

汉



朝花惜拾

英

A Retrospective of Chinese Literature

中国文学

现代小说卷

外语教学与研究出版社
中国文学出版社

对

照

朝花惜拾

Cherished Dawn Blossom

汉英对照 中国文学 书系

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中国文学 现代小说卷

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《朝花惜拾》序

顾名思义，这是一束再放的花朵。它曾经绽开在大中学生的教材里，摇曳在中文老师的讲义上，灿烂在无数学子的诵读中。春光似水，十年过去，也许五年或十五年，甚而至于更多一些年头，昔日少年已是今天的白领阶层，抑或社会各个阶层各种角色的扮演者，对于曾经在课堂上读过的文章，至今余香在口，每能忆起，那同学少年，那花样季节，那响彻幽雅校园的琅琅之声，无一不令人心醉。于是有一天，我们这一套书的编者便作如是想，假使将那十年前读过的名篇重编一书，新加评注，让旧的读者以新的心境再读一遍，连同已逝的韶华一并温习，不亦乐乎？

朝花夕拾是一句美丽的名言，半个世纪以前，它被伟大的四十七岁的鲁迅拟作书名，从此脍炙人口，被人喻为对于旧事的收藏。其实鲁迅斯时尚未到夕，尚以壮年的身心与人奋战正酣，他之所谓朝花乃是儿时，“我有一时，曾经屡次忆起儿时在故乡所吃的蔬菜：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。……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。”我们这一套书的读者当然就更年轻了，虽然你们的“朝”，较之鲁迅那贪吃鲜美可口的罗汉豆的“儿时”略长了几岁，但是你们更是远未到“夕”，仍还处于氤氲而蓬勃的朝气中，因之我们决定变“夕”为“惜”，劝君惜取少年时，劝君惜读当年书，号召年轻的读书人重温学子的旧梦。“旧来的意味”如同初恋，那是要哄骗人的一生，使其时时反顾的，更何况被选入课本的文字，无论诗文小品，也无论古今朝代，大抵都是些大师名作，比罗汉豆们更有咀嚼和回味的价值，这便尤其有惜而拾之的必要了。

学而时习之，温故而知新，精通教育的孔子也是这样不倦地教诲着我们。

这是编者的第一思想。

几乎同时产生的第二思想乃是，将它们配上英文，以作对照，使其兼而成为学习外语的上佳读本，照亮第二类读者的眼睛。我们现在是站在二十一世纪的门口了，作为新世纪的主人，外语是其所必有之素质之一。然而我们是否淡忘，学习外语的初衷恰恰是为了交流，为了共享？有人说二十一世纪是东方的

世纪，是中国的世纪，“中国”无疑将是世界一个愈久弥深的话题，那么对世界解说中国，何尝不是埋在我们中国人胸怀的共同愿望。在过去的外语教材中，我们只是读莎士比亚，拜伦，雪莱，狄更斯，司各特，奥斯汀，勃朗特姐妹的《简·爱》和《呼啸山庄》，我们不约而同地忘记了自己的司马迁，屈原，李白，杜甫，苏轼，罗贯中，忘记了全世界最了不起的曹雪芹的《红楼梦》，还有空前绝后的鲁迅和他的天才著作。也未曾想到当我们把伤心的眼泪纷纷抛向英国少女简·爱的时候，大洋彼岸的有情人却正为“质本洁来还洁去”的中国的林妹妹恸哭流涕。假使能有一个聪明的主意，本书系的编者这样想，在学习他国文字的同时也学习了本国文学，即以学习外国语言为直接的目的，而以学习有关中国文化的外语表达为顺带的收获，好比乘坐帆船去一个新鲜的地方，船上却载上了自己故乡的所爱，那简直要叫做一石二鸟了。

但也许有人会这样地认为，学习英语当然还是读英文原著为好，由中文翻译而成的英文能算是地道的英文么？怀疑是大可不必的，本书系的英文译者恰恰大多是母语者，新中国近半个世纪以来，这些英、美等国的文化使者，为了研究神秘的东方文化，他们陆续以外籍语言专家的身份来到中国，在中国文学出版社的安排和中国学者的协同下，从“关关雎鸠，在河之洲”到“灌园叟晚逢仙女”，开始了有着几千年历史的中国文学的系统翻译。而领导这支翻译队伍从事这一伟大工程的，便是驰名中外的中国首席翻译家杨宪益先生和他的英国夫人戴乃迭女士。杨氏夫妇珠联璧合，携手共译的《红楼梦》、《阿Q正传》等中国古今名著，以无可挑剔的艺术水准征服了西方文坛，从此结束了“美文不可译”的神话。

