



经典的回声 · ECHO OF CLASSICS

DAWN BLOSSOMS PLUCKED AT DUSK

朝花夕拾

鲁迅

著

杨宪益

戴乃迭

译

外文出版社





朝花夕拾
*DAWN BLOSSOMS PLUCKED
AT DUSK*

魯迅 著

杨宪益 译
戴乃迭

Written by Lu Xun

Translated by

Yang Xianyi and Gladys Yang

外文出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

朝花夕拾:汉英对照/鲁迅著;杨宪益,戴乃迭译.

—北京:外文出版社,2000.9

(经典的回声)

ISBN 7-119-02697-6

I.朝... II.①鲁...②杨...③戴... III.英语-对照读物,散文-汉、英 IV.H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2000)第 66876 号

外文出版社网址: http://www.flp.com.cn 外文出版社电子信箱: info@flp.com.cn sales@flp.com.cn

经典的回声

朝花夕拾(汉英对照)

作 者 鲁 迅

译 者 杨宪益 戴乃迭

责任编辑 胡开敏

封面设计 陈 军

出版发行 外文出版社

社 址 北京市百万庄大街 24 号 邮政编码 100037

电 话 (010)68320579 (总编室)

(010)68329514/68327211 (推广发行部)

印 刷 三河市三佳印刷装订有限公司

经 销 新华书店/外文书店

开 本 大 32 开(850×1168 毫米) 字 数 130 千字

印 数 0001—8000 册 印 张 8.5

版 次 2000 年 9 月第 1 版第 1 次印刷

装 别 平 装

书 号 ISBN 7-119-02697-6/I.674(外)

定 价 12.80 元

版权所有 侵权必究

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

目次

CONTENTS

小 引	2
狗·猫·鼠	8
阿长与《山海经》	34
《二十四孝图》	54
五猖会	76
无 常	90
从百草园到三味书屋	112
父亲的病	128
琐 记	148
藤野先生	172
范爱农	192
后 记	220

<i>PREFACE</i>	3
DOGS, CATS, AND MICE	9
AH CHANG AND THE <i>BOOK OF HILLS AND SEAS</i>	35
<i>THE PICTURE-BOOK OF TWENTY-FOUR ACTS OF FILIAL PIETY</i>	55
THE FAIR OF THE FIVE FIERCE GODS	77.
WU CHANG OF LIFE-IS-TRANSIENT	91
FROM HUNDRED-PLANT GARDEN TO THREE- FLAVOUR STUDY	113
FATHER'S ILLNESS	129
FRAGMENTARY RECOLLECTIONS	149
MR. FUJINO	173
FAN AINONG	193
<i>POSTSCRIPT</i>	221



《朝花夕拾》原版封面

The original cover of *Dawn Blossoms Plucked at Dusk*

小 引

我常想在纷扰中寻出一点闲静来，然而委实不容易。目前是这么离奇，心里是这么芜杂。一个人做到只剩了回忆的时候，生涯大概总要算是无聊了罢，但有时竟会连回忆也没有。中国的做文章有轨范，世事也仍然是螺旋。前几天我离开中山大学的时候，便想起四个月以前的离开厦门大学；听到飞机在头上鸣叫，竟记得了一年前在北京城上日日旋绕的飞机。我那时还做了一篇短文，叫做《一觉》。现在是，连这“一觉”也没有了。

广州的天气热得真早，夕阳从西窗射入，逼得人只能勉强穿一件单衣。书桌上的一盆“水横枝”，是我先前没有见过的：就是一段树，只要浸在水中，枝叶便青葱得可爱。看看绿叶，编编旧稿，总算也在做一点事。做着这等事，真是虽生



Preface

I often hanker after a little peace and respite from confusion, but it is really hard to come by. The present is so bizarre and my state of mind so confused. When a man reaches the stage when all that remains to him is memories, his life should probably count as futile enough, yet sometimes even memories may be lacking. In China there are rules for writing, and worldly affairs still move in a tortuous course. A few days ago when I left Sun Yat-sen University, I remembered how I left Amoy University four months ago; and the drone of planes overhead reminded me of the planes which, a year ago, had circled daily over Peking. At that time I wrote a short essay called "The Awakening." Today, even this fails to "awaken" me.

