

Paranoia



John Yan

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*Love is an act of endless forgiveness,
a tender look which becomes a habit*

—— Peter Ustinov

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1

Paranoia

I have **persecution paranoia**, or more specifically “Truman Show syndrome”. In that 1998 movie of the same title, a guy lives in a reality show, surrounded by actors who deceived him since childhood, but he escaped from the show finally. In the US this syndrome has spread like an epidemic after the movie’s release.

I first visited America when I was 25 (in 1996), at the time I was infatuated with my American cousin but rejected by her. Adding to that I had very few friends in the foreign country, and I have a long-time aversion to white people and their racism, I felt I was living in a hostile environment. These factors made me grew paranoid within a year of arriving in the US. (At first it began with some suspicion of people peeping into my e-mails....)

Today, 26 years later, I have still not “recovered”. Now that I am typing this

manuscript, half of my brain thinks I am typing alone in my room, another half thinks I am typing in a Truman Show with the whole world watching.

You probably think I'm crazy. How could I believe something so absurd as *The Truman Show*?

I am a researcher in AI (artificial intelligence), a disruptive technology that may some day in the near future turn the world order upside-down. For example, the main difference between white people and colored people is probably just the superficial looks, but looks are genetically inherited by DNA, and we Chinese people cannot have those genes unless we kidnap their women for breeding. With the advent of AI, technological progress can enable people to live forever, humans would be freed from the dictates of genetics, and we could morph into whatever looks we want. White supremacy would also vanish.

So, white people may not want Asians to have this technology. And indeed I have actually experienced some hostility from American AI researchers: they're called OpenCog, the founder is Ben Goertzel. He is now quite famous, you can look him up. I have tried to join them several times, but their attitude is rather unfriendly and unwelcoming.

So, if I feel that someone from the US or the West are plotting against me, that probability really may not be zero. Have you not heard of many anti-US political figures killed by the US? And my political stance is strongly **anti-racist**, which

logically would entail anti-Americanism.

I'd wanted to find a ghost writer to write this book, but slowly I finished writing pretty much all I want to say.

I was locked up in a mental hospital for 3 weeks, got to know the patients and saw a lot of happenings, that made me sympathize with them. I was scared shitless, pretended that I was normal so they would release me, which they did eventually, on Christmas day. That made me think of the 1974 movie *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, in which the good guy was electrocuted into an idiot, but the insane guy who thought he is Jesus succeeded to escape. In that movie they also taught how to hide drug pills under the tongue; little did I know that the trick could be so useful later.

As to **psychiatric drugs**, they are pretty useless, acting only to *block* the signals that neurons communicate; They cause patients to be sleepy, tired, lacking motivation and sex drive, ...etc. Some boys may become feminine / grow breasts. To put it simply, the drugs perform *chemical lobotomy* on your brain (even though it may not be permanent). I know this because I have researched on how to upload the brain's consciousness to the computer ("**mind uploading**"), so I studied a lot of neuroscience. Trust me!

John Yan is my real name — why didn't I use a nickname? That is because I halfly believe that you all know this already 😊

2

Colonialism

My daddy used to be a Hong Kong Royal Police. After the British handover of Hong Kong to China, he continued for a few years before retiring. When I was young I never thought much about my daddy's job, but I started to feel strongly once I visited America. After all, serving under colonialism is sort of traitorous. What is strange is that in Hong Kong many people utterly don't feel any shame about colonialism. Some of us even think the British government is a "step-mother", even dearer than the birth mother. Why so? Though it is often said that colonial Hong Kong was a place where "East meets West", the reality is that Westerners were still pretty segregated and unapproachable from the locals (this situation may be changing now). Many Hong Kongers felt their legs shake when they needed to speak English. Living under such fears, they could not recognize the true face of colonialism.

When I first experienced America, I was very much in awe of their advanced culture, just like George Bush Jr said “shock and awe”. For a while I even stopped eating Chinese food, I wanted to eat wholly Western-style. When I returned to Hong Kong, I saw on the newspaper a curious phrase: “**western hypocrisy**”, and that got me suddenly to start to understand the workings of the world globally.

When I was a kid, I had a young aunt who went to England to study English literature. I didn’t see her a lot, but I remember clearly she once told us about her experiences when studying abroad. She said, one time when she was dining with other students, she reached out her hand to grab a piece of bread, and a British student said to her “Don’t *touch* that bread!” or something like that (I forgot the exact words, but he wasn’t telling her to eat wholegrain bread, I guess?) Later on she came back to Hong Kong and taught in a local Islam school, and got leukemia and died very young. In my mind, she was a very proud person (among the daughters of my grandma, she was probably the prettiest, and also the highest educated), I imagined that she died in bitterness because of the insult.

3

World A and World B

Ever since I got this mental illness, I cannot distinguish between World A (the reality) or World B (the Truman Show). In the subway, when I see people gossiping, I wonder if they were talking about me. I always feel that TV shows in Hong Kong and in the US were poking fun at me obliquely, cursing me to die and such, and all these annoyed me greatly. But I couldn't tell World A from World B. In other words, I have become like a **blind** person, just like the story of Samson and Delilah in the Bible ¹: After Samson was betrayed by Delilah, they cut his hair and blinded him, and made him work **futilely**; He became the laughingstock of his enemies. I often felt, this messy affair between me and my cousin, must be the key to disentangle the whole problem, and so I keep analyzing it endlessly. At that time my thoughts were very chaotic, it was the beginning of the road to madness.

¹I am atheist, but I think some biblical stories are quite meaningful and can be learned from.

First thing I need to clarify is: even though I was infatuated with her, I also despised her somewhat, and I also fancied other girls. I was just like a man drowning in a shipwreck in the Pacific Ocean, grabbing onto her like a lifesaver. Because she is ABC (American born Chinese), she is like a ticket for me to enter white society. It'd be so nice if I could marry her, or I'd be floating in the ocean, struggling to get "on shore".

Finally I got to see her in New York, but she clearly disliked me by then. At that time I brought a book with me, an autobiography of a run-away Asian-Canadian girl, about her prostitute street life. I knew that all girls love that kind of book, so I left it in my aunt (cousin's mother)'s house, and my cousin and her sister both read it as expected. When the book came back, I was surprised to discover a tiny piece of paper, on it was written just the words:

no escape except through death

At the time I thought it means she wanted me to murder a high-school classmate of mine. (Way back, my aunt brought my cousins to Hong Kong for a summer vacation, and that was when I first started to like her. I introduced my high-school classmate to them, thinking we could have a fun time together, but my cousin exchanged flirts with him and treated me like a fool.) The more I think about it, the more I feel this is an unforgivable insult, and that I must kill him to avenge it — like a sword wedged between me and my cousin, and I had to pull it out. But I was also in a Truman Show, how could I plot to murder someone?

And moreover, if my cousin really loved me, why would she require me to kill someone as a condition? Wasn't it because of her flirting with him, that created this insult in the first place? Every time I thought of this my body shook with anger.

More than a decade later, now I seem to understand that sentence she wrote. In American culture, the highest-status people are blonde with blue eyes; red hair is unlucky; and if someone has black hair, everything she touches turn into tragedy. As for Jews, they should just straighten up their frizzy hair first. And yellow people are still lower than Jews. I was jealous of my cousin getting "onshore" earlier than me, as if she turned into a white person before I could. I was so jealous I wanted to kill her, and I had never felt such a great hatred towards anyone. Though frankly, what does this "onshore" even mean? All Chinese immigrants in America live a second-rate, shadow-like existence without dignity. Even Whitney Houston² was just a shadow. Barack Obama simply chopped off his black half, and he is so cool he even smiled at it. Note: Steve Jobs³ is exactly the kind of person who thinks the *step-mother dearer than birth-mother*. In America, colored people are getting so desperate, that even if they prostitute themselves cheaply, white boys may not bat an eye towards them. No one could get on shore, but we are trampling over each other to get ahead, displaying all sorts of ugliness. "*No escape except through death*" may mean this.

²(1963-2012) American black singer whose song our high-school English teacher played to us.

³(1955-2011) American entrepreneur, founder of Apple Inc, born to a Muslim father and a white American mother. Their marriage was opposed by the mother's father, so she give up the baby for adoption.

4

American cousin

1991 (26 years ago), my aunt and 2 cousins came from America to visit Hong Kong. I was 20, just entered university year 2. She was 14.

That summer our house had a lively crowd of guests. Another (boy) cousin from England and his British friend also came to Hong Kong for vacation, and they all stayed at our place. The night my girl cousins arrived, I just came back from university campus, they have gone to the bedroom. My mother came out to the living room to describe to me these strange visitors. She spoke with a very worried look on her face, "Oh dear... the 2 cousins look so *frightening*... the older one is so fat she looks like a *mountain*... and the little one, she's so young and already putting on lipsticks, makeup and perfume like an *old lady*!" So I instantly took a liking to her; These stories always begin like that.

We have barely known each other for one day, and she said to me, “Even cousins can get married, if they don’t have kids.” I nodded my head deliberately and seriously.

5 years later, the lovesick me went to New York looking for her; She said she had a boy friend already, she had to get married and have kids, we are impossible. I wouldn’t let go of her, I said she didn’t give me a reasonable explanation; She said I sounded like a psychopath and scared her. Indeed, I had actually started having paranoid thoughts (she didn’t know that); Part of the reason I wanted to talk to her is to help me clarify whether I’m under surveillance or not, or could she also be one among the watchers?

