

THREE POEMS FOR LEEDS

by Xi Chuan, translated by Lucas Klein

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Eight Fragments

1. Which Pornographic Peach Blossom

Which pornographic peach blossom dreamt of me biting into this juicy peach
and thought up this question in the orchard of the Queen of the West?
I, the Monkey King, stole in here—and now I must steal out.

2. Facing the Sea

Facing the sea, back toward the city.
Trying to face the city at the bottom of the sea, the city of coral and jellyfish, a fifty-thousand-
year-old city
but instead seeing the city in the sky, where black bears and leopard cats roam, a city outside of
time.

3. Customary Imaginations

Think of a snake and it will be a poison snake, as if there were no snakes but poison snakes;
think of a shark and it will be a man-eating shark, as if the whole world were Disney.
As a responsible man, I would like to say to all non-harmful snakes and sharks, *I'm sorry*.

4. A New Jiangnan

The sky is dreary this is old Jiangnan. Birds of a new era fly through the sky of old Jiangnan.
On the river in old Jiangnan the motorized ferry isn't new or old, or is old although it's new,
describing the arc of an old path.
On the other shore the buildings tower over the mountains this is one hundred percent the new
Jiangnan.

5. Tradition and Ghosts

In traditional places there are as many ghosts as people, or even more ghosts than people, or even
ghosts and no people.
I hear someone talking and know that he's a ghost, but I don't want to mention it:
I'm afraid of scaring the ghost, and afraid of scaring the people listening to the ghost.

6. *A Dialogue on an Atom Bomb*

One colleague said: I'm opposed to an atom bomb coming down and blowing up only me!

Another colleague said: Even if it were a dud, an atom bomb could still come down and crush
you!

Yet another colleague said: Look how mean you are—when the atom bomb comes you two just
run off, I'll take care of it!

7. *The Old Actor*

The old actor acts as others, living sixty lives in one life, sure.

Finally reaching the end of the act, all life's bitter and sweet remain.

The old actor acts as others up to his own death. Be quiet please, turn out the light please.

8. *The Little Actress*

In makeup about to step onstage in pink shirt and pink pants, the little girl bares her shoulders to
the wind.

She is neither happy nor sad, like all other girls.

The instant before walking onto that old open-air platform she hikes up her pants.

2009, 2011

八段诗

1.哪一朵色情的桃花

哪一朵色情的桃花曾梦见过这只多汁的桃子现在被我咬下一口
并想到这个问题在西王母的蟠桃园中？
我，齐天大圣，偷偷地进来，还得偷偷地出去。

2.面向大海

面向大海，背向城市。
意图面向海底的城市，珊瑚和水母的城市，5万年前的城市，
却看见了空中的城市，那里游荡着狗熊和山猫，是没有时间的城市。

3.习惯性想象

一想到蛇，必是毒蛇，仿佛除了毒蛇没有蛇；
一想到鲨鱼，必是吃人的鲨鱼，仿佛全世界都是迪斯尼。
对那些无害的蛇和鲨鱼，作为一个成熟的男人，我要说一声“对不起”。

4.新江南

天空阴沉这是旧江南。新时代的小鸟飞在旧江南的天空。
旧江南的江面上机动渡轮半新不旧，虽新而旧，走着旧日的斜线。
对岸的楼房盖得比山岭高出一截这已是百分百的新江南。

5.传统和鬼

有传统的地方人多鬼多，甚至人少鬼多，甚至无人而有鬼。
听一人讲话我知道他是鬼，但我不愿点破：
害怕吓着鬼自己，同时也吓着听他讲话的其他人。

6.关于原子弹的对话

同事说：我反对原子弹掉下来炸我一个人！

另一位同事说：如果原子弹哑了火，真有可能掉下来砸死你！

再一位同事说：什么境界呀你们这是？要是原子弹袭来你们先撤，我顶着！

7.老演员

老演员演别人，一辈子活六十辈子，可以了。

终于到了戏演完的时候，酸甜苦辣还在继续。

老演员演别人终于演到了自己的死。请安静一会儿，请关灯。

8.小演员

化了装的准备登台的小姑娘粉衣粉裤，肩膀露在风里。

她既不快乐也不悲伤，像其他小姑娘一样。

在迈步登上那古老的露天舞台之前的一瞬间 她提了提裤子。

2009，2011

Abstruse Thoughts at the Panjiayuan Antiques Market

Is a *beautiful fake* antique beautiful? Beautiful *fake people* can be beautiful but they're fake. Fake people are devoid of *souls*. A sea of fake people wouldn't yield a lake of souls! Then can *beauty* be divorced from soul?

Are junk-like *real* antiques really *junk*? Someone who recognizes the *value* of junk insists that's junk eh that's junk: he has to look like he doesn't care to get a *junk rate*.

