



经典回声 | Echoes from the Classics

## 朝花夕拾

### Dawn Blossoms Plucked at Dusk

鲁迅 著

杨宪益 戴乃迭 译

裘 沙 王伟君 插图



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**Preface**

我常想在纷扰中寻出一点闲静来，然而委实不容易。目前是这么离奇，心里是这么芜杂。一个人做到只剩了回忆的时候，生涯大概总要算是无聊了罢，但有时竟会连回忆也没有。中国的做文章有轨范，世事也仍然是螺旋。前几天我离开中山大学的时候，便想起四个月以前的离开厦门大学；听到飞机在头上鸣叫，竟记得了一年前在北京城上日日旋绕的飞机。我那时还做了一篇短文，叫做《一觉》。现在是，连这“一觉”也没有了。

广州的天气热得真早，夕阳从西窗射入，逼得人只能勉强穿一件单衣。书桌上的一盆“水横枝”，是我先前没有见过的：就是一段树，只要浸在水中，枝叶便青葱得可爱。看看绿叶，编编旧稿，总算也在做一点事。做着这等事，真是虽生之日，犹死之年，很可以驱除炎热的。

前天，已将《野草》编定了；这回便轮到陆续载在《莽原》上的《旧事重提》，我还替他改了一个名称：《朝花夕拾》。带露折花，色香自然要好得多，但是我不能够。便是现在心目中的离奇和芜杂，我也还不能使他即刻幻化，转成离奇和芜杂的文章。或者，他日仰看流云时，会在我的眼前一闪烁罢。

我有一时，曾经屡次忆起儿时在故乡所吃的蔬果：菱角、罗汉豆、茭白、香瓜。凡这些，都是极其鲜美可口的；都曾是使我思乡的蛊惑。后来，我在久别之后尝到了，也不过如此；惟独在记忆上，还有旧来的意味留存。他们也许要哄骗我一生，使我时时反顾。

这十篇就是从记忆中抄出来的，与实际容或有些不同，然而我现在只记得是这样。文体大概很杂乱，因为是或作或辍，经了九个月之多。环境也不一：前两篇写于北京寓所的东壁下；中三篇是流离中所作，地方是医院和木匠房；后五篇却在厦门大学的图书馆的楼上，已经是被学者们挤出集团之后了。

一九二七年五月一月，鲁迅于广州白云楼记。

1. Included in the collection *Wild Grass*.

2. In March 1926 the Northern warlord government started to hound Lu Xun and other progressives, forcing him to hide that spring in several hospital one after another. When all the beds in one hospital were occupied, he stayed in a room there used as a carpenter's workshop.

3. While teaching in Amoy University, Lu Xun was persecuted by its professors of the Hu Shi (1891-1962) clique.

I often hanker after a little peace and respite from confusion, but it is really hard to come by. The present is so bizarre and my state of mind so confused. When a man reaches the stage when all that remains to him is memories, his life should probably count as futile enough, yet sometimes even memories may be lacking. In China there are rules for writing, and worldly affairs still move in a tortuous course. A few days ago when I left Sun Yat-sen University, I remembered how I left Amoy University four months ago; and the drone of planes overhead reminded me of the planes which, a year ago, had circled daily over Peking. At that time I wrote a short essay called "The Awakening."<sup>1</sup> Today, even this fails to "awaken" me.

It certainly grows hot early in Guangzhou; the rays of the setting sun shining through the west window force one to wear nothing but a shirt at most. The "water-bough" in a basin on my desk is something quite new to me, a lopped-off bough which, immersed in water, will put out lovely green leaves. Looking at these green leaves and editing some old manuscripts means that I am doing something, I suppose. Doing such trifling things, although really tantamount to death in life, is an excellent way of banishing the heat.

The day before yesterday I finished editing *Wild Grass*; now it is the turn of *Recollections of the Past*, serialized in the magazine *Wilderness*, and I have changed its name to *Dawn Blossoms Plucked at Dusk*. Of course flowers plucked with dew on them are much fresher and sweeter, but I was unable to gather these at dawn. Even now I cannot readily transpose my confused thoughts and feelings into bizarre, confused writings. Perhaps some day when I look up at the fleeting clouds, they may flash before my eyes.

