

HOME SWEET HOME

Living in a cramped city where owning a small flat is an ambitious goal, we know that the wish of having a dream house is impractical if not unattainable for most of us. And yet as we flip through home decoration magazines, we are always drawn to pictures of a rustic stone castle commanding a stunning vista, a tranquil lodge nestled in the woods with a glistening blue swimming pool surrounded by flowering fruit trees, or a beautiful mountainside villa overlooking the ocean. Yes, they are dreamy, and yes, we only get to live in them in our dreams.

Nevertheless, it is not only the rich who can have a dream home. We too can dream big in our modest flats. Floor space may cost a lot, but creativity is free. It does not really matter that we cannot have a get-together with our family and friends in a cavernous sitting room furnished with a stylish settee and an elegant glass coffee table in front of a Victorian fireplace. Nor is it problematic that we live in a small one-bedroom flat where finding a spot for the toaster is a challenge.



While it may seem nothing much can be done about a tiny place, with some clever tricks, we can turn a 400-square-foot flat into a plush home fit even for a king.

Most owners of small flats wish that their home could be bigger, at least visually. An impossible task? Not really. Sometimes magic does work. Clever design ideas, like floor-to-ceiling shelving, not only allow you to keep your home clutter free, but also make the rooms look more spacious. Using cool wall colours, such as white and pale shades of blue and green will create a bright and airy feel. A large floor or tabletop mirror placed opposite a window can instantly expand a room's scope. Multi-functional furniture like a drop-leaf table or bedframe with drawers is perfect for maximising space while acting as storage.

Does size really matter? It does, but not always, especially when it comes to how cosy your home can be. A humble flat can be as comfortable as a luxury house. Less can be more. You can enjoy a Sunday afternoon on a small sofa in your studio flat, feet sunk deep in the cushions, reading a book and drinking tea. Artful groupings of keepsakes and photographs beneath a lamp on an end table

will let you relive those moments of joy and wonder in your life. An old leather chair, a worn wood table, a fluffy throw, a patterned rug — small things with textures that are interesting to touch and hold also add warmth to a room.

Home is, however, not a house. No matter how beautiful it is, a house is only a structure without your personal touch. Home, though meaning different things to different people, is the place we live our lives. It is where we can express ourselves and be ourselves, and ideally, a sanctuary where we can retreat from the frenetic, chaotic world outside. It is where we cry, laugh, argue.... For most of us, making a home may simply mean renting or buying an affordable flat and putting inside all the things we need. Actually, it is more about the emotional ties and sense of comfort we are able to create behind closed doors.



A house will never be truly your home unless you live in it. Home is not merely a place to lay your head and hang your clothes. Do something that makes you feel you are part of it. Eat on your table, lie on the couch, sprawl on the floor, cook, bake or clean. If you do not mind the daunting task of cleaning up after your guests leave, throw a party from time to time, sharing good food, laughter and gossip with your friends. These simple happy moments can turn your house into a real home.

Our flats may be far from ideal, and there are countless things to complain about: a faulty faucet, a small bathroom, limited storage space, noisy surroundings, insufficient sunlight..., and the list goes on. But strangely, more often than not, many of us would find these problems less bothersome over time, a sure sign that we have fallen in love with our apartments without realising it. An imperfect flat can still feel like home.

We may move house from one location to another, but our home goes where we go, as it is where our hearts and memories, happy or sad, are embedded. No matter where we choose to go, there is just no other place like home.



舌尖上的享受

話說《紅樓夢》劉姥姥進大觀園，賈母請她吃飯，王熙鳳夾了一箸菜問姥姥是什麼，姥姥吃得津津有味，卻說不出菜名。原來她吃的是茄鯗。做這道菜，廚子“把才下來的茄子把皮攞了，只要淨肉，切成碎丁子，用雞油炸了，再用雞脯子肉並香菌、新筍、蘑菇、五香腐乾、各色乾果子俱切成丁子，用雞湯煨乾。將香油一收，外加糟油一拌，盛在瓷罐子裏封嚴，要吃時拿出來用炒的雞瓜子一拌就是了。”一道茄子能做到這麼精緻講究，確是烹飪的藝術，粗菜細做，盡顯中國人“食不厭精，脍不厭細”的飲食文化。



