

Legacy of Two Disabled

Oliver Lin

INTRODUCTION

I have long read mythology simply for entertainment, and I began creating mythology by coincidence. In using the word coincidence I do not mean to denigrate my creation, but rather I wish to pinpoint the emergence of the catalyst, the spontaneous cause, the decisive moment, though the major portion of this myth has precipitated from my constant reading and active contemplation.

From my point of view, mythology is ‘indistinct history’ and more importantly, ‘extensive history.’ With the discovery of significant archaeological sites associated with mythological records, notably H. Schliemann’s work on Troy, the former concept is now widely accepted. The plots of myths responded to the needs of our ancestors, and thus contemporary myths still arise as series of incidents continuously generated. Creative mythology is transcendental, and it inscribes a guideline for life’s prospects. To enhance the fidelity and metaphorical clarity of my story, I invented <Relics of the Wilderness > as strings to weave plots into the original framework of Chinese mythology.

For my exhibition in the Fine Art of Museum of Taipei (1994), I

wrote <The Tragedy of the Peon Fish> as a part of my installation. In this piece I explore the human struggle and self-transcendence from the bondage of Original Sin. The Peon Fish is destined to undertake two tasks in its short life span. In the first half, it is ordered to swim from Hsin-su-hai to Guei-shiu to cleanse the Yellow River as a means to salvation. During the second half of its life, the Peon Fish swims back upstream in the same roaring, winding river to spawn its legacy. The fish represents idealist and so I ascribe to it these characteristics: “ One-eyed, belly-swollen, hermaphroditic, dumb and solitary,” because to me, physical deformities sometimes reflect spiritual perfection. Gibran confirmed this idea in his <The Earth God> where he wrote: “For deafness is the ear of the infinite.” Sages are destined to be solitary and indeed solitude is one means of becoming a sage.

After the publication of <The Tragedy of Peon Fish>, I stopped creating new myths until early 1996. However, I had long brooded over the durability of artistic “spirit” in artworks, and one day a solution emerged from my depths as I recalled a museum trip in Germany. As an artist, I do hope my work will acquire a persistent ‘life’ that will pass down through generations, but I am disappointed when I read Empiricist demands for evidence of this ‘life’. Of course no one has ever witnessed, much less recorded a statue singing or talking. Nevertheless,

INTRODUCTION

on that occasion in Munich, 1989, I experienced a deep and soulful communication with statues. It was an early morning in spring, and I set out to visit Lenbachhaus to appreciate the masterpieces of Kandinsky. But due to poor navigation I came instead to another museum. One of its exhibition rooms displayed more than one hundred bust sculptures, each supported by a five-foot column. Some of the faces had suffered minor damage. As I rambled in this ‘silent crowd,’ sunbeams streamed into the room through windowpanes facing a leafy courtyard. The air was quiet enough that I could sense my heartbeat. Thus in quiet contemplation, I perceived an energetic and miraculous current, and the impact of this current was so clear that it remains etched in my memory to this day. Oftentimes, our inspirations flow from our understanding of artists. But when I walked into that exhibition room more or less by accident, I knew nothing about those artists. Nothing prepared me for the experience, and its spontaneity now informs me that there is ‘life’ in artwork and that audiences may be inspired by its ‘radiation’ in days and centuries to come.

Having established a premise, I began constructing my writing. Initially, the miserable life of an artist reminded me of the humble sparrow and St. Francis of Assisi, but a problem arose when I found that this poor bird had no corresponding character in Chinese mythology.

The only similar creature I found was the Hsuan-niao which appears in the royal documents of the heliolatry SHAN. In the records of <SHIH-CHING> and <SHE-CHI>, I found nowhere to commence my ‘inter-knitting,’ and so I stopped for a period. Then one day I came across the same story of Hsuan-niao in <LU-SHE-CH’UN-CH’IU> which mentions that the bird laid two eggs instead of one. This second tale provided me with sufficient cloth to prick the first needle, and so the forsaken fowl was born.

Before concluding, it might be useful for me to compare the Peon Fish and the Forsaken Fowl. Contrary to the Peon Fish, the Forsaken Fowl emerges from model identification rather than an innate nature. I strongly believe that no one is born an artist. An artist must cultivate talent through constant and long endeavours. Just as the Forsaken Fowl dyes the stone with its blood, artists create artworks from their lives. Creation is a bloody, bold and resolute devotion. I deny nothing to those subtle and romantic styles, but I tend to emphasize the tragic spirit that we were long lacking. In the past, our court artists and academic artists lamed themselves with excessively prudent ingratiation. Zen artists imprisoned their talent by pursuing metaphysics. Literati painters disregarded their deep urges and indulged themselves in ink-play. The later Hsu Wei, Pa Ta, and She Tao, who were regarded as individualists,

held no such spirit whatsoever; for the tragic spirit leads not merely to an outpouring of one's depressed melancholy but to the construction of radiant new mansions out of these ruins. In Chinese mythology, Kung-Kung and K'ua-Fu had it. Though they were not destined to create anything intentionally, even in defeat, tiny drops which they left quivered the universe. In Western history, the 'consciousness of immortality' for artists sprouted in the Renaissance, and Beethoven pushed it to an apex. When such consciousness encounters external pressure, artists are destined to be broken to pieces. Only then does their genius flow out; and fortunately, though they suffer, the 'consciousness of immortality' supports them and transforms bitterness into sweet, soothing comfort for themselves and for the countless thirsty souls in the world. This promise of reward inspired the illness-beaten Kafka to advise artists "To immerse yourself in your suffering."

In defying its tragic fate, the Peon Fish still returns on the long river of history, and the Forsaken Fowl still flies across the barrens of diligent silence.

Lin, Chin-Lin
in Victoria B.C.

THE TRAGEDY OF PEON FISH₁

I. The Death of Time

Beyond tranquillity
Death is still eloquent with sage silence.

The Heavenly Ladder was wrecked ²
And God's summons faded
Enthralled by addictions
The Devil's strings pulled you toward Hell. ³

Initially, life had its allotted span, but ⁴
You squandered your property like that prodigal son and gambled
your life away. ⁵

All that night
Silliness blinded your soul
Panic whirled the starry sky
Rancour howled, "Kill them! Kill them! Kill them!"
Savagery threw its abhorred Boomerang into the darkness. ⁶

Beyond law and discipline
God still extends lively benevolence through His profound scheme

Along the parched Crimson River
Scourged wounds remained undressed.⁷

Turn toward the water and
Seek redemption in the water!⁸

II. Guei- Shiu⁹

Winter is the season of growth
On the forlorn frontier lived death, and from death
Came life, and then
Came growth.
Growth evolved under the ice cap
Shadowed by the endlessly austere night
Harsher than Sparta¹⁰

Spring's messenger rode the first sunbeam a sacred summons from
the cradle of the sun ¹¹

And after a wine-bath, the life-long vagrancy began. ¹²

Breezes stirred the lake yet

Removed none of my terror and sorrow, nor

Surmounted the inner river

“Sail forth, my child!” commanded the Lord.

Staggering waves ahead,

Up and down, jolt and bump;

(O such a huge toy!)

Herky-jerky, dizzy and giddy.

(No fun at all!)

The frenzied surge hurled me against a jagged escarpment

Nerves taut as a bow shot my soul to the brink of Hell.

Who made river-cleansing my endless debt? ¹³

Who ordered me to ferry like Siddhartha? ¹⁴

Why this ridiculous non-stop six-thousand-mile trek, and return? ¹⁵

Who fostered a Golden Age of prosperity to ruins? ¹⁶

Who decided to sacrifice Abraham's son and heir? ¹⁷

Where is the altar to offer up one's only child?
What heartbreak in such a give- then- take!

