

人生

Human Life



贯华堂古本《水浒传》序金圣叹

人生三十而未娶 不应更娶 四十而未仕 不应更仕 五十不应为家 六十不应出游。何以言之 用违其时 事易尽也。

朝日初出 苍苍凉凉 澡头面 裹巾帨 进盘飧 嚼杨木 诸事甫毕 起问可中？中已久矣。中前如此 中后可知 一日如此 三万六千日何有 以此思忧 竟何所得乐矣。每怪人言 某甲于今若干岁 夫若干者 积而有之之谓 今其岁积在何许 可

Friendly Chats

——Preface to SHUIHUCHUAN

Chin Shengtan

A MAN SHOULD NOT MARRY after thirty if he is not already married, and should not enter the government service after forty if he is not already in the service. At fifty, he should not start to raise a family, and at sixty should not travel abroad. This is because there is a time for everything; done out of season and time, there may be more disadvantages than advantages.

One wakes up at dawn completely refreshed, washes his face and puts on the headdress, has his breakfast, chews willow branches [for brightening his teeth], and attends to various things. Before he knows it he asks is it noon, and is told it is long past noon. As the morning goes, so goes the afternoon, and as one day passes, so pass the 36,000 days of one's life. If one is going to be upset by this thought, how can one ever enjoy life? I often wonder at a statement that such and such a person is so many years old. By this one means an accumulation of years. But where have the years

取而数之否？可见已往之吾 悉已变灭。
不宁如是，吾书至此句，此句以前，已疾
变灭 是以可痛也。

快意之事莫若友，快友之快莫若
谈 其谁曰不然。然亦何曾多得 有时风
寒 有时泥雨 有时卧病 有时不值 如
是等时 真住牢狱矣。舍下薄田不多 多
种秫米 身不能饮 吾友来需饮也。舍下
门临大河，嘉树有荫，为吾友行立蹲坐
处也。舍下执炊爨 理盘榻者 仅老婢四
人，其馀凡畜童子大小十有馀人，便于
驰走迎送、传接简帖也。舍下童婢稍闲，
便课其缚帚织席，缚帚所以扫地，织
席供吾友坐也。吾友毕来，当得十有六

accumulated? Can one lay hold of them and count them? This shows that the me of the past has long vanished. Moreover, When I have completed this sentence, the preceding sentence has already vanished. That is the tragedy.

Now everybody agrees that what we enjoy most in life is friendship, and what we enjoy most in friendship is the leisurely conversation. But how rare such things are! Some days it is cold and windy and some days it rains; sometimes you are laid up in bed with an illness and sometimes you go to call on a friend and he is not at home. You feel like a prisoner. I have but a few acres of land, planted with glutinous rice [for making wine] . I cannot drink myself, but I want my friends to drink when they come. My house faces a broad river with a bank of tall trees where my friends can loiter or squat or sit down as they like. I have only four old maids for attending to the kitchen and serving the guests; as for the dozen houseboys, they do the job of running errands and sending invitations. In their leisure hours, I make them weave mats and make brooms, for the purpose of keeping the room fit to receive my friends. When all of them come to see me, there is a total of six –

人 然而毕来之日为少 非甚风雨而尽不来之日亦少，大率日以六七人来为常矣。吾友来 亦不便饮酒 欲饮则饮 欲止先止 各随其心 不以酒为乐 以谈为乐也。吾友谈不及朝廷 非但安分 亦以路遥传闻为多 传闻之言无实 无实即唐丧唾津矣。亦不及人过失者 天下之人本无过失 不应吾诋诬之也。所发之言不求惊人 人亦不惊 未尝不欲人解 而人卒亦不能解者 事在性情之际 世人多忙 未曾尝闻也。

吾友既皆萧淡通阔之士，其所发明，四方可遇 然而每日言毕即休，无人纪录，有时亦思集成一书 用赠后人，而至今阙如

teen persons, but it is rare that they all come and, except for squally days, it is equally rare that none of them turns up. As a rule, six or seven friends gather at my place. They do not make it a rule to drink when they are here; they may do so or not just as they like, for what they enjoy are not the drinks, but the conversation. My friends do not talk politics, and this not only to avoid trouble, but also because there is no point in discussing hearsays of the doings at the court. Such gossip is often pure rumor and to discuss it would be a waste of breath. Nor do we discuss other people's mistakes, for people have no mistakes and we should not malign them. We do not talk to impress others, nor are others impressed. We do wish people to understand what we are talking about, but after all people will not understand. For we discuss the mysteries of this gift of life, and people are usually too busy to be interested in such questions.