本书系是由享誉海外的中国文学出版社和深受外语学习者信赖的外语教学与研究出版社分工合作、编辑出版的，两家同仁以各自最大的优势联合起来，使即将迈入新世纪的国内出版界有了可行的先例。其奇思异想和大胆设计，想必会得到诸位读者的喝采。

最后，除了喝采，我们还希望听到一些批评的意见，真诚地。

野 莽

1998年10月5日勿于听风楼

Cherished Dawn Blossoms

Foreword

Ye Mang

The title of this bilingual collection, *Cherished Dawn Blossoms*, reminds one of a bouquet of reopened blossoms. These blossoms of Chinese literature were once in full bloom in much-read books, in teachers' curricula and on the lips of students. Time flows like water in a river. Ten or more years hence, those students would have grown up, but whatever positions they might hold in society today, they will never forget those beautiful pieces of prose, poetry and stories in their old school books. The sound of the classroom recital of those masterpieces still echo in their ears, making them nostalgic for those school days.

One day, an idea suddenly hit us, the editors of this series — wouldn't it be wonderful to pick up those cherished blossoms and arrange them into bouquets for our readers who would probably look at them again from a new perspective, a matured aesthetic judgment?

"Dawn blossoms plucked at dusk" is a beautifully evocative phrase so familiar to all Chinese people. This is mainly due to Lu Xun, the great man of letters of half a century ago, who published a collection of essays by this title. Since then, it has been used to refer to collections of things of the past. Lu Xun was 47 then and was by no means at the age of "dusk." By "dawn blossoms" he was referring to wonderful things he had seen or experienced when he was a child. He once wrote:

"For a period of time, I often recalled the foods I had eaten

when I was a boy, such as water chestnuts, *luohan* beans, *jiaobai*, and *xianggua*.^① All these were extremely delicious. They were the catalysts that triggered my homesickness... Only in the memory, do those old sensations still linger. Perhaps they will beguile me all my life, making me look back from time to time."

Most of the readers of this series will probably be much younger than Lu Xun when he wrote those enduring words. But when you were in school, you were maybe only a few years senior than Lu Xun when he savored those flavors of home. However, you may be far from the time of "dusk" — probably still in the prime of life. Therefore, we have decided to change the word "dusk" to "cherished," as their pronunciations are the same in Chinese (*xi*). We would like to remind readers to cherish childhood and cherish the books you read in schools.

The "old sensations" are like first love, which one recalls every now and again. Now that these masterpieces of the past were chosen for textbooks — be they a poem or an essay or a short story, from ancient times or of the present — they have given the mind more to chew on than chestnuts or beans. In this sense they are even more precious.

"Isn't it a pleasure to review what one has learned from time to time?" or "To learn something new from reviewing the old." — These are famous lines by Confucius who was an expert in education. This was our first inspiration for compiling this series of books.

The second reason, which arose in our minds almost at the same time as the first, was to include English translations. Reading the

^① These are foods special to certain areas of China: *luohan* or "arhat" beans are a kind of broad bean, *jiaobai* is from the stem of a wild rice plant, and *xianggua* or fragrant melon is a fruit similar to a small honeydew melon.

Chinese masterpieces against the English translations, or vice versa, would be a very good way to learn English — or Chinese. As we are now already on the threshold of the twenty-first century, learning other languages is a must for a new generation entering the new century. However, perhaps some of us may have forgotten that the very aim of learning other languages is for communication, for sharing. Some say that the twenty-first century will be the century of the East, the century of China. China has clearly become a hot topic in the world today and will remain so in the future. Then to introduce China to the world and tell people overseas all about us is a common wish of the Chinese people. In the past, we may have read in English-language textbooks, literary works by Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, Dickens, Scott, Austin, or the Brontë sisters' *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*. Maybe some Chinese youth have forgotten about our own Sima Qian, Qu Yuan, Li Bai, Du Fu, Luo Guanzhong, and even Cao Xueqin's *A Dream of Red Mansions*. And what about Lu Xun and his genius works? Perhaps we have not realized that, while we have shed our tears for *Jane Eyre*, people on the other side of the ocean are weeping over Lin Daiyu.

