

文訊

WORD POWER

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故鄉

二零一二年十月十一日，瑞典文學院公布諾貝爾文學獎得主。在山東高密——當地人稱東北鄉，記者蜂擁而至。高密平安莊是得獎人莫言的故鄉。喜訊傳來，莫言九十多歲的父親走到宅院門口放鞭炮，鄰居興高采烈，跑來一同慶祝。莫言穿着淡藍色襯衫，軍黃色褲子，在老家接受媒體訪問，細說童年往事，帶記者走進時光隧道，回到四十多年前的東北鄉。

莫言對記者說：“我現在經常做夢，跟別人搶奪食物。”在他的記憶裏，小時候每天都捱餓。一九六零年，高密鬧饑荒，村裏的樹皮、草根都給吃光。莫言只有五歲，找不到食物，便跑到田裏挖爛地瓜吃，有次餓瘋了，甚至拿煤炭來吃。他說那年冬天，學校找來一車煤，一個同學拿了一塊來吃，說味道挺香，莫言和同學都去拿。他還記起，當時面如白蠟的老師一邊在黑板寫字，全班同學一邊在吃煤，後來老師忍不住咬了一口，高興地說：“真的很好吃。”

莫言還是小孩時，東北鄉不是鬧饑荒，便是鬧水災。高密位於低窪地帶，河道縱橫，經常泛濫，農民只能靠種紅高粱為生。在吃不飽的年代，莫言一家人把高粱當成寶貝。他們把高粱米磨成粉，用來做餅和窩窩頭，又拿來釀酒。莫言說，高粱十分難吃，怪不得當河道治理好後，高密的農民便改種玉米、小麥、黃豆等。他小說《紅高粱》裏漫山遍野的高粱早已是明日黃花，只能在回憶裏找到。

莫言本名管謨業，乳名“斗兒”，名字是爺爺替他起的，意思是：別看這孩子長得平凡，他可是北斗星，必成大器。莫言不負爺爺所望，長大後果然在文壇成就驕人，但也經過一番奮鬥。莫言求學之路荊棘滿途。他念到小學五年級便輟學。鄉村生活枯燥，唯有天天看書，讀完家裏的書，便借別人的來讀。有一次，為了借同學家的《封神演義》，他替同學推石磨磨麵。那時莫言的文學夢已在萌芽。二十一歲參

軍後，他考進軍中藝術學院文學系，讀了不少文藝作品，大大擴闊視野，後來得到哥哥指導，開始寫小說，把東北鄉所見所聞寫進故事裏。

《透明的紅蘿蔔》是莫言成名作，也是他的親身經歷。小說裏那個老實木訥、受盡凌辱的小黑孩就是莫言的寫照。莫言記得十二歲那年，為了幫父母掙一點錢，跑到附近的工地給一名鐵匠拉風箱。有天，他飢餓難耐，溜到旁邊的菜田，偷了一根紅蘿蔔來吃，但給人抓住，被迫脫下鞋子當眾謝罪，回家後還被父親用繩子抽打。

談到父親，莫言露出敬畏之色。他說：“我父親的脾氣很暴躁，我們兄妹經常捱打，大家都怕他。”不過，父親也有溫柔的一面。莫言告訴記者，他七八歲時，父親給他剃頭，在他頭上塗滿肥皂泡後，突然拍了他一下說：“你這個小牛犢子！”莫言覺得這句話溫馨得“就像漫天烏雲裏的一線陽光”，此生難忘。

念及母親，莫言無限感觸。母親一生勤勞，卻常受委屈。莫言小說《五個餛飩》寫的就是母親的故事。一九六一年春節，東北鄉仍在鬧饑荒，莫言母親把家中僅餘的幾斤麵粉做成餛飩放在祖宗牌位下當供品。新年過後，莫言的祖母囑咐媳婦去收回，餛飩卻給乞丐偷走了。一家人半個月的口糧就這樣沒了，莫母還要背上偷吃餛飩的罪名。那天晚上，當時只有六歲的莫言聽到母親在房裏偷泣，回想起來，母親哭聲彷彿猶在耳邊。