賈府的美食林林總總，多屬江南風格，無論糖果、茶點、菜肴還是羹湯盡皆精品，如豆腐皮包子、蓮葉湯、胭脂鵝脯、酒釀清蒸鴨子、火腿燉肘子等，也有南北合璧者，如火肉白菜湯、奶油松瓤卷酥。紅樓菜是仿照《紅樓夢》的飲食內容研製的菜肴，屬淮揚菜系。“天下珍饈屬揚州，三套鴨子燴魚頭，紅樓昨夜開佳宴，饒煞九州饕餮侯”，這首詩除盛讚紅樓宴中的淮揚美味，也反映紅樓菜在美食史中的重要地位。



中國八大菜系，除淮揚菜，還有魯、川、粵、閩、浙、湘、徽菜。不同菜系各具特色，南甜、北鹹、東酸、西辣。川菜調味多變，善用麻辣，代表菜回鍋肉清鮮醇濃並重，做法是把豬肉切成長長薄片，用鹽、辣豆瓣、醬油等調味料爆炒，起鍋前再加少量蒜苗，吃起來香嫩可口，爽而不膩。粵菜烹調方法包羅萬有，獨樹一幟，配合時令，夏秋尚清淡，冬春求濃郁，名菜多不勝數，有皮脆肉嫩的烤乳豬、光滑油潤的太爺雞、鮮甜美味的白焯蝦、精美可口的鹹甜點心等。

“魚羊為鮮”，中國人烹調十分注重食物的鮮味。鮮不屬酸甜苦辣鹹人間五味，卻存在於五味中。鹹可增鮮，酸可減鮮，甜鮮混合，形成複合的美味。民間提鮮的絕活層出不窮，用得最多的有雞汁、火腿、蝦子、蘑菇、筍和黃豆芽。清代文學家李漁的《閒情偶記·飲饌部》記“以焯蝦之湯和入諸品，則物物皆鮮，亦猶筍湯之利於羣蔬。”其實，剛從地裏拔出的瓜果蔬菜、山上新挖還帶着露水的野菌、新宰的雞鴨牛羊，只放少許調味料，出鍋後即吃都是奇鮮無比。

除了鮮味，中國人做菜講求色、香、味俱全。糖醋里脊色澤鮮豔，香味濃郁，酸中帶甜，令人垂涎三尺。太極素菜羹賣相特別，綠白兩色互相輝映，豆腐與西蘭花、菠菜的味道搭配得宜，清淡可口。東坡肉皮薄肉嫩，色澤紅亮，味醇汁濃，香而不膩，讓人回味無窮，難怪東坡居士在《食豬肉詩》說：“黃州好豬肉……慢着火，少着水，火候足時它自美。每日起來打一碗，飽得自家君莫管。”

一道菜仔細嚼來，讓人滿口生香，餘味無窮，才算是佳肴。中國菜的烹調方法五花八門，有炒、蒸、燉、煨、燴、燒、鹵、煎、炸、燜等幾十種，每一種又可分為許多小類。食材軟硬厚薄大小不一，菜肴不可可口，還得看是否火候適中。簡單如蒸排骨，蒸的時間長了，肉就老了，時間短了，則還沒熟透。做著名魯菜油爆雙脆也是如此，掌握火候的工夫不到家絕對不行，欠一秒則不熟，過一秒則不脆，難度極高。

社會進步，物質豐饒，“吃”不再是純粹果腹之需，更是一種生活意趣。一碟草率拼湊的菜，食材再名貴也叫人倒胃三分；相反，用心做的佳肴，即使尋常如豆腐青菜，也可以勾起食欲。梁實秋記述享用母親給家人精心烹製的“核桃酪”時說：“棗香、核桃香撲鼻，喝到嘴裏粘糊糊的、甜滋滋的，真捨不得一下子嚥到喉嚨去。”民以食為天，吃一頓美味不僅是舌尖上的享受，也是生活中的至樂。





Under the Tuscan Sun

There always comes a time when you feel stuck and see no way out. A sojourn or a long vacation overseas would perhaps give you a refreshing break. How about taking a dip in a blue lagoon in Cook Islands, browsing in an antique shop in London, or strolling down the meticulously manicured lawns in the Gardens of Versailles? Frances Mayes, the author of *Under the Tuscan Sun*, chose to buy, renovate and live in an abandoned villa in a beautiful Tuscan town named Cortona, where she reached into every nook and cranny of Italian life.

