从长隧道里开出来的火车

“穿过长隧道，雪国就在眼下了。”《雪国》开头这一句，我读了四遍。课上读一遍，晚上读一遍，睡觉前又读了两遍。不知道为什么，这一句老在我脑子里跑，像一列小火车在我脑袋里开。

书里的场景是这样的：火车穿过长长的隧道，窗外一下子全白了。天是白的，田是白的，山也是白的。主人公岛村坐在车窗边上，暮色把玻璃变成一面镜子，玻璃里照出车厢里暖黄的灯，也照出外面的雪景。一个少女的脸在玻璃上，浮在远远的雪山上。作者写，隧道的黑和外头的白换位置的那一瞬间，特别好看。我读到这里把书合上，想象那个画面，想了很久。

我一开始不明白，为什么写一扇窗户写这么多。后来我好像懂了一点。玻璃像把两个世界贴在了一起：一边是车厢里又暖又吵，一边是雪国又冷又静。少女的脸在两个世界中间，一半让车厢里的灯照着，一半搁在冷冷的雪山上。一个人坐在火车上，在出发和到达中间，在这儿和那儿中间，那个地方没有名字，也是最孤单的地方。

我想起爸爸带我坐火车去外婆家那次。火车进隧道的时候，我耳朵嗡嗡的，车厢里的灯也暗了一下。出隧道那会儿，正好是快过年时下的那场雪，窗外白花花一片。我把脸贴在玻璃上看，玻璃里照出我自己的脸，我的脸后头就是雪原。我盯着玻璃里那个“我”看了好久，觉得他有点像别人。读《雪国》我忽然想起那个时刻。原来那种感觉是有名字的，只是一个日本的作家很早很早以前就把它写下来了。

书里说，雪国很远，要穿过隧道才能到。我想，这个“远”不光是公里数。我住的城市很吵，上学、考试、下课打闹，吵得人快听不见自己在想什么了。书里的雪国没有声音，白把什么都盖住了。一个人忽然面对一片干干净净的白，就会开始面对自己。岛村大老远跑来，为了一个他说不清楚的东西。也许他只是想在一个没有声音的地方，待上一阵。

现在我在地图上看见隧道，就会想起这本书。我不知道什么时候能去一次真正的雪国。可是我记得那一句：火车从长隧道里开出来，雪国就在眼下了。等我长大，冬天挑一天，我也要坐一列火车，坐在窗边，自己等那一条隧道。

The Train That Emerged From the Long Tunnel

"The train came out of the long tunnel, and the snow country lay below." I read this first line of Snow Country four times: once in class, once in the evening, and twice more before bed. I do not know why, but the line keeps running through my head, like a little train running inside my brain.

The scene in the book goes like this: the train passes through a long tunnel, and outside the window everything suddenly turns white. The sky is white, the fields are white, the mountains are white. The man Shimamura sits by the window. In the twilight the glass becomes a mirror: it reflects the warm yellow lamps inside the carriage, and also the snowy scenery outside. The face of a girl floats in the glass, resting

above the faraway snow mountains. The author writes that the moment the dark tunnel and the bright outside switch places is especially beautiful. I read this, closed the book, and imagined that scene for a long time.

At first I did not understand: why write so much about one window? Later I think I understood a little. The glass is like two worlds pasted together. On one side is the warm, noisy carriage; on the other is the silent, cold snow country. The face of the girl floats between the two worlds, half lit by the lamps inside, half laid on the cold snow mountains. A person sitting on a train, between leaving and arriving, between here and there — that place has no name, and it is the loneliest place.

I remember the train ride when Dad took me to the house of Grandma. When the train went into a tunnel, my ears rang and the lights in the carriage dimmed. Coming out of it, it was exactly the snow that fell near the New Year, and outside the window was a world of white. I pressed my face to the glass, and the glass showed my own face with a snow field behind it. I stared at that "me in the glass" for a long time, and he felt a little like somebody else. Reading Snow Country, I suddenly remembered that moment. So that feeling had words — a Japanese writer had written them down long, long ago.

The book says the snow country is far; you must pass through a tunnel to reach it. I think this "far" is not just kilometers. My city is noisy: school, exams, shouting at recess. The noise almost drowns out my own thoughts. The snow country in the book has no sound; the white covers everything. When a person suddenly faces pure, clean white, they begin to face themselves. Shimamura came all this way for something he could not name. Maybe he only wanted to be somewhere without noise for a while.

Now every time I see a tunnel on a map, I think of this book. I do not know when I can visit a real snow country. But I know that line: the train came out of the long tunnel, and the snow country lay below. When I grow up, I want to take a train on a winter day, sit by the window, and wait for that tunnel myself.