

漢英對照

中國近代短篇小說選

顧宗沂等譯

著 作 者

巴 金	魯 彥	魯 迅
郭沫若	謝冰心	郁達夫
張天翼	葉紹鈞	

上海中英出版社印行

MODERN CHINESE SHORT STORIES

WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATION

漢 英 對 照

中國近代短篇小說選

顧宗沂等譯
陸莊編選

著 作 者

巴 金 魯 彥 魯 迅
郭沫若 謝冰心 郁達夫
張天翼 葉紹鈞

MODERN CHINESE SHORT STORIES

Translators ·

 KU TSONG-NEE
CHIANG HSUEH-TSENG SZE MING-TING
G N LING FENG YU-SING

Complied by
LOH TSANG

上海中英出版社印行

漢 英 對 照

中國近代短篇小說選
MODERN CHINESE SHORT STORIES

Translated by
KU TSONG-NEE & OTHERS

(Price \$2.20)

每冊 二元五角

(版權所有)

著 作 者	魯 彥 · 巴 金 · 魯 迅 等
翻 譯 者	顧 宗 沂 等
編 選 者	陸 莊
發 行 者	中 英 出 版 社
總 經 售	五 洲 書 報 社

上海山東路二二一號

· 經 售 處 ·

光 明 書 局
福州路二九六號

青 年 書 店
愚園路二三一號

作 者 書 社
福州路二七一號

霞 飛 書 局
霞飛路五二三號

中 國 圖 書 服 務 社
福州路二八一號

中 國 圖 書 雜 誌 公 司
福州路三八〇號

民 國 三 十 年 六 月 初 版

目 次 CONTENTS

	Page
魯 彥： 一篇抄襲的戀愛故事	
LU YEN: A COPIED LOVE STORY	1-10
巴 金： 好 人	
PA CHIN: A GOOD MAN	1-16
魯 迅： 狂 人 日 記	
LU HSIN: THE DIARY OF A CRAZY MAN	1-22
郭沫若： 孟夫子出妻	
KUO MO-JO: HOW MENCIUS PUT AWAY HIS WIFE	1-10
郁達夫： 春風沉醉的晚上	
YU TA-FU: ONE SPRING NIGHT	1-24
張天翼： 二十一個	
CHING T'IENTI TWENTY-ONE MEN	1-22
葉紹鈞： 抗 爭	
YEH SHAO-CHUN: RESISTANCE	1-34
謝冰心： 超人	
HSIEH PING-HSIN: THE SUPERMAN	1-14

一篇抄襲的戀愛故事

魯 彥

我在×學校裏擔任國文。一次，在三十餘本的作文簿中間，忽然發現了幾張潦草的稿子。沒有題目，也沒有署名。作者，寫這一篇文字的學生，很像是對於牠的內容未曾把握住，同時又顯然有點羞澀和畏怯，所以不曾填上他的姓名。我很快的把這篇文字讀了一遍，生了氣。真是萬千的荒謬！完全杜撰的而又是東抄西襲的無聊的戀愛故事！在這聰明的人類中，聖潔的戀愛下，怎麼會有這樣糊塗的故事呢！

我憤怒地檢查所有的卷子，和名冊一一對了下去，立刻知道了是誰寫的。一個十六歲的孩子。於是，在這一點上，我不能不寬恕他了；而且，文字也還不錯哩，和全班學生所做的比較起來。我再拿起他的文章來讀，在荒謬的，杜撰和抄襲之外，竟找到了一種意義和真實。是的，荒謬仍是荒謬的，意義也還存在着；瞎想瞎抄出來是不錯的，真實也還在這中間。因此我費了一點時間，把他抄出來了。