To buy a Warring States-era paring knife at a junk rate would piss off the bronze men who pared bamboo slats in the Warring States era. Looking back on the Warring States bronze men with today's *sense of existence*, they all seem so timidly foreign to *globalized reality*. How did they become *greats*? I don't get it.

The Warring States ended in 221 BCE. No bronze items from later than the Jin conquest of Eastern Wu in 280 CE mean anything.

Are two-thousand-year-old real antiques *even more* real than two-hundred-year-old antiques? Are counterfeit antiques from twenty years ago still *counterfeit* today? "The sun in the meridian may be the sun in decline," said Huizi. Don't you feel *ashamed* asking all these *metaphysical* questions in the din of a *market*?

Would you dare call Huizi shameful? He was steeped in metaphysical questions not only in the din of the *market*, but in the *palace* of Wei where he served as minister for fifteen years, and in the *wilderness* after his twenty military defeats.

So do three-thousand-year-old real antiques look fake because they're too real? Was King Yu unreal four thousand years ago, too? Was the scholar Gu Jiegang right to *doubt antiquity*? Even if the *three sage kings* Yao, Shun, and Yu were real that still wouldn't prove that the junk arranged on the *mat* truly came from that time.

Every cloud in the sky above Panjiayuan bears some *similarity* with clouds from that time.

.....

Oh how *cultivated* must the counterfeiter be to make such counterfeits? How much *gall* must a *grave robber* have to go *nose to nose* underground with the ancients by torchlight or flashlight?

But do you think I can't tell *real* from *fake*?

Do you think there's something wrong with my *intellect*? Even if something were wrong with my intellect there'd be nothing wrong with my *morality*.

Liars and *moral exemplars* have similar faces, and add up to "human being."
And distinguishing between liars and moral exemplars is, I'm afraid, not an *easy* feat.

Liars have no intention to make such distinctions, moral exemplars no time;
Like ants on a hot wok these distinctions must be made which neither liars nor moral exemplars understand:

namely *persons* between liars and moral exemplars,
namely *demigods* revolving *the earth*, and *demihumans* concerned about the healthy development of *the next generation*,
namely *demighosts* who sauntered over the dirt heap that was the *Panjiayuan ghost market* in the early eighties and have been hooting and howling until today.

So are they *real* or are they *fake*?

Even fake people enjoy the *right* to be followed by *shadows* namely the right to apply for *identification cards*.

So many *holders* of identification cards are actually fakes.

A more difficult question applicable to the din of the market:

Can an *unreal real* person or a person *half real half fake* enjoy the right to be unreal real or half real half fake?

This isn't garrulousness or being abstruse,
since the "*Beauty, Truth, and Goodness*" of Keats or Schiller were unsentimentally destroyed by items half real half fake.

Cao Xueqin who knew *the unreal real* oh Cao Xueqin the abstruse,
he knew not the *half real half fake* material, moral, and political world.
Did he never *touch* half real half fake *items*? At any rate he never set foot in Panjiayuan.

People half real half fake pursue a *happiness* half real half fake,
fall in *love* half real half fake, and fall into a daze looking at half real half fake antiques; their demands for *justice* are half real half fake.

On a world half real half fake they *gain* a sense of unreal reality we might call *transcendent!*

.....

Saturdays or Sundays they come to Panjiayuan, stroll around, treasure hunt, dream of *filling in gaps*;

they meet fake people and real people, they meet ghosts and deities,
they are startled running into their half real half fake selves, and *pretend* it was nothing.

Panjiayuan Flea Market is located at the southwest of Panjiayuan bridge, South road of East third ring road, Chaoyang District, Beijing. Covering an area of 48,500 m², it is divided into six sections: Roadside stands, Ancient Architecture, Classical Furniture, Modern collection, Sculpture and Stone Engraving, and the Catering section. Trading mostly in antiques, handicrafts, ornaments, and other collectibles, Panjiayuan has an annual revenue of several hundred million yuan. Having more than four thousand shop owners, this market has nearly ten thousand shop assistants in which sixty percent are from the other twenty-eight provinces and municipalities except Beijing. People here come from a variety of backgrounds, there are more than ten minorities of Hui, Man, Miao, Dong, Uigur, Mongolian, Korean, and other ethnic groups of China.

—Wikipedia

Panjiayuan, a trash heap of 1200 eras piled on top of each other.
Twelve million dreamers spread out this heap beneath the sky of the *three sage kings*.

Here comes an official looking like a boss, here comes a professor looking like an old student
still vaguely progressive,
here comes an *idler* and a *law-breaking officer of the law* calling each other brother,
here comes an online salesman, and legendary pixiu not for sale online *eating* but *not shitting out*
real and fake goods.