We are quite certain that reading translations of Chinese literary writings is an easy but effective way to learn another language. At the same time you will review these Chinese masterpieces once more, or learn something new about Chinese culture. This is, as they say, killing two birds with one stone.

English learners may argue that it is better to learn English by reading the works written by natives of Britain and North America. Can an English translation of a piece of Chinese writing be idiomatic? Don't worry — most of the translators of this series have English as their mother tongue. For almost half a century, many English-speaking men and women have come to China, fascinated by what they considered mys-

terious Eastern culture. Many of them have actually settled in China and joined the editors and translators of the Chinese Literature Press to produce translations of renowned classical to contemporary Chinese literary works. Among them are Yang Xianyi and his wife Gladys Yang who have made pioneering efforts in translation from Chinese into English and have won great admiration the world over. Their skillful translations of *A Dream of Red Mansions*, *The True Story of Ah Q* and other works have enjoyed high prestige in international literary circles.

This series has been jointly compiled and published by the Chinese Literature Press, known internationally for its literary translations of Chinese literature, and the Foreign Language Teaching and Research press, which is popular among foreign language learners for its quality publications throughout China. The two publishing houses have joined forces in publishing this landmark series, which will be doubtlessly beneficial to readers learning English or Chinese who are also interested in Chinese literature.

Finally, we are most grateful to authors of the works included in this series, whether they have long since passed away or are still alive, for giving us the opportunity to cherish this wealth of Chinese literature. We should also thank the translators for rendering them into such beautiful English readings.

October 5, 1998

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“朝花惜拾”

Cherished Dawn Blossoms

汉英对照 中国文学 书系

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学习的向导
审美
的
远足

朝花
惜拾

尽管年少的鲁迅就已品尝到世态的炎凉、生存的无奈与悲哀，但童年在他心中仍有抹不掉的美好的印迹。这里流露出的缕缕乡思，不正是他对故乡和亲人真挚情谊与深深怀念的表现吗？

我在倒数上去的二十年中，只看过两回中国戏，前十年是绝不看，因为没有看戏的意思和机会，那两回全在后十年，然而都没有看出什么来就走了。

第一回是民国元年我初到北京的时候，当时一个朋友对我说，北京戏最好，你不去见见世面么？我想，看戏是有味的，而况在北京呢。于是都兴致勃勃的跑到什么园，戏文已经开场了，在外面也早听到冬冬地响。我们挨进门，几个红的绿的在我的眼前一闪烁，便又看见戏台下满许多头，再定神四面看，却见中间也还有几个空座，挤过去要坐时，又有人对我发议论，我因为耳朵已经“嗡嗡”地响着了，用了心，才听到他是说“有人，不行！”

我们退到后面，一个辫子很光的却来领我们到了侧面，指出一个地位来。这所谓地位者，原来是一条长凳，然而他那坐板比我的上腿要狭到四分之三，他的脚比我的下腿要长过三分之二。我先是没爬上去的勇气，接着便联想到私刑拷打的刑具，不由的毛骨悚然的走出了。

走了许多路，忽听得我的朋友的声音道，“究竟怎的？”我回过脸去，原来他也被我带出

In the past twenty years only twice have I been to see Chinese opera. During the first ten years I saw none, lacking both the wish and the opportunity. The two occasions on which I went were in the last ten years, but each time I left without getting anything out of it.

The first time was in 1912 when I was new to Beijing. A friend told me Beijing had the best opera and that seeing it was an experience not to be missed. I thought it might be interesting to see an opera, especially in Beijing, and hurried in high spirits to some theatre, the name of which now escapes me. The performance had already started. Even outside I could hear the beat of the drums. As we squeezed in, gaudy colours flashed into view, then I saw many heads in the auditorium. But when I collected myself to look around I saw there were still a few empty seats in the middle. As I squeezed my way in to sit down, someone addressed me. Already there was such a buzzing in my ears that I had to listen hard to catch what he was saying — “Sorry, these seats are taken!”

We withdrew to the back, but then a man with a glossy queue led us to one side and indicated an unoccupied place. This was a bench only a quarter the width of my thighs, but with legs two-thirds longer than mine. To begin with I hadn't the courage to climb up there. Then, being reminded of some instrument of torture, with an involuntary shudder I fled.

