁麗紅

佳作

作者介紹

梁麗紅，女，山東煙台人，出生於1971年4月11日。1993年畢業於山東省煙台師範學院（今魯東大學）。之後一直任中學教師。2003年考入江蘇省揚州大學，2006年畢業，獲文學碩士。後嘗試英語寫作，在The 11th等網站發表詩歌及小說數十篇，文章數篇，譯文多篇。在學術期刊發表學術論文多篇。2012年5月考取中華人民共和國翻譯專業資格（水準）證書二級筆譯。現供職於江蘇省揚州工業職業技術學院，並在某翻譯社任兼職翻譯。

上一章我們已經探討過，人類和動物界其他動物具有一個共性，就是都難逃一死，這也影響了人類文明。但是，我們仍覺言猶未盡。還需要再補充些什麼，才能對人類本性和人類尊嚴有全面的了解。啊，人類尊嚴，就是這個詞兒！有必要對它加以強調，也有必要瞭解這種尊嚴的構成成分，以防我們混淆這個問題而

失去它。很明顯，在二十世紀，特別是當前和接下來的數十年中，我們面臨失去這種尊嚴的危險。

「倘若你堅持認為我們是動物，你不覺得人類是最神奇的動物嗎？」我完全贊同。人類獨自創造了文明，這是不可小覷的。可能還有更完美的動物，身形矯健，姿態傲然，如馬；肌肉發達，如獅；嗅覺靈敏，忠誠溫順，如狗；視力敏銳，如鷹；方向感強，如信鴿；節儉自律，工作勤奮，如蟻；性情溫和，如鴿或鹿；知足耐勞，如牛；歌聲悅耳，如雲雀；裝扮漂亮，如鸚鵡和孔雀。還有，就是猴子，它身上的某些東西讓我對它偏愛有加，其它動物與之無可匹及。人類身上具有猴子的好奇心和聰明勁兒，因而我更願為人。如我已指出來的一樣，螞蟻比我們自身更理性，更自律，它們的管理體制比如今的西班牙更穩定，但它們還是沒有圖書館和博物館，不是嗎？無論何時，螞蟻或大象能發明巨型望遠鏡，發現一顆新的變星或者預測日蝕，海豹能知曉微積分學或海狸能開鑿巴拿馬運河，我都曾給它們頒發錦標，奉它們為世界霸主和造物之主。不錯，我們可以自引以為豪，但我們最好弄明白我們以何為自豪，人類尊嚴的本質是什麼。

這種人類尊嚴，正如我在本書卷首已經暗示過，由放蕩不羈者（為中國文學所頌揚）的四種特性構成。它們是：嬉戲好奇心、夢想之能力、矯正這些夢想的幽默感，最後，還要有些任性和行為的捉摸不定。它們結合在一起描繪出中國版本的美國個人主義學說。除了中國文學中的放蕩不羈者形象，其它的是不可能更



生動地勾畫出個人主義。難怪，代表美國個人主義的最偉大的文學巨匠瓦爾特·惠特曼自身被稱作「了不起的閑人」。

論幽默感

魏芹 佳作

作者介紹

魏芹，男，1981年生於安徽省。2004年畢業於阜陽師範學院外語系，英語語言文學學士學位；2007年畢業於北京外國語大學英語學院，獲英語語言文學碩士學位。目前從事國際合作專案管理工作。個人愛好英語文學和翻譯，曾獲第二十三、二十五屆「韓素音青年翻譯獎」競賽漢譯英優秀獎、第3屆台大文學翻譯獎社會人士組三等獎。

我懷疑世人是否已深刻體會到幽默的重要性，或者是幽默對於改變我們整體文化生活的可能性——幽默在政治、學術和生活中的地位。它的功能與其說是物質上的，還不如說是化學上的，因此它改變了我們的思想和經驗的基本內容。對於它在國家生活中的意義，我們無需多言。因為不苟言笑，德皇威廉喪失了一個帝國，或者用一個美國人的話說，德國人民為此損失了幾十億美元。威廉皇儲在私生活裡很可能會笑，但是在公共場合，他總是鬍鬚高翹，令人生畏，像是總



在生某個人的氣一樣。此外，他那笑聲的音質和讓他開懷一笑的事物——為勝利而笑，為成功而笑，為位居人上而笑——同樣也是決定他一生命運的重要因素。德國之所以戰敗，是因為威廉二世不諳笑的時機或者物件。他的夢想不受笑的約束。

在我看來，對獨裁最尖刻的批判就是民主國家的總統們會笑，而獨裁者們總是一臉嚴肅，撇著下巴，兩頰錚錚，下唇凹縮，儼然在忙於經天緯地，好像若非他們，世界將無力回天。在公眾場合，羅斯福常面帶微笑，這無論是對於他，還是對於喜歡看到自己總統微笑的美國人來說，都是件好事。可是那些歐洲獨裁者的微笑在哪裡？難道是他們的人民不愛看到他們微笑嗎？或者是他們只有一臉驚恐、滿臉凝重、面帶怒色、或一本正經，才能一直重權在握嗎？……

我們不是閒中取樂，拿獨裁者們的微笑打牙祭；當我們的統治者們不笑的時候，那可是大勢不妙，要知道所有的槍炮都握在他們的手裡。在另一方面，只有當我們幻想一個由嬉笑的統治者們主宰的世界時，才能意識到幽默在政治上是何其的重要。譬如說，派遣世上最優秀的五六個幽默大師去出席一個國際會議，並授以他們全權代表自己的獨裁者，那麼世界便有救了。因為與幽默形影相隨的是判斷力和理性精神，加之一些辨別矛盾、愚蠢和無理的極其微妙的心靈力量，使它成為人類智慧的最高級形式，我們可以肯定的是，會議上代表每一個國家的都是其心智最明睿健全的人。讓蕭伯納代表愛爾蘭，史梯芬·李科克代表加拿大；

既然吉伯特·基斯·賈斯特頓已故，那麼佩勒姆·葛蘭維爾·伍德豪斯或者奧爾德斯·赫胥黎可以代表英格蘭。威爾·羅傑斯已經去世，要不然他倒是美國外交官的一個不錯的人選；我們可以請羅伯特·本奇利或者海伍德·勃朗代為效勞。還有其他來自義大利、法國、德國和俄羅斯的代表。派遣這些人在大戰前夕去召開一次會議，看看他們無論做什麼樣的努力，能否掀起一場歐洲戰爭。你能否想像這幫國際外交官們會發動一次戰爭，或者哪怕是策劃一次戰爭？幽默感不允許那麼做。當一個民族向另一個民族宣戰的時候，他們是極其嚴肅和半瘋半癲的。他們堅信真理在握，上帝站在他們這一邊。而更具常識的幽默家們卻不這麼認為。你會聽見蕭伯納大喊錯在愛爾蘭，一位柏林的卡通畫家斷言都是他們的錯，海伍德·勃朗宣稱美國要為那些蠢事負大部分的責任，而擔任會議主席的李科克則為人類做總體道歉，並輕輕地提醒我們，在愚蠢和純粹的荒唐這一方面，任何一個民族都不能在其他民族面前揚言勝人一籌。在此情形下，我們又怎麼能以幽默的藉口發動一場戰爭呢？

到底是誰給我們發起了那些戰爭呢？是那些有野心勃勃、能力超群、聰明機靈、詭計多端、謹小慎微、賢明睿智、笨驚不遜、愛國過頭的人，那些懷揣夢想志在服務全人類的人，那些企圖開創一番偉業名垂千古的人，那些夢想著自己的銅像在某個廣場附身勒馬縱覽古今的人。奇怪的是，那些能力超群、聰明機靈、野心勃勃、傲慢自恃的人同時又是盡膽小怯懦渾渾噩噩之能事的人，缺乏幽默家



們的勇氣、深度和精巧。他們永遠是瑣事纏身，而心思曠達的幽默家們能夠瞻望大事。事實上，一個外交官如果說起話來粗聲粗氣，不裝著一副戰戰兢兢、膽怯拘謹、謹小慎微的樣子，那根本就不算上一位外交官：：然而，要拯救這個世界，我們甚至都不一定要召集一次國際幽默家會議。我們所有人身上都暗藏著足夠的這種稱心如意的東西，即所謂的幽默感。在歐洲瀕臨戰爭浩劫的關口上，我們可以派遣那些最劣等的外交官，那些最「老練」和自信的，那些最有野心的，那些最善於低聲耳語的，那些最會一副誠惶誠恐、拘束謹慎的尊榮的，甚至那些最熱切「效勞」全人類的外交官們去赴會。假若要求在每次上午和下午的會議日程開始的時候，抽出十分鐘的時間來放映一段米老鼠的影片，全體外交官必須到場觀看，那麼任何戰爭都尚有轉機。

我想這就是幽默的化學功能：改變我們的思想特質。我覺得它直透到文化的根底，並為未來人類社會理性時代的來臨開闢了一條道路。就人道而言，我覺得再沒有比理性時代更偉大的理想了。畢竟，迎來一個浸染理性精神，見多識廣，思想簡樸，性情寬和，文質彬彬的人類種族，是唯一一件重要的事情。人類的理想世界不會是一個理性的世界，在任何意義上也不會是一個完美的世界，而是一個缺陷被及時察覺，爭執被合理化解的世界。對於人類而言，坦率地說這是我們最好的期待，也是我們所能夠理性地期望實現的最崇高的夢想。這似乎暗示了幾樣東西：思想上的質樸，哲學上的樂觀和一點微妙的常識，才能使這種理性的文

化成為可能。而一點微妙的常識、哲學上的樂觀和思想上的質樸恰巧也正是幽默的特性，而且只能隨幽默而生。

很難想像這樣的一個新世界，因為我們當前的世界是如此迥異。總的來說，我們的生活過於複雜，我們的學問過於嚴肅，我們的哲學過於暗鬱，而我們的思想過於紛亂。我們思想和學術上的這種嚴肅和紛亂複雜，讓今天的世界變得如此不幸。

