

顧隨：倦駝菴東坡詞說

Interpretation of Su Tung-p'o's *Tz'u*

By Ku Sui

Translated by Huang Kuo-pin and Teresa Yee-wha Yü

Introduction

SINCE I BEGAN TO study *tz'u*, I have never enjoyed reading the songs by Su Tung-p'o 蘇東坡 (1036-1101). The much celebrated "Eastward the River flows on" (大江東去) of *Nien-nu chiao* 念奴嬌 was lightly passed over by me, not to mention his other works. In the past, when I was teaching at the University at the Western City, I took up the discussion of Su's *tz'u* occasionally. One day, in the classroom, I selected his *Yung-yü le* 永遇樂: "Bright moon like frost" (明月如霜) for discussion with my students. I commented on it with elaboration and found my audience entranced. From then on, I gradually realized that Tung-p'o really possessed unequalled qualities and I must have done him injustice. After I finished interpreting the *tz'u* by Hsin Ch'i-chi in late summer this year, when autumn was about to begin, I was unoccupied and by chance had an annotated edition of the *Songs of Tung-p'o* by Lung Yü-sheng 龍榆生. Thus I went over his complete works and was able to tell the merits from the defects of his *tz'u* poems and I made a selection for comment. When I discussed the poetry of Hsin Ch'i-chi, I was only expressing in words the critical opinions I had locked up in my mind for years. What I am going to say about Su Tung-p'o now, on the other hand, is based on what I gathered from my brief encounter with his works over a few days. If my interpretation of Hsin can be said to have resulted from "gradual progress", that of Su, then, can be described as the product of "sudden enlightenment".

As for those who may have access to my interpretation and read it, I would advise them to read Su's *tz'u* first and read them all. When they study a piece, they should first read it quickly to get the gist, then read it carefully to understand its meaning, and finally close the book and meditate on it to grasp the spirit. There must be some that are superior and some that are inferior; some that are explicable and some that are beyond comprehension. But once the general conception of a poem is understood, those that are superior and explicable can be put aside, but those that are inferior should not be; nor should readers try to make far-fetched

interpretations of those that are beyond their comprehension for the moment. Before taking up my interpretation they should read the original poems once more, then deliberate for a little while, asking themselves: "What is this chap Bitter Water going to say?" Then they should proceed to read my interpretation word by word and check it with the original poem. This is the proper way of learning. If they do not read it in this manner, but just glance over it as soon as they get hold of it, they would be doing injustice not only to Tung-p'o and Bitter Water, but also to themselves.

They should also bear in mind that true learning must not follow in the footsteps of other people, or have preconceived ideas. If my readers should say that my theory constitutes a cast-iron case, I would not be pleased at all, but would rather plead: "Not guilty!" If this be the case, how is Bitter Water going to face the students of poetry and how are the students of poetry going to face themselves? If on the other hand readers of my interpretation blame me for babbling, I wouldn't feel unduly vexed, but still I would feel that it was unfair. If this be the case, how are the students of poetry going to face Bitter Water and how is Bitter Water going to face himself?

Bitter Water lacking the ability of Ma Tzu 馬祖, whose shout at Po Chang 百丈 deafened his ears for three days, the reader will have to follow the example of Lin Chi 臨濟, who, returning to Huang Po 黃檗 after having received instruction from Ta Yü 大愚, smacked Huang Po on the face as soon as the latter opened his mouth;¹ otherwise, when will Bitter Water and the students of poetry be rid of their ignorance?

When I interpret *tz'u*, I seem to be discussing the theory of literature, but actually I am discussing the text. Students of poetry should try to grasp the spirit rather than understand the meaning of the *tz'u* under discussion. If they manage to understand many petty details without grasping the essence of the ancient classics, what is the point? If they can grasp the spirit, they need not ask whether Bitter Water agrees or not, because Bitter Water would be the first to ask whether they are attempting to grasp the spirit or not. Students of poetry should also try to learn by self-enlightenment and confirmation. If the interpretation by Bitter Water is worthless, why bother to read him at all? If it is worth reading, who is it that teaches him to interpret *tz'u* in this way? Aside from the interpretation of *tz'u*, if Bitter Water picks up a few questions in the Zen catechism and tries to discuss them with the readers, they should appreciate his earnest intention and not treat such discussions as trivial digressions. In any event, what I have said above is meant for students of poetry who wish to study under my guidance. As to those brilliant masters and severe critics, my interpretation is in black and white here, ready to be scrutinized, sifted and criticized. Even if they should go so far as to administer a thundering warning, I would still be glad to bear them.

¹ According to Zen Buddhism, neither reflection nor words are needed to restore a person to his original wisdom, that is, his innate understanding of Buddhist truth, which is generally obscured; the only way to enlighten the person is to shout at him or beat

him with a club. Zen masters consider the use of reflection and words ineffective, for they cannot bring about one's enlightenment, whereas shouting and clubbing can.

To the Tune of *Yung-yü le*

永遇樂

Written After Spending the Night in Hsü Chou and
Ascending the Swallow Tower After a Dream

徐州夜夢覺登燕子樓作

*Bright moon like frost;
Fine breeze like water.
The scene was clear and boundless.
Fish were jumping in the winding creek,
And dewdrops rolling off the round lotus.
All these went unappreciated, in solitude.
Boom—the midnight drum struck,
Clang—a leaf fell to the ground.
In the dark my amorous dream was interrupted,
with a start.
The night being so vast,
It was impossible to recapture the dream;
I walked through every turn of the garden.*

明月如霜
好風如水
清景無限
曲港跳魚
圓荷瀉露
寂寞無人見
猶如三鼓
鏗然一葉
黯黯夢雲驚斷
夜茫茫
重尋無處
覺來小園行徧

*A weary traveler at the end of the world,
Gazing at the mountain path leading home,
Which lies hopelessly beyond the reach of my
yearning eyes.
Now that the Swallow Pavilion stands empty,
Where has the beautiful lady gone,
Leaving the swallows behind the locked door?
Past and present are like a dream
From which one never really wakes up—
A dream filled with old joys and new sorrows.
Some day he who sees the Yellow Pavilion at night,
Will certainly heave a sigh for me.*

