WILD GRASS

经典的作品
经典的作品的英译

经典的回声从历史的烟尘中平静但是坚定地走来，越来越清晰……

呐喊
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鲁迅诗选
鲁迅小说选

CALL TO ARMS
WANDERING
WILD GRASS
DAWN BLOSSOMS PLUCKED AT DUSK
OLD TALES RETOLD
THE TRUE STORY OF AH-Q
LU XUN: SELECTED POEMS
SELECTED STORIES OF LU XUN

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出版前言

本社专事外文图书的编辑出版，几十年来用英文翻译出版了大量的中国文学作品和文化典籍，上自先秦，下迄近现代，力求全面而准确地反映中国文学及中国文化的基本面貌和灿烂成就。这些英译图书均取自相关领域著名的、权威的作品；英译则出自国内外译界名家。每本图书的编选、翻译过程均极其审慎严肃，精雕细琢，中文作品及相应的英译版本均堪称经典。

我们意识到，这些英译精品，不单有对外译介的意义，而且对国内英文学习者、爱好者及英译工作者，也是极有价值的读本。为此，我们对这些英译精品做了认真的遴选，编排成汉英对照的形式，陆续推出，以飨读者。
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Foreword

When I am silent, I feel replete; as I open my mouth to speak, I am conscious of emptiness.

The past life has died. I exult over its death, because from this I know that it once existed. The dead life has decayed. I exult over its decay, because from this I know that it has not been empty.

From the clay of life abandoned on the ground grow no lofty trees, only wild grass. For that I am to blame.

Wild grass strikes no deep roots, has no beautiful flowers and leaves, yet it imbibes dew, water and the blood and flesh of the dead, although all try to rob it of life. As long as it lives it is trampled upon and mown down, until it dies and decays.

But I am not worried; I am glad. I shall laugh aloud and sing.

I love my wild grass, but I detest the ground which decks itself with wild grass.

A subterranean fire is spreading, raging, underground. Once the molten lava breaks through the earth's crust, it will consume all the wild grass and lofty trees, leaving nothing to decay.

But I am not worried; I am glad. I shall laugh
将歌唱。

天有如此静穆，我不能大笑
而且歌唱。天地即不如此静穆，我
或者也将不能。我以这一丛野草，
在明与暗，生与死，过去与未来之
际，献于友与仇，人与兽，爱者与不
爱者之前作证。我

为自己，为友与仇，人与兽，
爱者与不爱者，我希望这野草的死
亡与朽腐，火速到来。要不然，我先
就未曾生存，这实在比死亡与朽腐
更其不幸。

去罢，野草，连着我的题辞！

一九二七年四月二十六日，鲁
迅记于广州之白云楼上。

aloud and sing.

Heaven and earth are so serene that I cannot
laugh aloud or sing. Even if they were not so serene, I
probably could not either. Between light and darkness,
life and death, past and future, I dedicate this tussock
of wild grass as my pledge to friend and foe, man and
beast, those whom I love and those whom I do not
love.

For my own sake and for the sake of friend and
foe, man and beast, those whom I love and those whom
I do not love, I hope for the swift death and decay of
this wild grass. Otherwise, it means I have not lived,
and this would be truly more lamentable than death and
decay.

Go, then, wild grass, together with my foreword!

Lu Xun

Written in White Cloud Pavilion, Guangzhou
April 26, 1927
Behind the wall of my backyard you can see two trees: one is a date tree, the other is also a date tree.

The night sky above them is strange and high. I have never seen such a strange, high sky. It seems to want to leave this world of men, so that when folk look up they won’t be able to see it. For the moment, though, it is singularly blue; and its scores of starry eyes are blinking coldly. A faint smile plays round its lips, a smile which it seems to think highly significant; and it dusts the wild plants in my courtyard with heavy frost.

I have no idea what these plants are called, what names they are commonly known by. One of them, I remember, has minute pink flowers, and its flowers are still lingering on, although more minute than ever. Shivering in the cold night air they dream of the coming of spring, of the coming of autumn, of the lean poet wiping his tears upon their last petals, who tells them autumn will come and winter will come, yet spring will follow when butterflies flit to and fro, and all the bees start humming songs of spring. Then the little pink flowers smile, though they have turned a mournful crimson with cold and are shivering still.
As for the date trees, they have lost absolutely all their leaves. Before, one or two boys still came to beat down the dates other people had missed. But now not one date is left, and the trees have lost all their leaves as well. They know the little pink flowers’ dream of spring after autumn; and they know the dream of the fallen leaves of autumn after spring. They may have lost all their leaves and have only their branches left; but these, no longer weighed down with fruit and foliage, are stretching themselves luxuriously. A few boughs, though, are still drooping, nursing the wounds made in their bark by the sticks which beat down the dates: while, rigid as iron, the straightest and longest boughs silently pierce the strange, high sky, making it blink in dismay. They pierce even the full moon in the sky, making it pale and ill at ease. Blinking in dismay, the sky becomes bluer and bluer, more and more uneasy, as if eager to escape from the world of men and avoid the date trees, leaving the moon behind. But the moon, too, is hiding herself in the east; while, silent still and as rigid as iron, the bare boughs pierce the strange, high sky, resolved to inflict on it a mortal wound, no matter in how many ways it winks all its bewitching eyes. With a shriek, a fierce night-bird passes. All of a sudden, I hear midnight laughter. The sound is muffled, as if not to wake those who sleep; yet all around the air resounds to this laughter. Midnight,
and no one else is by. At once I realize it is I who am
laughing, and at once I am driven by this laughter back
to my room. At once I turn up the wick of my paraffin
lamp.

A pit-a-pat sounds from the glass of the back win-
dow, where swarms of insects are recklessly dashing
themselves against the pane. Presently some get in, no
doubt through a hole in the window paper. Once in,
they set up another pit-a-pat by dashing themselves
against the chimney of the lamp. One hurls itself into
the chimney from the top, falling into the flame, and I
fancy the flame is real. On the paper shade two or
three others rest, panting the shade is a new one since
last night. Its snow-white paper is pleated in wave-like
folds, and painted in one corner is a spray of blood-red
gardenias.

When the blood-red gardenias blossom, the date
trees, weighed down with bright foliage, will dream
once more the dream of the little pink flowers... and I
shall hear the midnight laughter again. I hastily break
off this train of thought to look at the small green in-
ssects still on the paper. Like sunflower seeds with their
large heads and small tails, they are only half the size
of a grain of wheat, the whole of them an adorable, pa-
thetic green.

I yawn, light a cigarette, and puff out the smoke,
喷出烟来，对着灯默默地敬奠这些
苍翠精致的英雄们。

一九二四年九月十五日。

paying silent homage before the lamp to these green and
exquisite heroes.

September 15, 1924
The Shadow’s Leave-Taking

If you sleep to a time when you lose track of time, your shadow may come to take his leave with these words:

“There is something I dislike in heaven; I do not want to go there. There is something I dislike in hell; I do not want to go there. There is something I dislike in your future golden world; I do not want to go there.

“It is you, though, that I dislike.

“Friend, I’ll no longer follow you; I do not want to stay here.

“I do not want to!

“Ah, no! I do not want to. I would rather wander in nothingness.

“I am only a shadow. I shall leave you and sink into darkness. Yet darkness will swallow me up, and light also will cause me to vanish.

