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REMORSE

傷逝

魯迅原著

陳立民英譯

世界英語編譯社刊

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REMORSE

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陳 立 民 英 譯

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漢英對照

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SLAVE MOTHER

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傷逝  
REMORSE

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## 傷 逝

如果我能夠，我要寫下我的悔恨和悲哀，爲子君，爲自己。

會館裏的被遺忘在偏僻裏的破屋是這樣地寂靜和空虛。時光過得真快，我愛子君，仗着她逃出這寂靜和空虛，已經滿一年了。事情又這麼不湊巧，我重來時，偏偏空着的又只有這一間屋。依然是這樣的破窗，這樣的窗外的半枯的槐樹和老紫藤，這樣的窗前的方桌，這樣的敗壁，這樣的靠壁的板牀。深夜中獨自躺在牀上，就如我未曾和子君同居以前一般，過去一年中的時光全被消滅，全未有過，我並沒有曾經從這破屋子搬出，在吉兆胡同創立了滿懷希望的小小的家庭。

## REMORSE

I want to write down, as far as it is possible, my remorse and my sorrow, for the sake of Tze-chun and for myself.

How quiet and empty it is in this dingy room secluded in a forgotten corner of the Provincial Guild! And how quickly time flies! It is now more than a year since I fell in love with Tzu-chun and through that love escaped from this quiet and emptiness. How ironic that this same room should be the only one available when I came back here. Everything is as it used to be, the same broken window, outside of it the same hollow locust tree and ancient wistaria, the same square table in front of the window, the same cracked wall, and by it the same bed of wooden boards. At night, lying alone in bed, it is the same as before Tzu-chun and I lived together, it is as if the past year had been entirely eradicated, and I had never moved out of this dingy room and established a tiny home full of hope in the Chi-chao Hutung.

不但如此。在一年之前，這寂靜和空虛是並不這樣的，常常含着期待；期待子君的到來。在久待的焦躁中，一聽到皮鞋的高底尖觸着磚路的清響，是怎樣地使我驟然生動起來呵！于是就看見帶着笑渦的蒼白的圓臉，蒼白的瘦的臂膊，布的有條紋的衫子，玄色的裙。她又帶了窗外的半枯的槐樹的新葉來，使我看見，還有掛在鐵似的老幹上的一房一房的紫白的藤花。

然而現在呢，只有寂靜和空虛依舊，子君却決不再來了，而且永遠，永遠地！……

子君不在我這破屋裏時，我什麼也看不見。在百無聊賴中，隨手抓過一本書來，科學也好，文學也好，橫豎什麼都一樣；看下去，看下去，忽而自己覺得，已經翻了十多頁了，但是毫不記得書上所說的事。只是耳朵卻分外地靈，彷彿聽到大門外一切往來的履聲，從中便有子君的，而且橐橐地逐漸臨近，——但是，往往又逐漸渺茫，終于消失在別的步伐的

Not only this, but the quiet and emptiness a year ago were not quite the same as they are now, for they were then tempered with expectation, the expectation that Tzu-chun would soon arrive. After a long, impatient wait, how I used to come suddenly to life as I heard the crisp sound of her high-heeled shoes upon the brickwalk, and beheld her dimpled pale round face, her thin arms, and her striped cotton blouse and black skirt. She would bring in some new leaves from the locust tree and draw my attention to the clusters of purplish white flowers on the iron coloured vines of the ancient wistaria.

Now the quiet and emptiness are the same as before, but Tzu-chun will not come again—she will never, never come again.

When Tzu-chun was not with me in my dingy room, I saw nothing. In my boredom I would take a book, be it science or literature, and read and read. Before I could realize it, I had already turned over some ten pages, but I could not remember a thing I had read. My ears, however, were unusually keen, and I fancied that I could detect among the sound of



雜沓中了。我憎惡那不像子君鞋聲的穿布底鞋的長班的兒子，我憎惡那太像子君鞋聲的常常穿着新皮鞋的鄰院的搽雪花膏的小東西！

莫非她翻了車麼？莫非她被電車撞傷了麼？……

我便要取了帽子去看她，然而她的胞叔就曾經當面罵過我。

驀然，她的鞋聲近來了，一步響于一步，迎出去時，卻已經走過紫藤棚下，臉上帶着微笑的酒窩。她在他叔子的家裏大約並未受氣；我的心事帖了，默默地相視片時之後，破屋裏便漸漸充滿了我的語聲，談家庭專制，談打破舊習慣，談男女平等，談伊孛生，談泰戈爾，談羅素……。她總是微笑點頭，兩眼裏瀰漫着輝氣的好看的光澤。壁上就釘着一張銅板的雪萊半身像，是從雜誌上裁下來的，是他的最美的一張像。當我指給她看時，她卻只草草一看，便低了頭，

footsteps outside the gate those of Tzu-chun drawing nearer and nearer. But more often than not these footsteps would die away again and be lost in the sound of other footsteps. I detested the son of the servant whose cotton-cloth soled shoes did not sound like Tzu-chun's at all; I detested that foppish ape in the next compound who used vanishing cream and whose new leather shoes sounded too much like hers.

Could it be that her ricksha had overturned? Could it be that she had been run over by a street car?

I wanted to take my hat and go and look for her, but her uncle once berated me to my face.

