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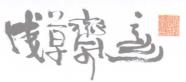
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造句





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苹果不好吃了

《春彦三卷》自跋

好样的, 老头子

写在家父《春彦三卷》出版之际

奕 青



波尔多归来,微醺着,从法兰西的葡萄美酒, 至即将奔赴的苏格兰的威士忌,间中在上海的十 多天里,被兄弟还有姐妹的欢宴聚会撩拨笙歌夜 夜,为世界之杯奔波并且失眠痛哉阿根廷快哉意 大利,这个夏天似乎发酵着慵懒和醉意,颠倒着 过着慢6小时的日子。

终于某个黄昏,21楼天台坐定,与老子老谢 把西瓜而临风,谈吐东西,仿佛十五年前那个小 小的6楼阳台,数着浮云唱歌。

更早的时候,老谢在3楼露台教《唐诗三百首》、《古文观止》,每日一篇,小谢很乖,认真听讲,只有在背诵时挤眉弄眼拿腔作调。之后的6楼阳台,老谢说《恶之花》、《草叶集》,小谢心仪,并于某年老谢生日配乐朗诵自作诗一首恭奉。再后来,老谢励小谢奉孔孟为师,以《战争与和平》、《约翰·克利斯多夫》为标准,时小谢青春气盛,婉拒之,走殊途。

当下,时常针锋相对,或者是因为小儿改不

了的懒散,或者是因老子过于严格的脾性。小谢 眼中的老谢是积极的,他似乎从没有颓唐地去回 避困难,即使去年腰伤卧床数月他亦坚持躺着写 作编书策划海内外联展,未见神情黯淡,他享受 繁多工作带来的不同变化, 他总是乐观地向前 看,或者某些时候,他会很直白地愤怒,他不屑 懦弱与小家子气,固执地保持着先鲁人的个人英 雄主义,他吼"安能摧眉折腰,使我不得开心颜!" 还有一点嘲弄"视金钱若亲妈干妈"的呆气。老谢 是老派的,他敬重那些旧时光里的老人家,他乐于 给他们温柔的情谊;那些真正德艺双馨的老头子 们,他愿意为之奔走为之传扬,在曾经不能自保的 荒唐的年月,在这个善于忘掉过去离弃精神的时 代,他由衷地热爱家乡(这也深深影响了小谢), 他会从台北经港直飞老家为大王同乡学子宣讲抗 战血史、他会给新农民子弟的国际学校带来授课 的外国专家,他说"故乡是心里最后一块璞玉矣"。

在6楼的北屋里,挂着他写给小谢的一首长

诗,时间久远,漫漶烟飞,怎样的字句记不太清了,大致的意思是,生而为人,岂能虚度岁月,不但要让自己过有意义的生活,负相当的责任,还要为国家为民族作出贡献,如是云云。所以,他写呀画呀,策呀划呀,两肋插刀,无所不事,无所事事,甘作走马,甘作堂跑,自笑:

生涯百事苍黄过,只手尚余护众芳。 舍命书生还走马,六郎酒醉戏"中堂"。

我想,老谢应该是会寂寞的吧,在他嬉笑怒 骂热闹奔忙的皮相之后,存着的那些理想毕竟是 有些不合时宜的了。

我们在表象上产生距离,这只是两种哲学态度,却极可能殊途同归。无论如何,我总是佩服坚持理想的人:老头子好样的!

丙戌仲夏某夜

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代序

10

Perfect! "Old Xie", My Father!

Written before the publication of the collection of my father's paintings and writings

BY Xie Yiqing



I still felt tipsy after my returning from Bordeaux, I would go to enjoy the whisky of Scotland later, and, between the two trips, there was a short period of ten days staying in Shanghai, when I was surrounded by my friends, they held feasts one after another. The excitement also came from watching the World Cup, we were six hours behind the matches, the sleepless nights for Argentina and over enjoyment for Italy had kept my laziness and slightly inebriated for the summer.

Finally at a breezy dusk, I sat with my father, "old Xie" at the balcony of the 21st floor and had a nice chat with the cold watermelon. It reminded me of the tiny balcony we had fifteen years ago where I counted the floating cloud and sang songs. Earlier before that, it was at a third floor balcony, "old Xie" taught me Three Hundred Tang Poems and Standard Articles of Ancient Master Writers, one article each day. I sat quietly, listened and played mischievous tricks to him when I was asked to recite the article. Later on, we moved to the sixth floor and again at the balcony, "old Xie" taught me Les Fleurs Du Mal, Leaves of Grass, I understood them, and even composed a poem as a gift to him at his birthday. After that period, he guided me to study the doctrines of Confucious and Mencius, War and Peace, John Christopher. But I just rejected! As a rebellious young person, I took a different path

for my career.