“But I do not want to wander between light and shade; I would rather sink into darkness.”
然而我终于彷徨于明暗之间，
我不知道是黄昏还是黎明。我姑且举灰的手装作喝干一杯酒，我将
在不知道时候的时候独自远行。
呜乎呜乎，倘若黄昏，黑夜自然
会来沉没我，否则我要被白天消失，
如果现在是黎明。

朋友，时候近了。
我将向黑暗里彷徨于无地。
你还想我的赠品。我能献你甚么呢？无已，则仍是黑暗和虚空而已。但是，我愿意只是黑暗，或者会
消失于你的白天;我愿意只是虚空，
决不占你的心地。

我愿意这样，朋友——
我独自远行，不但没有你，并且
再没有别的影在黑暗里。只有我被
黑暗沉没，那世界全属于我自己。

一九二四年九月二十四日。

“However, I am still wandering between light and
shade, uncertain whether it is dusk or dawn. I can
only raise my ashen-grey hand as if to drain a cup of
wine. At the time when I lose track of time, I shall go
far away alone.

“Alas! If it is dusk, black night will surely engulf
me, or I shall be made to vanish in the daylight if it is
dawn.

“Friend, the time is at hand.
“I am going to enter darkness to wander in noth­ingness.

“You are still expecting some gift from me. What
is there for me to give? If you insist, you shall have the
same darkness and nothingness. But I would like it to
be only darkness, which may by lost in your daylight.
I would like it to be only nothingness, which would
never take possession of your heart.

“This is what I would like, friend —
“To go far away alone to a darkness from which
not only will you be excluded, but other shadows too.
There will be myself alone sunk in the darkness. That
world will be wholly mine.”

September 24, 1924
我的失恋

——叔叔回打油诗

我的所爱在山腰；
想去寻她山太高，
低头无法泪沾袍。
爱她赠我百翠巾；
回她什么；猫头鹰。
从此翻脸不理我，
不知何故兮使我心惊。

我的所爱在闹市；
想去寻她人拥挤，
仰头无法泪沾耳。
爱她赠我双燕图；
回她什么；冰糖壶卢。
从此翻脸不理我，
不知何故兮使我糊涂。

我的所爱在河滨；
想去寻她河水深，
歪头无法泪沾襟。

My Lost Love

— New Doggerel in the Classical Style

My love lives on the mountain-side,
I long to see her, but too high the mountains;
Helpless I hang my head and wet my gown
With tears that flow like fountains.
A scarf she gives me, gay with butterflies,
What shall I give her? Owls.
I know not why; but much to my surprise
She turns away and scowls.

My love lives in the heart of town,
I long to see her, but the crowd I fear;
And as I gaze up helplessly
Tears trickle down my ear.
A pair of swallows, sketched, my gift from her;
A stick of candied haws, her gift from me;
Angry, she turns her face away,
I know not why and I am all at sea.

My love lives on the river bank,
I long to see her but the stream's too deep;
Helpless I cock my head, and tears
Into my lapel seep.
She gives me a golden watch-chain,
I give her an anti-biotic;
Angry, she turns her face away,
I know not why and start to feel neurotic.

My love lives in a rich man's house,
I long to call there but I have no car;
Helpless I shake my head, and now my tears
Are scattered near and far.
She gives me roses, and a gift
Of coral snakes I make her;
Angry, she turns away from me —
Why?! May the devil take her!

October 3, 1924
Revenge

Human skin is probably less than a millimetre thick, and below, through a network of blood vessels denser than the densely packed tussocks which crawl one over the other up the wall, there races hot red blood, radiating warmth. And with this warmth people charm, excite and attract each other, desperately eager to cuddle, kiss and embrace so as to enjoy the intoxicating ecstasy of life.

But one stab with a sharp knife through this thin, peach-coloured skin will make the hot red blood spurt out like an arrow to flood the killer directly with all its warmth; then, the exhalation of icy breath, the sight of pallid lips, will take him out of himself, bringing him the transcendent, supreme ecstasy of life; while as for his victim, he is forever steeped in the transcendent, supreme ecstasy of life.

This being so, the two of them, stripped naked and grasping sharp knives, confront each other in the vast wilderness.

The two of them will embrace, will kill each other...

From all sides passers-by hasten there, densely
The two of them keep this up to eternity, their full, living bodies nearly atrophied, yet showing not the least intention of embracing or killing.

The passers-by become bored. They feel boredom seeping into their pores, feel boredom from their hearts seeping out of their pores to creep all over the wilderness and seep into the pores of others. Their throats and tongues become parched, their necks tired. Finally they look at one another blankly and gradually disperse, feeling so atrophied that they have even lost their interest in life.

Then all that is left is the vast wilderness, with the two of them stripped naked and grasping sharp knives in atrophied confrontation. They feast their

packed as tussores crawling up walls or ants carrying off salted fish-heads. They are smartly dressed but empty-handed. Yet from all sides they hasten there, and crane their necks desperately to feast their eyes on this embrace or slaughter. Already they have a foretaste of the sweat or blood on their own tongues when it is over.

However, the two of them confront each other in the vast wilderness, stripped naked and grasping sharp knives, neither embracing nor killing and, moreover, showing no intention of embracing or killing.

地，如槐蚕爬上墙壁，如马蚁要扛聋头。衣服都漂亮，手倒空的。然而从四面奔来，而且拼命地伸长脖子，要赏鉴这拥抱或杀戮。他们已经预
觉着事后的自已的舌上的汗或血的鲜味。

然而他们俩对立着,在广漠的旷野之上，裸着全身，捏着利刃，然而也不拥抱，也不杀戮，而且也不见有拥抱或杀戮之意。

他们俩这样地至于永久，圆活的身体，已将千枯，然而毫不见有拥抱或杀戮之意。

路人们于是乎无聊，觉得有无聊钻进他们的毛孔，觉得有无聊从他们自己心中由毛孔钻出，爬满旷野，又钻进别人的毛孔中。他们于是觉得喉舌干燥，脖子也乏了；终至于面面相觑，慢慢走散；甚至至于居然觉得干枯到失了生趣。

于是只剩下广漠的旷野，而他们俩在其间裸着全身，捏着利刃，
eyes, eyes like those of the dead, on the atrophy of the passers-by, their bloodless massacre, and are steeped forever in the transcendent, supreme ecstasy of life.

December 20, 1924
Revenge (II)

Because he thinks himself the Son of God, the King of the Israelites, he is to be crucified.

The soldiers put on him a purple robe, make him wear a crown of thorns, and wish him joy. Then they beat his head with a reed, spit upon him, and bow the knee before him. After they have mocked him, they strip off his purple robe and leave him wearing his own clothes as before.

See how they beat his head, spit upon him, kneel before him...

He will not drink the wine mixed with myrrh. He wants to remain sober to savour the Israelites’ treatment of their Son of God, and have longer to pity their future but hate their present.

All around is hate, pitiable, execrable.

Hammering is heard, and nails pierce his palms. But the fact that these pitiable creatures are crucifying their Son of God alleviates his pain. Hammering is heard, and nails pierce the soles of his feet, breaking a bone so that pain shoots through his heart and marrow. But the fact that these execrable creatures are crucifying their Son of God comforts him in his pain.

The cross is hoisted up. He is hanging in midair.
He has not drunk the wine mixed with myrrh. He wants to remain sober to savour the Israelites' treatment of their Son of God, and have longer to pity their future but hate their present.

All the passers-by insult and curse him, the chief priests and the scribes also mock him, the two thieves being crucified with him ridicule him too.

Even those being crucified with him....

All around is hate, pitiable, execrable.

In the pain from his hands and feet he savours the sorrow of the pitiable creatures who are crucifying the Son of God, and the joy of the execrable creatures who are crucifying the Son of God and who know that the Son of God is about to die. Sudden agony from his broken bones shoots through his heart and marrow, intoxicating him with great ecstasy and compassion.

His belly heaves in the agony of compassion and execration.

There is darkness over all the earth.

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" (My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?)

God has forsaken him, and so he is the son of man after all. But the Israelites are crucifying even the son of man.

Those who reek most of blood and filth are not
those who crucify the Son of God, but those who crucify the son of man.

December 20, 1924
Hope

My heart is extraordinarily lonely.

