

屯溪日出

曾经印象深刻的

屯溪日出是在弱冠之年，

如今文峰桥附近。当然，那

时江上不仅

没有文峰桥，南岸仍是

绿草萋萋的江边滩涂。

大学毕业时前途未卜的

夏天，我经常来此漫步

滩涂上只有铁丝网

疗养院的水房

生活用水的水龙头

碉堡一般凝然兀

一个诗意的城市名字叫昱

A POETIC CITY CALLED YU

屯溪品赏 A TASTE OF TUNXI

昱城之夜

喜欢在春天的雨夜，

独自走进老街，华灯初上，

三华里的明清古街，顿时

成了皓光闪耀的银河。

的街灯、灯火通明的

与打湿的青石板交相

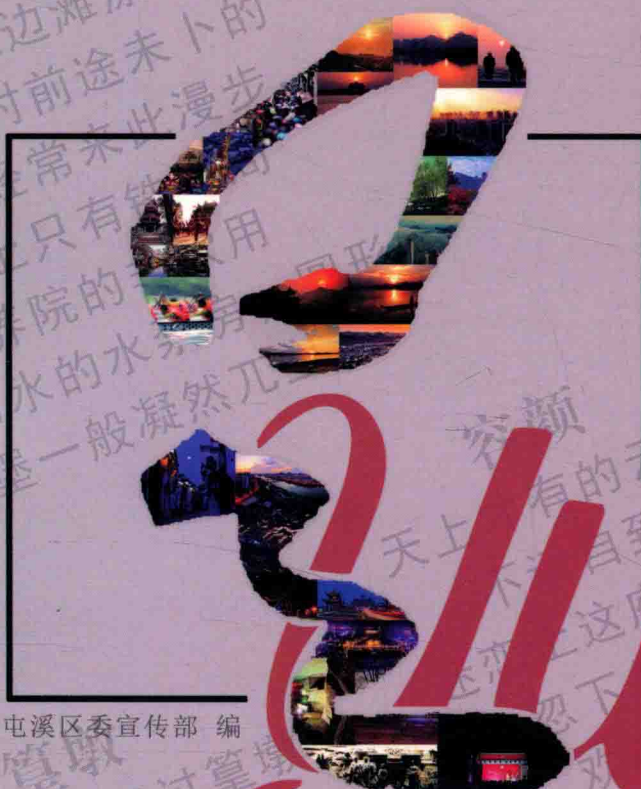
仿佛满天的彩霞倾

多少历史和沧桑忽

老街亮出她琥珀

些寂寞的黑瓦

开始和谁



中共黄山市屯溪区委宣传部 编

过篁墩

新安江蜿蜒地经过篁墩

如晨起奔跑的云霞。

眼前的树

连接起村庄和集镇

在拂晓的油菜花田

我没有听见

鸟雀跳过树丛，

水流穿过暗礁

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白色的龙的身段

有时铺开了自己

像绵绵的被絮

让夜晚暖和点

并提醒晨起的人们

多一点小心

多一点相互的爱护

这里已是

入了人间仙境

个个长生不老的样子

那江水

一个诗意的城市名字叫昱

A POETIC CITY CALLED YU

屯溪品赏 A TASTE OF TUNXI



中共黄山市屯溪区委宣传部 编

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总策划：胡黎明 江善良

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英文翻译：晚 乌 张如意

编 务：汪子珺 胡 颖





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一个诗意的城市名字叫昱

方鹤影 / 文

一个人或是一座村庄、城市，它的名字可以寻不出来历，甚至可以让人觉着有些莫名其妙，但却肯定不是无缘无故，凭空而生的。这个名字的出现看似一次偶然的事件，却与它的本体血脉相连，且总是本能地不经意地塑造着本体的气质。

譬如“屯溪”，这两个字的来历一直模棱两可不能定性，有说是源于当年孙吴征服山越时曾“屯兵于溪上”，又有人说这里“众溪屯聚”，故而得名。因为据《广雅》解释，“屯，聚也”。不辨真误而存疑无关紧要，这个水灵灵的名字，已经赋予这座位于黄山南面新安江上游的小城，一种毓秀灵动、温润可心的独特神韵。

