

小叶秀子／著

曼哈顿的最后48小时

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这是美国旧金山的一座
城市山脉，我在这里回想，也
在这里忘却

天堂的蓝眼睛

从来没有感觉天堂的坚实与冰冷，我在通往天堂的路上首先接触了一群人，我在直面他们的生活和情感时，努力寻求美国文化的“根”，人文与欲望、情感与性、宗教与家庭、财富与爱……如此深深吸引并诱惑着我陷入其中，美国文化的“绅士”为女人搭建了一个平台，在这里，女人就是一种宗教。

Never felt the warmth or chillness of "paradise", I met a group of people on my way going there. Observing their life and feelings, I searched for the "roots" of American people: Their culture and desire, emotion and sexuality, religion and family, wealth and love.....all these attracted and engulfed me. American "gentlemen" put women on a platform. Here, femininity is a religion

我的生活从来没有天堂。

当我在初夏的午后，突然决定离开我优越的工作和生活环境，独自远行，有人传说，我要远嫁美国。所有的朋友认定我此次破釜沉舟，为着一位美国议员。实话说，在一段时期里，我邂逅并相知一位美国资深众议员，他的痴情、英俊、地位与财富的光环令我痴迷，虽然语言不通，文化背景大相径庭，但我尝试着爱与被爱，甚至所有的情书都由我的秘书代为传递，世间的情感也就从这里开始，使我发疯似地向往着陌生与距离的美国。当我到达檀香山，一种宏大的氛围和声音把我的梦境渐渐舒解与释放，爱在那一刻，淡如一缕乡愁，我怯步，但在内心却喊出：我要嫁了！

也许我要嫁的却是一座天堂。

追寻天堂的路苦涩而遥远，就像时光没有双翅，脚步不见影子，我带着一份记者的破碎与作家的完整，行走在异乡的城墙，我很想以学者的身姿说话，但却是一个易感的诗人。

我从来没有感觉天堂的坚实与冰冷，我在通往天堂的路上首先接触了一群人，一群优秀的美国人。我在直面他们的生活情感时努力寻求美国文化的“根”、人文与欲望、情感和性、宗教与家庭、财富与爱、……如此深深吸引并诱惑着我深陷其中，像岩石与海风贴进腹地，像一个不懂唱腔的歌手在空旷的大地发出回响。当我贴近美国的血脉，我自信我在审视中爱着，天堂与我或远或近不重要，就像我在一首诗中所写的：“当我与天堂交换时辰/我便属于真正的天堂。”

我再也走不出美国的热情与水波的浪漫，我感受到一种生命的丰润。我在努力寻找美国人文的根，它涵括美国文化、历史、地理、生存法则和现象，在传统与现代的交替中，它的旋律与节奏，更贴近美国本质。

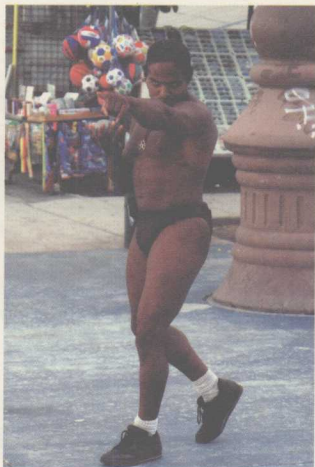
美国人绝不会在破碎中破碎，也绝不会在虚无中掏空。真情的美国人崇尚英雄，从“世贸”被恐怖袭击后纽约街头流行两样特殊纪念品可以看出：一是印有“纽约消防（GDNY）”的系列服装和篮球帽（纽约市长朱利安尼日常喜欢戴着一顶篮