Only with people buying fake antiques can you never be sure if they're truly *idiots* or if they
serve some other purpose...

Panjiayuan gives the *three sage kings'* sky *vertigo*.

Oh land of intermingling *fish and dragons* who's your fish and who your dragon?
If *fish* are happy metamorphosing into dragons, are *dragons* happy metamorphosing into fish?
Reverse *inference* says: what does not consider metamorphosing into a fish must be a dragon.
What is a dragon will bare its fangs and brandish its claws, or else have eyes heavy with
sleep.

Here comes *someone* with eyes heavy with sleep.
Experienced in the *truth and falsehood* of the world, he is weary, and has extracted himself from
the *woods* in which the tall tree suffers the gale, and where the monkeys scatter once the
tree falls.

When he *makes an appearance* in Panjiayuan once again, the *happy lice* on his body are reborn.
He sees his old acquaintances, takes an old piss in the public toilet,
meets people he'd cheated, nonchalantly,
and says to the administrators collecting mat fees: *heh heh*, I've washed my hands of this.

... ..

A *trading* place. This *trading* place opposed by Shang Yang is also opposed by *Chairman Mao*.
A place where *the past* and *Chairman Mao* are traded is Panjiayuan.

Where a fake past is traded, this is the Panjiayuan of the post-Mao *mixed economy*.

Fake antiques are also the fruits of *labor*, whose cost can never be eradicated, but to pass fake antiques onto people is *immoral*.

Most real antiques come about through *grave robbing*, but that's immoral, too.

Panjiayuan is an immoral place. Why is it so *enchanting*?

Play with fire and you're bound to get burned, when the *hick* market security guard transforms listlessly into a connoisseur of cultural relics
the *effete* old connoisseur should just *effete*ly sweep up and be lied to.
Sorry, Panjiayuan is a place of *lies*.

Panjiayuan is a place of the *law* of sound and fury and one eye open one eye shut.

Where the law lets immoral fake antiques pass with a nod.

Though fake antiques upset the purchaser, it's not like anyone *dies* from it and *national* interest doesn't suffer.

This is a place for the acquisition of knowledge, *correct* knowledge and *incorrect* knowledge.

This is a place *wealthy people* might happen to patronize.

All *peddlers* know intuitively to wait for someone inconspicuously wealthy.

Best are the *stupidly* wealthy. Godot was stupid, too.

This is an *administrated* place. The routine business of administrative voices in loudspeakers warning visitors not to get taken in.

But when is anyone at Panjiayuan not *taken in*?

Hearing the peddlers' habitual *vows* undulate across Panjiayuan you feel like you're living *amongst valuable people*.

This is a place where city and country, home and abroad, modernity and antiquity, the present and the present all *come together*.

So it *isn't* the present, it isn't antiquity, it isn't abroad, it isn't the country, it isn't the city.

... ..

Living *amongst valuable people* you have to believe: the *honest* maintain the majority!

The peddlers are here, liars and thieves and traffickers in goods robbed from graves are all here; the useless wares unloaded from flatbed tricycles:

The 99.9% fake antiques and the 0.1% real junk compete to see who'll sell for a *better price*.

Only the Panjiayuan price is a price of *impulse* or a price of *passion*.

From porphyry axes to Cultural Revolution armbands, six thousand years cram in next to each other.

Six thousand years can cram in next to each other because the *imaginings* of six thousand years can cram in next to each other,
The construction site of *the socialist market economy* consumes six thousand years like a plate of appetizers.

From the five lakes and four seas people come to Panjiayuan to sell fakes and traffic in stolen goods.
Five lakes and four seas of fellow villagers and fellow grave robbers *laugh all the way to the bank*.
Then when there are no graves left to rob they lead *moral* lives as they *sell fakes*.

Peddlers under awnings laugh about each others' earnings, *like* it was their own earnings, laugh about each others' wives, like it was their own wives.

In fact each one *dreams* of "*dwelling poetically upon this earth*."

"Dwelling poetically upon this earth" relies upon the *cliché* of living *life* to the fullest, which befits the cliché of morality.
And befitting the cliché of morality is most likely *harmful*.

You see, sellers of fakes only accept *real money* for "*dwelling poetically upon this earth*."
Fake bills may pass through the hands of peddlers of real merchandise, since *counterfeiters* will *pursue* their own "*dwelling poetically upon this earth*."
They've never heard of Heidegger just like Heidegger never heard of Panjiayuan.

If a counterfeiter really wanted to buy fake antiques he'd be a real *sage*.

... ..

Old Su from Sanmenxia is almost a sage: selling junk at a junk rate has brought him a good reputation.
Indignant at his limited earnings he has no time for *humor*;
He's proclaimed a hundred times that he is going to sell fakes, and that selling fakes would make him more moral.

