温泉旅馆里那个记日记的人

《雪国》里有一个地方，我合上书也忘不掉：那家开在雪国深处的温泉旅馆。书里写，旅馆外头的雪堆得比墙还高，客人们泡在热乎乎的温泉里，窗子一开，冷气混着硫磺的味道涌进来。夜里雪下得更勤，整家旅馆像被雪埋住了一样，只剩下灯还亮着。

旅馆里有个女孩子叫驹子。她在雪国长大，每天干活、招呼客人，可是她做的好几件事，看起来都没有用。她记日记，把每一天的天气、风、雪都记下来，记了好几年。她读小说，读完还写感想，可是雪国里没有人和她讨论。她弹三味线，弹得很认真，可听的人泡着温泉，有一搭没一搭地听。岛村从东京来，听了以后说，记这样的日记有什么用呢，反正也不会给别人看。驹子听了，脸有点红，说她不这样过不下去。

刚读到这里，我觉得岛村说话有点过分。可是往下读，我忽然想起一件事，脸有点热。去年我练钢琴，练一首没人点的曲子，是比赛落选以后我非要弹完的那首。我妈站在门口听了一会儿，说：又不比赛，弹这个给谁听？我当时没答上来，关上琴盖就去写作业了。驹子那句话在我耳朵里响起来：不这样，过不下去。原来我妈和岛村问的是同一个问题，而驹子替我回答过了。

书里还写，驹子每天清早把旅馆的走廊擦一遍，雪光从窗纸透进来，走廊白得发亮。她做这些事的时候没有观众，客人还没起床，雪国还睡着。我猜她擦走廊的时候心里是安静的，就像她记日记的时候一样。一个人对没有用的事认真，这个认真不是做给谁的，是做给自己的。

温泉旅馆在书里那么远：先坐火车穿过隧道，再换车，再走一段山路。雪把路都填平了，旅馆像浮在一片白中间。岛村那样的城里人来了又走，走的时候雪还在下。我读的时候老想：驹子会不会难过？后来我想，她大概难过，可她也有别人没有的东西——她记得每一天的雪，她弹的每一遍曲子都弹完了。她的日子没有一天是空的。

现在我每天也记三行小日记，就记天气和我干的事，本子是语文本剩下的空页。有人问记这个干嘛，我说不知道，反正不记过不下去。这话从我嘴里出来的时候，我觉得自己有点像温泉旅馆里那个女孩子了。

The Girl Who Kept a Diary at the Hot Spring Inn

There is one place in Snow Country I cannot forget even after closing the book: the hot spring inn deep in the snow country. The book describes snow piled higher than the walls outside; guests soak in the steaming water, and when a window opens, cold air rushes in mixed with the smell of sulfur. At night the snow falls harder, and the whole inn seems buried under snow, with only the lamps still lit.

A girl named Komako works at the inn. She grew up in the snow country; she works and waits on guests every day, yet several things she does look useless. She keeps a diary, writing down the weather, the wind, the snow, year after year. She reads novels and writes her thoughts afterward, though no one in the snow country discusses books with her. She plays the shamisen earnestly, but the guests soak in the hot

spring and listen half-heartedly. Shimamura, who came from Tokyo, said: what is the use of keeping such a diary? No one will ever read it. the face of Komako reddened a little, and she said she cannot go on living without doing it.

When I first read this, I thought Shimamura was being rude. But as I kept reading, I suddenly remembered something, and my face got hot. Last year I practiced piano — a piece no one had asked for, the one I insisted on finishing after losing a competition. Mom stood at the door for a while, then said: there is no contest, who are you playing it for? I had no answer then; I closed the piano lid and went to do homework. The words of Komako rang in my ears: I cannot go on living without doing it. So Mom and Shimamura were asking the same question, and Komako had already answered it for me.

The book also writes that Komako wipes the corridor of the inn clean every early morning. Snow-light shines through the window paper, and the corridor glows white. She does these things with no audience — the guests are still asleep, the snow country is still asleep. I think her heart is quiet when she wipes the corridor, just as it is when she writes her diary. When a person is earnest about something useless, that earnestness is not for anyone else; it is for herself.

The inn is so far away in the book: first a train through a tunnel, then a transfer, then a mountain path. The snow fills the roads flat, and the inn seems to float in the middle of a white sea. City people like Shimamura come and go; when they leave, the snow is still falling. While reading, I kept wondering: is Komako sad? Later I thought, she probably is, but she also has something others do not — she remembers the snow of every day, and every piece she plays, she plays to the end. Not one of her days is empty.

Now I write three lines of diary every day, just the weather and what I did, in the blank pages left from an old exercise book. When people ask what is the use, I say I do not know — I just cannot go on without writing it. When those words came out of my mouth, I felt a little like that girl at the hot spring inn.