Monstrous crests touched the sky
Mt. Leu-Liang inscribed a symbol of "TARTARUS"¹⁸
Hades drummed for his deadly recruits
This day is a day of wailing, my brethren
Ghastly iciness, corpses sued the river for atrocities
The torrent devoured countless souls in its fiendish mouth
Without the true love of Senta, my redemption would bubble away¹⁹

Sorrowfully I closed my eyes, and
Mourned my fallen brothers with keening laments.

In the lunatic river
 Bewildered by unrighteousness
 Uncomprehending life-and-death
I heard His assurance: "My favour is life"²⁰

Unswerving, perseverant
I ploughed the waves of loneliness alone
Dear Muse! Chant me a song to praise this thirst.²¹

I swear to remain true²²

Mid-summers' azure vault, a prairie of stars

Pattering raindrops

And at morning the Lady-Weaver trims her doorway with rainbow²³

Shepherd Boy, why not ride the Swan boat like Lohengrin to wed
your bride²⁴

Seaward,

The Phoenix love-song serenaded, rippling the mist.

Celestials might have lain asleep in lavish jade palaces or
the aromatic gardens of P'eng-Lai,²⁵

This place our ancient Emperors desperately craved²⁶

On the infinite sea ,

I could not resist the temptation, and

Passed through the abyss of fancy.

He demanded, "Turn around, my child!"

At dusk

I spewed mud and swam back slim and swift.

III. Homecoming

With solitary insouciance to support the tempo of my life
I dashed myself at the stormy sea
Pondering each firm stroke that propelled me closer to completion.

In the thundering river,
The ongoing massacre
Eternal fighters dead on the water still tightly gripped their swords²⁷
Men stubbornly believing that killing is the only solution
May be excused for pursuing welfare, to achieve peace, warring to
end wars or even for no reason
No matter how righteous their reasons, those poisonous hooks
merely cast to their siblings.

I understand, my Lord
Devastation is the collective human nature
I fulfil my exuberance through the test of your forge and anvil²⁸
In the lions' den the man was rescued and succeeded before the
King²⁹
Solitude is ordeal's reward

Leading to the splendid abundance of depth, where³⁰
Only vigorous beings dare to challenge, while the lifeless drift
away.³¹

Such throes are featherlike to me, and
Medals are valueless for life
Soon enough
 The tender current will lick clean my bloodstains, and
 The mud will salve my wounds

Water is our heritage³²
Water is our salvation

My Lord
The bleak Boreas has announced my destiny
From waves, I learn your determined will
My fate is not as absurd as Sisyphus', and³³
My punishment is not as rigorous as Prometheus'³⁴

It is finished, my Lord
If I am destined to be crumbled to ashes
Let them at least be cheerful ashes

IV. Dawn of Another Spring

Shin-Su-Hai, Harbour of Stars----³⁵

A place to die, and a place to bear.

Limpid water smoothes none of my wrinkles

So weary is my flesh

May I take a cosy corner to nestle in my feebleness?

When the Angel lights the lamp

Life will fade from my eyes

As men come, so they go, but³⁶

In my end is my beginning, and³⁷

I shall live beyond my death³⁸

Soon again,

The red lark will come, a palette in her beak, to paint the pale world with brilliant colours.³⁹

FOOTNOTES:

1 The Peon Fish was transformed from the corpses of a group of

ancient people who had been punished by God due to a grave blunder. In spring, when the ice cap of Shin-su-hai had melted away, young fishes swam from the riverhead down to Po-hai. Along the way to clean the river they swallowed mud. Upon their arrival at the river mouth (Guei-shiu), all the fish spewed the mud they carried and returned upstream to their homeland where they gave birth to baby fish. Their descendants in turn cleaned the river generation after generation. The relevant fables are cited as follows:

* Gods of time:

-----‘Ying-ti-wan’ of <CHUANG-TZU>: “The god of the South Sea is Shu (swiftness), and Hu (deftness) rules the North Sea. The God of the Central Territory is Hun-Tun (Chaos). Shu and Hu visit Hun-tun very often and the host graciously entertains his guests. Considering that Hun-tun has no seven-orifices to see, to listen, to eat and to breathe like men have, Shu and Hu repay Hun-tun’s hospitality by chiselling one aperture a day in his head. Unfortunately, their kindness finally kills Hun-tun.”

-----Chi-yu,<TA-HUANG-SOU-I> (Relics of the wilderness): “From time immemorial earth and heaven communicated superbly. Hsien (utterance) the sons of Shu and Hu,

dwelt in the earth to inspect the deeds of mankind and report yearly to God. God allotted each individual's life-span accordingly. In ancient times, when people behaved themselves righteously, God blessed them with longevity.”

* The golden age:

-----Vol:II, ‘Chi-t’ ai-kuan’ of <TIN-AN-HSU-CHI>: “ In the beginning, the channel of communion between God and mankind was well established. At any time people were allowed to travel to Heaven and converse with God.”

* The separation:

-----‘Lu-hsing’ of <SU-CHING>:“ The war against Huang-ti (God) fomented by Ch’ih-you brought calamity to humankind. For God found no virtue in people, only evil. He ordered Ch’ung and Li to block the channel of communication, and so ended the golden age”

-----‘Ch’u-yu’ of <KUO-YU> :” Chuan-hsu followed God’s order and appointed Ch’ung to manage the affairs of Heaven while Li takes charge of Earthly business.”

* Wang-kuei-yu (The Peon Fish):

-----Chi-yu, <TA-HUANG-SOU-I> (Relics of the wilderness):

“At the crucial moment of separation, the Hsien did not withdraw in time but grouped at the foot of Mt. K’un-lun where the Heavenly Ladder had once stood. Being afraid of the unfavourable report the Hsien might present, rioters killed them ruthlessly on the spot. In great wrath, God lashed those killers to death with His Red Whip. During this time of scourging, the mountains trembled, and the earth split open, shaping a long gap now-called Che-shui (Literally: Crimson River, in He-Nan province, China). The corpses of the dead were sliced into tiny pieces and flew to Shin-su-hai, the source of the Yellow River, where they turned into Wang-kuei-yu --- a hermaphroditic fish -- spiritually solitary, physically dumb, one-eyed and barrel-bellied. They were born in early winter and confined under the ice cap until capable of swimming freely. In spring, when the ice melted away, shoals of surviving fish set off on their journey downstream to the sea, swimming day and night, ceaselessly. Along the way, they swallowed as much mud as they could and spewed all of it out when they arrived to Guei-shiu. After this job was done, they struggled upstream to their home waters to spawn baby fish and pass away. Because of the

hardship of the upstream trek, fewer than one in ten thousand returned safely.”

2 1.- ‘Hai-nei-chin’ of <SHAN-HAI-CHING>: “There is a species of tree called Chien-mu. It is 150 meters tall with a trunk straight and branchless but for nine bow-like boughs at the top and nine hook-like boughs at the bottom.”

2.- ‘Ti-hsing-p’ien’ of <HUAI-NAN-TZU>: “Chien-mu, gods’ elevator for descending and ascending.”

In this story, Chien-mu indicates the Heavenly Ladder.

