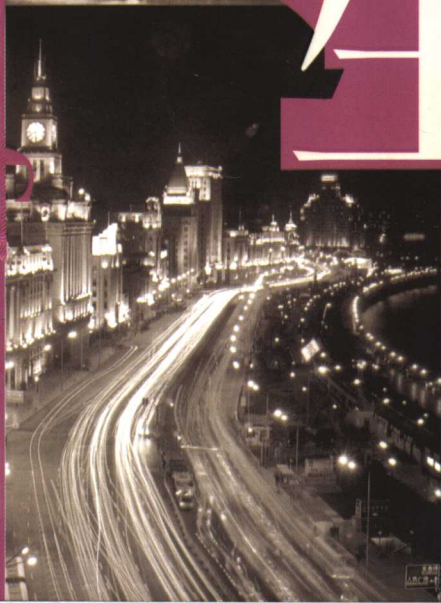
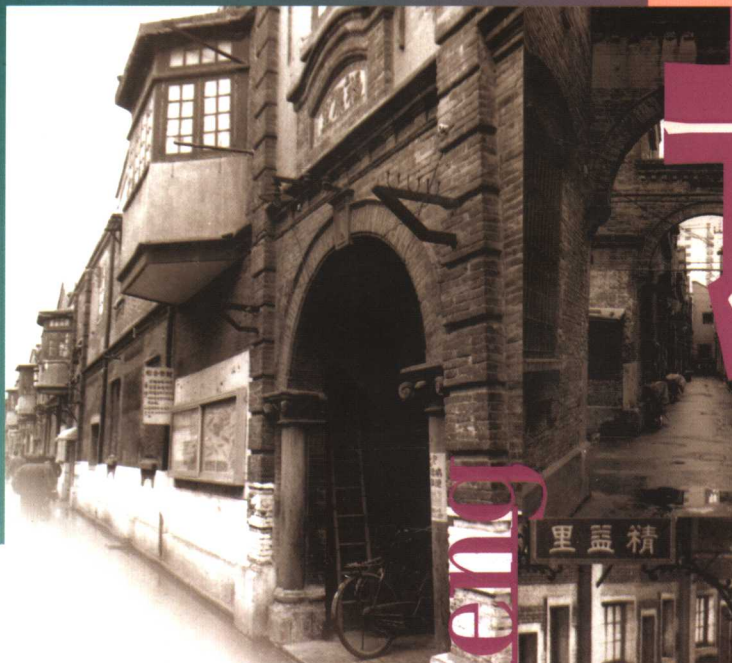


# Chang Yeban Sheng

擦亮一根火柴  
照明一个时代

吴正/著

云南人民出版社



# 长夜半生

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1949年，被誉为“东方巴黎”的中国大都市上海关闭了她通往世界的所有门户，直至1979年再度打开，其间整整三十年……

1979年，上海重新融入国际社会，尔后，经历的是另一个天翻地覆的二十年，社会的一切生态都已发生了根本意义上的变异……

## Intersection -A Synopsis

In 1949, China's cosmopolitan Shanghai, "the Paris of the East", closed all her gates to the outside world, until 1979. It was a lapse of thirty years.

1979 saw Shanghai re-immense herself into the international community, followed by another earthshaking twenty-year when the entire social ecosystem went through fundamental changes. Meanwhile, Hong Kong, "the London of the East" witnessed the

与此同时，香港，这座“东方伦敦”，一百五十四年的殖民长河也终于流尽，流到了1997年7月1日，这个大限的悬崖沿，日子开始飞瀑而下……

这是中华民族史上的一个非常时期，谜一般的时代，谜一般的城市，谜一般的整整一代人。一切无可奈何，一切总也可以奈何；而不可理喻的结局永远是终能理喻。

有这么四个人物两对夫妇，已龄届中年。每一个时代都在他们心灵的深处刻下了不同形态的、难以磨灭的刀创斧痕。小说以其为承重梁柱，支撑起了这么个特色时代的整座舞台，然后再让一幕幕的人间喜悲剧在此上演。背景人物不

154-year old colonial river to have flowed to its end at year 1997, to the edge of steep cliffs where things started to swirl downward like huge cascade.

