

经典的回声 · ECHO OF CLASSICS

SELECTED STORIES OF LU XUN

鲁迅小说选

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译

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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。

外文出版社

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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鲁迅像

The picture of Lu Xun

狂人日记

某君昆仲，今隐其名，皆余昔日在中学校时良友；分隔多年，消息渐阙。日前偶闻其一大病；适归故乡，迂道往访，则仅晤一人，言病者其弟也。劳君远道来视，然已早愈，赴某地候补矣。因大笑，出示日记二册，谓可见当日病状，不妨献诸旧友。持归阅一过，知所患盖“迫害狂”之类。语颇错杂无伦次，又多荒唐之言；亦不著月日，惟墨色字体不一，知非一时所书。间亦有略具联络者，今



A MADMAN'S DIARY

Two brothers, whose names I need not mention here, were both good friends of mine in high school; but after a separation of many years we gradually lost touch. Some time ago I happened to hear that one of them was seriously ill, and since I was going back to my old home I broke my journey to call on them. I saw only one, however, who told me that the invalid was his younger brother.

"I appreciate your coming such a long way to see us," he said, "but my brother recovered some time ago and has gone elsewhere to take up an official post." Then, laughing, he produced two volumes of his brother's diary, saying that from these the nature of his past illness could be seen and there was no harm in showing them to an old friend. I took the diary away, read it through, and found that he had suffered from a form of persecution complex. The writing was most confused and incoherent, and he had made many wild statements; moreover he had omitted to give any dates, so that only by the colour of the ink and the differences in the writing could one tell that it was not all written at one time. Certain sections, however, were not altogether





撮录一篇，以供医家研究。记中语误，一字不易；惟人名虽皆村人，不为世间所知，无关大体，然亦悉易去。至于书名，则本人愈后所题，不复以改也。七年四月二日识。

一

今天晚上，很好的月光。

我不见他，已是三十多年；今天见了，精神分外爽快。才知道以前的三十多年，全是发昏；然而须十分小心。不然，那赵家的狗，何以看我两眼呢？

我怕得有理。

二

今天全没月光，我知道不妙。早上小心出门，赵贵翁的眼色便怪：似乎怕我，似乎想害我。还有七八

ther disconnected, and I have copied out a part to serve as a subject for medical research. I have not altered a single illogicality in the diary and have changed only the names, even though the people referred to are all country folk, unknown to the world and of no consequence. As for the title, it was chosen by the diarist himself after his recovery, and I did not change it.

I

Tonight the moon is very bright.

I have not seen it for over thirty years, so today when I saw it I felt in unusually high spirits. I begin to realize that during the past thirty-odd years I have been in the dark; but now I must be extremely careful. Otherwise why should the Zhaos' dog have looked at me twice?

I have reason for my fear.



II

Tonight there is no moon at all, I know that this is a bad omen. This morning when I went out cautiously, Mr. Zhao had a strange look in his eyes, as if he were afraid of me, as if he wanted to murder me.



个人，交头接耳的议论我，又怕我看见。一路上的人，都是如此。其中最凶的一个人，张着嘴，对我笑了一笑；我便从头直冷到脚跟，晓得他们布置，都已妥当了。

我可不怕，仍旧走我的路。前面一伙小孩子，也在那里议论我；眼色也同赵贵翁一样，脸色也都铁青。我想我同小孩子有什么仇，他也这样。忍不住大声说，“你告诉我！”他们可就跑了。

我想：我同赵贵翁有什么仇，同路上的人又有什么仇；只有廿年以前，把古久先生的陈年流水簿子，踹了一脚，古久先生很不高兴。赵贵翁虽然不认识他，一定也听到风声，代抱不平；约定路上的人，同我作冤对。但是小孩子呢？那时候，他们还没有出世，何以今天也睁着怪眼睛，似乎怕我，似乎想害我。这真教我怕，教我纳罕而且伤心。

我明白了。这是他们娘老子教的！

There were seven or eight others who discussed me in a whisper. And they were afraid of my seeing them. So, indeed, were all the people I passed. The fiercest among them grinned at me; whereupon I shivered from head to foot, knowing that their preparations were complete.

I was not afraid, however, but continued on my way. A group of children in front were also discussing me, and the look in their eyes was just like that in Mr. Zhao's while their faces too were ghastly pale. I wondered what grudge these children could have against me to make them behave like this. I could not help calling out, "Tell me!" But then they ran away.

I wonder what grudge Mr. Zhao has against me, what grudge the people on the road have against me. I can think of nothing except that twenty years ago I trod on Mr. Gu Jiu's old ledgers, and Mr. Gu was most displeased. Although Mr. Zhao does not know him, he must have heard talk of this and decided to avenge him, thus he is conspiring against me with the people on the road. But then what of the children? At that time they were not yet born, so why should they eye me so strangely today, as if they were afraid of me, as if they wanted to murder me? This really frightens me, it is so bewildering and upsetting. I know. They must have learned this from their parents!



三

晚上总是睡不着。凡事须得研究,才会明白。

他们——也有给知县打枷过的,也有给绅士掌过嘴的,也有衙役占了他妻子的,也有老子娘被债主逼死的;他们那时候的脸色,全没有昨天这么怕,也没有这么凶。

最奇怪的是昨天街上的那个女人,打他儿子,嘴里说道,“老子呀!我要咬你几口才出气!”他眼睛却看着我。我出了一惊,遮掩不住;那青面獠牙的一伙人,便都哄笑起来。陈老五赶上前,硬把我拖回家中了。

拖我回家,家里的人都装作不认识我;他们的眼色,也全同别人一样。进了书房,便反扣上门,宛然是关了一只鸡鸭。这一件事,越教我猜不出底细。

前几天,狼子村的佃户来告荒,对我大哥说,他们村里的一个大恶人,给大家打死了;几个人便挖出他



III

I can't sleep at night. Everything requires careful consideration if one is to understand it.

Those people, some of whom have been pilloried by the magistrate, slapped in the face by the local gentry, had their magistrate, slapped in the face by the local gentry, had their wives taken away by bailiffs or their parents driven to suicide by creditors, never looked as frightened and as fierce then as they did yesterday.

The most extraordinary thing was that woman on the street yesterday who was spanking her son. "Little devil!" She cried. "I'm so angry I could eat you!" Yet all the time it was me she was looking at. I gave a start, unable to hide my alarm. Then all those long-toothed people with livid faces began to hoot with laughter. Old Chen hurried forward and dragged me home.

He dragged me home. The folk at home all pretended not to know me; they had the same look in their eyes as all the others. When I went into the study, they looked me in as if cooping up a chicken or a duck. This incident left me even more bewildered.

A few days ago a tenant of ours from Wolf Cub Village came to report the failure of the crops and told my elder brother that a notorious character in their village had been beaten to death; then some people had