For a time I kept recalling the vegetables and fruits I ate as a child in my old home: caltrops, horse-beans, water bamboo shoots, musk-melons. So succulent, so delicious were they all, they beguiled me into longing for my old home. Later, tasting these things again after a protracted absence, I found them nothing special. It was only in retrospect that they retained their old flavour. They may keep on deceiving me my whole life long, making my thoughts turn constantly to the past.

These ten pieces are records transcribed from memory, perhaps deviating somewhat from the facts, but this is just how I remember things today. The writing itself is no doubt a strange hodgepodge, having been jotted down by fits and starts, over a period of nine months or more. The surroundings differed too: the first two pieces were written by the east wall of my house in Peking; the next three during my wanderings in hospitals and in a carpenter's workshop;<sup>2</sup> the last five on the top floor of the library of Amoy University, when those scholars there had already excluded me from their clique.<sup>3</sup>

Written by Lu Xun in White Cloud Pavilion, Guangzhou on May 1, 1927





那是一个我的幼时的夏夜，  
我躺在一株大桂树下的小板桌上乘凉，  
祖母摇着芭蕉扇坐在桌旁，给我猜谜，讲故事。

It so happened that one summer evening during my childhood  
I was lying on a small table under the cool shade  
of a large fragrant osmanthus tree while my grandmother,  
seated beside me waving a plantain fan, regaled me with riddles and stories.

狗 · 猫 · 鼠  
**Dogs, Cats, and Mice**

从去年起，仿佛听得有人说我是仇猫的。那根据自然是在我的那一篇《兔和猫》；这是自画招供，当然无话可说，——但倒也毫不介意。一到今年，我可很有点担心了。我是常不免于弄弄笔墨的，写了下来，印了出去，对于有些人似乎总是搔着痒处的时候少，碰着痛处的时候多。万一不谨，甚而至于得罪了名人或名教授，或者更甚而至于得罪了“负有指导青年责任的前辈”之流，可就危险已极。为什么呢？因为这些大脚色是“不好惹”的。怎地“不好惹”呢？就是怕要浑身发热之后，做一封信登在报纸上，广告道：“看哪！狗不是仇猫的么？鲁迅先生却自己承认是仇猫的，而他还说要打‘落水狗’！”这“逻辑”的奥义，即在用我的话，来证明我倒是狗，于是而凡有言说，全都根本推翻，即使我说二二得四，三三见九，也没有一字不错。这些既然都错，则绅士口头的二二得七，三三见千等等，自然就不错了。

我于是就间或留心着查考它们成仇的“动机”。这也并非敢妄学现下的学者以动机来褒贬作品的那些时髦，不过想给自己预先洗刷洗刷。据我想，这在动物心理学家，是用不着费什么力气的，可惜我没有这学问。后来，在覃哈特博士（Dr. O. Dähnhardt）的《自然史底国民童话》里，总算发现了那原因了。据说，是这么一回事：动物们因为要商议要事，开了一个会议，鸟、鱼、兽都齐集了，单是缺了象。大会议定，派伙计去迎接它，拈到了当这差使的阄的就是狗。

“我怎么找到那象呢？我没有见过它，也和它不认识。”它问。“那容易，”大众说，“它是驼背的。”狗去了，遇见一匹猫，立刻弓起脊梁来，它便招待，同行，将弓着脊梁的猫介绍给大家道：“象在这里！”但是大家都嗤笑它了。从此以后，狗和猫便成了仇家。

日耳曼人走出森林虽然还不很久，学术文艺却已经很可观，便是书籍的装潢，玩具的工致，也无不令人心爱。独有这一篇童话却实在不漂亮；结怨也结得没有意思。猫的弓起脊梁，并不是希图冒充，故意摆架子的，其咎却在

1. Included in the collection *Call to Arms*.

2. Refers to professors such as Chen Xiyong and Xu Zhimo (1896-1931) of the Modern Critic clique who supported the Northern warlord government and attacked progressives.