Actually in the summer of 1991, just days after knowing each other, she had changed her stance, saying, “I just want an elder brother, to beat up the people who bully me”. I remember my first response was “Huh? Beat up who?”

For 26 years I kept thinking why she abandoned me.

My 14-year-old cousin said: “George Bush (Senior) is fighting a war in Iraq, but he still goes to play golf!” I said: we Hong Kong people don’t care about politics, we don’t know what is war, and stupid things like that. Now I realize, that what she said was very right, she was so young but she understood a lot. And now I know the correct answer, is that we should knock down American imperialism and racism.



At the student hostel in New York, there was a big tree outside my window. In the spring, a pair of squirrels (? I'm not even sure what animals are those) chased each other all day long. Maybe it was their mating season, the male squirrel kept following the tail of the female, but he always just got close to her tail, without catching her, and it looked as though he's just doing that to smell her odor, that sight irritated me so much. I came to New York all by myself, but my cousin didn't want to see me, our situation is just like that squirrel chasing the other, this is so unbearable to watch, as disgusting as the physiological act of shitting and farting. I remember the title of a novel: *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*. I think of those ideal lovers in the movies, *The Blue Lagoon* or whatever, lovers playing amidst a bed of flowers, the girl looks at the boy with longing eyes, that image is so different from my reality. I am the chaser, she is the chased, whereas in *The Blue Lagoon* they mutually love each other. Something must be wrong, but I couldn't figure it out. I felt that *everything is against me*. Shakespeare said the world is just a stage and we are the actors in it, but I found that my role as the "chaser" is impossible to play successfully. I should not chase even for one step, just one step is wrong, but I was already chasing.

I remember another old movie: Young man got into gambling rivalry with a fat guy, losing all his money and even his beautiful wife to the fat guy. Of course, he won her back at the end. In the last scene, as the wife leaves him, the fat guy

started to cry fitfully, and she patted his back to comfort him.... Why has this role fallen on me?

I remember another time in the subway, a mother scolded her child in front of other passengers, and the little girl was covering her ears tight, ashamed that her mum disclosed her bad things to strangers. I was like that girl, unwilling to hear the truth.

I had an image in my mind: I was not wearing clothes, my yellow-skinned body like a low animal, I was toiling clumsily and primitively, using my bare hands to pick up mud, to build a small wall, hoping to encircle my cousin into my world, and that mud tower is pathetically small, it could barely circle myself, and the inside is filthy and dirty, and my cousin was watching me from high above and I didn't know it. More and more I felt that this mud tower cannot be sustained any longer, the truth is coming at me from all directions. Finally I raised my head and saw my cousin watching me, I got angry, wishing to scold her: "You knew it all along that you wouldn't love me, why didn't you tell me earlier?" And then suddenly I remember: isn't this what she's been telling me all the while? and I miraculously could not take it in?

And I thought, everyone in their lives must go through the pain of heartbreaks, why am I handling this so badly? Many of my old classmates got out of college, married, had kids, and we never heard any scandals from them. Why is everyone else adjusting so well, maybe my mum forgot to teach me something? Why isn't

this in the textbooks? And there's one friend from high school, who climbed up his college dorm room to check on his girl friend, and saw her cheating with another guy, and he fell from the wall and broke his leg. He's exactly the guy I mentioned before, the one who flirted with my cousin.

One night in the dorm room, I worked up the courage to call her on the phone, but I was afraid, I pickup up the phone and put it down, picked it up and put it down.... , finally I called her. She asked me, "What do you want to say?" And I said, "I... I... I..." and kept stammering the word "I", literally for 1 or 2 minutes. That's because I had a guilty conscience, I did not truly love her, it's just that I couldn't have her so I wanted to conquer her. I felt that my love was not real, obviously I despised her, but I feared she could see through it. I wouldn't die for her, and I even predicted with certainty, that after I got her I will turn my attention to other girls. That was like a battle of true hearts, and I felt guilty, and I said at long last, "I.... I.... I.... love you very much." She seemed very offended and slammed down the phone receiver.

Later, on the internet I discussed this with an American woman, and she is a bit arrogant, she said, "Your cousin is smart.... Forget her and move on." But I start to doubt it more and more. Women read a lot of romance novels, but do they really know about love more than men do?

I recall, that she actually seemed to fancy many other boys as well. That summer when she was 14, we were chatting randomly and the conversation landed on the

topic of sex. I said to her matter-of-factly, "I like many types of girls, but you, you're a girl and you'd only have sex with the guy you really love." But she said, "no, that's not true, I sleep with everyone!" Her comeback caught me off-balance, and I was scared by the thought of her having sex with someone else. I comforted myself by thinking she must be kidding me....

When you wait for the bus it won't come, but when you're not waiting you see many. In New York when I was yearning for my cousin, lots of girls tried to seduce me. But I deliberately ignored them, just to show how faithful I am to her. That was just my one-sided attempt to make a reason that she must love me. One time in a class in university, a girl sitting behind me dropped a pen, and I just sat there with my body all tense, not picking up the pen, as I thought she was seducing me. I even heard her "what?" uttered from her in surprise, and then she picked up her own pen.



In New York, her male friend (not boyfriend) Ralph was acting rough with me, warning me not to bother her. I did not fight back, not knowing what exactly was going on. When I later complained to my aunt why my cousin would not give me an explanation, I hit her once on the arm. Aunt called for help, and I was beaten up by the bunch of relatives and friends that arrived. I told them that Ralph hit me first, but I wasn't sure if they've heard me or not.

After they beat me, I sat on the lawn outside my host's home, my arm was bleeding (but it was only a slight wound). Aunt was pointing at me and scolding, "You call yourself an educated man? What kind of shit did you learn at school!?" Later she wrote me a cheque, perhaps as some kind of break-up compensation. After this incident I don't see them much anymore.

That night, my aunt had come to help me move house, driving a long way to my host's place, but I wasn't thankful for her and even thought she owed me. That time was the lowest point of my life, I was literally *inconsolable*.

Aunt had explained some things to me before: "If she really likes you, she wouldn't be acting like this", "If you think she despised you, you work harder and be better than her." Her words are very true indeed, and I pulled myself together and really worked hard afterwards.

Today, 26years later, when I see Hong Kong people behaving like wusses, I feel an urge to punch them in the face, just to teach this society to get its act together. But isn't that like punching the person that was me 26years ago?

I was jealous of my cousin, because her parents emigrated to America first, they learned to be like white people, with their advanced culture and aggressiveness and guile, whereas I was just a timid country boy from Hong Kong. I was very mad, why was this little girl teaching me a lesson, but I couldn't think of a single reason to criticize her (except for some trivial things).

But she has her weak points too, just like any ordinary person. At 14 she said some stupid things, so stupid you'd laugh to death. Want to hear? For example, she said "I used not to believe in ghosts, but after watching the movie *Ghost*¹ I believe them now." That lead actor Patrick Swayze had since become a real ghost.

She also told me once, as if to give me helpful advice, "Never believe in anybody!" Thinking back, it might be this single line of hers, added with the high-school friend who betrayed me, that really made me not believe in anyone anymore. The complete distrust made me unable to tell if anyone is an actor or not, even including her.

When we first met, I often apologized to her over little things, but she said, "Don't say 'sorry' all the time, I really hate people who say sorry." I felt dumb and clumsy around her. After she left, I went nuts and never again apologized to people no matter what happens. One time at the university in New York, I was late for class, I should have said to the professor, "sorry I'm late", but I said instead, "I'm late." The professor was shocked and responded with a funny look on his face, "Mister Yan, you just said you're late?" I nodded. I was so dumb, that was like some kind of "silent" protest I made to my cousin — "see what you've done to me?" Under the **World A** interpretation, the professor and students would not understand this, they'd be wondering why is this Chinese guy not saying "sorry"? And that would probably lead them to think of things like

¹A 1990 romantic hit movie.

racism and imperialism.

In New York, she scolded me for making my parents pay for the college just so I could see her, that is so “selfish”. Later when I grew to hate her I began to think, “What’s wrong with me coming to America to study? Does New York belong to you?” New York belongs to whom?

On the bed in the dorm room, I was thinking of her, and the more I thought the more I felt that I was cheated by her, but I couldn’t name the reason. Suddenly I felt a heaviness on my chest, I pounded my chest with my fist, like a beat on the drum, and it was only afterwards that I realized I made such a movement. I thought immediately, “God damn, why the fuck did I act like a chimpanzee?” That’s such a shame, the audience who were watching my reality show must have laughed to tears.



For this matter, my parents flew to New York to help mediate. The 3 of us stayed at aunt’s house in the basement, while aunt and the cousins lived upstairs. Once, I was talking to my mum, she told me that my cousin showed my love letter to her and dad, and complained of how I was harassing her. I told my mum: I just wanted an explanation from her, just to talk to her (I wanted to know if there were people watching me, as I felt at that time that my cousin was the only person who could understand me, and I didn’t want to discuss the paranoia

with my mum, because she is among the people whom I had wanted to “expose” (see §11)). “Why wouldn’t she even talk to me....?” But my mum said, “We have asked her too, but she just said she doesn’t want to see you.” I said, ‘Why wouldn’t she talk even once with me....’ and as this sentence had not finished, my tears start rolling uncontrollably down my face, I cried like a little boy. It was my mum who taught me to act like a macho tough man, she taught me that boys don’t cry.

I cried, I really had not expected she could be so cruel....

I felt she betrayed me.... she would not unite with me against America.... it’d be she uniting with America against me....

