

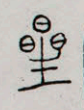
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A SKY FULL OF BLAZING STARS

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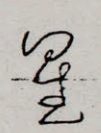
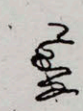
A Sky Full of Blazing Stars

Brightly Twinkling Stars

by Pai Hsienyung

Translated by Patricia Lu and the author

Patricia Lu and the author

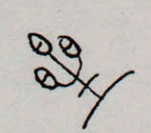


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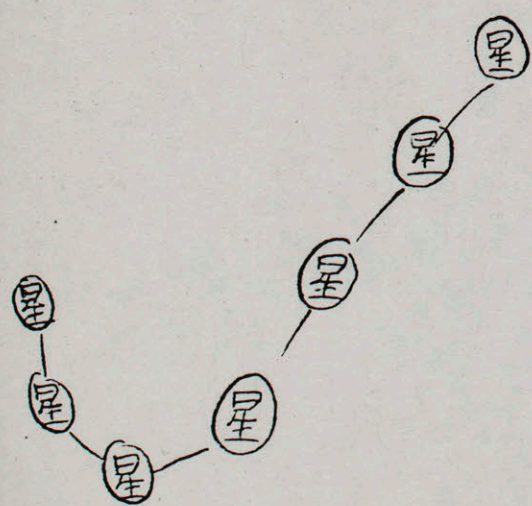
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It's always ^{been} like this, every time, every time, always, ^{he} ~~would wait~~ until all the ^{bright, twinkling} blazing stars in the sky gradually fade out and go down one by one, ^{(before) would} he ^{leans} back against the stone balustrade around the lotus pond in New Park and begins ^{to us} to recite those ancient tales of his.

Maybe it's one of those stifling hot days in July or August; the ramblers in the park linger on and on, unwilling to leave, then we start to circle hurriedly around and around on the terrace surrounding the pond, treading on each other's shadows. In the thick, torrid darkness, here a tuft of white hair floats, there a ravaged bald head sways; a stooped silhouette, anxiously, on the prowl, shuttles to and fro, until the last pair of eyes filled with desire vanishes into the murky grove; then, only then, do we start our gathering. By that time our legs are so exhausted we can hardly raise them.

We all call him "the Guru." Ah Hsiung ^{the Primitive} says that among his people, the aborigines, at the season when the first spring rain comes all the youths run naked into the rain and perform the Spring Sacrifice Dance,

~~Every time~~ ^{and} there will ^{always} be a white-haired, white-bearded elder

who ^{ing} presides at the altar as the Chief Priest. Once we

threw a dance-party at ^{Dark-and-} Handsome's house in Wan Hua

and Ah Hsiung the Primitive got drunk. ^H He tore off all his clothes and started his tribe's ^{al dance for the} Spring Sacrifice Dance.

The Primitive is a ^{strapping} big, dark, wild lad, ^{dark and wild, with muscles} his whole body

^{bulging} ~~lean~~ ^{all over his body.} sprouting muscles. ^{through the air} He leaped around and flew about with

abandon, his large aborigine eyes rolling on his face like

two balls of dark fire — our ^{acting coach} directing teacher, Old Man Mo,

says Ah Hsiung ^{for the movies} is a born martial-arts ~~movie~~ star — ^{all of us and the rest}

watched him, mesmerized. ^I Then, yowling and roaring we all

threw our clothes off and joined in ^{the} his Spring Sacrifice

Dance with him. We danced and danced, ^{and} suddenly ~~Dark-and-~~

Handsome sprang onto the table, waving his snakelike body

like crazy. ^I In a voice piercing as a young cockerel's

he declared, "We ^{all belong to the cult of the} are the Spring Sacrifice ~~Sect~~!"

^{When you} Think about it, ^{is there anyone who} who besides him ^{has} has the qualifications

to be ^{our} the Guru ^{? of our Sect?} Sure, ~~naturally~~, he belongs

to our grandfathers' generation, yet there ^{are} are plenty

among those night-sprites ^{who roam} in the Park ^{who} ^{outrank} are ^{far} ahead

of him in seniority. ^{But} ~~Even so, they're~~ ^{a cheap lot;} ~~only small fry;~~ ^{haven't got the kind of style that our Guru has that somehow} they lack ~~our Guru's awe-inspiring style.~~ ^{inspires awe} After all, ^{in people}

his ^{biggest} is a unique past; in the Thirties he was the ~~brightest~~ ^{(under contract with the Star Motion Picture Corporation,} star ~~of the Stars way back~~ in Shanghai — ^{Dark-and- Handsome} we have it on the authority of ~~Dark-and- Handsome, who~~ dug all that up; he ^{some of} likes to worm his way into the old movie

directors' homes and call their wives his godmothers. According to ^{Dark-and-} Handsome, ^{the} Guru ^{was a star of the first magnitude} ~~lit up half the sky~~ in the silent movie days; he ^{once saw} ~~had seen~~ a still of ^{the} Guru ^{in the role} as T'ang Po-hu in ^{the film classic} "Three Smiles."

