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SELECTED HUMOROUS ESSAYS

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LIN YUTANG

英漢對照 詳細註釋

林語堂幽默小品集



林語堂著 梁通治編註

朔風書店印行

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**OF**  
**LIN YUTANG**

*Translated and Annotated*

by LIANG NAI-ZH

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## HOW I CELEBRATED NEW YEAR'S EVE

The old Chinese New Year, of the lunar calendar, was the greatest festival in the year for the Chinese people, compared with which every other festival seemed lacking in completeness of the holiday spirit. For five days the entire nation dressed in its best clothes, shut up shop, loafed, gambled, beat gongs, let off firecrackers, paid calls, and attended theatrical performances. It was the great day of good luck, when everybody looked forward to a better and more prosperous new year, when everybody had the pleasure of adding one year to his age and was ready with an auspicious<sup>2</sup> luckbringing word for his neighbors.

The humblest maid had the right not to be scolded on New Year's Day, and strangest of all, even the hard-working women of China loafed and ate melon seeds and refused to wash or cook a regular meal or even handle the kitchen knife. The justification for this idleness was that to chop meat on New Year's Day was to chop off good luck, and to pour water down the sink was to pour away good luck, and to wash anything was to wash away good luck. Red scrolls<sup>3</sup> were pasted on every door containing the

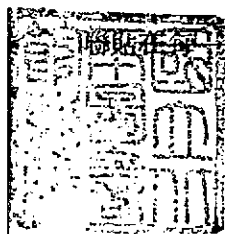
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1. lunar calendar 陰歷. 2. auspicious 吉祥的. 3. scrolls 對聯.

## 我怎樣過除夕

陰歷新年是中國人一年中最大的節日，每一個別的節日和牠相較起來便顯得缺少假日精神的整個性了。五天裏面，全國的人都穿了最好的衣服，關上店門，閒蕩，賭博，敲鑼鼓，放爆竹，拜年，看戲。這是好運道的日子，每個人都期望着新年發財，每個人都高興地添了一歲，並且準備向他的鄰人說些吉利的話。

在新年中就是最卑賤的婢女也可以不憂挨罵，最奇怪的，那些終日操作的女人們也都閒蕩起來，嗑西瓜子，不願洗衣燒飯，連菜刀也不肯一拿了。怠工的理由是新年中切了肉就等於把好運切斷了；把水倒入溝中就等於把好運倒去了，洗了東西就等於把好運洗去了。一付付的紅對聯貼在每一扇門上，都包含了鴻運，幸福，和平，昌順，



words: Luck, Happiness, Peace, Prosperity, Spring. For it was the festival of the return of spring, of life and growth and prosperity.

And all around, in the home courtyards and in the streets, there was the sound of firecrackers, and the smell of sulphur was in the air. Fathers lost their dignity, grandfathers were more amiable than ever, and children blew whistles and wore mask and played with clay dolls. Country women, dressed in their best, would go three or four miles to a neighboring village to watch a theatrical show, and village dandies<sup>1</sup> indulged in what flirtations they dared. It was the day of emancipation<sup>2</sup> for women, emancipation from the drudgery of cooking and washing, and if the men were hungry, they could fry *nienkao*, or make a bowl of noodles with prepared sauce, or go to the kitchen and steal cold cuts of chicken.

The National Government of China has officially abolished the lunar New Year, but the lunar New Year is still with us, and refuses to be abolished.

I am ultra-modern. No one can accuse me of being conservative: I am not only for the Gregorian calendar, but am even for the thirteen-month calendar, in which all months have exactly four weeks or twenty-eight days. In other words, I am very scientific in my viewpoint and very logical in my reasoning. It was this scientific pride which was badly wounded when I found my celebration of the

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1. dandies 纨绔少年. 2. emancipation 解放.

春興等字樣。因為這是春季，生命和財富同來的節日。

在庭院中，在街道上，一天到晚全是爆竹聲響和硫磺氣味。父親失去了尊嚴，祖父變得更可愛了，孩子們吹着口哨，帶着面具，玩着泥娃。鄉下女子穿了最好的衣服，跑上三四里路到鄰村去看戲，一輩紈袴少年便乘此隨意調笑。這是一個婦女從煮飯洗衣的苦役中解放出來的日子。假如男人們餓了的話，他們可以吃幾塊油煎年糕，或是煮一碗有現成湯的麵，或是到廚房裏去偷幾片冷雞肉吃吃。

國民政府早已命令廢除陰歷新年，可是我們依舊過着陰歷新年，大家不肯廢除。

我是非常新派的。沒有人能責我保守。我不但贊成格利高里歷，我甚至贊成一年十三月，一月四週或廿八日的世界歷。換句話說，我的觀點是很科學的，我的理解也是很合理的。可是也就是這科學的自傲受到嚴重的創傷，

official New Year a great failure, as anyone who pretended to celebrate it with any real feeling must have found out for himself.

I didn't want the Old New Year. But the Old New Year came. It came on February the fourth.

My big Scientific Mind told me not to keep the Old New Year, and I promised him I wouldn't, "I'm not going to let you down,"<sup>1</sup> I said, with more good will than self-confidence. For I heard rumblings of the Old New Year's coming as far back as the beginning of January, when one morning I was given for breakfast a bowl of *lapacho*,<sup>2</sup> or congee with lotusseeds and dragon-eyes,<sup>3</sup> which sharply reminded me it was the eighth day of the twelfth moon. A week after that, my servant came to borrow his extra month's pay, which was his due on the New Year's Eve. He got an afternoon's leave and showed me the package of new blue cloth which he was going to send to his wife. On February first and February second, I had to give tips to the postman, the milkman, the expressman,<sup>4</sup> the errand boys of book companies, etc. I felt all along what was coming.

February the third came. Still I said to myself, "I'm not going to keep the Old New Year." That morning, my wife told me to change my underwear. I said, "What for?"

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1. let you down 捨棄你, 背棄你. 2. *lapacho* 臘八粥. 3. dragon-eyes 龍眼, 桂圆. 4. expressman 車夫, 運送夫.



當我發現我慶祝官認的新年時大大失敗，凡是沒有誠意伴爲祝慶的人都有此感。

我不要舊歷新年，可是舊歷新年來了。牠終於在二月四日來到了。

我的科學意識叫我不要照舊歷新年，而我也答應我不會，我堅決的說：「我決不至背棄你的。」我在正月初頭便感覺到舊歷新年的來到了。當一天早餐時，僕人送來一碗臘八粥的時候，就清楚的提醒了我這天是十二月初八了。一星期後，僕人來預借他年底應得的額外工資。他告了半天的假，並給我看一包寄給他妻子的新的藍布。在二月一日和二日，我不得不把酒錢分給送信人，送牛奶人，車夫和書店童役。我覺得什麼正在來了。

二月三日來到了。我依舊向自己說：「我決不照舊歷新年。」那天早晨，妻叫我更換內衣。我說：「爲什麼？」

"Chouma is going to wash your underwear today. She is not going to wash tomorrow, nor the day after tomorrow, nor the day after the day after tomorrow." Being human, I could not refused.

That was the beginning of my downfall. After breakfast, my family was going to the bank, for there was a mild sort of bank panic came in spite of the fact that by ministerial orders the Old New Year didn't exist. "Y.T.," my wife said, "We are going to hire a car. You might come along and have a haircut." I didn't care for the haircut, but the car was a great temptation. I never liked monkeying about a bank, but I liked a car. I thought I could profitably go to the City Gods' Temple<sup>1</sup> and see what I could get for the children. I knew there must be lanterns at this season, and I did want my youngest child to see what a rotating lantern<sup>2</sup> was like.

I should not have gone to the City God's Temple in the first place. Once there at this time of the year, you know what would happen. I found on my way home that I had not only rotating lanterns and rabbit lanterns and several packages of Chinese toys with me, but some twigs of plum blossoms, besides. After coming home I found that someone from my native place had presented me with a pot of narcissus,<sup>3</sup> the narcissus which made my native place nationally famous, and which used to bloom so beautifully and

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1. City God's Temple 城隍廟. 2. rotating lantern 走馬燈. 3. narcissus 水仙花.

「周媽今天要洗你的襪衣的，她明天是不洗衣服的，後天也不洗，大後天也不洗的。」爲了人情，我無法拒絕。

這就是我失敗的開始。早餐後，家人要到銀行去，因爲政府雖然有不准遵照舊曆新年命令可是銀行總會略有點恐慌的。妻說：「我們叫了汽車去。你也一同去剪一個髮吧。我不想修髮，可是坐汽車倒是挺大的誘惑。我不喜歡到銀行去，可是我喜歡坐汽車。我想到城隍廟去替孩子們買些東西。我知道這時一定有花燈了，我要我最小的孩子去看看走馬燈究竟是什麼東西。

我原是不應該到城隍廟去的。在這個時期到那邊去，你會知道結果是怎樣的。在歸途上我發現我不但帶了走馬燈、兔子燈和幾包玩具，還帶了幾枝梅花。回家以後，我看到有人從故鄉來的送我一盆水仙花，我的故鄉便因出產這種水仙花而聞名全國的。在我的童年時候，每到新年，牠便開放得很美麗，而且有馥郁的香氣。我閉上眼睛，童年

gave out such subtle fragrance on New Year's Day in my childhood. I could not shut my eyes without the entire picture of my childhood coming back to me. Whenever I smelt the narcissus, my thoughts went back to the red scrolls, the New Year's Eve feast, the firecrackers, the red candles and the Fukien oranges and the early morning calls and that black satin gown which I was allowed to wear once every year.

At lunch, the smell of the narcissus made me think of one kind of Fukien rice pudding, made with turnips.<sup>1</sup>

"This year, no one has sent us any turnip pudding," I said sadly.

"It's because no one came from Amoy. Otherwise, they would have sent it," said my wife.

"I remember once I bought exactly the same kind of pudding in a Cantonese shop on Wuchang Road. I think I can still find it."

"No, you can't" challenged my wife.

"Of course I can," I took up the challenge.

By three o'clock in the afternoon I was already in a bus on my way home from North Szechuen Road with a big basket of *nienkao* weighing two pounds and a half.

At five, we ate the fried *nienkao*, and with the room filled with the subtle fragrance of narcissus, I felt terribly like a sinner "I'm not going to celebrate

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1. turnips 蘿蔔.

景像便如在目前。每當我嗅到水仙的香味，我的思想便回到那紅的對聯，年夜飯，爆竹，紅燭，福建蜜橘，早晨的賀年和我那件一年只許穿一次的黑緞大褂。

中飯時，水仙花的香氣使我想起了一種福建的蘿蔔糕。

「今年沒有人再送我們蘿蔔糕了。」我不樂地說。

「這是因為廈門沒有人來。不然，他們是會送來的。」妻說。

「我記得有一次在武昌路的一家廣東店裏買到完全一樣的糕。我想我還能找到牠。」

「不，你找不到了。」妻挑戰地說。

「當然能找到。」我心有所不甘。

下午三時我已買了二磅半重的一籃年糕從北四川路乘公共汽回家了。

五時，我們吃着炒年糕，水仙花的馥郁香氣充滿着屋子，我惶恐地感覺似乎是罪人。「我不願慶祝什麼除夕，

the New Year's Eve," I said resolutely; "I'm going to see the movies tonight."

"How can you?" asked my wife. "We have invited Mr. Ts—to dinner this evening." It all looked pretty bad.

At half past five, my youngest child appeared in her new red dress.

"Who put on the new dress for her?" I rebuked,<sup>1</sup> visibly shaken, but still gallant.