This was a critical moment in Chinese history, an era of mystery, mystery cities and a whole mystery generation. Everything leaves no choice, but everything is tolerated one way or another. All the inexplicable endings will always be elucidated eventually.

There are four characters-two couples, all in their mid ages, in the story. Each era has inflicted in the depth of their soul different shapes of, and ineradicable wounds. The story takes this theme as its pillar that lifts up the whole stage of that distincive era, where scene after scene of human comedy and tragedy is being

停地变幻，梦境现实时刻在交替，理念与意识反复重叠。在这个价值观、生命观、理想观都严重错位了的时代，人们的肉体 and 感官都在享受，在醉生梦死，精神却在挣扎；而精神所付出的代价正是肉体所耗去的……

精致的思维，精致的心理，精致的刻画，精致的语言，精致的细节，构筑起了当代中国社会最精致的一个阶层的日常点滴与其丰富多彩的精神图貌。犹若一只明清朝代的精瓷花瓶，珍贵却十分脆弱、易碎；她在半明半晦的光线中闪烁着一种诱人的幽光。这是当代中国文学与世界文学相切面上的某个最短兵相接的触点，与众多的以“黄土地”为题材的文

played . Background and characters keep revolving; fantasy and reality keep interchanging, and ration and consciousness keep overlapping; over and again. In this era when perspectives on value, life and ideal are gravely dislocated, human flesh and sense organs are seeking pleasures (or humans are seeking sensual pleasures), befuddled in physical desires whereas their spirit is struggling. It is the sensual pleasures that wear away the spirit. Refined thoughts, vibrant psychological flow, vivid depiction, cultivated language, and sophisticated details, all carve out the most exquisite statue of the bits of daily life with one social genre in contemporary China and its rich spiritual world. It is just like a delicate ancient china vase, precious but fragile, glimmering an



学作品相比，互相对峙，然而又不对立，它们共同构筑起了立体中国形象的双重个性。

真相，就离他一步之遥。

他站立在原地犹豫了有两三分钟。……但他平静，平静得出奇；也很理智，理智得出奇；就像一个第三者在观看一幕与己完全无关的电视连续剧中的高潮戏一样。他想，他也没什么，他只是将一件他在三十多年前偷抢来的物品归还了原主？……

他打开了大门的保险掣，打算从正门离去。离去，然后

alluring gleam in the dim light. This represents a cross point of contemporary Chinese literature and world literature where the two combat face to face. Compared with all other Chinese literary works that takes "yellow earth" as their theme, this novel stands out in stark contrast, but not in conflict; both themes together build up the two sides of a personality of a multi-dimensional China.

The truth is nothing but one step away.

He stood there, hesitating for a few minutes.... But he was so calm, surprisingly calm; and he was also so very rational, amazingly rational, as if he were just a spectator watching a climax scene in a TV series, completely irrelevant. He thought it's OK,

回到他的太湖度假村继续他的写作。……但就在此时，房中传出来的呻吟声突然响亮了起来，这是她的声音，他太熟悉这种声音了。他把刚打算跨出门槛去的一只脚又收了回来。……但他告诉自己说，快走，你要赶快走！……他在客厅里左右环顾地寻找了一番，发现了一份挂历。他掏出笔来，他要在上边做个记号，一个很明显的，只有他兆正才有可能留下的记号。在那一天的那一个时刻。……

就这么个亮点，或者说是黑洞，构成了他对于事件的全部反应与报复。……

有时，“人生的缘分有点像七巧拼板，盈缺凹凸，这一个

and that he was, after all, only returning the thing to the owner that he stole or robbed some thirty years ago?

