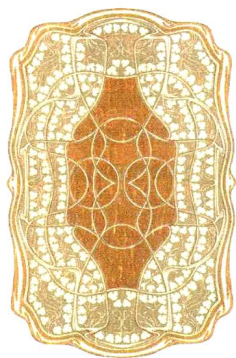


chang ye ban sheng

长 篇 小 说

# 长 夜 半 生



吴正 著

浙江文艺出版社

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## 长夜半生

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天黑寂寞路，  
孤身上。

——  
题记

(小说虚构，如有雷同，纯属巧合)

## 内容梗概

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,上海重新融入了国际社会,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……

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,这个大限的悬端崖沿,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悲喜剧在此上演。背景人物不停地变幻,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,构筑成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”为题材的文学作品，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般。他想，他也没什么，他不就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，这一个人此一刻的镶嵌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一百三十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

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

This was a critical moment in Chinese history, an era of mystery, mysterious cities and mysterious generations. 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 in-eradicable wounds. The story takes this theme as its pillar that lifts up the whole stage of that distinctive era, where scene after scene of human comedy and tragedy is being played. Background and characters keep revolving; fantasy and reality keep interchanging, and ration and consciousness keep overlapping; it is going over and over again. In this era, when perspectives on value, life and ideal are gravely dislocated, human flesh and sense organs are seeking pleasures 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 social class of contemporary China, their bits of daily life and its rich spiritual world. It is just like a delicate ancient china vase, precious but very fragile, glimmering an alluring gleam in the dim light. This represents a cross

point where the contemporary Chinese literature and the world literature meet and 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 with each other; both themes together build up the two sides of the 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 very rational, amazingly rational, as if he were just a spectator watching a climax scene in a TV series, completely irrelevant with him. He thought it's OK, 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. He was going to leave 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 as fast as possible!... He now 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; at this moment on this day...

It is a spotlight as well as a black hole that constituted his complete response to and total revenge on this event...

Sometimes the fate of human relationship is just like a chessboard, or a jigsaw puzzle. Each piece has something more that another has less.

This *A New Tale of Two Cities* with glaring Chinese characteristics comes into the world 130 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 off numerous lives, noble or miserable.

Fate is merciless but very fair...



# 一代人精神的风向标

——《长夜半生》小序

这部书稿唤醒了我最近一直深藏于心底的感慨，那就是，我们这一代人的时代已经过去了。尽管我们被推崇被讴歌的假象仍时不时闪现，比如传媒上爆炒的什么“老三届”话题之类。或许我们自己还觉得历历如昨，其实对年青一代来说，那实在是很遥远很遥远的过去了。

是的，时代前进的步履甚至超过了生理年龄的催逼。当年风华正茂、叱咤风云的一代人，眨眼间便流水落花春去也。淘汰了我们的，不仅仅是年华，更多的，是巨变的时代。仿佛就在突然之间，我们，无论是下岗的工人还是殷实的中产者，一下子发现，青春时代从心灵深处放飞的理想之鸽，在新时代的地平线上，徘徊、眺望，竟无枝可依了。

有的人惘然若失，听命于风的波流。

有的人慌不择路，寻找新的人生栖息地。

也有的人却依然坚忍，心无旁骛，一如既往地飞翔。

这或许可以概括这部作品的题材和题旨吧？

从这个意义上说，这是一部题材宏阔且题旨深远的作品。我深知这一判断有些吓人，甚至会被认为和本书的主人公兆正那般落伍，因为这是一个“宏阔”和“深远”也都“流水落花春去也”的时代——人们沉湎于庸常生活的琐屑，风靡于轻松的搞笑和隐私的窥望，这种沉湎和风靡，甚至包含了对中国文坛上曾经的某些“宏阔”和“深远”的惩罚。然而时髦和坚守究竟谁能行之久远？对中国的当代作家来说，文学的选择和人生的抉择一样严峻。从本书中，我们读出了作家的清醒和坚守，他在当下那些“沉湎和风靡”的诱惑中，坚定地认为“信念是优秀小说作品的一

根无形的精神擎柱”。正是因为这根“精神擎柱”，使这部作品在纷繁众多的作品中凸显了其思索时代考问人生的力度。作家在时代变迁的大背景下追索不同性格发展的踪迹，展现了变迁的时代，也展现了渐渐淡出生活主潮的一代人面对迷乱缤纷的时代所做出的人生取舍和价值追求，使作品由此而成为了一个时代的缩影，也成为了一代人精神的风向标。

