

陶淵明詩講錄（第十七講）

Lectures on Tao Yuanming's Poems (Lecture seventeen)

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（續631期）上次有一位旁聽的朋友問我，第十三首中的「醒醉還相笑，發言各不領」，能不能理解為作者對醒者和醉者兩個人的話都聽不明白。我認為不能這樣理解，因為「醒者」在這裏是比喻世俗一般人的看法，他們喜歡計較得失利害，算計如何升官發財，以為這是很清醒、很明智的做法；「醉者」代表那種純真、按照自己的性情理想去生活的人。

陶淵明有一句詩說得好，他說「任真無所先」（《連雨獨飲》）。這個「任」，是任憑的意思。他要任憑自己純真的天性，去走自己的生活道路，而這正是那些斤斤計較利害得失的人所不能理解的。由於這兩種人對人生的看法不同，所走的道路不同，所以他們說出話來，互相之間也不能瞭解。我說過，這是一種比喻，陶淵明是在表現自己內心之中矛盾的思想感情。

今天我們看第十四首詩，我先讀一遍：故人賞我趣，挈壺相與至。班荆坐松下，數斟已復醉。父老雜亂言，觴酌失行次。不覺知有我，安知物為貴。悠悠迷所留，酒中有深味！

我們看了這麼多首飲酒詩，其實都是在說人生問題，而不是說飲酒，有的根本整首詩就沒有提到酒。如果說這二十首詩裏真正講飲酒的，那實在就是這一首了。陶詩裏，提到飲酒有不同的情況：一種是獨飲。

☞待續

（Continued from issue #631）Last time, a friend in the audience asked me whether the line in the thirteenth poem, “The sober and the drunk laugh at each other, / Not understanding each other’s words,” could be interpreted as the poet being unable to understand either the sober or the drunk. I don’t think that’s the case. In this context, ‘the sober’ serves as a metaphor for the views of worldly people. Such individuals are often concerned with calculating gains and losses, weighing benefits and harms, and scheming for promotion and wealth. In their eyes, this makes them appear sober and intelligent. On the other hand, ‘the drunk’ symbolizes those who are innocent and live according to their nature and inspiration.

Tao Yuanming’s poem “Drinking Alone on Rainy Days” captures this idea well. In the poem, he writes, “Nothing surpasses following one’s genuine nature.” By ‘following,’ he means allowing—he allowed himself to follow his pure and true nature as he journeyed through life. This is something that those who carefully calculate benefits and harms, gains and losses, cannot understand. Since these two types of people have fundamentally different perspectives on life, they walk different paths. As a result, they are unable to understand each other in conversation. As I mentioned before, Tao Yuanming used this metaphor to express his inner conflict and emotions.

Today, we will go over the fourteenth poem. Let me read it to you first.

Old acquaintances who appreciated my taste, / Arrived with wine kettles in hand. / Sat on the ground with paved grass under a pine tree, / Became drunk again after being served wine a few times. / Fatherly elders spoke randomly, / The order of wine-serving was a mess. / Unaware there is a self, / Much less other things to cherish! / Lost in the place of rest, at ease, / We savor the deep flavor of wine!

Many of the wine-drinking poems we’ve read by Tao Yuanming are actually about life, not drinking. In fact, some of these poems don’t mention wine at all. Among the twenty poems in this collection, this is the only one that explicitly talks about drinking. In Tao’s poetry, there are different scenarios involving wine; one is drinking alone.

☞To be continued