

故事新编 Old Tales Retold

鲁迅 著

杨宪益 戴乃迭 译

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序言

Preface

这一本很小的集子，从开手写起到编成，经过的日子却可以算得很长久了：足足有十三年。

第一篇《补天》——原先题作《不周山》——还是一九二二年的冬天写成的。那时的意见，是想从古代和现代都采取题材，来做短篇小说，《不周山》便是取了“女娲炼石补天”的神话，动手试作的第一篇。首先，是很认真的，虽然也不过取了弗罗特说，来解释创造——人和文学的——的缘起。不记得怎么一来，中途停了笔，去看日报了，不幸正看见了谁——现在忘记了名字——的对于汪静之君的《蕙的风》的批评，他说要含泪哀求，请青年不要再写这样的文字。这可怜的阴险使我感到滑稽，当再写小说时，就无论如何，止不住有一个古衣冠的小丈夫，在女娲的两腿之间出现了。这就是从认真陷入了油滑的开端。油滑是创作的大敌，我对于自己很不满。

我决计不再写这样的小说，当编印《呐喊》时，便将它附在卷末，算是一个开始，也就是一个收场。

这时我们的批评家成仿吾先生正在创造社门口的“灵魂的冒险”的旗子底下抡板斧。他以“庸俗”的罪名，几斧砍杀了《呐喊》，只推《不周山》为佳作，——自然也仍有不好的地方。坦白的说罢，这就是使我不但不能心服，而且还轻视了这位勇士的原因。我是不薄“庸俗”，也自甘“庸俗”的；对于历史小说，则以为博考文献，言必有据者，纵使有人讥为“教授小说”，其实是很难组织之作，至于只取一点因由，随意点染，铺成一篇，倒无需怎样的手腕；况且“如鱼饮水，冷暖自知”，用庸俗的话来说，就是“自家有病自家知”罢：《不周山》的后半是很草率的，决不能称为佳作。倘使读者相信了这冒险家的话，一定自误，而我也成了误人，于是当《呐喊》印行第二版时，即将这一篇删除；向这位“魂灵”回敬了当头一棒——我的集子里，只剩下“庸俗”在跋扈了。

直到一九二六年的秋天，一个人住在厦门的石屋里，对着大海，翻着古书，四近无生人气，心里空空洞洞。而

1. Lu Xun was at one point interested in the Freudian theory of psycho-analysis, but he was never influenced by it; in fact he adopted a sceptical attitude. In an article he wrote in 1933 called "Listening to a Talk on Dreams," he pointed out the fallacies of this theory.

2. Breeze over the orchids was an anthology of verse. The critic was Hu Menghua,

This is a small volume of stories, yet the interval between the time when I started it and its completion was quite long: a whole thirteen years.

The first tale, "Mending Heaven," originally entitled "The Broken Mount," was written in the winter of 1922. My idea at that time was to take material for some stories both from antiquity and the present age. "The Broken Mount" was a first attempt, based on the legend of Nü Wa who melted stones to mend the vault of heaven. I started off in sober earnest, though simply using Freudian theories¹ to explain the origin of creation — the creation of men as well as of literature. I forget what made me put down my pen half way to read the newspaper, where as ill luck would have it I found an article by a critic whose name I have forgotten on *Breeze over the Orchids*² by Wang Jingzhi. With tears in his eyes, the critic besought young writers to produce no more such effusions. This miserable plot struck me as so ludicrous that when I returned to my story, try as I might, I could not prevent a little man in antique dress from appearing between the legs of the goddess. That was how I lapsed from seriousness to facetiousness. Facetiousness is the worst enemy of writing; I was most displeased with myself.

So I decided to write no more tales of this sort and, when publishing *Call to Arms*, I appended it as the first and last attempt of its kind.

That was when our noted critic Cheng Fangwu³ was brandishing his axe at the gate of the Creation Society under the flag of "Adventures of the Soul." On the charge of "vulgarity," with some swings of his axe, he annihilated *Call to Arms*, and only described "The Broken Mount" as a fine piece of writing — though not without faults. Frankly speaking, far from convincing me, this made me despise this warrior. I have no contempt for vulgarity: I delight in being vulgar. As for historical stories, to my mind those based on extensive research with sound evidence for every word are extremely hard to write, even though they are sneered at as "novels smacking of the school-room"; whereas not much skill is needed to take a subject and write it up freely, adding some colouring of your own.