But my heart is very tranquil, void of love and hate, joy and sadness, colour and sound.

I am probably growing old. Is it not a fact that my hair is turning white? Is it not a fact that my hands are trembling? Then the hands of my spirit must also be trembling. The hair of my spirit must also be turning white. But this has been the case for many years.

Before that my heart once overflowed with sanguinary songs, blood and iron, fire and poison, resurgence and revenge. Then suddenly my heart became empty, except when I sometimes deliberately filled it with vain, self-deluding hope. Hope, hope — I took this shield of hope to withstand the invasion of the dark night in the emptiness, although behind this shield there was still dark night and emptiness. But even so I slowly wasted my youth.

I knew, of course, that my youth had departed. But I thought that the youth outside me still existed: stars and moonlight, limp fallen butterflies, flowers in the darkness, the funereal omens of the owl, the weeping with blood of the nightingale, the vagueness of...
laughter, the dance of love. Although it might be a youth of sadness and uncertainty, it was still youth.

But why is it now so lonely? Is it because even the youth outside me has departed, and the young people of the world have all grown old?

I have to grapple alone with the dark night in the emptiness. I put down the shield of hope, hearing the Song of Hope by Petőfi Sándor (1823-49):

"What is love? A prostitute!
Alluring to all, she gives herself to all,
Until you have sacrificed a priceless treasure —
Your youth — then she forsakes you."

It is already seventy-five years since this great lyric poet and Hungarian patriot died for his fatherland on the spears of the Cossacks. Sad though his death, it is even sadder that his poetry has not yet died.

But — so wretched is life — even a man as daring and resolute as Petőfi had in the end to halt before the dark night and gaze back towards the distant Orient.

"Despair, like hope," he said, "is but vanity."

If I must still live in this vanity which is neither light nor darkness, then I would seek the youth of sadness and uncertainty which has departed, even though it is outside me. For once the youth outside me vanishes, my own old age will also wither away.

But now there are neither stars nor moonlight, no limp fallen butterflies, no vagueness of laughter, no
I have to grapple alone with the dark night in the emptiness. Even if I cannot find the youth outside me, I would at least have a last fling in my own old age. But where is the dark night? Now there are neither stars nor moonlight, no vagueness of laughter, no dance of love. The young people are very peaceful, and before me there is not even a real dark night.

Despair, like hope, is but vanity.

New Year's Day, 1925
Snow

The rain of the south has never congealed into icy, glittering snowflakes. Men who have seen the world consider this humdrum; does the rain, too, think it unfortunate? The snow south of the Yangtze is extremely moist and pretty, like the first indefinable intimation of spring, or the bloom of a young girl radiant with health. In the snowy wilderness are blood-red camellias, pale, white plum blossom tinged with green, and the golden, bell-shaped flowers of the winter plum; while beneath the snow lurk cold green weeds. Butterflies there are certainly none, and whether or no bees come to gather honey from the camellias and plum blossom I cannot clearly remember. But before my eyes I can see the wintry flowers in the snowy wilderness, with bees flying busily to and fro — I can hear their humming and droning.

Seven or eight children, who have gathered to build a snow Buddha, are breathing on their little red fingers, frozen like crimson shoots of ginger. When they are not successful, somebody's father comes to help. The Buddha is higher than the children; and though it is only a pear-shaped mass which might be a gourd or might be a Buddha, it is beautifully white and...
dazzling. Held together by its own moisture, the whole figure glitters and sparkles. The children use fruit stones for its eyes, and steal rouge from some mother's vanity-case for its lips. So now it is really a respectable Buddha. With gleaming eyes and scarlet lips, it sits on the snowy ground.

Some children come to visit it the next day. Clapping their hands before it, they nod their heads and laugh. The Buddha just sits there alone. A fine day melts its skin, but a cold night gives it another coat of ice, till it looks like opaque crystal. Then a series of fine days makes it unrecognizable, and the rouge on its lips disappears.

But the snowflakes that fall in the north remain to the last like powder or sand never hold together, whether scattered on roofs, the ground or the withered grass. The warmth from the stoves inside has melted some of the snow on the roofs. As for the rest, when a whirlwind springs up under a clear sky, it flies wildly, glittering in the sunlight like thick mist around a flame, revolving and rising till it fills the sky, and the whole sky glitters as it whirls and rises.

On the boundless, under heaven's chilly vault, this glittering, spiralling wraith is the ghost of rain...
Yes, it is lonely snow, dead rain, the ghost of rain.

January 18, 1925

是的，那是孤独的雪，是死掉的雨，是雨的精魂。

一九二五年一月十八日。
The Kite

A Peking winter dismays and depresses me: the thick snow on the ground and the bare trees’ ashen branches thrusting up towards the clear blue sky, while in the distance one or two kites are floating.

At home, the time for kites is early spring. When you hear the whirr of a wind-wheel, you raise your head to see a grey crab-kite or a soft blue centipede-kite. Or there may be a solitary tile-kite, without wind-wheel and flown too low, looking pathetically lonely and forlorn. By this time, though, the willows on the ground are putting out shoots, and the early mountain peaches have budded. Set off by the children’s fancy-work in the sky, together they make up the warmth of spring. Where am I now? All round me dread winter reigns, while the long-departed spring of my long-forgotten home is floating in this northern sky.

Yet I never liked flying kites. Far from liking kites, in fact, I detested them as playthings of good-for-nothing children. My young brother was just the reverse. He must then have been about ten, often fell ill and was fearfully thin, but his greatest delight was kites. Unable to buy one and forbidden by me to fly one, he would stand for hours at a time, his small lips
parted in longing, gazing raptly at the sky. If a distant crab-kite suddenly came down, he would utter a cry of dismay; if the strings of two tile-kites became disentangled, he would jump and skip for joy. This struck me as absurd and contemptible.

One day it occurred to me I had not seen much of him lately, but I had noticed him picking up bamboo sticks in the back yard. The truth dawned on me in a flash. I ran to a small deserted store-room and, sure enough, as I pushed open the door, I discovered him there in the midst of the dusty debris. He had been sitting on a foot-stool in front of a big square stool; but now, standing up in confusion, he changed colour and shrank back. Propped up against the big stool was the bamboo framework of a butterfly-kite, not pasted yet with paper; while on the stool lay two small wind-wheels for the butterfly’s eyes, which he had just been beautifying with red paper. This work was nearly done. I was pleased to have found out his secret; but furious that he could deceive me so long, while he toiled so single-heartedly to make the toy of a good-for-nothing child. I seized the framework at once and broke one of its wings, then swept the wheels to the ground and trampled on them. In size and strength he was no match for me; so of course I came off completely victorious. Then I stalked out proudly, leaving him standing in despair in that little room. What he did after that I neither knew nor cared.
But retribution came to me at last, long after our parting, when I was already middle-aged. I was unlucky enough to read a foreign book on children, from which I learned for the first time that play is a child's best occupation, and playthings his good angels. At once this childhood tyranny over the spirit, forgotten for more than twenty years, came to my mind; and that instant my heart seemed to turn to lead and sink heavily down and down.

My heart did not break; it simply sank down and down.

I knew how I could make it up to him: give him a kite, approve of his flying it, urge him to fly it, and fly it with him. We could shout, run, laugh!... But by this time he, like me, had long had a moustache.

I knew another way I could make it up to him: go to ask his forgiveness, and wait for him to say: "But I didn't blame you at all." Then, surely, my heart would grow lighter. Yes, this way was feasible. There came a day when we met. The hardships of life had left their marks on our faces, and my heart was very heavy. We fell to talking of childhood happenings, and I referred to this episode, admitting that I had been a thoughtless boy. "But I didn't blame you at all," I thought he would say. Then I should have felt forgiven, and my heart would henceforth have been lighter.