天涯倦客
山中歸路
望斷故園心眼
燕子樓空
佳人何在
空鎖樓中燕
古今如夢
何曾夢覺
但有舊歡新怨
異時對黃樓夜景
爲余浩歎

tr. by Ying-hsiung Chou

Su Tung-p'o is certainly a master in depicting scenes, practically unequaled by his successors. Take this poem for example: lines 1-2 (Bright moon . . .), 4-5 (Winding stream . . .), and 7-9 (Boom . . .), are written apparently without effort. Indeed, they have accurately brought out both the feeling and the scene, happy in language as well as in content. However, when analysed in detail, they display various shades and levels, not haphazardly lumped together. Lines 1-2 give only a general description, but lines 4-5 subtly elaborate on it in detail. The fish in the winding creek will not jump except during quiet hours; the dew-drops on the round lotus leaves will not roll until deep in the night. These are actual scenes. Yet a person without keen perception would not be able to detect them, and a poet without supreme technique would not be able to describe them, let alone those who are dull of perception and superficial in observation. Lines 7-8 are unmistakably descriptions of the drum ("boom") and the leaf ("clang"), and clearly indicate the presence of

sound. Yet they are dim and hazy, like light cloud and faint dew, like a few pointed peaks out of which a speck of colour can be clearly discerned. These two short lines cannot create such an atmosphere without the following line, which fittingly supplies the missing link. The words "an-an" 黯黯 (deep, deep), "meng-yün" 夢雲 (cloud-dream, amorous dream) and "tuan" 斷 (broken) more than complement and enhance the previous two lines; they fuse with them harmoniously as milk with water. The word "ching" 驚 (startle) is in the first level tone 陰平 and contains gentleness in its strength. Thus although it has a dynamic quality, it sets up tension and harmonizes with the preceding two lines. When we read them, listen to them, or even go so far as to feel them with our hands, we find no trace of angularity or ostentation. One cannot help chuckling over those who, conditioned by the view that Su's writings "oppress the reader like 'winds from the sky and rains from the sea'",² regard him as a *tz'u* poet of the *hao-fang* 豪放 (powerful and free) school, and frequently pair him with Hsin Ch'i-chi. It is clear then that, as regards the aspects of Su's *tz'u* poetry just mentioned, these people are completely ignorant.

Let us drop this line of discussion for the time being and raise the hypothetical question: Has Bitter Water, interpreting Su's poem in the above manner, succeeded in grasping its gist? If the answer is "no", everything is done with, and you can pretend that Bitter Water has not said a word. The poem remains intact, and is none the worse for Bitter Water's remarks. If the answer is "yes", does it mean that, when Su composed this poem, he wrote it in accordance with the detailed considerations described by Bitter Water? No, certainly not. It was simply because his poetic world, long inherent in his genius, learning, temperament and spirit, came to the tip of his brush and gave rise to this wonderful poem, when his hand and heart, triggered by this fortuitous concourse, worked in unison. Otherwise, Su would only be a common sculptor who fashions mud into human figures. That is why Bitter Water often tells students of poetry that what he says of a certain poem takes time to say, while a poet like Su when he created poetry often did so in a split second. When he moved his brush, it was as swift as a falcon swooping down at the sight of a leaping hare. Consequently the finished poem bore no trace of the creative process. Those who are intelligent can grasp the spirit of the poem at a mere glance. Next come those who can grasp it by reading the poem aloud. Last come those who can do so only through listening to the intelligent reading it to them. Otherwise, even if Bitter Water tries to interpret the poem in all earnestness, like one cutting a melon and exposing all its seeds, even if the audience are all smiles when they are listening, and memorize thoroughly what Bitter Water says until they know his words backwards, the result will still be as disastrous as:

"You go your way, to the Hsiao and Hsiang Rivers, 君向瀟湘我向秦
*And I go my way, to the State of Ch'in."*³

²Translator's note: The phrase "winds from the sky and rains from the sea" is taken from Su's *tz'u* *Ch'üeh-ch'iao hsien* 鵲橋仙, by Chao I-tao 晁以道, one of Su's disciples, to describe the effect of singing Su's *Tz'u*. It was repeatedly used by later poets and critics and become almost a conditioned reflex when

they characterized Su's style.

³Cheng Ku 鄭谷: Written after parting with his friend on the Huai River 淮上別友詩. The Hsiao and Hsiang Rivers are in the Southeast, while the State of Ch'in is in the Northwest.

Having digressed thus far, let us now go back to the poem. In lines 1 and 2, the word "ju" 如 (like) in the phrases "ju-shuang" 如霜 (like frost) and "ju-shui" 如水 (like water) is somewhat contrived. In lines 4-5, the characters "t'iao" 跳 in "t'iao-yü" 跳魚 (jumping fish) and "hsieh" 瀉 in "hsieh-lu" 瀉露 (rolling dew-drops) are somewhat laboured. Whatever merits these lines have, they are not as mellow and effortless as lines 7-9. As to line 3:

The scene was clear and boundless,

and line 6:

All these went unappreciated, in solitude,

Bitter Water used to suspect them to be the flaws in the whole poem, thinking that if the poet considered them to be the only way in which he could express his inspiration, he was incompetent, and that if the reader considered them to be the only way in which the poem could be made comprehensible, he was dull. In short, Bitter Water believed that these two lines served no purpose, either from the standpoint of the writer or from that of the reader. But now I have second thoughts. Why? Before I answer this question, let me explicate lines 10 and 11 first:

*The night being so vast,
It was impossible to recapture the dream.*

The word "hsün" 尋 (seek) refers to the phrase "meng-yün" 夢雲 (cloud-dream, amorous dream) in line 9. At this particular moment, the poet is not yet fully awake, probably still lying in bed, half asleep, trying to trace and recapture the broken dream. That is why only in the next line does he wake and walk through every turn of the garden.

Now, let us go back to the scenes depicted in the first 6 lines. Not only are they scenes the poet sees after he has awakened and walked through every turn of the garden, but they are also his realization, upon having awakened, walked through every turn of the garden, and seen the things around him, that during his sleep and dream, the frost-like moon, the water-like breeze, the jumping fish and the rolling dew-drops were there all the time. Alas! We may go to sleep and dream, but the moon itself is always like frost and the breeze like water while the fish go on jumping and the dew-drops go on rolling. We are born into this world, which is an endless sea of suffering, with endless karma-consciousness. We mistake illusion for reality and wickedness for goodness. Before our very eyes, there are so many beautiful things that have passed by without being noticed and enjoyed, not to mention those high above and far away beyond our reach. This is surely a great tragedy for men of ideas and integrity. Thus, line 3 "The scene was clear and boundless" and line 6 "All these went unappreciated, in solitude" are surely touching and yet restrained. How could one say then that these lines are flaws? Bitter Water must have been blind of one eye in those days; he must now offer his penitence to Su from the bottom of his heart.