Besides, "The fish can tell whether the water is hot or cold."⁴ In vulgar parlance, "A man knows his own illness." The second half of "The Broken Mount" is far too sloppily put together to be called a fine piece of writing. If I allowed readers to believe the judgement of that adventurer, they would be deceived and I would be deceiving them. So I cut this story out of the second edition of *Call to Arms* to strike back at this "soul" — that volume was wholly occupied by rampant "vulgaries".

In the autumn of 1926, I was living alone in a stone house in Xiamen, looking out over the ocean. I leafed through old books, no breath of life around me, a void in my

北京的未名社，却不绝的来信，催促杂志的文章。这时我不愿意想到目前；于是回忆在心里出土了，写了十篇《朝华夕拾》；并且仍旧拾取古代的传说之类，预备足成八则《故事新编》。但刚写了《奔月》和《铸剑》——发表的那时题为《眉间尺》，——我便奔向广州，这事就又完全搁起了。后来虽然偶尔得到一点题材，作一段速写，却一向不加整理。

现在才总算编成了一本书。其中也还是速写居多，不足称为“文学概论”之所谓小说。叙事有时也有一点旧书上的根据，有时却不过信口开河。而且因为自己的对于古人，不及对于今人的诚敬，所以仍不免时有油滑之处。过了十三年，依然并无长进，看起来真也是“无非《不周山》之流”；不过并没有将古人写得更死，却也许暂时还有存在的余地的罢。

一九三五年十二月二十六日，鲁迅。

a student of the Southeast University.

3. Cheng Fangwu, from Xinhua, Hunan, was one of the chief members of the Creation Society at the time of the "May the Fourth" Modern Literary Movement. After the May the Thirtieth Movement of 1925 he began to sympathize with the revolution, and his literary views also began to change. Between 1927 and 1928 he and Guo Moruo started a revolutionary literary movement, but soon he gave up literary activities and turned to do revolutionary educational work. After Lu Xun published his first collection of short stories *Call to Arms*, Cheng wrote a review of it for the *Creation Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 2 (January 1924). Starting from his viewpoint that literature was the self-expression of the writer, he erroneously concluded that such stories by Lu Xun as *Madman's Diary*, *Kong Yiji*, *Medicine*, *Tomorrow* and *The True Story of Ah Q*, were "naturalistic," superficial and vulgar. However, he maintained that "Mending Heaven," "though containing passages not good enough," was nevertheless a "masterpiece" showing that the author would "enter the palace of pure literature." The "adventures of the soul" mentioned here is a quotation from Anatole France: "La critique littéraire est une aventure de l'âme parmi les chefs-d'œuvre." This was quoted by Cheng Fangwu in his review.

4. A Buddhist phrase dating from the Song Dynasty.

heart. But letters kept coming from the Weiming Press in Beijing asking for articles for our magazine. Since I was in no mood to think of the present, old memories stirred in my heart, and I wrote the ten essays in *Dawn Blossoms Plucked at Dusk*. And, as before, I picked up ancient legends and the like in preparation for writing the eight stories in *Old Tales Retold*. But no sooner had I finished "The Flight to the Moon" and "Forging the Swords," published under the title "Mei Jian Chi," than I had to hurry to Guangzhou, once more setting the project aside. Later on, though I found fresh scraps of material and wrote some hasty sketches, I never managed to put the whole in order.

Now at last I have made up some sort of volume. Most of it is still in the form of hasty sketches, not worthy of the name of "story" according to the manuals of literature. In some places the narrative is based on passages in old books, elsewhere I gave free rein to my imagination. And having less respect for the ancients than for my contemporaries, I have not always been able to avoid facetiousness. Thirteen years have passed, still I have made no progress: this does seem to be "trashy stuff like 'The Broken Mount.'" At least I have not made the ancients out as even more dead than they are, and this may justify the book's existence for a while.

December 26, 1935

风和火势卷得伊的头发都四散而且旋转，
汗水如瀑布一般奔流，大光焰烘托了伊的身躯，
使宇宙间现出最后的肉红色。

The wind and the heat of the fire tossed her hair in all directions.

Sweat was coursing off her like a waterfall.