現在理所當然的是：生活和思想上的質樸是最崇高、最健全的文明和文化典範，當一種文明失掉了質樸，世故圓滑難回天真質樸時，文明勢必問題百出，日益退化。人類繼而淪為其自身觀念、思想、抱負和社會制度的奴隸。雖然不堪這種觀念、抱負和社會制度的重負，人類卻又似乎無法掙脫。幸好人類的心智尚有一種力量能夠超脫所有這些觀念、思想和抱負而付之一笑，而這種力量正是幽默家們所具備的微妙之處。就像高爾夫或檯球冠軍們操控他們的球，抑或是牛仔奪魁者掌控套馬索一樣，幽默家們操控著思想和觀念。其中透露著一種因嫺熟而生的從容、自信和輕鬆。畢竟，只有輕鬆自如地操控自己觀念的人才是自己觀念的主人；只有做自己觀念的主人，才不至於淪為觀念的奴隸。嚴肅終究是費力的標誌，而費力又是生疏的標誌。在觀念的王國裡，一個嚴肅的作家就像一個暴發戶在社交中那樣尷尬拘謹，局促忸怩。他之所以嚴肅，是因為他對自己觀念的掌控還沒有達到駕輕就熟的境界。



看起來似乎矛盾的是，質樸恰是思想深度的外在標誌和象徵。在我看來，在學術和寫作上，質樸大概是最難企及的。思想明晰本就是一樁難事，然而只有當思想變得明晰，質樸方能成為可能。當看到一位作家囉哩囉嗦地闡述一個觀點的時候，我們或許可以肯定的是那個觀點也在折磨著他。一個普遍的事實可以證明這一點：一個剛剛以優異成績畢業的年輕大學助教，他的授課一般都深奧晦澀，紛亂難懂，而真正的思想上的質樸和語言上的簡單，只能在年紀稍長的教授們的話語裡才能看到。當一位年輕的教授談吐中沒有迂腐的學究氣，那必是才華橫溢，前途無量。從專業到質樸，從專家到思想家的轉變過程，從根本上說是一個消化知識的過程，我把它嚴格比作一個新陳代謝的過程。一位淵博的學者，只有自己先把知識消化了，並與他對人生的觀察聯繫起來，然後才能用簡易明瞭的語言把他的專業知識呈現給我們。在他追求知識（假設說是威廉·詹姆斯的心理學知識）的艱苦時光裡，我想一定有許多次「令人神清氣爽的小憩」，就像在長途跋涉疲憊不堪時的一杯冷飲一樣。在那休憩空檔裡，真正的專家會捫心自問「我到底在談論什麼？」欲求質樸，須先消化和成熟：隨著年紀的增長，我們的思想越來越明晰，一個問題的無關緊要以及可能是錯誤的方面會被砍除，不再煩擾我們。觀念的形態更加明確，一連串的思想逐漸形成一個簡易的公式，突然在某個晴朗的早晨閃現於我們的腦際，於是我們真正沐浴到知識的光輝，即所謂的智慧。從此，不再有絲毫費力的感覺，真理因為變得明晰，所以簡單易懂；而讀

者會欣然覺悟真理本是簡單，其公式所以自然。這種思想和風格上的自然，讓中國的詩人和批評家如此仰慕，常常被稱作逐漸成熟的發展過程。談及蘇東坡散文的逐漸成熟時，我們說他已經「漸近自然」——一種已經擺脫了年輕人鍾愛的華麗、浮誇、精湛技巧和文學表現力的文體風格。

那麼，幽默感很自然會滋養這種思維上的質樸。通常，幽默家更貼近事實，理論家更注重觀念，而只有當一個人在應對觀念本身的時候，他的思想才會變得異常複雜。相反，幽默家沉浸於常識或智慧的靈光一閃，它們以閃電般的速度展示我們的觀念與現實之間的矛盾，這便讓許多事情變得非常簡單。與現實的不斷接觸，給了幽默家一種活力、輕巧和敏銳。所有的矯揉造作、裝腔作勢、學術胡謔和愚昧，以及社交上的爾虞我詐，將統統被敬請出門。人類之所以智慧，是因為他們變得敏銳和機智了。凡事循簡，諸事皆清。鑒於此，我相信只有在幽默的思維方式更為普遍盛行的時候，一種以生活和思維上的質樸為特徵的健全、理性的精神才能得以實現。



發現自我：莊子

劉敏 佳作

作者介紹

劉敏，女，1966年7月出生於山東省泰安市，高中學理，大學轉文，故而理性與感性並存，現於中國人民大學外國語學院翻譯理論與實踐方向攻讀碩士學位。自幼好讀書，但不求甚解，熱愛中國古典文化，亦醉心於西方文化，惟願以自己綿薄之力為中西方文化交流事業添磚加瓦，是以立志於從事翻譯行業。曾在國內多次翻譯比賽中獲獎，但英文功底亟待加強，仍需埋首於書山勤奮學習。深信「海闊憑魚躍，天高任鳥飛」，自信、自立、自強，期待用自己的努力換來更美好的明天。

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在現代生活中，如果真有哲學家這種人物，他們大約是世界上最受尊崇卻又最不引人注目的人了。「哲學家」已經僅僅成為社交恭維的一個用語了。任何神秘深沈難以捉摸的人都可以被稱為「哲學家」。任何不關心時事的人也可以被稱為「哲學家」；然而，用於後者時，其意義還算說得過去。莎士比亞的《皆

大歡喜》中，醜角達士冬（Touchstone）說道：「牧羊人，你也懂點哲學思想吧？」此處，他採用了哲學的第二種含義。這樣說來，總體上，哲學不過是一種普通的，粗略的甚至即時的對待事物或人生的觀點，任何人都多多少少有些哲學思想。任何拒絕以表面價值來理解現實全景的人，任何拒絕相信報紙上的每一個字的人，或多或少都有些哲學思想。哲學家是那種拒絕被迷惑的人。

哲學總是有種令人醍醐灌頂的風味。哲學家看待生活，就如同藝術家欣賞風景一般——是隔著一層面紗或霧靄的。現實中不加修飾的細節有了一絲軟化，使得我們能夠看清它的含義。至少中國藝術家或者中國哲學家是這樣想的。因此，哲學家與徹頭徹尾的現實主義者背道而馳，後者忙於每日俗事，相信成敗與得失都是絕對的、真實的。對於這種人，無法可想，因為他甚至從不質疑，所以也沒有什麼思想起點。子曰：「不曰如之何如之何者，吾未如之何也已矣。」——這是我所發現的孔子有意所說的詼諧妙語之一。

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我希望在這一章裏呈現中國哲學家關於生活的藝術的一些觀點。這些哲學家越是觀點各異，就越是殊途同歸地贊同人類必須要有智慧，要敢於去過幸福生活。孟子那種相對積極的世界觀和老子那種更為隨性平和的世界觀在中庸哲學中交匯，我可能會把中庸當做中國大眾的宗教。有為和無為的沖突最終趨於折中，



或者滿足於大地之上這個不完美的天堂。一種明智歡欣的生活哲學就此產生，陶淵明就是這種生活方式的典型，在我看來，陶淵明是中國最偉大的詩人，有著最和諧的人格。

所有中國哲學家都無意識地認為最意味深長的難題是：我們如何享受生活？誰能夠最好地享受生活？拒絕完美主義，不必竭力追求得不到的東西，對於未知的事物不做假設；而是順其自然地接受可悲的終有一死的人的天性，我們如何安排生活以便平靜地工作，高貴地忍耐，快樂地生活呢？

我們是誰？這是第一個問題，也是一個幾乎不能回答的問題。但是我們都認同，那個桎梏在每日俗事中的忙碌的自我並不是真正的自我。我們很確定，我們在謀生的過程中已經丟失了某種東西。當我們看著一個人在田野中四處奔跑尋找一樣東西時，智者會提出一個難題讓所有的觀眾去解答：這個人丟失了什麼呢？有人認為是一只表；有人認為是鑽石胸針，其他人會洋洋灑灑地做出另外的猜測。其實智者自己也不知道那人在尋找什麼，但當所有的猜想都沒猜中後，他告訴眾人：「我來告訴你們吧。他丟失了一些氣息。」沒有人能否定這個答案的正確性。所以我們在謀生的過程中經常忘記了真正的自我，就像捕獵的螳螂忘了自身的危險，而其後捕捉螳螂的鳥也忘了自身的危險一般。這個道理在莊子講的一

個寓言故事中被闡述的淋漓盡致：

莊周遊於雕陵之樊，睹一異鵲，自南方來者，翼廣七尺，目大運寸。感周之類，而集於栗林。

莊周曰：「此何鳥哉，翼殷不逝，目大不睹？」

蹇裳躩步，執彈而留之。睹一蟬，方得美蔭，而忘其身；螳螂執翳而搏之，見得而忘其形；異鵲從而利之。見利而忘其真。

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莊周反入，三月不庭；藺且從而問之：「夫子何為頃間甚不庭乎？」

莊周曰：「吾守形而忘身，觀於濁水而迷於清淵。且吾聞諸夫子曰：『入其俗，從其俗。』今吾遊於雕陵而忘吾身。異鵲感吾類。遊於栗林而忘真，栗林虞人以吾為戮，吾所以不庭也。」

正如能言善辯的孟子是孔子的門生一般，雄辯的莊子是老子的門生。他們都與各自的祖師相隔大約一個世紀。莊子是孟子同時代的人，而老子大約就與孔子同時代。但是孟子同意莊子的看法，認為我們丟失了一些東西，而哲學的意義就在於發現並尋回我們所丟失的東西。——從這一意義上說，哲學家孟子曰：「大



人者，不失其赤子之心者也。」孟子認為，人為的文明生活，其效應之於赤子之心，一如山上的樹木被斧斤砍伐一樣：

牛山之木嘗美矣，以其郊於大國也，斧斤伐之，可以為美乎？是其日夜之所息，雨露之所潤，非無萌蘖之生焉，牛羊又從而牧之，是以若彼濯濯也。人見其濯濯也，以為未嘗有材焉，此豈山之性也哉？雖存乎人者，豈無仁義之心哉？其所以放其良心者，亦猶斧斤之於木也，且旦而伐之，可以為美乎？其日夜之所息，平旦之氣，其好惡與人相近也者幾希，則其旦晝之所為，有梏亡之矣。梏之反覆，則其夜氣不足以存；夜氣不足以存，則其違禽獸不遠矣。人見其禽獸也，而以為未嘗有才焉者，是豈人之情也哉？

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反覆，則其夜氣不足以存；夜氣不足以存，則其違禽獸不遠矣。人見其禽獸也，而以為未嘗有才焉者，是豈人之情也哉？