莫言長大後離開東北鄉，在北京安了家，但總忍不住回到平安莊看看屋前的黃土地，聽聽屋旁河水翻騰的聲音。在那個只有百多戶七百多人的小村裏，有他的家人、朋友、鄰居，還有他們的故事。星移斗轉，莫言母親已經過世，東北鄉也不再是他小時候那模樣，他也不用再捱餓了。可是，在故鄉遇到的人和事仍深深刻在他的記憶裏，永遠不會磨滅。



A Moveable Feast

Ernest Hemingway in his twenties is living in Paris as an apprentice writer. One cold late-autumn day, he is scribbling in a notebook inside a cosy café on the Place Saint-Michel, occasionally distracted by the presence of a beautiful girl sitting at a table near the window. Whenever he looks up, he is drawn to the girl's delicate features and sleek black hair, wishing to put her into the story he is writing. "I've seen you, beauty... You belong to me and all Paris belongs to me," murmurs Hemingway.

Paris holds an irresistible charm for Hemingway. Though finding it difficult to make ends meet during his years of apprenticeship, he never considers himself miserable, often fascinated by what he sees and whom he meets. In his posthumously published memoir — *A Moveable Feast*, the Nobel laureate takes a stroll down memory lane, waltzing through the doors of art galleries, sauntering along the Seine, and taking trips to the mountains with the reader.

Hemingway is a self-disciplined writer, who always works until he has something done. But sometimes luck is not on his side. When fretting about how a story should go on, he will "look out over the roofs of Paris", reassuring himself that all he has to do is to write "one true sentence", which, he believes, can be found from his own experiences or others' stories. After finishing something satisfactorily, he will give himself a respite, going down the long flights of stairs from his small hotel room for a walk across the city.

The *quais* along the Seine are nice places for a breath of fresh air. On the bank next to a small park strewn with beautiful chestnut trees under the Pont Neuf, Hemingway is often found sitting in the sun with a bottle of wine in his hand, watching people fishing. With long cane poles and simple gear, the fishermen always have good catches of *goujon*, a mouth-watering dace-like fish that Hemingway can eat by the plateful. The best place to eat the fish, as recommended by the young writer, is *La Pêche Miraculeuse*, an open-air restaurant overlooking the river.

Hemingway, however, does not always have enough money to eat at the restaurant. Earning very little from what he writes after giving up journalism, he is hungry most of the time. For him, a good way of conquering cravings is to visit museums. Standing in front of Cezanne's landscapes with a growling stomach, he

strangely finds himself being able to appreciate the paintings much better. "Hunger is a good discipline and you learn from it," says Hemingway. Sometimes, however, after skipping a meal, the starving writer lets himself indulge in beer and sausage at a decent brasserie, convincing himself that there is nothing to worry about and his stories will be published one day.



Tight on money, Hemingway cannot even afford to buy books. So, he borrows them from a bookshop named "Shakespeare and Co" on the Left Bank, where he makes an acquaintance with the owner, a delightful and charming lady. During his years in Paris, Hemingway meets a lot of people, mostly writers, like Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, James Joyce, just to name a few.

But for one reason or another, they, more often than not, drift apart. The relationship between Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald, author of *The Great Gatsby*, is a prime example. As both friends and rivals, the two are foils to each other. While praising Fitzgerald as one with talent "as natural as the pattern that was made by the dust on a butterfly's wings", Hemingway often quibbles about his friend's tendency to squander his gift, and the on-going literary contest between them drives them further apart.

Hemingway's relationship with his wife Hadley is romantically portrayed in the memoir. The young couple go to watch horse racing together with a packed lunch and wine, get away from the bleak winter of Paris by taking sojourns in the Alps, and make a brief stop to gaze at the brightly illuminated *Arc de Triomphe* on their way back home in the dark. Recounting those happy days, Hemingway says, "We ate well and cheaply and drank well and cheaply and slept well and warm together and loved each other."