The dazzling flames lit up her body.

For the last time the universe was a flesh pink.

补天

Mending Heaven

—
女娲忽然醒来了。

伊似乎是从梦中惊醒的，然而已经记不清做了什么梦；只是很懊恼，觉得有什么不足，又觉得有什么太多了。煽动的和风，暖噉的将伊的气力吹得弥漫在宇宙里。

伊揉一揉自己的眼睛。

粉红的天空中，曲曲折折的漂着许多条石绿色的浮云，星便在那后面忽明忽灭的眈眈。天边的血红的云彩里有一个光芒四射的太阳，如流动的金球包在荒古的熔岩中；那一边，却是一个生铁一般的冷而且白的月亮。然而伊并不理会谁是下去，和谁是上来。

地上都嫩绿了，便是不很换叶的松柏也显得格外的娇嫩。桃红和青白色的斗大的杂花，在眼前还分明，到远处可就成为斑斓的烟霭了。

“唉唉，我从来没有这样的无聊过！”伊想着，猛然间站立起来了，擎上那非常圆满而精力洋溢的臂膊，向天打一个欠伸，天空便突然失了色，化为神异的肉红，暂时再也辨不出伊所在的处所。

伊在这肉红色的天地间走到海边，全身的曲线都消融在淡玫瑰似的光海里，直到身中央才浓成一段纯白。波涛都惊异，起伏得很有秩序了，然而浪花溅在伊身上。这纯白的影子在海水里动摇，仿佛全体都正在四面八方的迸散。但伊自己并没有见，只是不由的跪下一足，伸手掬起带水的软泥来，同时又揉捏几回，便有一个和自己差不多的小东西在两手里。

“阿，阿！”伊固然以为是自已做的，但也疑心这东西就白薯似的原在泥土里，禁不住很诧异了。

然而这诧异使伊喜欢，以未曾有的勇往和愉快继续着伊的事业，呼吸吹嘘着，汗混和着……

“Nga! nga!”那些小东西可是叫起来了。

“阿，阿！”伊又吃了惊，觉得全身的毛孔中无不有什么东西飞散，于是地上便罩满了乳白色的烟云，伊才定

1. A mythical empress or goddess of ancient times. According to Chinese mythology the first men were made out of mud by Nü Wa.

I

Nü Wa¹ woke with a start.

She was frightened out of a dream, yet unable to remember what she had dreamed; conscious only, rather crossly, of something missing as well as of a surfeit of some kind. Ardently, the quickening breeze wafted her energy over the universe.

She rubbed her eyes.

This way and that through the pink sky floated wisps of rock-green clouds, behind which winked stars. In the blood-red clouds at the horizon was the glorious sun, like some fluid orb of gold lapped in a waste of ancient lava; opposite, the frigid white moon seemed as if made of iron. But she did not notice which was setting or which rising.

The whole earth was a tender green. Even the pines and cedars, whose leaves fall so seldom, were strikingly fresh. Great blossoms, peach-pink or bluish-white, clearly visible nearby, faded in the distance into a motley mist.

"I've never been so bored!"

With this reflection she sprang to her feet, stretched her perfectly rounded arms so compact of strength and yawned at the sky. At once the sky changed colour, turning a miraculous flesh-pink so that for a moment Nü Wa was lost to sight.

She walked through this flesh-pink universe to the sea, and the lines of her body merged with the luminous, rose-tinted ocean, only a zone of pure white remaining visible at her waist. The astounded waves rose and fell in perfect order spattering Nü Wa with foam. The reflection of this pure white flesh flickered in the water as if it meant to scatter in all directions. But without observing it, not knowing what she did, she went down on one knee and scooped up a handful of soft mud. She kneaded this several times till she had in her hands a small creature much like herself.

"Ah! Ah!"

Though she had made it herself, she couldn't help wondering if it hadn't been in the mud all the time like a segment of potato. She started with surprise.

This was happy surprise, however. She went on with a verve and zest hitherto unknown, breathing into the figures, mingling her sweat with them.

"Nga! Nga!" The little creatures were calling out.