He opened the security lock, trying to leave through the front door, leaving this place to return to the Lake Resort to continue his writing. But exactly at this moment, the moan in the room was becoming louder. It was her sound of moan. He was too familiar with that sound. He pulled back his foot in the air half way over the threshold. But he was telling himself: get out, and get out fast! ... He was in the living room looking around for something, and he found a wall calendar. He took out a pen, and he wanted to make a mark on it, a mark so noticeable that only he could have possibly left: this moment on this day....



人此一刻的镶入处正是那一个人那一刻的凹缺处。”

就这么样的一部强烈着中国特色的“新双城记”，在大文豪狄更斯离世 150 多年后的今天再度问世……

时代是平面的，生命是纵直的，一线生命洞穿过多少面缤纷而又奇异的时代，而一片时代又切断了无数条伟大或者可怜的生命。

命运很无情，但很公正……

2004 年 7 月 12 日

于上海西康公寓

It is this spotlight, or this black hole that constituted his complete response to and total revenge on this event. ...

This *A New Tale of Two Cities* with glaring Chinese characteristics comes into the world 150 years after the decease of the English literature giant Charles Dickens....

Eras are horizontal planes whereas lives are vertical threads. A thread of life pierces through many dazzling but bizarre eras while a slice of era cuts through numerous lives, noble or unfortunate. Fate is merciless but very fair...

1. 兆正离家走上街去的时候,两旁的街灯恰好在那一刻  
间开始熠熠放亮

001

他不知道,如能让他从头来过,重经一次生命历程的话,他  
会不会再去爱?又会去爱谁?

Exactly at the moment when Zhao Zheng left  
home and set his foot on the street, the lights on  
both sides of the street started glowing

He wondered, if he could re-start his life and go through it  
again, whether he will be able to love again, and whom he  
will then love.

2. 回去少年时

005

半晌,他才敢偷偷地抬起眼皮来。坐在他前排斜对面的她  
的半片腮颊落入了他的视线范围内:雪白之中渗透着一种  
隐隐约约的粉红色,一绺鬓发垂下来,绕过她的耳畔,越  
过她的耳垂,因此也就超越出了他的视野的疆界。

Back to his childhood

After a long while, he was able to gather up enough courage  
to lift his eyelids to steal a look at the profile of her face two  
rows across and in the front: her snow-white skin with a  
touch of pink, a lock of hair draping down around her ear,  
over her eardrop, and therefore out of the range of his sight.

3. 兆正所说的“他”,就是我……

014

我说:当年,能摆脱那种强大漩涡的向心力的与今天能跳

出这种虚无潮流的是同一种人。这种人都是极少数，但这种人是成功者。因为历史需要的成功者永远也只是极少数。

The HE that Zhao Zheng mentioned is ME

I said, those who managed to shake off the gravity of the whirlpool in that era, and those who managed to keep away from the illusory trend of today are of the same genre. They are scarce, but they are winners; winners, as history needs, are always that limited.

019 4. 1964: 那条弄堂，那幢洋房，那条带圆把的阔扶梯

上午十时许，耀眼的阳光从红砖拱窗间射入房来，偶尔有鸽群从窗口间孤飞而过。对马路的厂里正播放第三套工间操的音乐，透过夹竹桃的叶影，能见到一排列队在人行道上的戴工作帽穿蓝白大褂的工厂人员正作出大兜腰的伸展动作。

1964: that alley, that house, that broad stairs with round handrail

Around ten o'clock in the morning, the dazzling sunshine pierced through the redbrick arc window; occasionally some pigeons fluttered curving past the window. In the factory across the street the loudspeaker was broadcasting some exercise music for the recess; through the leaves, one can see workers with caps and overalls in white and blue were stretching their waists.

## 5. 湛玉和那份月历牌 ……

027

湛玉的目光从厨房里退出来，来到了饭厅里。它们扫到了挂在墙上的一幅很普通的月份的挂历牌，便随即垂落了下来。

## Zhan Yu and that wall calendar

Zhan Yu took her eyes back from the kitchen, and cast them into the dining room. She shot a glance at that very common calendar hung on the wall, and then dropped her eyes.

