

一个身在杭州的“乡下人”

——访京剧名家、盖叫天哲嗣张二鹏

阿 潘

张二鹏，号培风，是著名京剧艺术大师盖叫天先生的二公子，京剧南派猴戏杰出的代表。

忆当年，他11岁粉墨登场之时，欲取艺名“羽鹏”，但被高人吴湖帆得知，认为不妥：羽者，项羽，关羽，倘若取名羽鹏，生怕名不压身，经反复推敲，遂改为二鹏。二鹏老得此艺名，驰骋南北，名震海上。岁月如梭，一晃已85个春秋。

去拜访二鹏老的那天，将门轻轻推开，只见二鹏老身穿一件枣红色的外套，

腰板还硬朗，脸面还是那样红润，神态不减当年，只是两道剑眉多添了几根寿眉，显得越发慈祥可恭，宛如一尊罗汉，怪不得前些日子，我和他在电话里聊天时问他高寿几许？二鹏老接口就说：“不老，不老，才85岁。”今日一见，我信服了，果然如此。进了门，只见雅室熏着沉香，青烟缭绕，仿佛进了禅境。

二鹏老悠然自得，双腿盘膝稳坐在那把紫檀木椅上，和我娓娓聊了起来……

燕南寄庐说古今

二鹏老说：“杭州西湖金沙港那幢‘燕南寄庐’房子，可谓来之不易。那年代唱戏的，走江湖哪来的钱呀！我老爷子造这房子，犹如小鸟叼窝，一滴血，一滴汗，一点一点叠起来的呀！”据二鹏老回忆，这房子断断续续造了半个世纪，直到二鹏老11岁时才第一次踏进“寄庐”。现在看到的两边厢房，当时盖老50岁断腿时还没有呢！那块“百忍堂张界”石碑，至今已静静地耸立了近百年，它才真是张家“寄庐”的见证。盖叫天号“燕南”，河北高阳人氏，宅名取“燕南寄庐”，其意是北边的燕人，暂且寄住南方，且莫忘了根本。“寄庐”后来在“文革”动乱年代被分给了20多户人家居住，那块由国学



张二鹏近影
A recent photo of Zhang Erpeng at home

大师马一浮题写的“燕南寄庐”匾额，也被水泥灰掩埋了好多年！如今，“燕南寄庐”物归原主，重见天日，虽来得晚了点，但这是张家后人的心愿，盖老可以含笑九泉了。

这次，西湖西进，改造“燕南寄庐”被列入了文化景观，成了人们缅怀盖叫天先生的纪念馆。说到此，二鹏老宽慰地说：“交给国家搞，肯定比我搞得。”

不过，二鹏老对“寄庐”的修建仍然煞费苦心，日夜操劳。他说：“老屋以旧修旧，物件以破摆破，千万不可造假‘粉饰’。”特别是那佛堂中陈列的16尊罗汉，有的残指，有的破衣，这一切都是遵照二鹏老的意愿而摆设的。大厅中“百忍堂”三字，是二鹏老亲自题写，但他不想以此沾光，没有落下名款，只在左下方盖了“燕南仲子”朱印。值得一提的是“百忍堂”左厢房临窗挂的那幅画，这匹扬蹄长嘶的龙驹，是盖老的传世墨宝，距今已有好几十个年头了。“文革”那年，盖老有戏不能唱，有功无处练，蓄发留须，在那阴冷的斗室中，泼墨挥笔，抒发心言，终成此画。当时因没有宣纸，他就画在普通



燕南寄庐
This house is named by Gaijiaotian as the Home of A Sojourner from Yanshang Mountain.

People

人
物

的黄标纸上，也无心题款，只在纸上盖了“百忍堂”朱印简单了事。1992年，90高龄的著名画家朱屺瞻在上海，得见此画，不禁思绪万千，他见盖老生前没有在画上题款，恐后人不能识别真假，便欣然挥笔为画题上“盖叫天八十二岁画，天真可佩，九十岁二瞻老民题。”题词和画一经装裱，真乃珠联璧合。此画尔后又有盖家长孙张大根先生题“先祖盖叫天故居恢复旧貌，此先祖所写龙驹图，当属镇宅之宝也”。说到此，二鹏老不无感慨地说：“老爷子他生活平平淡淡，演戏轰轰烈烈，一生富收藏，惜笔墨，眼下挂在故居的那张《龙驹图》算是老爷子他仅存于世的稀世之宝了。”

这“燕南寄庐”，曾经留下了盖老的多少传说与往事。二鹏老回忆起有一年寒冬腊月，天下着鹅毛大雪，盖老的母亲卧病在床，儿辈饥饿哭泣。盖老见此情景，不由伤感异常，这位从不轻易掉泪的“燕赵硬汉”拔剑直奔院内，剑舞雪飞，借剑消愁。正值此际，忽然一只大鹰，从九天盘旋而下，展翅飞过“燕庐”院内，鹰飞剑舞之景，触动了盖叫天的艺术灵感，顿时他随鹰起舞，一招一式实乃悲壮之极！不久，这一招一式就谱就出了脍炙人口的盖派“鹰展翅”舞姿。