下面是這個十六歲孩子所做的戀愛故事：——

I

一天夜間，我獨自在學校附近的公園裏散步。月光很皎潔。星星在天空上布着繁密的珠網，閃閃地像要落到樹梢上來的模樣。沒有一點聲息，鳥兒們早已在巢裏睡熟了。園中的樹木們靜悄悄地站着，一動也不動，在地上投出黑的、長的、睡的影子。玫瑰花像與醉酒了似的，不息地呼出芬芳的氣息來。這氣息，在我好像有點熟悉，也好像有點生疏。彷彿是什麼書上，有人描過寫這種月夜，和這種玫瑰花的氣息。——呵，是了，這是戀愛的夜呢！說是有詩意的夜哪！甜蜜的，甜蜜的……

A COPIED LOVE STORY

EU-YEN

I was teaching Chinese in a certain school. One day, among thirty compositions I found one with illegible handwriting. There was no title, nor was the author's name given. It seemed to me that the student who wrote it probably did not grasp its full meaning. On the other hand, he was a bit ashamed and had not the courage to write his name. I read through the essay quickly and became quite enraged. It was all utter nonsense! It was a love story, partly invented, but the greater part of it had undoubtedly been copied from somewhere. How could such a silly love story be possible, as man is wise and love is divine?

Angrily I went over all the compositions and found out at once who the author was. It was written by a sixteen-year old student. Since he was so young, I felt inclined to forgive him. Moreover, the style of the story, when compared with that of the other compositions, was quite fluent. I read it over again and, to my surprise, I found that it was not so absurd after all. There was some meaning to it; there was also something real about it!

The story was as follows:

I.

One evening, I was taking a walk alone in the park near the school. The moonlight was very bright and the sky was painted with unnumbered glittering stars. Silence and peace reigned supreme, and not a single sound was heard. All the trees stood in perfect silence, casting long shadows upon the ground. The beautiful roses, drinking the evening dew, stood fair in silvery light like saintly vestals. Their pure breath sanctified the air and their fragrance filled the night. This kind of fragrance was not unfamiliar to me, but it was also quite new to me. I remembered that in a certain book some author described this kind of moonlight, night and fragrance. O! I see, this was a night of love! The stars were the images of love! The night was full of poetry! It was sweet, sweet, and sweet! . . .

可是，同我戀愛的是誰呀？我可找不出來……靜淑這丫頭的牙齒倒還整齊，白的中間夾上兩粒金牙，笑起來是頗有點趣味的呵……貴姑的臉有點特別，不知怎的兩隻黑眼睛凹了進去，又可怕又可愛……秀金的頭髮總是蓬鬆地披著，像一個妖怪，又像一個仙女……瑞玉的笑窩似乎太大了，但大得也還有意思……瑞英穿得很漂亮……菊寶胭脂搽得好看……但是，這些人中間，我應該愛那一個呢？都有點可愛，都有點不可愛……她們都有點蠢，看見我總是轉過頭去，不但笑也不對我笑一笑，連望也不高興望我一下的樣子！

咳！沒有對像！……其實，我倒不希望有戀愛這麼一回事。有人說，做丈夫的是一個駱駝，像這樣的走路，就真像駱駝了！哈！做駱駝我可不願意呵！……

但是，正當我這樣想着，慢慢地獨自走着的時候，我又聞到了玫瑰花的氣息了。這使我記起了某一本書上所說的，玫瑰花是愛情的象徵的話。哈！爲什麼玫瑰花就是愛情的象徵呢？我可不知道。別的花，比牠更香更好看的不是還多着嗎？小說家們說的話，真有點古怪。而且，愛情又是什麼呢？這真是叫人家不容易回答出來的一個名詞。我們大家只有心裏明白就是了。

像廷文似的，天天送玫瑰花給麗英，該就是愛情的象徵的最好的實例了吧。但是，這麼一來，我們沒有愛人的卻未免有點不方便了。例如，我有一天曾經摘過一朵玫瑰花，被同學看見了。我原是无意的，只不過覺得牠開得怪可憐；不料那位同學卻注意起來，不息的問了：「你把這朵花朵給那一個愛人呀？」「愛人是誰呀」……？真叫人難受……哈，我從此怎能再摘玫瑰花呢，倘若還沒有得到愛人？……