"Huangmo did," was the reply.

By six o'clock, I found red candles burning brightly on the mantelpiece, their lapping flames casting a satirical<sup>2</sup> glow of triumph at my Scientific Consciousness. My Scientific Consciousness was, by the way, already very vague and low and unreal.

"Who lighted the candles?" again I challenged.

"Chouma did," was the reply.

"Who bought the candles?" I demanded.

"Why, you bought them yourself this morning."

"Oh, did I?" It cannot have been my Scientific Consciousness that did it. It must have been the Other Consciousness. I thought I must have looked a little ridiculous, the ridiculousness coming less from the recollection of what I did in the morning than from the conflict of my head and my heart at that moment. I was soon startled out of this mental conflict by the "bomb-bah!" of firecrackers in my neighborhood. One by one, those sounds sunk into

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1. rebuked 受問. 2. satirical 諷刺的.

我今晚要去看電影。」我堅決地說。

「你怎麼能夠呢？我們不是已請了 T S——先生來吃晚飯了嗎？」妻問道，事情似乎很糟了。

五時半，我的最小的孩子穿了紅的新衣出來。

「誰替她穿新衣的？」我責問。顯然有些動搖，但還莊嚴。

「黃媽替她穿的。」他們這樣回答。

六時，我發覺壁爐架上光亮地點着紅燭，牠們一層層的火焰向我科學意識上投來了勝利的諷刺。這時，我的科學意識已經顯得模糊低落而不正確了。

「蠟燭誰點的？」我又詰問了。

「周媽點的。」是他們回答。

「蠟燭又是誰買來的呢？」我問道。

「什麼，是早晨你自己買來的呀。」

「哦，我買的？」這一定不是我的科學意識幹出來的。這一定是別的意識。我想我的樣子確有些可笑，回想我早晨所作的可笑是不及我那時頭腦和心志的互相衝突的來得可笑。立刻我被鄰居的爆竹聲從心理衝突中驚醒了

my deep consciousness. They have a way of shaking the Chinese heart that no European knows. The challenge of my neighbor on the east was soon taken up by my neighbor on the west, until it grew into a regular fusillade.<sup>1</sup>

I was not going to be beaten by them. Pulling out a dollar bill, I said to my boy: "Ah-ching, take this and buy me some heaven-and-errth firecrackers and some whip firecrackers, as loud as possible and as big as possible. Remember, the bigger and the louder the better." So amidst the "bomb-bah" of firecrackers, I sat down to the New Year's Eve dinner. . And I felt very happy in spite of myself.

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1. fusillade 連續急放.



來。這些聲音一個跟着一個的深入我的意識中。牠們是有一種歐洲人所不能體會的撼動中國人心的力量。東鄰的挑戰接着引起了西鄰，終於一發而不可收拾。

我是不甘被他們打倒的。我從袋裏抽出一元鈔票，對我的僕人說：「阿清拿去給我買些高升鞭炮，揀最響最大的。記住，越大越好，越響越好。」於是我便在爆竹的「蓬——拍」聲中坐下吃年夜飯了。而我却好像不自覺的感到非常的愉快。

## △ ON LYING IN BED

It seems I am destined<sup>1</sup> to become a market philosopher, but it can't be helped. Philosophy generally seems to be the science of making simple things difficult to understand, but I can conceive of a philosophy which is the science of making difficult things simple. In spite of names like "materialism," "humanism," "transcendentalism,"<sup>2</sup> "pluralism," and all the other longwinded "isms," I contend that these systems are no deeper than my own philosophy. Life after all is made up of eating and sleeping, of meeting and saying good-by to friends, of reunions and farewell parties, of tears and laughter, of having a haircut once in two weeks, of watering a potted flower and watching one's neighbor fall off his roof, and the dressing up of our notions concerning these simple phenomena of life in a kind of academic jargon<sup>3</sup> is nothing but a trick to conceal either an extreme paucity<sup>4</sup> or an extreme vagueness of ideas on the part of the university professors. Philosophy therefore has become a science by means of which we begin more and more to understand less and less about ourselves. What the philosophers have succeeded in is this: the more they talk about it, the more confused we become.

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1. destined 命運注定. 2. transcendentalism 超絕主義. 3. jargon 艱澁, 妄語. 4. paucity 稀少, 不足.

## 論 躺 在 牀 上

看起來我是注定要做一個市場哲學家的，但是這也沒有辦法。哲學，一般地說來，似乎是一種把簡單的東西弄得難懂的科學，可是我能想像得到一種使困難的東西簡單化的哲學。不管那些「唯物主義」，「人文主義」，「超絕主義」，「多元論」及其他的一切有着很冗長的理論的「主義」，可是我想這些哲學體系並不比我自己的哲學更深刻。歸根結底說來，生活不外是吃和睡和朋友們相會，作別，團聚和送別會，淚和笑，兩星期剪一次頭髮，在一盆花上澆水，看鄰人由屋頂上跌下去；用一種學術上的隱語把我們關於這些生活的簡單現象的觀念加以裝飾起來，無非是大學教授掩飾極端空虛的思想或極端含糊的思想的一個詭計而已。哲學，因此便成了一種使我們對於自己越弄越不了解的學術。哲學家所完成的功績就是：他們講得越多，我們也就糊塗得越甚。

It is amazing how few people are conscious of the importance of the art of lying in bed, although actually in my opinion nine-tenths of the world's most important discoveries, both scientific and philosophical, are come upon when the scientist or philosopher is curled up in bed at two or five o'clock in the morning. Some people lie in the daytime and others lie at night. Now by "lying" I mean at the same time physical and moral lying, for the two happen to coincide.<sup>1</sup> I find that those people who agree with me in believing in lying in bed as one of the greatest pleasures of life are the honest men, while those who do not believe in lying in bed are liars and actually lie a lot in the daytime, morally and physically. Those who lie in the daytime are the moral uplifters, kindergaten teachers and readers of *Aesop's Fables*, while those who frankly admit with me that a man ought to consciously cultivate the art of lying in bed are the honest men who prefer to read stories without a moral like *Alice in Wonderland*.

Now what is the significance of lying in bed, physically and spiritually? Physically, it means a retreat to oneself, shut up from the outside world, when one assumes the physical posture most conducive<sup>3</sup> to rest and peace and contemplation. There is a certain proper and luxurious way of lying in bed. Confucius, that great artist of life, "never lay

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1. coincide 符合. 2. uplifters 提高者, 促進者. 3. conducive 傳導的.

真奇怪怎麼祇有很少人懂得躺在床上的藝術的重要，雖然據我看來，世界上最重要的發現，無論在科學方面或哲學方面，十分之九是科學家或哲學家們，上午兩點鐘或五點鐘躺身躺在床上時所得到的。有些人白天躺在床上，有些人晚上躺在床上。講到「躺」這個字，我是對於身體上的及精神上的二者兼指的，因為這兩種動作恰好符合一致。我覺得那些同我一樣相信躺在牀上是人生一種最大樂趣的人是誠實者，而那些不相信躺在床上的人是撒謊者，他們事實上在白天是大撒其謊的，無論是在身體上或精神上。那在白天撒謊的人是道德促進家，幼稚園教師，和伊索寓言的讀者，而那些向我坦然承認一個人應該有意培養躺在床上的藝術的人，都是誠實者，他們寧願讀阿麗思漫遊奇境記這一類不含道德教訓的書。

那麼身體上和精神上躺在床上的意義又是什麼呢？由身體上說來便是我們退居着摒絕外事，而取最合於休息，甯靜和沉思的姿勢。躺在床上有一種適當而奢逸的方法。最偉大的人生藝術家孔子是「寢不尸」而側身躺臥的。我

straight" in bed "like a corpse," but always curled up on one side. I believe one of the greatest pleasures of life is to curl up one's legs in bed. The posture of the arms is also very important, in order to reach the greatest degree of aesthetic<sup>1</sup> pleasure and mental power. I believe the best posture is not lying flat on the bed, but being upholstered with big soft pillows at an angle of thirty degrees with either one arm or both arms placed behind the back of one's head. In this posture any poet can write immortal poetry, any philosopher can revolutionize human thought, and any scientist can make epoch-making discoveries.

It is amazing how few people are aware of<sup>2</sup> the value of solitude and contemplation. The art of lying in bed means more than physical rest for you, after you have gone through a strenuous day, and complete relaxation, after all the people you have met and interviewed, all the friends who have tried to crack silly jokes, and all your brothers and sisters who have tried to rectify your behavior and sponsor you into heaven have thoroughly got on your nerves. It is all that, I admit. But it is something more. If properly cultivated, it should mean a mental house-cleaning. Actually, many business men who pride themselves on rushing about in the morning and afternoon and keeping three desk telephones busy all the time on their desk, never realize that they could make twice the amount of money, if they would give themselves

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1. aesthetic 审美的. 2. aware of 知道.

相信人生最大樂趣之一便是蹺起了足彎臥在牀上，爲達到最高度的審美樂趣和智力起見，手臂的位置也很重要。我相信最佳的姿勢不是平躺在牀上，而是用大軟枕頭墊高，使身體與床鋪成三十角度，一手或兩手放在頭後。在這種姿勢之下，任何詩人都能寫出不朽的詩，任何哲學家都可以想出驚天動地的思想，任何科學家都可以完成劃時代的發現。

真奇怪，人們竟很少知道寂靜和沉思的價值。在你經過了一天勞苦工作之後，在你和許多人見面，和許多人談話之後，在你的朋友們向你道無意義的笑話之後，在你的哥哥姐姐想來規勸你的行爲以便叫你可以上天堂之後，在這一切使你鬱然不快之後，躺在床上的藝術是不止僅僅終你身體上的休息以及完全的舒暢而已的。我承認事實有這一些功用。可是其功效尙不止此。如果加以適當的培養，這種藝術應該有清淨心靈的功效。許多商業中人每以事業繁忙自豪，一天到晚奔跑，案上三架電話機撥個不停，而絕不知他們若肯每天上午一點鐘或七點鐘躺在床上靜躺着

one hour's solitude awake in bed, at one o'clock in the morning or even at seven. What does it matter even if one stays in bed at eight o'clock? A thousand times better that he should provide himself with a good tin of cigarettes on his bedside table and take plenty of time to get up from bed and solve all problems before he brushes his teeth. There, comfortably stretched or curled up in his pyjamas,<sup>1</sup> free from the irksome woolen underwear or the irritating belt or suspenders<sup>2</sup> and suffocating collars and heavy leather boots, when his toes are emancipated and have recovered the freedom which they inevitably lose in the daytime, the real business head can *think*, for only when one's toes are free is his head free, and only when one's head is free is real thinking possible. Thus in that comfortable position, he can ponder over his achievements and mistakes of yesterday and single out the important from the trivial in the day's program ahead of him. Better that he arrived at ten o'clock in his office master of himself, than that he should come punctually at nine or even a quarter before to watch over his subordinates like a slave driver and then "hustle about nothing," as the Chinese say.

But for the thinker, the inventor and the man of ideas, lying quietly for an hour in bed accomplishes even more. A writer could get more ideas for his articles or his novel in this posture than he could by sitting doggedly<sup>3</sup> before his desk morning and after-

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1. pajamas 睡衣. 2. suspender 吊带. 3. doggedly 顽固地.