为了纪念这“从天而降”的灵感，盖老他亲自拟了一副对联：“燕南瑞雪得一剑，赵北鹰鸣合瑶琴”，请人撰写后，贴在“百忍堂”的柱上。

合意客来茶当酒

二鹏老一生喜欢喝茶，这可能也与“家风”有关。还是孩提时，二鹏老常跟老爷子到杭州栖霞岭旁的寺庙中喝茶。多少年来，二鹏老将此传统作为家风，每天早上他都要沏上一壶上好红茶。有时放些许牛奶，一连冲泡两三道方才作罢；午饭后又喝起乌龙茶来。

记得1989年夏天，我陪二鹏老登五云山，那次喝茶的情景，虽然相隔多年，至今仍然历历在目：那天时至中午，我们登上五云山顶，走进真际院，相迎的是位姓倪的老人。我忙着讨水沏茶，借了张板凳，放在透风道口，一边品茶，一边神聊。不知什么时候，那位守院老人站在二鹏前看了又看，发问：“你原住在金沙港？盖叫天是你父亲是不是？”二鹏频频点头，

但不解其人是谁。“你是张二鹏，我是你的‘戏迷’，看过你很多的戏。”看院人说到此，摆出舞台架式，晃了几下，证明自己是一个地道的“张家戏迷”。一时，两老宛如多年阔别的挚友，叙谈着旧日的往事：从金沙港到“学到老”，从“三岔口”到“十字坡”……突然，看院人拍着二鹏的身子骨，十分感叹地说：“如不逢上那个凶神恶煞的年头，盖叫天怎会遭此厄运？”听罢此言，二鹏十分惋惜地说：“我家老爷子无病无痛，至少可活过百岁……”高山逢知音，茶香助雅兴。看院人为表真情，定要再沏新茶敬客。二鹏再三劝阻，并从腰间掏钱还礼说：“高山水贵，茶不能白喝，钱定要收下。”推来让去，俨如景阳岗打虎的武二爷，别是一番情趣。

事隔数年，据友人告知，如今张二鹏老先生“痴”迷上了山泉，与虎跑泉结了缘。不管严寒酷暑，十天半月必取水一次。眼下，他似乎“痴”得更甚，一次我登门拜访，看见二鹏腰间缠一条避邪的大红绸带，袒露着“武二爷”般的虎腰豹肚，而那红木椅下，放着五只水桶，里边全都装满泉水。闲聊中方知，二鹏“痴水”事出有因：1990年4月，上海著名画家朱屺瞻开画展，二鹏专程前往，朱老于此时曾为二鹏画过一帧扇面。时隔十多载，每逢夏暑二鹏把玩此扇，总觉此扇单面丹青，美中不足，于是尔后他又叩请杭人唐云再赐墨宝。进得唐宅，只见七八只白色水桶排列两边。二鹏好奇，倒把扇儿之事搁在一旁。唐老对养身健体自有诀窍，对平常饮水极为注重。他每过个把星期，便驱车无锡，取天下第二泉水制茶。唐老说：“凡来我这儿作客，喝了‘唐茶’，再老的茶博士也非‘醉’不可！”

相谈投机，唐老便提紫砂壶给二鹏净杯泡茶。二鹏看茶，一阵清香，连呷数口，啧啧称道：“好茶！好茶！”唐云劝二鹏去上海龙华寺一走，说他写那“龙华寺”三字时，足足花了三天喝茶工夫，尤其“龙”字那最后一笔划水，自觉妙笔。二鹏语道：“若没有好水好茶相伴，恐怕就没有这等艺术灵感了吧！”“妙哉！妙哉！”唐云频频点头。老友相逢，谈天说地，道茶论水，真个谈个没完没了，从此，他也迷上了山泉。

二鹏老的起居也有几十年的习惯了。

眼下他每天都要熬到晚上11点后方肯上床，然早上要直睡至中饭才会起床。他庆幸自己这把年纪还吃得下、睡得着，85岁了，胃口还是那样“听话”，睡觉还是那样入眠，实为幸福。不过每天早晨6点，二鹏老必起床将窗户打开，透透空气，然后再睡个“回笼觉”，直至中午。他很自得而含蓄地说：“我每天吃着‘贡奉’，现在也不外出，变成个杭州乡下人了，但日子过得舒坦、自在。我不大想过去，也不想未来，只想现在，现在蛮好！”言罢，二鹏老放声笑了起来。