As to the word “*meng*” 夢 in the phrase *meng yün* 夢雲 (amorous dream, literally cloud-dream), what does it refer to? Bitter Water thinks that it is a mere dream and does not necessarily refer to a particular dream. Perhaps one can let it refer to a particular dream if one wants, but it is certainly not a dream about Kuan P’an-p’an 關盼盼.⁴ One of Wang Kuo-wei 王國維’s poems has the following line:

How intolerable that dreams at night serve but to 不堪宵夢續塵勞
continue mundane toils.

According to Bitter Water, the dream in the night is nothing but toil of this mortal life. Su Tung-p’o here means exactly the same thing. That is why in copying the subtitle of this poem, Bitter Water intended to leave out “ascending the Swallow Tower”, because in the poem we find nothing that hints at “ascending”. It follows, then, that the phrase “written after awakening from a dream” alone would be adequate; why mention Hsü Chou at all? Bitter Water thinks that without the name Hsü Chou, “the Swallow Tower” in the poem would appear too abrupt, coming, so to speak, from nowhere. There is another text with the following subtitle: “Written after spending the night at the Swallow Tower and seeing Kuan P’an-p’an in my dream.” On this subtitle, Chêng Weng-ch’o has passed the following strictures: “Su Tung-p’o would never use such fantastic nonsense as his subtitle.” Chêng is correct, but then he quotes Wang Wên-ko’s commentary and says that the poem was written after the poet had ascended the Swallow Tower in a dream and visited the place the next day. This, too, is pedantry, another case of “trying to recover the sword dropped into the river by cutting a mark on the side of the boat”. At this point, students of poetry might ask what it is that entitles Bitter Water to speak with such finality, hardly realizing that rather than Bitter Water making a great deal of fuss over nothing, it is themselves who have failed to study the poem with care. Try to read the second stanza, which gradually unfolds the theme. It dwells only upon the tragic sense of life without a trace of romantic love. This is Su’s true confession; Bitter Water need not go on with further interrogation to elicit evidence from him. Lines 13-15 lament the evanescence of life, which cannot even be compared to fallen leaves, for fallen leaves can still return to the roots. Lines 16-18 imply that whether people leave behind a good or bad name in history, everything in their lives will only serve as material for gossip in generations to come. Lines 19-21 (“Past and present are like a dream” 古今如夢) further suggest that for human beings, lost in the sea of suffering, karma-consciousness is intangible, affording hardly a firm basis for explanation. In the last three lines, the Swallow Tower reminds the poet of the Yellow Tower. A thousand years from now, posterity will think of Kuan P’an-p’an whenever they see the Swallow Tower. They will also think of Su whenever they see the Yellow Tower, which was built by Su himself. When will this lament, repeating itself from generation to generation, ever end? This is exactly what is meant by “succeeding generations are lamented by generations that succeed them.” Thus, in the entire universe, from antiquity to the present, human beings, supposed to be

⁴Chang Chien-feng 張建封 (735-800)’s favorite concubine, who did not remarry after his death and locked herself up in the Swallow Tower built especially for her.

superior creatures, are all in a great dream, with no hope of ever waking up. Consequently, man's predicament seems all the more tragic, because while he is dreaming, the moon is like frost, the breeze like water, the fish are jumping, and the dew-drops are rolling. This being the case, how can the poem have anything to do with the poet's ascending the Swallow Tower and dreaming of Kuan P'an-p'an? Let me ask you, discerning students of poetry, was Su awake when he was composing this poem or was he still dreaming? If he was still dreaming, then, Bitter Water is talking about a dream while dreaming himself! An ancient poet once wrote:

You cry in vain, until your tears become blood, 啼得血流無用處
You may as well keep silent for the rest of Spring. 不如緘口度殘春

Preface to the Appendix

AFTER I HAD DECIDED to discuss Su Tung-p'o's *tz'u* and made my selections, I went over them carefully. In so doing, I found that five anthology pieces, well known to the reading public, had been left out on the following grounds: since they had already been chosen by anthologists and were practically known to all, their merits must be quite obvious to discerning eyes and needed no further comment from me. On second thoughts, however, I felt that I had something to say about them after all. Hence my brief discussion of the five poems, now included in the book as an appendix.

Bitter Water

At the Temple of the Tired Camel

To the Tune of *Nien-nu chiao*

念奴嬌

Ancient Thoughts at the Red Cliff

赤壁懷古

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|---|----------------|
| <i>Eastward the River rolls on,</i> | 大江東去 |
| <i>Washing away</i> | 浪淘盡 |
| <i>The traces of dashing men thousands of generations past.</i> | 千古風流人物 故壘西邊 |
| <i>West of the old fortress, at the Red Cliff, it is said</i> | 人道是 |
| <i>Chou of the Three Kingdoms won his battle.</i> | 三國周郎赤壁 |
| <i>Now clouds crumbled over scattered rocks;</i> | 亂石崩雲 |
| <i>Furious waves, crashing upon the bank</i> | 驚濤裂岸 |
| <i>Hurl up a thousand heaps of snow.</i> | 捲起千堆雪 |
| <i>Vivid as a picture, the River and the hills—</i> | 江山如畫 |
| <i>What a host of heroes they once held!</i> | 一時多少豪傑 |

| | |
|---|--------|
| <i>Imagine Chou Yü in those days,</i> | 遙想公瑾當年 |
| <i>When he had just married Younger Ch'iao:</i> | 小喬初嫁了 |

Ku Sui 顧隨, whose style is Hsien-chi 羨季, called himself Bitter Water (苦水, K'u Shui) because it was similar in sound to his name. He was born in 1897 in Hopei. Before obtaining his B.A. degree in English at National Peking University, he studied briefly at Pei-yang University in Tientsin. Upon graduation, he began his teaching career in several middle schools in Shantung and Tientsin, and finally settled in Peking, the cultural metropolis at that time. In 1928, he began to offer Chinese Literature courses at Yenching University and National Peking University, establishing himself as an all-round scholar of Chinese Literature and a *tz'u* 詞 specialist. During the Sino-Japanese war, he taught at Fu Jen University, where Professor Chia-ying Yeh Chao attended and began a lasting teacher-disciple relationship with him. Professor Ku continued to teach at Fu Jen University after 1949 until he was transferred to Tientsin Normal College in 1953. In 1960, he died of an illness at the age of 63.