## 6. 复兴别墅：二十世纪五十年代

031

就这样，我们的小小舞蹈家便经过油站，走进了那条弄堂里。

夏日的晌午，弄堂里安静得不见半个人影。别墅是公寓式的花园洋房，有赭红色的尖顶和矮矮的赭红色的围墙，这一排的前花园对着那一排的后花园。

## Fu Xing Villa: in the 50s of Twentieth Century

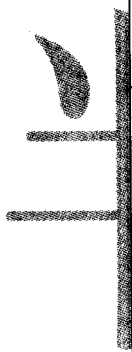
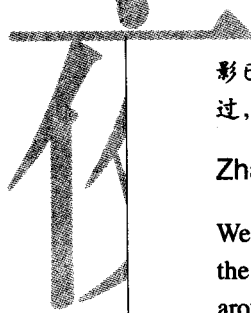
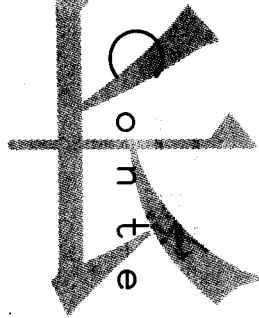
This way, our little ballerina passed the gas station and walked into that alley.

At the mid noon of the summer, the alley was quiet with no one in sight. The villa was a garden house with dark red pointed top and low dark red walls. The front garden of this house faced the back garden of the house in the front.

## 7. 湛玉和我：三十年之前与之后

041

我们于是分手。待我从墙角转弯处忍不住回望时，她的身



影已在夜色之中消失，几辆自行车正慢悠悠地从我身旁经过，摇响了车铃。

Zhan Yu and I: thirty years prior and after

We parted each other on the street. When I walked around the corner of the wall and couldn't help turning my head around to steal a look at her, her figure had already vanished in the darkness of the night. A few bicycles were slowly passing by me, cranking their bells.

048 8. 白老师的目光

她只知道，记忆有时会将那四束目光缠绕在一起，叫她分辨不清楚：哪两束是兆正的，而哪两束是白老师的。

The look in Mr. Bai's eyes

She only felt that memories would sometimes blend the four rays from their eyes. She could not distinguish between the two from Zhao Zheng and the two from Mr. Bai.

055 9. 黄昏，那同一个黄昏

其实，所谓名字，只是人的一个存在符号，是每当提及某某或某某时率先进入说者与听者思想屏幕的一团音容笑貌形态动作的印象拼图而已。莎士比亚说，人叫什么名字其实没什么意义：一种叫玫瑰的花，假如更改了花名，还不一样的香？

Twilight, in that same twilight

In fact, the so-called names are nothing but symbols for hu-

man existence. When the names are mentioned, they are bits of impression of a person pieced together reflected in the mind of the speaker or listener, the bits of one's face, voice, smile, gesture and manner etc.. Shakespeare once mentioned that the name of a person does not mean anything; a rose is so called, the aroma still remains even if its name is changed.

10. 拔河赛：兆正变成了我与湛玉间的那根绳索

063

我向湛玉说：“你我都能从他的作品中读出来的是一种评论家学者和教授们永远也读不出来的感觉：这是一种隐隐的心痛，隐隐的悲哀，隐隐的爱，隐隐的恨，隐隐的决心，隐隐的一些不知名的什么。”

A tug of war: Zhao Zheng became the rope between Zhan Yu and me

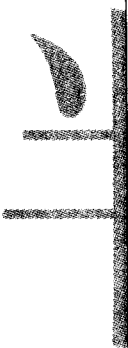
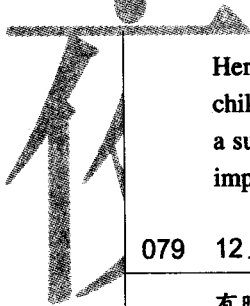
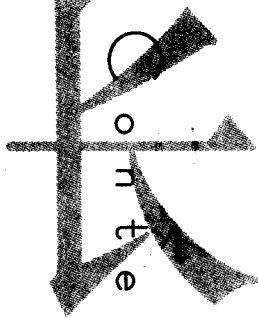
Once I said to Zhan Yu, "What you and I can obtain from his literary works is a feeling that neither critics and pundits can ever get. This is a type of faint heartache and grief, lurking love and hate, secret resolve, and other inexplicably secrecies."