People would forget about the Iraq war.... I would be unable to tell whether people are watching me or not.... people would think I’m crazy....

....

After a long time, I slowly recovered, telling myself not to believe in that Delilah story in the Bible; I am not finished just because she betrayed me. If a woman turned bad just replace her with another. But I have not found a good girl to this day.

My younger brother also flew from England to New York to visit me, with his Japanese school friend. I was still chiding my cousin for “not giving me an explanation.” My brother asked me, “First of all, can you even accept the fact

that she doesn't like you?" I said, "Of course I can accept that, I just want her to give me an explanation." My brother said, "You're using your own standards to judge others. You think it is right to give explanations for breaking up, but some people think it is best not to say anything, you can't force her to be like you." But I couldn't listen at that time. My brother said, this trip to America had been shadowed by my sad affair, even giving him an unpleasant impression of New York.

I remember asking my mum, "Why didn't she even say one word with me, don't you think that's unreasonable?" Mum said, "Some women are just like that, they like to torture and irritate men, they even feel proud of doing that!" As I recall this, I feel that my mum is just ridiculous: How could you think my cousin is that kind of person? Maybe you are just this kind of nasty, despicable woman?



My uncle died early, my cousin lost her father at a tender age, she is one of those undisciplined young girls. And being American, she often laughed at our backwardness, even my parents were afraid of her sharp words. Whereas I have always been disciplined strictly by my parents, that made me admire her so much.

In Hong Kong, I brought her to drink lemonade at a place called American Café, but she snarked that it is not a genuine American brand, and I felt losing face. To tell the truth, why is eating at a fake American restaurant more shameful than

eating at MacDonald's?

In *The Dream of The Red Chamber*², 贾宝玉 (“Precious Jade”) said that men are filthy things, but women’s essence is pure. Rumor has it that the story after Chapter 80 is not written by the original author. So the story of Precious Jade being tricked into marrying another woman, and Black Jade dying of a broken heart, may not be the author’s original intent. Isn’t the author 曹雪芹 famous for the technique of leading the reader into a trap, only to *disillusion* him afterwards? And that’s why *The Dream of Red Chamber* is called a “dream”, isn’t it? I like using this technique in my own writing as well! However, that plot about Precious Jade losing his jade and meeting the True Precious Jade, is such a magical touch, that makes me wonder if anyone could be so imaginative to complete the story?

But there’s no need to dwell on this issue, since that is just a work of fiction, and my purpose here is not to write fiction, but to analyse and calculate with objectivity. That is why I am critical towards everyone, including myself. We need to rely on our own thinking to find answers, instead of believing in old books. It is said that Fermat did not know the proof of the famous theorem that bears his name, mathematicians generally believe that he was mistaken, and the real proof had to wait till the development of 20-century mathematics.

As Haruki Murakami said, writing is a kind of self-therapy. If I don’t write this

²Chinese classic novel written in the 1760’s

down I couldn't even tell who was right or wrong. I was once so mad that I wished to kill my cousin, but now I just want to figure out who did wrong exactly. She absolutely had the right to reject me, maybe the reasons were too embarrassing to admit. After all, our DNA were 12.5% identical, maybe she could not bear to tell me, "brother, I'm officially dumping you because you look like shit, you have no talent, and you're much older than me" ? Even now I often ignore other women whom I think are not pretty enough, or not smart enough.

My cousin is not really that pretty. Even while in America I have had this reckoning: if I could not even get her, there would be no chance for me to get those blonde-hair blue-eyed white girls. That made me feel so ashamed, I just wanted to have 6 wives like Henry the 8th. Now I have become very promiscuous. Who wouldn't? To have one love only, or so-called monogamy, is just young men and women trying to market themselves with a better price, and then they would beg with tears saying "sorry, but that is out of my control."

Nevertheless, I always feel ashamed for thinking she was not as pretty as the white girls, remembering her face when she was angry. Now I think that Chinese women are very pretty, maybe I am really mentally ill now 😊

5

Immortality

有案例表示，有些人精神受了打击，愤怒会导致他们短暂变盲。我没有到这地步，但我和堂妹翻脸后的确经过了长达1~2年的怒不可遏的时期。

那时我在读文学，教授说：缺乏经验的年轻男子，往往将女人摆到神台上，“put her up on a pedestal”，受骗以后才发现她们的缺点。我觉得教授也知道了我和堂妹的事，在开导我。

我的成绩一落千丈（初到美国的第一学期还是全A的），课程规定要看的小说也没心情看。《傲慢与偏见》看了开头几页便看不下去了：

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife....

那是一个成功的女追男的故事，而我却是失败的男追女。我发觉那些小说、情诗、对我追求堂妹完全没有用。我妈（她是小说迷）说：Jane Austin自己

也没有结婚。

就在万念俱灰的时候，伯娘送了个电视机给我，在电视上我看了一集X-Files¹。本来我很不屑看这些通俗的科幻剧集，但那一集碰巧是改编自William Gibson的故事，他是cyberpunk之父，著名的小说《Neuromancer》²的作者。那故事说一个人将他的意识upload到电脑上，从此脱离了肉体而生存。我看了后觉得很有意思。以前读哲学，唯心主义和唯物主义是一大难题，但现在这想法令我豁然了解到意识的奥秘。

和日本同学去纽约市的书店，那家「第5街」的书店是全世界最大的，也是我在纽约最喜欢的地方。我突然想看看很久没有看过的科学书籍。随手看到一本讲life extension的书，我以前从未听过这概念。它说：在我们之中有些可能是首批长生不老的人，the first immortals may already be living among us。我很兴奋地翻看这书，然后我觉得甚至不需要买它，把它插回书架上，我已经找到今后做人的目标了！

记得我还不够10岁，母亲教我和弟弟，说这世上没有神，人死后就是永远的虚无。这想法令我不寒而栗，从此变得很害怕死亡。人生最大的遗憾就是终需一死，可是又没法避免，悲夫！但现在这本书居然展示出一线希望.... 我甚至奇怪，自己小时候也是个电脑神童，从小也喜爱科学，但为什么在香港念大学的我一直不知道有transhumanism这东西？

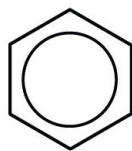
那时我主修的是文学，但我几乎一夜之间已经转了主修，开始借大量的科

¹90年代美国科幻电视连续剧

²《神经通灵者》(1984)

学书来读。

那学期一完结，我走到生物化学系，对一个不认识的教授说「原本念文学想转生化有没有可能？」那教授划了一个图形在纸上问我：



—— 那是什么？

我说：不知道啊。他说：那是 benzene，6 个碳原子组成的分子。我就那样转了系。

我心里常怀疑，堂妹抛弃了我，最重要的原因会不会是因为我是中国人？那就是她唯一说不出口的原因吧？因为无论我和她如何使劲的 fuck，也 fuck 不出金发碧眼的婴儿，而我和她的人种是次等的？

多年来我一直想，想她为什么不肯说话，我想靠自己的推理推出她不肯说的话。

而，居然就在这绝望之际，找到了解决的办法。这解决办法是那么好，it is far far better than anything I have dreamt of....

6

Daily life under surveillance

或者描述一下长期活在真人秀里是一种怎样的感觉。

被堂妹和亲戚打了一顿之后，我肯定堂妹不喜欢我了，於是我可以名正言顺地开始追求新对象，想到那些美国大学的女孩很漂亮性感，甚至唇角泛起了一丝微笑。原本就不是很瞧得起这个身材胖胖矮矮的穷家女，失去了她又怎知不是福气？这样想著，我走出大学宿舍到饭堂吃晚饭，在电梯内遇见两个金发的漂亮女生，她们在谈话。美国有些女孩谈话时语气很特别，就算她们在说些无聊琐事，也好像你们男生应份要对她们关注。其中一个女孩语气有点夸张地说：“I think he’s really an *asshole*!” 似乎在谈论她们认识的一个男生。但我却似乎很明显地感觉到这话是冲著我来说的，因为我堂妹不是不喜欢我，她掴我是因为我的爱是假的，而我顺势放弃了她另结新欢了。我很卑鄙.... 是吗？



有次暑假从美国回来，探望嬷嬷，她喜欢在她家开著电视机。我听到电视剧里的一句对白。我自己从来不看电视，完全不知道是哪齣电视剧，也不知上下文，就只听到一个男的声音说：『唉，他们两个都这么卑劣，真是天造地设的一对！』我立即觉得他们是在映射我和堂妹，心里很厌恶：「难道你们偷看我，就不卑劣？」然后又想：为什么觉得他们在说我呢？这岂不是「对号入座」？

这样的感觉几乎每天也有，只要听到或看到别人的閒言閒语或任何琐碎的事，都会联想到是在映射自己。¹

有时在家里自言自语，说了特别好笑的笑话，又会沾沾自喜，觉得全世界的女孩都听到了我聪明的笑话。

但当有些瘀事发生，则又会非常愤怒，因为我从来没有默许过这种监视，觉得全世界都在欺骗我，他们始终有一天要赔偿的。



有些事情很巧合，无法解释。刚从美国回来，那时我仍是特别喜欢白人女人，有一天在网上看到一个欧洲贵族的公主，她接受访问，头上戴了头箍

¹在精神病学中这个病徵叫 ideas of reference。

很清纯可爱。我想起来，实在很多年未见过女人戴头箍了，似乎这年代已经不流行。然后我又庆幸自己能在真人秀里间接地「结识」这位欧洲贵族，在沾沾自喜。

那时家里有个印尼籍的傭人，她的样子也很漂亮，但可能是主仆的关系，她老是跟我作对，令我很烦厌。奇怪的是，我在网上看到那欧洲公主的第二天，那印傭女孩竟又「东施效颦」地戴了头箍出现。我那时期正和她闹得很不愉快，看到她头上的头箍，顿时产生厌恶，因为那就像是对我说：『你不喜欢我吗？那我也要破坏你和欧洲公主的好事。』