我相信这就是美国的坚韧与活力。





不为美国，只为你的笑容而
倾倒。



“我用我的毅力创造生活，哪
怕只剩下一条内裤”。



家永远是心灵的栖所，不论远
离还是拥有，人类对家的依赖就像
庄稼对土地的感情，在美国，这样
的镜头尤其触动你。

球帽，在“世贸”抢救现场，身患癌症的市长冲杀一线，受人爱戴与尊敬）。在纽约的接触中，我结识了很多当年在“世贸”工作的朋友，我完全有第一手资料写到“世贸”被袭事件中美国人在这场灾难下鲜为人知的故事，但我没有触及。我只写了一个奇怪的美国人每天在海滨一带对着“世贸”废墟大声朗诵拜伦·鲁福斯1906年写的诗，我只感动于人类在生命的非常时刻如此亲近心灵。

美国的人文是一种炫耀的光芒。美国文化有些潦草，但不会让人失望，一个城市有一个城市的文化，一块土地有一块土地的历史，它们缄默或夸张地变迁永远无法与人类变幻的意识保持一致。我所能做的，只是试图从美国的微风细雨中抓住一些思想的羽毛，碎片下的城市就是它的文化空间，当我置身于高雅的教堂音乐会，听着传统摩登音乐剧发出琥珀一样的质感；当我走进老人社区体验着黄昏日落时人与自然的和谐与互动的美，我常会将现实的表象虚拟为文化现象。

美国其实很脆弱。繁华的纽约，如果恐怖分子命中汇集城市中的海底隧道，整个纽约会在一夜间瘫痪。几封炭疽菌的信件，就能将美国闹得天翻地覆。从里根总统之后，美国政府职能在削弱，机场安检和监狱都包给了私人公司管理。但这不是我关注的焦点，我毕竟不是一个社会学家，我只是一个人来人往中的过客，我不可能深刻。但我以一个学者的角度看美

国。

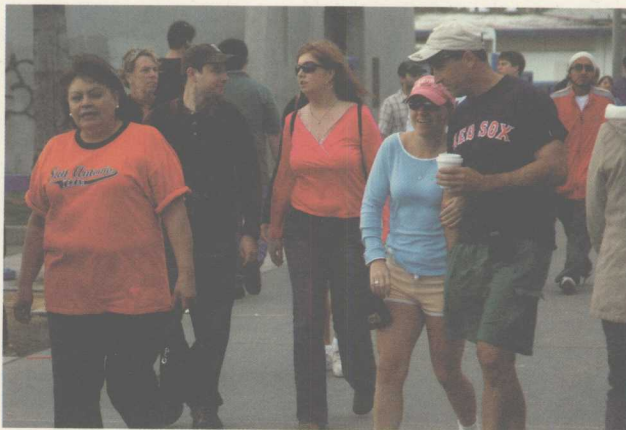
它触及欲望的根。美国所发生的人与事，无所谓对与错，有时他以一种哲学的面孔，站在世人面前，让你用心智去体验，有时它又以喜剧的幽默，让你感悟他的率真，让你顿感人类的花草又回复鸟类的天堂。

不可否认，这是一个充满欲望的天堂。尤其在纽约，当你在曼哈顿的高楼下成为一粒尘埃，当你穷困潦倒地在财富中穿行，当你登上“黄蜂号”航空母舰回顾“珍珠岛”事件，当你在世界霸权下成为欲望的载体，他时刻促使你的人生出局并发出魔力。

美国在一定程度上是更能珍惜梦想的国度。人在险象环生的现实中颠簸，其自身的隐退与放逐是生命的内力。就像美国男人更醉心于直抒胸臆，将内心情感的跌宕起伏淋漓尽致地表达给你，女人则在男人的欲望下成就广阔的天地。上流社会间的交往，欲望的表现犹如咏叹在竖琴上的音符，你不可能平淡如水，你不可能不受冲击和震撼，你不可能不充满欲望。小到个人，大到国家，美国自第二次世界大战后崛起到今天踞于世界霸主地位，它的成长说明了一切。美国的“诺贝尔和平奖”得主乔治·坎布早在1948年就向国会提出：“我们只占有世界上6.3%的人口，却拥有50%财富。未来对我们来说，不是空谈民主、正义和人权，而是在世界上务实，维持一种有利于我们的国际关系，保护这种不平等的优势，才能高枕无忧。”