11. 雨萍·童年·东上海

068

在这她从小就生活惯了的环境之中，她不明白这一切的一切为什么会突然显得如此新鲜，如此陌生，如此感人，如此就具有了某种异样的生命涵义？

Yu Ping-Childhood-Eastern Shanghai



Here she had got used to all the living conditions since her childhood. She did not understand why all those had all of a sudden become so fresh, so unfamiliar, so touching, so imputed with an altered content of life.

079 12. 两条人生平行线

有时，我真不知道，他是否有意给我们让出了时间和空间？我向湛玉说，真的，我一直有这样的一种预感。

Two parallel lines in life

Sometimes I really wonder if he has chosen to give us the time and space, I said to Zhan Yu. Really, I have long had such a feeling.

088 13. 湛玉眼中的某个1964年初夏的上午

就这么通上的电，欢乐与希望的彩灯一下子全点亮了。就这么一次的这么个瞬间，人生的节日前夜有时比节日之本身更令人难忘。

An early summer morning of 1964 in Zhan Yu's eyes

So here comes the electricity. The colorful lamps of joy and hope are lit up at that split second. The eve of the holiday of life is sometimes more unforgettable than the holiday itself.

097 14. 我与湛玉床第间的一次对话

……在我们青春发育期的信仰模式的强行灌输对应着在我



们更年期的对价值观剧变的残酷适应。我们一直是落伍者。

### A dialogue between Zhan Yu and me in bed

...Just as our belief was forged in coercion during our youth, our adaptation to the rapidly changing value during our mid ages is brutal. We have been dropouts all along.

#### 15. 究竟，那件“干结衫”去了哪儿？

100

奇怪的是：等到跨过了某个生命阶段的门坎之后，如今，他最想回去看看的又渐渐变为了他从前生活过的那个地方了。人生是个圆周，不知从何时起，他的人生轨迹又在不知不觉中向着它的始点回归了。

### Where is that sweater?

Strangely, when he walked past a certain threshold in life, what he most wanted to look at when he returned was actually the place where he had lived before. Life is a circle. From some point in his life, his life track was returning to its starting point before he knew it.

#### 16. 都整整三十年了，但路又是怎么一步一个脚印地走过来的呢？

111

他说：这是真的吗？在这黄昏的光线中，他的那对乌黑乌黑的眸子深邃悠远得像是条没有尽端的巷弄。她使劲地点了点头。他一把拥抱住了她：“谢谢你，亲爱的，谢谢你！……”他的声音遥远含糊朦胧得像是梦呓。

A whole thirty-year is gone. But how each and

every step has been walked on this road?

He said, is this true? In this twilight, his dark eyes, deep and quiet, were just like an unending alley. She was intensely nodding her head. He grabbed her into his arms. "Thank you, sweetie, thank you! ...." His voice was remote, vague and hazy, like dream talk.

126 17. 让时光再一次倒流。

1968 年，1968 年的一个清澄的夏夜

谢的故事的后文，那倒是几十年后我再从湛玉那里听说的。后文的场景变成了刑场。他，她，她以及我。于是，便徐徐地织网出一个可以互相贯通的人生故事来，而当一个局外人的谢姓的他突然失足，跌进深渊，他绝望了的惊呼从三十年前的谷底传上来，至今让人听了毛骨悚然。

Let time roll back once more. Year 1968, a clear summer night

The sequel to the story of Mr. Xie was related to me by Zhan Yu several decades later. The scene of the sequel had become the execution field. He, she, she and I then have gradually knit a web of life stories that have connected all of us. While the outsider Mr. Xie suddenly slipped and fell into an abyss, his desperate scream from the bottom of that abyss thirty years ago still echoes up and sends chills down one's spine today.