坚守文学的精神擎柱而收获到深刻和宏阔，和中国文坛上曾经时髦甚至至今尚未绝迹的虚张声势的“假、大、空”文学大异其趣。后者是迎合与图解，而前者则是经历了时代与人生的陵谷之变后，作家的“主体性的觉醒”。后者每每借重于题材的“重大”，前者，则仰赖于心灵的深邃与博大。正是这种深邃与博大，使作家既获得了坚守文学的精神擎柱的自觉，也赢得了捕捉既具独特性又能引发时代共鸣的人生感喟的敏锐，还获得了用这感喟为读者重新铸造一个世界的激情。于是，我们从吴正这部作品所读出的，就是这样一个世界……“一片时代，几个角色”，它们似乎“都基于一个小小的支点，那便是作者自己”，然而作者却“用他长长的精神力臂，轻轻地抬起了一个大时代”。这描述转引自作家的创作随笔，我以为似可视作这位作家的文学宣言，也可作为感受和读解这部作品的钥匙。

是的，如我开篇所说，我们这一代人的时代已经过去了。乐观一点说，我们这一代人的时代马上就要过去了。然而，有这样一部作品，凝重从容地记述了一个时代的结束和一个时代的开始，记述了这一代人的心灵轨迹，特别是这一代人精神的坚守与挣扎，记述了他们面对熙熙攘攘的现实时心灵深处的潜烛幽光，这样的作品会过去吗？

为此，不能不感激这部作品给悲怆与失落的一代人所带来的巨大的温暖与慰藉。是为序。

陈建功

（中国作家协会副主席、著名作家、评论家）

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他不知道,假如能让他从头来过,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?

### 贰 回去少年时 ..... 005

半晌,他才敢偷偷地抬起眼皮来。坐在他前排位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 teenager

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 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.

**叁 兆正所说的“他”，就是我…… 012**

我说：当年，能摆脱那种强大旋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 of that era, and those who managed to keep away from the illusory trend of today are of the same kind. They are scarce, but they are winners; because winners, as history needs, are always limited.

**肆 1964：那条弄堂，那幢洋房，那条带圆把的阔扶梯 016**

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弧飞而过。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做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.

## 伍 湛玉和那份月历牌..... 023

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 dinning room. She shot a glance at that very common calendar hung on the wall, and then dropped her eyes.

## 陆 复兴别墅:20 世纪 50 年代 ..... 026

就这样,我们的小小舞蹈家便经过加油站,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 one house faced the back garden of anther house.

## 柒 湛玉和我:三十年之前与之后 ..... 034

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边踩过,摇响了车铃。

Zhan Yu and Me: thirty years prior and after

We parted each other on the street. When I walked around the corner of the wall and could not 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 away, cranking their bells.

**捌 白老师的目光 ..... 040**

她只知道,记忆有时会将那四束目光绕缠在一起,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.

**玖 黄昏,那同一个黄昏 ..... 045**

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,假如更换了花名,还不一样的香?

Twilight, in the same twilight

In fact, the so-called names are nothing but symbols for human existence. When one's name is mentioned, it is just some bits of impressions of a person pieced together reflected in the mind of the speaker or listen-

er, the bits of one's face, voice, smile, gesture and manner etc. . Shakespeare once mentioned as a matter of fact, the name of a person means nothing; a rose is so called, the aroma still remains even if its name is changed.

## 拾 拔河赛:兆正变成了我与湛玉间的那根绳索 ..... 052

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 me 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, hidden resolve, and some other inexplicably secrets. ”

## 拾壹 雨萍·童年·东上海 ..... 056

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,如此地具有了某种异样的生命含义?

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 memories had all of a sudden become so fresh,  
so unfamiliar, so touching, so imputed with an altered  
content of life.

**拾贰 两条人生平行线 ..... 065**

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

Two parallel lines in life

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

**拾叁 湛玉眼中的某个 1964 年初夏的上午 ..... 072**

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.

**拾肆 我与湛玉床第间的一次对话 ..... 079**

在我们青春发育期信仰模式的强行灌注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 beliefs were forged in coercion during our youth, our adaptation to the rapidly changing value during our mid ages is also brutal. We have been dropouts all along...

## 拾伍 究竟,那件“千结衫”去了哪儿 ..... 082

奇怪的是:等到跨过了某个生命阶段的门槛之后,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,他的人生轨迹已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, now the track was returning to its starting point before he knew it.

## 拾陆 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 ... 091

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就像是一条没有尽端的巷弄。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 the twilight, his dark eyes,