一小時，可以加倍的獲利。就使躺在床上到上午八點鐘才起來又何妨呢？如果他放了一聽好香烟在牀邊小桌上，過了充分的時間再起身，在刷牙齒之前把當天的一切問題全都解決完畢，就更加十二分的好了。在牀上，他穿着睡衣舒服地直躺着或彎臥着，不受那可惡的羊毛內衣，或討厭的腰帶吊帶，令人窒息的領子，和笨重的皮鞋的束縛時，當他的腳趾自由開放了，恢復牠們白天必然要失掉的自由時，那種一個有真正商業頭腦的人便能夠思想了，因為一個人只有在足趾自由的時候，他的頭腦才是自由的。因之，在這種舒適的姿勢中，他可以思索昨天的成就與錯誤，以及今日計劃中的要點。他與其準時在上午九點或甚至八點三刻到辦公處，像奴隸管理人那樣地監視着屬員而作「無事忙」，那還不如從從容容地到十點鐘上他的辦公室去好。

至於思想家，發明家，以及有理想的人，則靜靜地在牀上躺一小時甚至更有好處。在這樣的一種姿勢中，一個作家比之整日整夜呆坐在牀邊更能得到一點關於他的論文或小說的思想。因為在床上，沒有電話，善意的拜訪，與

noon. For there, there from telephone calls and well-meaning visitors and the common trivialities of everyday life, he sees life through a glass or a beaded screen, as it were, and a halo of poetic fancy is cast around the world of realities and informs it with a magic beauty. There sees life not in its rawness, but suddenly transformed into a picture more real than life itself, like the great paintings of Ni Yunlin or Mi Fei.

Now what actually happens in bed is this. When one is in bed the muscles are at rest, the circulation becomes smoother and more regular, respiration becomes steadier, and all the optical, auditory and vaso-motor<sup>2</sup> nerves are more or less completely at rest, bringing about a more or less complete physical quietude, and *therefore making concentration, whether on ideas or on sensations, more absolute.* Even in respect to sensations, those of smell or hearing for example, our senses are the keenest in that moment. All good music should be listened to in the lying condition. Li Liweng said in his essay on "Willows" that one should learn to listen to the birds at dawn *when lying in bed.* What a world of beauty is waiting for us, if we learn to wake up at dawn and listen to the heavenly concert<sup>3</sup> of the birds! Actually there is a profusion of bird music in most towns, although I am sure many residents are not aware of it. For in-

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1. circulation 血液循環. 2. vaso-motor 血管運動的. 3. concert 音樂會.

日常瑣事的打擾，他可以由一片玻璃或一幅珠簾中看見人生本相，於是一團光輪便籠罩在現實世界的週圍，使之有一種魔術般的美。在牀上，他所看見的人生並不是牠的生硬面，而突然化成了一幅比人生本身更真實的圖畫，像倪雲林或米芾的偉大的繪畫一樣。

在牀上之妙所以如此者是這樣的：當一個人躺在牀上時，他的肌肉休息着，血液循環也更趨有規則，呼吸也更緩和，一切視官，聽官，以及神經系統也多少完全在休息着，產生了一種多少完全的身體上的平靜，因之不論在理想上或感覺上，都有了一種精神集中。甚至在感覺方面，譬如說聽覺吧，在那時候我們的知覺也最靈敏。一切的音樂都應該躺着聽賞的。李笠翁在他那說柳這篇文章中說，我們應該在黎明時躺在牀上聽鳥啼。多麼美麗的一個世界在等着我們啊，如果我們懂得在黎明時醒來聽聽鳥兒的仙樂，事實上大多數城市裏都有着不少的鳥啼聲的，雖然我確知有許多居民都不會覺到。例如，這便是我所記錄下來

stance, this was what I recorded of the sounds I heard in Shanghai one morning:

This morning I woke up at five after a very sound sleep and listened to a most gorgeous feast of sounds. What woke me up were the factory whistles of a great variety of pitch and force. After a while, I heard a distant clatter<sup>1</sup> of horse's hoofs; it must have been cavalry passing down Yuyuen Road; and in that quiet dawn it gave me more aesthetic delight than a Brahms symphony. Then came a few early chirps from some kind of birds. I am sorry I am not proficient in birdlore,<sup>2</sup> but I enjoyed them all the same.

There were other sounds of course—some foreigner's "boy," presumably after a night of dissipation<sup>3</sup> outside, appeared at about half past five and began to knock at someone's back door. A scavenger<sup>4</sup> was then heard sweeping a neighboring alleyway with the swish-swash<sup>5</sup> of his bamboo broom. All of a sudden, a wild duck, I suppose, would sail by in the sky, leaving echoes of his *kung-tung* in the air. At twenty-five past six, I heard the distant rumble of the engine of the Shanghai-Hangchow train arriving at the Jessfield Station. There were one or two sounds coming from the children in their sleep in the

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1. clatter 格格之聲. 2. birdlore 鳥歌. 3. dissipation 放蕩生活  
4. scavenger 掃道夫. 5. swish-swash 掃帚聲.

的有一天早晨在上海所聽到的聲音：

今天早晨我一覺酣睡，醒來是五點鐘，聽到了許多最可喜的聲音。吵醒我的，便是高低長短各各不同的工廠汽笛。過了一會，我聽見了遠遠的馬蹄聲，這一定是騎兵走過愚園路了；在這靜寂的黎明中，這使我感到比聽勃拉姆斯 (Brahms) 的交響曲還有味道。再過一會，便有三五聲的鳥唱。可惜我對於鳥聲向來不會研究，不辨其爲何聲。但仍不失聞鳥之樂。

自然鳥聲以外，還有別種聲音。五點半，就有鄰家西傭叩後門聲，大約是一夜眠花宿柳回來。隔弄有清道夫竹帚聲音由空中傳過。六時二十五分，遠地有滬杭甬火車到西站的機器隆隆的聲音，加上一兩聲的鳴笛。隔壁小孩房中也聲響了。這時各家由夜鄉中相

next room, life then began to stir and a distant hum of human activities in the near and distant neighborhood gradually increased in volume and intensity. Downstairs in the house itself, the servants had got up, too. Windows were being opened. A hook was being placed in position. A slight cough. A soft tread of footsteps. A clanging of cups and saucers. And suddenly the baby cried, "Mamma!"

This was the natural conceit I heard that morning in Shanghai. Throughout the whole spring that year my greatest delight was to listen to a kind of bird probably called a quail or partridge in English. Its lovecall consists of four notes (*do. mi. re— —. ti.*), the *re* lasting two or three beats and ending in the middle of a beat, followed by an abrupt, staccato<sup>1</sup> *ti* in the south. The most beautiful part of it was that a male bird would start the call on top of a tree about twenty yards from my place early at dawn, and a female bird would counterpoint it a distance of about a hundred yards. Then once in a while there would be a slight variation, a quickening as it were of tempo and of the bird's heart, and the last staccato note would be left out. This bird-song stands out profusion. I am at a loss to describe these songs except by resort to musical notation, but I know they include the songs of orioles<sup>3</sup> and magpies and woodpeckers, and the

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1. staccato 斷音. 2. octave 音程. 3. orioles 金鶯.

繼回來，夜的靜寂慢慢消逝，日間外頭各種人類動作的混合聲慢慢增高，慢慢宏亮起來。接着傭人也起來了，有開窗聲，鈎鈎聲，一兩咳嗽聲，輕微脚步聲，端放杯盤聲。忽然間，隔房小孩叫「媽媽！」

這就是我那天早晨在上海所聽到的自然音樂。那年的整個春天，我最大的享樂就是聽一種鳥聲，那大概就是鳩鳥。他的唱調有四音：(do. mi: re——: ——. ti,) re 音長二拍半，而在半拍之中轉入一箇短的低階的ti簡短停頓的最妙。這樣連環四音續唱，就成一極美的音調，這正是我在南方山上所常聽見的聲音。最妙者，是近地一鳩叫三五聲，百步外樹杪就傳來另一鳩鳥的應聲，這自然是雌雄的唱和，爲一切聲音的原始。這樣唱和了一會，那邊不和了，這邊心裏就着急，調就變了，節拍加快而將尾首音省去，只剩了前三音。這鳩鳥的清唱，在各種鳥聲中最美而留給我最深的印象。此外鳥聲尙多；我除了用音樂的樂譜

cooing of pigeons. The sparrows seem to wake up later, and the reason, I suppose, must be our great epicure-poet Li Liweng gave it. The other birds have to sing early because they are continually afraid of men's guns and children's stones during the day. These birds, therefore, can sing at ease only before this insufferable human species wake up from their sleep. As soon as men wake up, the birds can never finish their song at ease. But the sparrows can, because they are not afraid, and therefore they can sleep longer.



之外，不曉得怎樣描寫這些歌聲，可是我知道這些歌聲之中包括有鶻鳥，黃鶻和啄木鳥，以及鴿子的歌聲。麻雀似乎醒得較遲，其理由不外我們的偉大美食家兼詩人李笠翁所指出的。別的鳥必須啼得早一點，因為牠們時時最怕人的槍及孩子們的擲石，惟有雀，既不怕人，也就無妨從容多睡一會兒。

## △ BUYING BIRDS

I love birds and hate dogs. In this, I am not queer;<sup>1</sup> I am merely Chinese. It just comes natural to me, as to all Chinese. For the Chinese always have a weakness for birds, but when you speak to them about kindness to dogs, they will just ask you, "What do you mean?" I never could understand why a man should befriend an animal and hug<sup>2</sup> him and fondle him. The only time I came to understand this feeling for dogs was when reading the *Story of San Michele* by Axel Munthe. The part where he tells of challenging a Frenchman to a duel<sup>3</sup> on account of the latter's kicking a dog really moved me. It seemed then that I really understood him, and I almost half wished I had a faithful pointer<sup>4</sup> to nestle by my side. But it was all the magic of his pen. That refined, luxurious feeling for dog friends was soon dead in my heart. The most annoying moment in my life was when, in the parlor of an American friend, a gigantic St. Bernard was trying to lick my hands and arms and be friendly, all made worse by my hostess trying to tell me of his pedigree.<sup>5</sup> I must have looked like a heathen at that time, staring at her blankly and not able to find an appropriate word of approval.

"A Swiss friend of mine brought it straight from

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1. queer 特別, 古怪. 2. hug 優倚, 擁抱. 3. duel 決鬥. 4. pointer 一種獵犬. 5. pedigree 家系, 族譜.

## 買 鳥

我愛鳥而討厭狗。這一點我是不算特別的；我祇是一個中國人而已。正如在一切的中國人一樣，這在我也是很自然的。因為中國人對於鳥往往有一種偏愛，但當你對他們說起對於狗要仁愛一點時，他們便要問你了：「你說什麼呀？」我始終不明白為什麼一個人要同一隻動物去做朋友，去偎倚牠，寵愛牠。我了解這種對於狗的感覺的唯一的一次，便是在讀A·蒙塞的聖·米契爾的故事時。他那敘述為了一個法國人踢狗而與之決鬥的一部份，的確使我感動。我簡直有點希望我也有一隻忠誠的獵狗蹲伏在我身邊了。但這無非是他筆頭的魔術而已。那種同狗做朋友的煥然燦然的感情不久便在我心頭死滅了。我一生中最惱人的時候，便是在一個美國朋友的客廳中，一隻碩大的聖伯納種的狗要來舐我的手臂同我做朋友，更糟的還有那位女主人在緒緒向我敘述牠的家世。我那時候的神情一定像一個土老兒了，祇是茫然地向她呆望着，簡直想不出一句適當的敷衍的話。

「那是我的一個瑞士朋友從楚里希帶來的，」我的女

Zurich," said my hostess. "Yes, Mrs. Pearce." "His great grandfather on the maternal side saved a child from an Alpine avalanche,<sup>1</sup> and his great uncle on the paternal side was the champion of an international dog show in 1856." "Quite." I didn't mean to be impolite, but I'm afraid I was. I can understand that Englishmen love dogs. But then Englishmen love anything. They love even tomcats. Once I argued this out with an English friend of mine. "All this talk about befriending dogs is pure nonsense,"<sup>2</sup> I said. "You pretend that you love animals. You are a good liar because you send out these animals to hunt down a poor fox. Why don't you pet the fox, and call him my poor little innocent dear?"