美国的欲望是平静的火，这与波里尼斯亚文化中的火神裴蕾有着传承的性格。这是一个民族造就的童话，这是一种“穿越花朵的力量。”这也包括了男性世界里女人和孩子的力量。

女性在审视一个民族文化时总带着母性的慈爱。我在寻找美国女性的根



的时候突然发现，在这里，女人本身就是一种宗教，一种远在时间和国家之上的接近真理的

谁能走出美国的热情与水波的浪漫？这是一种生命的丰润，这是美国文化的“根”。校园的活力与节奏更贴近美国本质。



美国其实很脆弱，美国文化的“绅士”成就了一种“男性陷阱”。

光辉。当我走进美国上流社会，走进106岁的宋美龄，走进联合国秘书长安南的夫人，走进扎根美国土壤的陈香梅，陈李琬若，走进美国风云人物中的靳羽西，虽然她们不能代表美国本土女性的全部，但她们是

美国女性文化的缩影。在生活上，美国女人没有中国女人那么具体，她们勤劳、奔波、操劳的身姿同样遍布每个家庭中，她们更早地领悟生命对于女性而言是一种超越政治、艺术以及一切现实形式下的理想生活。我在本书中动情地写到了一位50岁的女教授与20岁的男友真挚相爱的情感历程，也写到了一位失去两个儿子的将军母亲，如何面对命运的深渊令生活丰实，尽管美国也有很多女权运动，女权维护会以及相关女性问题研究机构，其理论驳杂纷呈，大致分为本质论者和文化论者二种，但不论“文化沉淀”还是“男性陷阱”，美国女性的地位总能凸显自身的能力和修养。美国文化的“绅士”为女性搭建了一个平等、尊重和公平竞争的平台，她们不像非洲的《黑人妇女》写到的“我走遍全世界/才凑成我自己。”美国女性更有机会随着个性塑造自我和自己的文化。她们更能洒脱地远离“家”而拥有“家”。

美国还有“家”的根。我无法全面、完整地表达或描述美国“根”的文化所带给“家”的内涵。家在中国是生命之源，是人生的开端与终级，驻足或远离，飘泊或在屋檐下，家永远是心灵的栖所。在美国，最大的变数是：家与血缘、亲情像空气一样自由。为了真实地弄清“家”在美国文化中的特色，我每到一处都住进不同类型的美国家庭中，这一串串珍珠镶嵌的一幅幅“家”的蓝图，令我对家有了一种感性对比，我在我所处的家庭中获得了美国人对“家”的观念和美国文化对“家”的诠释。

人类对家的信赖就像庄稼对土地的感情。美国人从来不谈“落叶归根”，但“叶落归根”的含义在美国更具哲学味，从起点到终点，又从终点到起点，“家”的手段和目的，汇入“归一”的境界。

拥有83亿美元资产的世界首富比尔·盖茨，其所拥有的“微软帝国”总部，设在故乡西雅图。他对故乡的依恋仅次于对互联网的依恋，他说：“西雅图是我的故乡，我是喝着西雅图华盛顿湖的湖水长大的，我离不开

她！”盖茨的家就安在西雅图华盛顿湖湖畔。

许多老人愿搬出“祖屋”，住进老人的聚集地——老人公寓。他们常常在陌生的居所安祥地辞世。当我站在张学良将军与赵四小姐合葬的墓前，朴实得令我心痛，我不敢想像这就是张学良的墓地，没有霸气，没有喧哗，一袭布衣，含风而去。我曾久久为此事失眠。我找过张学良远在旧金山的儿子，动过心思设立张学良基金会，买下张学良的故居。当我奔波于此事，才发现张学良在夏威夷没有“故居”，他一直住在老人公寓直至辞世。后来人们提醒我，张学良的文化已很美国化，信奉天主教的张学良或许追求的就是这份淡雅。这是一种高洁的内敛的情感。或许内敛是一种深邃，张扬是一种给予。美国文化对“家”的情感适合了内敛与张扬的双面币。就像一个真诚的人不需要谈真诚，一个张扬的民族处处可见张扬的律吕。“家”在美国常常是冷峻与激情同在。