回想起来，其实那印傭天天换发饰，另一天她又变成dreadlocks，所以有一天戴了头箍也不足为怪啊。



最近有一次，认识了一个大陆的女朋友，我告诉她我接近中年以后比较少运动了，清洁家居就是我的运动。然后我们在家看电视，那天是愚人节，我们看到一种很奇怪的运动项目，看起来像有个机械人吸尘器，另外两个人在旁边用地拖拼命地抹地。我越想越怒，觉得那些电视制作人利用愚人节这机会来揶揄我把清洁家居当运动。女朋友听了后翻白眼说：『天啊...那是“冰壶”啊...！我以前也未听过这种运动....』



7

Love

或许因为性格内向，我常常在网上的聊天室认识女性，也有不少女孩「上钩」。有时我觉得，这些女孩独具慧眼，懂得欣赏我的见解，而且她们爱国。但如果这真人秀不存在，那些女孩根本不谈任何条件，就会在网上免费和你做爱，甚至我是个疯汉也没问题？我那么辛苦读书、做研究，有区别吗？！

有个香港的大学女生，只在电话上谈了一会色情，便在当晚来我家过夜。她见到我后有些挑剔，似乎不满意我的外表或年龄，我心里开始有些不快，又想起较早前在网上看到的AV片，那AV女孩在片中做爱做得很开心，而我觉得这些AV女优都知道我是谁，她们有时间开心地做爱，也不告诉我一声我被人偷看，让我这样被钉在十字架上很多年....越想越想....我和那女生躺在床上聊天，她问我喜不喜欢她，我就晦气地说「普通吧！」然后第二天早上她说她要走了，我没有挽留。

她走后，我发觉自己很喜欢她，哭得很悲恸，我搞不清为什么她要走，也搞不清是不是因为这臆想病令我说了不该说的话。几天后我到她读的大学图书馆还书，看见路上的女生有她的影子，路上行人的眼睛红了好像想哭，好像举世都为我而哭了。

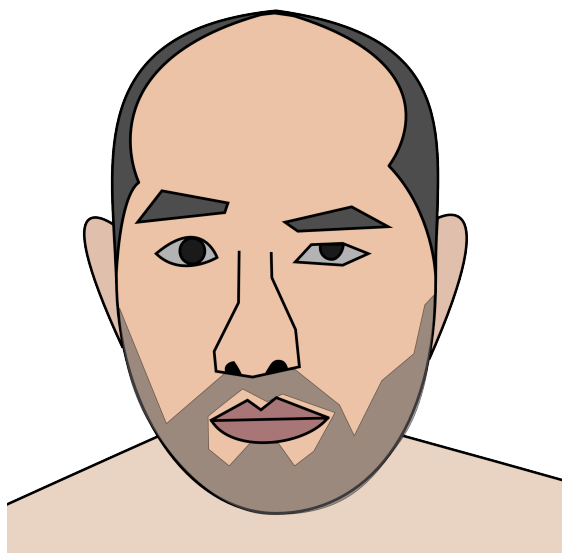
我发觉我在网上做爱时，是用没有被监视的那边脑子，而如果一面想著被人监视的话，根本无法做爱。

据说有些野生动物，牠们只会在野外交配，被人类困住之后就不会交配，所以只有例如牛、马、狗等种类能被人类驯养。

但可惜我有时会用另一边脑袋和女孩说话，可能把她们吓跑了....

而且我也察觉到，自己的脸两边越来越不对称，一只眼比较大，眼眉较高，看上去很开心和善良，另一只眼较小，眼眉较低，看上去很凶，像杀人犯。¹

¹我研究过神经科学，当然知道左右脑的关系是很复杂的，我只是用左右脑比喻我的精神分裂。据说有些人的眼睛不对称，是因为一边脑控制面部表情较强，久而久之，造成两边不一样。



_____ draft below _____

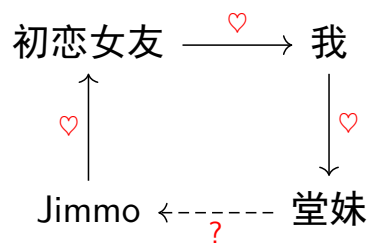
曾经很长的时间我一直觉得这世界的人的吸引力可以排成数学上的序列，
例如：

A 拒绝了 B B 拒绝了 C C 拒绝了 D

A $\xleftarrow{\text{♥}}$ B $\xleftarrow{\text{♥}}$ C $\xleftarrow{\text{♥}}$ D

那么 D 的吸引力必定远低于 A；D 会喜欢 A，但 A 不可能喜欢 D。

换成我自己知道的实例：



我因为堂妹抛弃了初恋女友，而她在外国旅行时结识了一个Jimmo，他是个
艺术家设计师，他很喜欢她。

8

Mother

未能去纽约找堂妹前，我在香港想念她，又没有通讯。那5年间我的生活极度抑郁(depressed)，又怪我父母不准我见她(但其实她也不会想见我)。我在房内不停写「讨厌」两字，有一天我妈居然在我的涂鸦上写着「何厌之有？」那更使我讨厌到无以复加。我很想说：『妈，那就是你呀！』但那样的话实在难以启齿。我还未解释：我自幼便觉得我妈畸恋我，感觉像那电影《Fatal attraction》(但我其实未看过它)。过了几天，我终於忍不住对她破口大骂，大意是指她不守妇道、我是我、她是她、我不是她占有的、等等。听我爸说，她那天晚上哭到不能止哭。

自幼，我爸不能驯服我妈，又对我妒忌，因琐事借故拿我出气。至少我相信是这样。而我爸做错了什么？难道他这生有出卖过任何人？ huh？

但我妈的思想大概没有那么深，她只是说：『这世上人们互相利用，谁都是

这样。』我也不认为她讲得不正确，只是有些浪漫的人不会说得那么露骨，而我喜欢用客观的科学去分析一切。

有一次我们在外国旅行，和一些远亲吃饭，亲戚中有个丧了夫的寡妇，而我妈和她说笑，说什么『老公早点死掉还更开心。』而我爸坐在旁若无其事地吃饭、付钱。从小到大，我看见母亲都是这种态度。

有时期常叫我父母离婚，因觉得我爸受蒙骗，是一颗终会瞒不住的计时炸弹。但有一次争辩中他冲口而说：「我也有个情妇，她也叫Anna (我妈叫Anna)，你是不是想见见？」我顿时啼笑皆非，这实在太正常了。

在纽约，我在伯娘家的厨房偷看堂妹的笔记，发现她写了些少女情怀的诗，使我像着了魔那样好奇。晚上她放学回来，抢了笔记本然后对我破口大骂。那天晚上我回到大学宿舍，在床上哭了一晚，一面哭一面自慰了很多次，这生人都未试过那样。

后来，我想忘了她，继续亨利8世的计划，但我大概不会再那么爱一个女人了。

而我又想，那些偷看我的人，也应该受到同样的教训.... 如果真有其事的话。

9

Hitting my mum

入精神病院的直接原因，是因为打阿妈。我很讨厌妈妈买东西给我，例如衣物或日常用品，而她几乎从不买东西给弟弟。可能是因为弟弟很喜欢高品味的东西，而我比较不修边幅，我这辈子通常都是穿著别人买给我的衣服。其实是因为我注重环保，而明白到物理学上的物质和能量守恒，令我经常把世界看成是近乎零和游戏那样；这对於不懂科学的妈妈和弟弟可能很难理解。好不容易才把一件讨厌的衣服穿烂了，妈妈旋即买一件新的回来。又，因为我穿那些老土衣服穿厌了，开始把衣服反转来穿，而妈妈竟然买了一件款式是露出线缝在外的T恤给我，尺码又紧又不舒服。还有一次，我看到外国人的笑话，说「如果你....，你就是中国人」，其中一项是「你把牙膏用到像纸一样扁。」我觉得很好笑，於是故意把牙膏压得扁扁的。谁知妈妈买了一个用卷轴挤压牙膏的工具，还把它卷在我的牙膏上，摆在洗脸台前。世上有很多人不够衣服和日用品，而我眼白白看着这些物品浪费，简

直是折磨。我已经跟她解释了无数次¹，包括那环保理论。

我发觉她根本不是关心我，而是在赌气，因为不想我追到漂亮又聪明的洋妞而变得性格乖戾。有一次我甚至中英文粗口并用来骂她买东西给我，她说：「噢，你讲粗口，我不跟你谈了....」然后她又承诺不再买东西给我。

我那时已经是成人，2009年，38岁，脸上长了第一根白须。和家人同住实在太多磨擦，所以妈妈决定给我买间房子。本来我想买便宜的，为了保存资金作人工智能的创业用途，但妈妈结果买了3倍贵的房子，也不用徵询我同意（尽管这投资现在看来是不错的）。我在看楼的时候发脾气骂她，而我爸说：「我就想到他一定会骂…」后来我们去买傢俬，我自己选了一张像钢琴形状的黑色桌子，而我从来不懂弹琴，所以那天心情特好。我用轻松的语调警告我妈「不用给我的房子添东西啊，我自己会买！」这样叮嘱了3-4次。