"I think I can explain this to you," answered my friend. "The dog, as an animal, is peculiarly human. He understands you, stands by you. . . ." "Wait a minute," I said, interrupting him. "I hate dogs exactly because they are so human. I am naturally kind to animals, as is well proved by the fact that I cannot deliberately crush a fly. But I hate any animal that pretends to be your friend, that comes and paws all over you. I like animals that know their place, and keep their place. I prefer donkeys. . . . Be kind to a dog, yes, but why pet him and fondle him and hug him?"

"Oh, well," said my English friend, "I shan't

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1. avalanche 雪崩, 崩下之雪堆. 2. nonsense 無意思 無謂的.

主人說道。「是，白太太」「牠的母系方面的曾祖曾在阿爾卑斯的雪崩裏救過一個小孩子，牠的父系方面的叔祖是一八五六年國際狗展覽會的優勝者。」「唔，」我本來不是要失禮的，但我想恐怕是難免要失禮的了。我知道英國人愛狗，但英國人是什麼都愛的。他們甚至愛大雄貓。有一次我同一個英國朋友談起這件事。「大家說同狗做朋友，這些全是無謂的，」我說道。「你們祇裝做是愛護動物。但你們真是一個說謊者，因為你們叫這些狗去獵捕可憐的狐狸。爲什麼不去寵愛一下那狐狸，叫牠一聲我的可憐的小東西呢？」

「我想這一點我能夠給你解說的，」我的朋友答道。「狗這種動物，是特別有人性的。他懂得你，同你親近……」「且慢，」我打斷他道。「我討厭狗便正因為我們很有人性。我對於動物是自然地愛護的，我不能仔仔細細地去弄死一隻蒼蠅，這便可以充分證明。但我却討厭一切自以爲是你的朋友，一直來纏住你，用爪子來搔撲你的動物。我喜歡知道自已的地位，守住自己的地位的動物……好好的待狗，不錯，可是爲什麼要去寵愛牠，親暱牠，偎倚牠呢？」

「啊，好了，」我的英國朋友說道，「我不同你爭辯

try to convince you," and we switched<sup>1</sup> over to other topics. Since then I have kept a dog, because the situation of my house requires it. I have him fed and washed properly, and he sleeps in a good kennel.<sup>2</sup> But I have forbidden all his demonstrations of love and loyalty by pawing all over my body. Certainly I would rather die than lead him through the streets as so many fashionable ladies do their dogs. I once saw a Kiangpei *amah* with unbound feet<sup>3</sup> on high-heeled shoes, evidently the servant of some English household, holding a cane in one hand and tugging at a terrier in the other. It was a sight, and I didn't want to cut such a ridiculous<sup>4</sup> figure myself. Let the Englishmen do it. It goes with them, but not with me. When I go for a walk, I want to walk like a gentleman.

But I was going to speak about birds, in particular about my experience in buying birds one day. I had a large cage of small birds, I don't know of what name, but tinier than sparrows. The males have a red breast, with white spots on them. Several of them had died off the last winter through one accident or another and I had been thinking of buying a few more to keep the rest company. It was the Mid-Autumn Festival, and the whole family had gone out to a party, leaving me alone with my littlest girl. So I proposed to her that we should go to the Chinese city

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1. switched 轉移. 2. kennel 狗屋. 3. unbound feet 天足, 沒有纏過的腳. 4. ridiculous 說謊可笑的。

了，」於是我便打斷了話頭，另談別事了。從這一次以後，我便養了一隻狗，因為我家裏的情形需要牠的緣故。我按時喂牠，給牠洗澡，牠睡的是一隻很好的窩。但我祇是不許牠用爪子在我的身上滿身亂抓來表示牠的愛與忠誠。當然，要我領了牠在街上走，像許多時髦太太們帶着她們的狗那樣，我是寧可死的了。我有一次看見一個天足而穿着高跟皮鞋的江北阿媽（分明是一個外國人家的娘姨）一手拿了一根手杖，一手牽了一隻哈巴狗，這真是奇觀，而這種怪樣子我自己是不要做的。讓英國的人去做好了。他們愛那樣，但我却不愛。當我走路的時候，我是想像一個紳士那樣地走的。

但我要來說說鳥了，特別是說一說有一天我去買鳥的經歷。我有一大籠的小鳥，我不知道是什麼名字，但比麻雀小一點。雄的有紅色的胸脯，身上有白色斑點。其中有幾隻在去冬因故絡續死掉了，我想再去買幾隻來給牠們湊伴兒。那一天是中秋節，全家的人都出去赴宴了，祇留着我同我的最小的女兒在家裏。所以我便向她提議我們到城

and buy some birds, and she agreed. The bird street in the City Gods' Temple requires no description for any resident of Shanghai. It was a paradise for any true lover of animals because there were not only birds, but also frogs, white mice, squirrels, crickets, tortoises with a kind of water plant growing on their backs, gold fish, sparrows, centipedes,<sup>1</sup> lizards, and other monstrosities<sup>2</sup> of nature. You should see the cricket sellers and the crowd of children surrounding them, and then decide whether the Chinese are lovers of animals or not. I went into one of these bird shops owned by Shantung people and, knowing the price for the variety I wanted, had no difficulty in buying three pairs. They cost me exactly two dollars and ten cents.

The shop was at a street corner. There were about forty of those little birds in a cage, and when we had settled about the price the man began to select three pairs for me. The flutter in the cage raised a cloud of dust about, and I stood aloof. By the time he was half through with getting those birds, a huge crowd had collected in front of the shop, natural perhaps for holiday-goers.<sup>3</sup> The moment I paid my cash, however, and took the little cage away, I became the center of all attention and an object of popular envy. An irresponsible gaiety was in the air.

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1. centipedes 百足. 2. monstrosities 怪異之物. 3. holiday goers 假日的遊人.



隍廟去買鳥，她同意了。城隍廟的鳥市對於任何住在上海的人不用描寫的。牠是一所每個真正愛好動物的人的天堂，因為那裏不僅有鳥，還有青蛙，白鼠，松鼠，蟋蟀，背上生着水草的綠毛龜，金魚，麻雀，百足，蜴蜥，以及其他的自然界中的異物。你得去看一看那些賣蟋蟀的人以及圍在他們四週的孩子，然後再斷定中國人是否是愛好動物的人。我走進了一家山東人開的鳥店，早已知道了我所要的那種鳥的價錢，毫無困難地買了三對。牠們化掉了我恰好二塊一角錢。

那店鋪是在一處街角上的。那籠子裏這一種鳥兒共有四十隻，當我們講定了價錢，店中人便開始給我揀出三對來，籠子裏的一陣擾動撲起了一陣灰塵，我站得遠遠的。當他快要揀好時，店門前已聚了一大堆人——也許是節日的遊人，這也無足怪的。可是到我付了錢拿起籠子走出來的時候，我却成了大家所注意的中心，以及大家所羨妒的對象了。四週有了一種無可比擬的高興。

“What is that bird?” a middle-aged man asked me. “You can ask the shop man,” I said. “Can they sing?” challenged another. “How much did you pay for them?” asked a third. I answered curtly, and walked away like an aristocrat.<sup>1</sup> For I was the proud possessor of birds among the Chinese crowd. There was something that bound the crowd together, a common delight, entirely natural and instinctive, that let loose our feeling of common brotherhood and broke down the barrier of reticence<sup>2</sup> among strangers. Of course, they had the right to ask me about those birds, the same right that would entitle them to ask me questions if I had won the National State Lottery right before their eyes.

I then went along with my child and my little bird cage. Everybody turned around. If I had been the child's mother, I should have chosen to believe that they were admiring my child, but, being a man, I knew they were admiring my birds. Are these birds so rare? I asked myself. No, they were just interested in birds as birds. I went up into a restaurant. It was early in the afternoon, and the top floor was empty. “I want a bowl of *wonton*,” I said. “What are these birds?” asked the waiter, with a towel across his shoulder. “I want a bowl of *wontou*, and a dish of white-cut chicken,” I said. “Yes, yes, do they sing?” “Sing? Can the white-cut chicken sing?” “Yes, yes, *one bowl wonton!—one dish white-*

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1. aristocrat 貴人. 2. reticence 緘默, 沈默.

「這是什麼鳥呀？」一個中年人問我道。「你問店裏的人去吧，」我說。「牠們可會叫嗎？」又一個人開口道。「你化了幾個錢買來的？」第三個人問道。我約略地回答了，像一個大貴人那麼地走了開去。因為我是這一羣中國人的一個可驕傲的養鳥人哩。有一種東西使這些人們聚了攏來，一種共同的喜悅，完全是自然而本能的，這種自。與本能解放了我們人類的共同友好與打破了同陌生人不理不睬的矜持。當然，他們是有權可以問我關於這些鳥兒的，正如有權可以問我種種問題，如果我當着他們的面中了「航空獎券。」

我帶了我的孩子和我的小鳥籠走去。每個人都轉過了頭。如果我是那孩子的母親，我便要以爲他們是在讚美我的孩子了，但因為是一個男人家，所以我知道他們是在讚美我的鳥兒。我自己尋思道：難道這些鳥兒是希見的嗎？不，他們祇是對於一般的鳥都感到興趣而已。我走進了一家館子。那時是在午後還早的時光，樓上是空着的。「要一碗餛飩，」我說。「這些是什麼鳥啊？」那僮倌問道，肩上搭着一塊毛巾。「我要一碗餛飩，一碟白斬雞，」我說道。「是了，會叫的嗎？」「叫？白斬雞會叫的嗎？」「噢，噢，——餛飩一碗——白斬雞一盆！」他對着樓下的

*cut chicken!*” he shouted, or rather sang, to the kitchen downstairs. “These are European birds.”

“Is that so?” I asked just to be polite. “They grow on the mountains, mountains, you know, big mountains. Hey, *changkwei*<sup>1</sup> what are these birds?” The *changkwei* was a sort of account keeper. He wore a pair of spectacles, and as in the case of all account keepers, men who could read and could write, you wouldn’t expect him to show an interest in children’s toys, or in anything except dollars and cents. But the moment he heard there were birds, he not only answered, but, to my great surprise, moved his legs about to search for his slippers,<sup>2</sup> left his counter, and walked slowly toward my table. When he came near the cage, his apathetic<sup>3</sup> face melted; he became childish and garrulous,<sup>4</sup> which did not go with his appearance. Then he pronounced his judgment, with his head raised toward the ceiling and his big belly projecting beyond his jackets.

“They don’t sing,” he remarked officiously. “Just cute-looking and good for children to look at.” And he went back to his high place on the counter, and in time I finished my *wonton*. The same fate befell me on my way back. People bent over to catch a glimpse of what I had got. I went into a second-hand bookshop. “Have you any Ming Dynasty editions?” “What are those birds you’ve got there?” asked the

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1. *changkwei* 掌櫃. 2. slippers 拖鞋. 3. apathetic 冷淡的, 不動情的. 4. garrulous 愛說話的.