Suddenly the sound of her shoes upon the brick-walk approached, louder and louder. When I went out to meet her, she had already passed the wistaria vines, her face dimpled with smiles. She probably did not have any trouble with her uncle, I thought, and I felt relieved. After we had looked at each other in silence for a moment, the room would be gradually filled with our chatter. We talked about the oppression of the family system; about the necessity of destroying old traditions, about the

似乎不好意思了。這些地方，子君就大概還未脫盡舊思想的束縛——，我後來也想，倒不如換一張雪菜淹死在海裏的記念像或是伊孛生的罷；但也終於沒有換，現在是連這一張也不知那里去了。

『我是我自己的，他們誰也沒有干涉我的權利！』

這是我們交際了半年，又談起她在這裏的胞叔和在家的父親時，她默想了一會之後，分明地、堅決地沈靜地說了出來的話。其時是我已經說盡了我的意見，我的身世，我的缺點，很少隱瞞；她也完全了解的了。這幾句話很震動了我的她魂，此後許多天還在耳中發響，而且說不出的狂喜，知道中國女性，並不

equality of the men and women; and about Ibsen, Tagore, Shelley . . . She always smiled and nodded, her eyes beaming with the light of childish curiosity. On the wall was tacked a half-length portrait of Shelley in half-tone, cut from a magazine, the best portrait of the poet. When I pointed it out to her she cast it only a brief glance, and then bowed her head as if feeling embarrassed. In these things Tzu-chun did not quite free herself from the fetters of traditional thinking. Afterwards I thought of taking it down, and hanging in its place the picture showing Shelley after his drowning in the sea, or a picture of Ibsen, but I never got around to it, and even the magazine print of Shelley has now disappeared.

"I am my own keeper, and none of them has any right to interfere.

These were the words she said clearly, resolutely and quietly after a moment of silence when, after we had known each other for about six months, we happened to bring up again the subject of her uncle, with whom she was staying, and her father, who was living in her native village. By that time I had exhausted all the

如厭世家所說那樣的無法可施，在不遠的將來，便要看見輝煌的曙色的。

送她出門，照例是相離十多步遠；照例是那點魚鬚的老東西的臉又緊帖在髒的窗玻璃上了，連鼻尖都擠成一個小平面；到外院，照例又是明晃晃的玻璃窗裏的那小東西的臉，加厚的雪花膏。她目不邪視地驕傲地走了，沒有看見；我驕傲地回來。

「我是我自己的，他們誰也沒有干涉我的權利！」這澈底的思想就在她的腦裏，比我還透澈，堅強得多。半瓶雪花膏和鼻尖的小平面，于她能算什麼東西呢？

conversation about my opinions, my family, my faults. I concealed little or nothing, and she understood everything about me. These words of hers stirred my soul and echoed in my ears for several days afterwards. I was filled with an indescribable happiness, for I felt certain then that Chinese womanhood was not as hopeless as the pessimists made them out to be, and that in the near future we should see the bright dawn.

When I escorted her to the gate, we always kept about ten steps apart, as the face of the old thing with the funny moustache was always glued closely to the dirty glass window, his nose flattened against the panè. In the outer compound there was always the face with a thick layer of vanishing cream—that little piece of baggage at the bright glass window. But Tzu-chun walked out proudly without deigning to notice them and I would return as proudly to my room.

"I am my own keeper, and none of them has any right to interfere!" This was the thorough-going thought in her mind, even more thorough-going, even more resolute than my own. What

我已經記不清那時怎樣地將我的純真熱烈的愛表示給她。豈但現在，那時的事便已模糊，夜間回想，早只剩了一些斷片了；同居以後一兩月，便連這些斷片也化作無可追蹤的夢影。我只記得那時以前的十幾天，曾經很仔細地研究過表示的態度，排列過措辭的先後，以及倘或遭了拒絕以後的情形。可是臨時似乎都無用，在慌張中，身不由己地竟用了在電影上見過的方法了。後來一想到，就使我很愧慚，但在記憶上卻偏只有這一點永遠留遺，至今還如暗室的孤燈一般，照見我含淚握着她的手，一條腿跪了下去……。

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are "Vanishing Cream" and "Flat Nose" to us?

I can no longer remember distinctly how I professed to her my pure, true and passionate love at the time. Not only now, but it became blurred almost immediately afterwards. When I thought about it at night, only fragments of the episode remained. A month or two after we began to live together, even these fragments became dream bubbles that one can never quite grasp. I only recall that about ten days before it happened I carefully studied the various manners of approach, the sequence of my speech, not forgetting the possibility of her refusal. But when the time came, all that I had carefully rehearsed turned out to be unnecessary. In my nervousness I unconsciously adopted the method that I had seen in the motion pictures. Whenever I recalled it afterwards I always had a feeling of embarrassment, yet in my memory this event alone has found a permanent place. Even now it is like a lone lamp in a dark room, revealing the indelible scene: with tears in my eyes, I held her hands in mine, one leg bent in a kneeling position. *st*



不但我自己的，便是子君的言語舉動，我那時就沒有看得分明；僅知道她已經允許我了。但也還仿佛記得她臉色變成青白，後來又漸漸轉作緋紅，——沒有見過，也沒有再見的緋紅；孩子似的眼裏射出悲喜，但是夾着驚疑的光，雖然力避我的視線，張皇地似乎要破窗飛去。然而我知道她已經允許我了，沒有知道她怎樣說或是沒有說。

她卻是什麼都記得：我的言辭，竟至于讀熟了的一般，能夠滔滔背誦；我的舉動，就如有一張我所看不見的影片掛在眼下，敘述得如生，很細微，自然連那使我不願再想的淺薄的電影的一閃。夜闌人靜，是相對溫習的時候了，我常是被質問，被考驗，並且被命複述當時的言語，然而常須由她補足，由她糾正，像一個丁等的學生。