Others' *plush life* from selling fakes pushes him toward the margins of morality.

"What world is this! The fake is beautiful which is good which attracts customers which *fuck that fucking shit!*"

He's proclaimed a hundred and one times that he is going to sell fakes.
At the margins of morality he hasn't noticed the *deity* with a face like a silver platter standing beside him.

Sometimes he disappears, maybe having crossed the *border* of morality.
Maybe when he disappears he's a fake person,

and the deity seizes him and *transforms* him back into real life *delivering* him back to Panjiayuan.

Always talking, Old Su is tired, stops for three seconds so heaven and earth and time and tide can *catch up*, then continues:

“This bronze hairpin is from the Tang dynasty it’s a hundred kuai you want it?
My wife’s only brings in two hundred as a *substitute teacher* what’s wrong with you you think
it’s expensive?”

Red-eyed Old Su shouts as if *silence* would send him flying from the earth.
The way he sees it the world is *people*, and not being among people scares him.
Having no choice but to walk *alone*, to drink alone, to sing alone *scares* him.

Best to keep talking.

Birds are always talking so they don’t fly high; who’s ever heard of birds chirping on while
flying high?

The wind talks, too, but *stops* sometimes.

... ..

The inextinguishable past.

“Frying ghosts” is a kind of fakery. Boiling jade in water for thirty minutes to revive it.
As if *the underworld* were a place where you could come and go *as you pleased*.

The Tang is not far, nor the Han, the people of the Warring States *have stood up*.
I’ve seen Mencius and Xunzi, I’ve seen Liu An and Liu Xiang and Liu Xin and Liu Yiqing.
“Liu Xiang passed down the classics but my heart’s mission failed”
Liu Xin distorted the *Zuozhuan* for the fake emperor Wang Mang with *repercussions that*
continue to this day.

The people of Panjiayuan are knowledgeable, even about ghosts, though few bring up *ghosts*
anymore,
they’re afraid their *selves* will slip out if they say too much.

Ghosts don’t make fakes, but can they call themselves fake?

If ghosts are fake then can RMB be fake?

The woman selling beads says I’ve seen a real ghost. It was tall, it came right up to my door, and
its head was higher than the doorway, so it either couldn’t come in or didn’t want to. It just
wanted to scare me or else give me some kind of warning. I went to the *temple* and lit incense for
forty-nine days that’s seven times seven. My way to return his things *to heaven*. He never came
back.

Fascicle twenty of Gan Bao’s *Search for the Supernatural* details Ruan Zhan’s insistence in the
non-existence of ghosts, even when a particularly eloquent visitor came to discuss Daoism.
When the topic turned to gods and ghosts, the visitor capitulated to Ruan Zhan, though he added:

“But I am a ghost!” and vanished. Discouraged, Ruan Zhan was silent for a long time. Little over a year later he fell ill and died.

But Panjiayuan is a place that *casts a cold eye* on death,
a place where *atheists* declaim but without lofty topics to declaim on,
a place *believers* pray for *the gods* to forgive.

Buddhas, bodhisattvas, Christs, angels, gods of the earth, gods of wealth, Guan Yu, and the constellation Wen Chang stroll through Panjiayuan.

Their wood and stone figurines and bronze figurines stand or sit under the awnings *without making a sound*.

They listen as peddlers from Shaanxi say “I’m not looking for chump change” and charge 3,500,000 RMB for a Western Zhou xu cauldron robbed from a grave.

They hear a peddler from Tianjin swear: “Of course this is agate and not glass; if it’s glass I’ll eat it!”

... ..

Trafficking in fakes he trafficked himself fake.
Trafficking in goods of the dead he trafficked till he *died*.

Before death he demanded *real medicine* which is just common sense, before dying he stared into *the abyss* which basic intellect can achieve.

A last look at the *starry night* before entering that starry night,
the way, as they say, you can only look back at the *earth* from space and cannot see the other stars.

His *fear* was real and true. Looking into the starry night his *sense of the sublime* was real and true.

The sublime always arrives *too late* until a *future* in which truth and falsity are *abolished* suddenly appears.

In the past, the dead feared grave robbers: especially rulers *ordained by heaven* feared grave robbers.

Today grave robbers fear the Public Security Bureau, while the Public Security Bureau fears the *Chairman of the People’s Republic*.

In other countries the Chairman of the People’s Republic is just a president, but in the past he was *emperor*.

Does it *feel* the same to be chairman and president and emperor?
Go ask Yuan Shikai or maybe Napoleon.

For the past and future go ask a *fortune teller*, for fortune and calamity, longevity and death, go ask a *monk or priest*,

for career advancement and getting rich go ask a *qigong master*, for the fluctuations of love go ask *your big sister*,

attachment to money does not impede attachment to *the Buddha*, but with the Buddha there's nothing to be attached to.
So quit asking—just shut up already!