After a painful divorce, Frances needed a place where she could take a respite. She thought that immersing herself in a new place would help her restart her life, as “place will have its way with you, you’re formed by it, it’s never neutral.” Frances’s new home has a beautiful name — Bramasole, which means “something that yearns for the sun”. It is a tall, square and apricot-coloured house with green shutters, an ancient tile roof and an iron balcony looking into a deep valley and the Tuscan Apennines. The villa rises above a terraced slab of hillside covered with fruit and olive trees.

In *Under the Tuscan Sun*, Frances discovers the beauty of Bramasole the hard way. Neglected for almost three decades, her new home has to undergo a “facelift” before it becomes a livable place. Frances rolls up her sleeves and toils under the sun, scrubbing the walls, clearing the terrace, and weeding the garden overgrown with briars and roses. She feels so tired that she “could sleep standing up, like a horse.” Gardening, tiling and painting are never chores to her, but skills to be learned, to be appreciated, and above all to be enjoyed.

Bramasole is never short of wonders. When it rains or when the light changes, the façade of the house turns gold, sienna and ochre. There are frescoes beneath the whitewash in Frances’s dining room, a vineyard under rampant brambles in the garden, and interlocking chutes

that run down to the cistern at the bottom of the house. But Bramasole is not perfect. Weeds grow in every crack and corner. The well dries up and Frances is forced to pay dearly for a truckload of water to keep her supplied in the first summer after moving in.

In Cortona, there are delightful people everywhere. Signor Martini, Frances’s real estate agent, is an interesting fellow, who listens to Frances and her boyfriend Ed as if they spoke perfect Italian. Every day, a local man picks wildflowers from the roadside and brings them to the shrine that adorns Bramasole’s front gate. The workers Frances hires become her friends. They invite the couple to their

sons’ first communion services. They bring Frances their wine and olive oil, and teach her Italian swear words. To Frances these people are examples of what makes Italy such a wonderful country.

In the eyes of the Italians, cooking and eating are the major ingredients of *la dolce vita*, the sweet life. With the discerning palate of a chef and gourmet, Frances shares with the reader the bounty of Italian

food, which is simple and succulent — each bite an epiphany, be it a platter of plump, cheese-filled ravioli bathed in butter and sage; a silky, paper-thin slice of prosciutto draped over a warm puff of fried dough, or tomato salad served with basil and mozzarella cheese. There is an enormous generosity around the table in Tuscany, and guests are always welcome. There are feasts lasting six to eight hours, and dinner parties stretch into the wee hours.

Frances and Ed explore “the layers and layers of Tuscany”. They spend hours sitting in piazzas or sipping lemonade in local bars, soaking up the ambience. They tour the wild, visit Etruscan tombs and collect wines for their collection at Bramasole. They harvest olive trees and make oil out of their fruit. They have sumptuous meals under an overhanging apricot tree on an L-shaped terrace, enjoying the languor of slow paced days. Friends and family come to visit. One of their friends even learns to make flour on a thick marble counter top, wakes up to cuckoo calls, walks down the terrace paths singing to the grapes, and fills up jars of plums picked from trees.

Reading *Under the Tuscan Sun* is like having a holiday in a serene little town where you freely meander through the streets, visit the shops, taste the local delicacies and watch the people going about their lives. The beauty of the rolling hills and chestnut forests capture your mind. Every page of the book is filled with the fragrance of wildflowers and blackberries. A celebration of the extraordinary quality of life in Tuscany, this travel memoir is a feast for all the senses. With the romantic voice of a poet and the eyes of a seasoned traveller, Frances explores with the reader the vast beauty of Italy and the “voluptuousness of Italian life”.