Professor Chia-ying Yeh is herself an accomplished scholar of Chinese poetry and *tz'u*, having published several volumes of essays and many papers on her favorite topics and spent more than 25 years teaching at National Taiwan University, doing research at Harvard University, and serving as Professor of Chinese Literature at the University of British Columbia since 1969. A sense of profound gratitude to her former teacher has driven her to collect his writings through his colleagues, acquaintances and various other channels, with a view to having them reprinted in the future. It has taken her many years to assemble Professor Ku's publications, which include six volumes of regulated *shih* 詩 and *tz'u* (from 1928 to 1944, mostly limited editions and 2 titles are hand-copied), two volumes of *chü* 曲, and one volume of critical essays entitled *Interpretation of Su Tung-p'o's Tz'u*. She understands that Professor Ku has also written a book entitled *Interpretation of Hsin Ch'i-chi's Tz'u*, but so far she has not succeeded in tracing it.

Upon the request of the editor, Professor Chia-ying Yeh agreed to publish the lecture notes of her mentor's *Interpretation of Su Tung-p'o's Tz'u*, taken by her at China University (中國大學), Peking, as a part-time lecturer in 1943. These notes are by no means complete;

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|---|---------------|
| <i>Full of youthful vigor,</i> | 雄姿英發 |
| <i>Wearing a silk turban and holding a feather fan.</i> | 羽扇綸巾 |
| <i>While he was chatting and laughing,</i> | 談笑間檣灰風煙滅 |
| <i>His powerful enemy scattered like flying ashes and smoke.</i> | 故國神遊 多情應笑我 |
| <i>In this old country his spirit wanders—⁵</i> | 早生華髮 |
| <i>Ah, the general would laugh at me,</i> | 人間如夢 |
| <i>For being sentimental and having grey hair at such an early age.</i> | 一尊還酹江月 |
| <i>The world is like a dream.</i> | |
| <i>Let me but pour a libation to the River moon!</i> | |

The reputation of Su Shih as a *tz'u* poet was founded on this piece. It is on the strength of this piece, too, that critics have considered Su's style to be "powerful and free" (*Hao-fang* 豪放), and linked his name to that of Hsin. I seldom use the

⁵ Lines 18-20 (故國神遊, 多情應笑我, 早生華髮 in the original) have generally been interpreted as: Su's mind has wandered back to his native land Szechwan, where, he imagines, he is laughed at by the spirit of

his deceased wife for being sentimental. This explanation seems, however, to be out of place with the rest of the poem. Hence the interpretation in the translation.

nevertheless they represent the achievement of Ku Sui as an outstanding *tz'u* scholar and constitute part of his writings hitherto completely inaccessible to students of Chinese Literature. These notes were turned over in early 1979 to Professor Yeh's student, Miss Teresa Yu, who translated the five pieces in the Appendix and the Afterword. However, with admirable persistence, Professor Yeh finally succeeded in locating Bitter Water's *Interpretation of Su Tung-p'o's Tz'u* in its written form, which was serialized in the weekly literary supplement of a Tientsin vernacular newspaper from December 8, 1947 to April 1, 1949. A hand-copied version of the original manuscript was airmailed to and received by the editor in December 1979. After checking the original with the lecture notes, the editor found that the lecture notes were too brief and that some passages and sentences were missing. The first piece on *Yung-yü le* in the form of lecture notes, for example, was only about half the length of the original. While the editor was more than pleased with the discovery of the original, he felt compelled to reinstate the missing parts to the translations. Mr. K.B. Wong was thus called upon to translate the original Introduction, the first piece, and Short Preface to the Appendix in order to give the proper background of the entire collection of interpretative comments.

It must be pointed out that, while Bitter Water has a high regard for Su as a *tz'u* writer, as evidenced in his interpretation of the ten *tz'u* poems in the main section, he is somewhat reserved in his opinion of the five famous anthology pieces in the Appendix. Unfortunately, the main section runs much longer than the Appendix. As a result, only one piece of the former is given below in order to meet the demand of time. The interpretative comments presented may not give a balanced picture of or do justice to Bitter Water as a critic. However, it can be seen from the comments that Bitter Water is a very sensitive and discerning interpreter, who is not easily influenced by popular taste, but often detects the facile and superficial phrasing of well-known pieces. It is hoped that Bitter Water's *Interpretation* will be read as a sincere and perceptive reassessment of *tz'u* poets, not as a conscious and wilful attempt to reverse traditional and established opinions.

expression "powerful and free" in discussing *tz'u*, but this piece, I must say, belongs to that category indeed. The waning of heroes in the inexorable flow of time is a truly sad thought. Brought objectively to the surface in such a manner, the event is no longer pathetic and the poem becomes spirited and refreshing. The last five lines in stanza 2 well illustrate this point, not to mention lines 9-15.

"Powerful and free" as it is, this poem should not be hastily compared with Hsin's works. It lacks two essential qualities—strength and robustness—which mark Hsin's works, even though there is a touch of such qualities in lines 6-8. One would not be too wide of the mark even if one were to say that, in Su's complete works, only these three lines are comparable to Hsin Ch'i-chi's *tz'u* in terms of strength and robustness. The rest of this piece is full of leisurely grace and gentle contemplation, characteristic of his transcendent style. In this respect, stanza 1 is quite successful. By contrast, stanza 2 seems slightly superficial and facile, and is not truly in the style of grace and gentle contemplation. How is one to associate Chou Yü's youthful vigor with his marriage with Younger Ch'iao? Yet, this idea is not altogether unacceptable. But how is it possible that, while one was "chatting and laughing", a powerful enemy scattered like flying ashes and smoke?