廚房喊——或不如說唱——下去道。「這些是外國鳥呢。」

「是嗎？」我祇是爲了客氣一點問道。「牠們是生在山上的，山，你知道，大山。喂，掌櫃先生，這些什麼鳥呀？」所謂「掌櫃」便是帳房先生。他戴着一副眼鏡，正像所有的能識字能寫字的帳房先生一樣，對於任何兒童的玩物，或除了洋錢角子以外的任何事情，你是難以希望他發生興趣的。可是當他聽見有鳥的時候，他不僅答應着，且竟大出乎我的意料之外地，擺着腿尋起拖鞋來，離開了賬櫃，緩緩地向我的桌子走來了。當他走近到鳥籠邊時，他那板着的臉也和緩下來了，他變得像小孩子一樣的有說有笑了，這對於他的樣子是有點不適合的。於是他說出他的判斷來了，頭朝着天，肚子突出在櫃掛外。

「牠們不會叫的，」他正色地說道。「祇不過樣子好看，給小孩子們看着玩玩罷啦。」於是他又回到他那帳櫃的高座上去了，這時我也恰好吃完了餛飩。我在歸家的路上也受到了同樣的命運。人們都俯着身子來看看我手裏拿的是什麼。我走進了一家舊書店。「你們有明版書嗎？」「你這是什麼鳥呀？」那書店裏的中年老闆問道。這一問

middle-aged owner of the shop. The question turned the attention of the three or four customers in the shop to the cage in my hand. There was quite a flutter—outside the cage, I mean.

“Let me have a look,” said a boy apprentice, and he snatched the cage from my hand. “Take it and have a good look,” I said. “Have you got any Ming editions?” But I was no more the object of attention, and was left free to mosey round by myself. Entirely unrewarded in my search, I took the cage and came out and became once more the center of attention. People smiled at the birds, or at me for possessing the birds.

Then I took a taxi<sup>1</sup> at the corner of Szechuen Road and Avenue Edouard VII. It was at this spot, I remembered distinctly, that last time I brought back a cage from the City Gods' Temple, the man came out to look at my birds. This time he did not see them, and I was not interested in attracting his attention. But when I got into the car, the chauffeur's<sup>2</sup> eyes caught sight<sup>3</sup> of my little cage, and his face relaxed, and, sure as anything, he became childish, too, like the chauffeur on my last bird-buying trip. He was extremely friendly to me, our conversation got very far, and by the time I got home he had told me not only the secrets of keeping birds and teaching birds to sing but also all the secrets

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1. taxi 出租汽車。 2. chauffeur 汽車夫。 3. caught sight 看見。

使那店裏的三四個顧客把注意轉集到我手裏的鳥籠上來了。當時又有了一陣擾動——我說的是鳥籠外面。

「讓我看，」一個學徒說道，他把那鳥籠從我手裏拿了過去。「你拿去看過仔細吧，」我說道。「你們可有什麼明版書嗎？」但我已不再是受注意的那對象了，人家丟着我讓我自己四處搜看着。我搜看了一番毫無所得便拿了鳥籠走出來，可又再度成爲被注意的中心了。人們對着鳥兒微笑，或因爲我有着那些鳥而對我微笑。

於是我在四川路與愛多亞路的轉角上坐了一輛出差汽車。便是在這地方，我清楚地記得，那是在最後一次我從城隍廟買鳥回來的時候，那人走出來看看我的鳥。這一次他並沒有看見，我也不高興去引起他的注意。但當我走進了車子，那車夫的眼光看見了我的小鳥籠，他的臉舒展了，正如一切一般無二，他也像我上次買鳥時的車夫那樣，顯得孩子氣起來了。他對我極友好，我們簡直無所不談，到我抵家的時候，他已不但告訴了我養鳥以及怎樣叫

of the entire Ford Hire Service, the number of cars they possessed, the tips they got, the history of his entire childhood, and the reasons he disliked marriage.

I know now what to do in case I ever have to appear in public and try to silence an angered Chinese mob thirsting for my blood. I shall bring along a bird cage and show them a beautiful blue finch or a good singing skylark. It will be more effective than a fire hose or a tear-gas bomb, and it will win them over quicker than a speech of Demosthenes,<sup>1</sup> and we'll all be friends,

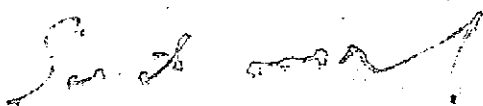
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1. Demosthenes 古希腊之演说家。



鳥兒啼叫的祕密，而且也告訴了我全部雲飛汽車行中的祕密，他們有多少輛車子，他們有多少生意，他的整個幼年時代的歷史，以及他的所以討厭婚姻的原因等等。

我現在知道了，我在羣人堆裏以及怎麼去平靜一羣發怒得像要吃我的血一般的中國人了。我要帶一隻鳥籠去給他們看一隻青雀或一隻很會啼唱的黃鶯。這會比水龍或催淚彈更有用，而且可以比之狄莫生的一篇演講更快地說服他們，於是我們便可和好無間了。



## SOME CURIOUS WESTERN CUSTOMS

One great difference between Oriental and Occidental civilizations is that the Westerners shake each other's hands, while we shake our own. Of all the ridiculous Western customs, I think that of shaking hands is one of the worst. I may be very progressive and able to appreciate Western art, literature, American silk stockings, Parisian perfumes and even British battleships, but I cannot see how the progressive Europeans could allow this barbarous custom of shaking hands to persist<sup>1</sup> to the present day. I know there are private groups of individuals in the West who protest against this custom, as there are people who protest against the equally ridiculous custom of wearing hats or collars. But these people don't seem to be making any headway, being apparently taken for men who make mountains of molehills and waste their energy on trivialities.<sup>2</sup> I am one of these men who are always interested in trivialities. As a Chinese, I am bound to feel more strongly against this Western custom than the Europeans, and prefer always to shake my own hands when meeting or parting from people, according to the time-honored etiquette of the Celestial Empire.

Of course, everyone knows this custom is the sur-

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1. persist 固執, 不改. 2. trivialities 瑣屑小事.

## 一些西洋的怪俗

東西文化的一點最不同的，便是西洋人彼此握手，而我們却握自己的手，西洋的許多怪俗中，我以為握手是最壞的一件。我也許很前進，能夠欣賞西洋的藝術，文學，美國人的絲襪，巴黎的香水，甚至英國的戰艦，可是我不懂進步的歐洲人為什麼會讓握手這種野蠻的風俗流傳到現在。我知道西方有一些私人團體在反對這種風俗，正如有些人在反對戴帽子或領帶這種同樣的怪風俗一樣。可是這些人的反對似乎沒有什麼效果，因為別人要認為他們為了一點小事，白費許多氣力。我却是這麼一個常常注意瑣屑小事的人。因為我是中國人；所以我反對這種西洋風俗，比歐洲人更利害，我跟人家相見或離別時候，總喜歡依照中國天朝的歷史悠久的禮儀，握自己的手。

當然，人人都知道這種風俗，是歐洲野蠻時代遺留下

vival of the barbaric days of Europe, like the other custom of taking off one's hat. These customs originated with the medieval robber barons and chevaliers,<sup>1</sup> who had to lift their visors or take off their steel gauntlets<sup>2</sup> to show that they were friendly or peacefully disposed toward the other fellow. Of course it is ridiculous in modern days to repeat the same gestures when we are no longer wearing helmets or gauntlets, but survivals of barbaric customs will always persist, as witness, for instance, the persistence of duels down to the present day.

I object to this custom for hygienic and many other reasons. Shaking hands is a form of human contact subject to the finest variations and distinctions. An Original American graduate student could very well write a doctorate dissertation on a "Time and motion Study of the Varieties of Hand-Shaking," reviewing it, in the approved fashion, as regards pressure, duration of time, humidity,<sup>3</sup> emotional response, and so forth, and further studying it under all its possible variations as regards sex, the height of the persons concerned (giving us undoubtedly many "types of marginal differences"), the condition of the skin as affected by professional work and social classes, etc. With a few charts and tables of percentages, I am sure a candidate would have no difficulty in getting a Ph.D., provided he made the whole thing sufficiently abstruse<sup>4</sup> and tiresome.

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1. chevaliers 騎士. 2. gauntlets 鐵手套. 3. humidity 溼度.  
4. abstruse 深奧難解.

來，正如脫帽的風俗一樣。這種風俗是中世紀的強盜殺的男爵和武士創造出來的，他們須把面盔或鐵手套脫下來，表示他們對別人是友善和睦的。現在我們已不再戴頭盔或鐵手套，却依舊做這種動作，當然是很荒謬可笑的；可是，野蠻的風俗是會長久流傳的，例如，今日西洋人尚有決鬥的風俗。

我爲了衛生的及其他許多理由反對這種風俗，握手是一個變化和差別最多的人類間的接觸，一個會獨出心裁的美國畢業學生大可以很好的寫一篇以「各種握手方式的時間與動作之研究」爲題目的博士論文，由壓力，時間之久暫，溼度，情感的反應等方面去討論握手問題，並且由性別，握手者的身體高度（無疑地將告訴我們許多種的「邊際差數」），職業和社會階級對於皮膚狀態的影響等方面，從事進一步的研究。此外再加上幾張表格，我敢說他要取博士學位一定毫無困難，只要他把論文寫得很深奧。很冗長討厭便成了。

Now consider the hygienic objections. The foreigners in Shanghai, who describe our copper coins as reservoirs of bacteria and will not touch them, apparently think nothing of shaking hands with any Tom, Dick or Harry in the street. This is really highly illogical, for how are you to know that Tom, Dick or Harry has not touched those coppers which you shun like poison? What is worse is, sometimes you may see a consumptive-looking<sup>1</sup> man who 'hygienically' covers his mouth with his hands while coughing and in the next moment stretches his hand to give you a friendly shake. In this respect, our celestial customs are really more scientific, for in China, each of us shakes his own hand. I don't know what was the origin of this Chinese custom, but its advantage from a medical or hygienic point of view cannot be denied.

Then there are aesthetic and romantic objections to handshaking. When you put out your hand, you are at the mercy of the other person, who is at liberty to shake it as hard as he likes and hold it as long as he likes. As the hand is one of the finest and most responsive organs in our body, every possible variety of pressure is possible. First you may have the Y. M. C. A. type of handshaking; the man pats you on the shoulder with one hand and gives you a violent shake with the other until all your joints are ready to burst within you. In the case of a Y. M. C. A. secretary who is at the same time a baseball player

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1. consumptive-looking 有癆病樣子的。

現在談談衛生方面的反對理由。上海的西洋人說我們的銅元是微菌的儲藏所，不願接觸牠們，可是他們顯然完全沒有想到和張三李四在街上握手的結果。這真是極不合理的，因為你怎能知道張三李四沒有接觸過那些你視為毒藥似的銅元呢？你有時也許會碰到一個看來有癆病的人，他更加壞的很懂衛生似的，在咳嗽時以手掩着了口，可是過了一會却伸出手來，和你作友誼的握手。在這方面，我們天朝的風俗的確較比較科學化，因為在中國我們是要握自己的手的。我不知道中國這種風俗起源是怎樣的，可是由醫學或衛生的觀點上看起來，其利益是無可否認的。

我們反對握手，還有審美的和情感的理由。當你伸出手的時候，你是受對方的支配的，他可以隨意把你的手握得很緊，握得很久。手既然是我們身體上最精細最有反應力的器官，牠是能夠遭受各式各樣的壓力的。第一，你也許會碰到青年會型的握手，對方一隻手拍着你的肩膀，另一隻手握住你的手猛烈地頓一下，弄到你的骨節全都要散開來。如果對方是一個青年會的祕書的，同時又是一個腕

with a powerful grip, and the two often go together, his victim often does not know whether to scream or to laugh. Couple with his straightforward self-assertive<sup>1</sup> manner, this type of handshaking practically seems to say, "Look here, you are now in my power. You must buy a ticket for the next meeting or promise to take back with you a pamphlet by Sherwood Eddy before I'll let your hand go." Under such circumstances I am always very prompt with my pocketbook.