When engaged in eating, the brain should be the servant of the stomach.

Agatha Christie



夢飛行

晴空湛藍，蒼穹茫茫，見瑞鳥高翔雲間，樂不可支，古人遂生遨遊青天之夢。黃帝乘龍升天，嫦娥奔月，蕭史弄玉引赤龍紫鳳共赴丹臺等傳說，都源於這份對天空的憧憬。

為了像鳥兒般穿梭雲際，先民作了各式各樣的嘗試。先是師法自然，從飛鳥身上找靈感。《文士傳》記載，漢代張衡曾造木鳥，“假以羽翮，腹中施機，能飛數里。”唐代筆記小說《杜陽雜編》提到一位異士韓志和，擅長雕刻雀鳥。經他一剝一挑，木鳥羽翼翩然，甚至懂得啄食鳴叫，鳥腹也暗藏玄機，一開動便凌風而起，可飛一二百步之遙。

複製飛鳥只是學步之舉，擺脫大地束縛直闖雲霄才是最終目標。唐代《朝野僉載》有一則關於魯班翱翔天際的故事。話說魯班到涼州幹活，為回鄉探望愛妻，特別造了一隻載人木鷹，騎上去，敲三下，木鷹聞令奮飛，仿若靈禽。後來魯父發現木鷹，不知就裏連敲十多下，木鷹颯的把他送到吳會，當地人嚇得把魯父當妖怪打死。

魯班巧不可階，但造出如此神奇的木鷹恐怕只是荒誕之說。《漢書》記載的飛人故事則可信得多。篡漢建立

新朝的王莽與外族交惡，於是廣招天下人才以禦外侮。有人身披鳥羽，架起翅膀，自詡懂得飛行，“一日千里，可窺匈奴”，但從高處躍下，滑行才幾百步便摔得頭破血流。應募者雖愚不可及，卻是人類飛行實驗的先驅。

要數最為人熟悉的飛人，當推萬戶。據說他是明朝官吏，為圓飛天之夢，在一張特製的椅子上綁了四十多枚煙花火箭，兩手各舉一隻大風箏，一心借火箭動力升空，豈料點火後發生爆炸，萬戶和椅子一同化為灰燼。萬戶是否真有其人，史料闕如，但為紀念這次未竟全功的火箭飛天創舉，月球上有一隕石坑特別以他命名。



憑一雙巧手和精密的頭腦，人類縱無羽翅也能長空高飛。《山海經》描述奇肱國人乘飛車周遊四方，但飛車從風而行，風止車停，坐等風來一等便是十年。今天，航機無須仗賴風候也能穿梭寰宇，太空船更衝破穹天，遍遊“三垣二十八宿”指日可待。



Time to Do away with Dress Codes?

Wimbledon will never be the same again. Traditionally, jeans, shorts, collarless shirts and trainers were banned from debenture seats. This year, all were permitted, with only “ripped jeans” and dirty trainers still considered too scruffy for Centre Court. Supporters of dress codes frowned on this relaxation, complaining that the atmosphere of the most prestigious tennis tournament had changed.

With the rise of the Millennial Generation who firmly believe in individuality, it is not uncommon to see people wearing tank-tops to the office and flip-flops to the church. However, clothing affects how other people perceive us and how we think about ourselves. We may risk making a fool of ourselves by committing terrible sartorial faux pas on some occasions.

Contemporary society is highly informal. However, if you are trying to make a good impression, you have to change the casual way of styling yourself. Dressing up for a job interview is a skill. Wearing a black or subtle-coloured suit still makes a great first impression nowadays. Nevertheless, complaints from employers about job seekers' choice of clothing are common. For instance, a candidate for an executive post in a corporate firm shows up with a pair of shimmery sneakers and a classic suit jacket, while another one chooses a flamboyant leather choker to go with a dark blue blazer. Yes, they are chic. But you had better keep your sneakers and chokers at home unless you are interviewing for a job in media or fashion.