3 Charles Pierre Baudelaire, ‘Au Lecteur ’ of <Les Fleurs du Mal>
:

“ It is the Devil who pulls the strings that move us!
In repulsive objects we find enticing lures.
Each day we go down one more step toward Hell,
without horror, through the darkness which smells rank. ”
(Translated by Wallace Fowlie)

4 People of many nations in the world believe that the life span of human is a fixed length of time set when a baby is born.

Therefore, to this 'given thing' no one can argue or negotiate with the Almighty.

5 Luke 15:13 : And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. (KJV)

6 A piece of wood, flat and curved, used as a weapon by the first people of Australia. Skillfully thrown, it will return to the thrower. The extended meaning in this text is this: All right or wrong doings return to the doer.

7 Vol.I,<SOU-SHEN-CHI>: “ Shun-nung (God of medicine) gathered herbs with a Red Whip and thrashed them, thus to sort them according to their properties.”

In this story, God scourged the wicked people with this same whip.

8 John 4:14 :“ But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” (KJV)

9 Guei-Shiu:

1.-‘Ta-huang-tung-ching’ of <SHAN-HAI-CHING>: “Far away from the Eastern Sea exists a vast and deep trench, the territory of Lord Shau-hao.”

2.-‘T’ang-wen’ of <LIEH-TZU>: “To the east of Po-hai, hundreds of millions of miles away, there exists an immense and bottomless trench called Guei-shiu. Its level remains the same in spite of the huge quantities of water poured into it from sky and land.”

10 Around 800 B.C., Lycurgus, the ruler of Sparta, enforced his strategy of ruthless eugenics through infanticide, and reinforced it with severe physical training.

11 The cradle of the sun: Guei-shiu.

12 The government of Sparta regulated that all new born babies should pass a severe test of discomfort and exposure. Once they found a child that appeared to be defective, it was thrown from the mountain to die in the wild. Those proven to be healthy were rewarded with a wine-bath and enrolment in Spartan

society.

13 The Yellow River earned its name because of its muddy water. In ancient China, the phenomenon of ‘river-clarity’ indicates a peaceful and prosperous time to come.

1.- ‘Ch’ien-tsoo-tu’ of <I-WEI>: “ Before God blesses His people with a prosperous time, He sends an omen of ‘river-clarity’”

2.- Chi-yu,<TA-HUANG-SOU-I>: “God promises that the immortality of mankind will be regained when the river is clean.”

14 A figure created by Hermann Hesse in his novel <SIDDHARTHA>. Siddhartha is a dedicated truth seeker. He finally achieves enlightenment after serving for years as a simple ferryman on a river.

15 The length of the Yellow River is 3,010 miles. Since the Peon Fish has to make a round trip, its ‘ferry range’ comes to 6,000 miles.

16 According to the almanac, the first flood on the Yellow River took

place in 602 B.C. By 1938 A.D., 1,590 floods had engulfed the bank, including 26 disastrous changes in the river-course. The river contributed to civilisation, but floods often devastated the land and the livelihood of its inhabitants. So, the Yellow River is known to foster and also to destroy.

17 In chapter 22 of GENESIS God tests Abraham by asking him to sacrifice Isaac, his only son, as a burnt offering.

18 The Yellow River runs through Inner Mongolia. When it reaches Togtoh, the flow is blocked by Mt. Leu-Liang, which forces the flow to make a sudden turn south. Here, the tempestuous flow intersects the 'Loess Uplands' and makes it the most dangerous section of the river.

19 Opera 'Der Fliegende Hollander' by Wagner tells the story of a Dutchman who challenges both heaven and hell, and so is compelled to sail the seven seas until he can be redeemed through the love of a faithful woman. Once in each seven years he is permitted to set foot on soil to seek that woman. Finally he has found Senta and a chance for redemption.

20 PSALMS 30:5

For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life:
weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the
morning. (KJV)

21 K.Gibran, <THE GARDEN OF THE PROPHET>:“...and praise
life for the gift of thirst. For without thirst your heart is but the
shore of a barren sea, songless and without a tide.”

22 When the Dutchman, mentioned in Note 19, faces his doom, he
sings with vigor:

“ To you, surging ocean, I remain true.

Until your last wave breaks and your last waters run dry!”

23 In the eastern sky of summer nights, the ‘Shepherd Boy’
(Altair) stands opposite the ‘Lady Weaver’(Vega) separated
by the Milky Way. In Chinese mythology, the Lady Weaver is
the youngest daughter of Yu-huang-ta- ti. She weaves seamless
heavenly robes for the gods, and the rainbow is her tour de
force. <SHU-I-CHI> has the story: “On the eastern bank of
the Heavenly River, there lived a beautiful lady. In spite of
her status as the daughter of God, she worked diligently, one
year after another, weaving silk clothing of cloud and fog; but

work without entertainment made her a sluggish and floppy girl. Considering her loneliness, God decided to marry her to the Shepherd Boy who lived on the west bank. To God's disappointment, her daughter abandoned herself to pleasures completely and after the marriage was reluctant to return to her post. God was annoyed and compelled her to go back to the east bank and only permitted the couple to meet each other once each year."

24 In Wagner's opera 'Lohengrin', the 'knight of the Holy Grail' arrives in a swan-drawn boat just in time to fight for Elsa. In my poem, the Cygnus was so fascinating that it reminds the Peon Fish of the swan. The fish even fancied that the Cygnus would serve the pitiful lovers-- the Shepherd Boy and the Lady Weaver.

25 'T'ang-wen' of <LIEH-TZU>:" Originally, there existed five mountains (isles) in Guei-shiu, namely, Tai-yu, Yuan-chiao, Fang-hu, Ying-chou and P'eng-lai..... . Once, the Celestials inhabited this territory, and they used to fly here and there to visit their friends. The floating mountains (isles) moved up and down with the tide. Those Celestials were so disturbed by

the unstable environment that they complained to God of their plight. Worrying this paradise might drift westward and be destroyed, God ordered Yu-ch'iang to support the mountains (isles) on giant turtles. He recruited 15 turtles and arrayed them in three groups. Each group was scheduled to perform its duty for sixty thousand years. As a result of this program, the mountains (isles) became stable and suitable for living. Unfortunately, one day a tribe of giants called Lung-po arrived merely by wading several steps and fished the sea for turtles with ease. They caught 6 turtles and carried them home to burn them for fun. Soon, Tai-yu and Yuan-chiao drifted to the north and sank into the sea..."

- 26 'Fung-ch'an-shu' of <SHIH-CHI>: "The great Emperors -- Wei, Hsuen and Yen-chao commanded their men to seek P'eng-lai, Fang-chang (Fang-hu) and Ying-chou in Po-hai. Legend held that these three mountains (isles) were inhabited by Celestials who possessed plenty of elixir, but no one ever succeeded in obtaining any. The seekers saw something cloud-like in the distance but when they came closer, it turned out to be three Holy Mountains (isles) submerged in the water. And when their ship approached the spot, a gust of wind pushed them away.

Failing time after time, the Emperors were very unhappy. Even so, they had no other choice but to accept the fact.”

ibid: “ The Shih-huang-ti of the CHIN Dynasty once made an inspection tour southward to Mt. K’uai-chi in an attempt to approach the islands by sea to obtain the elixir. But like many other adventurers before, he failed. When the expedition returned to Sha-ch’iu, he perished.”

According to history, late in his life Wu-ti of the HAN Dynasty made the same effort.

27 Charles Pierre Baudelair: L’Homme et La Mer ,<Les Fleurs du Mal> :

“And yet for countless centuries you have fought
without pity and without remorse, so much do
you love carnage and death,
O eternal fighters, O implacable brothers!”