情、智、勇：孟子

彭湘閔

佳作

作者介紹

彭湘閔，元智應外畢。去年首次參賽有幸獲得優選，也成了今年有勇氣報考翻譯所的一大動力。非常感謝林語堂故居，每年提供這個機會，鼓勵文學翻譯的同好！參賽兩次，都很開心在翻譯文章的過程，更加認識了這位可愛幽默的文人。現就讀輔大跨文化研究所翻譯學碩士班，終日在雙語轉換當中打滾，滿心期待成為可以把興趣當飯吃的口筆譯者。努力目標是在每場會議、每本書都給予聽眾、讀者盡興的體驗。

最能享受人生的理想性情，是熱忱溫暖、無憂無懼的心靈。孟子主張的「大人」具有「成熟三美德」：「智、仁、勇」，我想以「情」代「仁」，視情、智、勇為君子應具備的特質。英文幸有「熱情 (Passion)」一詞，語義近於中文的「情」，兩詞最初皆屬情慾的狹義，如今衍生更廣的意義，張潮有云：「多情者必好色，而好色者未必盡屬多情。」又道：「情之一字，所以維持世界，才



之一字，所以粉飾乾坤。」畢竟，少了熱情，人生就少了無以為始的初衷。熱情正是人生的靈魂、星辰的光輝、樂歌的抑揚、花朵的歡欣、鳥兒的羽毛、女子的嬌媚、學識的生命，要談欠缺熱情的心靈，如同談缺乏抒發的音樂一樣地不可能，熱情溫暖了人們的內心，豐富了人們的活力，於是我們得以笑看人生。

中國作家筆下的「情」，我選用「熱情」一詞翻譯，或許不妥，我應譯為「情感 (sentiment)」嗎？情感較為溫和，不及熱情那般狂激烈，情字或許也和早期浪漫主義者口中的「善感 (sensitivity)」相似，在溫暖慷慨、帶有藝術氣息的人身上可見。令人費解的是，除了愛默生 (Emerson)、阿米埃爾 (Amiel)、儒貝爾 (Joubert)、伏爾泰 (Voltaire)，讚揚熱情的西方哲學家寥寥可數。我們可能只是用詞不同，說的其實是同一件事。不過，要是熱情有別於情感，內含狂暴、混亂的涵義，中文便無可代表的字詞，我們仍得選用原來的「情」字。這是否意味民族性情的差異，意味中國人缺少會啃蝕人們心靈、導致西方文學悲劇那種深切懾人的熱情？這是否就是中國文學沒有發展出希臘式悲劇的原因？是否就是何以中國悲劇性的人物，關鍵時刻會飲泣著把心上人割愛給仇敵，或如同楚霸王，刺死愛人再自刎而亡？這類結局會讓西方觀眾不甚滿意，但中國人的生活是這樣，中國人的文學亦復如此。人類在命運中浮載浮沈，放棄抗鬥，而悲劇則在事後開始，開始沉緬追憶，開始悔憾渴盼。以唐明皇的悲劇為

例，他賜死愛妃以平息叛軍，就此魂牽夢縈活在對她的悼念，這齣中國戲劇在賜死的收場過後，接下來的日子，傷緒逐漸湧現，日益惆悵悲悽，唐明皇流亡期間，在雨天聽見遠方山陵傳來鈴聲，便做「雨霖鈴」一曲憑弔她，一切事物都引皇帝睹物思人，觸景傷情，像是餘香未散的絲巾，或她的老婢，在在令他想起愛妃，戲的結局，是唐明皇在長生不老之境透過道士找尋她的魂魄，這份情懷，若不能定義成熱情，也堪稱是浪漫的善感，是熱情轉化而成的溫情。中國哲學家有個特點，雖蔑視人性的情慾（即「七情」之意），卻從未貶抑熱情或情感，反倒視情為一般人類生活的基礎，甚至認為「人倫以夫婦之情為本」。

無奈的是，熱情，或者該說是情感，與生俱來，正如我們無法選擇父母一般，亦無法任選性情冷熱。話說回來，沒有小孩生下來就是鐵石心腸，赤子之心和人們內在溫暖都是逐漸喪失。在成年生活的某個階段，無情的環境會扼殺抑制、麻痺摧殘我們的情感，主要也是我們本身的過失，忽略了應當維護自己的情感，要遠離負面的環境。在學習「人情世故」的歷程當中，人類的本性受到許多殘害，我們學著要硬起心腸，要矯揉造作，往往也學著要冷淡殘忍，於是，當一個人得意他越來越通達人情世故，也就越來越漠視他人、麻木不仁，特別是在政治圈和商業界。因此，社會上有所謂的「進取者」，一心想成為人上人，不惜罔顧他人，還有那些意志如鋼、決心堅定的人，本已所剩無幾的情感——在他看來



不切實際的理想主義或感情用事——也日益盡失。這類人我不屑一顧，世上冷酷無情的人已經太多，假如一個國家真要施行政策剷除不適合生存下來的人民，我認為應先開刀的，絕非精神病患或肺結核病患，而是那些道德淪喪的人、藝術觀點陳腐的人、心思險惡的人、不擇手段追求成功的人、果斷無情的人，以及所有已失去人生樂趣的人。在我看來，一個有熱情、情感的人，雖然可能幹出許多愚蠢魯莽的事，但一個人缺乏熱情、情感則無異是個大笑話，諷刺而可笑，跟杜德(Daudet)的莎孚(Sappho)比起來，他無疑是怯懦的膽小鬼、是缺乏人性的機器，如同世上的一顆老鼠屎，不少娼妓的人生都還比成功商人更加崇高，即便莎孚有罪又如何？她雖有罪，她也愛過，愛得深的人，更加值得寬恕，無論如何，相較於許多富豪，她憑恃更多的赤子之心，克服嚴酷的商业環境。崇拜聖瑪利亞(Mary Maddalene)是應該的，熱情和情感免不了會讓我們做錯，我們也會受到相對的處罰，然而，就像許多寵溺兒女的母親，對孩子的溺愛常大於理性，相信等到她們老年，比起那些嚴格苛刻的母親，會覺得跟家人度過了更加幸福快樂的生活，友人曾轉述一位七十八歲老嫗的話：回顧這七十八年，想起我有錯的時候，我依然很開心，但想到我愚蠢的時刻，到現在我還是無法原諒自己。

可惜人生是嚴峻的，富於熱忱、慷慨、情感的人，容易被身邊精明的人佔便宜。生性慷慨的人犯的錯，往往正因慷慨的性情，對仇敵過於寬大，或對朋

友太過信任，有時，他們就會心灰意冷回家，懷著滿腹辛酸寫詩抒發，在中國這類詩人和學者不勝枚舉，例如著名的品茗大家張岱，他出手闊綽散盡家財，卻遭到自身親朋好友出賣，而後寫下了十二首詩，屬我讀過的詩裡最悲情苦澀之作。不過，我猜想他到臨死前都還寬宏大量如舊，即使在窮困潦倒，數度瀕臨餓死之際，我敢肯定他悲苦的心情早已煙消雲散，他依然快活不已。

話雖如此，面對人生，熱忱慷慨的心性，需要由哲學加以保障，因為人生嚴酷，徒有熱情是不足的，必須融合智與勇。我認為智慧與勇氣並無二致，因為勇氣源自於對人生的理解，對人生通達的人，向來也是勇者，總之，智若無法生勇，便毫無價值，智給予我們勇氣去制衡愚蠢的野心，不受世俗的圈套所困，思考的圈套、人生的圈套皆然。

世上有不勝枚舉的圈套，中國佛教將為數眾多的小圈套概分為兩大類：名與利。據說乾隆皇有回遊江南時，在山上眺望海景，見到許多帆船在中國海上往返如織，他問大臣那數百艘船上的人們在做什麼，大臣回皇帝，他只看到兩艘船，一艘叫「名」，一艘叫「利」。許多修養之士都能不受利誘，只有最偉大的人能不為名所惑。有次，一位僧侶對弟子開示這兩種世俗罣礙的根源，他說：「絕利易，絕名心難。隱士僧人仍冀得名。彼等樂與大眾談經說法，而不願隱處小庵，



如我輩與弟子作日常談。」弟子回：「若吾師者，誠可謂世上唯一絕名心之人矣。」師父微笑以對。

據我自己對人生的觀察，佛教對人生圈套的分類不夠完整，人生最大的圈套不只二種，而是三種：名、利、權。美國有一個詞彙能概括這三大圈套：成功。很多智者心裡明白，追求成功和名利的慾望，說穿了不外乎是對失敗、貧窮、默默無名的恐懼，而這類恐懼主宰了人們的生活。許多人明明已名利雙收，還想進一步控制他人，這些人即是效力於國家的人，他們付出的代價也相當沈重，如果要求一位智者舉帽向民眾致意，一天演說七次，給他坐上總統大位，他也不會願意為國家效力。布萊思(Ames Bryce)看美國政府的民主制度，認為它無法吸引國家的優秀人才從政，我覺得，光是總統競選活動要花上多少功夫，就足以讓全美的智者卻步。當官的人，基於服務人民的名義，一週常要出席六次晚宴，他怎不在家服務自己，簡單吃頓晚餐，再換上睡衣周公去？上了名利圈套的人，不久又會落入其他陷阱，沒完沒了，他很快開始想改造社會、提升道德、護衛宗教、打擊邪惡、制定方案給他人執行、阻撓他人制定好的計畫、在會議上讀統計資料報告屬下在他管理之下達成的政績、擔任委員檢視展覽會的藍圖，甚至是開間精神病院（多麼傲慢厚顏！）——總歸，就是插手干預他人的生活。他沒多久就忘記，自找麻煩擔起的責任，像是改變人民、執行方案、阻止對手的計畫等問

題，之前跟他毫無關聯，可能連想都沒想過，而一旦總統候選人敗選，勞工、失業、關稅這些棘手的問題，他甚至兩週過後就能忘得一乾二淨了！他以為自己是誰，竟想改造他人，提升他人品德，或把他人關進精神病院？就是這些大大小小的圈套使然，事成的話他便樂於繼續奔忙，幻想自己確實有所貢獻，是一號大人物。

這社會還有一個較為次要的圈套，一樣普遍深植於人心，就是隨波逐流(fashion)。有勇氣活出真實自我，實屬難能可貴，希臘哲學家德謨克利特(Democritus)認為他對人類貢獻非凡，讓人類從兩種莫大恐懼的壓迫當中獲得解放：害怕上帝、害怕死亡，即便如此，仍無法幫我們擺脫另一種多數人都有的恐懼：害怕周遭的人。就算是已不再畏懼上帝和死亡的人，也鮮少能對他們身邊的人不再害怕。有意識也好，不自覺也罷，在這世上我們都是演員，配合觀眾認可的角色和方式去演出。