"You just wouldn't believe it ——" Dark-and-

Handsome gasped, his mouth popped open and his eyes rolled upwards.

But ^{the} Guru had been ^{at the peak} ~~not~~ only a short time; once the talkies came in, he was eclipsed; he was a Southerner and couldn't speak Mandarin. At that time, Old Man Mo ^{had} told Dark-and-Handsome, everybody at Stars ^{the} poked fun at Guru; they called him ^{"Chu Yen, the Cardboard Lover"} ~~Crimson Flame, the Mute Lead.~~ That night

at the stone balustrade around the pond in the Park, we followed ^{the} Guru and ^{started up} ^{by his professional name, Chu Yen,} called him ~~Crimson Flame~~; he turned abruptly, raised a forbidding finger and waved it at us ^{vehemently} ~~violently.~~

"Chu Yen?"
 "Crimson Flame?" Did you say Crimson Flame? —

He died a long time ago!"

We all began to laugh; we thought he was drunk, ^{and} that night, indeed, ^{the} Guru was intoxicated. ^{had downed more than he could hold that night.} His hoary hair stuck out in all directions, quivering in the wind, his

eyebrows close-knit, the three lines in his forehead

^{than ever,} sunk even deeper. Have you ever seen ^{furrows so deep on a} that? ^{person's face? It's as though} The lines ^{etched with} could be so deep! AS IF they had been gashed by a sharp-pointed knife, ^{the} three of them, ^{straight lines,} right there on his broad ^{across} forehead, ^{that} high brow, one under the other, so deep ^{appeared dark.} they darkened.

He was tall, ^{and} broad-shouldered; once ^{he} his carriage must have ^{had} been very impressive, but now his back was bowed; he was

always wrapped in ^{an} that old gray herringbone tweed ^{top} overcoat

^{made of} of his; as he walked, his coat flapping in the wind gave you

a sense of infinite desolation. But those strange eyes of

his — what did they resemble, after all? In the dark,

two orbs of burning emerald, they sent forth a flame that ✓✓ refused to die, like ^{the} eternal lights, ^{lamps} in an ancient tomb.

"What are you laughing at?" he shouted at us.

"Do you think you're going to live for ever?" He walked over

^{jabbed a finger at}
 and poked Ah Hsiung the Primitive in the chest. "You
 think you've got a strong body, huh?" He chucked Dark-and-
 Handsome under the chin. → "You think you've
 got a pretty face, do you? Think you'll all live till
 you're forty? Fifty? Some people live long, see, like him
 — " He pointed at a ^{ancient} fortune-teller, the kind who
does it by ^a graphology, ist, who was
an old man dozing off at his table by the Park fence.

"He can live until his beard drags along the ground, until
 there's nothing left of his face but a few dark holes —
 he'll still be alive! But ^{Chu Yen} Grimson Flame died early! —
 1930, 31, 32" — he laughed coldly, counting on his fingers

— "Three years, he only lived three years! 'T'ang Po-hu?'
^{All those people at the studio} Every one of them ^{by that name,} rushed up to call him, but the moment ^{the cameras}
^{stopped grinding on} 'Loyang Bridge' was done they announced 'Grimson Flame is
 finished!' They wanted the Shun Pao ^{*} to sign his death
 warrant: 'An Actor Whose Artistry Is Dead And Gone.'
 They not only pushed him ^{down a} into the well, they dumped stones ⁱⁿ
^{after} on top of him. Buried him alive! Didn't even give him
 a chance at ^{one} a last breath — "

* ^A The leading newspaper in Shanghai in those days, whose ^{its}
 movie reviews could make or break a reputation.

As he was saying these words

All at once ^{suddenly} his hands ^{own} closed around his throat,

his eyes bulged, he uttered stifled sounds, his face

turning purple; he looked frightful, as ^{though actually} if someone were

^{being} ~~about to~~ strangle ^{d.} him. We all broke out laughing,

we thought he was acting; ^{The} Guru had a terrific talent all

right; no matter what ^{or mimicked,} ~~role~~ he played, ^{seem} he made it real.