尤为奇巧的是，小城的另一个名字，不只是出处无从寻觅，甚至连可供后人争议和选择的说法也没有留下。它是“昱”，辞典上解释为日光、光明和照耀的意思。若望文会意，太阳立起来应该是日出的景象。这使我不由得要伸开想象的羽翼：也许在很久以前的某个早晨，有一个归隐的诗人（对，肯定是诗人）在水边一处山坡上漫步，神态悠闲，似又若有所思。这时，东边的天幕上越来越红，一轮积聚一晚的力量的又大又圆的旭日，从山的后面冉冉升了上来，山峦披上阳光仿佛受到一种强有力的召唤，由内而外透出一股神秘的气息。阳光笼罩薄雾的轻纱，新安江穿上了节日的盛装。小城沐浴彩色的晨辉苏醒过来，显得格外楚楚动人了。诗人的脑海忽地涌起一股热流，一个非常形象的字眼浮现出来。他把小城叫“昱”，听到的人都觉得贴切，也喜欢，所以很快就传开了。从此，在天底下千千万万的城市当中，就有了这样一个独特又闪亮的名字。

以水命名自有一种沁人心脾的美感。微风吹起涟漪，一层又一层，似柔情万缕，叫人心生缠绵。轻轻摇荡的水中倒影，更是像梦一样富有诱惑。但光的美，

却是达到了一种极致。所以宋玉这样摹写神女：“其始来也，耀乎若白日初出照屋梁；其少进也，皎若明月舒其光。”曹植笔下的洛神：“远而望之，皎若太阳升朝霞。”李白形容古代第一美女：“西施越溪女，明艳光云海。”光深藏着一种神秘、神奇和神圣，佛典中它含有智慧和慈悲的美意，《旧约》里它会成为上帝和拯救的化身，光明之神在古希腊神话里地位高高在上。难怪大作家福楼拜给最亲密的女友写信，竟然会写出这样让人惊艳的语句：“我拼命工作，天天洗澡，不接待来访，不看报纸，按时看日出……”

大作家一定是被巴黎日出的美征服了，所以要天天按时去瞻仰它，膜拜它。那位虽然无名却是真正具有天赋的古典诗人，也一定是被黄山脚下那次豁然开朗的日出之美震撼了，所以才气激发，天降灵感，以一个清澈而朗润的单字，给小城锁定了一道如生命般蒸蒸日上的光辉。

凭我的感觉，那位虽然无名却是真正具有天赋的诗人，在看到小城的日出之后，又专门选了一个月明星稀的夜晚看过小城的月亮。因为月亮的存在也许就为了反射太阳的光辉，月色就是黑夜里的阳光，是阳光借另一种装束和姿态呈示于人。当夜晚替代白昼来到人们身边，阳光的炽热、坚硬、灼目和辉煌，也换成月色的清凉、柔软、朦胧和静谧。风一样若有若无的挥洒，水一般清浅连绵的波动，给诗人另一份触动和微醺，恍若喝了一杯有了年份的葡萄美酒，沉醉不已。

行笔至此，我忽地要为那位诗人遗憾起来，因为他生在很久很久以前，无法看见今天才有的五颜六色光怪陆离的霓虹灯。霓虹灯本是受七彩阳光的启发才造出来的，却好像比阳光更精致更耀眼了。他也看不到，今天的小城真的越发熠熠闪亮了，而使几乎全世界的人都能感受到它的光芒，所以大街小巷就流动着数不清的白皮肤黑皮肤、黄头发蓝眼睛，色彩斑斓叫人目不暇接。当然我也羡慕那位诗人，现如今，穿梭于流光溢彩、树红楼绿间的人们，已很难再看见过去那个清亮、宁静、神秘的月亮了……

正是怀着这份夹杂些许失落的兴奋，对昱城投入极大热情和兴趣的一批摄影家、现代诗人和作家，一遍遍凝望小城上空的太阳、月亮，和遍布河流两岸水榭园林的琳琅满目的灯，徜徉于阳光、月光和灯光下的山间与河畔，感受它的火热、柔淡，体会它的淳朴、典雅，还有扑朔迷离的闪烁与变幻，用镜头和