3. A phrase used by Xu Zhimo to describe Chen Xiyong and to intimidate Lu Xun.

4. Another reference to Chen Xiyong who had insinuated "His motives may be mixed..." to belittle Lu Xun's writings.

Since last year I seem to have heard some people calling me a cat-hater. The evidence, naturally, was my tale "Rabbits and Cats,"<sup>1</sup> and this being a self-confession there was of course no defence to be made — but that worried me not at all. This year, however, I have begun to feel a little anxious. I cannot help scribbling from time to time, and when what I write is published it seldom scratches certain people where they itch but often strikes them on some sensitive spot. If I am not careful I may even offend celebrities and eminent professors or, worse still, some of the "elders responsible for guiding the youth."<sup>2</sup> And that would be extremely dangerous. Why so? Because these bigwigs are "not to be trifled with."<sup>3</sup> Why are they "not to be trifled with"? Because they may become so incensed that they publish a letter in a paper announcing: "See! Don't dogs hate cats? Mr. Lu Xun himself admits to hating cats yet he also advocates beating 'dogs that have fallen into the water!'" The subtlety of this "logic" lies in its use of words from my own mouth to prove me a dog, from which it follows that any defence I make is completely overturned. Even if I say two twos make four, three threes make nine, every single word is wrong. And since they are wrong, it follows naturally that those gentlemen are right when they claim that two twos make seven and three threes a thousand.

I tried to investigate the "motive" for their animosity. Far be it from me to ape the fashion of those modern scholars who use motive to belittle a work;<sup>4</sup> I was simply trying to clear myself in advance. To my mind, this would have been an easy matter for an animal psychologist, but unfortunately I lacked that special knowledge. Eventually, however, I discovered the reason in Dr. O. Dähnhardt's *Folk Tales of Natural History* which tells the following tale. The animals called a meeting on important business. All the birds, fish, and beasts assembled with the exception of the elephant. They decided to draw lots to choose one of their number to fetch him, and this task fell to the dog. "How can I find the elephant?" asked the dog. "I've never set eyes on him and have no idea what he looks like." The others replied, "That's easy. He has a humped back." The dog went off and met a cat, which immediately arched its back; so he gave it the message and they went back together. But when he introduced this arched-back cat to the others as the elephant, they simply laughed at him. That was the start of the feud between dogs and cats.

Although it is not very long since the Germans came out of their forests, their learning and art are already most impressive; even the binding of their books and the workmanship of their toys cannot fail to please. But this children's tale is really lacking in charm and offers such a futile reason for a feud. Since the cat did not arch its back to impose on others or give itself airs, the dog is to blame for a lack

狗的自己没眼力。然而原因也总可以算作一个原因。我的仇猫，是和这大大两样的。

其实人禽之辨，本不必这样严。在动物界，虽然并不如古人所幻想的那样舒适自由，可是噜苏做作的事总比人间少。它们适性任情，对就对，错就错，不说一句分辩话。虫蛆也许是不干净的，但它们并没有自鸣清高；鸷禽猛兽以较弱的动物为饵，不妨说是凶残的罢，但它们从来就没有竖过“公理”“正义”的旗子，使牺牲者直到被吃的时候为止，还是一味佩服赞叹它们。人呢，能直立了，自然是一大进步；能说话了，自然又是一大进步；能写字作文了，自然又是一大进步。然而也就堕落，因为那时也开始了说空话。说空话尚无不可，甚至于连自己也不知道说着违心之论，则对于只能嗥叫的动物，实在免不得“颜厚有忸怩”。假使真有一位一视同仁的造物主，高高在上，那么，对于人类的这些小聪明，也许倒以为多事，正如我们在万生园里，看见猴子翻筋斗，母象请安，虽然往往破颜一笑，但同时也觉得不舒服，甚至于感到悲哀，以为这些多余的聪明，倒不如没有的好罢。然而，既经为人，便也只好“党同伐异”，学着人们的说话，随俗来谈一谈，——辩一辩了。