The invitation arrives, stating that your relative's wedding will be “black-tie only”. What does “black tie” mean today? “Black tie” used to mean floor-length gown for women and a

classic tuxedo for men. Now, the line is much greyer. It is acceptable for women to wear cocktail-length dresses to a black-tie wedding. For men, there are a variety of style choices for tuxedos. You can go with the classic bow tie and cummerbund look, or you can be a little more daring and go for a vest and tie combo.

Unlike a wedding, the dress code at a funeral is the same regardless of your relationship to the deceased. Dark coloured suits, such as navy, charcoal or black are the way to go. Avoid ties and shirts with loud patterns or bright colours. Make sure you are well groomed; the key word is neat. Black shoes are also recommended.

Although many young people do not want to believe it, we are always judged by what we wear. Whether we are going to a job interview or meeting our future in-laws, appropriate attire, along with proper etiquette, is a sign of respect for yourself and those around.



A Long Journey

The scorching sun was high in the sky, its rim like the rind of an orange. Remnants of withered crops scattered haphazardly on the parched fields where sorghum was once planted. The nearby river had turned into a dry channel, exposing some mud-stained irrigation tubing. Rain had not come for a year. The village was as dry as a bone, and there was nothing alive as far as the eye could see.

Inside a small hut, Abashi Adoyo, a young Kenyan boy of ten, carefully decanted water from a half-full jug into a leathered water bag while his father Roble was wrapping pieces of chapatti with a wrinkled piece of brown paper. Sanya, Abashi's mother, tied a worn-out shawl with faded grid patterns around her son's stick-thin neck, fearing that he might get cold in the night. Not speaking a word, she looked at Abashi with a pensive glint in her eyes. Like other women in the village, Sanya would become a "drought widow" after her husband started his long journey in search of food.

It grew hotter and hotter. An acrid smell filled the air. Roble and Abashi stood in front of their hut, covering their noses with their scrawny hands. Carcasses of herds were lying around. With the sun shining on the dead animals, flies swarmed into a frenzy, making an irritating buzz. Roble and his family used to be well off before the drought. They had many cattle, goats and camels. But most of them had died. The future was agonisingly uncertain. The father and son took a brief glance at their home and set off without looking back.



After walking for a day, the Adoyos chose to camp at the bottom of a valley surrounded by rolling hills. Eating was a luxury. They had not had any food. A new moon cast its silver beam over the valley. Leaning against a big rock, Roble

broke a piece of chapatti into halves and gave the bigger portion to Abashi. They put the bread into their mouths, and let it stay on their tongues for a while before chewing it.

Abashi and Roble woke up before dawn and saw snow — thick, dense, choking, blinding, like plankton suspended at the bottom of a sunless sea, swirling white in the beam of sunlight. It was actually dust. A herd of camels led by their master had churned up a cloud as fine as talc. Leaning against his father's shoulder, Abashi pointed at several emaciated camels that had lost their humps. After a long journey in search of pasture, the beasts were swaying beside a brackish puddle of water, their ribs and hip bones showing. The humps hung flaccid off their back like deflated balloons.

Roble exchanged words with the camels' master, a man with a heavily lined face. The old man told Roble to turn back as food and water had been depleted in the northern region, and their only hope was the eastern border where, as told by other herders, there was a huge oasis. At this moment, a line of people and livestock was trudging down the hilly slopes. Among them was a woman

who held tightly in her arms a new-born baby wrapped in a piece of ragged cloth.

Abashi could never forget the woman's face. Her black sunken eyes were like dried figs. She was gaunt, tall, and stood there in the shade like a ghost. Abashi turned his eyes away from her, and signalled his father to leave. In the days after, the Adoyos walked in the direction of the rising sun. They traversed a floodplain, camped on a mountain, and were chased by wild dogs. They ate only one meal a day. Young Abashi felt hungry all the time but he never complained. Two weeks later, they reached a deserted feeding centre where refugees once lined up day and night to get a small portion of lentils.