In Hemingway's exceptionally candid and simple language, Paris emerges as the muse who fuels the young writer's aspiration for writing. Three decades later, Hemingway, still beguiled by the city's laid-back café culture, vivid kaleidoscope of art and avant-garde philosophy of living, told a friend in a letter: "If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast."





疑問逐一解(二)



1. 問：如要表示“從前”的意思，應用“已往”還是“以往”？

答：根據辭書的釋義，“已往”和“以往”意思相近，都可解作從前、過去。

2. 問：“病徵”還是“病癥”？

答：“徵”指表露出來的跡象、現象，例如“徵候”、“徵象”、“特徵”。“癥”本指腹中結塊之病，常用於“癥結”一詞，喻指事情困阻的關鍵。“病徵”指表現在外顯示疾病的跡象，例如發燒、咳嗽等，因此應寫作“病徵”。

3. 問：“魚”與“漁”有何分別？

答：“魚”多用作名詞，即“魚蝦”的魚，例如“魚苗”、“養魚”、“鮮魚”。

“漁”指捕魚。凡與捕魚有關的人、事、物，應用“漁”，例如“漁民”、“漁船”、“漁業”等。

4. 問：“一個成語”、“一道成語”還是“一條成語”？

答：“一個成語”和“一條成語”均屬正確。此外，也可用“一則成語”。

5. 問：“各擅勝場”還是“各擅勝長”？

答：正確的寫法是“各擅勝場”，意思是各有自己的一行絕技。“擅”指獨攬；“勝場”解作取勝的場所。

6. 問：“雖然”和“縱然”有何分別？

答：“雖然”和“縱然”都是連接詞，用以連接分句。“雖然”指的是確實的情況，“縱然”則帶有假設的意味，與“即使”、“就算”意思相近。

“雖然”用於前分句時，後分句常用“但是、可是、還是、仍然、可、卻”等呼應。“縱然”用於前分句時，後分句常用“也、也還、亦”等呼應。



Word
for
Word

Do You Know the Difference?

Some words may look similar, but they are not quite the same. Take a look at the following sentences:

There were eight apples altogether on the table.

There were eight apples all together on the table.

Do they have the same meaning? The answer is: No. While the first sentence means that there was a total of eight apples, the second one means that all eight apples were put in the same place, next to each other, on the table. So, don't confuse **altogether** and **all together**. **Altogether** has nothing to do with the idea of being “together”. It means “completely” or “in total”: *He wasn't altogether happy about John's reply.* **All together** means “all at the same time, in the same place”: *The football team arrived at the stadium all together.*

How about **complex** and **complicated**? Can we use them interchangeably? **Complex** and **complicated** both mean “having a lot of different parts connected in an intricate way”. There is, however, a slight difference between them. **Complex** is usually a neutral or approving word, but **complicated** carries a disapproving undertone. For instance, *a complex poem* is probably couched in subtle details with many different layers of meaning. To call it *complex* is a compliment. But a *complicated message* is difficult to understand probably because multiple

points are touched and expressed in a confusing way. It is a criticism.

The usage of **each** also baffles many people. When **each** comes after a plural noun or a plural pronoun, it takes a plural verb: *The girls each have a beautiful bag.* However, when the word is the subject of a sentence, it has a singular verb: *There are 15 rooms in the hotel. Each has an en suite bathroom.* When **each** is followed by **of** and a plural noun or a plural pronoun, you can use either a singular verb or a plural verb. Traditionally, we use a singular verb: *Each of the boys was given a notebook.* But it is becoming more and more common to use a plural verb, especially when you want to avoid using “his” afterwards to refer to both men and women: *Each of the seven participants have received their own personally inscribed medals.*

In daily conversations, we often hear people say *I don't like these kind of things* and *You shouldn't read those sort of books*. It is perfectly acceptable in speech to use the plural *these* and *those* with the singular **kind** and **sort**. But you should avoid these usages in writing. You can use *this kind of book* or *books of this kind* if you are referring to one kind of book, and *these kinds of book/books*, or *books of these kinds* if you are talking about more than one kind or sort.