是呵，戀愛是一個謎！我願意有這麼一回事，但是也怕有這麼一回事。說是每一個青年男女都會有，且看着吧，等待它自己來找我吧！……

But who was my beloved? I was not certain who she was. . . . Chin-shu was tolerable, and she had two gold teeth. Her smiling face was very charming! Chen-ku had a peculiar face, and her eyes were a little bit too deep. She was terrible to look at, but lovely too. Hsiu-chin's hair was always untidy. She looked just like a ghost, but sometimes she also looked like a fairy. A smile always dimpled Jui-yu's cheeks. The dimple was too big, but it was quite interesting all the same. Jui-ying was always dressed in the height of fashion and Chu-pao looked attractive with her face all painted up. But, which one should I love best? Every girl had something that I loved, and yet every one had something that I did not love. They all seemed very stupid. They never paid any attention to me. They never gave me a smile.

It seemed I had no affinity at all! In fact, I did not like falling in love. "Love is a tempestuous surging passion. Men can hardly enjoy love." Moreover, some author has said that being a husband is very much like being a camel. Ha! I did not like to be a camel!

But, while I was thinking this way, the fragrance of the roses again stirred me. It reminded me that a certain story writer had said: "The rose is the symbol of love." Ha, why should the rose be chosen as the symbol of love? I couldn't understand! There were many other beautiful and lovely flowers besides the rose. Story writers always said things in a strange way. Moreover, what is Love? It's really an unanswerable question. It could only be felt.

T'ing-wen presented Li-ying with a rose every day. I took it for granted that this was good proof showing that the rose was the symbol of love. On the other hand, it could become an inconvenience to those who had no sweethearts. For instance, the other day I plucked a rose without any purpose. It was simply because I liked the rose. A classmate paid special attention to me, asking: "Are you going to present the rose to your sweetheart? Who is she?" I could hardly bear it. Ha! How could I pluck any more roses if I could find no one to love? . . .

Yes, "Love is a mystery!" I should like to have such an adventure. At the same time I was afraid to have such an experience. It was said that every young person would fall in love with some one some day. I believed it and I waited for its coming. . . .

II

突然，我看見一個人影子了，正在我這樣糊亂地想着的時候。在榕樹底下，有一個約有四五尺長的頭和兩三丈長的身體。兩條電桿一般的腿遠遠地向我這邊走過來了。可怕的魔鬼的影子呵！……

「那邊站着的可是密司脫陳嗎？」一種嬌滴滴的姑娘子的聲音從對面響了起來。我立刻認出就是靜淑那丫頭。

「是密司周嗎？」

「是呀！爲什麼一個人在這裏呢？」她向我走了過來。

她穿着潔白的短衣，烏黑的裙子，在月光下比陽光下顯得漂亮了許多。她一面說着話，一面露着金牙齒：微笑着，對我特別的溫柔，像含着什麼用意。我未免有點懷疑起來。因爲她和其他的女孩一樣，是向來一看見我就轉過頭去的。現在，她顯然對我來得親密了。她對我微笑，和我說話，慢慢的走到我身邊，靠近着我，——不，她的衣服已經和我的衣服微微地接觸了！我不覺心跳起來，像在夢中似的，覺得將要發生什麼意外了。

「密司脫陳，我送你一朵花……」她忽然轉身摘了一朵半開的玫瑰花，向我遞了過來。我接受了。心仍怦怦的撞着。我不知道應該怎樣對她表示纔好。呆了半響，我忽然記起了小說的中事，於是便把她的花奏到我的嘴唇上，吻了一吻，對着花說，「你真美麗呵！」隨後也便伸手在身邊摘了一朵玫瑰花，酬謝了她，作爲愛情的象徵。但是，當我遞花給她的時候，她忽然把我的手捏住了。

「你……你可……愛我嗎？……」她羞澀的低低的說。

我渾身發起抖來。我應該怎樣回答她呢？沒有一點時間給我思索了！我只得低一低頭，反問她說：「你呢？」

「我……愛……你……」

「我也……愛你……」我捧着玫瑰花羞澀的跟着她說。

III

於是我們的戀愛從此開始了。但因爲我們都是孩子，便不曉得怎樣繼續

II.

