

盛世之殇

罗盘 罗士起 著

The depression of Golden Age



河南大学出版社
HENAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

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著

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常想汉唐一世强，
每忆宋明两悲伤。
当朝未雪当朝耻，
空叫后人痛断肠。

汉唐宋明一担装，
千古兴亡两空相。
平林高山眼底过，
滚滚不息看长江。



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2008年，父亲探望士起时，13岁的他已长成青葱少年。

罗盘，湖北省仙桃市人，生于1961年12月，1983年毕业于复旦大学新闻系，后攻读经济学硕士毕业。中国作家协会会员，南京大学客座教授。

1992年发表的中篇报告文学《塔克拉玛干：生命的辉煌》获中国报告文学奖。2005年发表的长篇报告文学《特别关注：写给中国人民的故事》，列入当年中国报告文学排行榜榜首，同时被多种版本图书作为优秀报告文学选登，获第四届“正泰杯”报告文学奖。近年来，发表大量散文、随笔，被多种报刊转载。

Luo Pan, is from Xiantao City, Hubei Province, born on December 1961, B.A. (1983) and M.A. in journalism (Fudan University) He is also a distinguished member of the Chinese Writers Association and a visiting professor at Nanjing University.

In 1992, he published a mid-length non-fiction novel called Taklamakan Desert: The Glory of Life and won Chinese Non-Fiction Novel Award. In 2005, he published a lengthy non-fiction novel called Special Care: Stories Written for the Chinese People. The book ranked 1st on China's Non-Fiction Novel List and was excerpted by various journals due to its excellence. The book won Best Non-Fiction Novel at Zhengtai Cup. In recent years, his many prose and essays are published in magazines and journals.

罗士起，英文名ROCK，祖籍湖北省仙桃市，生于1995年12月，曾就读武汉市水果湖第二小学、太原市桃园小学，现就读于温哥华University Hill中学。

从小喜欢文史、音乐，热爱乒乓球，篮球及航空飞行运动等，2003年、2004年连续两年获湖北省楚才杯青少年钢琴比赛大奖。2008年汶川地震后，立即与同学组织并参加温哥华华人募捐义演。志向是像曾祖父和祖父那样当一名工程师。

Luo Shi Qi, has his ancestral roots in Xiantao City, Hubei Province. He was born on December, 1995, went to Shuiguohu Second Elementary in Wuhan and Taoyuan Elementary in Taiyuan. He is now a student at University Hill Secondary.

He has developed many interests such as history, music, basketball, piloting and ping pong etc at a young age. He won back-to-back Young People's Piano Award at Chucai Cup in Hubei Province. After the Wenchuan quake in 2008, he and friends organized and participated in charity events to raise funds for disaster relief at the local Chinese community. His goal is to become an engineer like his grandfather and great grandfather.

序言：每个人心中都有一本自己的史书

我五岁之前的记忆大多来自我的母亲。我母亲说我小时候脑瓜子就很能吸收那些诗词歌赋类的东西。她告诉我，我十个月大的时候正是深秋时节，因为父母工作太忙，便让住在乡下的奶奶抱走了我。到了春节临近，也就是三个多月后，父母到乡下来陪爷爷奶奶过年，妈妈非常惊讶地发现，我已经伶牙俐齿，会背诵很多乡下的民谣。妈妈说，我是先学会童谣，然后才会说话的。

只有两岁大的时候，我又跟父母生活在了一起。每当父亲处理完工作就会抱着我给我随口背一些唐诗宋词，我也会跟着父亲哼哼唧唧。有一天，父亲抱着我对着窗外的雪花吟诵了一首唐诗：“月黑雁飞高，单于夜遁逃。欲将轻骑逐，大雪满弓刀。”过了一会儿，他发现我独自一人，一边舞着把木头剑一边在哼着这首诗，既惊讶、又开心。于是，他花了好多时间，查阅了大量的唐诗宋词，专门为我精编了一本诗词选本，一共300首。他还说，这些诗词，是根据男孩子的个性特点来选编的，与书店里的那些选本可不一样哦。这本诗词选本一直伴随了我的童年岁月，一直到我来到加拿大上学，仍然将这本早已翻烂的册子带在

手上。从那天开始，我便一发不可收拾，我的游戏就是识字、背诗词。现在看来这些诗词都是非常经典的，包括了岳飞的两首《满江红》，辛弃疾的《破阵子·醉里挑灯看剑》，柳永的《雨霖铃·寒蝉凄切》，范仲淹的《渔家傲·塞下秋来风景异》，苏轼的两首《水调歌头》两首《江城子》，李煜的《破阵子·四十年来家国》、《虞美人·春花秋月何时了》，李清照的《声声慢·寻寻觅觅》和《一剪梅·红藕香残玉簟秋》等耳熟能详的经典名作。当时，许多字我还不认识，妈妈做了拼音注解，我就开始背了。造成的后果就是，当时好多诗词都没有背名字和词牌，弄得我现在也是经常能背出诗词，却不知道那首诗词的词牌和名字。