往事如煙



月亮從山丘後面升起，又圓又亮。矮樹林前的小溪潺潺作響，一道幽幽的銀光在水面蕩漾。溪石上的青蛙叫個不停，草叢中的蟋蟀發出尖銳的顫音。不遠處的石屋四周，有一層白色薄霧在浮動。微風吹拂着屋旁荔枝樹的枝條，空氣飄着淡淡的樹木清香。這時，一條老狗從屋內慢慢的走出來，向着荔枝樹吠了幾聲。

荔枝樹後突然冒出一個身影。“阿福，你是來接我嗎？才幾年沒見，怎麼瘦成這樣子？當初抱你回來的時候，你出生才兩三天，胖乎乎的，全身雪白，額頭中央有一撮黑毛，挺可愛的。看，那撮黑毛都已變了灰色。”黑影一面說，一面揉着阿福的頭。

“阿福，天黑了，快進來。”屋內傳來一把老婦的聲音。阿福沒有理會，仍站在荔枝樹下，不願離開。老婦見不到阿福的影蹤，便走到門口探個究竟。薄霧已經散去，樹下男子的臉孔在皎潔月色中清晰可見。老婦定睛看着那張熟悉的臉，驚訝萬分。不一會兒，她激動得兩眼通紅，流下淚來。

“阿軒，五年了，為什麼到現在才回來看我？”老婦問道。

“媽，那天看到你一癩一拐來到我那裏，說以後沒法再來看我了，我害怕以後見不到你，才特地回來一趟。你的腿怎麼了？”阿軒扶着母親走進屋內。

“沒事。只是老毛病。”

“為什麼這麼晚還沒睡？”

“閒着無聊，就拿些舊照片來看。剛才看到這一張，阿福便吠起來。這是你爸教你騎單車時拍的。還記得嗎？當時你大概六歲，特別膽小。你爸把手鬆開讓你自己騎車，你就哭起來了。要不是你爸耐心教你，恐怕你永遠學不會。說起來，你在那邊見過你爸沒有？”老婦摘下老花眼鏡，凝望着兒子。

“有。常常見到他。”

“他還好嗎？他臨走前，什麼東西都吃不下，瘦骨嶙峋，眼窩都陷下去了。”

“爸很好，跟年輕時一樣壯。”

聽到這話，老婦滿布皺紋的臉綻開了笑容。

阿軒往屋外看了一眼，然後說：“媽，回來時，我差點迷路。黃伯、陳大嬸的屋子都不見了，村口那古廟也沒了。”

“他們都搬走了。政府派人來收地。聽說，我們的屋子明年也要拆了。”

“真的嗎？記得小時候，我最愛在古廟前的空地跟阿海他們踢足球。有一次我們玩得忘形，把球踢進廟裏去，把幾尊菩薩像砸爛。阿海他們知道闖了大禍，拔腿就跑。我跑得慢，給廟祝抓住。他罰我在廟前跪下，叩一百下頭。沒多久，你和爸都來了。爸滿臉通紅，一語不發便狠狠打了我一記耳光。我是個愛哭鬼，但那天慌得一聲都不敢吭，只是看着你在一旁擦眼淚。”

“對啊。那段日子，你每天都讓媽操心。”

“媽，明年房子清拆後，你怎麼辦？”

“別擔心。你姨母叫我搬過去跟她住。”老婦一面說，一面翻相簿。阿軒突然把母親的手按住，盯着一張發黃的彩色照片，喉頭好像給什麼東西卡住，久久不能說出話來。

老婦看出了兒子的心事，輕輕拍了他胳膊一下。

阿軒平復了心情，笑道：“記得拍這張照片那天，下着傾盆大雨。我們跑到大學的紅磚樓避雨時，剛巧有一輛汽車開過，濺起的水把我們的畢業袍都弄濕了。美怡抱怨了一整天，還罵我把她拍得那麼醜。媽，美怡有沒有來看你？”

“有。你走了之後，她常常來，但去年結婚後便跟丈夫移民到加拿大去。聽說她丈夫以前是在大學教書的，人挺老實，對她不錯。今年初她回來替母親辦點事，來看過我。美怡現在過得很好。”

