

经典的回声 · ECHO OF CLASSICS

WANDERING

彷徨

鲁迅

著

杨宪益

戴乃迭

译

外文出版社



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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。

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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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《彷徨》原版封面

The original cover of *Wandering*

祝 福

旧历的年底毕竟最像年底，村镇上不必说，就在天空中也显出将到新年的气象来。灰白色的沉重的晚云中间时时发出闪光，接着一声钝响，是送灶的爆竹；近处燃放的可就更强烈了，震耳的大音还没有息，空气里已经散满了幽微的火药香。我是正在这一夜回到我的故乡鲁镇的。虽说故乡，然而已没有家，所以只得暂寓在鲁四老爷的宅子里。他是我的本家，比我长一辈，应该称之曰“四叔”，是一个讲理学的老监生。他比先前并没有什么大改变，单是老了些，但也还未留胡子；一见面是寒暄，寒暄之后说我“胖了”，说我“胖了”之后即大骂其新党。但我知道，这并非借题在骂我：因为他所骂的还是康有为。但是，谈话是总不投机的了，于是不多久，我便一个人剩在书房里。

THE NEW-YEAR SACRIFICE

The end of the year by the old calendar does really seem a more natural end to the year for, to say nothing of the villages and towns, the very sky seems to proclaim the New Year's approach. Intermittent flashes from pallid, lowering evening clouds are followed by the rumble of crackers bidding farewell to the Hearth God and, before the deafening reports of the bigger bangs close at hand have died away, the air is filled with faint whiffs of gunpowder. On one such night I returned to Luzhen, my home town. I call it my home town, but as I put up at the house of a Fourth Uncle since he belongs to the generation before mine in our clan. A former Imperial Academy licentiate who believes in Neo-Confucianism, he seemed very little changed, just slightly older, but without any beard as yet. Having exchanged some polite remarks upon meeting he observed that I was fatter, and having observed that I was fatter launched into a violent attack on the reformists I did not take this personally, however, as the object of his attack was Kang Youwei. Still, conversation proved so difficult that I shortly found myself alone in the study.



第二天我起得很迟,午饭之后,出去看了几个本家和朋友;第三天也照样。他们也都没有什么大改变,单是老了些;家中却一律忙,都在准备着“祝福”。这是鲁镇年终的大典,致敬尽礼,迎接福神,拜求来年一年中的好运气的。杀鸡,宰鹅,买猪肉;用心细细的洗,女人的臂膊都在水里浸得通红,有的还带着绞丝银镯子。煮熟之后,横七竖八插些筷子在这类东西上,可就称为“福礼”了,五更天陈列起来,并且点上香烛,恭请福神们来享用;拜的却只限于男人,拜完自然仍然是放爆竹。年年如此,家家如此,只要买得起福礼和爆竹之类的,——今年自然也如此。天色愈阴暗了,下午竟下起雪来,雪花大的有梅花那么大,满天飞舞,夹着烟霭和忙碌的气色,将鲁镇乱成一团糟。我回到四叔的书房里时,瓦楞上已经雪白,房里也映得较光明,极分明的显出壁上挂着的朱拓的大“寿”字,陈抟老祖写

I rose late the next day and went out after lunch to see relatives and friends, spending the following day in the same way. They were all very little changed, just slightly older; but every family was busy preparing for the New-Year sacrifice. This is the great end-of-year ceremony in Luzhen, during which a reverent and splendid welcome is given to the God of Fortune so that he will send good luck for the coming year. Chickens and geese are killed, pork is bought, and everything is scrubbed and scoured until all the women's arms — some still in twisted silver bracelets — turn red in the water. After the meat is cooked chopsticks are thrust into it at random, and when this "offering" is set out at dawn, incense and candles are lit and the God of Fortune is respectfully invited to come and partake of it. The worshippers are confined to men and, of course, after worshipping they go on letting off fire-crackers as before. This is done every year, in every household — and naturally this year was no exception.