Dark-and-Handsome said ^{the} Guru could have become a famous

director, but he took to drinking ~~all the time~~; and ^{being} ~~besides~~

~~he was~~ headstrong ^{and} full of ~~fierce~~ pride, he offended all the

big stars, ^{so} a first-rate film never came his way.

"Like this! It was just like this!" Guru let go

of himself. "Little brothers, you don't know what it's

like to be buried alive, it's as if someone had you by the

throat and you couldn't utter a sound, but you could see

their faces, you could hear their voices, you could see them

shooting straight at you with the camera under the klieg

lights; and you? Your pulse beat slower and slower, and

one by one your nerves deadened, with your own eyes

you saw your limbs rot away piece by piece —

And that was why.)

so I gritted my teeth and told my White Horse Prince, Charming,

'Son, you must show them, for my sake!' Chiang Ch'ing was
 a good boy; ^{he} I really ^{didn't let me down.} ~~can't~~ blame him. ^{on} The day 'Loyang Bridge'
 premiered at the Grand Theater in Shanghai, the crowd

was so big it stopped the traffic on Bubbling Well Road.

The minute he came galloping onto the screen ^{in his robe of sea-green silk and astride,} on his white

horse in his seagreen silk robe I heard myself cry out
 in my heart, ^{'Chu Yen} 'Crimson Flames lives again! ^{Chu Yen} Crimson Flame

lives again!" To remake 'Loyang Bridge' I staked everything

I owned, ^{one time,} when I was directing him ^{in a scene,} once, I slapped him

across his face and left five bloodred marks. But ^{was} is there

^{even a} anyone who knows ^e how I cherished him? ^{'Chu Yen's} Crimson Flame's

White Horse Prince ^{Charming} they all called him. He was born to

be a great star; there was a ^{spiritual} kind of angelic quality about

him — little brothers, don't you think you're such charmers:

not one of you has it!"

He went round the circle pointing at us; when ^{each of} ~~it~~ ^{he} came to
 Dark-and-Handsome's ^{the boy made a face and} ~~turn~~, Dark-and-Handsome sneered; we all
 roared. Dark-and-Handsome thought he was some hot shit. At

Some day for sure he was going to make it to Hollywood,
 he said. We advised him to order a pair of ^{those Italian} high heeled
 boots; he was only 5'5" ^{and} where was he going to find an
~~American woman~~ ^{foreign dame} short enough to ~~co-star with~~ ^{play opposite} him?

"But why? Why?" Without warning, ^{the} Guru caught

Ah Hsiung the Primitive by the arm. Ah Hsiung started;
 laughing, he struggled to free himself, but ^{the} Guru held him
 fast, his head, hair white ^{and} unruly, butted against Ah
 Hsiung's face. "Why didn't he listen to me? 'Son,' I
 said, 'you're a genius; don't, ^{ever} don't ruin yourself.'

^{time I laid eyes on her,}
 The first ~~glance~~, I knew Dandelion was bad luck! ~~That~~ ^{Imagine,}

^{the} little witch was thrown clear, not a hair on her head was
 injured; and ^{later on} ~~on top of that~~ she ^{even} became ^{a top star at the} Heavenly Unity ~~Studios,~~

~~red hot star!~~ And he? He was burned to a lump of charcoal

sitting in that sports car I gave him. They wanted me to
 claim the body. I refused. I refused to acknowledge it.

That heap of charred flesh was not my ~~White Horse~~ Prince ^{Charming}

— "It was as if a piece of bone were stuck in ^{the} Guru's

throat; he became unintelligible. "Burnt to death —

we both got burnt to death — " he muttered; his burning

emeralds of eyes flashed so that sparks seemed to leap from them. Ah Hsiung freed himself; panting, he ran back to us. ^{The} Guru leaned back against the stone balustrade, his head slightly bowed; a big lock of his white hair slipped forward and hung there. Behind him the enormous yellow moon was languidly sinking behind ^a ~~that~~ row of coconut trees on the west side of the pond. In the pond the lotus flowers and lotus leaves breathed out waves of fragrance with increasing intensity. Dark-and-Handsome stood on tiptoe, stretched and yawned; we all began ^{feel} to drowse.