(Translated by Wallace Fowlie)

28 PSALMS 66:10

For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

PSALMS 66:12

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

(KJV)

29 In DANIEL 6:16-28 Praising Daniel's uprightness, God protected him from being wounded by lions, and so Daniel prospered during the reign of Darius.

30 Hermann Hess, <SIDDHARTHA> : "You have already learned from the river that it is good to strive downwards, to sink to delve the depths."

31 Under the surface of the sea, as a depth of 100 meters, lies an area of perpetual darkness that lacks oxygen. Nevertheless, it is a world full of wonders in which only vigorous beings can survive.

32 Chi-yu: I have long been intrigued by Leibniz's Monadology,

how a drop of water is a microcosm that mirrors the universe. Besides the nature of space, I am even more curious about its track in time: “A bead of dew clung to a leaf early this morning, probably it had been a drop of Julius Caesar’s blood on Brutus’ sword some two thousand years ago. Or it was in the brook where Wang-hsi-chih and his friends floated their wine cups. It might even have dwelt on the top of the Everest or travelled in the Mariana Trench. This is the natural inheritance of water, for neither time nor space can annihilate it.

- 33 In Greek mythology, Sisyphus was a cruel king of Corinth, condemned by Zeus to suffer for eternity in Hades, rolling a boulder up a hill only to have it roll down again just before it reached the top.
- 34 Prometheus was a Titan who became a hero to humankind because he stole fire from Zeus and gave it to them. For this transgression, Zeus had him chained to a rock on Caucasus, and every day an eagle devoured his liver. Aided by the powers of darkness, his liver grew back in the night only to be eaten again the next day.

35 <HE-YUAN-CHIH>: “The source (of Yellow River) is Ta-tun-nao-erh .”

** Ta-tun-nao-erh is called Shin-su-hai (Literal meaning: Harbour of stars) nowadays.

36 ‘Fu-chu-p’ in (X)’ of <LIU-TSU-T’AN-CHING> :“As men come, so they go. This is an universal law. My flesh and blood will return to where it belongs.”

** Liu-tsu was a Zen master of the TANG Dynasty.

37 “In my end is my beginning” is a motto embroidered with the emblem of Mary of Guise. (Mother of Mary, Queen of Scotland)

38 Kahlil Gibran, <THE PROPHET OF THE GARDEN>:

“I shall live beyond death, and I shall sing in your ears
Even after the vast sea-wave carries me back
To the vast sea-depth”.

39 Wang-chia, <SHIH-I-CHI>: “A Redlark held a rice stem of nine-tassels in its beak. When some grains fell to the ground, the King picked those grains up and planted them in a rice paddy. He who eats the rice will become immortal.”

(<TA-HUANG-SOU-I> is composed by Lin to orchestrate with ancient Chinese Myth)

THE FORSAKEN FOWL

THE LEGEND

In mid-spring, a Hsuan-niao¹ arrived at the King's garden and there laid two eggs. Princess Chien-ti² swallowed the handsome egg and abandoned the ugly one on the waterfront. At dawn, a toad held cassia leaves³ to shield the egg from sunbeams secretly; and when dusk came, the toad removed the leaves to let the egg bathe in moonlight. This job continued daily for ten months, until one day in early spring of the next year, a hideous bird hatched out. Tung-chun⁴ deemed this newborn creature a disgrace to his royal family. In towering rage, he ordered the Wu⁵ to execute the bird and granted it three golden arrows. The first shot mutilated the bird's comb and the second cut off its beak. Dolefully, the terrified bird pled for God's help. Ch'iang-eih⁶ (Cynthia) had mercy on the bird and bade Feng-t'ai⁷ go to the rescue. In a flash, dense fog enveloped the target so that the final shot missed. Thus the bird made a narrow escape by scuttling off into the western wilderness. Suffering from disfigurement, the poor bird became bald and dumb and was dubbed 'Ya-tu'⁸ by people.

To the west of Mt. K'un-lun and the south of Gobi, there stands Mt. Mi.⁹ In its shady lap, the sparkling jade stones brighten vast mountains. Ya-tu picked a white stone and flew eastward to a lakefront on the south

of Mt. Chung. Day in and day out, Ya-tu shed tears and mixed them with blood to moisten the stone. After forty-nine days of such devoted labor, its blood had almost completely dried up. With all its remaining might, Ya-tu split off its chest with its own claws. An onlooking sparrow, moved by such gallantry, decided to follow the example step and ate the bird's viscera. No sooner had this 'rite' ¹⁰ been completed, than the sparrow turned into another Ya-tu.

The blood-saturated stones endured through many generations. Warmed by the sun, tenderly nurtured by the moon, kissed with love by dew and rain, Ya-tu's stone became so brilliant as to create a fantastic scene of 'florescent raindrops' mirrored in the limpid water; whoever holds the stone is always inspired by its stunning beauty.

**** From <TA-HUANG-SOU-I>

I. THE LONG AND LONE JOURNEY

My feathers suffered wear and tear; my tail was frail.

Even though the tempest threatened my roost,

I can only pour forth my terror by muttering to myself.

-----*Pin-fung, Ch'ih-hsiao* ¹¹

<SHIH-CHING>

Loneliness extruded the path, longer and longer it stretched, and with it my shadow faintly.

That spring, I scuttled away from that winterish garden for I carried the fatal brand -- a shameful symbol-- to my glorious clan ¹². I was as humble as a stifled petal destined to become dirt under the bustling sole. Spring should not be a season of killing.¹³ But by disdainful indifference, I was cast into a deadly abyss, sunk like a lead ingot, my lament dissolved in slimy darkness.

If ugly could be a verdict, the sentence of Socrates should not have bothered to plot another one ¹⁴. Even my ugliness is clear in Aquinas' definition ¹⁵. Nevertheless, I firmly believe that goodness is more important than beauty, for beauty derived from goodness will never fade away.

When all creatures had awoken from hibernation into the humming breeze, alas, their bliss was not for me, for I was caged by sadness so deep that even Hu-pa ¹⁶ could not have cheered me up with his magic lyre. When would this broken heart stop bleeding? Would my frail wing ever be capable of flying across the boundless mountains?

A drifting cloud passed by and turned itself into a shower to nourish the earth.

Everything is glad to be and every being rejoices ¹⁷.

I am grateful for what I once had.

To me, being penniless is not a shame. Summed up, a luxurious carriage, all the fashions and a crown together would still be lighter than the shadow of a dead leaf. Every affirmation is accomplished in abnegation. Sacrifice always wins, for everything you resign within you will return to life ¹⁸.

I travelled alone over the hissing summer.

Lightning split the scorched clouds, and pierced the heart of the earth like poisoned arrows. Pouring rain and windstorms lashed me like a haughty ironsmith. Thanks to the flogging which had strengthen my vigour, thanks to all the trials, I rambled free above the rainbow.

Far away from green mountains, a dreary forest waited ahead, masking an insidious face. Chill winds played allegro among the trees and rocked the bacchanalian orgies from above the wilderness. Depression swept away my thoughts and emptied my body. I could only

stretch my tendons one after another like a slave rowing against the beating waves. Insensitively, I did not know where I came from or where I am going! Tears blurred my compass within. Wails overwhelmed the drumbeats above. There are few birds that do not long for a jade paradise, nor fishes that do not dream of a crystal sea. My heart was an isolated isle expecting a mast that never appeared.

Hesitance shrinks no distance. Above the clouds stands the guidepost. Only a valiant effort of my wings could lift me into the sky. But behold! The small may also soar high. Pride simply swells the heart and makes his colossus a burden.