我这样疯子似地凝望并触摸着美国，实在有一种肌肤之痒，好像我真的要嫁入天堂，以身相许。我在深入美国“根”的呓语中，更迷醉于通往天堂路上的曲径、小景，终以诗的情怀，以一个女人的真诚，表达我对这一切的认知。

对于美国，我既在审视中爱着又在热泪中忘记，我在欲望的翅膀下忘了自己仅仅是个过客，借天堂的驿站成就往复的梦。

在我登上回香港的舷梯，我对那位真情如初的美国议员伸出感恩的手，在内心对自己说：

您是我的珍珠又是我的泥土
是我在一次寻找蜃景的途中
误入盛宴的琼酿
坚韧的天堂的破碎
穿越花朵的完整与光亮
在不该说再见的时候
说了再见

作者于2005年9月7日

于白云寓所

Preface

Blue Eyes in "paradise"

I have never lived in Heaven.

On a summer afternoon, I decided to quit a superior job and a comfortable life and go abroad alone. Someone made up a story that I would go marry an American guy, so all my friends believed it was an American congressman that made me so desperately determined. Well, frankly, I had met a senior U.S. Representative and we became good friends. This handsome gentleman was a sentimental lover and I was obsessed so much, as his love, social status and wealth were all so attractive. We did speak different languages with distinctive cultural backgrounds, but still, I tried to love and be loved. We exchanged love letters translated by my secretary, and affections were born from these letters. I started to yearn for a strange and distant country--- the United States of America. When I got to Honolulu, a sort of grand atmosphere and sound released my dream. Love, at that moment, was as thin as a wisp of nostalgia. I was a bit hesitated, but that could not prevent my crying in the heart: I was to get married!

But who had expected that I was to marry a wonderful land in the paradise?

The long road for Heaven was tough, as if time did not have wings and steps were not accompanied by shadows. With the feeling of a half journalist and a professional writer, I was wandering around in the paradise. I would love to speak with an academic tone, but when I expressed my feelings, I was actually a sentimental poet.

This paradise had never been hard and cold. I met a group of great Americans on the way to it. I got to know their feelings about life, trying to touch upon the roots of Americans, their society and culture, sensibility and sex, religion and family, wealth and love... All this was appealing to me and tempting me to go further, just like rocks and sea breeze touching the land gradually. I was an untrained



美国人绝不会在破碎中破碎，也不会虚无中掏空。真实、奔放、热烈——美国人崇尚英雄。

singer hearing echoes of my singing in an open land. When I was stepping closer and facing the country, I was pretty sure that I was in love indeed. It may not be important that whether I was close to the real paradise, as I said in a

poem: "When I exchanged time with Heaven, I belonged to the genuine paradise."

I could never walk out of America's passion when I was surrounded by the romantic ocean. I saw the beauty of a substantial life. I was trying to look at the root of the society and culture of the United States, including its history, geography, survival principles and stories. When modern ways met old ones, this country played its own melody at a rhythm reflecting the true color of the United States.

The Americans would never be beaten in the crash, and nor would they be emptied in the ruins. True Americans cherished love and respected heroes, which could be told from two popular souvenirs in New York after the terrorist attacks: clothes printed with "GDNY" and basketball caps (Mr. Rudolph W Giuliani, the mayor of New York City liked wearing a basketball cap and worked at World Trade Center ground zero. This respected mayor was tortured by cancer, but still worked in the front line.) I had many interactions with the city and the people, among which were people had worked in the Trade Center. I got the first-hand materials on unknown stories of Chinese people in the attack. But I didn't talk about them. I just mentioned that an American read Byron Rufus Newton's poem (1906) loudly facing the ground zero on the coastal areas. I was deeply moved by the fact that people were so close to their hearts when special events came.