"Ah! Ah!" She felt with a pang that something was streaming out from every pore of her body. The ground was misted over with white, milky vapour. She mastered her

了神，那些小东西也住了口。

“Akon, Agon!” 有些东西向伊说。

“阿阿，可爱的宝贝。”伊看定他们，伸出带着泥土的手指去拨他肥白的脸。

“Uvu, Ahaha!” 他们笑了。这是伊第一回在天地间看见的笑，于是自己也第一回笑得合不上嘴唇来。

伊一面抚弄他们，一面还是做，被做的都在伊的身边打圈，但他们渐渐的走得远，说得多了，伊也渐渐的懂不得，只觉得耳朵边满是嘈杂的嚷，嚷得颇有些头昏。

伊在长久的欢喜中，早已带着疲乏了。几乎吹完了呼吸，流完了汗，而况又头昏，两眼便蒙胧起来，两颊也渐渐的发了热，自己觉得无所谓了，而且不耐烦。然而伊还是照旧的不歇手，不自觉的只是做。

终于，腰腿的酸痛逼得伊站立起来，倚在一座较为光滑的高山上，仰面一看，满天是鱼鳞样的白云，下面则是黑压压的浓绿。伊自己也不知道怎样，总觉得左右不如意了，便焦躁的伸出手去，信手一拉，拔起一株从山上长到天边的紫藤，一房一房的刚开着大不可言的紫花，伊一挥，那藤便横搭在地面上，遍地散满了半紫半白的花瓣。

伊接着一摆手，紫藤便在泥和水里一翻身，同时也溅出拌着水的泥土来，待到落在地上，就成了许多伊先前做过了一般的小东西，只是大半呆头呆脑，獐头鼠目的有些讨厌。然而伊不暇理会这等事了，单是有趣而且烦躁，夹着恶作剧的将手只是抡，愈抡愈飞速了，那藤便拖泥带水的在地上滚，像一条给沸水烫伤了的赤练蛇。泥点也就暴雨似的从藤身上飞溅开来，还在空中便成了哇哇地啼哭的小东西，爬来爬去的撒得满地。

伊近于失神了，更其抡，但是不独腰腿痛，连两条臂膊也都乏了力，伊于是不由的蹲下身子去，将头靠着高山，头发漆黑的搭在山顶上，喘息一回之后，叹一口气，两眼就合上了。紫藤从伊的手里落了下来，也困顿不堪似的懒洋洋的躺在地面上。

panic and the little creatures stopped crying.

Some of them said to her: "Akon! Agon!"

"Ah, you darlings!" Without taking her eyes off them, Nü Wa tapped their plump white cheeks with her muddy fingers.

"Uvu! Ahaha!" They were laughing. For the first time in the universe she heard laughter. For the first time she laughed herself, unable to stop.

Caressing them, she went on with her task. The finished figures circled round her, going further off by degrees, talking more volubly. By degrees, too, she ceased to understand them. Her ears were simply filled with a medley of cries till her head began to swim.

Into her long drawn out joy had crept weariness. Her breath was nearly exhausted, her sweat nearly spent. Moreover her head was swimming, her eyes were dim, her cheeks burning. Gone was all her excitement; she was losing patience. Yet she toiled on, hardly knowing what she did.

At last the pain in her back and legs forced her to stand. Leaning against a smooth, high mountain, she raised her head to look round. The sky was full of white clouds like the scales of a fish, while below was a deep, dark green. For no apparent reason the sight displeased her. Moodily she put out one hand to pluck a wistaria which reached from the mountain to the sky. On it were clusters of huge purple flowers. She threw it down on the ground and the earth was covered with petals, half purple, half white.

She flicked it and the wistaria rolled over in the muddy water, sending up a spray of mud which falling on the ground turned into little creatures like those she had made. But most of these looked stupid and repulsive, with heads like deer, eyes like rats. Too preoccupied to pay any attention, eagerly and impatiently, as if in sport, she flicked the muddy wistaria faster and faster, till it twitched on the ground like a coral snake scalded by boiling water. Drops of mud splashed off the vine and while still in midair changed into small howling creatures, which crawled off in every direction.

Barely conscious, she swung the wistaria yet more wildly. Not only were her back and legs aching, but even her arms were tired. She had to crouch down to rest her head on a mountain. Her jet black hair streamed over the mountain top. After regaining her breath, she closed her eyes with a sigh. The wistaria fell from her fingers to lie limp and exhausted on the ground.