演戲的天賦，伴隨相關的模仿才能(亦屬一部分的演戲天賦)，是人類遺傳自猴子最顯著的特性，這種吸引人家注意的能力，無疑帶予我們好處，最顯著的好處就是獲得觀眾的喝采。只是，觀眾的喝采越熱烈，後台演員的心緒也就越紛亂，這樣的能力同時可供人賴以為生，是故無法怪誰迎合觀眾扮演他的角色。



唯一可議之處在於，人們飾演的角色有可能反客為主，我們還以為那個角色就是自己本身。只有少數特別的人，有辦法在淺笑享有盛名和地位之餘，仍保有自性。他們演戲時心知肚明自己只是在扮演角色，不受功名利祿所蒙蔽，清楚一切只是人為假象，如果榮華富貴上門，他們也會欣然接受，但不至於迷失，誤以為自己跟常人不同。這類人，擁有真正偉大的精神，個人生活維持簡樸的本質，不迷失在簡樸等同偉大的幻覺。政府小官幻想自己地位高貴、暴發戶炫耀展示她的珠寶、未成氣候的作家幻想擠身名作家之列，隨即變得不純真、不自然，沒有什麼比他們更能代表渺小的心智了。

人們作戲的本能如此根深蒂固，我們常忘了離開舞台還有真正的人生要過，所以我們勞心勞力勞碌度日，卻未依照真實的感覺生活，而是遵循社會的認可，應了中國有句俗諺「老處女為他人作嫁衣裳」。

情智勇：孟子

趙盛慈

佳作

作者介紹

政治大學經濟系畢業，大學時雙主修韓文，目前是高雄第一科技大學口筆譯碩士班學生，同時也是篤象翻譯社英中兼職譯者，以及中英自由譯者。同時兼具經濟人的理性與語言人的感性，且對人生抱持不設限的態度。喜歡學習，喜歡閱讀，喜歡推敲字句、思考邏輯，喜歡翻譯時全神貫注的充實感。熱愛翻譯。深深覺得每次翻譯都是一趟旅程，因為翻譯最美好的一件事，就是能在語言、符碼的轉換中見識到許多不同的世界——甚至體驗不同境界。

最能暢意人生者，莫過於一個熱忱而無憂無懼的心性。孟子說「大人」有三種成熟的美德：智、仁、勇。我想應當換掉其中一字，將這三種美德改為「情、智、勇」。恰好，在英語中可以找到「passion」這個字，用法與中文的「情」字極為類似。這兩個字在狹義上皆與性欲有關，但是他們都有更為深遠的意涵。張潮說：「多情者好色，好色者未必盡屬多情。」又說：「情之一字，所以維



持世界；才之一字，所以粉飾乾坤。」若非有情，我們的人生將全然無所適從。情，生命之靈魂，繁星之光輝，歌樂之輕旋，花間之喜悅，鳥兒之豐羽，學問之生命。若無情，則談何靈魂；仿若無調，則談何音樂。有情才有心靈上的溫暖，才有豐沛的生命力，叫人歡快地面對人生。

也許我用「passion」（熱情）來譯中文的「情」並不恰當，是否該用比較溫和的「sentiment」（感情）來譯，少一些暴風般的激情騷動？或許「情」與早期浪漫主義者所謂的「sensitivity」含意極為相似，指的是溫暖、慷慨，而且富涵藝術的心性所擁有的特質。對於「passion」，西方的哲學家除了愛默生（Emerson）、愛彌爾（Amaiel）、朱伯特（Joubert）、伏爾泰（Voltaire）之外，沒有誰說過幾句好話，這倒奇怪。也許我們說的是同樣的道理，只是用字不同罷了。但是如果「passion」和「sentiment」的含意不同，而是一種更為激烈而讓人煩惱的情感，那麼我們就沒有一個可與之等同的中文字了，還是得回到「情」這個老字上頭。從這裡是否可以看出中西民族情性不同之處，是否可以看出中國人的性格中缺乏一種令人無法自拔的熱烈之情？此種熱情卻在西方文學中吞噬人們的靈魂，造出一齣又一齣的悲劇。這是否解釋了為何中國文學中沒有發展出希臘式的悲劇？也解釋了為何中國的悲劇人物在關鍵時刻要悲嘆落淚，放棄鍾愛之人，將其交入仇敵手中；或是像楚霸王那樣，先刺死愛人再自刎？這種

結局在西方的觀眾是不能滿意的。但中國人的生活是這樣，文學自然也是。一個人與命運拚搏，放棄掙扎，悲劇隨著回憶的浪潮席捲而來，徒留悔恨與期望。正如唐明皇的悲劇，為了安撫叛軍而刺死愛妃，此後便活在夢中世界遙想佳人。悲劇的感覺，在這齣中國戲劇收尾過後良久才漸漸顯露，愈久愈悲。唐明皇在外流放的時候，聽見雨中的山坡上傳來牛鈴的聲音，於是作出《雨霖鈴》紀念佳人。明皇眼之所見，手之所觸，哪怕是一條殘留餘味的香巾，還是曾經服侍過愛妃的老婢，皆令他憶起佳人。故事結尾，明皇在道士的幫助下到仙境尋找佳人芳魂。至此，即便稱不上熱烈之情，也可算是浪漫的情感了，這可是一種醇而暈光的熱情。所以，中國的哲學家有個特點，就是他們雖然貶低人類的「欲望」（即七情），但他們卻從未貶低熱情與感情本身，反倒是將他們當作日常生活的基礎，甚至將「夫妻之情」視作「人倫之本」。

我們的熱情，我們的情感，是與生俱來的。就像人不能選擇父母一樣，冷淡和溫暖的性格也是天生固有的。這很不幸，卻是事實。但是換個角度來說，也沒有孩子生來就心腸極冷，我們是在逐漸失去赤子之心時，才逐漸失掉了與生俱來的溫暖。在成人生活中某個時候，不善的環境抹煞、扼殺了我們多情的天性，讓它萎縮凍結。這多半是由於我們自己疏忽了，使天性無法繼續存續下去，又或是我們沒有和不好的環境脫離使然。在「向世界學經驗」的過程中，我們會刻意武



裝自己，冷酷起來或讓心腸變硬，而使天性遭受諸多暴力，所以當一個人因為在世界上累積越來越多經驗而感到自豪之時，他的神經也變得越來越不敏感，越來越麻木——身在政治圈或商業界的，尤其如此。因此，有一種「拚命三郎」，鞭策自己向上，卻漠視他人；也有一種人意志堅決如鋼，卻認為感情是愚蠢的理想主義或多愁善感而已，而讓最後一絲感情在他心中凋謝零落。就是這種人我一點都瞧不起。世界上鐵石心腸的人太多了。如果政府要實施讓不適者絕育的政策，首先該絕育的對象就是在道德上沒有感覺的人、對於藝術想法迂腐的人、心情沉重陰鬱不振的人、為達目的不擇手段的人、下決定便心如鐵石的人，以及生活中一點樂趣都沒有的人，反倒不是瘋子或結核病患者。因為在我看來，一個有熱情、有感情的人可能會做出許多愚蠢、魯莽的事，但沒有熱情、沒有感情的人就像一則笑話、一幅諷刺的漫畫。和都德 (Daudet) 筆下的莎弗 (Sappho) 比起來，這樣的人不過是一條蟲、一部機器、一個機器人、一個塵世間的汗點而已。有許多妓女生活過得比事業有成的商人還要崇高。莎弗有罪又怎麼樣？縱使她有罪，她也有愛；這樣懂得深愛的人，人們必是寬大為懷的。再怎麼說，當她從惡劣的商業環境中脫身時，卻是比許多有錢人保有更多赤子之心。崇拜抹大拉的馬利亞 (Mary Magdalene) 是對的。熱情和感情難免叫人做錯事，而受到當受的懲罰，即使如此還是有許多溺愛子女的母親，讓愛勝過了她們的理智判斷；可是我們相信，與不苟言笑的嚴厲母親相比，這些溺愛孩子的母親老了以後會覺得自己

曾經過得很快樂。有個朋友告訴我，曾經有一位七十八歲的女士跟他說：「回首過去七十八年，想到做錯事的時候，就算做錯我還是快樂的；但是想到做蠢事的時候，就算到了晚年都無法原諒自己。」

可人生是嚴峻的，天性溫暖、寬厚、多情的人容易被其他聰明的同儕欺騙。寬厚的人常常因為寬厚而做出錯事，因為對敵人太過寬容、對朋友太信任而錯了。有時，寬厚的人大夢初醒之後，回到家裡，寫下悲苦的詩。許多中國詩人和學者就是這樣。比如說極愛喝茶的張岱，被親朋好友所背叛而散盡家財，之後寫下十二首詩，是我讀過最心酸的作品。但我猜想張岱到晚年都一直如此寬大為懷，即便身處窮愁潦倒之中，幾度瀕臨餓死之際也不改其性；而且我相信那些愁苦之情如煙散去之後，張岱還是活得快樂的。

即便如此，溫暖而寬厚的心性必須要有一種人生觀來加以保護，讓它不會為生活而有所折損；因為人生是嚴峻的，心性溫暖並不足夠，有熱情還要有智慧和勇氣才行。我認為智慧和勇氣是同一件事，因為勇氣來自於對生活的了解；全然了解生活的人，必然勇敢。反正不能帶給我們勇氣的智慧也不值得擁有。智慧遏止我們愚蠢的野心，讓我們擺脫這塵世中讓人趨之若鶩的騙子（無論思想上的或生活上的），而帶給我們勇氣。



在這世上，騙子很多，但中國佛教徒已將許許多多的小欺騙歸為兩大類，也就是名和利。有一次乾隆皇帝下江南，發生一則插曲，當時乾隆皇帝從山上往海面俯瞰，見到南海上有許多船隻來往奔忙。他問大臣人們在這數以百計的帆船上做些什麼。大臣回答，在他眼裡只見兩種船，一艘為「名」，一艘為「利」。許多有教養的人都能夠避開「利」的誘惑，但是只有非凡的人物才能抗拒「名」的誘惑。有個僧人和尚曾經與弟子談論這兩種引起塵世爭端的源頭說：「擺脫利慾容易，擺脫名慾則難。即便隱士與僧人，仍希望在同道中脫穎而出名。他們樂於對著人群講道，而不願隱退小廟只對一名弟子談話，就像我和你這樣。」弟子回答：「沒錯，師父您是這世上唯一能杜絕名慾的人！」師父笑而不語。