* * * * *

There was a period, several months, when you couldn't find a trace of ^{the} Guru in the Park. Within our circle there were all kinds of rumors; they all said ^{the} Guru had gotten himself arrested and put in prison by the police from the Fourth Precinct; and not only that, he was booked on a morals charge — all this was spread around by one of ^{those} the Sanshui Street fancy boys ^(from Sanshui Street.) The way that little fancy boy told it, ^{one} ~~that~~ night, after he left the Park as he passed through Westgate Square he ^{saw the} ~~ran into~~ Guru in the China Plaza arcade. ~~?~~

Book
Style:
Do we use
asterisks to
mark break
or simply
use space?

The old cuss

he was running after a student and trying to buttonhole him.

"That schoolboy was ~~some~~ ^{bastard} gorgeous!" the little fairy ^{recalled,} ~~smacked~~ ^{ing}

his lips. ^{The} Guru looked absolutely ~~blind drunk~~ ^{soused}; he could

hardly walk. He was swaying from side to side, trying to

catch up with that student and ask ^{ing} him if he wanted to

be a movie star. At first the student ^{just} tried to get ^{out of his} away ^{the}

^{and} he kept turning around and laughing; at the corner, ^{the} Guru

caught up with him; he threw his arms around him and

hugged him, mumbling ^{things like} "Loyang Bridge," ~~mumbling~~ ^{and my} "White Horse

"Prince" ^{charming, and all that,} The student cried out in panic, a big crowd

^{and} gathered, ^{later} the police came.

One night, we finally saw ^{the} Guru appear in the Park again.

That was a most unusual summer night; for two months there

hadn't been a single drop of rain in Taipei. The wind was

hot; the stone balustrade in the Park was hot; those lush,

fertile tropic trees hazy with sultry smoke; the lotus flowers

in the pond smelled so sweet the air tasted sticky. In the

dark, thickening sky the moon — have you ever seen ^{the likes of it?} ~~that?~~

Have you ever seen such a lewd, demonic moon before?

Like an immense ball of flesh, bloodshot, floating up there, ✓
flesh-red. In the Park human shadows flickered, circling
 around wildly like the images on a revolving lantern.

Dark-and-Handsome was sitting on the stone balustrade, decked
 out in a tight-fitting scarlet T-shirt, ^{black} Bermuda shorts
 and sandals. Head in the air, legs swinging, he was showing off
 like a little peacock ^{spreading} with its tail ~~spread~~ for the first time.

He'd just landed a ~~role~~ ^{small part} in "Dawn of Spring," director: ~~ed by~~ ^{ed by}
 Old Man Mo; ~~this was his debut; he was so cocksure he'd~~ ^{In front of the cameras the first time in his life, he}
~~was so satisfied with himself he damn near~~ ^{was so satisfied with himself he damn near}
~~forgotten who he was.~~ ^{But} Ah Hsiung the Primitive ~~didn't want to~~ ^{not up}
~~hand over the laurels; he~~ ^{be upstaged} ~~seemed to be trying to steal the scene,~~ ^{determined}
~~show from Dark-and-Handsome.~~ ^{He showed up} Snug in a bright purple

Thai silk shirt that turned the upper part of his body
 into an inverted triangle, his white denim pants so tight
 they looked painted onto his bulging-sinewy legs, his steel
 belt-buckle as big as a goose egg, flashing like silver,
 his whole body burst with saturated maleness, tinged with the
 primitive wildness of the aborigines.

When he sat next to Dark-and-Handsome, for sure they
 were the most eye-catching pair in the Park; but that gang of

from Sanshui Street fancy boys simply refused to be ^{upstaged} ~~haunted~~.

^{In} ~~forming~~ groups of threes and fives, their arms around each others' shoulders, their wooden clogs clicking, they marched to and fro on the terrace as if they were demonstrating, humming amorous melodies. When a fat, bald-headed foreigner in a loud Hawaiian shirt ^{made his way over,} ~~furtively, searchingly, approached,~~ ^{exploring,} the fancy boys, ^{brazenly hailed him with a} ~~devil-may-care,~~ chorused "Hel-lo!"

^{At} ~~Just~~ When the excitement in the Park was at its height, out of nowhere emerged ^{the} Guru; his appearance was so sudden everybody was astounded, awestruck. ^{At} ~~all~~ at once they fell silent and quietly watched ^{the} Guru's huge ^{shadowy shape} ~~silhouette~~ move up to the terrace. ^{He} ~~he~~ wore a ~~bright~~ brand new ~~pale blue~~ sharkskin suit, ^{pale blue and shiny} ~~he~~ was unusually well-groomed, ^{and} ~~it~~ made his shock of white hair all the more striking, but he ^{moved} ~~carried~~ ^{his steps} ~~himself~~ with ⁱⁿ such effort, as if ~~he~~ ^{was} limped from a wound.