It certainly grows hot early in Guangzhou; the rays of the setting sun shining through the west window force one to wear nothing but a shirt at most. The "water-bough" in a basin on my desk is something quite new to me, a lopped-off bough which, immersed in water, will put out lovely green leaves. Looking at these green leaves and editing some old manuscripts means that I am doing something, I suppose. Doing such trifling things, although really tantamount to death

之日,犹死之年,很可以驱除炎热的。

前天,已将《野草》编定了;这回便轮到陆续载在《莽原》上的《旧事重提》,我还替他改了一个名称:《朝花夕拾》。带露折花,色香自然要好得多,但是我不能够。便是现在心目中的离奇和芜杂,我也还不能使他即刻幻化,转成离奇和芜杂的文章。或者,他日仰看流云时,会在我的眼前一闪烁罢。

我有一时,曾经屡次忆起儿时在故乡所吃的蔬果:菱角、罗汉豆、茭白、香瓜。凡这些,都是极其鲜美可口的;都曾是使我思乡的蛊惑。后来,我在久别之后尝到了,也不过如此;惟独在记忆上,还有旧来的意味留存。他们也许要哄骗我一生,使我时时反顾。

这十篇就是从记忆中抄出来的,与实际容或有些不同,然而我现在只记得是这样。文体大概很杂乱,因为是或作或辍,经了九个月之多。环境也不一:前两篇写于北京寓所的东

in life, is an excellent way of banishing the heat.

The day before yesterday I finished editing *Wild Grass*; now it is the turn of *Recollections of the past*, serialized in the magazine *Wilderness*, and I have changed its name to *Dawn Blossoms Plucked at Dusk*. Of course flowers plucked with dew on them are much fresher and sweeter, but I was unable to gather these at dawn. Even now I cannot readily transpose my confused thoughts and feelings into bizarre, confused writings. Perhaps some day when I look up at the fleeting clouds, they may flash before my eyes.

For a time I kept recalling the vegetables and fruits I ate as a child in my old home: caltrops, horse-beans, water bamboo shoots, musk-melons. So succulent, so delicious were they all, they beguiled me into longing for my old home. Later, tasting these things again after a protracted absence, I found them nothing special. It was only in retrospect that they retained their old flavour. They may keep on deceiving me my whole life long, making my thoughts turn constantly to the past.

These ten pieces are records transcribed from memory, perhaps deviating somewhat from the facts, but this is just how I remember things today. The writing itself is no doubt a strange hodgepodge, having been jotted down by fits and starts, over a period of nine months or more. The surroundings differed too: the first two pieces were written by the east wall of my



壁下；中三篇是流离中所作，地方是医院和木匠房；后五篇却在厦门大学的图书馆的楼上，已经是被学者们挤出集团之后了。

一九二七年五月一月，鲁迅于广州白云楼记。



house in Peking; the next three during my wanderings in hospitals and in a carpenter's workshop; the last five on the top floor of the library of Amoy University, when those scholars there had already excluded me from their clique.

Lu Xun

*Written in White Cloud Pavilion, Guangzhou
May 1, 1927*

ALL MY WORKS ARE HERE AT LAST



狗·猫·鼠

从去年起，仿佛听得有人说我是仇猫的。那根据自然是在我的那一篇《兔和猫》；这是自画招供，当然无话可说，——但倒也毫不介意。一到今年，我可很有点担心了。我是常不免于弄弄笔墨的，写了下来，印了出去，对于有些人似乎总是搔着痒处的时候少，碰着痛处的时候多。万一不谨，甚而至于得罪了名人或名教授，或者更甚而至于得罪了“负有指导青年责任的前辈”之流，可就危险已极。为什么呢？因为这些大脚色是“不好惹”的。怎地“不好惹”呢？就是怕要浑身发热之后，做一封信登在报纸上，广告道：“看哪！狗不是仇猫的么？鲁迅先生却自己承认是仇猫的，而他还说要打‘落水狗’！”这“逻辑”的奥义，即在我的话，来证明我倒是狗，于是而凡有言说，全都根本推翻，即使我说二二得四，三三见九，也



Dogs, Cats, and Mice

Since last year I seem to have heard some people calling me a cat-hater. The evidence, naturally, was my tale "Rabbits and Cats," and this being a self-confession there was of course no defence to be made — but that worried me not at all. This year, however, I have begun to feel a little anxious. I cannot help scribbling from time to time, and when what I write is published it seldom scratches certain people where they itch but often strikes them on some sensitive spot. If I am not careful I may even offend celebrities and eminent professors or, worse still, some of the "elders responsible for guiding the youth." And that would be extremely dangerous. Why so? Because these bigwigs are "not to be trifled with." Why are they "not to be trifled with"? Because they may become so incensed that they publish a letter in a paper announcing: "See! Don't dogs hate cats? Mr. Lu Xun himself admits to hating cats yet he also advocates beating 'dogs that have fallen into the water'!" The subtlety of this "logic" lies in its use of words from my own mouth to prove me a dog, from which it follows that any defence I make is completely overturned. Even if I say two twos make four, three threes make nine, every single word is