In the past, when I came across "On Reading History" by Tso Ssu 左思 (250?-350?):

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| <i>Glancing left, I conquered the Kingdom of Wu;</i> | 左眇澄江湘 |
| <i>Looking right, I subjugated the Ch'iang and the</i> | 右盼定羌胡 |
| <i>northern tribes.</i> | 功成不受爵 |
| <i>I refused to accept any honor and title,</i> | 長揖歸田廬 |
| <i>And returned to my farmstead after a deep bow.</i> | |

I thought it might not be too difficult to withdraw one's self from a spectacular success, but saying that he could conquer the Kingdom of Wu with a glance and subjugate the Ch'iang and the northern tribes with a look, Tso Szu must have been responsible for the habit of subsequent writers in talking big. I laughed at this and thought that either Tso was bluffing, or he was brazen. Although one cannot say that Tung-p'o is engaged in praising himself while overtly praising Chou Yü, it is difficult to deny that there is something akin in the essential spirit. Thus, though "this old country" of line 16 must be referring to the Three Kingdoms and "laugh at me" may refer to Chou Yü, while "having grey hair at such an early age" must be referring to the poet himself. These three lines, when linked together, do not make much sense. When Hsin Ch'i-chi wrote:

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|--|----------|
| <i>I do not regret missing the ancient sages;</i> | 不恨古人吾不見 |
| <i>I only regret that they are unable to see how un-</i> | 恨古人不見吾狂耳 |
| <i>disciplined I am!</i> | |

he was criticized for it. These lines by Su are even more superficial and deserve more reproach. In the first two lines after the break of the first stanza, in particular:

*Imagine Chou Yü in those days
When he had just married Younger Ch'iao.*

one can easily see how leisurely grace and gentle contemplation can degenerate into superficiality and frivolity. As for those who tried unsuccessfully to imitate Su's style and turned out clichés, they had only themselves to blame; Bitter Water cannot bring himself to lay this at Su's door.

To the Tune of *Shui-tiao Ko-t'ou*

水調歌頭

On Mid-autumn night of the year *ping-ch'en* I
drank till dawn to intoxication, after which, think-
ing of Tzu-yu, I wrote this poem.

丙辰中秋歡飲達旦大
醉作此篇兼懷子由

*Since when did the bright moon begin to shine?
With a cup of wine in hand I ask the deep blue sky.
I wonder what day it is
Tonight in Heaven.
I long to ride back with the wind,
But fear that the crystal halls and jade mansions
Would be too cold on high.*

明月幾時有
把酒問青天
不知天上宮闕
今夕是何年
我欲乘風歸去
惟恐瓊樓玉宇
高處不勝寒
起舞弄清影

*Rising to dance and frolic with my clear shadow—
How is it comparable with earthly joy?*

何似在人間

*Around the vermilion chamber,
Past the painted window,
The moon shines on the sleepless one.
The moon should have no ill feeling;
Why is it always full when men are separated?
Men have their joys and sorrows, their meetings
and partings.
The moon has its bright and dim moments, its
waxing and waning.
Since time began there has never been lasting per-
fection.
I only wish that we could both be healthy and
well,
To share the sight of this fair beauty thousands of
miles apart.*

轉朱閣
低綺戶
照無眠
不應有恨
何事長向別時圓
人有悲歡離合
月有陰晴圓缺
此事古難全
但願人長久
千里共嬋娟

Of all the *tz'u* poems by Su Shih, the one which has won most acclaim over the ages is *Nien-nu chiao*. In terms of poignancy, however, *Shui-tiao ko-t'ou* is surely the best. With its grand sweep, *Nien-nu chiao* may sound a little overpowering. This poem, by contrast, is mellow and serene in thought, and may be more appealing to most people. Personally, I believe the best part of the poem lies in the last four lines of the first stanza.

In the West poets and men of faith often glorify God, spurn reality, and try to seek eternal life in Heaven. On the other hand, those who are resentful and skeptical and believe in human instinct and reason would scorn the afterlife, feel quite contented with the mundane and the worldly and sing the praises of this earth. Personally, I think neither of these is relevant to the outlooks of the Chinese. The Chinese intellectuals, traditionally Confucian in their outlook, are concerned with the relationship between human nature and the universe. The Taoists, on the other hand, leave everything to nature and the Buddhists believe in negation and the void. The three streams of thought seem to diverge but end in fact in confluence. The writers derive their inspiration from *Li-sao* 離騷 and *The Book of Songs* while the recluses seek refuge in wild nature. They all try to forget themselves in wine and song or indulge in "the wind and the moon". As to those who express their feelings and discontent in the form of elegies or use poetry as a means of praise and eulogy, we need not discuss them. Thus, Chinese and Westerners display their sentiments through poetry in a very different manner. The Chinese who aim high are not necessarily religious fanatics; those who attach themselves to earthly pleasures are not necessarily realists. I used to think that the philosophy represented in the first stanza of this poem of Su's tallied happily with modern Western thought. On closer examination, I no longer think the same. Su does not seem to commit himself either to heaven or to earth. Because of his talent, he can afford to sound lofty and free, thus differing from the deliberately realistic approach of the West. In this respect,

perhaps Chu Tun-ju 朱敦儒's famous couplet in *Che-ku t'ien* 鷓鴣天 bears a closer resemblance to Su's poem:

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| <i>I am too lazy to return to jade halls and gold mansions,</i> | 玉樓金闕慵歸去 且插梅花醉洛陽 |
| <i>Let me get drunk in Loyang with plum blossoms in my hair.</i> | |

The only difference is that Chu's lines are too plain in statement and makes too much of a pose, while Su's are more fluent and translucent, thus more appealing. They seem, nevertheless, to be in the same tradition. Han Yü expresses a similar feeling in his lines:

| | |
|--|---------|
| <i>So long as I can put up with this world,</i> | 我能屈曲自世間 |
| <i>How could I follow you and live in the fairy mountains?</i> | 安能從汝巢神山 |

These lines sound bitter and blatant, when compared with Su's, which are marked by a gentle restraint.

The second stanza of Su's poem seems a little too mellow and sweet. This mellowness is one of Su's characteristics, shown often at the height of his lyricism. Those who try to imitate this closely, however, end up missing the true essence of his style, which often leads to undesirable effects. I disapprove of these works and would refrain from discussing them.

To the Tune of *Shui-lung-yin*

水龍吟

To the Rhyme of Chang Chih-fu's *tz'u* "Willow Catkins"

次韻章質夫楊花詞

*It looks like a flower, but is not a flower.
No one cares and lets it fall,
Cast off to wander by the roadside,
So indifferent it seems
Yet, as one ponders, so full of feeling.
Perturbed, on the point of opening, its sleepy eyes
close,
Dreaming, it follows the wind for thousands of
miles
In search of its lover.
Finally, it is wakened by the song of a warbler.*

似花還似非花
也無人惜從教墜
拋家傍路
思量卻是
無情有思
縈損柔腸
困酣嬌眼
欲開還閉
夢隨風萬里
尋郎去處
又還被
鶯呼起

*I do not regret that the catkins have all fallen.
I only regret that
All the fallen red petals in the Western Garden
cannot be gathered anymore.*

不恨此花飛盡
恨西園落紅難綴
曉來雨過
遺蹤何在

*The rain ceases with the approach of dawn.
Where have they left their traces?
A pond full of broken duckweeds!
Ah, of all the colors of spring.
Two parts have gone to the dust,
One to the flowing water—
As I look closer,
I see not catkins,
But drops and drops of parted lovers' tears!*

一池萍碎
春色三分
二分塵土
一分流水
細看來不是楊花點點
是離人淚

I am an admirer of Wang Kuo-wei, my senior as a critic of *tz'u*. However, I cannot agree with him when he says that this is the best *tz'u* on external objects (*yung-wu tz'u* 詠物詞). Furthermore he goes on to say that although it is written in response to the *tz'u* by Chang Chieh 章燦 (?-1102) to the same tune, yet it sounds like an original. I do not consider sounding like an original sufficient reason for liking this poem. Is it because in the realm of poetry and *tz'u* I have no taste for "poems on objects"? In short, I cannot force myself to concur with Wang.