阿軒望着那張照片，沉默不語。一會兒，他若有所思的說：“嗯，那就好了。”

“阿軒，你在那邊也過得好嗎？”

“媽，我也很好。”

老婦緊緊的握着阿軒的手，不願放開。

公雞啾啾啼叫。東方的天空漸漸現出一片淺紫色的霞彩。阿福睡醒了，走到阿軒跟前，不停地搖着尾巴。老婦伴着兒子走到荔枝樹下，然後放開他的手，滿足地說：“回去罷。媽知道你過得好，再沒什麼牽掛了。”

多少未堪回憶處，英雄心事故人恩。

李振鈞《檢詩稿偶成·其二》



The Curious Case of Clive Wearing

A book is a handy, if overly simplistic, metaphor for memory. Pages upon pages of our past experiences and stories are tucked away under the intricate creases and folds of our brains. But what if your “book” had only one page and was being rewritten constantly? What kind of life would that be?

Clive Wearing, an English musician and musicologist, had a vicious headache one day, a common nuisance for a workaholic like him. But this one was somewhat different. Five days later, he was diagnosed with herpes encephalitis, a nasty brain infection, which went on to fry his brain circuits, robbing him not only of his old memories, but also his ability to form new ones. Clive now has a short-term memory lasting no longer than 30 seconds. Every waking minute is chopped up into moments of awakening to a strange new world that expires in a blink of an eye.

Most amnesiacs can infer, for example, from an empty glass in front of them or a sudden change of scenery, that they have trouble remembering things. But



since Clive’s window of clarity is measured in seconds, he doesn’t have the slightest grasp of his own condition. His journal is littered with entries about how he has just woken up from a coma, or even death.

Occasionally, he finds himself in a sputtering rage as he tries to convince other people that he has regained consciousness just this instant, not ever before. The anguish and torment are very real to him, though they never last long enough to leave a smudge of impression.

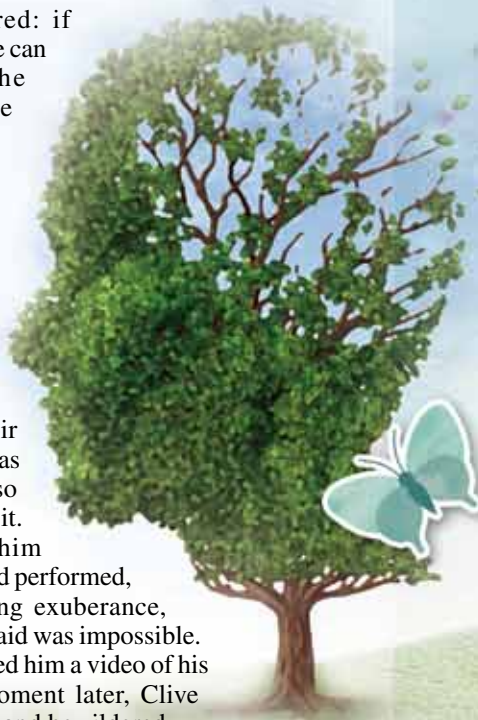
The situation is just as difficult for his wife, Deborah. Strangely and somewhat luckily, she is the only person Clive recognises. He can neither recall her name nor describe her to others, but there is not a shred of doubt in his mind that this woman is his mooring in life, and that her love is all he craves and needs. When he was in hospital, he made repeated calls, minutes apart, to Deborah, pleading her to go to see him. He was as desperate as someone on the verge of drowning. Every time he sees her, he will greet her with long, passionate hugs and kisses, as if he has waited his whole life for their reunion, or as if he is a castaway being rescued after decades of living in isolation. And he will do it all over again in a short while. Most of us may have been on an emotional roller coaster once or twice in a lifetime, but Clive never steps off of it.

There is one more thing that Clive manages to retain — his musical expertise. Deborah came to this amazing discovery one day after taking him to the hospital chapel, as Clive had become very sensitive to ambient noise, and she hoped that the serenity there would help to calm him down. In the chapel, Deborah, for lack of better things to do, picked up a hymn book and began to sing. Suddenly, Clive joined her, verse after verse, note after note, turning it into a beautiful duet. His melodic, smoky voice shook the sadness in Deborah’s heart away. She could hardly believe what she saw.