Thus meditating deeply I beheld, all of a sudden, a figure standing under the willow tree. It cast a long shadow on the ground. The figure began to move toward me. How terrifying it was! . . .

"Is that Mr. Chen?" uttered a girl's voice, which was not unfamiliar to me. I recognized it at once. It was that lass, Chin-shu.

"Is that Miss Chow?"

"Yes! Why are you walking alone in the garden?" She stepped a little forward.

She was dressed in a white coat and a black skirt. She looked more beautiful than ever under the moonlight. She gave me a sweet smile, exposing her gold teeth! She addressed me in a very gentle way, as if she had some purpose in her mind. I began to suspect her, for she was one of those who had never paid me any attention or smiled at me. But at the moment she became quite intimate with me. She smiled and stood beside me. We stood close together,—no, her clothes already touched mine! My heart began to beat very rapidly. My head grew dizzy, stupefied by the world of beauty around me, and I half believed I was the dupe of an exquisite dream. I felt that something unexpected was going to happen.

"Mr. Chen, let me present you with a flower. . . ." She suddenly turned around, plucked a rose and handed it to me. I accepted it, with my heart beating more rapidly. I didn't know what I should say to her. I remained silent for a little while. Then, remembering some story I had read a long time ago, I pressed the rose against my lips and kissed it, saying, "Rose, you are so beautiful!" I also plucked a rose and presented it to her as a token of love. When I gave it to her, she grasped my hand.

"Do you love me?" she asked shyly.

I trembled from head to foot. How should I answer her? There was no time for consideration. I only lowered my head, asking: "How about you?"

"I love you"

"I love you too," I said in a bashful tone.

III.

Thus our love began. But, as we were too young, we did

下去，呆了許久許久，我們纔記起了小說中所講的愛的表示：接吻和擁抱。我們學着做了……真的，當我們的熱烈的唇互相緊壓着的時候，當我們的手臂互相擁抱着的時候，我們忘記了一切，忘記了世界……

隨後我們在石凳上並排地坐了，密密的，喃喃的談起情話來。從天談到地，從地談到天，談到學校，談到同學，過了許久許久，纔又轉到戀愛上來。

「你從什麼時候起，就愛了我呢，好哥哥？」她這樣的問我，她現在叫我做好哥哥了。

「從那一天起……親愛的妹妹，」我回答她說，像背誦小說一樣，「從那一剎那起……當我第一次在學校的走廊上看見你的時候……你的兩粒發光的金牙齒就永遠留在我的記憶中，我的心也就永遠的忘不了你，永遠的想念你，永遠的愛你，非常的愛你……」我一面想着，一面低低的說，握着她的柔軟的手。

「你以後會丟棄我嗎？」

「那裏，那裏！」我又背書一樣的說，「海枯石爛，我對你的愛永不會冷淡！」

她很幸福，我也很幸福，我們兩人都得到幸福了。我們原是天生成的一對啊！

月亮漸漸高了起來，整個的花園中洒滿了潔白的銀光，一切都靜悄悄地睡熟了，只有繁密的星星在天上對我們眨着眼睛，好像妒忌我們一般。玫瑰花發散着芬芳的氣息，像在我們的熱烈的愛情上灌注着迷醉的幻影。真是一個甜蜜的戀愛的月夜，有詩意的月夜呵。

我們講了很多的話。感謝小說家們，凡他們教給我們的，只要我們記得，我們都一一的學着做了，一一的學着說了。一切都很好！

她回去時，已經很遲，她的腳下有一個很大很肥很矮的影子，像一堆什麼——我可形容不出來！我們兩個都沒有記得把玫瑰花帶回來，彷彿都覺得

not know what we should do next. For a long while we remained speechless; then we remembered all the things the lovers should do in a love story; we kissed and embraced each other. . . . Truly, when her lips pressed mine, I forgot all else. We wanted kisses as we would never want anything else in all of this life. . . .