Above the clouds,
Solitude¹⁹, dwells in a place where a rough strong breeze blow, is a constant source of wisdom and a stronghold for all.

Solitude is an intimate friend who stays by you when all others have departed.

Above the clouds,
You can glide with unchained swiftness.

Viciousness vanishes before the balmy winds of morning. Shining hope embraces the wilds. It is time to go!

We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.²⁰

II. MY BROODING HEART

I cry with twittering voice to pursue my fellow traveller.

-----*Hsiao-ya, Fa-mu*

<SHIH-CHING>

When you are alone, lonely is your body.

Among crowds, languished is your heart.

Eagle ²¹ makes the universe his dominion by humiliating the firmament with his skyrocketed hover and raping the earth with his lightning swoop. He is equipped with iron wings, diamond eyes and golden talons but the rubber stomach drives him to commit robbery.

One hundred flamboyant spots of Peacock speak one hundred sorts of vanity. He belittles the wind only because he cannot soar high.

Puffy Phoenix is full of false egotism. Being jester to the King, he considers himself an outstanding judge ²².

Crane is proud of his statues as the Celestials' ride ²³. Once upon a time, Crane was spoiled as the Emperor allowed him to parade about

in an official carriage. Unaware that he was merely a royal plaything, Crane considered all men beneath its notice. Such nonsense finally resulted in the downfall of the Empire ²⁴.

Roc regards his dillydallying as intuitive elegance. He believes the world is under his command because he has touched the surface of philosophy.

Raven's thoughts and memories failed to prevent Odin from perishing ²⁵.

Cuckoo seems keener about love affairs than chores ²⁶. Could it be true that toils produce no spiritual delight?

Woodpecker would act the hero's guide rather than perform his own duty ²⁷.

O, granite-hearted Pigeon, did you ever try your best to repay the King for your salvation? ²⁸.

Some domestic fowl are complacent in their ability to lay eggs and bid the barren creatures hold their tongues ²⁹.

Stricken with self-loathing, one of my dreaming brothers went abroad to pursue his Venus. I am sure his fancies were smashed to pieces and turned into bubbles in the Aegean Sea. His onetime hubristic rebellion resulted in eternal feebleness. He should have known that Venus had her arms broken long ago!

Another poor guy much addicted to drink. I wonder, even if he can obtain the magic wine ³⁰, he must sober up to face the reality after one thousand days.

As for me, though I love my friends, I should obey the call of the still, small voice ³¹.

Now I am willing to testify:

A decisive heart is more powerful than the strongest wings, for the heart is unswayable.

III. REBIRTH IN THE WIND

I have reached the brink of death's domain.

All those endeavours were not totally for my own sake.

Please carry on my achievement and keep on struggling.

-----Yu-han, Tang-chih-shih, Ta-ya

<SHIH-CHING>

A bridge ³² was tortured by the clamour of rumbling wheels and sobbing water, day after day. The privilege of complaint was deprived even though it bore such burdens. What advantage to being a bridge? (Nietzsche must be out of his mind when he thus spoke!) This world is relentless!

“But who are you, how would clay dare to argue with the potter? ³³
How could the horse or mule escape from bit and bridle?” ³⁴

This pigment is a mixture of my precious tears and blood ³⁵. This brush is my weary body, sharpened by loneliness. With this faint tempo, I am dyeing my brother stone. I would never choose to dominate you against your will. I care for you from the bottom of my soul, for we are

in the same status as God's creatures ³⁶. I will animate you with my life until my last drop of blood oozes away ³⁷. I live for this work and work for peace of mind.

At dusk a poor, pale sparrow ³⁸ stumbled up and sat by my side. He sang to me a hearty blessing with his awkward voice.

This caring gesture overwhelmed me and for the first time in my life, I felt the urge to regain my tongue. I wonder how Philomela ³⁹ could sing when she was turned into a nightingale after having her tongue cut out!

Even the tongue is a restless evil ⁴⁰, when coated with the honey falsehoods, it even puzzled the father King ⁴¹. Maybe the true blessing is to be without it.

The eagle is drunk with its flight; the nightingale with summer night ⁴². As for me, I am drunk with self-sacrifice. I die not from withering but from my fervent heart.

My lamp-oil wanes, but the wick may still serve a purpose. My claws were not created for fighting but for this simple and final devotion. Physical wounds have taught lucidity to my soul ⁴³. The vividness of life

can only gush out from a broken body. Now, I plod my last thorny path. Death comes sweetly. Lo! My house of death had been well built! ⁴⁴ It leaves nothing to be desired.

In my past days, my body crumbled into loneliness and humiliation. The remaining siftings are so light that a puff of breeze lifts them up into the boundless sky. The universe is my cemetery; falling leaves my epitaph.

Listen! My sparrow! I utter my thanks ⁴⁵ to you for taking my mantle! ⁴⁶ From this moment, my soul will revive in you!

IV. A SANGUINE STONE

*I work diligently and cautiously somehow like cutting bone, rubbing
ivory,
carving jade, and grinding stone.*

-----Ch'i-ao, Wei-feng

<SHIH-CHING>

I present you with this magnificent jade. Please keep it as your heirloom.

-----*Sung-kao, Tang-chih-shih, Ta-ya*
<SHIH-CHING>

Since Nu-ua finished her task of mending the firmament, no stones have been refined⁴⁷. So God had to appoint someone to produce something eternal in his limited life span. I was appointed and marked to die for Beauty⁴⁸.

A little plain stone becomes a self-existent work of art by carrying my life⁴⁹.

As will be seen, in one year, ten years or even ten million years, it waits for chances to encounter like minds⁵⁰ and produce mighty sounds in boundless percussion like waves stretched rippling and endless⁵¹.

Life	with	Life	Life	with	Object
Object	with	Life	Object	with	Object

Hundreds of thousands of encounters have and will occur. Minds

storm minds like unchained blazes spreading afar.

Past meets Present Present meets Present

Hundreds of thousands of meetings have and will be chanced.
Hearts shock hearts like unshackled storms rising aloft.

All things work together according to the profound locus ⁵² and all effects contribute to the soul of the world ⁵³. A quivering wing may trigger a tornado. A bashful butterfly need not refrain from the slightest conceit. Please do not blame me for this, my Lord! Breezes never scoff at the ripples. If my work is for you, there is no shame in it. With true love nothing is trifling!

My life is lived; the course by fortune given I have fulfilled ⁵⁴.
Please accept this sincere offer of my oeuvre -----a SANGUINE STONE.

FOOTNOTES:

- 1 'Shang-sung' of <SHIH-CHING>(Book of Odes):“ God assigned Hsuan-niao to descend to the world to initiate the

SHANG.” (The SHANG Dynasty 1766 B.C.-1154 B.C.)