"Did that really happen?" he smiled incredulously, as if he were hearing a tale about someone else. It
had slipped his mind completely.

The thing was completely forgotten, with no hard feelings. In that case, what forgiveness could there be? Without hard feelings, forgiveness is a lie.

What hope is there for me now? My heart will always be heavy.

Now the spring of my home is in the air of these strange parts again. It carries me back to my long-departed childhood, and brings with it an indefinable sadness. I had better hide in dread winter. But clearly all about me winter reigns, and is even now offering me its utmost rigour and coldness.

January 24, 1925

全然忘却，毫无怨恨，又有什么宽恕之可言呢？无怨的怨，说谎罢了。

我还能希求什么呢？我的心只得沉重着。

现在，故乡的春天又在这异地的空中了，既给我久经逝去的儿时的回忆，而一并也带着无可把握的悲哀。我倒不如躲到肃杀的严冬中去罢，——但是，四面又明明是严冬，正给我非常的寒威和冷气。

一九二五年一月二十四日。
The Good Story

The lamp flame slowly dwindled, a sign that there was not much paraffin left; and the paraffin, which was not of the best brand, had already blackened the chimney with its smoke. Crackers exploded on all sides, and cigarette smoke hung round me. It was a dull, dark night.

I closed my eyes and leaned against the back of my chair, resting my hand holding A Beginner's Notebook on my knee.

And in this drowsy state I saw a good story.

It was a lovely, charming, enthralling story. Many beautiful people and beautiful things mingled like the cloud tapestry in the sky, flying past like a myriad shooting stars, yet stretching out into infinity.

I seem to remember rowing a small boat past an ancient highway. On both banks, reflected in the azure stream, were tallow trees and young rice plants, wild flowers, fowl, dogs, bushes and withered trees, thatched cottages, pagodas, monasteries, farmers and country women, country girls, clothes hanging out to dry, monks, coir capes, hats of bamboo splints, sky, clouds and bamboos. Following each stroke of the oar they caught the flickering sunlight and mingled with the
Fish and weeds in the water, till all were swaying together. Then shadows and objects shivered and scattered, expanded and merged; but as soon as they merged they contracted once more, and approached their original form. The outline of each shadow was blurred as a summer cloud fringed with sunlight, darting out quicksilver flames. All the river I passed was like this.

And the story I now saw was like this too. With the blue sky in the water as a background, everything was intermingled, interwoven, ever moving, ever extending, so that I could not see any end to it.

The few sparse hollyhocks beneath the withered willows by the stream must have been planted by the country girls. Great crimson flowers and variegated red flowers, floating in the water, suddenly scattered and stretched out into streamers of crimson water, but with no aura. The thatched cottages, dogs, pagodas, country girls, clouds... were floating too. Each of the great crimson flowers stretched out now into rippling red silk belts. The belts interwove with the dogs, the dogs with the white clouds, and the white clouds with the country girls... In a twinkling they would contract again. But the reflection of the variegated red flowers was already broken and stretching out to interweave with the pagodas, country girls, dogs, thatched cottages and clouds.

Now the story that I saw became clearer, more lovely, charming, enthralling and distinct. Above the

一同荡漾。诸影诸物；无不解散，而且振动，扩大，互相融合；刚一融合，却又退缩，复近乎原形。边缘都参差如夏云头，镶着日光，发出水银色焰。凡是我所经过的河，都是如此。

现在我所见的故事也如此。水中的静天的底子，一切事物就在上面交错，织成一篇，永是生动，永是展开，我看不见这一篇的结束。

河边枯柳树下的几株瘦削的一丈红，该是村女种的罢。大红花和赤红花都在水里面浮动，忽而碎散，拉长了，续续的胭脂水，然而没有晕。茅屋，狗，塔，村女，云，……也都浮动着。大红花一朵朵全被拉长了，这时是波刺奔迸的红锦带。带织入狗中，狗织入白云中，白云织入村女中……在一瞬间，他们又将退缩了。但黛红花影也已碎散，伸长，就要织进塔、村女、狗、茅屋、云里去。

现在我所见的故事清楚起来了，美丽，幽雅，有趣，而且分明。青
天上面，有无数美的人和美的事，我一一看见，一一知道。
我就要凝视他们......。
我正要凝视他们时，骤然一惊，睁开眼，云锦也已皱蹙，凌乱，仿佛有谁掷一块大石下河水中，水波陡然起立，将整篇的影子撕成片片了。我无意识地赶忙捏住几乎坠地的《初学记》，眼前还剩着几点虹霓色的碎影。
我真爱这一篇好的故事，趁碎影还在，我要追回他，完成他，留下他。我换了书，欠身伸手去取笔，——何尝有一丝碎影，只见昏暗的灯光，我不在小船里了。
但我总记得见过这一篇好的故事，在昏沉的夜......。

一九二五年二月二十四日。

clear sky were countless beautiful people and beautiful things. I saw them all, and I recognized them all.

I was about to look more closely at them......

But as I was about to look more closely at them, I opened my eyes with a start to see the cloud tapestry wrinkle and tangle as if someone has thrown a big stone into the water, so that waves leapt up and tore the whole image to shreds. I snatched without thinking at my book, which had nearly slipped to the floor. Before my eyes still hovered a few rainbow-hued, shattered reflections.

I really loved this good story. While some shattered reflections still remained I wanted to catch them, perfect and perpetuate them. I tossed aside my book, leaned forward and reached for my pen. But now there was not the least reflection left. All I could see was dim lamplight. I was no longer in the little boat.

But I still remember seeing this good story that dull, dark night......

February 24, 1925
I dreamed that I was running along the mountain of ice.

It was a huge, towering mountain, reaching to the icy sky above; and the sky was flooded with frozen clouds, each fragment like a fish scale. At the foot of the mountain was the forest of ice, with leaves and branches like the pine and cypress. And all was icy cold, pale as ashes.

But suddenly I fell into the valley of ice.

All around, above and below, was icy cold, pale as ashes. Yet over the pallid ice lay countless red shadows, interlacing like a web of coral. Looking beneath my feet, I saw a flame.

This was dead fire. It had a fiery form, but was absolutely still, completely congealed, like branches of coral with frozen black smoke at their tips which looked scorched as of fresh from a fire-place. And so, casting reflections upon the ice all around and being reflected back, it had been turned into countless shadows, making the valley of ice as red as coral.

Aha!

As a child, I always liked to watch the foam ploughed up by swift ships or the fiery flames belched
息息变幻，永无定形。虽然凝视又凝视，总不留下怎样一定的迹象。

死的火焰，现在先得到了你了！

我拾起死火，正要细看，那冷气已经使我的指头焦灼；但是，我还煞着，将它塞入衣袋中间。冰谷四面，登时完全青白。我一面思索着走出冰谷的法子。

我的身上喷出一缕黑烟，上升如铁线蛇。冰谷四面，又似时满有红焰流动，如大火聚，将我包围。我低头一看，死火已经燃烧，烧穿了我的衣裳，流在冰地上了。

“唉，朋友！你用了你的温热，将我惊醒。”他说。

连忙和他招呼，问他名姓。

“我原先被人遗弃在冰谷中，”他答非所问地说，“遗弃我的早已灭亡，消尽了。我也被冰冻得要死。倘使你不给我温热，使我重行烧起，我不久就须灭亡。”

“你的醒来，使我欢喜。我正在想着走出冰谷的方法；我愿意携带

out from a blazing furnace. Not only did I like to watch them, I longed to see them clearly. The pity was they kept changing all the time, and never retained a fixed form. However hard I gazed, I was never left with a clear-cut impression.

Dead flame, now at last I had you!

As I picked up the dead fire to examine it closely, its iciness seared my fingers; but enduring the pain I thrust it into my pocket. The whole valley instantly turned as pale as ashes. At the same time I wondered how to leave this place.