... ..

The wind of Panjiayuan blows past all Panjiayuan's ancient and modern shadows.
Even if the Ranked Biography of Bo Yi from *The Records of the Grand Historian* were yellowed from spilled tea it would still be a *literary masterpiece*.

The Sima Qian of Panjiayuan doesn't fear spilled tea.

But the *solitude* of the grand historian is the solitude of five overlords and seven powers: the solitude of ancient battlefields and rulers' mausoleums, the solitude of present-day polluted markets.

One time, Sun Dianying's gang of bandits came to the solitude of the Eastern Qing tombs. After their satchel charges blew open the underground palace the bandits plucked the night-glowing bead from the Empress Dowager's lips.
Then the mountains *went back* to their solitude, and the wilderness too. As a hundred insects chirped, combat entangled the *warlords* across *China*.

But 1800 years ago. Cao Cao's army did not permit their horses to trample the crops; He looked for bare ability over moral conduct, not sparing ancient tombs.
He took over half of China demanding soldiers' provisions from *the dead*, but then again he only took over half of China. Heh heh.

Having *insulted* too many of the dead he commanded that his own funeral be frugal.
When his grave was dug up 1800 years later all that was left was one agate *bead*.
His grave is Xigaoxue Tomb No. 2 in Anyang, Henan. A real tomb? A fake tomb? Someone else's tomb?

The provincial government of Henan hung a plaque on it for protection and the *development of tourism*.

The *Romance of Three Kingdoms* radio play is still broadcast, though the narrator has already passed.

Real and fake, solitary *items*.
Half real half fake items nevertheless enjoy solitary *wind and rain*, as well as *sunlight* and *starlight*.

While the *wilderness* of occasional human and animal bones, and the *mountains* of booming silence become *solitude itself*.

*January 27 – February 4, 2014
to the spring festival's firecrackers*

潘家园旧货市场玄思录

美丽的假古董是美丽的吗？美丽的**假人**倒可以是美丽的但那是假人。
假人荒着**灵魂**。即使假人人山人海也聚不来山海一般的灵魂！
那么**美丽**是可以自灵魂抽身的吗？

那么垃圾般的**真**古董果真是**垃圾**吗？
认出那垃圾**价值**的人一口咬定那就是垃圾嗯那就是垃圾：
他貌似不在乎才有可能付出一个**垃圾价**。

以垃圾价买一把战国削刀能气死战国刮削竹木简的青铜人。
以今日**存在感**回望战国青铜人，他们全都老实巴交陌生于**全球化的大世面**。
他们怎么就成了**伟人**呢？不解。

战国终了在前 221 年。
青铜物件晚于晋灭吴的 280 年就已没啥意思。

2000 多年前的真古董比 200 年前的真古董**更是**真古董吗？
20 年前假造的古董到今日还是**造假**吗？
“日方中方睨”，惠子说。
你在嘈杂的**市场**提问一串**玄学**问题不觉得**可耻**吗？

你敢说惠子也是可耻的人吗？
他沉浸于玄学提问不仅在嘈杂的**市场**上，
也在他为相十五年的魏国**宫廷**中，也在他二十场败仗之后的**旷野**中。

那么 3000 年前的真古董是否由于**太真**而显得**不真**呢？
那么 4000 年前的禹王也不真吗？
顾颉刚**疑古**是对的吗？
即使尧舜禹**三代圣王**是真的也不能证明**地摊**上码放的垃圾货来自彼时。

潘家园上空的每朵云彩都该与彼时的云彩略有**相似**。

.....
啊造假者得有多高的**学问**方能造假？
盗墓贼得有多大的**胆子**才敢与古人**鼻子碰鼻子**在地下借着火把或手电光？

但你以为我不辨东西的**真假**吗？
你以为我的**智力**有问题吗？即使我的智力有问题我的**道德感**也没有问题。

骗子与**道德模范**脸盘相似，他们合称“**人类**”。
而区分骗子与道德模范恐非**易事**。

骗子无意做此区分，道德模范无暇做此区分；
像热锅上的蚂蚁非做区分不可的 乃是既**非**骗子亦**非**道德模范的人：

亦即介乎骗子与道德模范之间的人，
亦即推动**世界**运转的**半神**、关心**下一代**健康成长的**半人**，
亦即 80 年代初既已闲逛土堆上的**潘家园鬼市**且一直闹嚷至今天的**半鬼**。