- 2 1.-‘Yin-chu’ of <LU-SHIH-CH’UN-CH’IU>: “The chief of the Yu-sung Tribe had two beautiful daughters. He built a grandiose pavilion for their easy leisure. Tabor rhythms accompanied the two ladies as they wined and dined. God bade a swallow (Hsuan-niao) visit them, and when it arrived it thrummed agreeable sounds of ‘ih-ih-’. The two ladies rushed to capture the lovely bird by covering it with a jade basket. The song stopped, so they lifted the basket to see what had happened, and the swallow flew swiftly away to the north, though it left behind two eggs.”
 - 2.-‘Yin-pen-chi’ of <SHIH-CHI> :“ The concubine of Ti-k’u is Chien-ti, daughter of the chief of Tribe Yu-sung, mother of Yin-ch’i. One day, accompanied by another two ladies, Chien-ti went to the riverside to bathe. They saw a black bird lay an egg, and Chein-ti swallowed it. Thus she became pregnant with Ch’i, the ancestor of SHANG.”
- 3 Cassia: An Asian evergreen with aromatic bark. In China, cassias grow in the area south of the Yangtze River, and its bark is a prime herb among local folk. In the middle age of Chinese history, cassia was taken by many as an elixir. According to

anecdotes recorded in <LEH-HSIEN-CHUAN> (Legends of Celestials), Fan-li and Kuei-fu ate cassia for longevity. Many believe that one can fly after eating cassia for some 20 years. Laurel (*Laurus nobillis*) in Europe is similar to cassia. It is a small evergreen with glossy aromatic leaves, tiny light-yellow flowers, and dark purple or black berries. Its leaves and berries serve as cooking spice. The ancient Greeks deemed the laurel a sacred plant. In ancient times, a wreath of laurel leaves was regarded as a symbol of honour or victory. In 1615 James I of the British Empire initiated the tradition of crowning the “poet laureate”. In this context, to cover the egg with laurel leaves is to parallel it with the poet laureate.

- 4 In ancient China, the fiesta to worship the Sun deity originated during the SHANG Dynasty. According to ‘Feng-ch’an-shu’ of <SHIH-CHI>, Shi-huan-ti (246 BC-210 BC) of the CH’IN Dynasty ranked the Sun deity seventh of the eight major deities. In 112 BC, the official fiesta of the HAN Dynasty was commenced by Wu-ti to worship the five major deities plus Sun and Moon. The Sun has been closely related to the imperial family since prehistoric ages. In <SHAN-HAI-CHING>, Hsi-he was a queen of ancient times who gave birth to ten suns.

The title 'Tung-chun' (Literally, God of the East) which first appeared in 'Tun-chun-p'ien' of <CH'U-TZ'U>, was used to dub the Sun deity.

5 1.-The annotation of <CH'U-TZ'U> by Wan-i: "King Yao commanded I, the greatest archer, to shoot down nine suns of the original ten. The crows that once dwelled in the nine suns perished in this incident. As a result, only one sun remains in the sky."

2.-'Ta-huang-tung-ching' of <SHAN-HAI-CHING>: "The sun has arrived in the West, carried by a crow, and another crow is about to set off from the East with the other sun."

After the Age of Warring states, the sun was carried by a horse carriage coaching by Hsi-he. Later, the carriage was drawn by 6 dragons when the crow dwelled in the sun.

6 In China, only a few fables tell of the goddess of the Moon. Among this minority, 'Lan-hsun' of <HUAI-NAN-TZU> says briefly: "I, the archer, obtained elixir from Hsi-wan-mu. Heng-eih stole it and flew to the Moon."

The annotation of Kao-yu: "When Heng-eih, I's wife, took the elixir which her husband had acquired from Hsi-wan-mu, she

turned into a fairy and flew to the moon.”

In this story, she becomes the goddess of the moon.

7 The annotation of Sung-yu’s ‘Kao-tan-fu’: “The legend of Hsien-yang elders has it that ‘Yao-chi, the daughter of Ch’ih-ti, passed away as a maiden and was buried somewhere to the south of Mt. Wu.’” God appointed her as goddess of Mt. Wu to rule the clouds and rains of this area. Here is another story in ‘Chun-tz’u-san-ching’ of <SHAN-HAI-CHING>: “About ten kilometres east stands Mt. He. The auspicious god Feng-tai governs this territory....” Feng-tai takes control of the force emanating from earth and heaven. The annotation of Kuo-pu has it that “He (Feng-tai) was endowed with godly aura to control clouds and rains.”

8 In this story, the Forsaken Fowl, Ya-tu, embodies the artist who is considered inferior to many nowadays.

9 Mt. Mi is not far away from Mt. K’un-lun. ‘Hsi-tz’u-san-ching’ of <SHAN-HAI-CHING> describes it: “Mt. Mi abounds with white jade.....Huang-ti fetched some and threw it to the southern foot of Mt. Chung.”

- 10 In <Magic, Science and Religion>, B. Malinowski reports the ‘Sarcocannibalism’ which he witnessed among the Melanesians of New Guinea. It is a pious custom to partake of the flesh of the dead person. The rites are considered acts of reverence, love, and devotion, part of a belief in future life and the survival of the spirit.
- 11 In <SHIH-CHING> (Book of Odes), ‘Hsiao-pien’ of ‘Hsiao-ya’ and ‘Ch’ih Hsiao’ of ‘Pin-fung’ contain poems that impress readers for their deep concern with the fate of the nation. In spite of arguments over authorship, those great lyrics well express the heavy-hearted regret toward the moral collapse of the CHOU Dynasty
- 12 Because of its ‘movement’ (thus perceived by ancient people), the sun has been associated with a flying bird for a long, long time. In China, the sun was dubbed ‘Golden Bird.’ Anthropologists note a period of time in the ancient society when people worshiped a hero who was supposed to have hatched from an egg laid by the sun or by a bird transformed from the sun. Legend has it that the SHANG emperors were

descendants of the 'Godly Sun Bird.' So, the Forsaken Fowl is from the SHANG clan.

13 'Meng-ch'un-chi' of <LU-SHIH-CH'UN-CH'IU>: "In this month, (the first month of spring) the Emperor commands the chief musician to teach the children of aristocrats and officials to practise 'Yu-yueh-wu' (a kind of dancing) and to revise the regulations of the official festival. It is illegal to offer female animals as sacrifice in fiesta when worshipping the mountains, woods, rivers and lakes. And it is prohibited at this time to cut trees, to topple bird nests; to kill larvae, infants or pregnant animals, to capture birds that are learning to fly, to trap fawns or to sweep away bird shells."

14 Besides originating the Socratic method, the great Greek philosopher is noted for his ugly appearance. But according to Nietzsche, Socrates' ugliness is denied among the Greeks. Although criminologists tell us that the typical criminal is ugly, no one can prove it vice versa. Unfortunately Socrates was charged with atheism and corrupting youth and was condemned to death at the age of 71. Plato wrote an account of the proceedings of Socrates' trial in the <Apology> and the

portrayal of discussion with Socrates in the <Crito> and the <Phaedo>.

15 Saint Thomas Aquinas intermixed his aesthetics in <The Summa Theologica>. According to his views scattered through this great book, the beauty of the body should meet the following criteria: integrity, perfection, proportion and transparency (antonym of opacity). When writing of evil, he defined it as an unrecoverable privation and provides blindness as an example. He explains that evil belongs to God's Providence and that to fail in goodness is to perfect the whole (Q.XLVIII, Article 2, Reply Obj.1-Obj.3). Although his philosophy continues to elude me, and even my extended analogy may distort his original meaning, I would like to announce that Ya-tu's deeds perfect the whole even though he has no evil at all!

16 'T'ang-wen' of <LIEH-TZU>: "When Hu-pa plucked his zither, birds danced and fish leapt with happiness."

17 Andre Gide, <Les Nouvelles Nourritures>: "Everything is glad to be and every being rejoices."

18 *ibid* :“ Every affirmation is accomplished in abnegation.
Everything resigned within you will come to life.”

19 Nietzsche, ‘The flies in the market place’ of < Also sprach Zarathustra: Ein Buch für Alle und Keinen > : “Flee, my friend, into thy solitude and thither, where a rough strong breeze bloweth.” His urge to flee is to avoid the sting of ‘poisonous flies’. These great and new values can only be found in solitude, for solitude is far away from the famed marketplace.