Then we sat closely together on the stone bench. "Speak low, if you speak of love." So we talked in whispers. We talked about many things, about our future, about our school-mates, about our school, and finally about our love.

"When did you begin to love me, my darling?" she asked, calling me her "darling."

"Beginning from that day . . . dearest", I replied, as if I was reciting a story. "Beginning from that very instant when for the first time I saw you walking in the porch. Your glistening gold teeth and your smiling face captivated me. Ever since that time I could not forget you. Then I loved you all the more. I will love you always and forever, I love you so much. . . ." I was thinking carefully when I answered her in a low voice. I held her hand.

"Will you forget me in the future?"

"Never, never!" I said, as if I was reciting some essay, "The sun may grow cold and the earth may perish, but our love will never die!"

She felt happy, I felt happy, and we both felt happy. We were born to be a happy pair.

By and by the moon climbed higher, shedding forth her silvery beams. The night was more serene, and the air more balmy. Every thing seemed to be slumbering. The garden was at this moment a paradise of tranquil repose. Only the stars twinkled, as if they were jealous of our love. The roses still filled the air with their perfume, as if they wanted to make our love more romantic. It was indeed a night of love! It was indeed a night of poetry!

We talked a great deal. We felt greatly obliged to the story writers, for we had done everything they taught us in the stories. We had done everything, and we felt satisfied.

It was about mid-night when she returned by the way she came. She was very beautiful under the moon. That was all I could say. I was not able to describe it! We forgot to bring back our roses. It seemed that we need not trouble ourselves to cherish those roses, since our love had already become a

戀愛成功了，已沒有再保存這玫瑰花的必要……

我的戀愛故事的開始就在這裏終止了。總結一句：我已完全懂得了戀愛的意義，牠的確是很有趣味的哪！

（選自小小的心）

success. . . .

The beginning of my love story ended here. In short, I have understood the meaning of love. It's really all very interesting!

好 人

巴 金

在做小孩的時候很少記憶到過去的事，可是年歲增長，記憶就一天天地多起來，似乎過去的事都是值得懷念的了。我可以說不是爲現實而生活，是爲懷念而生活。因爲在現實中簡直沒有值得人留戀的東西。

以前在學校裏讀書的時候，似乎眼睛上束了一層縛帶，我所有看見的只是世界底一小部分，我只看見花，看見光，看見春天的太陽，我覺得世界是十分美麗。

到了一定的期限我和學校生活絕了緣，據說我應該走進社會裏去了。我便開始發見了世界底另一面目。縛帶漸次從眼睛上落了下來，於是世界變得更大了，我看見了污泥，我看見了眼淚，我看見了黑暗，因爲我是走進社會裏面了。

我底生活方式也變更了，和以前的完全不一樣。以前在學校裏苦心學得來的東西這時候一點也用不着。我便又開始受着一種新的教育，這纔是真正的喫飯處世的教育。

這教育底第一步就是拚命忘掉在學校裏所學的東西，這時候我倒後悔以前在學校時爲什麼要那樣用功了。我更後悔的是曾經遠渡重洋給我自己增加了更多的記憶材料。

不管這一層是否做得到。然而每天的功課卻是必須做的：奉承上司，統御屬下，打牌，看戲，喝酒，喫飯，換句話說就是向一些人做笑臉，又向另一些人做歪臉，或是請客喫飯或是被人請去喫酒。這並不是因爲我對於這些事本身有興趣，卻是因爲我不得不這樣做。

從前在本省中學校裏讀書的時候，曾經聽過名滿全國的模範督軍底演講，其中講得最響亮的兩句是「學不學個做好人有飯喫學個什麼？——諸生當以此立志。」我和許多同學一樣都是崇拜偉人的，所以從那個時候起我們就

A GOOD MAN

PA CHIN

During my boyhood days, I seldom remembered past events. But as I grew older, I could remember more and more everyday, as if the things of the past were worth recalling. I may say that I am not living for the enjoyment of the present world—in which there is scarcely anything that I can cherish for long—but rather for the enjoyment of the memories of the past.