Coming down the scale, we find different varieties of pressure, from the indifferent handshake which has utterly lost all meaning, to that kind of furtive, tremulous, retiring handshake which indicates that the owner is afraid of you, and finally to the elegant society lady who condescends<sup>2</sup> to offer you the very tip of her fingers in a manner that almost suggests that you look at her repainted fingernails. All kinds of human relationships, therefore, are reflected in this form of physical contact between two persons. Some novelists profess that you can tell a man's character from his type of handshake, distinguishing between the assertive, the retiring, the dishonest and the weak and clammy<sup>3</sup> hands which instinctively repel one. I wish to be spared the trouble of analyzing a person's moral character every time I have to meet him, or reading from the degree of his pressure the increase or decrease of his affection towards me.

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1. self-assertive 自負的. 2. condescends 御節下交, 自卑. 3. clammy 溼冷的.



力強大的棒球員——這兩樣常常是有連帶關係的——那麼，那個遭殃者真會覺得哭笑不得。這種握手法再加上一種坦白而自負的態度，簡直似乎是向你表示說：「你看，你現在完全在我的掌握中了。你必須買一張下次大會的入場券，或者答應拿一本賽華特·埃迪博士的小冊子，我才放開你的手。」在這種情形之下，我總是趕快摸出錢袋來的。

依次觀察下來，我們可以發見各種不同的壓力，從那種毫無意義漠不相關的握手，到那種規避的，戰慄的，退避的握手，表示對方怕你，最後到那種高雅的上流社會女人，她慨然俯允的把她的指頭伸出來，給你捻一下，看那樣子似乎是要你欣賞她那塗紅的指甲似的。所以，這種兩人身體的接觸方式，表現各種人類關係。有些小說家說，你可以由一個人握手的方式而分析他的性格，區別出自負的手，退避的手，不誠實的手，軟弱的手，和本能地使人厭惡的溼冷的手。我不願意在每次和人家相會時，要分析他的道德上的性格，或由握手的壓力而觀測他和我的感情的增減。

More senseless still is the custom of taking off one's hat. Here we find all kinds of nonsensical rules of etiquette. Thus a lady should keep her hat on during church service or during afternoon tea indoors. Whether this custom of wearing hats in church has anything to do with the customs of Asia Minor in the first century A. D. or not, I do not profess to know, but I suspect it comes from a senseless following of St. Paul's injunction<sup>1</sup> that women should have their heads covered in church while men should not, being based thus on an Asiatic philosophy of sexual inequality which the Westerners have so long repudiated.<sup>2</sup> For the men, there is that ridiculous custom of taking off one's hat in an elevator when there are ladies in it. There can be absolutely no defense for this meaningless custom. In the first place, the elevator is but a continuation of the corridor, and if men are not required to take off their hats in a corridor, why should they be made to do so in a lift? Any one would see the utter senselessness of it all, if he happens to pass from one floor to another in the same building with a hat on. In the second place, the elevator cannot by any logical analysis be distinguished from other types of conveyance, the motor car, for instance. If a man can, with a free conscience, keep his hat on while driving in a motor car in the company of ladies, why should he be forbidden from doing the same in a lift?

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1. injunction 教訓, 訓諭. 2. repudiated 排斥, 拒斥.

脫帽是一種更加沒有意義的事情。在這裏我們見到禮儀上種種無意義的規則。女人在教堂裏做禮拜時或在戶內吃午茶時可以戴帽子。我不知道，這種在教堂裏戴帽子的風俗，和公元第一世紀小亞細亞的風俗有沒有關係。可是我疑心這種由人們盲目順從聖保羅的教訓，以為女人在教堂裏應該把頭覆蓋起來，而男人則不必這樣子，其理由是基於亞洲人一種男女不平等的哲學觀念，這種觀念西洋人早就加以排斥了，說到男人，有一種怪風俗是電梯裏如果有女人，男人必須脫帽。這種毫無意義的風俗是絕對沒有理由的。第一，電梯不過甬道接連出來的地方，如果男人在甬道上不必脫帽，那麼，他們在電梯裏何必脫帽呢？一個人如果戴了帽子由一層樓到另一層樓去，便會看出這種習俗的毫無意思，第二，電梯和其他的交通工具如汽車之類，並沒有什麼差別。一個人陪女人駕汽車出外時，如果能安然戴着帽子，那麼他在電梯為什麼不可以戴帽子呢？

△ All in all, this is a very crazy world of ours. But I am not surprised. After all, we see human stupidity around us everywhere, from the stupidity of modern international relations to that of the modern educational system. Mankind may be intelligent enough to invent the radio and wireless telephones, but mankind is simply not intelligent enough to stop wars, nor will ever be. So I am willing to let stupidity in the more trivial things go by, and content merely to be amused.

總之，這是一個很瘋狂的世界。可是我並不覺得驚異。我們可以在我們的週遭看見人類的愚蠢，由現代國際關係的愚蠢到現代教育制度的愚蠢。人類也許有智慧會發明無線電和無線電話，可是他們簡直沒有智慧能夠阻止戰爭，現在如此將來也是如此，所以我寧願讓人類瑣屑事物上的愚蠢繼續存在，冷眼旁觀以為笑樂。

*Don't put it down!*  
*Do it over!*

## △ WHAT I LIKE ABOUT AMERICA

One might just as well put it down on paper, once and for all! That will at least provide a ready answer for every question that might be asked of a foreign writer. Perhaps these likes and dislikes may be all wrong. Perhaps after a longer stay, one will revise<sup>2</sup> one's opinions or even begin to like what one disliked and dislike what one used to like. Of so much less value will those mature judgments be, to my way of thinking. It will be impossible to recapture those first thrills of new impacts,<sup>3</sup> those first impressions, sensations, bewilderments, and novel surprises. I do not need psychologists to tell me about the law of habit—that the human mind is apt to disregard the discordant,<sup>4</sup> once it has become familiar, and eventually regard everything as reasonable because it is customary.

Also, I do not justify my likes and dislikes. Personal likes and dislikes are things that you do not have to give reasons for. They are just personal likes and dislikes. I like certain things because I like them. To every question about the reason for my preferences, the answer is, "Just because." Well, then, what do I like about America and what do I dislike? (I am merely trying to put into

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1. once and for all 限於一次。 2. revise 改正, 修正。 3. impact 衝擊, 擊力。 4. discordant 不適合的。

## 我愛美國的什麼

我們應該把牠一次寫下來。這一來，一切會向一個外國作者提出的問題，都會有預備好的回答了。這一切的愛和憎也許都是錯了的。說不定住得久一點，我們的見解便會變改了，或甚至愛起我們以前所憎的，而本來喜愛的却要憎惡了。那些新接觸到一些東西時的興奮，那些第一次的印象，感覺，迷亂，以及新奇的驚異，要把牠們再獲得是不可能的。我不須心理學家把習性律告訴我——說人類的心性一旦慣熟了後，善於忽視不諧合的東西，而終於把一切東西都認為合理的，因為已經習慣了。

同樣的，我並不要證實我的愛和憎。私人的愛和憎，都是一切你無須舉出理由的東西。牠們不過是私人的愛和憎罷了。我喜愛某些東西，因為我喜愛牠們。如果有人問起我為什麼喜歡牠，我的回答是：「正因為這樣。」好，那麼，我愛美國的什麼，我憎的什麼？（我僅僅要實行一

practice the American principle of free speech.) I like best of all, in New York, the granite rocks in Central Park, as beautiful in their rugged rhythm as any to be found on high mountaintops; next the squirrels with such beautiful clean fur; and third, the men and women who are able to share with me the delight in those little squirrels. None there are, I suspect, who share with me the delight in the rocks—those silent, immutable<sup>1</sup> rocks.

I like hot dogs but do not like the company I generally find myself in when eating them. I like best of all a glass of tomato juice but hate to drink tomato juice surrounded by bottles of Bromo-Seltzer,<sup>2</sup> packages of Ex-Lax,<sup>3</sup> boxes of aspirin, and a mountain of bath salts, sponges, Schick injectors, electric toasters, toothbrushes, dental creams, kissproof lipsticks, and shaving brushes. I like to eat raw celery and honeydew melon in the paneled cellar of Louis and Armand or have a bite before the open stands of Nedick's. Either the one or the other, but no soda lunches, if I can help it. There, perched on those rotating disks, I am neither a sophisticated gourmet<sup>4</sup> attending to his food with a religious fervor nor a glorious, carefree tramp, but just a New York hustler, with not enough elbow room in God's universe to pull out a handkerchief comfortably. And if I

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1. immutable 永不變易的。 2, 3. 美國藥品名。 4. gourmet 美食家。



下美國人的言論自由這一原則。)在紐約，我最愛的是中央公園中的花崗石，牠們那種嶄新的韻調，跟崇山峻嶺上所見的同樣美麗；其次便是那些毛色光澤的栗鼠，第三，便是那些對於那些小栗鼠感到同樣的興致的男男女女。我以為，像我那樣對石頭感到興致的人，一個也不會有一——那些沈默的，永不變易的石頭啊。

我喜歡喫香腸麵包，可是我總是不喜歡跟我一起吃牠的那一種人。我很喜歡喝一杯番茄汁，可是最恨坐在那周圍是一瓶瓶的消化藥水，一包包的清腸片，一盒盒的阿司匹靈，以及堆得山一樣高的葱浴鹽，海棉，電烘麵包器，牙刷，牙膏，不脫色的脣膏和剃鬚毛刷的地方喝牠。我喜歡在魯易與阿蒙餐室的地室裏吃生芹菜和蜜露西瓜，或是在奈狄克飯店的露天食攤上吃一頓。隨便那一樣都可以，可是如果我有法子的話，決不要吃那些汽水店裏的午餐。在那裏，踞在那些會旋轉的圓檯上，我既不能像一個美食家那樣以一種宗教的熱誠去對付他的食物，又不能像一個高高興興，自由自在的流浪者那樣，可是只是一個忙碌的紐約人，在宇宙間竟沒有充足的空間，把一條手帕舒舒服服抽出來。如果我要伸欠一下（正如每一個人飽餐一

should yawn and stretch, as every gentlemen should after a good meal, I should fall overboard.<sup>1</sup>

I like everything about the radio except its programs. I marvel at the unprecedented<sup>2</sup> opportunity for bringing good music and artistic enjoyment to the home and equally at the proportionately unprecedented absence of good music and artistic enjoyment. I bow in profound admiration before the mysterious wires, coils, switches, and vacuum tubes and the mechanic with wires, coils, and sundry apparatus to catch music from the air; but I tower with supreme contempt over the music finally caught by the mysterious coils, wires, and vacuum tubes. Americans have had music but good music catchers.

I marvel exceedingly at the complete success with which the rich store of European music is held in abeyance<sup>3</sup> and hidden in shame. Equally do I delight in the announcements of sales, which are the best parts of the programs, because they are the only parts that are sincere. I love the Luscious<sup>4</sup> Burbank pears and fragrant American apples and the rich, resonant voices of Americans and all that is vital and rich and whole. And I hate diluted clam broth and effeminate<sup>5</sup> melodies and robust American college boys crooning pseudosentiments in pseudosoft voices, inevitably rhyming "you" with "blue," and all

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1. fall overboard 傾倒. 2. unprecedented 空前未有的. 3. hold in abeyance 在停止中. 4. luscious 甜美的. 5. effeminate 柔弱的.