20 Robert Browning, <Epilogue to Asolando>:

Held we fall to rise,
are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

21 In canto XXXII, ‘Purgatorio’ of <Divine Comedy>, Dante assigns the Bird of Jove (eagle) to politics.

22 In ‘Odes of a Swallow’ of <TUN-HUANG-PIEN-WEN>, the self-righteous swallow acts as a judge.

- 23 In many Chinese fairy tales, the Celestials ride cranes.
- 24 ‘The second year of Min-kung’ of <TSUO-CHUAN>:“ In the twelve month of this year (lunar calendar), the barbarian Ti invaded Wei. The prince of Wei, I-kung, had indulged himself in breeding cranes to such an extent that he allowed his beloved crane to swagger about in an official carriage. When the country faced impending war, all the soldiers argued: ‘Let the crane fight, not me, for it has official rank!’ In the battle at Ying-tse, the troops of Wei were defeated and the Kingdom fell.”
- 25 In Norse mythology, Odin (the sky-father) has two ravens perched on his shoulders: one is Hugin (thought) and the other is Munin (memory). The sky-father finally perished when he fought with the Giants.

I found a very intriguing report released by Ni Hira Yoshi Aki, Professor of Tou Hoku University, Japan. According to his study, when ravens discovered that cars could crack chestnuts and enable them to eat with ease, they began stationing themselves near the road to wait for the car to help them get easy trophies. In terms of animal behaviour, this

strategy is considered to be a complicated process involving thought and memory. It seems likely to me that the ancient Norse people knew of the intelligence of crows.

26 The cuckoo is a parasitic bird. It doesn't like building a nest, incubating its eggs or nursing its nestlings. The hen cuckoo lays eggs in the nest of her host and disguises the spot by discarding an equal quantity of eggs from the original cluster. Her own eggs are then reared by the host. Soon after hatching, the young cuckoo has the instinct to shoulder other eggs or nestlings out of the nest so as to obtain for itself all the food that its foster-parents provide.

27 In <Volsungasaga>, Sigurd, the posthumous child of Sigmund is called Siegfried, when he appears in Wagner's opera <Der Ring Des Niebelungen>. This German version of the tale depicts the young hero slaying the evil dragon, Fafner, and involuntarily tasting its blood. He thus comes to understand fully the speech of birds. In subsequent adventures, woodpeckers act as the hero's guides.

28 In the Sutra, Vol.I, <P'u-Sa-Pen-Shen-Hwan-Lun>: "King Shih-

p'i cut his thigh and provided his flesh to feed a dying pigeon.”

29 Conversation in <The Ugly Ducklings> by H.C. Andersen:

The hen: “Can you lay eggs?”

The ugly duckling: “ No!”

The hen: “ Then have the goodness to hold your tongue !”

30 Kan-pau, Vol:XIX, <SOU-SHEN-CHI> : “Ti-hsi, a man came from Chung-shan, and he was able to brew ‘wine of thousand days.’ If a man drinks this wine, he will be drunk for one thousand days!”

31 I KINGS 19:11-12

And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the LORD. And, behold, the LORD passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the LORD; but the LORD was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the LORD was not in the earthquake: And after the earthquake a fire; but the LORD was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. (KJV)

32 Nietzsche, ‘Prologue’ of <Also sprach Zarathustra: Ein Buch

für Alle und Keinen>:“ What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal.”

33 ROMANS 9:20-21

Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? (KJV)

34 PSALMS 32:9

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee. (KJV)

35 <SU-I-CHI>: Far away on the Southern Sea is the secret place of the ‘Shark-Men’. They live a fish-like life but never cease from weaving. The tears they shed are precious pearls.

36 In modern art, especially Abstract Expressionism, artists pour their emotion subjectively over the canvas, disregarding the visible objects of nature. Following this turning point,

automatism was widely adopted in painting. This creative process consists of two principles: First, the artist surrenders ideological dominance and so is no longer restricted by 'predetermination'. Second, a 'pause of action' enables the artist to reflect on feedback from the canvas before the next step is taken. Thus the final image results mostly from a psychological projection by the artist. Seemingly it consists of no 'direct speech' from the artwork, but in fact this process provides the artwork with rights of 'counter appeal' rather than being confined as a 'container' as in earlier creative modes. Jackson Pollock advocated in <My Painting> (1947): "The painting has a life of his own." Mark Rothko made the following statement regarding the completion of a painting: "Pictures must be miraculous: the instant one is completed, the intimacy between the creation and the creator is ended." In this way, artworks become the intimate friends of the artist. The same view has been widely accepted by artists in music, dance and even literary circles. The Russian literary theorist and aesthetician, Mikhail Bakhtin, advocated the idea of 'developing' to oppose Tolstoy's principle of submerging all positions beneath a single authoritative perspective when writing a novel. According to Bakhtin's theory, all personae

perform their own dramas, living and laughing with interactive flexibility in accordance with incidental logic. Thus even the ending may be beyond the author's control.

37 1.-Walt Whitman, ' Song of Myself' (verse 1319-1320)

“The past and present wilt--- I have fill'd them, emptied them,
And proceed to fill my next fold of the future.”

2. The Russian-American sculptor Saul Baizerman announced the completion of his work in Artnews (Mar.1952) : “When it has become stronger than myself, I become the empty one and it becomes the full one. When I am weak and it is strong the work is finished.”

38 In his book, <Francis, the journey and dream > Murray Bodo describes St. Francis of Assisi as having the weary appearance of a sparrow.

39 Procne, the elder daughter of Pandion(king of Athens), married Tereus of Thrace. Suffering from homesickness, Procne begged Pandion to send her sister Philomela to visit Thrace for a reunion. Unexpectedly Tereus fell in love with Philomela when she arrived. Even with all his mean and tricky measures, Tereus

was not able to compel Philomela to marry him . The furious Tereus cut out Philomela's tongue and jailed her in a strongly guarded place. Instead of lived hopelessly, she wove her story into a tapestry and sent it to Procne. When she understood what had happened, Procne killed her son Itys and stewed his flesh. She served the stew to Tereus and only told him the truth after he had eaten it. Tereus was so horrified that at first he could not move and the two sisters were able to flee. The Gods turned them into birds, Procne into a nightingale and Philomela into a swallow. This story became famous and was cited very often afterward. In Aristophanes' 'The Birds', Procne, as in Greek mythology turned into nightingale but in later English poetry they made the tongueless Philomela the nightingale. According to E. Hamilton, this absurdity was made because of the Roman writers' confusion.

40 JAMES 3:5-8

Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of

birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.(KJV)

41 In Shakespeare's <King Lear>, Cordelia is an honest woman. Unlike her sisters, she insists on principles: 'Love and be silent' (Act I.62), and 'Do it before speak' (Act I.229). Although she argues," I am sure my love's more richer than my tongue" (Act. I 79-80), she loses the love of her father, her territory, and her husband-to-be, all because she lacks a sweet tongue. In spite of her doom, her attitude is respectable, for she uses her tongue truthfully even when facing death.

42 Andre Gide, <Les Nourritures Terrestres>:

43 In Sophocles' Greek tragedy Oedipus was arrogant because he deemed himself to be a fair and insightful king. When he discovered his unwitting crimes, he put out his own eyes and dethroned himself. Curiously though, blindness made his insight even more discerning on his latter path.