From my body wreathed a coil of black smoke, which reared up like a wire snake. Instantly crimson flames began flowing everywhere, hemming me in like a great conflagration. Looking down, I discovered the dead fire was burning again, had burnt through my clothes and was flowing on the icy ground.

“Ah, friend!” it said. “You awoke me with your warmth!”

I immediately hailed it, and asked its name.

“I was abandoned by men in the valley of ice,” it said, ignoring my question. “Those who abandoned me have already perished and vanished. And I was nearly frozen to death by that ice. If you had not warmed me and made me burn again, before long I should have perished.”

“I am glad you have awoken. I was just wondering how to leave this valley of ice, and I would like to
take you with me so that you may never be frozen but go on burning forever.

"Ah, no! Then I should burn out."

"I should be sorry if you were to burn out. I had better leave you here."

"Ah, no! I should freeze to death."

"What is to be done then?"

"What will you do yourself?" it countered.

"As I told you, I mean to leave this valley of ice."

"Then I had better burn out!"

It leapt up like a red comet, and together we left the valley. Suddenly a large stone cart drove up, and I was crushed to death beneath its wheels, but not before I saw the cart fall into the valley of ice.

"Aha! You will never meet the dead fire again."

I laughed with pleasure as I spoke, as I spoke, as if pleased that this should be so.

April 23, 1925
The Dog's Retort

I dreamed I was walking in a narrow lane, my clothes in rags, like a beggar.

A dog started barking behind me.

I looked back contemptuously and shouted at him:

"Bah! Shut up! Lick-spittle cur!"

He sniggered.

"Oh no!" he said. "I'm not up to man in that respect."

"What!" Quite outraged, I felt that this was the supreme insult.

"I'm ashamed to say I still don't know how to distinguish between copper and silver, between silk and cloth, between officials and common citizens, between masters and their slaves, between..."

I turned and fled.

"Wait a bit! Let us talk some more..." From behind he urged me loudly to stay.

But I ran straight on as fast as I could, until I had run right out of my dream and was back in my own bed.

April 23, 1925
I dreamed I was lying in bed in the wilderness beside hell. The deep yet orderly wailing of all the ghosts blended with the roar of flames, the seething of oil and the clashing of iron prongs to make one vast, intoxicating harmony, proclaiming to all three regions the peace of the lower realm.

Before me stood a great man, beautiful and benign, his whole body radiant with light; but I knew he was the devil.

"This is the end of everything! The end of everything! The wretched ghosts have lost their good hell."

He spoke with indignation, then sat down to tell me a story that he knew.

"It was when heaven and earth were made honey-coloured that the devil overcame god, and wielded absolute power. He held heaven, earth and hell. Then he came in person to hell and sat in the midst of it, radiating bright light over all the ghosts.

"Hell had long been neglected; the spiked trees had lost their glitter, the verge of the boiling oil no longer seethed, at times the great fires puffed out merely
a little grey smoke, and far off there still bloomed some mandrake flowers, their blossoms very small, pale and wretched. But that was not to be wondered at, for the earth had been fearfully burnt and had naturally lost its fertility.

"Awaking amid the cold oil and lukewarm fires, by the light or the devil the ghosts saw the small flowers of hell, so pale and wretched, and were completely bewitched. They suddenly remembered the world of men and after reflecting for none knows how many years, they uttered towards mankind a great cry denouncing hell.

"Man responded and arose, upholding the right he fought against the devil. Louder than thunder, the tumult of fighting filled all three regions. At last, by dint of great guile and cunning snares, he forced the devil to withdraw from hell. After the final victory, the flag of mankind was hoisted over the gate of hell.

"The ghosts were still rejoicing together when man's emissary to reorganize hell arrived. He sat down in the middle of hell, invested with the majesty of man, and ruled over the ghosts.

"When the ghosts uttered another cry denouncing hell, they became rebels against man. Condemned to eternal damnation for this crime, they were banished to the midst of the spiked trees.

"Man then wielded absolute power over hell, his authority exceeding that of the devil. He re-established
order, having given the highest post to the Ox-headed Demon. He also added fuel to the fires, sharpened the swore hills and changed the whole face of hell, doing away with the former decadence.

"At once the mandrake flowers withered. The oil seethed as before, the swords were sharp as before, the fires blazed as before, and the ghosts groaned and writhed as before, until none of them had time to regret the good hell that was lost.

"This was man’s success, the ghosts’ misfortune..."

"Friend, I see you mistrust me. Yes, you are a man. I must go to look for wild beasts and demons...."

June 16, 1925
The Epitaph

I dreamed I was standing before the stone tablet of a tomb, reading the inscriptions on it. The tablet, made apparently of sandstone, was crumbling away and overgrown with moss. The fragments left of the inscriptions read:

"... contracted a chill while singing and roistering; saw an abyss in heaven. In all eyes saw nothing; in hopelessness found salvation....

"... There is a wandering spirit which takes the form of a serpent with poisonous fangs. Instead of biting others, it bites itself, and so it perishes....

"... Begone! ..."

Not until I went round to the back of the tablet did I see the solitary grave. No plants grew on it, and it was in ruins. Through a large gap I saw the corpse, disem-bowelled, its heart and liver gone. Yet its face bore no trace of either joy or sorrow, but had the inscrutability of smoke.

Before I could turn away in doubt and dread, my eye fell on the mutilated inscription on the back of the tablet:
"... I tore out my heart to eat it, wanting to know its true taste. But the pain was so agonizing, how could I tell its taste?...

"... When the pain subsided I savoured the heart slowly. But since by then it was stale, how could I know its true taste?

"... Answer me. Or, begone! ...

I was eager to be gone. But the corpse had sat up in the grave. Without moving its lips; it said:
"When I turn to ashes, you will see me smile!"

I hurried away, not daring to look back, for fear I see it coming after me.

June 17, 1925
我梦见自己在做梦。自身不知所在，眼前却有一间在深夜中紧闭的小屋的内部，但也看见屋上瓦松的茂密的森林。

板桌上的灯罩是新拭的，照得屋子里分外明亮。在光明中，在破榻上，在初不相识的披毛的强悍的人肉块底下，有瘦弱寡小的身躯，为饥饿，苦痛，惊异，羞辱，欢欣而颤动。弛缓，然而尚有丰腴的皮肤光润了；青白的两颊泛出轻红，如铅上涂了胭脂水。

灯火也因惊惧而缩小了，东方已经发白。

然而空中还弥漫地摇动着饥饿，苦痛，惊异，羞辱，欢欣的波涛……。

“妈!”约略两岁的女孩被门的开阖声惊醒，在草席围着的屋角的土地叫起来了。

“还早哩，再睡一会罢!”她惊慌地说。

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Tremors of Degradation

I dreamed that I was dreaming. I had no idea where I was, but before me was the interior of a tightly closed cottage late at night, and yet I could also see the dense growth of stonecrop on the roof.

The globe of the paraffin lamp on the wooden table had been newly polished, making the room very bright. In this light, on the rickety couch, under the hairy, muscular flesh of a stranger, a slight frail body trembled with hunger, pain, shock, humiliation and pleasure. The skin, slack but still blooming, glowed; the pale cheeks flushed faintly, like lead painted with liquid rouge.

And the lamp flame too shrank with fear, for the east was already light.

However, the air was still pervaded, pulsating, with a wave of hunger, pain, shock, humiliation and pleasure……

“Ma!” A little girl of about two, awakened by the door creaking open and shut, cried out from the floor in one corner of the room screened off by a straw mat.