Deborah wondered: if Clive can sing, what else can he do? One day, she brought a choir to the chapel and put Clive on the podium. Clive sprang into action as soon as the music rose, as if a switch in him had been flipped. Twirling his baton like a carving knife, he sculpted every passage to perfection, and conducted the choir with absolute grace. Yet as the music trailed off, so did Clive’s memory of it. When Deborah told him how marvellously he had performed, he burst into a laughing exuberance, insisting that what she said was impossible. But Deborah then showed him a video of his performance, and a moment later, Clive stood there, spellbound and bewildered.

Clive’s mastery of music may be ascribed to what neurologists called procedural memory — actions that we internalise through repetition. But his love for Deborah cannot be explained away as simply out of habit. Perhaps there is a small deposit box hidden somewhere in our mind that keeps a handful of our most treasured experiences such as loving someone and being loved.

In your old age, what do you expect to find inside when you haul in memory’s net? Most likely a mixture of bitter and happy flashes. Clive’s net will surely be empty — no laughs and no tears. Yet so long as he has Deborah by his side and music to keep him company, living without a past and a future is perhaps bearable.



Yesterday is but today's memory, and tomorrow is today's dream.

Khalil Gibran



A New Life

Tong Ho-kuen
Trade Controls Officer
Customs and Excise Department

An old man fell on the pavement, half conscious. Glimpses of past events resurfaced in his mind.

The old man had gone back to his childhood, when he took a seafaring voyage in the Mediterranean with his parents. They all enjoyed the trip. But one day, while he was playing happily on deck, he heard a big bang. The cruise had collided with a passing yacht. It shook violently, and he was thrown into the sea. A huge wave came in, and he began to sink. Seeing this, his father immediately plunged into the water, and swam as fast as he could towards him. He grabbed his hand tightly and dragged him towards an approaching lifeboat. After getting into the lifeboat safely, his father saw a baby floating around. He made another dive. As he was about to reach out to the baby, the gigantic mast of the sinking yacht fell down and hit his head. The water in the sea turned red. The old man thought: had the cruise not collided with the yacht, my father would not have been killed.

The old man's memories kept rushing back: he was in his early twenties, having an adventure in a desert with his friends. Naive and reckless, he did not take his friends' advice and wanted to explore the nearby "Death Valley" on his own. No sooner had he set off than he lost his way. Later, he fell into a small crack and sprained his ankle while trudging across a lifeless valley. Unable to move, he hid himself under a big boulder. The night fell. The temperature dropped drastically. Strong winds kept beating his face, and he shivered uncontrollably in the dark. Luckily, he survived. The next day, he was found half dead under the boulder. The man thought: had I taken my friends' advice, I would not have been in a state of near death.

The old man then found himself inside a pleasant café where a charming lady in her mid-twenties was chatting with an old woman about household chores. He was sitting near them, watching attentively a TV documentary about soldiers

killed during the war. These soldiers were hailed as martyrs who fought for their country and for justice, and his son was among them. He could still remember clearly the day his son bid farewell to him. It was a tearful day. Since the outbreak of the war, he had not heard from his son. Ten years passed. The war had ended. He was still searching for him.

The old man fixed his eyes on the TV screen. Suddenly, he heard some sounds coming from behind. He turned around and saw a young man of his son's stature limping across the street opposite the café. The old man sprang from his seat and dashed out. But no one was in sight except a young crippled beggar. At this moment, an oil tanker sped along the street and crashed into the rear of a taxi, pushing it into the café. Flames engulfed the restaurant, and thick black smoke blanketed the street. The customers inside were all burnt to death including the charming lady and the old woman.

Covering his nose and mouth with his wrinkled hand, the old man did all he could to help the beggar run. In a safe spot not far away from the café, the old man took a wad of banknotes from his pocket and gave it to the boy, thinking that had it not been for the sudden "reincarnation of his son" at that critical moment, he would have been killed in the huge blaze.

