

Yet he isn't sure what. A restlessness comes over him, a vague sense that he has a personality to express--the same sense which, without any vagueness, leads the artist to an act of creation. Sometimes I think I will cut down such trees as remain in the wood, at other times I want to fill up the gaps between them with new trees.

Both impulses are pretentious and empty. They are not honest movements towards moneymaking or beauty. They spring from a foolish desire to express myself and from an inability to enjoy what I have got. Creation, property, enjoyment form a sinister trinity in the human mind. Creation and enjoyment are both very, very good, yet they are often unattainable without a material basis, and at such moments property pushes itself in as a substitute, saying, "Accept me instead--I'm good enough for all three." It is not enough. It is, as Shakespeare said of lust, "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame": it is "Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream." Yet we don't know how to shun it. It is forced on us by our economic system as the alternative to starvation. It is also forced on us by an internal defect in the soul, by the feeling that in property may lie the germs of self-development and of exquisite or heroic deeds. Our life on earth is,

要替它弄个样子。可是，他却不知道该怎么下手。他
觉得坐立不安，只是摸模糊糊的感到一股要表达自我
的衝動——艺术家创作时也有这种感觉，只是他的笔
不模糊而已。我有时恨不得把林中剩下的树全砍掉，
但有时却又想遍植新树，填满它们之间的空隙。不过
，这都只是一些空想，完全不切实际。外在理想没有
为了要赚钱，或为了要比看的意思。却全是发自内心的
急不可及、急于表现自我的虚荣感，也发存不能享用
自己拥有的不安。人都都想创造一些东西、拥有一些
东西、享用一些东西——这念头在人心中便好像三位
一体的邪魔，挥之不去。能创造、能享用，当然是不
错的，可是，缺少了物质基础，什麼都胡谈得上。
这时，人便希望拥有一些东西来代替一切。这些东西
好像说：「倘不如拥有我算了——我能以一抵三。
」但即是不够的。荷七比电早已穿过，会整只是「把
精力虚耗在耻辱裡」，到头来是「一场欢喜一场空」
。可惜我们始终未能摆脱贪慾。我们的经济制度使我
们以为这是必需的，否则便只好捱饿。人类天性的缺
点也叫我们以为产业孕育了使人发挥自我的种子，从
而能藉以如幹一番事业。人活在地上，便得靠物

and ought to be, material and carnal. But we have not yet learned to manage our materialism and carnality properly; they are still entangled with the desire for ownership, where (in the words of Dante) "Possession is one with loss."

And this brings us to our fourth and final point: the blackberries.

Blackberries are not plentiful in this meager grove, but they are easily seen from the public footpath which traverses it, and all too easily gathered. Foxgloves, too--people will pull up the foxgloves, and ladies of an educational tendency even grub for toadstools to show them on the Monday in class. Other ladies, less educated, roll down the bracken in the arms of their gentlemen friends. There is paper, there are tins. Pray, does my wood belong to me or doesn't it? And, if it does, should I not own it best by allowing no one else to walk there? There is a wood near Lyme Regis, also cursed by a public footpath, where the owner has not hesitated on this point. He has built high stone walls each side of the path, and has spanned it by bridges, so that the public circulate like termites while he gorges on the blackberries unseen. He really does own his wood, this able chap. Dives in Hell did pretty well, but the gulf dividing him from Lazarus shall come to this in time.

質、名利打交道。但我却从不懂得怎样好，家裡的
盤、名利，仍是關不過想據為己有的念頭，如會得到
「既生有得，定必有所失」(何一語)。
最後要說的是黑莓子。
在我住的樹林裡，黑莓子雖然長得不多，但從
穿過林中的一徑上却可以一覽無遺，而且採摘起來也
十分方便。本地黃也是一種，常給人隨手摘去。一些
身負教育使命的女士甚至在校裡挖掘蘑菇，如常四星
期一的早上，給學生開「眼界」。另一些沒受過多教
育的，則和男朋友地壁同遊之蟻，把蟻在地壁上的
蕨掃落地上。利處都是廢紙、錫罐。天穿，這片樹林
是我的嗎？它要是屬於我的，我決不容許他人闖進來
？萊姆附近的一個樹林不幸也有條小徑，但它的主人
我付這問題時卻發硬了。他在穿過樹林的小徑兩
旁築起高高的圍牆，然后再在上而架上一道的小橋
。這樣，外人便都像白蟻般沿着牆外爬行，而他在牆
內卻可以避過睜眼，大嚼黑莓子。好像他，這下
子樹林可真正屬於他的了。死後到地獄受苦時財主早
已悔不當初。他的友有使他能夠跨過拉撒路和他之間的
溝溝，可是，我所這兒的溝溝却連也沒跨過。終有

I shall wall in and fence out until I really taste the sweets of property. Enormously stout, endlessly avaricious, pseudo-creative, intensely selfish, I shall weave upon my forehead the quadruple crown of possession until those nasty Bolshies come and take it off again and thrust me aside into the outer darkness.

(1926)

一天，我想我也会跟那林主一样，筑起围墙，分清内
外，徹底嘗，擁有产生的滋味。就让我变得肥胖脚腿
、贪滑世态、得意霸道、自私自利好了。我还要会编
织这样一项代表我所拥有的四面皇冠，稳，戴在额上
——直至可怕的布尔什维克们走来，摘下皇冠，再
把我推到外面的黑暗里。