頓之後總要這樣，)我一定會仰翻跌倒。

關於無線電的一切東西，除了牠的節目之外，我都喜歡。我一方面對於那種把優美音樂和藝術的享受帶到家裏來那種空前未有的機會感到驚奇，同時對於優美音樂和藝術的享受的比較空前未有的難得，感到同樣驚異。我對於那些神祕的電線，線圈，開關，和真空管，以及那利用電線線圈和種種儀器從空氣中把音樂收來的機械感到無限地佩服；可是我對於那些最後給那神祕的電線，線圈，和真空管收得的音樂，却感到極度的輕蔑。美國人有的是惡劣的音樂，可是很好的收取音樂的東西。

我對於那種使歐洲豐富的音樂完全停止活動，慚愧地隱匿起來那種成功感到極度驚異。同樣的我對於大減價的廣告感到喜悅，這是無線電節目中最好的一部份，因為只有這一部份才是老實的。我愛那甜美的布本克梨和香噴噴的美國蘋果，以及那豐滿的響亮的美國人聲調，和一切富於活力，豐滿而健全的東西。我恨那稀薄的蛤蚧湯和那種柔弱的曲調，以及那些壯健的美國大學生哼出那種硬裝出溫柔多情的聲調，總是把「你」和「愁」兩個字押韻。還

that is affected, patterned, manufactured, and made to order.

I love the gorgeous American chrysanthemums, as admiration-compelling as any in China, and the unbelievable varieties of orchids in Fifth Avenue flower shops; but I detest the way most of the bouquets are arranged, without any rhythmic vitality or subtle contrast. I love the ringing laughter of children playing in the park, unafraid of dirt, and the sweet piping of young ladies calling to squirrels. I like seeing pure-faced young mothers with their perambulators<sup>1</sup> and single ladies sprawling on the ground taking naps, their faces barely covered by newspapers, and all that speaks of the joy of life. But I hate to see men and women lying on the ground and kissing in public.

I love the Negro porters, messengers, and elevator boys, sporting wherever they are, with their sharp winks and sly smiles, but I profoundly commiserate<sup>2</sup> with the serious-looking Negroes going about with their gloves, spats, and their civilization. I like the smile of sweet New England ladies, speaking in heavenly accents, and detest the sight of people in subways<sup>3</sup> constantly moving their jaws up and down, without any smoke ever coming out. I like subways, carrying me so fast, provided they carry me to my destination. But I feel humiliated

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1. perambulators 嬰孩小車. 2. commiserate 憐憫. 3. subways 地下電車.

有一切感染的，模倣的，製成的和定製的東西。

我喜愛那壯麗的美國菊花，正如中國的那樣令人羨愛，我又愛第五街花店裏的許多種類的蘭花，可是我最恨許多花球的編紮法：完全缺乏有韻律的活氣和別有風味的對比。我愛聽在公園裏，不怕塵污戲玩着的小孩子的響亮笑聲，以及少女們吹着好聽的口哨來喚栗鼠。我愛看見容貌純潔的年輕母親推着嬰兒車子走着，和獨身的女子躺在草地上打瞌睡，她們的面孔給報紙略略覆掩了，這一切都表現出人生的歡樂。可是我不喜歡看見男人和女人同躺在草地上，在別人面前接吻起來。

我愛那些黑人腳夫，信差，和電梯司機，無論在那裏，他們態度總是很好，霎霎眼睛帶着笑容，可是我却很憐憫看見那些板着面孔的黑人，戴着手套和覆鞋套，掬起文化的幌子到處走着。我喜歡新英格侖州可愛的少女的微笑，說話的音調很美妙，我不愛看見地底電車裏的人們，下顎不停地動着，可是沒有吐出煙來的樣子。我喜歡地底電車，如果要載我到目的地，牠總是走得那樣快。可是當

to see blonde girls in high-heeled shoes overtaking me at my fastest pace. Holy Moses! Where is she going?

I love the sight of morning rides in subways, when the lines around men's and women's eye have been gently smoothed out by sweet slumber<sup>1</sup> and there is a twinkle in their looks. But I always feel highly uncomfortable during the afternoon rides, when the facial lines are so sharp, the crys so harsh, and the faces so taut-drawn.<sup>2</sup> Sometimes I catch glimpses of sweet, calm faces, dignified faces and soulful faces; and then a discordant note comes, and they pass by. And I am left in the midst of eyes staring with a glinting glare and chins sticking out, speaking of a desperate ambition to achieve, and voices without soft modulation.<sup>3</sup>

And I see middle-aged housewives returning with packages from Macy's or Wanamaker's, chatting, chatting, chatting about the awful realities of life with an awful awareness, and they do my heart good, because they remind me of<sup>4</sup> China. And I see once in a while a sweet, pensive, lonely girl talking to no one and wish I could penetrate into her soul's yearnings.<sup>5</sup> I see white-haired and ruddy-faced old men, who survey this tide of humanity, I suspect, very much as I do. Then I see with a shock other old men, apologetic for being old and continually

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1. slumber 睡眠. 2. taut-drawn 绷紧. 3. modulation 調音.  
4. remind me of 令我憶起. 5. yearning 思戀.

我走得脚步最快時，却給穿高跟鞋的金髮姑娘趕到我的前頭，我總要覺得慚愧。天啊！她要到那裏去呀？

我喜歡早晨坐底電車時所見到的男男女女，他們飽睡之後，眼睛現出柔和的樣子，面孔上喜氣洋溢。可是在下午乘車時我便覺得很不舒服了，那時人們的面孔皺紋深深顯露出來，眼色嚴厲，面孔繃緊。有時我瞥見可愛的寧靜的面孔，莊重的面孔，以及有生氣的面孔；接着不諧合的情調來了，於是牠們便過去了。留下我立在一羣雙目灼灼，下頷突出，開口便說起要成就什麼偉業，說起話來沒有一點好聲氣的人們中間。

我又見到中年的主婦們從雜貨店挾了一包包的東西回來，一路滔滔不絕地談着生活的實況，談得很有味，看到她們時使我感到快適，因為使我記起中國來了。有時我會見到一個可愛的，憂鬱的，孤獨的少女，沒有人跟她談話，我希望能夠看透她的靈魂深處的幽情。我看到朱顏白髮的老人，我懷疑他一定跟我那樣地正在瀏覽着人類之潮。接着，我却驚異地見到別的老人，他們總是埋怨着

protesting by their manner that they are still young in spirit.

I always feel tremendously amused that, even in America, men do not always rise to give a lady a seat. But I feel enraged when an old man is left standing. I am interested in the quintuplets<sup>1</sup> as a curiosity, but am stunned at the way they have been turned to commercial purpose. I admire the Lindberghs and feel sorry for them that the cameramen persecuted them. I am a disciple of American democracy and enthusiastic about civil rights and liberties. But I am amazed that there isn't an amendment to the American Constitution, protecting every American citizen from facing cameramen and reporters against his will and guaranteeing him the right of privacy, the only right that makes life worth living.

I admire the gentleman in America and feel sorry for him that he has to be ashamed of his culture and his better opinions—feel sorry that he has been cudgeled<sup>2</sup> into conformity, caged in silence, and haunted by the fear of being different from the common man. I understand but nevertheless wonder at the fairly complete absence of gentlemen from politics. I pay tribute to American democracy and American toleration. I enjoy the liberty with which American newspapers criticize their public

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1. quintuplets 一胎五孩. 2. cudgeled 扇服.



老，總是表示他們的精神仍舊很年輕的樣子。

我常常覺得很有趣，即使在美國，男子也不常常立起來讓座給女子。可是當我看見一個老人要立在那裏，我便覺得憤怒。我認爲五個孿生女是一件稀奇的事情，可是看到她們是這樣地被人利用來賺錢，却要感到驚詫了。我欽敬林白夫婦，看到攝影記者怎樣纏擾他們，不禁替他們叫苦。我是美國民主主義的信徒，對於人民的權利和自由感到熱心。可是我感到驚異，美國憲法中竟沒有增加一條保護每一個美國公民不受攝影記者和新聞記者的騷擾，保證他們有隱居的權利，只有這一種權利才使人生值得過過。

我欽敬美國的高尚人士，然而却替他可惜，他對自己的教養和較佳的見解會感到慚愧——我替他可惜，他拘於成見，保持緘默，深恐跟普通人有異。我明白可是却也感到驚異，美國的政治舞台上，高尚人士幾乎完全絕跡。我對美國的民主政體和信仰自由感到尊敬。我對於美國報紙批評他們的官吏那種自由感到欣悅，同時對美國官吏以良

officials and admire the American official for taking public criticism with a gracious sense of humor.

I am always touched<sup>1</sup> by American business courtesy and the liberal use of "thank you's." But I am always amused at the "Oh, yah's?" which are a cliché<sup>2</sup> to hide the vacuity of the speaker's intellect. I love dinners under subdued lights and the quiet appointments of good American homes, but I always come home a mental wreck from cocktail parties, at which one attains the maximum physical movement with the minimum mental activity. A cocktail party is a place where you talk with a person you do not know about a subject you have no interest in. It is like taking ten wrong trains and coming back ten times from Manhattan Transfer, finally landing in Pennsylvania Station after an hour of completely wasted, purposeless activity.

A cocktail party is also an institution<sup>3</sup> where you learn simultaneously to wave your hand to someone across the room on your right, smile a greeting to someone on your left, and manage to say, "Oh, yeah?" to the lady in front, with whom you are supposed to be engaged in a philosophic conversation. I appreciate the sentiments of Soup Magnates and Pork Kings and Bristle Heiresses importing entire English castles and French chateaux<sup>4</sup> brick by brick, but I have other opinions about office buildings

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1. touched 感動. 2. cliché 陳句, 套語. 3. institution 制度, 勝事. 4. chateaux 堡壘.

好的幽默意識來接受輿論的批評又感到欽佩。

我常常對於美國商業上的客氣和儘量使用「多謝你」這句話而感動。可是我常常對於「啊，是嗎？」一語覺得好笑，因為這是一句把說話者的缺乏智慧掩藏起來的一句老套語。我喜歡在黯淡燈光下進餐和參加優秀的美國人家中的幽靜的宴會，可是每次參加「考克台爾」宴會回來時總是感到精疲力乏，因為在這種宴會中，體力的活動達到最高度，智力的活動却極度低減。在這種宴會中，你要跟一個不相識的人談起你不感到興趣的題目。正如搭錯了十次火車，一連十次從曼赫頓車站回來，在完全白費毫無目的地活動了一小時後，終於在本雪范尼亞車站下車。

一個「考克台爾」宴會是這樣的一個地方，在那裏你學會一面向着你的右邊的房間這面的人揮手，一面微笑跟你的左邊的人招呼，一面要對着你的面前正在跟你談着哲學的太太說着「啊，是嗎？」。我對於肉湯鉅子，豬肉大王，和鬃毛女小開把整座英國和法國的古堡，片磚隻瓦地搬到美國來那種雅致頗能體會到，可是對於做工廠式樣而

inspired by factories and residences inspired by office buildings. In fact, I see only business executives working in factory buildings and men and women residing in office buildings, but I have never seen American families living in homes in the City of New York.

