



经典的回声 · ECHO OF CLASSICS

CALL TO ARMS

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鲁迅

著

杨宪益

戴乃迭

译

外文出版社



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杨宪益
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Written by Lu Xun
Translated by
Yang Xianyi and Gladys Yang

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作者 鲁迅

译者 杨宪益 戴乃迭

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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.

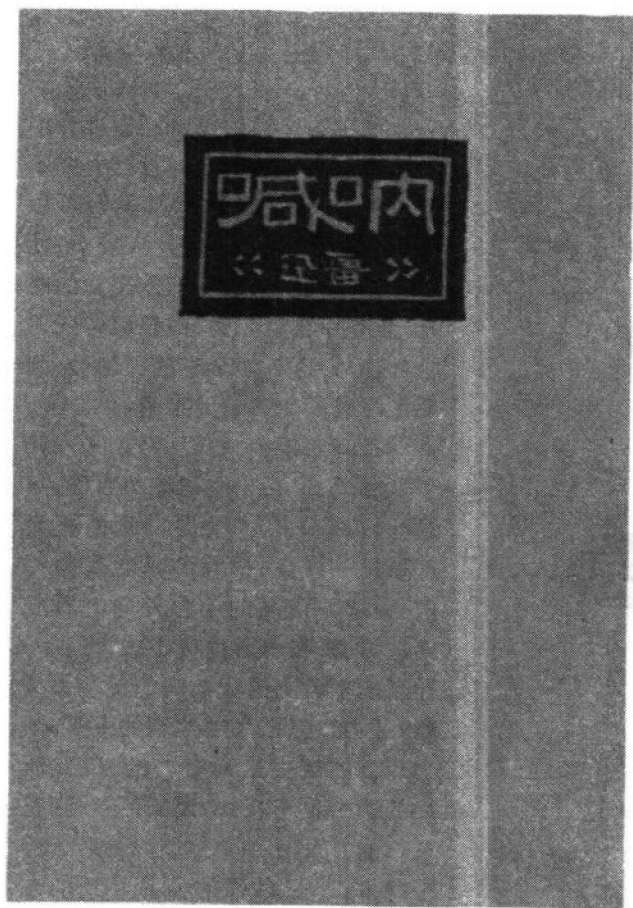
It is generally considered that these English translations are not only significant for introducing China to the outside world but also useful reading materials for domestic English learners and translators. For this reason, we have carefully selected some of these books, and will publish them successively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

Foreign Languages Press

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《呐喊》原版封面

The original cover of *Call to Arms*

自序

我在年青时候也曾经做过许多梦,后来大半忘却了,但自己也并不以为可惜。所谓回忆者,虽说可以使人欢欣,有时也不免使人寂寞,使精神的丝缕还牵着已逝的寂寞的时光,又有什么意味呢,而我偏苦于不能全忘却,这不能全忘的一部分,到现在便成了《呐喊》的来由。

我有四年多,曾经常常,——几乎是每天,出入于质铺和药店里,年纪可是忘却了,总之是药店的柜台正和我一样高,质铺的是比我高一倍,我从一倍高的柜台外送上衣服或首饰去,在侮蔑里接了钱,再到一样高的柜台上给我久病的父亲去买药。回家之后,又须忙别的事了,因为开方的医生是最有名的,以此所用的药引也奇特:冬天的芦根,经霜三年的甘蔗,蟋蟀要原对的,结子的平地木,……多不是容易办到的东西。然而我的父亲终于日重一日的

PREFACE TO *CALL TO ARMS*

When I was young I, too, had many dreams. Most of them I later forgot, but I see nothing in this to regret. For although recalling the past may bring happiness, at times it cannot but bring loneliness, and what is the point of clinging in spirit to lonely bygone days? However, my trouble is that I cannot forget completely, and these stories stem from those things which I have been unable to forget.

For more than four years I frequented, almost daily, a pawnshop and pharmacy. I cannot remember how old I was at the time, but the pharmacy counter was exactly my height and that in the pawnshop twice my height. I used to hand clothes and trinkets up to the counter twice my height, then take the money given me with contempt to the counter my own height to buy medicine for my father, a chronic invalid. On my return home I had other things to keep me busy, for our physician was so eminent that he prescribed unusual drugs and adjuvants: aloe roots dug up in winter, sugar-cane that had been three years exposed to frost, original pairs of crickets, and ardisia that had seeded... most of which were difficult to come by. But my

亡故了。

有谁从小康人家而坠入困顿的么,我以为在这途路中,大概可以看见世人的真面目;我要到 N 进 K 学堂去了,仿佛是想走异路,逃异地,去寻求别样的人们。我的母亲没有办法,办了八元的川资,说是由我的自便;然而伊哭了,这正是情理中的事,因为那时读书应试是正路,所谓学洋务,社会上便以为是一种走投无路的人,只得将灵魂卖给鬼子,要加倍的奚落而且排斥的,而况伊又看不见自己的儿子了。然而我也顾不得这些事,终于到 N 去进了 K 学堂了,在这学堂里,我才知道世上还有所谓格致,算学,地理,历史,绘图和体操。生理学并不教,但我们却看到些木版的《全体新论》和《化学卫生论》之类了。我还记得先前的医生的议论和方药,和现在所知道的比较起来,便渐渐的悟得中医不过是一种有意的或无意的骗子,同时又很起了对于被骗的病人和他的家族的同情;而且从译出的历史上,

father's illness went from bad to worse until finally he died.