根據我個人對人生的觀察，佛教徒對人生的騙子分類並不完善，人生最大的騙子不是兩種，而是三種：名、利、權。這三種騙子可以用一個英文字一言蔽之中，就是「success」——成功。可是許多聰明人都知道，在想要成功、出名、擁利的慾望背後，其實是害怕失敗、貧窮、沒沒無聞，而且是這些恐懼主宰著我們的生活。許多人已經名利雙收還不夠，想方設法地要控制別人。他們將自己獻身於服務國家。這個代價往往非常高。叫一個聰明的人向群眾揮揮絲巾，每天發表七場演說，然後給他一個總統的高位，他會拒絕為獻出自己。詹姆斯·

布萊斯 (James Bryce) 認為，美國的民主體制中竟然沒有設計足夠的誘因來讓一國中的佼佼者願意為政治服務。我想光是總統大選的繁重就足夠嚇壞美國的聰明人了。擔任公職通常意味著在奉獻人生為人群服務的名義下，一週出席六次晚餐宴會。為什麼他不留在家裡將自己奉獻於一頓簡單的晚餐，奉獻給他的床、奉獻給他的睡衣呢？在名與權矇騙與趨使之下，人很快就成了其它偶然出現的騙子的囊中物，永無休止之日。很快地他開始想要改革社會，提高別人的道德，維護教會，打擊邪惡，為他人訂定計畫，阻擋人家已經擬好的計畫，在開會之前閱讀下屬為他準備的統計報告，坐在會議席中檢視展覽的藍圖，甚至開一家精神病院（真是厚臉皮！）——總而言之，就是干涉人家的生活。他很快就忘了那些自告奮勇負起的責任，這些改造他人、實行自己的計畫、阻止對手的計畫等等的問題，就像從未發生過，甚至從來沒有進到他的腦袋裡一樣。選舉才過兩個星期，一個失敗的總統候選人就把勞工、失業、關稅等重大問題給徹底忘得一乾二淨。他是誰，憑什麼改造他人，把人送到精神病院裡？但是如果他成功的話，這些一等等和二等的騙子讓他忙得不亦樂乎，讓他產生幻覺，以為自己真的成就什麼了不起的大事，變成一個什麼了不起的人物。

然而還有一種次等的社會騙子，既厲害，影響範圍又廣，那就是風尚 (fashion)。能夠依照自我的本性行事是勇敢而難得的。希臘哲學家德謨克利



特 (Democritus) 認為他讓人擺脫對神以及對死亡的極度恐懼，幫了人類一個大忙。但是他卻沒有讓人從另一種極為常見的恐懼中自由，也就是對旁人的恐懼。許多人擺脫了對神的恐懼、擺脫了對死亡的恐懼，卻擺脫不了對人的恐懼。無論有意、無意，我們都是這塵世間的演員，演出觀眾認可的角色與情節。

這種演戲的才能，再加上相關的模仿才能（同時也是演戲才能的一部分），是我們從猿猴演化來最突出的特色。這種表演的才能的確衍生出許多好處，最明顯的就是來自觀眾的喝采。但是喝采越熱烈，人在後台的心也越躁動不安。此外這種才能也幫人謀生，所以我們也不能責怪別人遵從觀眾所認可的方式來出演。

但是有時這個人會被他的角色給取代，完全地占有了他，這是唯一的缺點。只有少數人能夠同時享盛名、居高位而保有自己的本性；這些人知道自己在做什麼，他們不為虛幻的階級、名稱、資產、財富所矇騙，當這些東西找上他們的時，他們只是帶著寬容的微笑接受，而且不會因此覺得自己與一般人有何不同。這種人的心性是最為高等的，他們始終過著簡樸的個人生活。正因為他們不懷抱這些幻象，所以簡樸就是這些偉大心性的表徵。一個小小的政府官員被自己的偉大所蒙蔽，或是暴發戶在社交場合展示珠寶，或是半吊子作家想像自己成為不朽之輩，就立刻失去簡樸而變得不自然了；沒有什麼比這些更能顯露出人心的渺

小。

我們演戲的本能是如此根深蒂固，我們時常忘了在舞台之外還有真實的人生。我們勞心勞力地度過一生，卻不是依照心中真正的聲音，反而是為了取得社會的認可過活，正如中國俗諺中所說的，老處女，執針線，「為人作嫁」。



關於「快樂」

楊婷 佳作

作者介紹

一無所長、信而好古、熱愛經典與文字與藝術的平凡高中生。非典型牡羊，血型未知。目前就讀於新北市私立竹林中學。

生活中的樂趣涵蓋了許多範疇：本我之樂、天倫之樂、花草樹木、行雲飛瀑、以及一切自然界琳瑯的繽紛帶來的耳目之樂；又有詩畫和藝術的鑑賞之樂、靜思時的禪意之樂、友誼之樂、和對話與閱讀等一切形式各異的性靈交流。這之中有直觀也奔放一些的，一如口腹之慾的飽足、一場盡興的聚會或家庭團圓、某個絢麗春日的戶外踏青；較含蓄的，則像是詩趣和藝文等精神上的享受和冥想時超然物外的樂趣。我發現要將這兩種層面的樂趣歸類為「物質」與「精神」是不妥帖也不可能的，一是因為我並不相信這種區別標準，二則因每當我試圖如此作分類，總會反被擾得疲惑自失。譬如，當我看見一場男女老少都各得其樂的野餐

派對，我要怎麼區分哪些部分是「物質上」的樂趣，哪些部分是「精神上」的樂趣？我看見一個孩童在草坪上嬉戲，另一個孩童正將雛菊編織成圈，他們的母親手中拿著一個三明治，家中某位叔伯張口咬下一顆鮮紅多汁的蘋果，父親就躺在一旁仰望航過天際的雲朵，而祖父嘴裡含著一根煙斗。也許有某人在播放一台唱機，因而從遠不可及的彼處傳來悠揚的音樂，間雜著浪淘遙遙的低吼。這其中哪些是精神上的，哪些又是物質上的呢？享受一口三明治，之於享受四周我們常讚以「詩意」的美景，要在兩者之間劃清界線談何容易？我們有可能武斷地將欣賞音樂，看作是比我們慣於歸諸物質的「抽一根煙斗」更加高檔的樂趣嗎？因此，這樣針對精神與物質享受的分類對我而言是費解、不明智也極其造作的。我猜想，這種作法應該是初始於某種未經過對人類核心嚮往的細究，就擅自將靈肉對立化的謬誤哲學。

或者，也許是我在「人生有其終極目標」的不確定前提下設想了太多？長久以來我一直認為生活的目標即為生活的真樂。這是不爭的事實，鐵打的金科玉律。我在使用「目標」或「目的」等詞彙時頗有些遲疑。這種生活的目標或目的，多數時候並非一種自我意識設定的標的，而更傾向一種自然而生的人生態度，但「目的」一詞隱含了太多自發的企圖與奮鬥。每個人在世上所需面對的問題絕非「他的目標是什麼」抑或「為了達成此目標他該採取什麼行動」，而僅只是他要如何面對這五、六十年的在世光陰。相較於探究那些抽象玄祕的議題，好



比「一個體生命在宇宙尺度中的意義和價值」——該如何支配此生，以期能從中求取最大的快樂，就像一個人計畫要如何打發他的周末，才是更為實際的問題。

另一方面而言，我認為那位首先試圖解開人生目的之謎的哲學家，大概已經缺乏根據的假設了人生必定有其目的。這個問題在西方思想家之間如此突出，無疑是受到了神學年深日久的深遠影響。我想我們對於這種種計畫與目的論的假設太氾濫了。而那些人們苦苦索求答案，並因之爭論不休或者焦灼不解，就實在是徒勞且多餘的。畢竟，若生命真有所謂的目的或既定的模式，那麼勢必不會以此隱晦又費解的方式呈現。

這個問題又可以切割為二：或以神靈為目的的立足點，主張上帝已為人類決定了目標；或以人類自身為出發點，即人類應為自己設立目標。就前者而言，我並不想多加探討，因為一切我們附加於上帝的思想都根屬我們自己的臆想；況且要以人類的所知去解讀造物主的智慧實在是自不量力的。這種僭越的解讀方式，最終只會使上帝演變為在我們軍營中護衛營旗的官兵，或是把祂塑造成一位和我們這些凡夫俗子無異的沙文主義者。我們假想上帝親自操刀設計的這套「命定論」或所謂「目的論」，絕非整個世界或整個歐洲大陸所能擅自共享之，而僅僅是為我們的祖國所量身打造。我敢篤定，那些納粹大概無法想像一個不配戴卍字臂章的上帝——「上帝必定是站在我方陣營的」，但德國也絕不是世上唯一懷抱著這種思維的民族。

至於第二個問題，爭端並不在於「人生的目的是什麼」而在於「人生的目的應該是什麼」，因此這是個實際而非抽象的問題。對於人生的目的應該為何，每個人都有他自己的意念和價值觀。也正因價值觀因人而異，我們的必須為此一再激辯爭論。就我個人而言，我寧可實際一點，而不想把問題過度哲學化。我認為人生不一定非要有個目標，個體的存在也不見得非要有個宗旨。就像華特·惠特曼所說的：「我很滿足，因為我就是我。」知道我此刻活著，且在接下來的數十年也應當會一直活著，而人類的生命就如此代代延續，這一切已使我感到十分滿足。如此看來，這個問題就變得異常簡單，而答案只有一個——除了純粹的享樂之外，生命還能有什麼其他的目的呢？

奇怪的是，這個關於快樂的問題，在世上一切非宗教哲學家的腦海中盤旋、喧騰不已，唯獨基督教徒卻徹底置身事外。困擾神學家們的問題顯然不是「人類的快樂」，而是「拯救世人」。我對「拯救」一詞實在不以為然，因為我在中國就成天聽到人們在談「救國」。每個人都試圖要「拯救」中國，人人自危的像是一艘沉船上掙扎呼援的群眾；又好像有某種滔天大禍將臨，而亟欲設法在萬暗中殺出生路。被人們形容為「兩個沒落帝國（希臘和羅馬）的最後嘆息」的基督教，至今仍留存他們對於「拯救」、「救贖」的巨大執念。一心牽掛著「永生」的結果，就是忘卻了我們真正在世時的生活問題。除非一個人料定自己大限將至，否則為何要花費這麼多心力去思索「救贖」的問題呢？神學家的思想被過度