I had gone some way when suddenly I heard my friend's voice asking, “Well, what's the matter?” Looking over my shoulder I saw he

来了。他很诧异的说，“怎么总是走，不答应？”我说，“朋友，对不起，我耳朵只在冬冬□皇□皇的响，并没有听到你的话。”

后来我每一想到，便很以为奇怪，似乎这戏太不好，——否则便是我近来在戏台下不适于生存了。

第二回忘记了那一年，总之是募集湖北水灾捐而谭叫天^①还没有死。捐法是两元钱买一张戏票，可以到第一舞台去看戏，扮演的多是名角，其一就是小叫天。我买了一张票，本是对于劝募人聊以塞责的，然而似乎又有好事家乘机对我说了些叫天不可不看的大法要了。我于是忘了前几年的冬冬□皇□皇之灾，竟到第一舞台去了，但大约一半也因为重价购来的宝票，总得使用了才舒服。我打听得叫天出台是迟的，而第一舞台却是新式构造，用不着争座位，便放了心，延宕到九点钟才出去，谁料照例，人都满了，连立足也难，我只得挤在远处的人丛中看一个老旦在台上唱。那老旦嘴边插着两个点火的纸捻子，旁边有一个鬼卒，我费尽思量，才疑心他或者是目连^②的母亲，因为后来又出

① 谭叫天 (1847—1917)：即谭鑫培，又称小叫天，当时的京剧演员，擅长老生戏。

② 目连：释迦牟尼的弟子。据《盂兰盆经》说，目连的母亲因生前违犯佛教戒律，堕入地狱，他曾入地狱救母。《目连救母》一剧，旧时在民间很流行。

had followed me out. "Why are you marching along without a word?" he inquired in great surprise.

"I'm sorry," I told him. "There's such a ding-dong shrilling in my ears, I didn't hear you."

Whenever I thought back to this it struck me as most strange, and I supposed that the opera had been a very poor one — or else a theatre was no place for me.

I forget in what year I made the second venture, but funds were being raised for flood victims in Hubei and Tan Xinpei^① was still alive. By paying two dollars for a ticket, you contributed money and could go to the Number One Theatre to see an opera with a cast made up for the most part of famous performers, one being Tan Xinpei himself. I bought a ticket primarily to satisfy the collector, but then some busybody seized the chance to tell me why Tan Xinpei simply had to be seen. At that, I forgot the disastrous ding-dong shrilling of a few years before and went to the theatre — probably half because that precious ticket had cost so much that I would feel uncomfortable unless I used it. I learned that Tan Xinpei would make his appearance late in the evening, and the Number One Theatre was a modern one where you did not have to fight for your seat. That reassured me, and I waited till nine o'clock before setting out. To my surprise, just as before, it was full. There was hardly any standing-room and I had to squeeze into the crowd at the rear to watch an actor singing an old woman's part. He had a paper spill burning at each corner of his mouth and there was a devil-soldier beside him. After racking my brains I guessed that this might be Maudgalyayana's^② mother,

① A famous Beijing opera performer.

② Maudgalyayana was a disciple of Buddha. Legend has it that his mother went to hell for her sins and he rescued her.

来了一个和尚。然而我又不知道那名角是谁，就去问挤小在我的左边的一位胖绅士。他很看不起似的斜瞥了我一眼，说道，“龚云甫^①！”我深愧浅陋而且粗疏，脸上一热，同时脑里也制出了决不再问的定章，于是看小旦唱，看花旦唱，看老生唱，看不知什么角色唱，看一大班人乱打，看两三个人互打，从九点多到十点，从十点到十一点，从十一点到十一点半，从十一点半到十二点，——然而叫天竟还没有来。

我向来没有这样忍耐的等候过什么事物，而况这身边的胖绅士的吁吁的喘气，这台上的冬冬咚咚的敲打，红红绿绿的晃荡，加之以十二点，忽而使我省悟到在这里不适于生存了。我同时便机械的拧转身子，用力往外只一挤，觉得背后便已满满的，大约那弹性的胖绅士早在我的空处胖开了他的右半身了。我后无回路，自然挤而又挤，终于出了大门。街上除了专等看客的车辆之外，几乎没有什么行人了，大门口却还有十几个人昂着头看戏目，别有一堆人站着并不看什么，我想：他们大概是看散戏之后出来的女人们的，而叫天却还没有来……

然而夜气很清爽，真所谓“沁人心脾”，我在北京遇着这样的好空气，仿佛这是第一遭了。

这一夜，就是我对于中国戏告了别的一夜，此后再没有想到他，即使偶而经过戏园，我们

① 龚云甫 (1862—1932)：当时的京剧演员，擅长老旦戏。