Tu Fu's poems may have heavy strokes, but no vulgar ones, but Li Po has occasional vulgar lapses. Hsin Ch'i-chi's *tz'u* may have crude expressions, but no vulgar ones, while Su Tung-po does have vulgar expressions. Is this because their learning could not measure up to their talent, so that in writing poetry and *tz'u*, even Li and Su, when careless in the least, would not be free from committing vulgarisms?

As to the *tz'u Shui-tiao ko-t'ou*, I do not have a high opinion of the second stanza, because, though not representing vulgarity, it borders on being vulgar. As to this poem, it is plain vulgarism. The first six lines of the first stanza is almost as vulgar and commonplace as some of the worst *san-chü* 散曲 written by minor Yüan and Ming writers. Lines such as "cast off to wander by the roadside", and "for thousands of miles in search of its lover" in particular, are obvious examples. The first two lines of the second stanza are fine, but the "fallen red petals" have nothing to do with willow catkins. The following lines:

*The rain ceases with the approach of dawn.
Where have they left their traces?
A pond of broken duckweeds!*

are explicitly descriptive and lacks refinement, but nonetheless they are pleasing in their tender thoughts. It is a pity that the line

Where have they left their traces?

sticks out in the middle, like a blemish on a piece of jade, spoiling the unity of the three lines as a whole. On the next three lines, beginning with:

Ah, of all the colors of spring

Bitter Water would refrain from commenting. As to the final couplet which compares "catkins" to "parted lovers' tears", Bitter Water would exclaim: "No! No!" and more emphatically for the third time: "No!" Has anyone ever seen "tears of parted lovers" so light and frivolous? It is hard to understand why the poet wants to emphasize this by "looking closer". Now we know for sure that Su is not essentially a lyricist. For sensitive and subtle depiction of deep feelings, Su is clearly not equal to Hsin.

To the Tune of *Tieh lien hua*

蝶戀花

*The flowers are shedding their faded red,
Under the tiny, green apricots.
As swallows fly about,
Green waters encircle the houses.
Catkins on the willows are blown ever scarcer.
As far as the horizon, everywhere is a stretch of
green.*

花褪殘紅青杏小
燕子飛時
綠水人家繞
枝上柳綿吹又少
天涯何處無芳草
牆裏鞦韆牆外道
牆外行人
牆裏佳人笑
笑漸不聞聲漸悄
多情卻被無情惱

*Inside the wall a swing sways,
Outside lies the road.
Outside the wall is a traveller,
Inside, a beauty's laughter.
The laughter gradually softens, the sound gradually
fades away.
Ah, he who is full of feelings is troubled
By one with none at all!*

One anecdote records that Chao-yün (朝雲 Morning Cloud), Su's concubine, was so overwhelmed with emotion every time she sang the fifth and sixth lines of this poem that she would not stop chanting those lines even when she was ill. After she died, Su stopped singing this *tz'u* for the rest of his life. I think this might be a true story. Yet Lu Chi (陸機) once wrote:

*When the leaves are about to fall,
The wind does not have to be strong;
When Meng Ch'ang wept on meeting the musician
Yung Ch'iu,
The melancholy music played only a small part.*

落葉俟微風以隕
而風之力蓋寡
孟嘗遭雍阿以泣
而琴之感以末

Indeed, a leaf that is about to fall needs no help from the wind, and tears that are ready to be shed do not rely on sad music to hasten their flow. Perhaps this was why Chao-yün was moved to tears every time she came to those lines. Wang Yü-yang 王漁洋 writes of these two lines by Su:

Such delicacy of feelings may not even be rivaled by Liu Yung. Who says that Su Shih knows only how to write lines such

as "Eastward the River rolls on . . ."? Su is extraordinary indeed! . . .

Perhaps Su is extraordinary, but I doubt his supremacy in depicting delicate feelings. Feelings and thoughts evolve when the heart meets with the external world. But in these two lines, Su's contemplations seem to override his emotions, so that he does not totally relate himself to reality. If the catkins are becoming scarcer as green grass grows all over the place, those who are easily moved would begin to mourn the passing away of spring. Yet on the other hand, the green grass is a sight to enjoy, and since it fills the horizon, one can seek a sense of joy wherever one goes. Isn't such a thought more contemplative than emotional, more objective than subjective? If we compare them with these lines from Hsin, we can immediately see the difference:

| | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| <p><i>When finally he comes, spring will be gone. The plums will be in clusters, The bamboo shoots, too, will have grown into trunks.</i></p> | <p>待得來時春盡也 梅結子 筍成竿</p> |
|---|--------------------------------|

If I proceed with nitpicking, I may even say that "the green grass stretching to the horizon" contributes to the intellectual content of the poem at the expense of feeling, and the line "the catkins on the willow branches" is paying more attention to details than to essentials. Branch is a common noun and, therefore, embraces all trees while willow is a particular tree and has nothing to do with universal verdancy. However, I say this in order to warn students of poetry of the danger of excessive rhetoric, not to find fault with Su's *tz'u*. These two lines by Su have an open-minded candour and their carelessness may be overlooked. As to the second stanza, if it is not vulgar or cliché-ridden, it is at least trivial and superficial. As I have already discussed this point in detail in my interpretation of *Shui-tiao ko-t'ou*, I need not repeat myself here.