I admire the American love for old furniture and old carpets but am sorry to find chromium taking the place of wood in the home. Chromium is too cold for the home and too hard for the soul. Something terribly akin I see between platinum blondes<sup>1</sup> and chromium homes and tin-can souls. I am delighted at servicers, refrigerators, vacuum carpet cleaners, and escalators, but I hate to look at a bed that springs down from what seems to be a wardrobe door. I like labor-saving devices but hate all space-saving inventions.

The American home developed from chimneyed cottages, was changed into apartment flats, and is disappearing into the trailer.<sup>2</sup> The trailer is the logical development of the American home from the apartment flat, which has been defined as the place where some members of the family wait for the return of the car being occupied by other members of the family. So why not build a slightly bigger car in which all the members can live all the time? The American will soon be living in partitioned cracker barrels, if he doesn't look out!

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1. platinum blonde 白金髮女子. 2. trailer 美國一種用汽車拖引的車子, 車內設備, 有如一間小規模的住宅.

建築的辦公房屋，和做辦公房屋而建築的住宅却另有見解。事實上，在紐約城裏，我只看見商業巨頭在工廠建築內辦事，男男女女都住在辦公房屋裏，可是從來沒有看見美國家庭住在住宅裏。

我佩服美國人的愛好古舊傢具和地毯的心情，可是對於他們的家庭裏，克羅咪代替了木的地位却感到痛惜。克羅咪的傢具對於家庭太過寒冷，對於靈魂太過堅硬了。在我看來，白金髮女郎，克羅咪具的家庭和鐵皮罐頭靈魂這三者之間是很相似的。我對於Servitors，電器冰箱，真空吸塵器，以及自動樓梯這些東西感到很高興，可是我最恨看見一張床從一道似乎是衣櫃門那裏落下來。我喜歡節省勞力的器具，可是痛恨一切節省地位的發明。

美國人的房屋是從有烟突的小木屋發展出來的，其後改變成公寓式的住宅，其後又變成了旅行汽車。旅行汽車是美國人家庭從公寓式住宅的合理發展，因為曾有人替公寓下定義，說牠是這樣一個地方，家裏的一些人在那裏等待那給家裏別的人坐了出去的汽車的回來。所以，為什麼不造一輛大些的汽車，使全家的人隨時可以住在那裏？美國人如果不小心，他們不久便要住到用板隔開的餅乾箱裏了！

## △ CRYING AT THE MOVIES

Because I often cry at movies, I always like a person sitting next to me silently blowing his or her nose or leaving the theater with a shining streak over his face. I am inclined to think that he is better man for that. I honestly think crying at the movies is nothing to be ashamed of. It does one a lot of good. Let me explain what I mean. "Did you cry?" my wife asked me, as we were coming out of the Nanking Theater after seeing Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*<sup>1</sup> on the screen.<sup>2</sup>

"Of course I did," I said. "Any one who doesn't cry at the great story which runs the gamut<sup>3</sup> of our emotions isn't much of a man, is he?" In fact, I was emotionally played out. I had a headache that evening, and just couldn't do anything. I tried to play poker, but it was a listless<sup>4</sup> game, and I lost \$4.25.

What is all this nonsense about not crying at a good story, whether it be on the screen or in a story book? In order to be respectable, let me show that I have Aristotle and Ssema Ch'ien on my side. Aristotle speaks of the true function of tragedy as a form of "catharsis," a purging of our emotions, and our greatest historian and prose writer speaks of it as

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1. *Les Miserable* 法國著名小說家韋俄所著的一部小說的名字。 2. screen 銀幕。 3. gamut 全部。 4. listless 沒精打彩，沒有興趣。 5. catharsis 滌腸胃，通利。

## 看電影流淚

因為我看電影常常會流淚，所以我總喜歡坐在我旁邊的人默默地抽咽着他或她的鼻子，或臉上帶着一道亮光光的淚痕離坐而去。我總認為這樣的人是一個比較好的人。現在我老實覺得看影戲流淚是一點沒有什麼可恥的了。這對於人是有許多好處的。且聽我說來。「你流過淚嗎？」當我們看過了巽俄的「孤屋淚」的電影，從南京大戲院裏出來的時候，我的妻子問我道。

「我當然流淚的咯，」我說道。「凡是看了那個打動我們全部情感的偉大小說而不流淚的，便算不得是一個有充分人性的人，是嗎？」事實上我是大大地受了感動的。那天晚上我感到頭痛，一點事情也不能做。我玩了一會撲克，但也毫無興趣，我輸掉了四元二角半錢。

看一本好的小說，不論是電影或原書，而不應該流淚，這種無謂的話有什麼意思呢？爲了尊重起見，我且不妨引點亞里斯多德與司馬遷的話。亞里斯多德說真正的悲劇精神是一種「瀉劑」，是通利我們的情感的神劑。而我

“setting our blood in smooth circulation.” If a great writer writes a great story which is played on the stage, and the audience does not cry, then something must be wrong with the actors or the audience.

It is disgraceful, it is unmanly to cry, you say. To a certain extent, this is true of everyday life. If a man cries or laughs too often, you say he is a sap, a sentimental and temperamentally unbalanced fellow, or an infantile idiot. All this is true, but isn't there a time when a man ought to be touched profoundly and shed a few tears? In a movie, life is presented to us in a more concentrated form, exciting our passions in a way that our everyday life can't. What, then, is all this talk about the cathartic functions of tragedy if it cannot even move us to tears—if it cannot move us who are so tamed and disciplined and conventionalized and proud of our conventionality?<sup>1</sup>

Isadora Duncan once spoke of a woman as a musical instrument, and compared a woman who had only one lover to a musical instrument which had been played upon only by one artist. Every great lover makes a different sweetheart of the same woman, as every artist elicits from the same instrument a different music. Every work of art is a matter of response between the artist and the material or instrument of creation, and again between the artist and the reader or spectator, as the case may be.

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1. conventionality 傳統性.



們的那位大史學家及文章家司馬遷則說悲劇可以「平和血氣」。如果一個大作家寫了一部大作品，搬上了舞台，觀眾看了並不流淚，那末演員或觀眾一定是有了毛病了。

大家都說流淚是可恥的，是沒有丈夫氣的。在其種程度上，在日常生活中這句話是不錯的，如果一個人太容易哭或笑了，我們便要說他是一個弱者，一個在感性上與脾性上有所不平衡的傢伙，或是一個稚氣的白癡了；這些話也都是對的。但一個人難道沒有應當深深地受了感動而流幾滴眼淚的嗎？在電影中。生活以一種更凝集的姿態呈現在我們的面前，以一種日常生活所沒有的力量感動着我們。如果牠不能使我們感動得流淚，——如果不能感動我們這些馴良的，有紀律的，傳統化了的，且又以我們的傳統性自傲的人們，那末還說什麼悲劇的通利作用呢？

伊薩多拉·鄧肯曾把一個女人比做一件樂器，並把一個祇有一個愛人的女人比做一件祇有被一個音樂家玩弄過的樂器。每一個大情人對於同一個女人可以拿她當做一個各各不同的情人。正如每個音樂家可以從同一樂器中彈出不同的曲調。每一種藝術工作無非全在藝術家與創作的資料或工具間的一種反應，有時又是藝術家與讀者或觀眾間的反應。因此，同是一幅畫面，可以使一個人激起熱情，

The same picture therefore may excite one man to ecstasies while it leaves another cold, whether it be a screen picture or a painting. The more sensitive the onlooker is, and the more finely responsive he is to the appeals of the work of art, the more he draws out of the picture, in comparison with others who are of a more phlegmatic<sup>1</sup> temperament. The same sunset may excite one man to tears and be just an ordinary sun going down for another. The staid<sup>2</sup> businessman who is proud that he does not grow sentimental over an ordinary sun going down—does he not cry sometimes, cry for joy when his stocks jump up 100 per cent in a day, or cry out of despair when the banks are closing his credit? What then is all this nonsense about not crying, and about crying being unmanly?

The fact is, some men are more sensitive than others, as there are good and bad violins. A great work of art requires a finely appreciative soul to draw from it the full enjoyment of which it is capable. The same thing is true of a good horse and a good jockey,<sup>3</sup> and of a good musical composition and an understanding musician or conductor who can draw out of Schubert all the tenderness that is in Schubert, and out of Brahms and Tchaikowsky<sup>4</sup> all the sorrow that is in Brahms and Tchaikowsky. And so it is true also of books and authors. Every man's appre-

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1. phlegmatic 無感覺的。 2. staid 沈著的, 穩莊的。 3. jockey 騎師。 4. Schubert, Brahms, Tchaikowsky, 均著名音樂家名。

同時又使另一個人漠然無動。不論是電影上或繪畫上的畫面，都是如此。觀賞者愈是敏感，他對於這藝術作品的反應也愈大，比起別一些較少感受性的人們來，他在這畫面中所感受的也愈多。同樣是一幅黃昏的風景，可以使一個人感動得流淚，而對於另一個人，也許祇不過是一幅普通日落的圖而已。老練的商人他每每因不受普通的落日圖所動情而自得——難道他也沒有流淚的時候嗎？——爲了他的股票每日漲價一倍而高興得流淚，或爲了銀行界與他斷絕往來而失望得流淚的嗎？既是如此，那末所謂流淚就算是沒有丈夫氣或不該流淚等等，這些無謂的話又算得什麼呢？

在事實上，有的人比別人敏感一些，正如提琴之分優劣一樣。一件偉大的藝術作品是需要一個敏感的人去吸取其所能享受的感受的。一匹名馬需一個好的騎手，一支好的樂曲也需要一個能了解的音樂家或樂隊指揮，他要能夠從休伯脫(Schubert)的作品中領略到休之所以爲休的全部柔和性，以及從勃拉姆斯與查考夫斯基的作品中領略到勃之所以爲勃，及查之所以爲查的全部感傷性。在書與作家中，那情形亦是如此。每一個人對於一個優秀的作家領略

ciation of a good author is strictly limited by his own mental and emotional endowments. One man appreciates one line, another man appreciates another, and only rarely do we find a perfect sympathetic response between reader and author, as we find between a musical composition and a masterly interpretation by a gifted conductor.<sup>1</sup>

Yes, there are tears in this life, and what matters after all is what we cry at. There are tears of delight and tears of sorrow, and tears of love and tears of forgiveness, tears of parting and tears of reunion between mother and child. Some cry at a mawkish<sup>2</sup> sentimental story, while others cry at sheer beauty and kindness. But whoever feels like crying, let him cry, for we were animals before we became reasoning beings, the shedding of a tear, whether of forgiveness or of pity or of sheer delight at beauty, will do him a lot of good.

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1. conductor 樂隊指揮. 2. mawkish 令人作嘔的.

是絕對受着他的智力與感情的天賦所限制的。這一個人領略他這一點，那一個人又領略他的那一點，在讀者與作者之間有完全相同的反應這種情形我們極少看見，正如我們難得看見一支樂曲與一個天才樂隊指揮的擬測之間有完全同情的反應一樣。

不錯，在這個人世間是委實有淚的，問題祇是我們在什麼事上流淚而已。世上有歡喜的淚，哀愁的淚，愛的淚，寬恕的淚，母子間離合的淚。有的人聽了一個令人作嘔的感傷故事會流淚，有的人則對於真正的美與仁慈流淚。但無論什麼人，他感到要流淚的時候就儘管流他的淚吧，因為我們在未有理智之前本是動物，而流一點眼淚，不論是寬恕的淚，可憐的淚，或因真正的美而感到歡喜的淚，對於他總是有一點好處的。

中華民國三十九年九月

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