Night enveloped the feeding centre. While Abashi was having his meal, he saw the ghost-like woman again. The woman's baby was lying in her scraggy arms, crying inconsolably. The powerless mother patted his son's back gently, revealing her spidery fingers. "The baby is hungry," said Abashi to himself. He broke his chapatti into smaller pieces and was about to walk up to the woman. But Roble took hold of his hand and led him away. The night deepened. Death cast its long shadow, and the baby cried no more.

Days passed. Roble and Abashi arrived at a sandy knoll overlooking an extensive stretch of green pasture. They staggered gingerly downhill and soon found themselves surrounded by rows of fruit trees. Roble raised his hands and pulled a fistful of yellow berries from one of them. He gave the berries to Abashi, who stuffed as much into his mouth as he could. Next to the trees was a small pond of water. The father and son cupped their hands and drank the crystal-clear water without hesitation. It tasted so salty, so alkaline, and oozed down their throats like soap, but precious nonetheless. Dark clouds gathered. And before long, heavy raindrops hit hard on their faces. The Adoyos took in every precious drop with unspeakable joy.

"It's raining! It's raining!" shouted Abashi while dancing wildly.



The world is a book and those who do not travel read only one page.

Augustine of Hippo

達理與通情

今年六月，公務員事務局法定語文事務部假香港中央圖書館演講廳舉行專題講座。香港浸會大學語文中心高級講師朱少璋博士應邀主講，題為“達理與通情”，論述撰寫應用文書的大原則與潛規則。

朱博士指出，應用文書具應用價值和文化價值。撰寫公文不僅是傳情達意，還須顯出文化修養。邀請嘉賓主持開幕禮，或向某人道謝，為表誠意，紙本公文會比電郵得體，而且措詞要大方，格式正確。要撰寫具文化內涵的公文，必須對應用文書的潛規則有一定了解。

傳統公文修辭講求謙遜、精簡和融合三大原則。謙遜、得體的公文，不論古今，多省略發文者和受文者的名字或代稱，以語境暗示。看看以下句子：請你在指定時間前十五分鐘到達。這句語境清晰，刪去“你”字不會引起歧義，也更簡潔。

撰寫公文應力求精簡。例如“公務員絕不會佔着高位、支着高薪，卻不做事”這個句子略嫌冗贅，可以改為“公務員絕不會尸位素餐”。意義相近的字詞容易令人混淆，使用時須格外小心。看看這例子：市民聽到不利樓市的消息，就彷彿即將如臨大敵似的。句中“如”字已表達“彷彿”和“似”的意思，故可改成：市民聽到不利樓市的消息，就如臨大敵。此外，下筆時要慎選用語，不能人云亦云。“我本人”、“親眼目睹”、“無故曠課”等用語雖常見常聽，但意思重複，徒覺多餘。

公文撰寫人還應注意融合原則，即恰當運用熟語套語，調和文白，兼顧功用、社交、文化和禮儀。至於如何調和文白，正如余光中先生所言，行文“白以為常，文以應變”，力求文白交融、典雅而不冷僻。此話何解？看看以下告示便可知一二。“禁止餵飼野生猴子”這句白話句子並無不妥，但改為較富文言色彩的“禁餵野猴”更簡潔精煉。

朱博士又指撰寫公文的人大都只重視發文，忽視受文。發文者應多從受文者角度出發，以一文一事為大原則，清楚讓受文者知道公文的主旨。撰文者為了令公文文本看來更權威，常用名詞化的結構，但有研究顯示，名詞化會延遲受文者理解文本信息。看看這句：進行妥善的廢物處理。與其把“處理”當名詞來用，不如改為“妥善處理廢物”，這才是道地的中文。

在香港，公文撰寫人常受英語思維影響。例如：小組召集人報告，小組於二月十四日舉行會議，商討關於五月二十八日推廣社區安全展覽的事宜。句中“關於”二字直接從英語翻譯過來，刪去不會影響文意，反而更通順。雨季來臨，常聽到這句話：當局不排除改掛紅色暴雨信號。這句子翻譯痕跡明顯，即使保留原句，亦須在句末加上“的機會”才合語法。