现在说起我仇猫的原因来，自己觉得是理由充足，而且光明正大的。一、它的性情就和别的猛兽不同，凡捕食雀鼠，总不肯一口咬死，定要尽情玩弄，放走，又捉住，捉住，又放走，直待自己玩厌了，这才吃下去，颇与人们的幸灾乐祸，慢慢地折磨弱者的坏脾气相同。二、它不是和狮虎同族的么？可是有这么一副媚态！但这也许是限于天分之故罢，假使它的身材比现在大十倍，那就真不知道它所取的是怎么一种态度。然而，这些口实，仿佛又是现在提起笔来的时候添出来的，虽然也像是当时涌上心来的理由。要说得可靠一点，或者倒不如说不过因为它们配合时候的嗥叫，手续竟有这么繁重，闹得别人心烦，尤其是夜间要看书，睡觉的时候。当这些时候，我必要用长竹竿去攻击它们。狗们

5. Such terms were used by reactionary professors to cover up their true features.

of acumen. Still, this counts as a reason of a sort. My own dislike of cats is very different.

In fact, no sharp distinction need be drawn between men and beasts. Although the animal kingdom is by no means as free and easy as the ancients imagined, there is less tiresome shamming there than in the world of men. Animals act according to their nature, and whether right or wrong never try to justify their actions. Maggots may not be clean, but neither do they claim to be immaculate. The way vultures and beasts prey on weaker creatures may be dubbed cruel, but they have never hoisted the banners of “justice” and “right”<sup>5</sup> to make their victims admire and praise them right up to the time they are devoured. When man learned to stand upright, that was of course a great step forward. When he learned to write, that was yet another great step forward. But then degeneration set in, because that was the beginning of empty talk. Empty talk is not so bad, but sometimes one may unwittingly say something one doesn’t really mean; in which case, compared with inarticulate beasts, men should certainly feel ashamed. If there really is a Creator above who considers all creatures as equal, he may think these clever tricks of man rather uncalled for, just as in the zoo the sight of monkeys turning somersaults or female elephants curtesying, although it often raises a laugh, may at the same time make us uncomfortable or even sad, so that we think these uncalled-for tricks might well be dispensed with. However, being men we have to “close ranks against aliens” and try to justify ourselves as men do, according to the fashion of the time.

Now as to my antipathy for cats, I consider that I have ample reason for it, moreover it is open and aboveboard. First, a cat is by nature different from other wild creatures in that whenever it catches a sparrow or mouse instead of killing its victim outright it insists on playing with it, letting it go, catching it again, then letting it go again until tiring of this game it finally eats it. This is very like the bad human propensity for delighting in the misfortunes of others and spinning out their torment. Secondly, although cats belong to the same family as lions and tigers, they are given to such vulgarity! However, this may be owing to their nature. If cats were ten times their present size, there is really no knowing how they would behave. But these arguments may appear thought up at the moment of writing, although I believe they occurred to me earlier on. A sounder explanation perhaps is simply this: their caterwauling when mating has become such an elaborate procedure that it gets on people’s nerves, especially at night when one wants to read or sleep. At such times I have to retaliate with a long bamboo pole. When two dogs mate in the street, idlers often belabour them