It is my belief that those who come down in the world will probably learn in the process what society is really like. My eagerness to go to N — and study in the K — Academy seems to have shown a desire to strike out for myself, escape, and find people of a different kind. My mother had no choice but to raise eight dollars for my travelling expenses and say I might do as I pleased. That she cried was only natural, for at that time the proper thing was to study the classics and take the official examinations. Anyone who studied "foreign subjects" was a social outcast regarded as someone who could find no way out and was forced to sell his soul to foreign devils. Besides, she was sorry to part with me. But in spite of all this, I went to N — and entered the K — Academy; and it was there that I learned of the existence of physics, arithmetic, geography, history, drawing and physical training. They had no physiology course, but we saw woodblock editions of such works as *A New Course on the Human Body* and *Essays on Chemistry and Hygiene*. Recalling the talk and prescriptions of physicians I had known and comparing them with what I now knew, I came to the conclusion that those physicians must be either unwitting or deliberate charlatans; and I began to feel great sympathy for the invalids and families who suffered at their hands. From translated histories I also learned that the Japanese

又知道了日本维新是大半发端于西方医学的事实。

因为这些幼稚的知识,后来便使我的学籍列在日本一个乡间的医学专门学校里了。我的梦很美满,预备卒业回来,救治像我父亲似的被误的病人的疾苦,战争时候便去当军医,一面又促进了国人对于维新的信仰。我已不知道教授微生物学的方法,现在又有了怎样的进步了,总之那时是用了电影,来显示微生物的形状的,因此有时讲义的一段落已完,而时间还没有到,教师便映些风景或时事的画片给学生看,以用去这多余的光阴。其时正当日俄战争的时候,关于战事的画片自然也就比较的多了,我在这一个讲堂中,便须常常随喜我那同学们的拍手和喝采。有一回,我竟在画片上忽然会见我久违的许多中国人了,一个绑在中间,许多站在左右,一样是强壮的体格,而显出麻木的神情。据解说,则绑着的是替俄国做了军事上的侦探,正要被日军砍下头颅来示众,而围着的便是来赏鉴这示众的盛举的人们。

这一学年没有完毕,我已经到了东京了,因为从那一回以后,我便觉得医学并非一件紧要事,凡是愚

Reformation owed its rise, to a great extent, to the introduction of Western medical science to Japan.

These inklings took me to a medical college in the Japanese countryside. It was my fine dream that on my return to China I would cure patients like my father who had suffered from the wrong treatment, while if war broke out I would serve as an army doctor, at the same time promoting my countrymen's faith in reform.

I have no idea what improved methods are now used to teach microbiology, but in those days we were shown lantern slides of microbes; and if the lecture ended early, the instructor might show slides of natural scenery or news to fill up the time. Since this was during the Russo-Japanese War, there were many war slides, and I had to join in the clapping and cheering in the lecture hall along with the other students. It was a long time since I had seen and compatriots, but one day I saw a news reel slide of a number of Chinese, one of them bound and the rest standing around him. They were all sturdy fellows but appeared completely apathetic. According to the commentary, the one with his hands bound was a spy working for the Russians who was to be beheaded by the Japanese military as a warning to others, while the Chinese beside him had come to enjoy the spectacle.

Before the term was over I had left for Tokyo, because this slide convinced me that medical science was not so important after all. The people of a weak and

弱的国民,即使体格如何健全,如何茁壮,也只能做毫无意义的示众的材料和看客,病死多少是不必以为不幸的。所以我们的第一要著,是在改变他们的精神,而善于改变精神的是,我那时以为当然要推文艺,于是想提倡文艺运动了。在东京的留学生很有学法政理化以至警察工业的,但没有人治文学和美术;可是在冷淡的空气中,也幸而寻到几个同志了,此外又邀集了必须的几个人,商量之后,第一步当然是出杂志,名目是取“新的生命”的意思,因为我们那时大抵带些复古的倾向,所以只谓之《新生》。

《新生》的出版之期接近了,但最先就隐去了若干担当文字的人,接着又逃走了资本,结果只剩下不名一钱的三个人。创始时候既已背时,失败时候当然无可告语,而其后续连这三个人也都为各自的运命所驱策,不能在一处纵谈将来的好梦了,这就是我们的并未产生的《新生》的结局。

我感到未尝经验的无聊,是自此以后的事。我当初是不知其所以然的;后来想,凡有一人的主张,得

backward country, however strong and healthy they might be, could only serve to be made examples of or as witnesses of such futile spectacles; and it was not necessarily deplorable if many of them died of illness. The most important thing, therefore, was to change their spirit; and since at that time I felt that literature was the best means to this end, I decided to promote a literary movement. There were many Chinese students in Tokyo studying law, political science, physics and chemistry, even police work and engineering, but not one studying literature and art. However, even in this uncongenial atmosphere I was fortunate enough to find some kindred spirits. We gathered the few others we needed and after discussion our first step, of course, was to publish a magazine, the title of which denoted that this was a new birth. As we were then rather classically inclined, we called it *Vita Nova* (*New Life*).

When the time for publication drew near, some of our contributors dropped out and then our funds ran out, until there were only three of us left and we were penniless. Since we had started our venture at an unlucky hour, there was naturally no one to whom we could complain when we failed; but later even we three were destined to part, and our discussions of a future dream world had to cease. So ended this abortive *Vita Nova*.

Only later did I feel the futility of it all. At that time I had not a clue. Later it seemed to me that if a