

乡音不改，年味犹在——地方饮食与文化记忆

每次回到家乡，母亲总会做我最爱的那碗“豆腐圆子汤”。汤清味浓，圆子柔滑，咬下去是淡淡的豆香混着葱花的清香。这种味道，外地再也吃不到。它不仅仅是一道菜，更像是一种情感的召唤，是我与家乡之间最深的联系。

家乡的饮食风俗，承载着最直接的文化记忆。小时候过年，家家户户都要炸“年货”：丸子、米粿、麻花。邻里之间互相串门、交换食物，那种热闹的烟火气，现在已经难得一见。现代社会的生活节奏越来越快，许多人选择在餐馆吃年夜饭，方便但缺少了那份“自己动手”的仪式感。

不过，家乡的味道并没有彻底消失。许多年轻人开始通过短视频记录母亲做菜的过程，把家乡菜的做法上传网络；有的在外地开起家乡风味馆，让更多人尝到那份独特的味道。传统饮食因此有了新的生命。那一勺勺调料、一道道工序，不仅仅是食物的再现，更是文化的传承。

我曾采访过村里的一位老厨师，他说：“做菜不是照方抓药，而是记忆的传递。”这句话让我久久难忘。确实，家乡的食物之所以打动人心，是因为它融合了家庭的温情、节日的喜悦、岁月的印记。每一道菜，都藏着一段故事。

如今，当我在城市的餐馆里吃到“家乡风味”的菜，总觉得差了点什么。那差的，不只是味道，而是那份人情与烟火。文化传承的关键，也许就在这种“差距”里。当我们渴望找回熟悉的味道时，其实是在寻找文化的根。

从饮食到风俗，地方文化的延续并不在于形式的固守，而在于精神的延续。只要人们还记得家乡的味道，还愿意在节日里煮上一碗豆腐圆子汤，那份文化记忆就不会消散。它在每一次烹饪的蒸汽里，在每一次团圆的笑声中，继续温暖着我们的生活。

Unchanged Accents, Unfading Flavors: Local Cuisine and Cultural Memory

Every time I return home, my mother makes my favorite dish—“tofu ball soup.” The broth is clear yet flavorful, the tofu balls soft and delicate, carrying a faint bean fragrance mixed with the scent of scallions. It’s a taste I can’t find anywhere else. That bowl is not just food—it’s a connection, a bridge between me and my hometown.

Local food customs carry the most tangible form of cultural memory. When I was a child, every family prepared New Year snacks—fried balls, rice cakes, and twisted pastries. Neighbors visited one another, exchanging food and laughter. That bustling, smoky warmth is rare today. With the fast pace of modern life, many now prefer restaurant meals—convenient, but lacking the ritual of “doing it yourself.”

Yet, the hometown flavor hasn’t disappeared. Many young people now record videos of their mothers cooking and share the recipes online. Some even open hometown-style

restaurants in cities, allowing others to taste the flavors of their roots. Through these acts, traditional cuisine finds new life. Each seasoning, each recipe, is not just cooking—it's the continuation of memory.

I once interviewed an old village chef who said, "Cooking isn't about following a recipe—it's about passing on memory." I've never forgotten those words. What moves people about hometown food isn't just taste—it's the warmth of family, the joy of festivals, the trace of time. Every dish tells a story.

Now, when I eat so-called "hometown-style" dishes in city restaurants, something always feels missing. What's missing isn't just flavor—it's the warmth of shared labor and laughter. Perhaps this absence is what defines cultural inheritance: when we long for that familiar taste, we are really seeking our cultural roots.

From cuisine to custom, the survival of local culture doesn't rely on rigid preservation but on spiritual continuity. As long as people remember the taste of home, as long as they still cook that bowl of tofu ball soup during the New Year, cultural memory will endure—simmering in the steam of kitchens, echoing in the laughter of family reunions, quietly nourishing our lives.