而他们是**真人**还是**假人**呢？

假人也有要求**影子**跟随的**权利**亦即申请**身份证**的权利。
而多少**身份证持有者**其实是假人。

更困难的问题附体于嘈杂的市场：
那**亦真亦假**或**半真半假**之人是否可以要求亦假亦真或半假半真之人的权利？
这不是饶舌或玄思，
因为半真半假的物件无情毁坏了济慈或席勒的“**真、善、美**”。

那理解**亦真亦假**的曹雪芹啊玄思的曹雪芹，
也不懂**半真半假**的物质、道德和政治的世界。
他从未**触碰**过半真半假的**物件**吗？至少他从未到过潘家园。

半真半假的人追求半真半假的**幸福**，
谈半真半假的**恋爱**，对着半真半假的古董发呆；对**正义**的要求也是半真半假。
他们在半真半假的世界里**玩出**亦真亦假的感觉可谓**境界**！

.....

星期六或星期天，他们来到潘家园，遛弯，淘宝，梦想**捡漏**；
遇到假人、真人，遇到鬼魂、神明，
遇到半真半假的自己，吓一跳，又**假装**没看见。

潘家园旧货市场位于北京东三环南路潘家园桥西南，占地 4.85 万平方米。主营古旧物品、
珠宝玉石、工艺品、收藏品、装饰品，年成交额达数十亿元。市场拥有 4000 余家经营商
户，经商人员近万人，其中 60%的经营者来自北京以外的 28 个省、市、自治区，涉及汉、
回、满、苗、侗、维、藏、蒙、朝鲜等十几个民族。

——百度百科

潘家园，1200 个时代堆起来的垃圾山。

1200万个**梦想家**将这垃圾山摊开在**三代圣王**的天空下。

来了官员又像老板，来了教授又像鲜有进步的老学生，
来了**游手好闲**之徒与**执法犯法**的警察称兄道弟，
来了网上开店的人，以及不开店的貔貅它们真假货**通吃而不拉屎**。

只买假古董的人你不知他们是真**笨蛋**还是**另有用意**.....

潘家园令**三代圣王**的天空**晕眩**。

唉**鱼龙混杂**之地何者为鱼何者为龙？

鱼乐得变龙，**龙**乐得变鱼吗？

倒推的**理性**说：凡不考虑变鱼的那一定是龙了。是龙便张牙舞爪或睡眼惺忪。

睡眼惺忪的**人**也来了。

他见识过一个**真真假假**的世界，疲倦了，退出了树大招风、树倒猢狲散的**江湖**。

当他重新**露面**潘家园，身上**快乐**的小虫子即时复活。

他见到老相识，到公共厕所撒一泡旧尿，

遇到坑骗过的人，坦然，

遇到收地摊费的管理员说：**嘿嘿**，我已洗手不干。

.....

交易之地。这商鞅反对的交易之地，也是**毛主席**反对的交易之地。

以往昔，以毛主席做交易这是潘家园。

以假往昔做交易，这是毛主席身后**混合经济**时代的潘家园。

假古董也是**劳动**成果，成本免不了，但以假古董售人那是**不道德**的。

而真古董多为**盗墓**所得，但那也是不道德的。

整个潘家园就是一个不道德的地方。它为何**迷人**？

近朱者赤，在市场保安**乡巴佬**懒洋洋地变成文物专家之后

那**斯文**的老专家就只好**斯文扫地**被蒙骗。

对不起，潘家园也是一个**骗人**的地方。

潘家园也是虚张声势的**法律**睁只眼闭只眼的地方。

对不道德的假古董法律点头放行。

假古董虽令购买者郁闷，但那毕竟不取**人命**也没让**国家**吃亏。

这也是长**知识**的地方，长**对**的知识和**不对**的知识。

这也是**有钱人**偶尔光顾的地方。

所有**摊贩**心照不宣地等待那不露声色的有钱人。
最好是**傻傻的**有钱人。戈多也是个傻瓜。

这也是被**管理**的地方。广播喇叭里管理员例行公事奉劝顾客别上当。
但哪有进潘家园不**上当**的？
听摊贩们习惯性的**赌咒发誓**此起彼伏在潘家园你感觉你活在**珍贵**的**人间**。

这也是城市与乡村、乡村与外国、现在与古代、现在与现在**结合**的地方。
所以它**不是**现在，不是古代，不是外国，不是乡村，也不是城市。

.....