44 Montaigne: "The ceaseless labour of your life is to build the

house of death.”

(Essais bk.1,ch 20)

45 Nietzsche, ‘The great Longing’ of < Also sprach Zarathustra: Ein Buch für Alle und Keinen>: “ Doth the giver not owe thanks because the receiver received?”

46 II KINGS, 2:11-14:

And as they still went on and talked, behold, a chariot of fire and horses of fire separated the two of them. And Eli’jah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Eli’sha saw it and he cried, ‘ My father, my father! the chariots of Israel and its horseman!’ And he saw him no more. Then he took hold of his own clothes and rent them in two pieces. And he took up the mantle of Eli’jah that had fallen from him, and went back and stood on the bank of the Jordan. Then he took the mantle of Eli’jah that had fallen from him, and struck the water, saying, ‘where is the Lord, the God of Eli’jah?’ And when he had struck the water, the water was parted to the one side and to the other, and Eli’sha went over.

(Revised Standard Version)

47 From the first chapter of <HUNG-LOU-MENG> (The Dream

of the Red Chamber): “To mend the broken firmament, Nu-ua refined 36,501 stones, and after the mending was complete, one stone remained. This subtle one had inherited from the Goddess a special aura of mystery. It possessed the power to vary in size and mobility. It had long rested in the range of Mt. Ta-huang, under the peak of Ch’ing-keng-feng near Wu-chi-yai. This time, it turned into a priceless jade found in Pao-yu’s mouth when he was born. The jade is translucent, sparkling and multicoloured, and it is inscribed, ‘T’UNG-LING-PAO-YU’ (jade with the aura of mystery).”

48 American poet, Emily Dickinson, (Poet J.449) :

“I died for Beauty----but was scarce
Adjusted in the Tomb
When one who died for Truth, was lain
In an adjoining Room-----
He questioned softly ‘Why did I fail’?
‘For Beauty’ I replied -----
.....”

49 The development of Western art history proceeded from ‘representation’ to ‘expression’ and then ‘presentation.’ Frank

Stella gave the consummate explanation of presentation: “What you see is what you see!” In presentation, artworks and minds seem to become more and more alien to one another, but if you would investigate the spiritual core, the opposing poles were never so close before in the creative process. In other words, it is a process to get the refined ‘object’ -- not necessarily a visible object or a natural scene-- through the sifter of an artist’s sober mind. This important step not only to eliminate the habitual predetermination of the artist but also to render the artwork self-explanatory. Perhaps for this reason Frank Stella declined to give any hint to his audience. This point also supports McLuhan’s thesis – The medium is the message – though from another angle.

- 50 1. “Von Herzen , moge es wieder zu Herzen gehen !” (From the heart-----may it go to the heart!).----Taken from the “Kyrie” of Beethoven’s Misa Solemnis in D major, Op.123
2. A statement of the author issued before his exhibition in 1989: “My works are derived from the innermost sensitivity, so they can only inspire the audience with potential for a similar sense.”

51 Chi-yu: “ All cultural and social activities possess instrumental functions. Through this nature the perpetual development of race and culture can materialize. The exhibition of artwork combines both race and culture and results in infinite possibilities that ignite the hidden ‘evolutionary power’ of the artwork. Chaos theory cannot yet prove the ‘Butterfly Effect’, but similar effects in cultural inheritance frequently arise. Just to mention a few: with the patronage of King Ludwig II, Wagner pushed German opera into a new epoch; the sculpture of a black slave of Bartholdi motivated A. Schweitzer to devote his latter life to medical-missionary practice at Lambarene; when Mendelsohn discovered the ‘St. Matthew Passion’ of old Bach, he made it heard by the whole world; a picture of Lehmbruck’s sculpture lodged in the mind of J. Beuys and became one of the important sources of his inspiration. The effect of ‘spiritual clapping’, more often than not, is inheritable. The energy is never reduced even in its ‘temporary silence’. You never know when and where someone will achieve an unpredictable breakthrough out of seeming nothingness.”
(Extract from: ‘Clapping with a Single Palm’)

52 In <A Sand County Almanac>, A. Lepold derived his ‘Land

Ethic' from the wrongdoing of Odysseus and the positive assertions of Ezekiel and Isaiah. He emphasizes that conversation is a state of harmony between men and land, and conversation changes the role of Homo sapiens from conqueror of the land community to plain member and citizen of it. Conversation implies respect for his fellow citizens of the land, and also respect for the community upon the land. The ideas of co-existence and respect are essential to the ecosystem. In culture circles these principles are equally important. In ROMANS 8:28, Paul's advice to make 'all things to work together' is an important gateway leading to perfection. In this Global Village, I hope no one culture will emerge dominant or even predatory. In the de-centralized climate of Postmodernism I hope that soon ethnocentric pride and cultural provincialism will be obviated.

- 53 It has been my main concern that artworks should carry the spiritual essence of artists and release their hidden energy when the audience encounters them in latter days. The value of the artworks is lessened if the artworks do not possess this latent energy. Among various discussions, I prefer the viewpoint of Professor Tang Chun-I in his book, <Minds, Substances and

Life>. I cite related texts as follows: 1.) Life, psyche and spirit are certain kinds of existence as well as reality (p.165); 2.) Through carnal action and mental activity various cultural creations and artificial productions can materialize. So the cultural creations and artificial productions are sufficient to express one's psyche and spirit. (p.174) 3.) Everything has its logic, and no creatures can perceive this logic except homo sapiens. Logic conceals itself in substances being captured. Only humans can unveil this concealed logic with lucid perception. (p.181) (According to Hegel, the beauty in artworks is the realisation of ideas and feelings. So, in the third article, beauty can be a substitute for logic).

In classic aesthetics, Beauty, an attribute solely of the subject, is considered absolute. Plotinus gives an example of two blocks of stone in Eighth tractate 1. of his <Fifth Ennead >: "One is unpatterned, quite untouched by art; the other has been minutely wrought by the craftsman's hands into some statue of god or man..... Now it must be seen that the stone thus brought under the artist's hand to the beauty of form is beautiful not as stone..... Art then, created in the image of its own nature and content, and working by the Idea or Reason-principle of the beautiful object it is to produce, must itself be beautiful in a far

higher and purer degree since it is the seat and source of that beauty, indwelling in the art, which must naturally be more complete than any comeliness of the external.” (Translated by: S. MacKenna and B.S. Page) On the contrary, Hume, the empiricist, defied the above theory and asserted that beauty exists in the mind of the viewer alone. These theories seem to have gone to opposite extremes. However, according to Tang, beauty exists absolutely in the subject and it must also be unveiled by the viewer. We all agree that the artistic mind participates in matters of nature and turns them into artworks. This is reality. And the main thing is that unexpected energy is released when other artistic minds encounter the artwork. According to H.G. Gadamer, the meaning of an artwork can be extended as the viewer legitimately interprets the work. So, the derived meaning can be infinite through such chain process of reflecting interpretations. The American theorist E.D. Hirsch jr. defined Gadamer’s idea of extended meaning as ‘significance’ in his treatise <Validity in Interpretation, 1967>. With the expansion of ‘meaning,’ the cultural growth which has been accelerated by mind-storming is forming a huge pyramid of knowledge and will contribute its knowledge to the world soul.

54 Virgil, < The Aeneid IV >: “ My life is lived; the course by fortune given I have fulfilled, and now the shade of me passes majestic to the world below.”

(Translated by: James Rhoades)

(<TA-HUANG-SOU-I> is composed by Lin to orchestrate with ancient Chinese Myth)