“ It's still early. Go back to sleep,” urged her
“妈！我饿，肚子痛。我们今天能有什么吃的？”
“我们今天有吃的了。等一会有卖烧饼的来，妈就买给你。”她欣慰地更加紧捏着掌中的小银片，低微的声音悲伤地发抖，走近屋角去一看她的女儿，移开草席，抱起来放在被褥上。
“还不睡，再睡一会罢。”她说着，同时抬起眼睛，无可告诉她一看破旧的屋顶以上的天空。
空中突然另起了一个很大的波涛，和先前的相撞击，回旋而成旋涡，将一切并我尽行淹没，口鼻都不能呼吸。
我呻吟着醒来，窗外满是如银的月色，离天明还很辽远似的。

我自身不知所在，眼前却有一间在深夜中紧闭的小屋的内部，我自己知道是在续着残梦。可是梦的年代隔了许多年了。屋的内外已经这样整齐；里面是青年的夫妻，一群小孩子，都怨恨鄙夷地对着一个垂老的女人。
“我们没有脸见人，就只因为你，”男人气忿地说。“你还以为养你的，”我怨恨地想。我们……

我母，disconcerted.
“I'm hungry, ma. My tummy aches. Will we have anything to eat today?”
“Yes, we will. When the pieman comes, I'll buy you some sesame cakes.” For reassurance she tightened her grip on the small silver coin in her hand, her low voice trembling with grief as she went to the corner of the room, moved away the matting, picked up the child, and laid her on the rickety couch.
“It's still early. Go back to sleep.” As she spoke she raised her eyes helplessly towards the sky visible above the tumble-down roof.

Suddenly another great wave sprang up in the air, colliding with the first and whirling to form a maelstrom which swallowed up everything, myself included, so that I was unable to breathe.

I woke up groaning. Outside the window all was silver moonlight. Dawn still seemed far away.

I had no idea where I was, but since before me was the interior of a tightly closed cottage late at night, I knew that this was the continuation of my last dream. However, many years had passed in the dream. The cottage was well kept now inside and out; within it, a young couple and a troop of children resentfully and contemptuously confronted an elderly woman.
“All because of you, we can't face the world,” the man fumed. “You imagine you raised her, but in
大了她，其实正是害苦了她，倒不如小时候饿死的好！”
“使我委屈一世的就是你！”女的说。
“还要带累我！”男的说。
“还要带累他们哩！”女的说，指
着孩子们。
最小的一个正玩着一片干芦
叶，这时便向空中一掷。仿佛一柄
钢刀，大声说道：
“杀！”
那垂老的女人口角正在痉挛，
登时一征，接着便都平静，不多时
候，她冷静地，骨立的石像似的站起
来了。她开开板门，迈步在深夜中
走出，遗弃了背后一切的冷骂和毒
笑。
她在深夜中尽走，一直走到无
边的荒野；四面都是荒野，头上只
有高天，并无一个虫鸟飞过。她赤身
露体地，石像似的站在荒野的中央，
于一刹那间见过往的一切，饥饿，
苦痛，惊异，羞辱，欢欣，于是发抖；
害苦，委屈，带累，于是痉挛；杀，于是
平静。……又于一刹那间将一切
并合；眷念与决绝，爱抚与复仇，养
育与歼除，祝福与咒诅。……她于是
举两手尽量向天，口唇间漏出人
}
half-human, half-animal, a cry not of the world of men and therefore wordless.

When she uttered this wordless cry, her whole body, great as a statue but already wasting and degraded, was shaken by tremors. These tremors, small and distinct at first as fish-scales, started seething like water over a blazing fire; and at once the air too was convulsed like waves in the wild, storm-racked ocean.

Then she raised her eyes to the sky, and her wordless cry was swallowed up in silence. Only her tremors, radiating like sunbeams, set the waves in the air whirling round as if in a cyclone to sweep headlong across the illimitable wasteland.

It was a nightmare, yet I knew this was because I had pressed my hands on my chest. And in my dream I strained every nerve to remove these overpowering, heavy hands.

June 29, 1925
On Expressing an Opinion

I dreamed I was in the classroom of a primary school preparing to write an essay, and asked the teacher how to express an opinion.

"That's hard!" Glancing sideways at me over his glasses, he said: "Let me tell you a story—"

"When a son is born to a family, the whole household is delighted. When he is one month old they carry him out to display him to the guests—usually expecting some compliments, of course.

"One says: 'This child will be rich.' Then he is heartily thanked.

"One says: 'This child will be an official.' Then some compliments are made him in return.

"One says: 'This child will die.' Then he is thoroughly beaten by the whole family.

"That the child will die is inevitable, while to say that he will be rich or a high official may be a lie. Yet the lie is rewarded, whereas the statement of the inevitable gains a beating. You..."

"I don't want to tell lies, sir, neither do I want to be beaten. So what should I say?"
“那么，你得说：‘啊呀！这孩子呵！您瞧！多么……。阿唷！哈哈！Hehe! hehe! hehe!’”

一九二五年七月八日。

“In that case say: ‘Aha! Just look at this child! My word.... Oh, my! Obo! Hehe! He, hehehehe!’”

July 8, 1925
After Death

I dreamed I had died by the roadside.

Where I was, how I came to be there, or how I had died, all this was a mystery. Anyway, by the time I knew I had died, I was lying there dead.

I heard magpies cry, then crows. The air was very fresh — thought it carried a tang of the soil — it must be nearly dawn. I tried to open my eyes, but the lids would not move, as if they simply did not belong to me. Then I tried to raise my hands, and it was the same.

I felt a sudden stab of fear through my heart. When I was alive it used to amuse me to think: If a man’s death were simply the paralysis of his motor nerves while sensation still remained, that would be more frightful than total death. Who could tell that my prophecy would come true, or that I was to testify to its truth myself?

I heard footsteps: someone was passing by. A wheel-barrow was pushed past my head; its load was probably heavy, for its squeaking and creaking grated on my nerves and set my teeth on edge. Then everything seemed to turn crimson; the sun must have risen. So I must be facing east. Not that it mattered. A babble
human voices—curious onlookers. They raised a cloud of dust which flew up my nose and made me want to sneeze. I was unable to, though; I just wanted to.

Then came the sound of more and more footsteps, all of which stopped beside me, and there was more whispering: quite a crowd had gathered. I felt a sudden longing to hear what they were saying. But just then I remembered how in my lifetime I used to say that criticism was not worth troubling about. Perhaps I didn't mean what I said; no sooner was I dead than I betrayed myself. But though I went on listening, I could not reach any conclusion, for the remarks seemed little more than this:

"Dead, huh?..."
"Uhhuh!..."
"Well!..."
"Dear me.... Too bad...."

I was delighted not to hear a single familiar voice. Otherwise, some might grieve for me, some might be glad; some might have more to gossip about after dinner, thus wasting precious time; and all this would make me feel very bad. Now no one had seen me, so no one would be affected. Good. After all I had done no one any harm!

But then an ant, I think, started crawling on my back and made me itch. Since I could not stir, I had no means of getting rid of it. Normally, just by turning
to think that although a man could not choose where to live on this earth, he could at least die wherever he pleased. Now I learned this was not the case, and it was very hard to please everyone. What a pity I had long had no pen and paper; but even if I had, I could not write; and even if I wrote, I had nowhere to publish an article. So I had to let it go.

Some men came to carry me off, but I did not know who they were. From the clashing of scabbards I guessed there were police here too, in this place where I should not have died. I was turned round several times, felt myself lifted and set down again, then heard a lid being closed and nails hammered in. But, strangely enough, they used two nails only. Did they always use two nails only in the coffins here?

"I shall be knocking into six walls this time," I thought. "I'm nailed in as well. This is really the end. It's all up with me! . . ."

"It's stuffy in here...," I thought.

As a matter of fact, I was much calmer than before, though I could not be sure whether I had been buried or not. The back of my hand touched the lines on the straw matting; and I felt this type of shroud was not too bad. I was only sorry I did not know who had paid for me out of charity. But, curse those wretched fellows who had put me in the coffin! One corner of my shirt was creased under my back, but they had not
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pulled it straight for me, and now it was sticking into me most uncomfortably. Do you think a dead man has no feelings that you act so carelessly? Pah!