著眼於「救贖」而剝削了對於「快樂」的關注，導致他們對於未來的想像除了某個遙不可及的天堂之外便是一片空茫。而當他們被問及諸如「在天堂要做什麼」之類的問題時，他們所能描繪的唯有批著聖袍、唱著聖歌等等的籠統意象。穆罕默德至少還畫了一張富有對於歡樂之憧憬的圖畫，畫中有美酒佳釀、甘果香瓜以及和烏髮大眼的熱情少女，使我們這些門外漢尚可窺見一斑。除非天堂被描述為某個更具體、更具號召力的樂土，否則任何人都沒有理由犧牲自己有生之年的可享之福，只為了到達那個假想的所在。俗話說得好：「千賒不如八百現。」至少，當我們在為自己計畫暑假時，我們還能花點心力去蒐集到一些旅遊景點的資訊；假如旅行社給我的盡是一些模糊的狀態，那我寧可哪兒也不去。我們在天堂也要努力奮鬥嗎？我相信，那些此刻已經在汲汲營營朝著天堂邁進的人們會同意此一假設。但是，當我們已經完美無瑕了，還有什麼是需要我們為之努力的呢？或者，在天堂我們只要負責無牽無掛的四處晃蕩？若真是如此，我想我們在世時不妨人人都遊手好閒一些，以備迎接死後的新生。

若我們必須選擇一種宇宙觀，那請盡可能的忘卻小我，且不要將眼光侷限於人類生命。讓我們再稍稍向外推闡，把石頭、樹木和百獸等天地間一切生靈的目的都納入我們的視野。宇宙其自有一套計畫——儘管「計畫」一詞於我而言就像「目的」或「目標」等一樣不可靠——但我指的是一種冥冥之中的形制，使我們能以一個非最終定論、而僅是出自個人的宇宙觀，在浩浩天地間扮演好自己的

定位。對於我們所處的世界，一定要抱持最自然的觀點；畢竟我們在自然中僅僅是毫末的存在，而葉落後終究還是要歸根。只要我們不要過度自滿或妄下定論，天文學、地質學、生物學和歷史都是能提供我們絕佳著眼點的材料。一個人的存在，在巨觀的宇宙目的的概念中或許微不足道，但這也無關緊要。只要他在世上佔有一角席次，與周遭的自然諧然共處，也就能對「人生」本身建立起一個合理且合宜的見解。



創作獎 決審會議紀錄

林語堂文學創作獎決審會議紀錄

時間：2013年10月20日

地點：林語堂故居閱讀研討室

決審委員：陳雨航、蔡素芬、范銘如

記錄：洪語軒、陳立言

先由林語堂故居同仁劉羽軒報告收件狀況。本次林語堂文學創作獎共收件365篇，經過資格篩選，扣除格式不符、字數超過者，共135篇進入初審。由吳鈞堯、喜茵、鍾文音初選，共有13篇進入決審。今天將由陳雨航、蔡素芬、范銘如三位決審委員，選出五篇得獎作品。



對整體作品的總評與建議

陳雨航：請各位評審發表整體意見。

蔡素芬（以下稱蔡）：

各位在場的朋友大家好。我們拿到手上的稿子有十三篇，因為林語堂文學獎沒有國籍限制，華文創作即可參加。入圍的十三篇，我們看見有馬來西亞、大陸還有台灣的作品，起碼可以看出作品的地域性。我是覺得，有些作品的文字頗為成熟、老練，但小說不能僅止於此，我更重視的是作者想說什麼。除了故事以外，包括情節、角色的安排，我們希望可以與以往見到的文學作品有所不同，在一個文學獎裡面才可能產生新鮮感。有些作品的文字很好，會吸引我繼續看到最後，給我們什麼樣的餘韻。不同地域所產生的不同作品，文字特性也會有所不同，我會有包容性，但我還是會去追問意義。我選出來的可能不是文字最好的，而是我在裡面閱讀到，希望發現閱讀的喜悅感、讓我找到東西的作品。

范銘如（以下稱范）：

各位朋友下午好。我閱讀這次文學獎的感想，也是認為這次入圍的十三

篇，其實整體水準滿接近的。誠如剛剛蔡素芬所說的，有些作品的文字技術其實非常成熟，我在看的時候，其實很多篇，以一個小說布局、人物調動、情節轉折、整體象徵都非常的齊整。但是，有時候遺憾的是，有些太成熟的作品，反而是滿可預期的。對我們這樣子比較挑剔、資深的讀者來說，你在讀的時候，會發現伏筆的走向可以預期，許多比較相近。以小說結構性來說是滿好的，但卻又少了些什麼。我重視的是，小說安排最後所要表達的真正意涵是什麼，我也會進一步追問，這我跟蔡老師的看法是相近的。我認為，參加文學獎的小說，不見得是各方面都很完美的，後來我會覺得，即使有些部分有一些缺憾，但我更注重的一塊是「共鳴」。這共鳴可能這點主觀啦，我還是會注重這篇小說是否有打動到我，這樣我會比較加分。

陳雨航（以下稱陳）：

這個小說獎限制是五千字的短篇小說。我想起在二、三十年前，副刊還在大量登小說時，短篇小說這樣的字數是常見到的，短篇小說選裡面也常見這樣的自述。現在反而少見到了。現在可能一萬字上下比較多。五千字得要更小心，千言萬語都要刪掉、精簡化，這是一個技術，尤其只有五千字的時候。我認為，進到決審，文字其實都已經不錯了。這次入圍決審的作



品裡頭，很多給我很像大長篇的「第一章」，因此有些削足適履的現象。我在意的是在這樣的字數裡你如何表達，文字好自然是非常重要的，但我還想要看看，背後還有什麼東西？那我們直接進入勾選，一人挑選三篇。

個別作品討論

第一階段投票

- 39號〈老人與蛇〉1 范銘如
- 42號〈年壁〉1 范銘如
- 94號〈賓士計程車〉
- 113號〈颱風〉
- 127號〈大巴司機的憂鬱〉1 蔡素芬
- 130號〈心之必然〉
- 139號〈寧靜的愛情〉1 陳雨航
- 160號〈到底〉
- 161號〈逃犯〉1 陳雨航
- 164號〈白水河〉2 陳雨航、蔡素芬

- 191號〈甲鎮的祭典〉
- 192號〈青蔥〉1 范銘如
- 202號〈秋子的夢〉1 蔡素芬

39號〈老人與蛇〉

范：

我選這篇，是因為這個題材在小說裡面比較少見。雖然這篇看題目的感覺，就是〈老人與海〉的「陸地版」。裡面也有頗不合理之處，例如這小說裡的老人，既然是那麼厲害的人，何必跟蛇同歸於盡？我覺得他後面有點太戲劇性了。可是我覺得他有個部分，是寫得不錯之處，在於節奏感。讓人產生緊張、起伏感，小說的古典要求（扣人心弦），其實節奏他有掌握到。是這個地方，我願意給他肯定。而且我想，要寫一個捕蛇人，畢竟不是一般人的經驗，對寫作者也是一個挑戰。有些地方並不是那麼寫實。

陳：

跟《老人與海》無法對稱。



蔡：

某些大陸作品文字很好，但在意義上，我卻找不太到「弦外之音」。譬如說〈老人與蛇〉就是，我曾看過「宜蘭文學獎」的小說稿件，台灣寫作者也寫過捕蛇的故事，也寫得很精采。看到這個題材，我覺得不新鮮，而且最後寫到同歸於盡，作者太清楚的在結尾，把小說想寫的東西透露出來了。這樣的小說我比較不會去挑他。

〈年壁〉

范：

這篇也是我選的，這篇小說屬於現代主義一點的感覺。我認為有些安排頗為巧妙。例如失智症的爸爸、一堵牆壁，還有現在很夯的題材：「都更」、「拆遷」。我認為他把這些東西，組構成一個家族、城市、歷史的記憶相互纏繞。其實這三線合在一起並沒有那麼容易，可我覺得他用「汗水」來表達，我覺得連接得不錯。我們常說，追憶逝水年華，是一個淚水，而這邊反而用一種「汗水」，更有生活的況味。淡淡的痕跡、似有若無，我覺得還不錯。這三線扣合的部分，其實並沒有非常明顯，所以我並

蔡：

不太能掌握他背後的意涵。

這篇是現在很常被討論的議題，他寫的就是被都更的釘子戶，跟他的房子並存的內在。所以，有時候我們看小說，要不要把小說和現實連結在一起？所以我覺得，在看這篇小說的時候，我必須換個角度看，因為這其中有虛幻成分的。例如那堵牆，你畫過之後，明天又會變得乾淨。如果是這樣，我接受這面虛構的牆。但他講到，慢跑的部分。我也是個有慢跑習慣的人，根據我的經驗，慢跑結束後，走回家的時候汗早就沒了。那除非他一直持續跑到他家門口，如果他有個緩和的動作，例如到巷子口，那汗就一定都蒸散了，不可能一路這樣進到屋裏，那身體的節奏感是不對的。所以我覺得作者，為了目的而造境、造情，那目的當然就是這個釘子戶，他跟他的房子沒、具存了，這跟那篇〈白水河〉有可以連結的地方。可是以現實來看，我比較希望可以讀到情感更深的。我覺得這篇，比較接近尋找議題的創作，對情感的部分比較難碰到。

〈青蔥〉

范：



這篇也是我選的。這篇就是女性小說技巧很完整的小說。談的是你愛的人與我愛的人，那種女性的掙扎。我覺得他的跳接、調度還滿成熟的。但可惜的是，以「青蔥」做象徵意義，甚至當成題目，但我覺得他用此來扣題，並沒有很有說服力。我覺得用「青蔥」來講這個女生的關鍵象徵，並沒有選得非常好，反而是有點扣分的部分。

蔡：

我覆議，這篇和〈寧靜的愛情〉也是我在考慮之列的。那〈青蔥〉裡面，有些文字寫得滿明白的，有點散文的寫法。他是寫有一個女性，一直脫離不了初戀情人體貼的感情，然後跟現在做對比。他有一點象徵性，就是很多女性都陷在一種婚姻的迷陣。其實他的婚姻沒有什麼不好，他的男人就是一個普通的男人，這就是有一種象徵性的，是一般大眾的生活，一般大眾的婚姻。可是如果你無法在現在的婚姻滿足，只能尋找舊日情人，是說分開必有理由。但是如果無法面對現實，就一直無法走出情緒。