American culture and society were brilliant. The culture might not be fine enough, but it would never disappoint you. A city had its own culture, as a land had its own history. But that cannot be consistent with people's changing mind, though it also kept changing in a silent or an exaggerated way. What I would like to do was to grasp a

few feathers of thoughts in the drizzling breeze of American culture. The city was a cultural space. When I was enjoying exquisite church concerts, the traditional and modern musicals echoed with a feeling of touching ambers. In a senior community I felt the beauty of interactions between human and nature against the backdrop of a sunset. At the moment, I tended to believe that these were all parts of culture.

The United States was actually very weak in some way. If terrorists targeted the undersea tunnel in the city of New York, this metropolitan city would be paralyzed overnight. Several anthrax letters could cause great panic in the whole country. The functional authority of the US government has been weakening since President Regan. The management of prisons and the security checks in airports has been delegated to private companies. But this was not my focus of interest, as after all, I was not sociologist but a stranger among the moving crowds. I couldn't reach very deeply in the soul of the country. But I found that the society and culture, from the perspective of a scholar, could awake humanity.

It touched the roots of desire. What happened in this country might not be definitely right or wrong. It just stood in front of the world with a disguise of philosophy, and let you feel it with your heart and wisdom. Sometimes it showed a sense of humor (like a comedy) and made you realize its natural essence. You would suddenly see the flora and fauna turning into a bird paradise.

Undoubtedly, it was a temptation heaven full of desire. New York City was the most qualified showcase. You would shrink into a particle of dust surrounded by Manhattan's skyscrapers. You might be mired in abject poverty in the treasure island. You would look back upon the Peal Harbor attack on the deck of the Carrier Wasp. You would likely become a media of desire backed with the hegemony of the world, which would just push you to the limit to exert yourself.

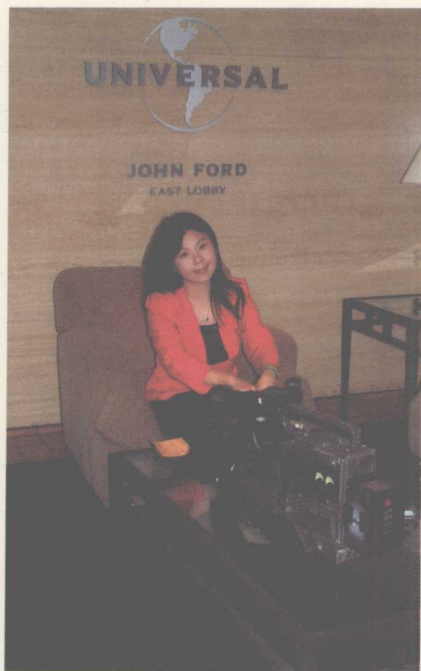
The United States, in some way, was a country where you could cherish your dreams more. Americans were stumbling through reality full of risks. It was the internal power of life that made people quit or yield. American men preferred letting you know their love and passion directly with all emotional details. American women were able to explore many opportunities and accomplish achievements under men's ambitions. The social life of the upper class showed ambition and desire in an elegant way, like notes intoned in a harp. It was unlikely that you could be uninfluenced or not shocked. You could not be exempt from desire and

ambitions. As far as the whole country is concerned, the United States grew up to be a hegemony power after World War II. The country's development told everything. Mr. George Kennan, the laureate of Nobel Peace Prize, expressed his opinions to the Congress in 1948:

"We have about 50% of the world's wealth, but only 6.3% of its population...we cannot fail to be the object of envy and resentment. Our task...is to devise a pattern of relationships which will permit us to maintain this position of disparity...we should cease to talk about... unreal objectives such as human rights, the raising of living standards, and democratization..."

Americans' desire was peaceful fire. It had the heritage of the Fire God Mauike in Polynesians' myth stories. This country was a fairy tale created by its people, which showed a power that was "through flowers"(Judy Chicago), a power of women and children in a men's world.