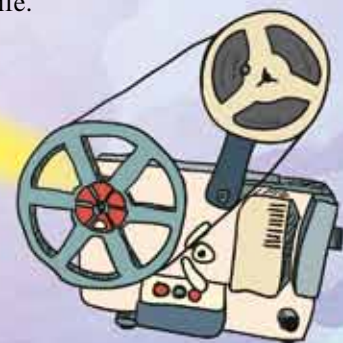
The following morning, the old man woke up in hospital. His worried wife told him that he had been waylaid by someone and punched hard in the head. The old man took a deep sigh. After so many near-death experiences, he came to realise that life is full of twists and turns and can knock us for six when we least expect it. So he decided to start a new life, and cherish every moment with his wife and those he loved.

The old man started to write short stories to encourage young people to go after their dreams and take on challenges. "Dwell not on the past; accept the present and look into the future" had become the motto of his life.



Memory... is the diary that we all carry about with us.

Oscar Wilde





紫釵傳奇



收拾家中舊物，無意中發現一張粵劇《紫釵記》的黑膠唱片，讓我驚喜萬分。唱片在半世紀前製作，灌錄了著名粵劇作家唐滌生的不朽名作。輕輕抹去封套上的塵埃，再小心翼翼地

把唱片放在唱機上播放，跟着耳熟能詳的曲調和唱，勾起絲絲記憶。小時候，有一晚掛十號風球，電台深宵播放這套經典粵劇，我伏在收音機旁收聽，聽着聽着便進入夢鄉。時移世易，黑膠唱片早給光碟取代。五十年後再聽這唱片，彷彿回到從前。

去年，香港演藝學院上演《紫釵記》全本，我特意到劇院欣賞。劇團演出十分精彩，走出劇院時，依然感動不已。當晚的藝術總監和文武生藝齡匪淺，造詣湛深。經他們悉心指導，一眾新秀的唱腔、做手有板有眼，充分體現了劇團“以舊帶新”的精神。雖然不少人說粵劇是老古董，不合時宜，但只要注入新元素，吸引年輕觀眾亦非難事。

在唐滌生的作品中，我特別喜愛《紫釵記》。說唐氏是天才劇作家，並非過譽。他運用西方戲劇的編劇技巧，以角色之間的利害關係所產生的矛盾加強戲劇效果。他改編《紫釵記》的技巧爐火純青，全劇場口鋪排緊湊，絕無冷場，選用的曲目旋律優美動人，詞藻典雅秀麗，與感人的情節配合得天衣無縫。

《紫釵記》是明代戲曲家湯顯祖改編自唐人傳奇《霍小玉傳》的作品，文學味道濃厚。唐滌生把《紫釵記》改編成粵劇時，巧妙地把《霍小玉傳》不少文詞融入劇中人的口白，例如在〈劍合釵圓〉一段中，奄奄一息的霍小玉質問愛郎為何三年來渺無音信，抱怨說：“韶顏稚齒，飲恨而終……徵痛黃泉，皆君所致。”這四句出自傳奇原著，字字錐心，感人肺腑，令纏綿悱惻的愛情故事更動人，盡顯唐氏編劇編曲的才華。

談到編曲，〈劍合釵圓〉中生旦對唱的曲目家喻戶曉，調寄民樂《春江花月夜》，詞的聲韻與樂音水乳交融，緊扣着觀眾的情緒，加上編曲得法，琵琶、古箏、揚琴、笛子的音色層次分明，配合演員的水袖、身段，令人陶醉不已。尾場〈論理爭夫〉一節中，盧太尉恩威相逼，李益據理拒婚，兩人對答的一段“爽中板”和“滾花”採用傳統粵劇梆黃音樂，配以鏗鏘曲詞，凸顯劇中人的對立關係。