Since my friends live mostly a detached way of life, we are often able to canvass the ways of human nature as we see it around us. But nobody records them after the day is over. Sometimes we think it may be useful to put these talks down in a book for posterity, but we have never come to it,

者 名心既尽 其心多懒一 微言求乐 著
书心苦二 身死之后 无能读人三 今年
所作 明年必悔四也。是《水浒传》七十一
卷则吾友散后灯下戏墨为多，风雨甚无
人来之时半之。然而经营于心，久而成
习 不必伸纸执笔 然后发挥 盖薄莫簪
落之下 五更卧被之中 垂首捻带 睇目
观物之际 皆有所遇矣。或若问 言既已
未尝集为一书 云何独有此传 则岂非此
传成之无名 不成无损一 心闲试弄 舒
卷自若二 无贤无愚 无不能读三 文章
得失 小不足悔四也。

for the following reasons: first, none of us is interested in leaving a name and each is therefore too lazy to do so; secondly, to talk is a pleasure, but to write it down takes an effort; thirdly, when we die, no one will be able to read it; and fourthly, we will regret next year what we write this year. This *Shuihuchuan*, in seventy-one chapters, is written mostly after my friends have left and in the lamplight. I would say half of it is written on days of storm and rain when none of them visits me. The story has so long occupied my mind that it has become a habit of mine to develop it without having actually taken a pen in hand to write it. The ideas will come sometimes when I am standing by the hedge at twilight, or when I am in bed at night, or watching things, or fumbling at my girdle while lost in thought. Some readers may ask, why do I write this since I have just said that we do not want to take the trouble to write books. But this is an exception, for it does not add to my reputation if it becomes popular and can do no harm if it does not, and secondly, it is a play of the mind and imagination when I have nothing better to do. Besides, it does not take a scholar to read a novel, and lastly, such blemishes as there are will

呜呼哀哉 吾生有涯 吾乌乎知后人
之读吾书者谓何，但取今日以示吾友，吾
友读之而乐，斯亦足耳。且未知吾之后身
读之谓何，亦未知吾之后身得读此书者
乎，吾又安所用其眷念哉。

not be taken seriously as in other forms of writing.

Alas! human life is limited. How do I know what readers of a future generation will think of this book? I am satisfied if my friends of today like it when I show it to them. I have no idea whether I myself in my future reincarnation shall like it, or even whether my future self shall have the chance to read it at all. So why should I let this consideration weigh me?

春夜宴桃李园序（节录）李白

夫天地者 万物之逆旅 光阴者 百代之过客 而浮生若梦 为欢几何 古人秉烛夜游 良有以也。

The Universe a Lodging House(excerpt)

——From A NIGHT FEAST

Li Po

THE UNIVERSE IS A LODGING HOUSE for the myriad things, and time itself is a traveling guest of the centuries. This floating life is like a dream. How often can one enjoy oneself? It is for this reason that the ancient people held candles to celebrate the night.

蝶梦

庄 子

昔者庄周梦为胡蝶，栩栩然胡蝶也，
自喻适志与 不知周也。俄然觉 则蘧蘧
然周也。不知周之梦为胡蝶与 胡蝶之梦
为周与 周与胡蝶则必有分矣。此之谓物
化。

The Butterfly's Dream

Chuangtse

ONCE UPON A TIME, I, Chuang Chou, dreamt that I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I was Chou. Soon I awaked, and there I was, veritably myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming that I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming that I am a man. Between a man and a butterfly, there is necessarily a distinction. The transition is called "the transformation of material things".

长恨

Love And Death

眼中景似初龍臺書介
竹重晚雲間記由錢
塘可漢月而興竹色
工亦未 壬戌夏六月
吳彦林詩