—— 热水壶呢？你一定要煲热水的。

我说：不要，我想自己选，我也喜欢购物。

—— 小型的电焗炉。

—— 不要。

我还向她解释了为什么不用焗炉，因为高温焗东西会产生AGE (advanced glycation end-products)，加速老化。姑勿论这健康理论正不正确，每个人有权管理自己的健康的，各位读者有没有异议？

记得是一天后（顶多是两天），我下楼看到妈妈已经把我的物品包扎好了准

¹虽然在数学上是有限次

备搬家。妈妈在楼上，爸爸好像有第六感去了郊外散步或游泳。我心跳加速，用刀剖开纸皮箱，果然看到那两件东西。

回想起来，一个人买礼物送给我，就算她的动机多么可鄙，我也没有权打她。事发前我们已经找过社工来排解纷争，那时妈妈辩解说：「母亲爱儿子，有什么不妥？」、「我不爱你爸爱谁？」

其实那也是我想问的：「妳口口声声说不爱我爸，那妳不爱他爱谁？」

我觉得实情是她后悔以前畸恋我，现在和我斗气。

我拿起焗炉跑上楼，把它狠狠地摔在她房间的墙上，然后搥了她一下，又拿沙发椅子摔向她，并要她跪下来道歉。之后我知道脾气暴躁的爸爸回来后必会导致命案，所以我拿了厨房的菜刀，反锁在自己睡房，用床褥塞门口，然后报警。

那些警员是父亲以前的同事，他们都想大事化小。众人都已归於平静，但我爸坚持要我到医院检查精神有没有问题。精神科医生要我住院一晚以便观察。他们和我谈的时候，我天真地想，不如借此机会请教他们我的paranoia问题——而的确，我很需要人帮助。但我得到的「帮助」完全不是那么回事....

自幼，不知是不是母亲的间接暗示，我常喜欢模仿疯癫的行径，母亲大概觉得那是有才华的表现，我也自觉很有意思。我的同学朋友也知道。想不到现在真的变了「疯子」，但我惊觉那不是闹着玩的，就像老鼠怕老鼠夹，那

疯人院对我而言真的是booby trap。

为了逃离疯人院，我迫於无奈，在探病时抓着妈妈的手说：「妈，我很疼你....快救我出来。」那就像「芝麻开门」那样有效。

出院后我和妈多了谈话，因为要定期覆诊，要「表现良好」。我搬进新屋，但不久之后妈妈送的礼物又再像恶梦般回来。先是4只凉衣架——我其实真的不够凉衣架用，但看到那些凉衣架真有欲哭无泪的感觉。终有一天，我会追到女朋友，逃离她的魔掌，绝不能被4只凉衣架搞到性无能。我向她解释：「新闻说有个痴情男子在餐厅铺满玫瑰向女子求婚，但也被拒绝了。若他每天送玫瑰，送十年，天天浪费时间和资源，那女孩也不想要，对社会也没贡献，这样做人有什么意思？我也接受了堂妹不喜欢我的事实.....我现在连她在地球哪一洲也不知道。」我妈回答说：「不是的，你不知而已。」Huh？难道我堂妹还喜欢我？已经想了十几年，以为抛却在背后了，究竟还要想多久才有结论？

究竟我妈明知我不想要却坚持要送东西给我的动机是什么？如果她真的为我好，应不会这样吧？有时甚至怀疑她老人痴呆症，但她又否认。

我妈不喜欢吃太甜和冻的东西，我想最好每次见面在7-11买杯思乐冰(Slurpee)给她。那种东西在整个冬季有没有人按一下都成问题，但又见它不断在搅拌。

在美国时，有一次在堂妹家的后门等她回家，等到深夜，见她的车子开进来，被车头灯照得睁不开眼。我可怜兮兮地望着她，想博一点同情分。等她

泊车，谁知她是在急速掉头，想避开我；在那很窄的空间，她驾车技巧的纯熟令人诧异。人们常说女人驾车「姐手姐脚」，但她们发怒的时候比赛车手还凶。

我明白到，不想要的爱，是会令人感到极度烦厌的。有次我和堂妹在她家门口纠缠之际，我看见她的眼里也有泪光，但那跟我的眼泪是有着180°相反的意思：她觉得我可怜，但又不喜欢我，但又被我的苦苦纠缠弄得很痛苦。为什么被痴缠的人总有那么强的欲望去让痴缠者死心，好像不那样做不行？但每个月收些不想要的礼物，又真的会逼到人发疯。

我偶然看过Tom Cruise到中国做宣传，那些年青的中国女子，多得像人海那样，她们伸长了手臂在召唤偶像，泪流满面、歇斯底里地喊着。照上面的理论，那傢伙肯定定变性无能了（因为有那么多单恋他的女人）？但后来又想到，Tom Cruise是自愿当明星的，那是双方自愿(consensual)的偶像—影迷关系。有天我也想在台上引吭高歌，听台下万千观众的欢呼....

妈喜欢看书和看电影，《红楼梦》、《罪与罚》、《飘》那些书她都从头到尾看过，又怎会是那么笨的人？她最喜欢的小说是Jack London的《海狼》。

在《知乎》网站上看到人们评论一则新闻，说有个无经验的大学小伙子，在女生宿舍楼下求爱，用洋烛摆了I LOVE YOU 的字样，但那不领情的女生走下来用水盆把洋烛泼熄了，还用盘子扣在男生头上。类似这样求爱不遂的事件时有发生，我看人们在网上的评论，察觉到很多人是非不分，评论别人时什么离谱的话也说得出来。如果说那男的做错了，他做错了什么？如果

他纯粹缺乏经验，那女生有什么权打他呢？这件事就和我打送礼物给我的妈妈一样，只不过男女角色互换了。但我觉得我妈明知我不喜欢她送礼物却故意送给我，是在挑釁。而那男生也有可能明知女的已经婉拒了他，却仍然装蒜在跟她斗缠。

10

Mental hospital

在正式关进精神病院的时候，有男护士要我签字同意治疗，我问他说如果不同意会怎样？他说就算不同意也会强迫入院，所以没有分别。后来我出院后到精神病人福利团体那里了解，其实我是有权不接受治疗的。那些精神科医生很想关病人入院，因为不这样的话他们没有生意，他们收入的来源其中一部分可能是由美国的药厂赞助的。精神科药物为美国经济带来每年很多亿元的收入。他们找个低级的护士迫我签字，那样便毋须负责任。

医院里光怪陆离，像动物园，如果不是没有自由，那会是个很有趣的地方。有个来自大陆的年青人，他说「我妈不知给我喝了些什么汤，喝后会使周围的人知道我在想什么。」我说话开导了他一下，但那时我也自身难保。其实他的病和我的病一样，但我受过科学的教育，不会迷信，我的病以不违反科学的形式呈现出来。他整天听家人给他的收音机，学广东话。那令我想起，香港人普遍歧视大陆人，就像美国很多人歧视我们华人一样。我和他

都感受到周围的人的敌意，产生了逼害臆想。

病友中还包括：

- 一个因前妻外遇而自杀过的中年人，要吃开心药。他很健谈，常对我们讲历史；
- 另一个因妻子不忠而拿了菜刀和她吵架的人；
- 一个读数学的大学毕业生，他幻听的声音常叫他做一些不明所以的事，例如丢掉某些东西；
- 一个中学高材生，用刀割过自己的手腕，拉起袖子让我看很多条刀痕。他说他当时像神志不清那样，不知为什么那样做。我和他下棋，输给了他。我向他解释神经末梢的原理（neuron、axon、dendrite、synapse那些），建议他不要吃药，第二天他就不见了，不知是回家还是调到另一病房；
- 一个在便利店偷东西的人，他说他自己也不知道为什么偷了几本杂志。吃了药的他手震得很厉害；
- 还有几个是「长期住客」，据说他们被困在细小的病房里有很多年之久。我们病房大约两间中学课室那么大的地方，这样被长期监禁着，是很不人道的；
- 一个在晚上会叫你「早晨」的人，但他其实也像正常人，只是很爱开玩笑；

- 还有一个不会说话，样子像怪兽、叫声也像怪兽的怪物。他有没有受医护人员虐待都很难说。

看过YouTube上外国女孩把自己在精神病院的片段登上去，我在想：怎么她们那地方像Hotel California，而我们这里像Iron Maiden？

覆诊的时候见过一个年青人，面色苍白，手震得很厉害，像那些心脏衰竭的老人。那是很典型的药物反应。我心想，他被药物弄成这样，必早死，就算将来减少剂量，他的寿命也会被弄短好几年。这些医生简直是在慢性杀人....