长大之后，我多次到乡下看望爷爷奶奶，他们的家就在江汉平原的一条小河边，河的名字叫凤凰河。夏天河畔杨柳成荫，河中荷花艳丽，村子里鸟语花香。老人们夏天会聚集在大杨树下乘凉，上下五千年地讲历代故事；冬天会围坐在炉火边烤火，还是上下五千年地讲历代故事。他们肚子里面的故事好像永远也讲不完。我的奶奶就常常是故事大王。我的爷爷是个很严肃的人，我个人印象中很少见他笑过。奶奶相比起来风趣可爱得多，我睡觉前她都会给我讲故事。奶奶给我讲过许多中国民间经典故事，杨家将、隋唐好汉、三国英雄等等。后来我才从我父亲那里知道，我的外曾祖父很早就抗日战场上牺牲了，奶奶当时7岁就放弃了私塾。奶奶虽然书读的不多，但是她记忆力特好，这也就是为什么她总能记下许多故事。后来我知道，我的曾祖父终身的职业是水利工程师，但他喜欢读史。我的祖父终身的职业是土木工程师，他也喜欢读史。我的父亲也爱读史，我也很喜欢历史故事。这也许就是人们所说的遗传吧。

我上小学一年级的時候，还末满6岁。那年春节已调往山西工作的

父亲回到家来，晚上躺在床上看《史记》。武汉冬天好冷的，我就钻到父亲被窝里面，趴在他怀里看他手中那本直排的书。过了一会，父亲突然问我说：“你看了这么久，能看明白什么意思吗？”我说：“知道啊。”父亲于是手指书上说：“这句话是什么意思？”他指的那句话是“屈原者，名平，楚之同姓也。为楚怀王左徒……”是《屈原贾生列传》的开头语。我说：“这个简单呀，是说屈原还有个名字叫平，和楚王同姓，是楚怀王的左徒官。”当时尽管不是太准确，但父亲却欣喜异常。也就是从这个晚上开始，父亲决定让我开始读古文。而且他说，不一定完全要读懂，只要读熟了，自然就会懂的。父亲还将家里书柜里的书大大折腾了一通，他放了几本薄点的书在我的书桌上，然后很严肃地对我说：“放在书柜下排的这些书，小孩子不能看的，只有大人才可以看，不许偷偷看呵。”过完春节，父亲又回山西了。我一看父亲不在家，专门偷偷地看书柜下排的书——哎呀，这些书真的是太好看了！什么《说唐》、《岳飞传》、《今古奇观》，多得不得了。他不知道，两年多的时间，我把家里的好多书都偷偷地看过了，连金庸武侠小说全集都偷偷地看完了！现在想来，那是父亲搞的欲擒故纵之计。

2005年，我刚上完小学四年级，就搬到山西和我父亲一起生活。刚到的时候有点不习惯，但慢慢就适应了，后来还很喜欢山西的羊肉汤。到山西后，学校功课比较多，但我父亲还是每天要求我读一些课外读物。那一年我读了《三国演义》、《水浒传》、《中国人史纲》、《杨家将演义》等等。父亲还把《古文观止》里面的文章分了一下类，要我有的泛泛读一下，有的精细读一读。他又专门挑了一些让我背下来。我记得他当时挑了诸葛亮的《前出师表》、李密的《陈情表》、《战国

策》中的《邹忌讽齐王纳谏》及《冯谖客孟尝君》、刘禹锡的《陋室铭》、王勃的《滕王阁序》等等。我自己也挑喜欢的背了《古文观止》里面的《唐雎不辱使命》、骆宾王的《为徐敬业讨武曌檄》、陶渊明的《桃花源记》等等。

那时的我几乎对国学、特别是对有历史典故的名篇入了迷。

2006年上完小学五年级，我就开始准备到加拿大留学。来的时候，我随身带了三本书：一本易中天的《品三国》，一本罗贯中的《三国演义》，一本《古文观止》。后来父亲又帮我从国内弄来许多文史类的书。在加拿大上学的头一年，我天天抱着《品三国》和《三国演义》读，直到那本《三国演义》被我读得装订线也松了，许多书页也破损了，我也几乎可以背下书中所有的诗词和部分章节。我还常化名溜到国内相关网站论坛和大人们唇枪舌剑地争论。甚至我还想开设一个少年品三国的论坛，挑战易中天。那段时间我寄养在母亲的朋友安娜家。安娜来自台湾书香门第，也非常热爱中国古典文学，她惊异我对中国文言书籍的理解与痴迷，常常在电话里向我母亲大声夸赞。可是我母亲听后却十分焦虑，她担心这会影响我英文的学习和提高。后来在母亲的控制下，我才渐渐停止了对中文书的疯狂阅读（当然除了我父亲撰写的书），那个开论坛的事也当然不了了之了。