The sky became overcast and in the afternoon it was filled with a flurry of snowflakes, some as large as plum-blossom petals, which merged with the smoke and the bustling atmosphere to make the small town a welter of confusion. By the time I had returned to my uncle's study, the roof of the house was already white with snow which made the room brighter than usual, highlighting the red stone rubbing that hung on the wall of the big character "Longevity" as written by the Tao-

的；一边的对联已经脱落，松松的卷了放在长桌上，一边的还在，道是“事理通达心气和平”。我又无聊赖的到窗下的案头去一翻，只见一堆似乎未必完全的《康熙字典》，一部《近思录集注》和一部《四书衬》无论如何，我明天决计要走了。

况且，一想到昨天遇见祥林嫂的事，也就使我不能安住。那是下午，我到镇的东头访过一个朋友，走出来，就在河边遇见她；而且见她瞪着的眼睛的视线，就知道明明是向我走来的。我这回在鲁镇所见的人们中，改变之大，可以说无过于她的了：五年前的花白的头发，即今已经全白，全不像四十上下的人；脸上瘦削不堪，黄中带黑，而且消尽了先前悲哀的神色，仿佛是木刻似的；只有那眼珠间或一轮，还可以表示她是一个活物。她一手提着竹篮，内中一个破碗，空的；一手拄着一支比她更长的竹竿，下端开了裂：她分明已经纯乎是一个乞丐了。

ist saint Chen Tuan. One of the pair of scrolls flanking it had fallen down and was lying loosely rolled up on the long table. The other, still in its place, bore the inscription "Understanding of principles brings peace of mind." Idly, I strolled over to the desk beneath the window to turn over the pile of books on it, but only found an apparently incomplete set of *The Kang Xi Dictionary*, *the Selected Writings of Neo-Confucian Philosophers*, and *Commentaries on the Four Books*. At all events I must leave the next day, I decided.

Besides, the thought of my meeting with Xianglin's Wife the previous day was preying on my mind. It had happened in the afternoon. On my way back from calling on a friend in the eastern part of the town, I had met her by the river and knew from the fixed look in her eyes that she was going to accost me. Of all the people I had seen during this visit to Luzhen, none had changed so much as she had. Her hair, streaked with grey five years before, was now completely white, making her appear much older than one around forty. Her sallow, dark-tinged face that looked as if it had been carved out of wood was fearfully wasted and had lost the grief-stricken expression it had borne before. The only sign of life about her was the occasional flicker of her eyes. In one hand she had a bamboo basket containing a chipped, empty bowl; in the other, a bamboo pole, taller than herself, that was split at the bottom. She had clearly become a beggar pure and

我就站住，预备她来讨钱。

“你回来了？”她先这样问。

“是的。”

“这正好。你是识字的，又是出门人，见识得多。我正要问你一件事——”她那没有精采的眼睛忽然发光了。

我万料不到她却说出这样的话来，诧异的站着。

“就是——”她走近两步，放低了声音，极秘密似的切切的说，“一个人死了之后，究竟有没有魂灵的？”

我很悚然，一见她的眼钉着我的，背上也就遭了芒刺一般，比在学校里遇到不及豫防的临时考，教师又偏是站在身旁的时候，惶急得多了。对于魂灵的有无，我自己是向来毫不介意的；但在此刻，怎样回答她好呢？我在极短期的踌躇中，想，这里的人照例相信鬼，然而她，却疑惑了，——或者不如说希望：希望其有，又希望其无……。人何必增添末路的人的苦恼，为她起见，不如说有罢。

“也许有罢，——我想。”我于是吞吞吐吐的说。

“那么，也就有地狱了？”

simple.

I stopped, waiting for her to come and ask for money.

"So you're back?" were her first words.

"Yes."

"That's good. You are a scholar who's travelled and seen the world. There's something I want to ask you." A sudden gleam lit up her lacklustre eyes.

This was so unexpected that surprise rooted me to the spot.

"It's this." She drew two paces nearer and lowered her voice, as if letting me into a secret. "Do dead people turn into ghosts or not?"

My flesh crept. The way she had fixed me with her eyes made a shiver run down my spine, and I felt far more nervous than when a surprise test is sprung on you at school and the teacher insists on standing over you. Personally, I had never bothered myself in the least about whether spirits existed or not; but what was the best answer to give her now? I hesitated for a moment, reflecting that the people here still believed in spirits, but she seemed to have her doubts, or rather hopes — she hoped for life after death and dreaded it at the same time. Why increase the sufferings of someone with a wretched life? For her sake, I thought, I'd better say there was.

"Quite possibly, I'd say," I told her falteringly.

"That means there must be a hell too?"