键盘将它们定格和存录，以此告诉城里城外的人，有一个诗意的城市，它的名字叫“昱”。

A Poetic City Called Yu

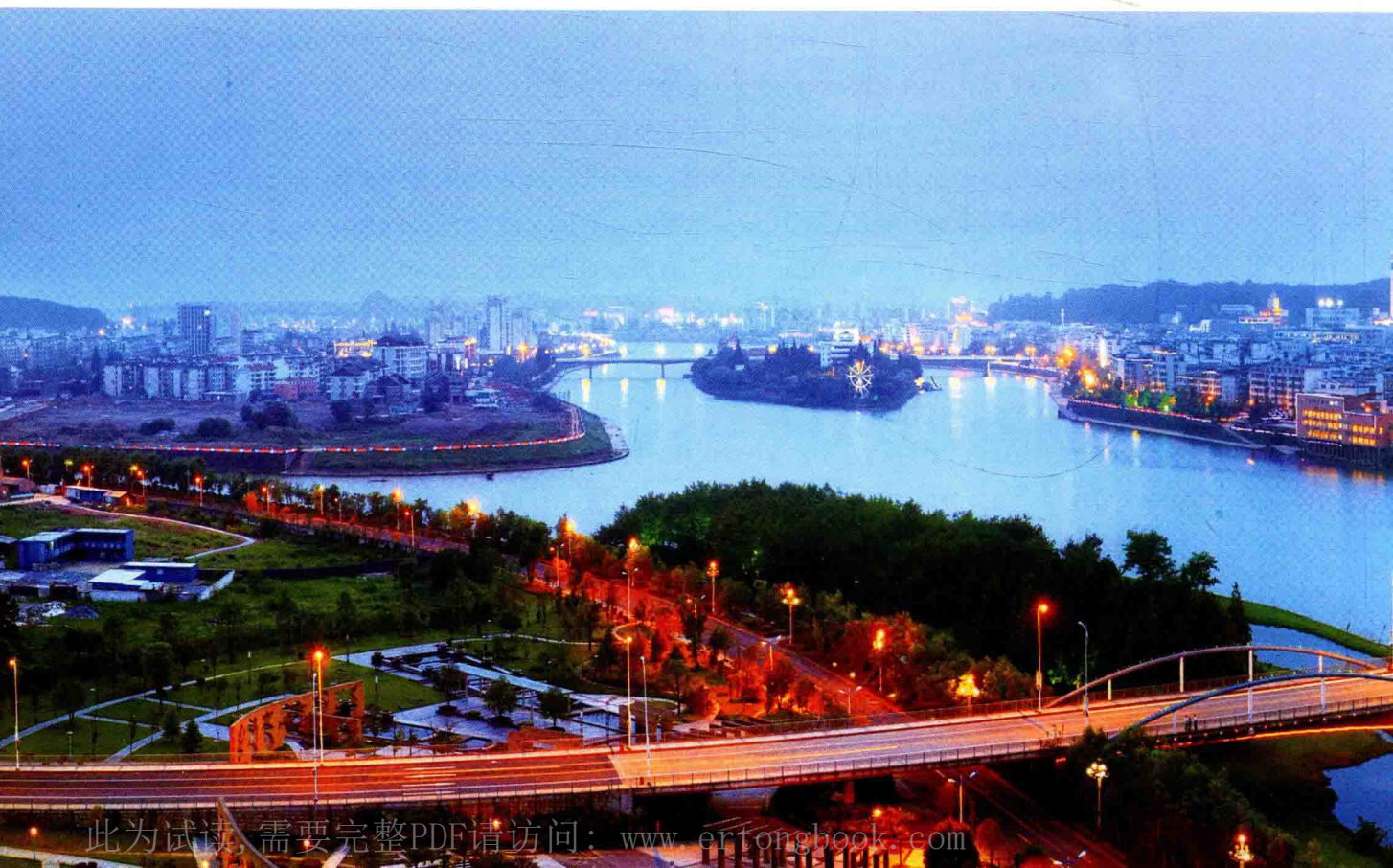
Fang Heying

The origins of the names of a person, a village or a city are sometimes obscure, and even baffling, but they do have a reason. Easily considered as an accident, a name is inherently an integral part of its owner, shaping the culture and temperament in silence.

Tunxi, for example, its origin of the name has been long ambiguous. Some suggests it stems from the fact King Sun of kingdom Wu stationing troops along the river after his conquer of Shanyue (ancient ethnicity). The other version of the name is that it was named after the convergence of several rivers, given that Tun means gathering according to *Guangya* (one of the earliest encyclopedia of ancient china). Despite the truth of its origins, this tender name, Tunxi, adds a unique charm to the small upstream city which is located in the south of Mount Huang, and makes it not only a picturesque and bright place but a gentle and lovable one.