我比较喜欢和父亲讨论，讨论最多的问题，是关于历史，关于中国的一些历史话题。在国内的时候，我们可以面对面地讨论。在刚来加拿大的一段时间里，我经常和父亲在网上探讨。闲来无事也会随手拿一本从国内带来的历代国运系列读读。虽然母亲不同意我总是读中文书，我还是经常偷偷地读。有时候还写下些读史笔记给我父亲看看。父亲跟我

说过，历史，有太多的悬疑、有太多思想的差异与纷争，我们可以有太多的方面来研究和探讨。读史，更多的是吸取古人的智慧，借鉴先人的错误，感染前人的气魄，学习国人的文化。

虽然我知道，中国历史悠长繁复，真正读懂读透她并不是件容易的事。虽然我明白，每个人心中也都会有一本自己的史书，但是我仍然在父亲的鼓励下动笔写作，这也是我和父亲思想与情感的一次交融。整整两年，我们付出了太多，也得到了许多。眼看就要完稿了，我写了一首诗，父亲看后，原韵和了一首，录在他为本书所写的后记中。我写的诗是这样的——

常想汉唐一世强，
每忆宋明两悲伤。
当朝未雪当朝耻，
空叫后人痛断肠。



2012年1月28日

There is a (history) book for everyone

罗士起 (ROCK) 译

My mother was a faithful recorder of my early life during the years from birth to age five. She said that my brain was like a sponge; easily absorbing all kinds of poetry and prose. Once, in late Autumn, when I was just ten months old, grandma took me to her place in the rural area as my parents were too busy to look after me. Three months later, as time moved to the Spring Festival, mom and dad spent time with us to celebrate with our family. My mother was shocked to learn that I was quite a speaker as I was able to recite much folklore. My mother said that I learned children's ballads before I learned to speak words.

I resumed living with my parents at age two. My father had a habit of randomly reading me poems from the Tang and Song dynasties. He would gently hold me in his arms and read to me each day after work for some father-and-son time. Sometimes, I mumbled along with him. One day, he gazed at the snowflakes flying in the air outside and recited a Tang poem:

High in the faint moonlight, wild geese are soaring.

Tartar chieftains are fleeing through the dark.

And we chase them, with horses lightly burdened.

And a burden of snow on our bows and our swords.

Shortly after, he found me humming the tunes of that Tang poem while holding and swinging a wooden sword. The scene surprised and delighted him. Since then, he made efforts to anthologize a book filled with 300 poems, drawing from a gigantic literary pool of Tang and Song poems. Needless to say, he did this for me.

He told me that these selected poems were suitable for me as their themes fit with a boy's personality. He stressed that this feature set this book apart from other books in bookstores. This book was with me during much of my childhood. I read and reread it time and time again until the bindings fell apart and pages were torn. I became so obsessed with memorizing Chinese words and poems; it was almost like my first love. I did not leave this book behind even as I went to Canada for school. In hindsight, the carefully selected poems were classics. Among them were: Yue Fei's *My Quest, to the Tune of the Whole River Red*, Xin Qiji's *Form of Army Formation Breaking: Drunk, I Looked at My Sword*, Liu Yong's *Bells Ringing in the Rain*..... Since it was impossible for a young man to comprehend every word from classic poems, my mother wrote phonetics to help me. I may not remember the titles and the names of these poems, but I distinctively remember the contents in their entirety.

During my adolescence, I paid many visits to my grandparents. In the rural area, their home was located on a riverbank of the great Jiangnan Plains. The river has a pretty name, the Phoenix River. The scenery was also a thing of beauty. On the riverbank, tall willow trees were symmetrically lined up. In the river, bright colored lotuses had proudly sprung up. Birds were chirping joyfully and the flowers had blossomed spectacularly. In summer time, the elders of the village took refuge together under the shade of the big willow trees to ward off heat waves. At these gatherings, stories and legends from a rich history of a five thousand year-old civilization were swapped. In winter time, the wise sages again drew themselves before the fireplaces under freezing temperature. Nevertheless, their topics were the unchanging tales. The sheer number of them was beyond anyone's guess. There was no limit on how many stories were told. My grandmother in particular was the queen of numerous stories and tales, as she almost never stopped telling them. In contrast, grandpa seemed like a serious man. I rarely saw him laugh. In comparison, grandma was a charming and amicable individual. She told so many bedtime stories to make me sleep. There were folk legends such as Generals of the Yang Family, Romance of Sui and Tang Dynasties, Romance of the Three Kingdoms and so on. I still appreciate, to this day, our precious time spent together. It was not until many years later that my father told me that grandma had endured hardship in her own childhood; my great grandfather died a war hero against the Japanese occupiers during the Second World War, and grandma was forced to leave school when she was just seven