Until now, I still fight with him, and this may be caused by my laziness, or maybe, he is too strict with me. To me, "old Xie" is always positive and energetic, and never to be knocked off by any difficulties. He has maintained his habits of writing, painting, editing, planning national and international exhibitions even though he had to stay in bed for a few months when he hurt his back last year. He never felt disappointed and unhappy for overloaded and unexpected works, he kept looking forward, and being optimistic. Occasionally he would be upset and angry, despise the coward's and sluggard's way of thinking and behaves, to maintain his strong personality with a heroic spirit as a Shandongnese. He would roar to avoid being unhappiness and fight for the justice.

"Old Xie" is old-fashioned. He respects those elder generations and creates close friendship with those noble folks with talents and high prestige. He enjoyed spending all energy for their promotion. He has great passion for his hometown and held lectures on Chinese Resistance War Against Japanese Invasion and other parts of Chinese history, he also brought foreign experts to the international schools founded by local farmers in Shandong Province. In his heart, hometown is the last peace of uncarved jade.

Hanging in the northern room on the old apartment on the sixth floor, there was a long poem he wrote to me, as time went by I could hardly remember clearly the verses, but the general meaning printed in my brain is that one was born for serving others and should not waste time in life, and should lived for a meaningful life, taking the responsibility and making contributions for his or her country and its people, so on and so forth. Therefore, he paints, he writes, he plans exhibitions and tries all his endeavor for any projects he undertakes. He laughs at himself that: "most part of my career has passed, even I have left with one hand, it will still help to protect others; I'd rather risk my life to be working as a running horse or a devoted friend, with an artistic spirit, I determine to provide with the best service".

I think "old Xie" could feel lonely at some point, after his laughing and playing, furiously cursing, some of his thoughts, after all, may not be practical.

Apparently we haven't shared the same ideas and this may be caused by our different attitudes in philosophy, however, we may reach the same goal by different routes. After all, I always respect those who have strong wills. "Old Xie", you are perfect!

关于灵感之猜想

吾女办刊,有"话说国宝"的栏目,尝命 我插图,颇有难度,每如考试然。譬如东汉彭 城王家墓中出土之鎏金蟾蜍砚盒一篇,则深感 难以下手,思之数日不得,某日如厕间忽有点 子自至,亦怪哉。遥想当年,彭城王家命工匠 制砚盒,彼定亦苦思不出,倒是极可能在乱草 间出恭之际,碰到一个臭蛤蟆,让他得了灵感, 遂成此天下奇宝之器,现置放在南京博物馆尊 贵的橱子里,教人瞻仰惊欢。院长徐湖平先生 是我的朋友,我应邀去参加该院七十年庆典时, 还特别请此公领我去亲历了一番,的确非凡品 可比焉!前辈作家徐迟先生有名作《哥德巴哈 猜想》,老树凋零,鸿文尚在,姑且仿之,另作 胡猜乱想灵感之由来耳,其词曰:

> 李白高唱将进酒, 屈子长诵离骚经。 王朔痞子过把瘾, 老汤呆写牡丹亭。



红楼有梦曹雪芹, 生命交响贝多芬。

光辉灿烂淹日月, 古今中外斗尖新。 千年万岁耗人脑, 一点灵感费招寻。 打着灯笼四处找, 缈不可之等轻尘。 众里寻她千百度, 要来不来苦揪心。 呕心沥血都不见, 白须徒生三千茎。 一日肚痛上茅厕, 她倒忽然现了身。 劈里啪啦来得快, 转眼之间又消形。 马雅可夫怪斯基, 托尔斯泰闹不清。 笑倒张三臭皮匠, 他说自在平常心。 灵光机锋随处是, 马尿牛屎也藏真。 我是俗人我怕谁, 班门前头来搬门。



兔年问兔二爷

你有胡萝卜,你有窝三个。 二爷好快活, 红眼为什么?

兔子既为二爷,有青菜有萝卜,又有三窟,却如此终年害红眼症,要不得也。

画兔英雄谱

春眠不觉晓, 处处闻催稿。 夜来磨声, 兔仔知多少? 排名一、一、一、一、一、 华家、黄家好。

今年兔崽子走运, 画兔成风,

颇有点儿"兔口爆炸"的意思,平庸之作泛滥,几成画坛的征象。而以洒家愚见,上佳者当属君武、永玉二公焉。

兔子不吃窝边草

少小离家兔年回,口可啃鸡牙未摧。 肩不能挑背画囊,岂敢斗胆唱堂会。 兔子不吃窝边草,乡亲嘴角揩油水? 而今年景日渐好,无聊画匠烂成堆。 我有良心没全坏,真有本事宰老外!

近年来,作走方和尚的画家多如狗毛兔毛,走乡串县,以劣画敛钱,即我偏远家乡亦未能幸免。有家乡长官好心欲成全在下,吾实未忍效法也,顺口一戏。

牌的传统

我有传统好牌经, 秦汉唐宋元明清。 而今推到纣以上, 打牌声里又新春。