〈大巴司機的憂鬱〉

蔡：

這篇是我選的。首先，我覺得他的文字非常鮮活，另外是兩個計程車司機的比較。他高中同學的爸爸也是開大巴的，而後來調到別的地方去開。這位敘事者跳上大巴，要跟比較小的叫「小麵包車」搶載客人。或許一般人會認為，在上海這個地方，司機好像乘客很多，收入很高、很好賺。結果，他的危機卻是撞到了一個人，起先以為是小狗，後來看到血跡才知道撞到人。這就是大巴司機的風險。大巴司機雖然有很多乘客，但當你撞到人後，以後的人生會是什麼？這個小說並沒有告訴我們，而讓我們能夠想像。敘事者想到一個過去的同學，無法在上海考大學，因為他的戶籍不在上海，甚至也買不起一個戶籍。從這裡我們可以知道，其實大巴司機也不如我們想像的那麼富有。所以他就回到家鄉，後來遇到敘事者，便遞給他一張紙條、一個地址，或許未來還有機會碰到。很有趣的是，這個敘事者就寫說，有次洗衣服，把那張寫上地址的紙條洗皺了，再也無法再聯繫。小說以這樣作結束，給我的感覺是，人生有時候是這樣，看到的東西常常是表象的，跟我們接觸過的人，因為一些單純的偶然意外，就失聯了。過去友誼的承諾就不再了，這篇小說給我了一些想法。我便挑選了他。

〈白水河〉



陳：

文字好當然不必說，我覺得人生、大自然、命運，不管最終如何，你終究要向大自然、向命運，甚至向你自己的人生屈服，或者講好一點就是和解。人在大自然底下都是渺小的，端看你自己如何跟他和解、對待，你能改變自己，改變心情。他的調子很緩慢，時間很長，並不是典型的短篇小說，我甚至覺得他感覺是更有長篇的雛形，但我喜歡的主題還有文字。

蔡：

這也是一篇大陸作品。他的文字很好，而且富有鄉野性，給我一種宿命感。他寫了三代人。五千字要容納三代人的經歷……。就是因為這條河的「水伯」傳說，預告了一種不祥。我們可以說這是鄉野的迷信，卻又似乎有人看過，尤其作品裡那個小孩。凡是有人看到那個身體就會不對、發燒。小說裡那個主角的小孩，因為溺水生命就沒有了，所以她的太太就一直無法走出陰霾，在意他的小孩不見了，精神就有一些狀況。因此主角青貴這位男子，小說的結尾並沒有寫得很明白，但我們可以讀出來，他似乎跳水了。他的一生就跟這條河聯繫起來，解脫不了。作者透過小孩死亡，想及生命歷程，帶出這條河流，給鄉村帶來的低氣壓。因此他走進河中，河流的碎冰跟隨他的跳入，激起漣漪。這讓我們想到以身相隨，無法抵抗

范：

你，就一直與你同在。這部分也有感動到我。

我並不喜歡結尾是很戲劇性、結尾很強烈的，尤其是結尾總必須死人。例如我們很常看學生的習作，到了結尾就是「死」。所以我看到結局，如果有強烈動作（例如死），我就會比較排斥。就像這篇〈白水河〉，前面處理都還不錯，但像陳雨航所言，篇幅需要更長一點，才能清楚容納出一家三代的故事。尤其你看前面，它處理它的小時候，但後面讓子喪妻，以致投水自盡的部分，那裏的篇幅太快、很快就解決了，最後反而會覺得，後面處理地有點不像他鋪梗，鋪得那麼清晰。我會覺得很快就結束了。

〈秋子的夢〉

蔡：

這篇是台灣作者的作品。後來想想，我非常喜歡這一篇，因為它充滿了畫面。這裡面所敘事的這個家庭，弟弟結婚離婚後，太太跑掉，坐牢又留下兩個小孩，這個姑姑很有母愛的當了侄子的媽媽，但她的生活也並不好過，已經過了四十歲還沒嫁掉，就靠打會賺利差過生活。所以她對金錢也非常計較，例如姪子就問她說，你為什麼不幫奶奶買東西？因為她剛作了



眼睛的手術。她就說，為什麼我要買給她？這是我的事，我不買就是不買。女兒對媽媽的無情，與對侄子的對話也非常暴力。這是這個家庭很特殊的模式。你想看看，一個家庭裡面，弟弟去坐牢，這個家庭也並不是個很平和、正常成長的家庭。因此，她讓我看到某一類型的家庭，對語言上的挑剔、非常苛刻，但其實內心非常溫暖的。而這位女性，很ㄍㄨㄥ啊，一直相親，明明很喜歡某個男士，卻一直在試驗她的誠意，到最後人就跑掉了。所以自己就沒有結婚。從這邊就可以看出，這女生的個性。裡面這個女生的生活重心，就是在照顧兩個侄子，這一些還不夠，小說結尾的地方卻非常高明。因為她去逛sogo，去週年慶拿贈品，因為有兩個兄弟，所以一次買兩人份。因為太陽很大，她要戴太陽眼鏡，就想會不會放在剛剛的店。後來才想到，應該是放在媽媽房間，因為媽媽眼睛開刀畏光。從這邊看得出來，她還是很在意她的媽媽的。她雖然在姪子面前，對媽媽非常苛刻；但從這個細微的地方，我們可以看出來，她不只照顧小的、也照顧老的。作者的布局雖然沒有那麼明，但看到最後，我就覺得很好，有一篇讓我想要選她作第一名的作品。

陳：

我也蠻喜歡這篇〈秋子的夢〉，是讓我在選的時候有些掙扎的篇章。那就

范：

是他有市井小民活蹦亂跳的生命力。

非常有市井小民的感覺。從〈紅玫瑰與白玫瑰〉後文學作品都開始展現了戀物癖，這是一個現實的人，刀子嘴豆腐心寫得很現實，但男女部分處理得卻沒有很好，小說主角應該是很能妥協於現實的人，卻二十幾年都捨不得把自己嫁出去，感情部分太純情反而沒有說服力。

〈逃犯〉

陳：

先說〈逃犯〉。顯然是馬來西亞的作品，以馬華人為背景。作為短篇小說，他比較凝鍊，處理的時間沒有很長、地點很單一，非常集中聚焦。作為短篇小說，是很不錯的一篇。在看的時候，裡面有個敘事者的角度，例如他怎麼知道有個惡棍叫作桑甲依？我一開始覺得，這樣的方式有點犯規；但看到後面，發現這個犯規是故意的，這既是個敘事的，卻也是意象的，刻意要弄了一下讀者，我覺得最重要的，他的文字非常非常精鍊而迷



人。就是一個事實與想像的辯證。透過這種方式處理小說，我覺得非常好。

蔡：

〈逃犯〉我想討論一下，因為不知道銘如的意見是怎樣。〈逃犯〉這篇，我覺得寫得蠻迂迴的，故佈了許多迷陣，甚至讀到最後，使我覺得我和桑甲依是否是同一個人，但是他們會相撞、會相遇、還會坐在對面，這不是來自一種、我們說「犯人的假想」？也有可能。所以我在想，如果他既然跟這個凶手、這個歹徒一直都沒有關聯，為什麼還要那麼近身，那怎麼如影隨形的跟在他身邊呢？他在茶樓，他也會碰到，我就懷疑他是同一個人。所以我們如果要去找合理性，那就不存在了。真的是歹徒的幻想、假想敵。因為小說的結尾，他就把自己陷在一個迷陣之中，所以不只是小說人物，讀者也暈頭轉向了。因為裡面又有第一人稱觀點、又有第三人稱，交相運用，所以這一篇就好像在找答案一樣。

范：

這是一篇需要解謎的小說，讓讀者費了很多疑猜，需要設定許多問題（例如我到底是誰？我是桑甲依嗎？），必須為作者想很多才能合理化。沒有

選這一篇是讓我想到了李永平《吉陵春秋》，是馬來西亞時空背景，為什麼馬來小說一定要像李永平呢？我認為這讓我遲疑。

陳：

我也有想到《吉陵春秋》，但李天葆也寫過類似的小說，我想他想要學習的對象是李永平，致敬大前輩一下倒還可以接受。馬華小說不一定都很像李永平，張貴興也跳脫出來了。我認為這小說就是一個記憶的重建，當然他最後說破了，但如果不說破，前面就不合理了。

〈寧靜的愛情〉

陳：

我會把這篇拿來跟〈青蔥〉比較，因為兩篇都是講愛情。〈寧靜的愛情〉裏頭，曾跟兒子的女友彼此相處很好，有種溫馨的家庭感覺。可是後來，那個女友要離開兒子，他遇到了女友的媽媽，又結婚又生小孩，有一個這樣的背景。那又倒敘到一個段落，那裏不只是一個寧靜的愛情，更翻轉到一場「寧靜的謀殺」；我感覺他裏面的筆觸很輕微，只是帶過去，但絕對可以看出是一場謀殺。這和真正的人生其實很有連結，我認為寧靜的謀



殺，反而是增強了寧靜的愛情的情度。

我們看小說的時候，常常看到裡面會有個渾蛋的父親，是讓家庭崩壞的根源，這篇也是一樣。我以前也遇過類似的狀況，親耳聽過一個女孩說的，跟一個很有才華的同學交往，但他選擇了另外一個。她就像一個城堡一樣，她不要讓家庭有任何風險。〈寧靜的愛情〉和〈青蔥〉的文字都很好，但我覺得〈寧靜的愛情〉寫得更含蓄一點，她的事件也更含蓄一點。

蔡：

我附議。這篇也是我很喜歡的。他寫一對孤兒寡母，那這個母親什麼都怕，過去怕先生，現在怕兒子，所以沒辦法對這個兒子對待女友的態度，說任何一句話。甚至都知道他的女朋友已經懷孕了，都不敢說什麼，這樣的母親也是一種很典型的形象。那種孤兒寡母，害怕失去的心情。我滿支持的。