The most intriguing thing is, the other name of this city not only has no origin, but even has no ground for dispute and discussion. That is “Yu” (昱) means sunlight, brightness and illumination according to dictionaries. If we take the word “昱” literally, we may find that the combination stands for the scenery of sunrise.

This offers me the imagination: one morning a long time ago, there may be a hermit—a poet (certainly, a poet) wandering around a hillside along the river, with a relaxing yet thoughtful looking. Right at this time, the eastern sky became increasingly red while a sun was slowly rising behind the mountain. The sun, big and round, appeared with such strong power which had accumulated for a whole night that the mountains seemed to receive a powerful call, which made them covered with a mysterious atmosphere from the inside out. As the sunshine cooperated with the mist, Xin'an River was dressed in some festival costumes. Bathed in the colorful morning light, the city woke up, delicate and fascinating. After seeing the scene, the poet was suddenly hit by a vivid word “昱”(Yu), and then, he named the city as “昱”(Yu). Everyone who had heard of the name liked it, thus made it spread soon.



Ever since then, the unique and outstanding name——“ 昱 ”, took a place among myriads of city names in the world.

There was a sense of beauty refreshing people's mind when things were named after water. We can imagine such a scene: a lake wimpled at the gentle breeze, layer after layer, bringing people with tender feelings and making them linger deep inside. The reflection in water, swaying slightly, was even more attractive like a dream. However, the beauty of the light had reached to the extreme. It was no wonder that Song Yu (a master of Cifu in Chu State) described the Goddess as: “when she appeared, she looked as gorgeous as the morning sun lighting up the roof girder; when she came closer, she looked as fair as the light shed by the bright moon”. The Goddess Luo in Cao Zhi's (Cao Zhi, a litterateur in the Cao Wei of the Three



Kingdoms period) works was like “looked from afar, she looked as bright as the morning sun rising from the sun glow”. Li Bai (a poet in the Tang Dynasty) described the first beauty in ancient times Xi Shi as “Xi Shi, a lady lived by a river in the Yue State, was so stunning that the cloud sea was lightened”. Deep in light it lies mystery, miracle and holiness. In Buddhist classics, light contains wisdom and compassion; in the *Old Testament*, light represents the embodiment of God and salvation: that is why God of Light enjoys such a high position in ancient Greek mythology. And no wonder Flaubert wrote such amazing words to his girlfriend: “I work hard and have shower every day, no visitors and newspapers, but only sunrise is something I cannot miss...”

Flaubert, such a great writer, must be really stunned by the beauty of the sunrise in Paris. Otherwise, he could not have visited and worshiped it every day. The unknown classic poet who possessed real talent must also be shocked and inspired by the beauty of the enlightening sunrise at the foot of the Mount Huang, and used such a clear and warm word which injected lively and vigorous brilliance into the small city.

With my own feeling, the unknown classic poet who possessed real talent, after seeing the sunrise, continued to pick up a night with a clear moon and few stars to enjoy the moon in the small city specifically. As the existence of the moon can reflect the sun's glare, moonlight is bright in dark nights, standing for another appearance and posture for sunlight and showing to the world. Every time when night comes as a replacement of daytime, the heat, toughness, dazzle and glory of sunlight change to the cool, soft, haziness and tranquility of moonlight. Both the slight spray like wind and light and constant fluctuation like water brought the poet with

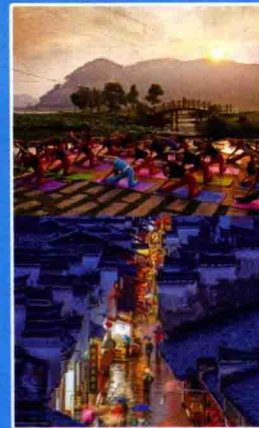
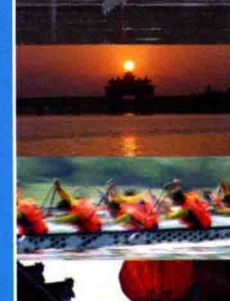
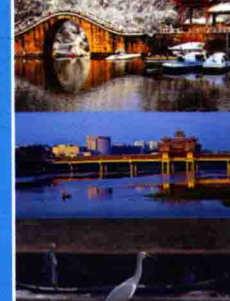
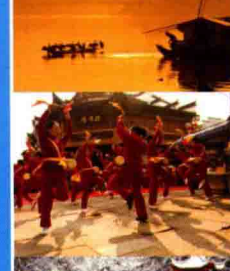
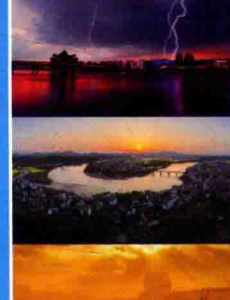
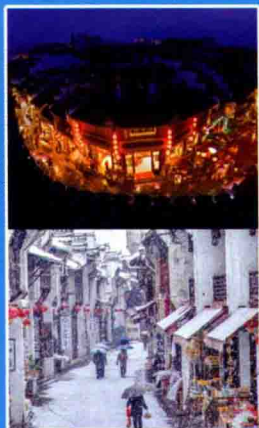
different thoughts and daze,a feeling similar to that when drinking a glass of aged vintage wine,intoxicating.