在大道上配合时，常有闲汉拿了木棍痛打；我曾见大勃吕该尔（P. Bruegel d. Ä.）的一张铜版画 *Allegorie der Wollust* 上，也画着这回事，可见这样的举动，是中外古今一致的。自从那执拗的奥国学者弗罗特（S. Freud）提倡了精神分析说——Psychoanalysis，听说章士钊先生是译作“心解”的，虽然简古，可是实在难解得很——以来，我们的名人名教授也颇有隐隐约约，检来应用的了，这些事便不免又要归宿到性欲上去。打狗的事我不管，至于我的打猫，却只因为它们嚷嚷，此外并无恶意，我自信我的嫉妒心还没有这么博大，当现下“动辄获咎”之秋，这是不可不预先声明的。例如人们当配合之前，也很有些手续，新的是写情书，少则一束，多则一捆；旧的是什么“问名”“纳采”，磕头作揖，去年海昌蒋氏在北京举行婚礼，拜来拜去，就十足拜了三天，还印有一本红面子的《婚礼节文》，《序论》里大发议论道：“平心论之，既名为礼，当必繁重。专图简易，何用礼为？……然则世之有志于礼者，可以兴矣！不可退居于礼所不下之庶人矣！”然而我毫不生气，这是因为无须我到场；因此也可见我的仇猫，理由实在简简单单，只为了它们在我的耳朵边尽嚷的缘故。人们的各种礼式，局外人可以不见不闻，我就满不管，但如果当我正要看书或睡觉的时候，有人来勒令朗诵情书，奉陪作揖，那是为自卫起见，还要用长竹竿来抵御的。还有，平素不大交往的人，忽而寄给我一个红帖子，上面印着“为舍妹出阁”，“小儿完姻，”“敬请观礼”或“阖第光临”这些含有“阴险的暗示”的句子，使我不化钱便总觉得有些过意不去的，我也不十分高兴。

但是，这都是近时的话。再一回忆，我的仇猫却远在能够说出这些理由之前，也许是还在十岁上下的时候了。至今还分明记得，那原因是极其简单的：只因为它吃老鼠，——吃了我饲养着的可爱的小小的隐鼠。

听说西洋是不很喜欢黑猫的，不知道可确；但 Edgar Allan Poe 的小说里的黑猫，却实在有点骇人。日本的猫善于成精，传说中的“猫婆”，那食人的惨酷确是更可怕。

6. Customs in the old system of arranging matches.



with sticks. I once saw an etching of this by P. Brueghel the Younger entitled *Allegorie der Wollust*, showing that such actions are and always have been common to China and all other countries.

Ever since that eccentric Austrian scholar Sigmund Freud advocated psychoanalysis — which Mr. Zhang Shizhao is said to have translated as “heart examination,” a fine, archaic-sounding term but one truly hard to understand — some of our celebrities and eminent professors have make use of it in their insinuations, suggesting that these actions must also perforce be attributed to sexual desire. Now, passing over the business of beating dog to consider my beating of cats, this is solely on account of their caterwauling, quite devoid of malice aforethought, for my jealousy is not yet so inordinate. In these days when one is liable to be blamed at every move, I must proclaim this in advance. For instance, human beings too go through quite a lengthy procedure before mating. The new way is to write love-letters, at least one packet if not a whole sheaf; the old way was to “inquire names,” “send betrothal gifts,”<sup>6</sup> kowtow and bow. When the Jiang family of Haichang had a wedding last year in Peking, they devoted three whole days to ceremonial calls and printed a red-covered *Wedding Handbook* with a preface in which they expatiated: “Fairly speaking, all rites should be elaborate. If simplicity were our aim, what need would there be for rites?... Thus all who are mindful of rites can rise to action. They should not descend to the level of the common herd who are too low for rites.” This did not enrage me, however, because I was not required to attend; and this shows that my hatred of cats is really very easily explained just by that caterwauling so close to my ears. The various rites others indulge in are not the affair of outsiders and don’t worry me; but if someone comes and insists on reciting love-letters or bowing and scraping just as I want to read a book or sleep, I have to defend myself with a long bamboo pole too. Then there are people with whom I normally have little to do who suddenly send me a red invitation card to “the nuptials of our younger sister” or “our son’s wedding,” “craving the honour” of my whole family. I dislike these phrases with their “sinister implications” which embarrass me unless I spend some money.

However, all this belongs to the recent past. Looking further back, my hatred of cats dates from a time long before I could expound these reasons, when I was perhaps ten years old. The reasons I clearly remember was very simple: because cats eat mice — ate my beloved small pet mouse.

In the West, it is said, they are not too fond of black cats. I have no idea how correct this is; but the black cat of Edgar Allan Poe’s story is certainly rather fearsome. Japanese cats are adept at becoming spirits, and the cruelty with which these legendary “cat