《紫釵記》人物眾多，計有膽小怯懦的韋夏卿、正直忠厚的崔尹明、恃勢弄權的盧太尉等，個個性格鮮明。除生旦外，我獨愛豪邁任俠黃衫客。在〈花前遇俠〉一節中，黃衫客甫出場就唱道：“雕弓寶劍黃衫客，愛向人間管不平。縱橫意氣遍江湖，去無踪跡來無影。”短短幾句便把黃衫客仗義扶弱的性格顯露無遺。黃衫客聽罷霍小玉的哭訴，為她的悲慘遭遇抱不平，遂出手襄助，才子佳人終成眷屬。

時代進步，娛樂節目遠比從前多姿多采，難怪粵劇觀眾大量流失。粵劇界為了尋找生存空間，不斷求新求變。當今不少粵劇團甚具規模，多設有舞台監督、導演等職位，更有經驗豐富的後勤團隊支援，布景道具逼真，燈光音響效果出色，與半世紀前在鄉村上演神功戲和棚戲相比，確是不可同日而語。

回想當日《紫釵記》完場時，一眾演員再三謝幕，觀眾熱情喝采，“安哥”之聲此起彼落，證明“好戲不厭百回看”，只要有好的劇本、好的曲目、好的演員，粵劇在廿一世紀必定仍有市場。粵劇是寶貴的文化遺產，我衷心希望這門藝術能一直傳承下去。



回憶共游頻屈指，白頭能有幾人同。
蕭中素《己酉除夕》

Rediscovering the Past

When walking past the open space in front of the City Hall in Central, do you sometimes miss the piers which once stood there? Feeling a bit nostalgic? The past of Hong Kong is embedded in our memories which can be brought back in a flash by a familiar artiste, building or song. Read the following descriptions which are clues to some of the most iconic symbols of our city's past and see if you still remember them:

1. A TV theme song released in 1979 and sung by Roman Tam, highlighting the spirit of Hong Kong people. _____
2. Located on the west side of Kowloon Bay and named after two businessmen, it completed its historic mission in civic aviation in 1998. _____
3. Once home to printers and manufacturers of wedding invitation cards, this street in Wan Chai was resumed for commercial and housing development in 2007. _____
4. Designed in classical architectural style and built in 1844 as officers' quarters, the building was moved to Stanley during the 2000s. _____
5. Featuring a grotesque mix of brightly coloured animal statues, pagodas, and religious figures, the landscaped garden at the edge of Causeway Bay was demolished in 2004 for redevelopment. _____
6. First staged in December 1969 with a beach ball in orange and white stripes as the logo, the event showcased musicals, youth rallies, special displays and sporting competitions. _____
7. A Cantopop singer-songwriter whose music appealed to the Hong Kong masses, particularly the working class, with Western-style tunes and light-hearted themes in the late 1970s. _____
8. The only remaining part of former Kowloon Station on the Kowloon-Canton Railway and once a favourite rendezvous for young men and women. _____
9. A two or three-wheeled passenger cart plying the streets of Hong Kong in olden days. _____
10. A legendary martial artist, actor and filmmaker who once said, "You just wait. I'm going to be the biggest Chinese star in the world." _____

Please send your entry to the Editorial Board of *Word Power*, Official Languages Division, Civil Service Bureau, Room 2310, High Block, Queensway Government Offices, 66 Queensway, Hong Kong before 19 August 2016. Watch out for our coming issue to see if you get all the answers right, and better still, if you are one of the lucky five to win a prize. The Editorial Board will have the final say on the answers.

Name: Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms (delete as appropriate) _____
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第六十三期答案

1. 柔術
2. 三局兩勝
3. 平衡木
4. 34.92°
5. 前手翻
6. 一分
7. 42.195公里
8. 五次
9. 三公尺
10. 接棒時掉棒，任何接力隊員均可撿起棒子

以下得獎者將獲專函通知領獎：

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Issue No. 65 (September 2016) : Fun of Science

二零一六年九月第六十五期主題：科學拾趣

Issue No. 66 (December 2016) : Paradise on Earth

二零一六年十二月第六十六期主題：人間天堂

Contributions from colleagues are welcome. Please refer to Issue No. 42 for details.

歡迎同事投稿，細則請參閱第四十二期。

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