When I was in school, my eyes seemed to be tightly bound with a bandage. I could see only a very small part of the wide world: flowers and the sunshine of spring. And I thought the world was extremely beautiful.

Then at a certain fixed time, I found myself detached from the school. From all accounts, I was to enter society. So I began seeing a different view of the world. The bandage was gradually slipping off from my eyes, and the world changed even more for me. I saw dirt; I saw tears. I saw darkness. All this because I had entered society.

My mode of living also changed. I was so totally different from what it used to be. The things that I had laboriously learnt in school were quite useless. I began to acquire a new kind of education—the practical education in life.

The first step in this education was to do my utmost to unlearn what I had learnt in school. Then it was that I began to regret having burnt so much midnight oil. What I regretted even more was that I had once gone abroad, and so increasing my stock of materials for recollections.

Regardless of whether I succeed or not, there is the daily routine that had to be carried out: flattering the superiors, supervising the inferiors, playing cards, attending theaters, drinking and eating. In other words, I have to smile to certain people, and pull a long face before others, to invite and be invited. Not that I am interested in them myself, but I am bound to do all that.

When I was studying in the middle school in my native province, I once heard a speech by a renowned tuchun (military governor.) The sentences that impressed me most were: "Behave yourself like a good man: then and only then you can have food—so, students, make this your ideal in life." Like a number of

立了志了。雖然當時也和現在一樣並不知道怎樣纔算做好人，而且模範督軍也並不曾告訴我們，可是現在我卻是有飯喫了。

然而單是有飯喫是不夠的。在喫了飯以後記憶便時常來折磨我。我屢次想把學校時代的舊事忘掉，結果總是這些事情比別的更先湧現在我底頭腦裏。有時候牠們甚至於接連地來把其他的思念都驅了出去。於是我底眼光便落在寫字檯左端的一本藍皮小書上面。（原來我家裏也有一個很好的寫字檯，雖說我平日很少讀書寫字。）我便把書拿在手裏，翻開封面，書前空白葉上的題字便顯現在我底眼簾前：「贈我底青年朋友王，」署的名字是CM。看着那似子在顫抖的字跡，我便馬上在腦裏構出一個溫和的老年人底相貌，光陰便又倒流到幾年以前去了。

我和查理，穆東先生認識，是我在巴黎讀書的時候。那時的我並不像現在這樣，我是很喜歡讀書的。穆東先生在P街開了一家書舖，離我寄宿的那所旅館只有兩三條街的遠近。穆東先生底店舖是賣舊書的，但新出的書也有，不過封面稍微舊一點，書葉也已經被人裁開了，可是價錢卻因此便宜了許多。我底經濟狀況並不十分寬裕，所以我平日很少進新書店，要買什麼書總是在穆東先生那里買。要是那裏沒有現成的話，就請他隨時替我留心搜求，並不要許多時間，他就會把我要的書找了來。在這個情形下面，我和他便成了朋友。

穆東先生快五十歲了，他有一個妻子，相貌很端正，年紀卻比他小得多，不過是一個聾子。這事我最初還不知道。有一天我去問一本書，正遇着老頭兒不在店裏，我推開門進去，看見她，便招呼了一聲「日安，」可是她並不回答我，好像不曾聽見一樣。我便又大聲說了一句，她依舊不動一動。我覺得非常難堪，因為中國人在外國往往被人輕視，也許就是爲了這個緣故我纔遭她底白眼。我想馬上就走出去，可是我太愛那一本書了。我看見她高坐