A woman looking at a nation's culture would most likely take a maternity perspective. I was searching for American women's roots, and suddenly found that women here were a kind of religion, a truth and brilliant power beyond time and nation. When I got closer to the upper class in this country, I was getting to know 106-year-old Mrs. Soong Mei-ling, widow of Chiang Kai-shek (late President of Kuo Min Tang), Mr. Kofi Annan's wife, Mrs. Anna Chen Chennault, Mrs. Lily Lee Chen, and Mrs. Yue-Sai Kan. They, of course, could not represent all American women, but their life stories were epitome of women life in the states. Though American women might not ask for so many detailed things as Chinese women did, they were working hard in taking care of their families as well. They believed that life, for women, was beyond political, art and all tangible forms. Life had the very ideal substance. I passionately mentioned a love story between a 50-year-old woman professor and her 20-year-old boyfriend. I met a great mother. She had lost two sons in wars and gone through various hardships, but still, she managed to lead a brilliant life. There were many women movements in the U.S., but among various principles and theories of women rights protection campaigns and women-study groups, there were two main genres: the theory of essence and the theory of culture. Despite "cultural sedimentation" or "male's traps", American women's status could always reveal their capability and accomplishments. American culture genteelly created



行走于美国，不仅写了两部书，还拍摄了一部“走进美国华裔名人家”的纪录片，由上海电视台纪实频道播出。被打扰得够呛的这26位美国华裔名人，因采访而相识，因理解而成为朋友。



《走进美国华裔名人的家》是作者第18部书。新书首发式时，美国第一位华人女市长陈李婉若专程从美国洛杉矶飞来广州亲临首发式现场，并参加签售仪式。



这是作者在美国拍摄的27集专题片。图为宣传海报。

a level playing field for women so that they would have opportunities to shape their own styles and cultures. They were able to away from the binding of an external form of family and rest in a free world of home.

There were still the roots of the sense of family in the U.S., but I could not give a full explanation of the connotations of American "family". Family was the origin of Chinese people's life, the start and end of life journey. Whenever we Chinese stopped, walked away, left hometown, or rest under a roof, family was always in our heart. In the United States, the biggest unstableness was the absolute freedom that could not be bound by blood relationships and family love. I was staying in different American families to feel the American characteristics of "family", and I compared that



美国的欲望是一种平静的火。



两个黑人青年去一个华人开的士多店喝冷饮，老板说了一句：“黑也漂亮”。黑人青年回了一句：“黄也来劲”。

with Chinese concept of "family" in a sentimental way.

People were relying on family as plants on land. Americans seldom said that they would like to spend the retired life in their hometown. So "leaves fallen to the land" had unique philosophical meaning here. From the very start to the end, then it was the other way round. "Family" served as a means as well as a goal, which was pretty much like the Zen's thought: virtually unified.

Mr. Bill Gates, the richest man in the world, has \$8.3 billion worth of property. He has based the headquarters of Microsoft in Seattle, the CEO's hometown. His attachment to Seattle is greater than that to the Internet. He said that Seattle is his hometown and he couldn't be separated from it, as this place has raised him with the water in Washington Lake. And the rich man's home is just besides the lake.

Many American senior people would rather move out of their houses and live in senior care centers. They might pass away in a strange apartment peacefully. I once stood in front of the tomb of General Zhang Xueliang and his wife. It was such a simple tomb that could even make me sad. I could never imagine that General Zhang Xueliang was rest in peace here for good. No any sense of power. No noise. No nothing. The General had left the world in a truly simple way. Then I suffered from insomnia for quite a long time until I decided to do something about it. I went to pay a call to General Zhang's son in San Francisco, and thought about establishing a General Zhang Xueliang's Fund to buy his old house. When I was busy working on it, I suddenly found out that General Zhang had not got

an old house in Hawaii, and he had been living in a senior care center till the end of his life. People reminded me that he had been very much like an American. This catholic was probably tracing for a simple and elegant life. Wasn't it a noble and reserved sensibility? Maybe it was true that Chinese people were used to keep things inside, and would not express the deep feelings to other people easily. This had a root in Chinese long history and culture. In the U.S., making things known was a way to offering kindness to people surrounding you. The word "family" in the context of American culture would be a mixture of internal and external sensibility. Just like a sincere person did not need to talk about integrity all the time, an outspoken nation had its own custom of being frank. American "family" was a combination of sense and sensibility.