My body seemed much heavier than during life, thus its pressure on the creased shirt made me much more uncomfortable than it normally would have. However, I thought I should soon get used to it, or else I should soon rot; thus it should not prove too troublesome. In the meantime I had better meditate quietly.

"How are you, sir? Are you dead?"

The voice was most familiar. When I opened my eyes, I saw it was the messenger from Bogozhai Bookshop. I had not seen him for more than twenty years, but he still looked the same as before. I examined the six sides of my coffin: they were extremely crude and completely unpolished, the sawn edges still very rough.

"Never mind, that doesn't matter," he said, unwrapping a bundle tied in dark blue cloth. "Here is a Ming Dynasty edition of Gongyang's Commentaries for you. It's JiaJing period, and has black margins. Just keep it. And this...."

"You!" I gazed in amazement at his eyes. "Are you mad?" I asked. "Can't you see what condition I'm in? What use do I have for Ming Dynasty editions?"

"That doesn't matter. Never mind."

I closed my eyes at once in irritation. For some time there was not a sound, no doubt he was gone. But
then it seemed another ant started crawling up my neck and finally reached my face, where it circled round my eyes.

Men never imagined their ideas could change even after death. Suddenly a force shattered the peace of my heart, and many dreams unfolded before my eyes. Some friends had wished me happy, some enemies had wished me blotted out. Yet I had been neither happy nor blotted out, but had lived on somehow obscurely, not fulfilling the expectations of either side. And now I had died like a flitting shadow, without the knowledge even of my foes, unwilling to give them a little pleasure which would cost me nothing.

In my exultation I wanted to cry. These would be my first tears after death.

No tears came, though, after all. There was a sort of flash before my eyes, and I sat up.

July 12, 1925
Such a Fighter

There will be such a fighter!

No longer ignorant as the African natives shouldering well-polished Mausers, nor listless as the Chinese green-banner troops carrying automatic pistols. He does not rely on armour made of ox-hide or of scrap-iron. He has nothing but himself, and for weapon nothing but the javelin hurled by barbarians.

He walks into the lines of nothingness, where all that meet him nod to him in the same manner. He knows that this nod is a weapon used by the enemy to kill without bloodshed by which many fighters have perished. Like a cannon-ball, it renders ineffective the strength of the brave.

Above their heads hang all sorts of flags and banners, embroidered with all manner of titles: philanthropist, scholar, writer, elder, youth, dilettante, gentleman... Beneath are all sorts of surcoats, embroidered with all manner of fine names: scholarship, morality, national culture, public opinion, logic, justice, oriental civilization...

But he raises his javelin.

Together they give their solemn oath that their hearts are in the centre of their chests, unlike the case

这样的战士

要有这样的一种战士——
已不是愚昧如非洲土人而背着
雪亮的毛瑟枪的;也并不疲意如中国
绿营兵而却背着盒子炮。他毫无
乞灵于牛皮和废铁的甲胄;他只有
自己,但拿着蛮人所用的,脱手一掷
的投枪。

他走进无物之阵,所遇见的都
对他一式点头。他知道这点头就是
敌人的武器,是杀人不见血的武器,许
多战士都在此灭亡,正如炮弹一
般,使猛士无所用其力。

那些头上有各种旗帜。绣出各
样好名称:慈善家,学者,文士,长
者,青年,雅人,君子......。头下有
各样外套,绣出各式好花样:学问,
道德,国粹,民意,逻辑,公义,东方
文明......。

但他举起了投枪。

他们都同声立了誓来讲说,他
们的心都在胸膛的中央,和别的偏
心的人类两样。他们都在胸前放着
of other prejudiced people. They try to prove by their breast plates that they themselves believe their hearts are in the centre of their chests.

But he raises his javelin.

He smiles and hurls his javelin to the side, and it pierces them through the heart.

All crumble and fall to the ground, leaving only a surcoat in which there is nothing. The nothingness has escaped and won the victory, because now he has become the criminal who killed the philanthropist and the rest.

But he raises his javelin.

He walks with great strides through the ranks of nothingness, and sees again the same nods, the same banners and surcoats...

But he raises his javelin.

At last he grows old and dies of old age in the lines of nothingness. He is not a fighter after all, and the nothingness is the victor.

In such a place no war-cry is heard, but there is peace.

Peace...

4 But he raises his javelin!

December 14, 1925
The Wise Man, the Fool and the Slave

A slave did nothing but look for people to whom to pour out his woes. This was all he would and all he could do. One day he met a wise man.

"Sir!" he cried sadly, tears pouring down his cheeks. "You know, I lead a dog's life. I may not have a single meal all day, and if I do it is only husks of sorghum which not even a pig would eat. Not to say there is only one small bowl of it..."

"That's really too bad," the wise man commiserated.

"Isn't it?" His spirits rose. "Then I work all day and all night. At dawn I carry water, at dusk I cook the dinner; in the morning I run errands, in the evening I grind wheat; when it's wet I hold the umbrella; in winter I mind the furnace, in summer I wave the fan. At midnight I boil white fungus, and wait on our master at his gambling parties; but never a tip do I get, only sometimes the strap..."

"Dear me..." The wise man sighed, and the rims of his eyes looked a little red as if he were going..."
“先生！我这样是敷衍不下去的。我总得另外想法子。可是什么法子呢……”
“我想，你总会好起来……”
“是么？但愿如此。可是我对先生诉了冤苦，又得你的同情和慰安，已经舒服得不少了。可见天理没有灭绝……”
但是，不几日，他又不平起来了，仍然寻人诉苦。
“先生！”他流着眼泪说，“你知道的。我住的简直比猪窠还不如。主人并不将我当人；他对他的叭儿狗还要好到几万倍……”
“混帐！”那人大叫起来，使他吃惊了。那人是一个傻子。
“先生，我住的只是一间破小屋，又湿，又阴，满是臭虫，睡下去就咬得真可以。秽气冲着鼻子，四面又没有一个窗……”
“你不会要你的主人开一个窗的么？
“这怎么行？……”
“那么，你带我去看去！”
傻子跟奴才到他屋外，动手就砸那泥墙。
“先生！你干什么？”他大惊地说。

“I can’t go on like this, sir. I must find some way out. But what can I do?”
“I am sure things will improve....”
“Do you think so? I certainly hope so. But now that I’ve told you my troubles and you’ve been so sympathetic and encouraging, I already feel much better. It shows there is still some justice in the world.”
A few days later, though, he was in the dumps again and found someone else to whom to pour out his woes.
“Sir!” he exclaimed, shedding tears. “You know, where I live is even worse than a pigsty. My master doesn’t treat me like a human being; he treats his dog ten thousand times better.”
“Confound him!” The other men swore so loudly that he startled the slave. This other man was a fool.
“All I have to live in, sir, is a tumble-down, one-roomed hut, damp, cold and swarming with bedbugs. They gorge on me when I lie down to sleep. The place is stinking and hasn’t a single window....”
“Can’t you ask your master to have a window made?”
“How can I do that?”
“Well, show me what it’s like.”
The fool followed the slave to his hut, and began to pound the mud wall.
“What are you doing, sir?” The slave was horri-
“我给你打开一个窗洞来。”
“这不行！主人要骂的！”
“管他呢！”他仍然砸。
“人来呀！强盗在毁咱们的屋子了！快来呀！迟一点可要打不赢坚
固屋来了！……”他哭喊着，在地上团团地打滚。
一群奴才都出来了，将傻子赶走。
听到了喊声，慢慢地最后出来
的是主人。
“有强盗要来毁咱们的屋子，我
首先呼叫起来，大家一同把他赶走了。”他恭敬而得胜地说。
“你不错。”主人这样夸奖他。

这一天就来了许多慰问的人，
聪明人也在内。
“先生，这回因为我有功，主人
夸奖了我了。你先前说我总会好起来，实在是有先见之明……”他大
有希望似的高兴地说。
“可不是么……”聪明人也代为高兴似的回答他。

一九二五年十二月二十六日。
Reading Satula's poems by lamplight, I have come across a dry, pressed maple leaf.