如果明白那些药的作用，根本没有人会肯吃。美国的药厂隐瞒事实，把「毒药」输送到亚洲，而亚洲的行政人员对他们唯命是从，毒害了无数无辜的人¹。然而，美国或西方的没落，其规模之大可能还远远超过这样。

和那中学生下棋的时候，有个男护士走过来，看了几秒便对我说：「你在两步后会有危机。」我看不出来，甚至在他告诉我以后，我还要下两步棋，然后才发现对方的马后炮。据说孙中山下棋也不高明，爱急攻，但忽略防守。但奇怪的是我下国际象棋时认真很多，虽不算是master，但也算攻守兼备而且比较「靠谱」。我有个理论：在中学时那些喜欢国际象棋的同学，比较有国际视野，而喜欢中国象棋的人会倾向留在香港或中国发展。

¹虽然在数学上是有限的

11

Cause of illness

1996年我初到美国，心境像尼采所说的『这杯子将再度变空』，我要虚心学习、要青出於蓝。我对美国人没有恶意，我要胸无城府那样接待他们，而且要为中国人争光、不要失礼。

很快地，我发觉我无论做什么，都好像变了美国人的笑柄。我写了一封情信给堂妹，信封上画了我抱著她的画面，那幅画抄袭日本恐怖漫画的美女，她的头发像波斯湾里漆黑的石油涌进大海¹。内容大意说：我来了，在Long Island的这间大学，我很挂念妳。但她见到我后似乎非常厌恶，似乎我在她身旁很失礼她。

我穿的衣服、行为举止，都有点格格不入，而且年龄比普通学生大一点，觉得自己在课室里很惹人注意。而且很奇怪地，那些美国女生不断对我抛媚

¹这个比喻是一个美国女作家的，忘了出处

眼，她们come-on的大胆程度，即使我思想算很开放，也令我很惊讶。

我逐渐留意到一些巧合的事，例如我在宿舍房间内做的事，很奇怪地变成了教授开玩笑的话题。于是我怀疑有些学生在故意恶作剧搞我，因为美国大学常有恶搞新生的事件，而这传统在香港没有那么极端。

当我开始有被偷窥的想法之后，我做了一件（我自己觉得是）很惊人的事，就是我「将计就计」地把自己的私隐公开出去，目的是要向全世界揭发我认为是欺骗人的事。例如我觉得我堂妹在骗我感情，我妈欺骗我爸感情，还有美国的虚伪，他们假装和我开玩笑其实是想整我，因为他们知道我会是帝国的终结者，我的成就终有一天会盖过他们。那是真的：我真的有那样的抱负。

我在美国写电邮给在香港的前度女友，和她报告我在美国的所见所闻，有时也哭诉堂妹如何令我心碎（我就是因为堂妹所以和前度分了手）。她没有到过美国，我说的故事令她很感兴趣。但我在写给她的电邮里，故意暴露很多真实的事和心底的话，而且尽量写得诚实，因为我知道我的偷窥者们一定会看得津津有味，这种真人的「演出」比所有电视那些经过彩排的假故事一定更吸引。而当他们将我的趣事一传十、十传百那样传开去，最后帝国的谎言就会像「国王的新衣」那样人尽皆知。

这个计划似乎很完美，可惜有个漏洞：就是我自己也无法肯定究竟有没有人在偷窥我。当我开始想验证的时候，我发觉这件事简直不可思议地无法验证。所有巧合的事，都可以解释成真人秀的存在，也可以解释成巧合。

有些逼害臆想症的男人老是怀疑自己的妻子红杏出墙，即使妻子很忠贞也是如此。但这究竟算不算是一种病？当然，如果妳就是妻子，妳当然知道自己有没有和别人睡，但妳又怎能假设正在外面上班的丈夫知道妳私下做什么？如果他不知道，他就有怀疑的理由，这不是很科学的态度吗？而且这世上的确有很多红杏出墙的妻子，我在网上也和她们玩。

有了被人監視的想法令我在美国每天的生活仿如人间地狱。扭开电视，看到有科幻片叫《星际笨蛋》²，我以为他们在嘲笑我。无他，因为他们必须永远假装在开玩笑，否则便要面对老实地谈判。我初时常常觉得美国人的幽默很好笑，但越来越觉得他们笑里藏刀，是一种恶意地贬低别人的心理战术。

终于毕业，回到香港，我在行李箱内放了我以前写给前度女友的所有电邮（每次写完比较长的电邮就用学校的打印机印出来），那是重要的记忆，作为日后参考之用。我在香港待了约一年后，突然有一天怎样找也找不到那些信件。问我妈，她的表情天真得像个13岁小女孩，她说：『噢！我丢掉了。』

她不是蠢，而是占有欲很强，把儿子当做一件附属的东西。这不是她唯一一次想毁掉我的记忆；第二次是在精神病院里，如果我不机警，那些精神药已经令我变了傻子。

如果不是写这篇自传，我差点把这件事忘了。现在我很愤怒，我不是想打阿妈；我简直想杀了她。

²Inter-galactic Idiot

我看过一本英国女人写的自传，她少女时被父亲性侵，他还约朋友到家里把她按在床上轮奸。后来她离家出走，找到了肯爱护她的男人。我自己也是个好色男人，有时喜欢扮daddy和女孩玩幻想的轮奸游戏，看到她这样厌恶父亲，不免感到有点「没趣」，但当然她是对的。也听说过有些父亲和女儿变成了情人关系，我觉得只要是双方自愿的，那样也没有什么不妥。

不时看到很多歌颂母爱的电影，令我非常厌恶，我觉得他们故意站在我妈那边。我妈假装她爱我，其实我要揭发的人，其中之一就是她。她假装骗我是为了我好，因为如果不骗我的话，美国那边会派人杀了我。但其实美国政府已经处於劣势，他们想为所欲为也有制肘。我妈和某些香港人、中国人，他们妒忌我计划的成功，故意将美国说成很强大，作为他们出卖中国人的借口，继续骗我。

12

Someone similar to her

最近事情又有了新发展：接近100岁的嬷嬷生日，我们一班亲戚在酒家吃饭。席间，冷不防表姊提起要打长途电话给堂妹们让她们道贺。我听错了以为她们又来了香港探亲，要上来酒家，突然间我的面容很可怕地扭曲起来，像是突然遇到多年不见的仇人，过了整整3秒才regained composure。我觉得表姐们一定看见了，而她们都知道我和堂妹的瓜葛。我也很奇怪，明明觉得自己想通了，现在已经很释怀，和其他女人玩得很开心，但原来心理上还是留下了很可怕的阴影。

表姊们传递手机上的照片给我看，我看不到堂妹，但看见她新近结婚生下来的BB。那婴儿房的布置，整间房间都铺满了老虎的毛毛玩具，俗不可耐。我暗付：『好彩当年追不到她。』过后又想起：她还是没变，还是像老虎那样凶，动不动就想打人。

又过了一两年，在网上居然发现了她的Facebook，我看到她的老公是个白人，样子端庄，还算给人好感吧。可是我看着他们来香港旅行的照片，怎样也感觉不到一丝快乐。我身边的新女友说：

—— 他们看上去很快乐啊

我说：是吗？

在Facebook上add她，但她没有回覆。

过了不久又传来她儿子的相片：那小孩子一头金发，身上完全看不到一丁点中国人的特徵。她应该感到很欣慰了吧？

听亲戚们说，她很喜欢游泳、潜水。我怀疑她还记不记得起布殊喜欢打高尔夫球....？

回想起来，我堂妹很不喜欢说话，可能是因为我们言语不通，她说的中文很有限，而我又很爱面子地不肯在她面前说英语。在纽约那段日子，我能够记得起她说的话，就只有一些单字，她就像个白痴那样只会说单字，但又好像想用那些单字来迂回曲折地暗示些什么。我们一起吃晚饭，她和我妈谈到在美国的商店买货品，凭单据可以无条件退钱或换货品（香港人会觉得很惊讶）。她突然煞有介事地说：『交换㗎！』用的发音有点偏差的广东话。在送我往机场的路上，她指著机场附近的人群说：『噢，有那么多中国人！』我堂妹真是全球说话最拐弯抹角的人。

她姊姊说话比较直接

—— 你觉得我妹妹在egg you on, right?

——你是不是觉得我们在出卖你呀？

我被气得对她姊姊破口大骂：听著！我永远也不会原谅妳们的！

但她姊姊狰狞地说：噢~~ 我们很害怕呀~~！

其后我常常思量堂妹说的「交换」的意思。我在网上结识很多白人女孩，处在她们中间寻找堂妹的影子，但始终没有人和她太相似。直到我放弃了找白人女友，我开始约会一个中国大陆的女孩。我已经忘记了「交换」。



那大陆女孩身材有点矮矮胖胖的，和我堂妹一样（也和我妈一样），但我初时没有联想起来。

我们在散步，地上有一块「小心地滑」的牌，她看了后侧著身轻轻地滑了几下，说是『小心地滑』。那姿势令我想起堂妹跳蹦蹦时也是这个模样。

在餐厅她点了红豆冰，她说她喜欢红豆，但不喜欢冰冻的东西。我突然记起：我妈也喜欢红豆，她也不喜欢冰冻的东西！

我和她的关系急转直下，差不多为每件小事都意见不合。她做错事从来不道歉，而且觉得自己永远是对的。她说话很特别，常常自相矛盾，在5分钟内可以 $A \wedge \bar{A}$ 。我记得14岁时的堂妹也是这样，令我感觉奇特，但我已记不起她当时说的什么话题。堂妹14岁时常常无情地批评我，我那时觉得她身体是个小女孩，心灵却是1000岁的精灵。现在面对这个「堂妹2号」，她

虽然已经27岁了，我觉得她竟蠢得像1000年未用过脑。

我很喜欢村上春树的比喻：「一切都像描图纸那样错开了....」

好几次看到她在哭，因为我不喜欢她了。我的心隐约感受到记忆中很久以前的痛，因为她就是以前的我。我想对待她好一点，尽量做得和堂妹对待我不同一点，因为我要证明堂妹那样对我是错的。我很耐心地将一切解释给她听，甚至这份自传也是写给她看的¹，但她说她不像我堂妹（她似乎无论我说什么她也持相反意见）。我很愤怒，觉得她不可理喻，语言好像对她失去了效用。