活在**珍贵**的**人间**你就得相信：**正派人**永远是多数！

小贩们来了，盗墓销赃者、骗子和小偷也来了；三轮车卸下**无用**的东西：

99.9%的假古董与 0.1%的真垃圾比赛谁更能卖出**好价钱**。
只有潘家园的价钱是**心灵**的价钱或**心情**的价钱。

从红河石斧到文革袖标，6000年比邻而居。
6000年**能够**比邻而居乃是由于对 6000年的**想象**能够比邻而居，
社会主义市场经济的大工地吞吐 6000年简直小菜一碟。

五湖四海的人为了售假销赃来到潘家园。
五湖四海造假的乡亲们、盗墓的乡亲们**笑嘻嘻地致富**，
然后在无墓可盗之后过有**道德**的生活同时**售假**。

遮阳伞下摊贩们聊到别人挣的钱时**笑嘻嘻**，**好像**那是自己的钱，
说到别人娶的媳妇时**笑嘻嘻**，好像那是自己娶的媳妇。

其实每一个人都**梦想**着“**诗意的栖居**”。

“诗意的栖居”需借助感悟**人生**的**陈词滥调**，
正是符合道德的**陈词滥调**。
然而符合道德的**陈词滥调**有可能是**害人**的。

你看，售假者只收**真钱**为了“诗意的栖居”。
假钱有可能数在真货贩子之手，因为**玩假钱的**也在**追求**“诗意的栖居”。
他们从未听说过海德格尔就像海德格尔从未听说过潘家园。

玩假钱的若真想买到假古董那他一定是个**真圣人**。

.....

来自三门峡的老苏几乎是个圣人：垃圾价卖垃圾货赢得好名声。
他挣钱有限必然愤愤不平更无暇**幽默**；
他已是 100 次宣布他要卖假了，并非因卖假更道德些。

别人卖假过**滋润的日子**促使他一步步挪到道德的边缘。

“这啥世道啊！假的就是美的就是好的就一定是招人爱的**你妈个屁！**”

他已是 101 次宣布他要卖假了。
站在道德的边缘他没看见银盆大脸的**神明**就站在身边。

他时常消失，不知他消失时是否越过了道德的**边界**。
消失时他也许是个假人，
神明再把他捉住**变回真人扭送**回潘家园。

不停地说话，老苏累了，停三秒，待天地、岁月**涌现**，他继续说：
“这唐代铜簪子一百块钱你要不要？
我媳妇**民办教师**挣两百块钱一个月你小子还**嫌贵**？”

老苏**眼红**而聒噪好像**沉默**会使他飞离这世界。
在他看来世界即**人群**，而不在人群之中那是可怕的。
不得已**一个人**走路，一个人喝酒，一个人唱歌那是**可怕的**。

要不停地说话。
鸟儿们也在不停地说话所以并不高飞；有谁听到过鸟儿在高天喋喋不休？
风也在说话，不过有时**停下**。

.....

无法熄灭的往古。
“油炸鬼”作假。或将老玉件煮于沸水 30 分钟使之还阳。
仿佛**阴间**是可以**自由**往来的地方。

唐代不远，汉代也不远，战国人全都**站了起来**。
看见了孟子和荀子，看见了刘安、刘向、刘歆和刘义庆。
“刘向传经心事违。”
刘歆助王莽篡改《左传》**影响至今**。

潘家园人见多识广，包括对鬼魂的见识，但说**鬼**者寥寥，
害怕一旦说出便说出了**自己**。

鬼魂不做假，但也可以自称是假的吗？

鬼魂是假的那**人民币**是假的吗？

卖珠子的女人说我真遇到过鬼啊。那鬼，高个子，来到我家门口，头比门框还高呐，进不来或者不愿进。是他想吓唬我或者给我提个醒。我去**庙**里烧了七七四十九天香。把他的东西还给**天地**。他不再来了。

干宝《搜神记》卷二十载阮瞻素执无鬼论，有客造访聊谈名理，甚有辩才。及鬼神之事，客屈于阮瞻，乃作色曰：“即仆便是鬼！”须臾消灭。阮瞻默然，意色大恶。岁余病死。

但潘家园也是**蔑视**死亡的地方，
也是**无神论者**没啥高深题目却高谈阔论的地方，
也是**有神论者**祈求**神明**原谅的地方。

佛、菩萨、基督、天使、土地爷、财神爷、关公、文曲星漫步在潘家园。
他们的木像石像铜像或坐或立在遮阳伞下**不吭一声**。

他们听到陕西小贩说“我不挣小钱”所以要价 350 万售卖盗墓所得的西周盨。
他们听见天津小贩赌咒发誓：“这当然是老玛瑙不是玻璃哒；要玻璃哒我**吃啦**！”

.....