临别已近黄昏，二鹏老再三叮嘱：“我刚才讲的都是乱七八糟的话，可千万不要写呀！”我接口说“你讲的都是实话，大实话，写来何妨？”这时，我特意将“何妨”二字的声响拖长一拍。二鹏老听后急问：“你怎样写？”“实话实说！”“你怎样说？”我说：“二鹏老足不出户，言不重声，心静似水，胸无温火，悠闲自得，一个实实在在的杭州乡下人——”二鹏老听后发笑说：“我这把年纪，你可千万不要给我作秀。实话实说——可以——。”

二鹏老是位见世露面、闯海过滩的人物，如今隐居闹市，能做到如此这般无声无息、平平静静、滋滋味味，真个难能可贵，让人折服。联想二鹏老的处世人生，不由兴来聊作一诗收尾：

落叶黄昏鸟归巢，看得天黑月上梢。
鱼儿自乐龙在天，也学老庄读道遥。



燕南寄庐百忍堂
Biren Hall in Gaijiatian's home

A Retired Peking Opera Master

By Ah Pan

Like father like son. This age-old observation of resemblance between fathers and sons describes Gaijiaotian* (1888-1971) and his second son Zhang Erpeng. Gaijiaotian was one of the most accomplished Peking Opera maestros in China in the 20th century. He was known for his brilliant performance, his ingenuity, his sympathy and generosity for his fellow actors, and for his defiant spirit when facing the powerful tycoons before the founding of the People's Republic of China. His son is also an outstanding Peking Opera master in the south-style. Despite this outstanding similarity shared by father and son, there is one big difference between them. Gaijiaotian died during the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976) after unspeakable mental persecution and physical torture. Zhang Erpeng, now 85, is healthy and happy with his retiring life at his house near the West Lake.

I met Zhang Erpeng years ago. I visited him recently at his house at Golden Sand Bay on the West Lake. Zhang said it was not easy to build this house. His father, an actor of Peking Opera, went on road shows year in year out to make money for this house. It took about 50 years to complete the construction. When Zhang Erpeng stepped into the newly built house for the first time, he was already 11 years old. The west wing of the house was not yet constructed when Gaijiaotian's leg was broken at 50. During the Cultural Revolution, the house was confiscated and over 20 families moved in. The house has now been returned to his family. Last year, in an expansion program of the West Lake launched by the city government, the house was included as part of the program and is now named as a cultural heritage and



张二鹏品茶
Zhang Erpeng sips tea.



盖叫天遗作
A painting by Gaijiaotian

turned into Gaijiaotian Museum in memory of the great Peking Opera artist's life and his achievement. Zhang Erpeng says with heartfelt relief, "The government can do much better about this house than me."

However, Zhang is very concerned about the house's new role and its restoration. He believes that the house should be restored as it was, not as a brand-new one. Fake exhibitions will not do, he cautions. For example, there are fifteen Arhat statues in the family hall for worshiping Buddha. These sculptures, some with broken fingers and some in rags, are now displayed as they were. One of the most valuable exhibits at the house is a painting created by Gaijiaotian during the Cultural Revolution. He painted a steed neighing and kicking its legs on an ordinary piece of paper for want of rice paper. And he did not have the heart to for an inscription on the painting. In 1992, the 90-year-old Zhu Qizhan, a Shanghai art virtuoso, added a note to the painting for the sake of

authentication. Looking at the painting, Zhang Erpeng said to me, "My father led a very simple life though he was a spotlighted star in the Chinese theater. He was a collector of many treasures. However, this is the only his painting left behind."

Another similarity shared by father and son is tea. Zhang Erpeng still remembers the old good times when he as a kid followed his father to Buddhist temples at the lakeside Qixia Hill for a cup of tea. Tea is part of his life. Nowadays he brews a teapot of black tea after he gets up every morning. After lunch, he drinks Oolong tea.

His passion for tea, naturally spilled to mountain springs. Every 10 or 15 days, he goes to the Tiger Spring to fetch spring water for brewing tea. During one of my visits I also witnessed his passion for spring water. That day, I saw five plastic buckets filled with spring water. Asked about his obsession with spring water, he said he once met a friend in Wuxi and drank a cup of tea brewed with mountain spring water. Then and there he fell in love with it.

Zhang Erpeng now enjoys a peaceful life. He goes to bed at 11 pm and sleeps till 6 o'clock in the morning. He gets up and opens the window to let in the fresh air. Then he goes back to sleep again till lunch time. The habit has been decades old. Zhang commented on his life this way: "I live on my pension now. I have become a countryman in the city of Hangzhou. Life is comfortable and enjoyable this way. I don't dwell on the past. Neither do I worry about future. I live in the present. And the present is good." He laughed.

*Gaijiaotian was a stage name used by Zhang Yingjie, one of the greatest Peking Opera artists in the 20th century China.