This carries me back to late autumn of last year. There was heavy frost one night and most of the trees shed their leaves, while one small maple in my court­yard turned crimson. I paced round the tree to take a good look at the leaves, which I had never examined so closely when they were green. Not all of them had turned red; indeed, most were a pale puce, and some still had dark green spots on a crimson background. There was one in which an insect had made a hole, which, fringed with black, stared at you like some bright eye from the chequered red, yellow and green.

"This leaf has been blighted!" I thought.

So I plucked it and slipped it inside the book I had just bought. I suppose I hoped to preserve for a little time this blighted motley of colours so soon to fall, to prevent its drifting away with the other leaves.

But tonight it lies yellow and waxen before my gaze, its eye less bright than last year. In a few more years, when its former hues have faded from memory, I may even forget why I put it in the book. It seems the chequered tints of blighted leaves soon to fall can remain
in my keeping for the shortest time only — to say nothing of those lush and green. Through my window I see that the trees which can best withstand cold are already denuded of leaves, much more so the maple. In late autumn there may have been blighted leaves like last year’s; but unhappily, this year I had no time to appreciate autumn tints.

December 26, 1925

中相对，更何况是葱郁的呢。看看窗外，很能耐寒的树木也早经秃尽了；枫树且何消说得。当深秋时，想来也许有和这去年的模样相似的病叶的罢，但可惜我今年竟没有赏玩秋树的余闲。

一九二五年十二月二十六日。
Amid Pale Bloodstains
— In Memory of Some Who Are Dead, Some Live, and Some Yet Unborn.

At present the creator is still a weakling.

In secret, he causes heaven and earth to change, but dares not destroy this world. In secret, he causes living creatures to die, but dares not preserve their dead bodies. In secret, he causes mankind to shed blood, but dares not keep the bloodstains fresh forever. In secret, he causes mankind to suffer pain, but dares not let them remember it forever.

He provides for his kind only, the weaklings among men; using deserted ruins and lonely tombs to set off rich mansions; using time to dilute pain and bloodstains; each day pouring out one cup of slightly sweetened bitter wine — not too little nor too much — to cause slight intoxication. This he gives to mankind so that those who drink it can weep and sing, seem both sober and drunk, conscious and unconscious, appear willing to live on and willing to die. He must make all creatures willing to live on. He has not the courage yet to destroy mankind.

A few deserted ruins and a few lonely tombs are

淡淡的血痕中
——记念几个死者和生者和未生者

目前的造物主，还是一个怯弱者。

他暗地使天变地异，却不敢毁灭一个这地球；暗地使生物衰亡，却不敢存住一切尸体；暗地使人类流血，却不敢使血色永远鲜浴；暗地使人类受苦，却不敢使人类永远记得。

他专为他的同类——人类中的怯弱者——设想，用废墟荒坟来衬托华屋，用时光来冲淡苦痛和血痕；日日斟出一杯微甘的苦酒，太少，不太多，以能微醉为度，递给人间，使饮者可以哭，可以歌，也如醒，也如醉，若有知，若无知，也欲死，也欲生。他必须使一切也欲生；他还没有消灭人类的勇气。

几片废墟和几个荒坟散在地
scattered over the earth, reflected by pale bloodstains; and there men taste their own vague pain and sorrow, as well as that of others. They will not spurn it, however, thinking it better than nothing; and they call themselves "victims of heaven" to justify their tasting this pain and sorrow. In apprehensive silence they await the coming of new pain and sorrow, new suffering which appals them, which they none the less thirst to meet.

All these are the loyal subjects of the creator. This is what he wants them to be.

A rebellious fighter has arisen from mankind, who, standing erect, sees through all the deserted ruins and lonely tombs of the past and the present. He remembers all the intense and unending agony; he faces squarely the whole welter of clotted blood; he understands all that is dead and all that is living, as well as all yet unborn. He sees through the creator's game. And he will arise to resuscitate or else destroy mankind, these loyal subjects of the creator.

The creator, the weakling, hides himself in shame. Then heaven and earth change colour in the eyes of the fighter.

April 8, 1926
The Awakening

Like students going to school, the planes on their bombing missions fly over Peking each morning. And each time I hear their engines attack the air I feel a certain slight tension, as if I were witnessing the invasion of Death, though this heightens my consciousness of the existence of Life.

After one or two muffled explosions, the planes drone and fly slowly off. There may be some casualties, but the world seems more peaceful than usual. The tender leaves of the poplar outside the window gleam dark gold in the sunlight; the blossom of the flowering plum is more glorious than yesterday. When I have cleared away the newspapers lying all over my bed and wiped off the light grey dust which gathered on the desk last night, my small, square study continues to live up to the description, “bright windows and spotless desk.”

4 For some reason or other, I start to edit the manuscripts of young writers which have accumulated here. I want to go through them all, I read them in chronological order, and then the spirits of these young people who scorn to use any vane rise up in turn before me. They
are fine, they have integrity — but, ah! they are so unhappy! They grow, become angry, and finally grow rough, my lovely youngsters.

Their spirits are roughened by the onslaught of wind and dust, for theirs is the spirit I love. I would gladly kiss this roughness dripping with blood but formless and colourless. In elegant, far-famed gardens filled with rare blossoms, demure and rosy girls are leisurely whiling away the time as the stork gives a cry and dense white clouds rise up... This is all extremely enthralling, but I cannot forget I am living in the world of men.

And this suddenly reminds me of an incident:
Two or three years ago, I was in the staff room at Peking University when a student whom I did not know came in. He handed me a package, then left without a word; and when I opened it, I found a copy of the magazine *Short Grass*. He said not a word, yet what a speaking silence, and what a rich gift that was! I am sorry *Short Grass* is not coming out any more; it seems merely to have served as the forerunner of *The Sunken Bell*. And *The Sunken Bell* is tolling alone in the caverns of wind and dust deep at the bottom of the human sea.

Though the wild thistle is virtually crushed to death, it will still bear one tiny flower. I remember how moved Tolstoy was by this... how it made him write
Of course, when plants in the arid desert reach out desperately with their roots to suck the water deep below the ground and form an emerald forest, they are struggling for their own survival. Yet the tired, parched traveller’s hearts leap up at the sight, for they know they have reached a temporary resting place. Indeed this evokes deep gratitude and sadness.

Under the heading “Without a Title,” in lieu of an address to the reader, the editors of The Sunken Bell wrote: “Some people say our society is a desolate. If this were really the case, though rather desolate it should give you a sense of tranquillity, though rather lonely it should give you a sense of infinity. It should not be so chaotic, gloomy and above all so changeful as it is.”

Yes, the young people’s spirits have risen up before me. They have grown rough, or are about to grow rough. But I love these spirits which bleed and suffer in silence, for they make me know I am in the world of men — I am living among men.

While I have been editing the sun has set, and I carry on by lamplight. All kinds of youth flash past before my eyes, though around me is nothing but dusk. Tired, I take a cigarette, quietly close my eyes in indeterminate thought, and have a long, long dream. I wake with a start. All around is still nothing but dusk;
cigarette smoke rises in the motionless air like tiny specks of cloud in the summer sky, to be slowly transformed into indefinable shapes.

April 10, 1926

烟雾在不动的空气中上升，如几片小小夏云，徐徐幻出难以指名的形象。

一九二六年四月十日。