倒腾假货的人把自己倒腾成假人，
倒腾死人物件的人倒腾到自己的**死**。

死前他要求用**真药**这是人之常情，死前他面对**万事空**这是普通智力可以达到的。

他最后眺望一眼**星空**在他进入那星空之前，
好像，据说，置身于星空的人只能回望**地球**，看不到其它星星。

他的**恐惧**是千真万确的。眺望星空他的**崇高感**也是千真万确的。
崇高感总是来得**太晚**直到**勾销**真假的**未来**忽然露面。

在古代，死者惧怕盗墓贼：尤其**奉天承运**的帝王惧怕盗墓贼。
而今盗墓贼惧怕公安局，公安局惧怕**国家主席**。
国家主席在别的国家就是总统，
在古代就是**皇帝**。

当主席和当总统和当皇帝是一样的**感觉**吗？
你去问袁世凯或者拿破仑。

过去未来你去问**算命先生**，福祸寿夭你去问**和尚、道士**，
升官发财你去问**气功大师**，爱情涨落你去问**知心姐姐**，

对挣钱的**执着**不妨碍对**佛**的执着，而佛，无所执着。
你就别问了！你且住嘴。

.....
潘家园的风吹着潘家园的古今众身影。

《史记·伯夷列传》即使被茶叶水熏黄那也是天地间的大文章。

潘家园的司马迁不怕茶叶水。

但司马迁的**寂寞**就是五伯、七雄的寂寞：

就是古战场和帝王陵墓的寂寞、当今**乌烟瘴气**的市场的寂寞。

曾经，寂寞的清东陵来了孙殿英的**土匪兵**。

炸药包炸开地宫后土匪兵扣出了慈禧太后嘴里的夜明珠。

然后群山**依旧**寂寞、旷野依旧寂寞。百虫争鸣，**军阀**混战在**中国**的大地上。

而在 1800 年前。曹操的大军不允许马踩庄稼；

他招能纳士不问德行，对古墓也绝不放过。

他向**死人**要军饷拿下半个中国，但也只拿下半个中国。嘿嘿。

得罪了太多的死人他死前下令薄葬。

1800 年后其墓葬被发掘时墓室里值钱的只有玛瑙珠**一颗**。

墓在河南安阳西高穴。真墓？假墓？还是他人之墓？

河南省政府给它挂牌保护以便**开发旅游**。

收音机里的《三国演义》**评书**至今没有停播过，即使说评书的业已作古。

真与假，寂寞的**物件**。

半真半假的物件同样享受寂寞的**风雨、日光和星光**。

而偶见人骨和兽骨的**旷野**，还有大音希声的**群山** 乃是**寂寞本身**。

2014.1.27-2.4 春节的鞭炮声

Travels in Xichuan Province

Everywhere the *erhu* all about the street oh the whole street singing.
Everywhere the peddlers all about the street the great big sky.
Everywhere the daughters all about the street each one named Jade Orchid.
Everywhere the aunties all about the street all with eager faces.

Everywhere good people all about the street but this isn't heaven.
Each and every bad man always ends up lonely.
On each head of each believer a little white cap.
The nonbelievers sneak off too with their bowls in hand.

Everywhere little birds all about the city hungry for mutton.
Thirty thousand lambs stampeding to the city.
When the donkeys see it they break out in cold sweat.
Streams of donkey piss trickling down the street.

So if you pee in public you descend from donkeys,
Just like if you are insolent you were raised by horses.
But the deceitful and the harmful what about them?
I say they must have grown up in a pack of mules.

Boys and girls hold hands they're wearing faded colors.
The drinking and the swearing are ancestral tradition.
Each and every Audi A6 is driving to the Han Dynasty.
Newly produced old tricycles come with electric motors.

All the dazzling sunlight all the driving rain,
Chives and sandy scallion all a vigorous green.
The pigheaded Yellow River never looks back.
If you're feeling happy kid then open your mouth and howl.

Open your mouth and howl kid if you aren't happy.
You won't be depressed kid living without a heart.
Mahjong games throughout the city suddenly break out.
The next generation on the street can never get enough.

August 19, 2014

西川省纪行

满街的胡琴啊 满街的唱。
满街的小买卖 大喇喇的天。
满街的闺女 都叫翠兰。
满街的大妈 热情的脸。

满街的好人 这不是天堂。
做坏人到头来 必孤单。
信神的头顶着 白帽子。
不信神的也一溜 端着饭碗。

满城的小鸟 想吃羊肉。
三万只绵羊 往城里赶。
看得毛驴大叔们 出冷汗。
一泡泡驴尿 尿街边。

所以随地小便的 是驴下的，
就像缺心眼儿的 全是马养的。
那坑人害人的 如何比？
定是骡子群里 长大的。

手抓手的男女 是褪了色的。
喝酒骂人 是祖传的。
奥迪 A6 是奔汉朝的。
刚出厂的旧三轮 是电动的。

亮花花的太阳光 急刹刹的雨，
沙葱韭菜 可劲地绿。
一根筋的黄河 它不回头。
你小子开心 就扒开嗓子吼。

你小子不开心 也扒开嗓子吼。
当知有命无心 不忧愁。
忽然满城的麻将 全开打。
满街的下一代 玩不够。

2014.8.19