years old. I respect my grandmother; she had an uncanny memory. Even though her school education was incomplete and she read very few books, she always remembered stories. I later learned that my great-grandfather loved history despite having a job as a hydraulic engineer. My grandfather too adored history even though he was a civil engineer. Now, both my father and I are great fans of history. I guess this is why people say you can't run away from the DNA.

I was not yet six years old when I entered grade school. During that year's Spring Festival, my father returned home from his dispatch to Shanxi. One night, lying in a warm bed, he was reading *Records of the Grand Historian*, a book written in old Chinese. Wuhan's winter was incredibly cold, so I crawled under the bed sheets and shared a bed with my dad. I too was reading the book in my father's hands. Shortly after, my father asked me, "Do you actually understand what's in the book?" I replied "yes." So dad tested me. He pointed at a sentence and asked me to interpret the meaning. The sentence was "Quyuan Zhe, Ming Ping, Chu Zhi Tong Xing Ye, Wei Chuhuai Wang Zuo Tu". I said, "This is a piece of cake. Quyuan also goes by the name of Ping, he shared a last name with Chuzhi, and he is King Chuhuai's secretary of state". My father was thrilled at my ability to understand such complicated words, although my plain Chinese translation was less than perfect.

Since that night, my father decided to pave way for reading ancient Chinese books for me. "You don't need to understand these books word by

word, just keep on reading and someday you will understand them all,” he said. My father took some books off the shelves and rearranged them in his study. He put several thinner books on my desk. He looked me in the eyes and said, “You are just a little kid, the books on the bottom shelf are not for you, those are for adults. Do not peek at them.” After that year’s Spring Festival, father returned to Shanxi for work. Seeing that he was away, I stealthily went to his study and found the ‘forbidden books’ on the bottom shelf. “These books are unbelievable!” I exclaimed. In two years’ time, I read most of them. Some are history books like: Commentaries on Romance of the Tang Dynasty, The Biography of Yue Fei, and The Spectacles in Ancient and Modern Times. The others are martial arts novels written by Jinyong. In retrospect, my father used reverse psychology to trick me to read.

In 2005, I finished grade four and moved to Shanxi with my father. It took a while for me to get used to the town. I even developed a taste for a local food called Yangrou tang, lamb soup. While schoolwork proved to be a heavy burden, my father still suggested that I should read books beyond the curriculum. I finished Romance of the Three Kingdoms, Water Margin, The Essential Points of the History of China, Generals of the Yang Family and so on. My father even reorganized the parts of Guwen Guanzhi: A Selection of Classical Chinese Essays. I read these parts, some attentively and thoroughly, the others with less concentrated will. My father picked certain parts of the book from Guwen Guanzhi: A Selection of Classical Chinese Essays, and asked me to memorize the important passages in it. I remembered that he

picked these essays: Zhuge Liang's The First Memorial to the King before Setting off for War, Li Mi's A Letter to His Majesty, two articles collected in Intrigues of the Warring State, Liu Yuxi's An Epigraph in Praise of My Humble Home, Wangbo's A Tribute To King Teng's Tower and so on. I also picked essays that I liked from Guwen Guanzhi: A Selection of Classical Chinese Essays. I was a book junkie.

who had an insatiable need for ancient Chinese literature and famous tales from the splendid Chinese history.

In 2006, I finished grade five and was ready to go to school in Canada. I brought three books deemed important to me: Yi Zhongtian's Commentaries on the Three Kingdoms, Luo Guanzhong's Romance of the Three Kingdoms, and Guwen Guanzhi: A Selection of Classical Chinese Essays. My father managed to get more literature and history books from China for my literary pleasure. During the first year of my Canadian schooling, I clung to Commentaries on the Three Kingdoms and Romance of the Three Kingdoms so hard that the books were ripped and worn. I was able to memorize so many parts of the books that I participated with adult fans in online chat rooms, which held frequent discussions on these books. I even fantasized opening a Three Kingdom's online forum for youth. I wanted to present a challenge to Yi Zhongtian, a renowned historian. During that time, my home-stay host, Anna, also relished Chinese literature as much as I did. She came from a family of literary scholars and wordsmiths in Taiwan. My devotion for Chinese literature and history had left her in wonder. She was