我说：我可以教妳怎样变聪明点，但即使妳改变了，我也不会喜欢妳，正如一个雕塑家不会爱上自己雕的石像，我也不能将妳打扮得性感漂亮 然后爱上妳，因为那就不是「爱」而是「自慰」。

我刻意地开导她，令她不再犯我当年犯的错误，但她就像一个考全A的女生，将所有功课交齐：我以前对堂妹所做的每一件卑劣的事，她像有只第三眼那样回赠给我，真令我感到「天网恢恢，疏而不漏」。有一次我在纽约的唐人街买了一盒人参给堂妹她们，因为我觉得人参是中国特产，可以令堂妹想起我们本是同根生，而且我记得妈妈小时候对我说，有些人参长得像人形，濒死的病人吃了也可以起死回生，令我觉得很神秘。我送了给她们，她姊姊对我说：『谢谢你啊，这人参含有stimulant，吃了感觉精神很多。』其实她婉委的意思是说：不要迷信人参是神奇的药，它只是含有一些

¹或者说想写给我将来会认识的所有女孩

化学成份。我自小喜欢科学，讨厌迷信，但我糊里糊涂地选择了这样的礼物给她们，目的是想说：为甚么嫌弃我落后呢，妳们陪我一起落后不好吗？后来我转了读生物化学，整个人彻头彻尾地科学化了，那次「人参事件」为迷信的棺材钉上了最后一口钉。

其实所有「初到贵境」的美国华侨，都要经历过这些学习，每年成千上万的新移民经历著同样的事....



教她写程式，因为我想要一个懂得人工智能的女朋友帮助我，但她碰到一些难题就发脾气。例如我教她 nested loops：²

```
for i in ["john", "pete", "paul"]
    for j in ["mary", "ann", "jane"]
        print i, "loves", j
```

她弄不懂却发脾气，甚至我觉得每次在就快到解释明白的关头，她就故意发脾气，让进度拖慢到零。有时我怀疑她是不是CIA 派来的特务，目的是拖垮我的AI 研究？

发脾气之后，她躺在床上看 iPad，我以为她悔改了，在网上学习，问她

—— 妳在看甚么？

—— 在看张爱玲的生平

²巢套迴路，但我当时还未想到用这个 X loves Y 的例子。

张爱玲和胡兰成恋爱，而胡兰成曾经因为亲日而被后世认为是汉奸。

我很失望：区区一个nested loop，妳就立即想到做汉奸，太可耻了吧？

我对张爱玲认识不多，但因为这件事而对她也产生了不好的印象。据说她的小说著重描写小人物的情情塌塌，有批评者说她难登大雅之堂。

我觉得张爱玲的样子不好看，像只蛤拐。大陆女友的正面虽然很漂亮，但侧面也很像蛤拐！



张爱玲

大陆女友对日本特别怀有仇恨，这在中国人当中也算常见。而我特别不喜欢美国，对日本却比较有好感。很多中国人念念不忘南京大屠杀，但却忽略了日本被原子弹炸的惩罚。这世界上很多人抱著类似这种低级的历史观，难怪国际间纷争不断。

其实我觉得像汪精卫、胡兰成、蒋介石那样的人，他们对日本妥协并不算万恶不赦，或者说他们看清了现实，选择了折衷的办法。汪精卫在辛亥革命中几乎为国捐躯了，他不会是不爱国的人吧？



我没有嫌妳是大陆人

我也没有嫌妳家境穷

我也没有嫌妳腿不够长 侧面像蛤拐

但我不能接受妳说话 $A \wedge \bar{A}$ 而且永不认错

她跪在地上，很生气地说：「我现在跪著认错了！！你满意了吧！？」

但我说：妳不是真的认错，妳没有改！！她想跑到厕所避开我，我追著她进去，问她

—— 妳究竟改不改！？

—— 不！！我会改！但不会是为妳而改！

我真的觉得呼吸困难。她、妈妈、堂妹 简直是三胞胎。我不想打她，因为我要做得比堂妹更好。但她的荒谬行径和说话，好几次令我想狠狠地掴她、想用尽全力地用腿将她撑开，让她飞撞到床外的电视机上。我最终没有打她，但已经愤怒得身体在发抖。我又想起来了.... 『有些女人就是喜欢将男人激到暴跳如雷....』

我仿佛听见她在讥笑我

—— 你现在终于尝到身材矮小，腿又变不长的滋味了？
会不会天生有缺憾的人，将他们的痛苦像毒瘤那样移植到别人身上？但
我又想：她应该不会那么阴险吧，怪错了她？堂妹也常常骂我下流，但有时
我也莫名其妙，自己不算那么卑劣吧？

有缺陷的人也可以是好人，但不幸的人没有权加害那些较幸福的人。如果
是那样的话，中国有那么多样子长得丑的人，岂不是要变世界强国了？

但中国真的正在变世界强国啊....



她进了她的房，关上门。我在屋子里心绪不宁，打开雪柜，看见她吃剩的泡
菜伴饭。

我想到她可能是个阴险的人，可能会因为妒忌而在我睡觉时用剪刀刺死我，
所以我也反锁上门，才敢躺在床上睡。

但又想起在大陆很多贫苦地方，很多人吃不到肉....在睡房里哭了。

「交换」是假的....她两次都不喜欢我....

但我警惕自己，她们是两个不同的人，不应该混淆了，但感觉上真的像被
同一个人抛弃了两次。

我写了这条公式：

$$\text{堂妹} : \text{我} = \text{我} : \text{堂妹2号} \quad (1)$$

但她不赞同，她说她没有像我缠著堂妹那样缠著我。

但问题是，其实我也没有明知堂妹不喜欢我还缠著她，而是她一直令我覺得她喜欢我，所以我才缠著她（而这也是令我百思不得其解的地方）。

可能这条公式才是对的？

$$\text{堂妹} : \text{我} = \text{堂妹2号} : \text{我} \quad (2)$$



_____ draft below _____

她说她不会为我而改变，我

过了不久她又再来香港，我请她来我家住。我一番好意，以为可以帮她节省住宿费（我对於旅游时的住宿等开支总是很慳俭）。

她叫我玩2048（一个4x4方格上的数字游戏），说想看我聪不聪明。我记起堂妹14岁时也和我玩黑白棋，我输了给她。这两个游戏都不需要知识，但需要计算很多（简单的）步骤，就像魔术方块。我最怕这类游戏，而我喜欢英文串字的游戏，她却觉得很闷。

Mushroom cloud, Clark Gable. Book dedication.

mom and dad relation.

Hanasaki cannot help me / make me happy.

Grandma's unlikable. Anna is an island.

13

Artificial intelligence

这是较年轻时的 Ben Goertzel:



2008年夏天，Ben来香港谈生意，我到机场接他，这是我们首次见面¹。据说 von Neumann 首次和制造 UNIVAC 那些工程师会面，他们已经听过 von Neumann 的大名，但怀疑他名不符实，於是他们说，要看看他问的第一个问题是什么，就知道他是不是天才。果然他劈头第一句问的就是：『电子

¹其实在网上自2004年起我们已经交谈了很久

计算机的 architecture 是什么?』² 但我去到机场时忘记了这故事，我对 Ben 说：『咦？你的行李好少?』

Ben 问我：『你最喜欢的编程语言是哪个?』我答是 Lisp，你呢？他最喜欢的是 Haskell。

Ben 是 Ashkenazi Jew（那个生产最多诺贝尔奖的人种），他的某个曾曾曾祖父来自东欧(好像是 Romania)，是个哲学家，研究过一些神秘主义和不是很正统的逻辑，然后几乎被世人遗忘了。我觉得 Ben 的理论风格也有些不很正统和怪诞的倾向。Ben 的父亲是个马克思主义的社会学教授，他们住在巴西，Ben 年纪小时去了美国读书，23 岁便考到 PhD（数学），而我 33 岁才勉强大学毕业。

在音乐上我比较喜欢像 Prokofiev，Philip Glass 那些新古典主义者。我不太懂音乐，但我很喜欢和弦（harmony），觉得它很神秘，西洋音乐如果没有和声就不是西洋音乐了。Ben 很喜欢 Buckethead（一个 virtuoso 结他手，他技巧纯熟，但在极端情况下有时像噪音）。Ben 的理论风格也像他，而我则很注重简单和优美。

我、Ben、和王培教授 三人都不约而同地选择了 logic-based AI 作为出发点，然后都不约而同地设计了 uncertainty logic。但我们谁都不肯用对方的 uncertainty 方法，我至今仍觉得自己的方法是最好的。但最近我的理论方向

²“I recall with amusement Eckert's reaction to the impending visit. He said that he could tell whether von Neumann was really a genius by his first question. If this was about the logical structure of the machine, he would believe in von Neumann, otherwise not. Of course this was von Neumann's first query.” — Goldstine, The Computer from Pascal to von Neumann [1972]

转移，这些 uncertainty logic 的争议我已不再觉得重要。

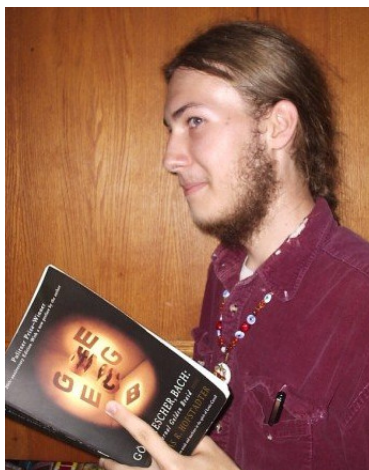
我从 Ben 身上学到很多东西，他带我见其他生意上的合作者，但后来有些重要的会谈他不让我参与，令我觉得被出卖了。