To the Tune of *Pu-suan tzu*

卜算子

Written During My Residence in Ting Hui Lodge,
Huang Chou

黃州定慧院寓居作

*The crescent moon hangs on a spare wu-t'ung tree.
The dripping of the waterclock has stopped;
Quiet has just fallen—
Who sees the recluse go his solitary way?
Dim and distant, the shadow of a lone wild goose.*

缺月挂疏桐
漏斷人初靜
誰見幽人獨往來
縹緲孤鴻影

*Roused, he turns his head
In quiet sorrow which no one knows.
From cold branch to cold branch, searching in vain
for a place to roost,
He finally lands on a bleak, lonely shoal.*

驚起卻回頭
有恨無人省
揀盡寒枝不肯棲
寂寞沙洲冷

Of the five poems included in this appendix, I like this one best. In such a short poem Su has used the character *jen* (人, "man", "person") three times.⁶ That is open-minded and free indeed and one should not be niggardly enough to find fault! Lines 1 and 2 of the poem give a quiet, lonely feeling, and when Su mentions "the recluse", he is referring to himself. The shadow of the solitary wild goose, dimly discernible, is a description of the bird as well as a self-portrait of the poet himself. Who is startled? It is the poet, startled by the bird. Who turns his head? The poet again. Like the bird, he, too, is "in quiet sorrow". The phrase "no one knows" indicates that only Tung-p'o is stirred, and no one else. The last two lines of the second stanza tell us that the wild goose travels from one cold branch to another in search of a place to roost, and rests on a lonely shoal. There are no trees to shelter him but only frosts to invade him. That accounts for the sorrow. Consequently, the poet and the wild goose become one and cannot be separated.

This being the case, it seems to follow that I approve of this poem without any reservation. Why, then, have I excluded it from my selection of Tung-p'o's *tz'u* and put it in the appendix? It is difficult to justify myself but there is a reason. As far as literary expression is concerned, this piece is quite adequate. But "the world" created is by no means unique: it can be found in traditional Chinese poetry through the ages. A writer need not be deliberately quaint and different so as to depart from the usual practice and common sense. Nor need he fall into ready patterns so that he looks like the pale shadow of past masters. This *tz'u* by Su hardly fits in the latter category. Its style, however, is imitative and its taste lacks individuality. Moreover, it is not poetry of the highest order and would not make a good model for later poets, as it tends to encourage crude imitations. It may be pointed out that Bitter Water is making a mountain out of a mole hill by repeating himself endlessly. A story goes that a person was very much in love with his young wife. One day he saw his mother-in-law, who turned out to be an ugly old hag. When he returned home, he divorced his mate. His friends and relatives were all puzzled by what he did and wanted to find out the underlying reason. "My wife will doubtless look like her mother in future." Bitter Water seems to be in the same quandary. When a scholar sets out to achieve great things, he must take former sages and saints as his models. When a Buddhist disciple makes a vow, he must aim to become a Buddha or a holy man, for one intending to reach the top often ends up in the middle. In order to prevent degeneration and deterioration, there is no harm in aiming high. This is my personal view and does not relate to Su's *tz'u*. However, deep in my heart, there is a sense of dissatisfaction. It occurs to me that every time I read this poem, I sense a ghostly spirit which, though not fierce and ferocious, is nevertheless intangible and nebulous. I would not normally be pleased with the sight of an immortal who disdains man's food, not to mention a phantom having nothing to do with the human world. Some say, "Ch'ü Yüan 屈原 wrote about strange spirits too. Are you going to apply the same criteria to his works?" The answer is that the ghost in Ch'ü

⁶The character occurs in line 2 in the original as 人初靜 (literally "men first silent", rendered as "quiet has just fallen"); in line 3 as 幽人 ("obscure person", rendered as "recluse"), and lastly in line 6 as 有恨無人省 ("has sorrow no person understands/knows",

which I take to be "quiet sorrow"). I have taken the liberty to translate these lines freely, as it would be impossible to retain the identity of the character "人" in each case without making the translation unreadable.

Yüan's *Chu-tz'u* 楚辭 is figurative and that the poet shows a deep and genuine concern for man's sufferings and vicissitudes. In Su's poem, however, "the recluse" is actually a spirit and his "quiet sorrow" is that of a spirit, too. People may not sympathize with my view, but I am speaking with all sincerity and in all fairness. By this standard, I evaluate not only Su's works, but also the works of all ancient poets. Even in my personal writings, I have always abided by this principle, creative as well as critical.

Afterword

WHEN I FINISHED MY interpretation of Hsin's poems, the chill of autumn deepened, followed by spells of continuous heavy rain. When at times it grew sunny, the wind came in gusts, so that I relapsed again into my chronic cold. In idleness, I tried to write something about Su's *tz'u* to while away my time. As I was under no pressure, the work went on smoothly and was completed only in twelve days. On reviewing what I had written, I felt compelled to include an afterword.

In discussing literature, Ts'ao P'i 曹丕 states in his *Tien-lun lun-wen* 典論論文 that the essence of a piece of writing is its *ch'i* 氣 (spirit, literally "breath", "air"). He says that *ch'i*, whether clear or murky, is a quality that cannot be cultivated. From this statement, it is clear that, by *ch'i*, Ts'ao P'i means "innate spirit", which is inborn. I have not come across any comments on *ch'i* in *The Analects*. As for Mencius, he says, "I nurture a magnanimous *ch'i* (one which fills up all between heaven and earth)". Wang Ch'ung 王充 states in *Lun-heng* 論衡: "I nourish *ch'i* to guard myself with". I know nothing about Mencius' magnanimous *ch'i*, but if Wang's *ch'i* stresses the idea of nurturing one's health and life, it is different from that of Mencius'. Liu Hsieh 劉勰 writes about the cultivation of *ch'i* (*yang-ch'i* 養氣, which is a combination of Mencius' *yang* and Ts'ao P'i's *ch'i*) in *Wen-hsin tiao-lung* 文心彫龍: "When one's spirit is overcome by darkness, the more it is spurred on, the duller it becomes. In literary and artistic creation, therefore, it is important to maintain temperance and a readiness of expression, to rest one's mind in tranquillity and soothe one's *ch'i*. When one feels vexed, one should at once stop pursuing." What Liu means by *ch'i* is the flow of inspiration in the process of literary creation. He believes that, if one works too hard, one becomes "weary in spirit and sapped in vitality." His concept of *ch'i* is different from Ts'ao's.