I was crazily looking at and touching this country with an internal motivation, as if I were to marry in a Heaven and devote my life to it. I was uttering crazy talks in the grope for American roots, and got intoxicated by different views and scenarios on the road to the paradise. So finally, I wrote down my feelings and understanding of all this with a woman's sincere words of poem.

I loved this country when I was getting closer and closer to it, and then tried to forget it in tears. Though under the wings of desire, I had forgot my status as a passenger and lived through dreams that could not have been imagined before.

When I stepped on the stairs of the plane back to Hong Kong, I reached out hands to that Congressman still in love. I felt so grateful and told myself in the heart:

You are my pearl and my dirt,
I have been misled into a great feast on my way to a mirage,
The tenacity of the paradise has been broken,
I have gone through the bright of flowers,
Farewell! Though it is the least appropriate time

Xiaoye Xiuzi
September 7th, 2005

前言——天堂的蓝眼睛\1

从来没有感觉天堂的坚实与冰冷，我在通往天堂的路上首先接触了一群人，我在直面他们的生活和情感时，努力寻求美国文化的根，人文与欲望、情感与性、宗教与家庭、财富与爱……如此深深吸引并诱惑着我陷入其中，美国文化的“绅士”为女人搭建了一个平台，在这里，女人就是一种宗教。

1、我要嫁了\1

当我到达檀香山，一种宏大的氛围和声音把我渐渐舒解与释放，爱在那一刻，淡如一缕乡愁，我却步，但在内心却喊出：我要嫁了！

2、到达檀香山\9

这是一次漫长而犹豫的旅程，邀请我来的是夏威夷大学，想不到迎接我的，却是一个颠倒黑白，让我为之触动的世界。尽管给我安排的是不错的房间，但我还是有种洋插队的感觉。

3、碰过风的酒杯\11

我们都看到了曾经拥有过的童年。一位母亲和孩子的剪影，正如石头的高度，碰过风的酒杯，令神秘的夏威夷早晨步入初婴时代。

4、舞者为谁和鸣\15

在著名的夏威夷卡拉海海边，三位演艺艺人穿着盛装穿越每一位观众伴歌而舞。正如流浪是一种告别，高贵是一份共享的激情。

5、“爸爸同志”\19

一位美国名律师，邂逅十年来在他梦中成长的中国女子，他们相知并结合，第一次拜见任中国海军司令的岳父大人，居然满脸严肃地喊了一声“爸爸同志”，还带了一瓶印有“为人民服务”的中华牌白酒。令一生戎马的老将军面对美国来的“又红又专”女婿，惊诧不已。

6、浮光下的京剧\21

西方人在中国剧场找到了他们失落的戏剧传统，洋人对中国戏剧的狂热既有对东方的好奇，亦是西方人的乡愁，纽约一些前卫剧场的创造者，不断从东方吸取精华，但国人为取悦洋人使表演剧目支离破碎，行家叹惋：中国京戏在西方为何不能发自肺腑地歌唱？

7、图书馆学“五定律”\25

世界上最大的图书馆不在欧洲，而是在美国华盛顿国会图书馆。在这里，我第一次感慨“图书馆学五定律”的真正体系，也第一次感悟图书馆与人生理想息息相关。这是一种文明与典籍的依恋；一种摸着时光老去又回复青春容颜的冲动；一种从灰烬中触摸余温的激情。

8、女神裴蕾\29

在波里尼西亚文化中，女神裴蕾是最符合考古研究的神话，波里尼西亚是太平洋中的群岛，由火山爆发而形成。现存的活火山蕴藏许多人间故事，裴蕾是真正属于夏威夷本土文化的神灵。

9、教堂音乐会\35

西方教堂音乐会久盛不衰，通常为社区慈善募捐活动，来的观众大都是老人，但表演者却是一流的。每当音乐会结束，剧场就成了一个丰收的谷场，老人随着欢快的音乐跳了起来，那场景令人感动。