在他开的 AI 论坛上，我提出我们所有人用电脑记录每人的贡献，然后未来 AI 赚的钱根据每人的贡献量分配，但他们不肯。

在网上互相讨论时，他们对我的态度不友善，我投诉过也没有改善。AI 吸引很多有野心的人，但他们很多时表现得像不成熟的小孩子。例如有次我认识一个欧洲的新朋友，打算招徕他参加我的计划，但他却说：“I will be your worst enemy,” 而其实我想和他交朋友啊！

初时，我企图引用反歧视的法例，例如 equal opportunity employment，逼他们接受我，但他们说那并不是所有公司都一定要遵从的法律，而是自愿执行的。他们的不友善已经很明显，但我拿他们没有办法。

我那时很渴望有朋友和合作者（现在也是），所以我忍气吞声，没有和他们翻脸。有个 Abram Demski 比我年轻很多，但他的数学尤其是机率和数理逻辑方面很强，我也要向他学习。我和他还有几个朋友几乎天天讨论和合作，但后来我逼 Abram 出面和我同一阵线反对 racism，但他不认为有任何 racist 的现象。他请我为他写报读研究院的推荐信（因为我用过少量金钱聘他做事），但我威胁他如果不反对 racism 的话我就会在信中反映。他被我这样威胁很反感，取消了合作。我以大局为重，说了一些道歉的话，算是勉强挽救了我们朋友的关系，但其实我对他很失望。



Abram Demski



也可能是我经验不足，见到任何人有错失，便直接批评，令很多人憎恶我。

AI 是很美妙的科技，可能是人类历史上最神奇的，我深信它能为人类带来长生不老。而我自己很怕死，甚至是病态地怕死，我一定要通过这技术才能达成愿望。而那些人为了好大喜功，表现得很自私，令我对白人的敬畏之心荡然无存。

但我也必需说，像 Ben 和 Abram 他们，的确很无私地和我分享过很多知识。

我想 Ben 算是个很 charismatic 的人，经常能说服很多人给他投资。甚至香港的首富李泽楷，他的一个助手也曾给 Ben 的 AI 投资 US\$5M。这令我很惊讶，因为香港人出了名不关心高科技（那时是 dot-com 时期）。他的人脉极广，他

到过日本、韩国、大陆、美加、英国、欧洲、澳洲、南美、非洲等地，在这些地方发掘AI的人材和投资者。

我的数学不够专业，常被他们瞧不起。被他们排斥，到只剩下我一人，必需想个办法还击。我听说，必需攻击别人最弱的弱点，而Ben是数学PhD，我却被学术界排斥在外，所以就数学吧，因为我一向很喜欢这种反其道而行之的疯狂行径。这几年来我不断在恶补数学，我发觉数学的确是很奇妙的东西。其实Ben已经在我面前多次提到过数学是多么的sexy，我应该多谢他。

Ben是我所见过的最nerd的人。 he可以和物理学家谈quantum chromodynamics，而我连QED也未搞懂。Ben也谙熟历史。有一次，有个美国人问起谁是决定向日本投放原子弹的美国总统？那人说是Lyndon B Johnson，那当然是笑话；但我说是Teddy Roosevelt，那也很可笑，因为我起码已将Teddy Roosevelt和Franklin Roosevelt混淆了。Ben说：应该是Truman。他是对的——Roosevelt还未能看到战争完结就病死了，原子弹的责任落到Truman头上。

『不知道你出生以前发生的事，就是永远做小孩。人的一生算什么，如果不是和前人的记忆编织在一起？』—— Cicero

2010年5月，有國際人道組織從土耳其出發，用6艘船運載救濟物資到巴勒斯坦的Gaza難民區。以色列軍方攔截他們，殺害了船上9-16名乘客。我在論壇上問Ben他有何感想，他不正面回答，但轉載了他的一個朋友的支持以色列的文章（一個非猶太裔的美國女人）。她文章大意是说：以色列是一个

民主的先进国家、那些人道主义者不遵守以色列订下的法例、等。我觉得很可悲；在历史上犹太人受过很多逼害，他们流落欧洲之后混合了白人血统，变得越来越像白人，但现在他们却变成了逼害者。Ben以为他引用朋友的文章，就可以避免责任，但我现在想对他说：你还是错了，那女人不是你朋友，她只是利用你像一只狗那样。

14

Racism

谈谈关于种族歧视 (racism) 的问题。有很多人似乎不明白什么叫种族歧视。如果一个中国女孩的9个男友都是白人，我们不能强制她第10个男友一定要是中国人。我们吃其他动物的肉，因为牠们比人类蠢；因为我们可以这样 (“because we can”)。那么说，白人的餐馆不准黑人进场、在巴士上有不准黑人座的位子、分开黑人和白人喝的泉水机，那都是合理的？

纳粹德国逼害犹太人，使大量的犹太科学家移民到收容他们的美国，而 Manhattan project (制造原子弹的计划) 中几乎全是犹太的科学家。从此美国人和犹太人之间有了互利的关系；美国人大概潜意识地相信，只要讨好犹太人便可以像二战时那样「胜利」。

讽刺的是，我遇见的两个美国犹太的 AI 研究者，他们都明显歧视和排斥我。时移世易，角色好像调换了。但在我不断责骂他们好几年后，最近他们态度

好像收敛不少。

受过南北战争和二战洗礼的美国人，他们都很警惕不要踩到种族歧视的地雷。在美国电台错口说了"nigger"这字都会被开除。但其实美国仍然是种族歧视的国家，每天都以种族为理由的战争在杀人。有些人甚至觉得种族歧视才是对的、跨种族的婚姻是错的，等等。

你可能会问，既然谈恋爱和结婚有自由，为什么人们不能「自由地」组织国家和企业，去排斥其他民族？但我个人觉得在商业上和政治上的种族主义是「错」的。

问题又回到毛泽东说的「无法无天」才是对的答案。意即：我们都有自由建立种族歧视的国家、开种族歧视的餐馆、等，关键是我们的「企业」要不断和别人竞争。国家也是企业，国与国也不断要打仗；所谓「经济就是和平时期的战争之延续(peace is the continuation of war by other means)」。所以，曹操的诗结尾说「周公吐哺，天下归心」(周公善待天下贤士)。因为打仗的人都知道「用人唯材(meritocracy)」的重要性，而不是「用人唯亲(nepotism)」。据说蒋介石就是那样失了民心。

15

Conclusion: patterns of historical progress

有时心灰意冷，为什么打这场种族解放战那么辛苦？Homer Simpson说过：如果一件事太辛苦，通常不值得做。会不会我的民族真的是狗民族？为什么那么多香港人热烈地想投向白人的怀抱，不觉羞耻？最近又看到电视上有香港人说：『就算你骂我是狗，我也不在意。』

有两种racist的人：racist的白人是既得利益者，他们只需靠自己的血统便可以在竞争中获利。在商业上，如果白人受待遇较好、或取缔能力相当的人而被雇用，那就是种族歧视。第二类是那些很想做狗的中国人，不惜出卖自己的民族，因为他们已经痛苦到做不做狗都没有分别。但他们并非真的到了穷途末路；他们痛苦的原因是因为妒忌那些比他们早「变成人」的人，例如我。用数学公式表示：

我：堂妹 = 香港人：我。

但我们的民族不能永远为了妒忌而把别人拉下去，否则我们真的会变狗民族了。

现在的策略是：我会帮助中国人变有钱，但他们要帮我战胜那些 racists。不这样交易的话，实在不能动弹。

我已说过，堂妹并没有对我做过大逆不道的事；她完全可以拒绝我的。而我那时的伤痛，可能不是因为她，而是香港和美国文化之间存在的不平等的差异(differential)。我们不过是漂浮在文化传播的波动方程(wave equation of the dynamics of civilizations)中的一些点。旧的帝国被新的帝国取代，在不公平的表面下有着绝对的公平。关于文化和技术的历史进程，可以看看 Jared Diamond 的书《Guns, germs and steel¹》。

想说的大概就那么多，其余都是细节而已。

还有，我所讲的「世界A 和世界B」，其实差不多是同一个世界，亦即你和我活在其中的世界。疯人院外面和里面的人没有分别。我们每天都活在种族歧视之中、每天都互相出卖。假设我在真人骚里而懵然不知，也不会有人道破这谎言。他们只会对白人低着头「饶命啊大人」那个样子。你们就是那些演员。

《圣经》里，摩西想带以色列人走出埃及，但初时人们反对他，说什么「我们现在做奴隶做得好好的，为什么要走？」在《Waiting for Godot²》剧里有

¹(1997)

²等待果陀(1953)

个人像只狗那样被人用绳索拖着四脚走动，主角想解开他反被他咬。据说 Che Guevara³帮助非洲人打游击战，被当地士兵的散漫态度弄到心力交瘁；Byron⁴也试图帮助希腊独立战争，因军队的士气低落而过劳致死。那个叫「耶稣」的人，也是在类似的情况下被人出卖而死的。还有太多这样的例子.... (?)

我常想起耶稣钉十字架时身旁的两个小偷，他们说『你既然是神的儿子，为什么落得和我们一样下场?』我的目的就是要不死。

—— 完 ——



³(1928-1967)

⁴(1788-1824)

Acknowledgments

(Apologize to relatives and friends....)