Since Su Ch'e 蘇轍 mentioned that *ch'i* can be cultivated, that idea of *ch'i* has become established in the minds of critics. While Ts'ao believes that *ch'i* is inborn, Han Yü speaks of a vigorous *ch'i* and Su Ch'e the cultivation of *ch'i*. And in order to attain a vigorous *ch'i*, one has to foster it. However, contrary to Ts'ao's notion that *ch'i* is inborn, this seems to be acquired through inculcation and study in later life. As for those who followed Han and Su's interpretation, they tried to manufacture *ch'i* by forcing a kind of faked vitality, and called it powerful and free spirit. When applied to creative writing, this faked vitality will never make a work immortal. When cherished by a person, it manifests little of his true self. This is why I have no sympathy with the *hao-fang* style in discussing *tz'u* poetry. Su and Hsin have been considered "powerful and free" poets of the highest esteem. Yet they

have little in common. Su displays a gentle expressiveness in his depiction of scenes whereas Hsin can win the reader's unreserved admiration in his description of feelings. Hsin's poems do have depiction of scenes too but they lack the gentle expressiveness of Su. Similarly, Su's works also describe feelings but they are no comparison to Hsin's in depth and subtlety. As for poems with an intellectual and philosophical content, they opened up fresh territory: Hsin is more involved with the human and the earthly while Su tends to escape to Taoism and Buddhism. Their difference can aptly be described by the two terms: *ch'u* 出 (transcendent) and *ju* 入 (secular).

After the Han and Wei periods, Taoist philosophy became doctrines for magicians and alchemists, which, when pushed to an extreme, developed into a belief in immortality and sublimation of the soul. As for Buddhism, it evolved and gave rise to the Zen school, whose ultimate expression was the practice of meditation and sudden enlightenment. The aftermath of this surge of belief flooded the country for many years.

Those who enjoyed abstract philosophizing found a direction for their endless discussions. Those who believed in metaphysical speculations pursued it as a path to further knowledge of one's own inner nature. Poets too were not able to put themselves outside this trend. They either imparted momentum to it or fell into its pitfalls. Li Po's poetry, for example, has affinities with Taoism. Wang Wei, on the other hand, adopted a Buddhist outlook. In the Six Dynasties, the only person who could stand aloof and stay out of all this was T'ao Ch'ien 陶潛, T'ao's poetry is sober, simple, unadorned, written in the true Confucian vein, and mellow to the highest degree, unequalled by poets who followed in his steps. However, there are poets who, though not comparable to T'ao, have also mastered the craft of poetry, and distinguished themselves with a style of their own. Tu Fu and Hsin Ch'i-chi are two such poets in *shih* and *tz'u* respectively. Though they have not attained a penetrating vision of life, yet with their strength, fortitude and sense of mission, they have indeed striven to do their best generations after their predecessors, and to stem the raging tide of the day.

Su likes to use Buddhist expressions in his poems, but he is not a true Buddhist. Lines such as:

*The running brook is Buddha's tongue,
Isn't the mountain view one's pure self!*

溪聲便是廣長舌
山色豈非清淨身

and,

*With two hands I try to cover all the water in the
bottle,*

兩手欲遮瓶裏水

have nothing to do with Zen Buddhism and deserve nothing better than a blow from the master. They may suggest a twinkling of understanding but they are not true Zen enlightenment. Su's imitative Zen phrases are all too superficial. Lines found in the *tz'u Nan-ko tzu* 南歌子 (which runs: whose music are you singing? . . .) and *Ju meng ling* 如夢令 (written beneath Yung-hsi's Pagoda in Ssu Chou) may not be

clichés but are nevertheless imitative. My younger brother Liu-chi 六吉 thinks that these lines from the poet's own *shih* "On visiting the Gold Mountain Monastery", gave the most vivid picture of Su in this respect:

*It was neither a ghost nor a human,
In grief I lay on my way home,
Puzzling over its true identity.*

悵然歸卧心莫識
非鬼非人定何物

Indeed, Su's poetry is neither ghostly nor human. There is a touch of the immortal spirit in many of his descriptive phrases. Lines such as: "Competing to hold on to the cold branch, they (the birds) gaze at the jade pistils . . ." (*Nan-hsiang tzu* 南鄉子) and "Coming down from high above . . ." (*Mu-lan-hua* 木蘭花) all seem to be free from the dust of the world and abstain from man's food. Many other lines depicting scenery are filled with a celestial spirit, far removed from Zen. I used to be fond of the following lines, thinking that they suggest a touch of sudden enlightenment:

*In gentle despair I rise from bed,
In front of me the river in vast expanse,
And a moon that shines over a thousand miles.*

推枕惘然不見
但空江月明千里
憂喜相尋
風雨過
一江春綠

*Joy and despair come in turn;
After the storm,
A stretch of spring green.*

Now I think that only the first example is close to Zen; the second is merely good, clever *tz'u*, having nothing to do with Zen. Su is after all closer to the Taoist than to the Buddhist. His works are always ethereal, with a lingering grace that exerts a salutary influence on the reader. What, you may ask, is the difference between the two, since they both renounce the world? The main difference is: in Zen, one transcends through living and stoic acceptance of life; in Taoism, one simply runs away from life and sufferings. The Taoist wants a long life; the Buddhist, non-existence. One is motivated by greed, the other, reconciled through self-denial.

Su Shih is critical of Liu Yung 柳永 as a poet, but he says that, in terms of loftiness, Liu's *Pa-sheng kan-chou* 八聲甘州, can rival the works of T'ang poets. From this judgment, one can deduce what Su himself is striving after. In *Pa-sheng kan-chou*, Liu rises above all feelings of sadness and joy through his lofty contemplation in much the same way as Su does in many of his *tz'u*. Lines such as "After the frost, the vastness of the long Huai River is lost" (*Mu-lan-hua*) and "Without wind the flowers fall on their own" (*Tieh lien hua*) are good examples. The first stanza of *Yung-yü le* is, on the other hand, a change from the sober and vigorous to the gentle and delicate, from the rugged to the smooth and harmonious. Hsin Ch'i-chi has these few lines in his *tz'u Ch'ing-yü-an* 青玉案

*A hundred, a thousand times I search for the sight
of her among the crowd.*

衆裏尋他千百度

*Suddenly, as I turn my head,
There she is,
Under the dim and fading light!*

驀然回首
那人卻在
燈火闌珊處

They have an intensity arising from the mingling of joy and sadness. They are, therefore, lines written by one who has come to grips with the world. Su, on the other hand, tends to rise above joy and sadness. Consequently, he is inclined to renounce the world. That being the main difference between the two poets, how can the term *hao-ch'i* 豪氣 (heroic spirit) be justified?