Having said this,I can't help regretting for that poet.Since he came from centuries ago,having no access to the colorful neon lights.Inspired by sunlight,this modern invention is much more attractive and dazzling.

He also had no chances to witness the fact that the brighter town is now visited by people from all around the world,the countless white or black skins,blond or blonde,are dotted on the streets and lanes.However,I also envy him,for the tranquil,clear and mysterious moon,which is now hidden away in today's colorful nights.

Filled with excitement and a bit disappointment,batches of photographer,modern poets and writers who throw themselves into a great deal of passion and love pouring into Tunxi. While enjoying the sun,the moon and the lanterns hung in gardens and pavilions along Xin'an river,wandering around underhill lanes and river banks in all kinds of lights,feeling the passion yet silence,simpleness yet changes,they recorded and saved everything in here,so as to tell people:there is a poetic city called "Yu".

英译：张如意



上篇

PART ONE

昼之丽

BEAUTY OF DAYTIME

水吻过的太阳明艳，秀润

当山雾化作云霞

再变成婚纱

山城妩媚，如同处子

屯溪日出

刘炯 / 文

曾经印象深刻的屯溪日出是在弱冠之年，如今文峰桥附近。当然，那时江上不仅没有文峰桥，南岸仍是绿草萋萋的江边滩涂。那个大学毕业后前途未卜的夏天，我经常来此漫步，滩涂上只有铁四局疗养院的非饮用生活用水的水泵房，圆形碉堡一般凝然兀立。

也就在那个夏天，一位外地读大学的同学放暑假，于是我们高中结识的四位旧友于夜间来到水泵房顶，当时其中一位同学已在此从事值夜班的临时工作。我们四个躺在塔顶，在不绝于耳的流水声中对着漫天星斗。夜渐渐深沉，可睡意却如俄罗斯轮盘，有时你有时我，却总有人醒着，交换话题，交换人生各自最初的迷茫。忽然有人喊，天亮了。已睡的我立即就醒了，我们四人并肩而立，眺望东方。红色的朝霞正一点一点抹上刚刚摆脱黑夜的青黛色天空，慢慢地，一线太阳的光猛地喷射而至，叫喊不约而同响起，激动情绪相互感染。红色太阳缓慢攀升，壮丽浓烈，我们渐渐已无法直视。我避开光线，下意识左右看看，每个人的青春面盘上都被朝阳的色彩附丽，清透的红光让他们眉眼，鼻翼与嘴角呈现难以描述的翦动的细节，以至于多年以后，我依然清晰地记着这些细节。

时光流转多年，我们四人中只有我和另一位留在屯溪，而且他从事比鸟还要早起的工作，平时交集很少。某日兴之所至，我趁灯光未灭的黎明去看他，聊起那次日出，也是记忆犹新。乘兴我们驱车至孙王阁，登上山顶，此时东方已有曙色，那些早年的回忆忽然复苏于这片红色的明亮，在朝霞的薄纱中，在远山黑色的剪影里，太阳喷薄而上。江水骤然波光粼粼，如金闪耀，我们已过了欢呼的年岁，但不断上升的澄澈与瑰丽依然令内心翻腾。我们在这持续的辉煌中沉浸许久，以至于被阳光刺出眼泪。眼睛休息一会儿后，我低头看山下的景致，沿浩渺的新安江水，楼宇有序且错落，在日出的光线中如一首舒缓的乐曲，不时有山间鸟鸣与山脚下渐起的市声点缀其间，清晨更为空