此外，撰寫公文忌自相矛盾，令人費解。請看這句：香港的經濟問題基本上全部解決了。“基本上”與“全部”並用，受文者或會感到混淆，不知道問題究竟是基本上解決，抑或完全解決。再看一例：撰寫公文三忌：一忌不要冗長，二忌不可矛盾，三忌不可歐化。“忌”與“不要”、“不可”意思相同，同時使用不合邏輯。這句可改為“撰寫公文三忌：一忌冗長，二忌矛盾，三忌歐化。”

不論是白話抑或文言公文，都應以清通為尚，務須去掉冗長、不通順及不合漢語語法的句子。朱博士認為，公文質素欠佳，是語文程度的問題，但不積極深思、改善則是態度問題。只有改變消極態度，程度才能提高。

講者簡介：朱少璋博士多年來從事文學研究和創作，作品多次獲獎，包括傳記《燕子山僧傳》、散文集《灰聞記》和《隱指》。寫作之外，朱博士亦專注中文教學和語文研究工作，發表多篇學術論著，並擔任電台文教節目主持，分享中文運用的心得。

食可飽而不必珍，衣可暖而不必華，
居可安而不必麗。

《史典·願體集》



在粵北山區連南的瑤族古寨裏，待嫁的姑娘靜靜坐在一旁，看着母親為她縫製嫁衣。母親的巧手在豔麗奪目的彩布上游動，以純熟的針法，密密繡着各式各樣的精緻花紋。瑤族婦女善刺繡，喜歡在嫁衣上繡滿金鳳凰、鴛鴦等吉祥動物的圖案，手藝巧奪天工。新娘的髮髻會套上掛滿銀飾的頭冠。頭冠內裏由刺繡布編成，下沿為筒衣所製，寓意出嫁後一切順順利利。

婚嫁是人生大事，為了這個大日子，許多少數民族女孩子從學會做針黹那天起便為自己準備嫁衣。她們選用最上乘的衣料、最美麗的彩線、最細密的針法，一針一針把自己對婚後生活的希望和憧憬縫進嫁衣裏。嫁衣的式樣、顏色、花紋圖案盡顯每個民族的文化特色。漢族喜歡穿紅，紅色代表喜慶、吉祥。古時，漢族新娘頭戴鳳冠，臉遮紅巾，身穿繡花紅袍，頸套天官鎖，胸掛照妖鏡，肩挎子孫袋，手纏“定手銀”，腳穿紅緞繡花鞋，一身媽紅，喜氣洋洋。



不過，並非所有民族都崇尚紅色。有“白衣民族”之稱的東北朝鮮族喜歡白色，在盛大節日、隆重慶典中，成年男女都習慣穿白衣素衫。朝鮮族的嫁衣也是一身素白，大多由純白真絲提花面料手工縫製，配上掩襟短衣和闊大長裙，清雅素淡。朝鮮族的女子一生穿兩次嫁衣，出嫁時穿一次，入殮時穿第二次，故朝鮮族的嫁衣也是老衣。

雲南景頗族的嫁衣是織有美麗圖案的筒裙，顏色豔麗，多以黑、黃、紅三色搭配，對比強烈，十分奪目；上衣衣領綴滿銀泡銀鏈，新娘走起路來嘩啦嘩啦地響。新娘還會套上織滿花紋的高桶狀包頭。景頗族沒有自己的文字，但有獨特的原始符號和花紋。這些符號和花紋具特別含意，記錄了這個民族大遷徙的過程，每個符號、每個花紋都是一個傳奇、一段歷史。

居於貴州、湖南和廣西交界的侗族，婚禮服飾較簡樸，以青色為主，對襟上衣的花紋別致，衣袖寬大，下着百褶中裙，繡滿花、草、魚、蟲的圖案，腳穿翹尖繡花鞋，鞋底很高，鞋幫則用彩色絲綢做面料。出嫁當天，新娘頭戴耀眼銀花，頸套重重銀圈，腕套銀護手和銀鐲，配上銀耳環，重達六七斤，由女伴陪同，右手撐着辟邪的桐油紙傘，在鼓手熱烈歡快的敲奏下含羞帶笑出門。