范：

我覺得前面也寫得不錯，小說人物的心境安排其實不錯，但沒有後面的謀殺案反而現實的包容度更大，而且也能讓這篇小說成立。並不需要太熱切的結尾。

第二階段投票

作品39〈老人與蛇〉，計0分。

作品42〈年壁〉，范5分，總計5分。

作品127〈大巴司機的憂鬱〉，蔡4分，總計4分。

作品139〈寧靜的愛情〉，蔡1分，陳5分，范3分，總計9分。

作品161〈逃犯〉，陳4分，總計4分。

作品164〈白水河〉，蔡3分，陳3分，范1分，總計7分。

作品192〈青蔥〉，蔡2分，陳1分，范4分，總計7分。

作品202〈秋子的夢〉，蔡5分，陳2分，范2分，總計9分。

根據總分，〈秋子的夢〉、〈寧靜的愛情〉、〈白水河〉、〈青蔥〉、〈年壁〉確定獲獎。接著要決定前三名，以及兩篇佳作。



第三階段投票（決定首獎、貳獎）

〈秋子的夢〉與〈寧靜的愛情〉

陳：

我覺得〈寧靜的愛情〉是比較安靜的，我比較喜歡那種感覺，用淡淡的感情寫一些生活的寧靜。

蔡：

我喜歡生活化的〈秋子的夢〉。單身女子的形象和寧靜的愛情似乎有點出入。

范：

就缺點少這點而言，我支持〈秋子的夢〉。我也支持比較生活化的作品。舉手投票結果，〈秋子的夢〉得到兩位評審的支持，得到首獎。〈寧靜的愛情〉獲得陳雨航支持，名列貳獎。

第四階段投票（決定三獎）

〈白水河〉與〈青蔥〉

范：

我想倒戈投〈白水河〉，雖然我本來給〈青蔥〉比較高分，但我希望文學獎作品中，前三名不要都是女性愛情作品。

〈白水河〉得到三位評審一致通過，獲得三獎。
佳作為〈年壁〉與〈青蔥〉。

〈白水河〉得到三位評審一致通過，獲得三獎。
佳作為〈年壁〉與〈青蔥〉。

最終得獎名單

首獎：〈秋子的夢〉

貳獎：〈寧靜的愛情〉

參獎：〈白水河〉

佳作：〈年壁〉、〈青蔥〉

現場發問時間：



貴賓一：

我是〈甲鎮的祭典〉的作者，想請問評審們對〈甲鎮的祭典〉的意見。

陳：

〈甲鎮的祭典〉是我本來想投的作品，我喜歡他人生命短暫的邂逅，一生一會的交錯、彼此了解的瞬間，雙方分別在台上台下，這是非常美好的一件事，那跟現實人生有所連結。就是一種雙方都互不認識，但在同一個場合上能對同樣的作品有同樣的共鳴，這是很棒的經驗。我以為是中國學生寫的小說，沒想到是台灣學生的作品。不過最好的部分與最後的比重問題，看到最後還是沒有辦法給出我三票之一。

蔡：

我想提我的疑問，本來要去乙鎮當鎮長的小方，因岔開了路而不得不去甲鎮，又看了祭天舞。小方看祭天舞是不期而遇的，小說中橋伯也是陰錯陽差才跳了祭天舞，小方和橋伯這樣的安排是不是有所意義？這兩者的相遇是不是有隱喻？祭天舞象徵著什麼？

貴賓一：

我覺得這是共有的記憶，繁華的王城中，雖然彼此並不認識，但能擁有同樣的經驗與記憶。小說寫得如此曲折，是想表達這時刻的難得與緣分，這是我想要寫出來的。

蔡：

我想找到更豐富的解答。除了緣分的難得之外是否有其他的東西？祭天舞的重要性很難忽略。

貴賓一：

那時候的設計概念是，橋伯的祭天舞是小方看過的，但如果換了人來跳，小方可能就不會想起過去的往事與記憶。

貴賓二：

我是〈年壁〉作者，想問蔡素芬老師，認為這篇小說中意義感薄弱的部分是什麼？

蔡：

我並沒有說這篇小說沒有意義的，我只是覺得作者處理的主題雖是現



實，但小說卻用非現實的回答，構想是特別的，但沒有辦法引起我的共鳴。是主觀上的喜好的問題。

陳：

像〈年壁〉這樣的作品，這種「現實中的非現實的作品」，我年輕時也寫過，對幻想的作品並不會太排斥。我比較疑惑的部分，所有的歷史與時間都會消逝嗎？房子要被拆遷之時，這一家人似乎無動於衷，太脫離現實；我對超現實的部分沒有任何疑慮，但在這對於現實的部分。我覺得在寫實的部分，不夠投入。我在想，他如果能更加積極參與，也不妨礙他最後的消失，我可能會更喜歡。

貴賓三：

我是〈秋子的夢〉作者。

蔡：

請問〈秋子的夢〉小說中的主角講話那麼苛薄，是故意設計的反差嗎？

貴賓三：

蔡：

其實並不是那麼故意，主角的靈感確有其人。

陳：

我了解，的確有人是這樣子的，嘴巴壞但心腸很好。

貴賓三：

寫市場生活寫得最活、最迷人就是陳雪，做生意的現實等等，使這篇讓我想到陳雪的《台妹時光》，因為她也是在夜市出身的。

蔡：

我也是從小生活在市場。

難怪寫得出來這樣的作品，非常恭喜你。



評審介紹

評審介紹

創作獎複審評審

彭淑芬

筆名喜函。臺東人，現居高雄。曾任港都文藝學會總幹事、臺灣新聞報「臺灣寫真」專欄執筆、高職國文教師，現任喜函文學網站長、大憨蓮文化負責人。以藝文推廣、文史記錄、旅行書寫、城鄉人文報導為職志。出版：《骨子裡風騷》詩集、《今夜化濃妝》小說集、《蓮惜》影像文學集、《到旗津打卡》報導文學集、《深情》旅行文學集、《靠近》旅行文學集、《寶島漫波》電影書、《鳥族與鳥族的喀什米爾旅行》旅行詩集。



吳鈞堯

現職《幼獅文藝》主編，曾獲《時報》、《聯合報》等小說獎，梁實秋、教育部等散文獎，2005年獲頒五四文藝獎章（文藝推廣類），繪本著作《三位樹朋友》獲第三屆國家出版獎，入圍香港豐子愷兒童圖書獎前十強。金門歷史小說《火殤世紀》，獲2011年臺北國際書展小說類十大好書、第三十五屆新聞局圖書類文學創作金鼎獎。2012年，書寫金門的《神的聲音》獲得九歌「年度小說獎」，第二次獲頒五四文藝獎章（小說創作類）。

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鍾文音

雲林人，畢業於淡江大學大眾傳播系，曾於美國紐約藝術學生聯盟研習油畫創作兩年。曾任電影劇照師、場記、《聯合報》記者、《自由時報》記者，自2000年專職寫作至今，現為職業作家。被譽為1990年代崛起的優秀小說家，曾獲得十多項臺灣重要文學獎，包括中國文藝獎章、聯合報短篇小說獎、聯合報散文獎、中國時報短篇小說獎、長榮旅行文學獎、華航旅行文學獎、吳三連獎、林榮三文學獎等，已出版二十幾本作品。

創作獎決選評審

范銘如

嘉義人，中國文化大學中文系文藝創作組學士、美國威斯康辛大學麥迪遜分校東亞文學系博士。曾任教於淡江大學中國文學系、國立臺北大學中國語文學系，現任國立政治大學臺灣文學研究所教授。著有《像一盒巧克力：當代文學文化評論》、《大頭坎仔的布袋戲》、《文學地理：臺灣小說的空間閱讀》，並主編《島嶼奴聲：臺灣女性小說讀本》、《挑撥新趨勢：第二屆中國女性書寫國際學術研討會論文集》等。

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陳雨航

高雄美濃人，臺師大歷史系、文化藝術研究所畢業。曾任報紙副刊、雜誌、出版編輯多年。70年代從事小說寫作，著有短篇小說集《策馬入林》和《天下第一捕快》。《小鎮生活指南》是第一部長篇，甫出版便一連獲



得亞洲週刊十大好書獎、2012開卷好書獎、2013書展大獎「年度之書」。

蔡素芬

淡江中文系畢業，德州大學聖安東尼奧雙語言文化研究所進修。歷任《自由時報》撰述委員、自由副刊主編、影藝中心副主任，兼林榮三文化公益基金會執行長等職。主要作品長篇小說《鹽田兒女》、《橄欖樹》、《姐妹書》，短篇小說集《臺北車站》，編有《九十四年小說選》、《臺灣文學30年菁英選：小說30家》及譯作數本。曾獲全國學生文學獎、中央日報文學獎、聯合文學新人獎中篇推薦獎、聯合報文學獎長篇小說獎、中興文藝獎章等多項文學獎項。

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翻譯獎評審

蘇正隆

臺大外文系畢業，英國普茲茅斯大學訪問學人(Invited Visiting Scholar, 2001-2002, University of Portsmouth) (從事翻譯及詞典研究)，書

林出版、龍登出版公司董事長。臺灣翻譯學學會前理事長。師範大學翻譯研究所兼任助理教授，教授〈筆譯專業〉等課程。行政院研考會《雙語詞彙翻譯審查小組》委員。專長：中譯英、英譯中、詞典編譯、詞彙翻譯、公共標示的英譯、動植物名詞中英互譯，譯有《百回本西遊記及其早期版本》、《靈燈》等。編著《英語的對與錯》(與James St. Andre合編)書林。

賴慈芸

國立臺灣大學中文系學士，輔大翻譯學研究所碩士，香港理工大學中文及雙語研究系博士。目前為國立臺灣師範大學翻譯研究所副教授兼所長，任教科目包括筆譯練習、中西翻譯史、翻譯批評、小說翻譯及戲劇翻譯等，並參與教育部翻譯能力考試的規劃與研究。曾任出版社編輯，已出版譯作四十餘種，包括學術用書、小說、傳記、繪本、青少年書籍等，譯作曾獲開卷及讀書人最佳翻譯書獎。著有《譯者的養成》一書。

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梁欣榮

畢業於國立臺灣大學外國語文學系，美國德州 Texas A&M 大學英美文學博士，現任臺灣大學外國語文學系主任、國際華語研習所所長、翻譯學程主任、及中華民國筆會英文季刊主編。曾任外交部翻譯講師、國立編譯館及文建會臺灣文學英譯專書系列英文主編、梁實秋翻譯獎及臺灣大學文學翻譯獎評審等。



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