He'd probably gone through a lot in prison, you know; the police could be very cruel sometimes, especially to people ~~inside~~ on morals charges. Once a little Sanshui Street fairy hooked a wrong customer and got arrested;

the police really fixed his ^{good.} wagon but bad; ^{By its time} when he got out
 he ^{id been} was so scared he ^{id} lost his voice; when he saw people, ^{the}
~~only thing~~ he could ^{only} do was open his mouth and go ah, ah.
 People said he'd been beat up with a rubber hose. ^{The} Guru
 dragged his feet along heavily, with great dignity, step
 by step; eventually he made the stone balustrade at the end
 of the terrace. Alone, [#] he stood there by himself against
 the balustrade, his white, unruly head uplifted, his
 tall, ^{gaunt} ~~ranky~~ silhouette jagged, ^{and} imposing, erect, ignoring
 the whispers and snickers buzzing around him. In a moment
 excitement returned to the terrace. The night was deepening;
 steps grew more urgent, one by one their shadows searching,
 exploring, yearning. ^{The} Guru stood there alone. Not until
 that flesh-ball of a red moon went languidly down did he
 leave the Park. When he left he took a Sanshui Street
fancy boy along with him. The boy was called Little Jade;
 he was a pretty-faced little thing, but he was a cripple,
 so not many people paid attention to him. ^{The} Guru ^{put his} arm

Ital.

around the boy's shoulder, ^{and} the two of them, one tall,
one small, supporting each other with their incompleteness,
they limped together into the dark grove of Green Corals.

EDITOR'S COMMENT:

(TITLE)

literally, 光亮之能是之,

"Blazing Stars" is of course not a correct translation, its image is "hot", "fiery", etc. (as in the phrase: to go out "in a blaze of glory"; there is even a striptease artist whose stage name is "Blaze Starr"! I suppose it is purposely employed here to echo the hot, sultry, sex-laden atmosphere down below (p.1 "stifling hot days", "torrid darkness"; p.2 "balls of dark fire; p.3 "Crimson Flame"; p.4 "burning emerald; p.10 "hot", "sultry"; p.11 "bloodshot", "flesh-red".)

But I have a different reading of the symbolism: Each time the Guru tells his story he does not begin until "...the stars...dareken and fade out oje by one". This seems to me poses an effective contrast between what's going on in Heaven and on earth; past glory & idealism vs the destitution and Walpurgis Night of the present; or (as Ouyang Tzu puts it) the spirit and the flesh--the latter explicitly symbolized by the "lewd, demonic moon" that is "like an immense ball of flesh" (pp.10-11). If this is true, then I think we should translate it "Bright, Twinkling Stars". This is not only literally, ^{more} correct, but also reflects the hard, clean, gemlike quality of the stars, as against all the murky softness represented below. Further--if it is not stretching the imagination too much--"A Sky Full of Bright, Twinkling Stars" inevitably reminds people of the nursery song "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star", suggesting innocence as against the corruption in the world of the "night-sprites" roaming New Park. Innocence in corruption, and vice versa, is a theme found in such stories as Henry James' "Turn of the Screw" and in Gatsby.

P. 1 ...gradually darken and go down one by one (Changed to fade out. Seems not only better wording, but also, by using a cinematography term, prefigures the background of the ~~ex~~ main character in this story.

P. 3

"Crimson Flame, the Mute Lead"--First of all, you know I'm always leery of translating the meaning of a person's name, because we cannot do it uniformly with all names; also, while sometimes helpful (as in feminine first-names) it often leads to confusion and over-exaggeration. I think this is a case in point, especially when the name is repeated several times later. True, the transliteration "Chu Yen" loses something, but I consider that one of the minor hazards in translation. One way is to explicate it with a footnote, which I'd object, ^{here} With Chinese movie stars especially, the names often involve a pun--perhaps ^{朱颜} can further be interpreted as ^{朱颜}, signifying the ephmeral quality of youthful beauty. If that's the case, even translating it "Crimson Flame" would be inadequate and we'd need a double footnote!