來到景色秀麗的瀘沽湖旁，又是另一番景象。這裏是納西族摩梭人的聚居地。他們奉行“走婚”習俗，男女一輩子不結婚，沒有婚服，但十三歲時就會穿上類似婚服的成人儀式禮服。成人禮當日，女孩由母親為她們脫去舊的麻布長衫，穿上美麗的金邊衣、百榴裙，繫上繡有花卉圖案的腰帶，盤纏髮辮，配上項鍊。“嫁衣”背部繡着精美的月亮圖案，頭戴鑲嵌着星星的帽子。穿上“披星戴月”的“嫁衣”，意味她們長大成人，可以“走婚”了。

不同民族的嫁衣風采各異，但蘊含的意義相同。無論是母親為女兒縫製嫁衣，還是新娘親自張羅，一針一線都寄託了美好的願望。可是，幸福非必然；想得到幸福，需要犧牲和付出，難怪有人說中國嫁衣特別重。重的不僅是衣料、配飾，還有新娘心中的擔子。新娘自披上嫁衣那一刻起，便踏進人生另一階段，肩負雙方長輩的期望，心中放不下娘家，又擔心能否做一個稱職的妻子，想着想着，一襲嫁衣也越發沉重了。



五味不同物而能和。

《管子·宙合》



衣 食 住 行

生活總離不開衣食住行、柴米油鹽。有人窮畢生之力追求錦衣玉食、華廈巨宅，也有人只要有粗衣淡飯、能夠遮風擋雨的蝸居就滿足。下列句子都有與衣食住行相關的成語，大家能否按句意，在空格內填上適當的字詞？

1. 《西遊記》中的豬八戒是_____之徒，只要見到吃的，就什麼都顧不上了。
2. 生活改善了，但_____衣粗_____的儉樸精神不能丟掉。
3. _____遠_____暮，走得鞍馬勞頓，需找客店休息，明天再起行。
4. 接到命令後，軍隊_____兼行，趕赴災區救援。
5. 門外來了一位氣宇軒昂、_____楚楚的男士。

6. 食無求飽，居無_____，凡事不應有過分的欲望。
7. 官員出訪，提倡輕_____簡_____，以減少開支，避免浪費。
8. 高朋滿座，旨_____嘉_____，開懷暢飲，共敘別後之情。
9. 時髦的年青人以穿着奇_____異_____為新潮。
10. 老人八十壽宴上，兒孫前來祝賀，杯觥_____，氣氛熱烈。
11. 這些生意人走_____闖_____，見多識廣。
12. 寺藏深山，人煙稀少，住持見善信_____衫_____履，不甚接待。

請在二零一四年十一月七日前，把答案連同下列個人資料寄回“香港金鐘道66號金鐘道政府合署高座2310室公務員事務局法定語文事務部《文訊》編輯委員會”。答對問題者可獲書券一張，名額合共五個。答案及得獎者名單將於下期公布(答案以《文訊》公布者為準)。

姓名：_____先生/女士(請刪去不適用者)
 部門：_____
 職位：_____ 電話：_____
 辦事處地址：_____



Not-a-Mindboggler

Solution of Issue No. 56

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Guinevere | 5. Don Juan |
| 2. Helen of Troy | 6. Quasimodo |
| 3. Juliet | 7. Frankenstein's Monster |
| 4. Eliza Doolittle | 8. Edward Hyde |

The following winners will be notified individually by post:

Name	Department
Jenny Lam	Environmental Protection Department
Fong Lai Yuk	Hong Kong Police Force
Stella Lau	Hong Kong Police Force
Chan Tsz Kim	Housing Department
Cheng Kin Wah	Civil Service Bureau

Issue No. 58 (December 2014) : Successful Career

二零一四年十二月第五十八期主題：行行出狀元

Issue No. 59 (March 2015) : Scenic and Inspiring Landscape

二零一五年三月第五十九期主題：山水有情

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。

中文顧問 樊善標教授

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