

故事新编

汉英对照

鲁迅 著
杨宪益 戴乃迭 英译

CHINESE CLASSICS

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OLD TALES RETOLD

CHINESE-ENGLISH

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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、法、德、日等多种文字翻译出版了大量的中国文学作品和文化典籍，上自先秦，下迄现当代，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。这些图书均取自名家名作，由国内外译界权威翻译。每本图书的编选、翻译过程审慎严肃，精雕细琢，中文作品及相应的翻译版本堪称经典。

我们意识到，这些翻译精品，不单有对外译介的意义，而且对国内外语学习者、爱好者及翻译工作者，也是极有价值的读本。为此，我们对这些翻译精品做了认真的遴选，编排成中外对照的形式，陆续推出，以飨读者。

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Publisher's Note

Foreign Languages Press is dedicated to the editing, translating and publishing of books in foreign languages. Over the past several decades it has published, in English, a great number of China's classics and records as well as literary works from the Qin down to modern times, in the aim to fully display the best part of the Chinese culture and its achievements. These books in the original are famous and authoritative in their respective fields, and their English translations are masterworks produced by notable translators both at home and abroad. Each book is carefully compiled and translated with minute precision. Consequently, the English versions as well as their Chinese originals may both be rated as classics.

It is generally considered that these English translations are not only significant for introducing China to the outside world but also useful reading materials for domestic English learners and translators. For this reason, we have carefully selected some of these books, and will publish them successively in Chinese-English bilingual form.

Foreign Languages Press

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序 言

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。

Preface

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 theories 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* 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.

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，只剩着“庸俗”在跋扈了。

直到一九二六年的秋天，一个人住在厦门的

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 Fangwu 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." 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 "vulgaritys."

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,

石屋里，对着大海，翻着古书，四近无生人气，心里空空洞洞。而北京的未名社，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。

no breath of life around me, a void in my 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

补 天

一

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，暖暾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映眼。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。

Mending Heaven

I

Nü Wa 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. Ardent, 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.