Incidentally, wherever necessary, without hurting the ~~ex~~ texture of the writing, I've interspersed a word or two here and there to make the background of the story more intelligible. For instance, on this page:

- ...the biggest star under contract with the Star Motion Picture Corporation in Shanghai
- ...some of the old movie directors' homes
- ...a star of the first magnitude
- ...in the role of...in the film classic

P. 7

The literal trans. from the Chinese, "White Horse Prince", is awkward and inelegant. Actually, the very popular neologism ^{白马王子} is a trans. of "Prince Charming", ~~from~~ from the fairy tales. And it fits in well here. The name Chiang Ch'ing (姜青) is a bit unfortunate; for if Westerners know anybody by that name it would be ^{江青}. ^{姜青是个好孩子, 我实在不能怨他。} The meaning is not clear if the second part of this sentence is translated "I really can't blame him". In the context, it means "he really didn't let me down" because he vindicated my faith in him as a star.

P. 7, line 3 I added the word: our 'Loyang Bridge' (preferably in italics) to distinguish it from the first mention of 'Loyang Bridge' on p. 5. Otherwise, the reader will find it confusing--~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ in spite of the word "remake" which appears 6 lines later.

P. 7. Line 11-12 My phrase ^{"But} ~~was~~ there ever a one who knew..." may sound a little odd, in which case change back to "anyone".

P. 7, last line "hot shit", too strong. Original is: 大美人,

P. 8 I'm uncomfortable with Dandelion, but can't think of a better way out. Couldn't we at least say Dandelion Chen, to personify it?

#####

Dear Patia:

I suppose Kenneth Pai will forward this for your reference along with the revised translation. I'm sorry--I don't know what moved me to write such a long memo to a comparatively short story; I hope it doesn't present any problems.

Earlier, I heard from Kenneth that you had been ill. I trust you are completely recovered now, and getting more and more acclimatized to your human and physical environment in Taipei.

I'm telling Kenneth that I'll make an effort and get the two remaining stories--"Bygone Days" and "State Funeral"--wrapped up in Feb.

With warmest regards, and take care of yourself!

↑
Jayz,
1-26-80

高先生、

Dear George:

I got the revised translation of the "Bright, Twinkling Stars," bless their hearts and yours! this Saturday, and hasten to return it to you and Kenneth. Your long and gorgeous memo not only didn't "present any problems," it made me very happy. "The two remaining stories" — it seems hard to believe there are only two left. I can wait to see them, with difficulty! (I can hardly wait to see them.)

Thank God and everybody, I am indeed getting more and more acclimatized to my human and physical environment in Taipei, though I'm not completely recovered from illness and a battle fatigue of longer standing and greater grounds than I realized. But this is a fascinating place! Everybody's fascinating, including us furriners.

Really, "Bright, Twinkling Stars" is so beautiful now, thanks to you. "Prince Charming" it is! I can't begin to tell you how moved I was. God bless you! and thank you. It is wonderful. Kenneth says you've promised to write an editor's note, and that delights me, too. The whole English version is full of your divine sparks and rare understanding. HAPPY CHINESE NEW YEAR! to you and your family.

With warmest regards, and take care of yourself!

Patia

2/11/80

一九八〇年二月九日夜

克勇：

一月廿六号奉“满天裡亮晶晶的是”稿已達覽。
封內附上“思源賦”的改稿。這篇也很短，而且
厚澤漢文來很順，沒有多大問題。先是我看了
篇首的聲明，未免吃驚（每篇稿子我來心細讀
之前，並未翻閱過），因以前我曾經表示過，直接
運用美國俚語，很難消化，dialect更不必說。
如效果不好，不但Indiana那邊的人會抗拒，一
般美國漢子也會莫名其妙。但漢文的感覺
是：很自然，而且已經老女傭的 level of speech
也沒有什麼別好方法可以使它更為逼真。因此
我認爲可用，不過篇首的聲明是一定要用的。

此外有幾處地方，稍嫌過大，即所謂 verbal
overkill，我也沒法把它改過來，希望有突幫助。

早几天 Indiana 的 Irving Ho 因別好了打電話
來。他說他和 Leo Lee 及 IUP 的 John fallman 一
下月（三月廿一至廿三）都要到 D.C. 來，存了 AAS 團年，
主要跟我吹氣。我問你正忙老遠，不會來團年
吧？很享興，只到最後一篇，短時間內一定可以
完工了！（Joe Lau 也來信向此書的進度如何，
我告訴他我手中也有兩篇，不過我說他考慮的
你和我吹氣才對！）祝猴年百吉！