



经典回声 | Echoes from the Classics

彷徨 Wandering

鲁 迅 著

杨宪益 戴乃迭 译

裘 沙 王伟君 插图



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“一个人死了之后，究竟有没有魂灵的？”

“Do dead people turn into ghosts or not?”

祝福

The New-Year Sacrifice

旧历的年底毕竟最像年底，村镇上不必说，就在天空中也显出将到新年的气象来。灰白色的沉重的晚云中间时时发出闪光，接着一声钝响，是送灶的爆竹；近处燃放的可就更强烈了，震耳的大音还没有息，空气里已经散满了幽微的火药香。我是正在这一夜回到我的故乡鲁镇的。虽说故乡，然而已没有家，所以只得暂寓在鲁四老爷的宅子里。他是我的本家，比我长一辈，应该称之曰“四叔”，是一个讲理学的老监生。他比先前并没有什么大改变，单是老了些，但也还未留胡子，一见面是寒暄，寒暄之后说我“胖了”，说我“胖了”之后即大骂其新党。但我知道，这并非借题在骂我：因为他所骂的还是康有为。但是，谈话是总不投机的了，于是没多久，我便一个人剩在书房里。

第二天我起得很迟，午饭之后，出去看了几个本家和朋友；第三天也照样。他们也都没有什么大改变，单是老了些；家中却一律忙，都在准备着“祝福”。这是鲁镇年终的大典，致敬尽礼，迎接福神，拜求来年一年中的好运气的。杀鸡，宰鹅，买猪肉，用心细细的洗，女人的臂膊都在水里浸得通红，有的还带着绞丝银镯子。煮熟之后，横七竖八的插些筷子在这类东西上，可就称为“福礼”了，五更天陈列起来，并且点上火烛，恭请福神们来享用；拜的却只限于男人，拜完自然仍然是放爆竹。年年如此，家家如此，——只要买得起福礼和爆竹之类的，——今年自然也如此。天色愈阴暗了，下午竟下起雪来，雪花大的有梅花那么大，满天飞舞，夹着烟霭和忙碌的气色，将鲁镇乱成一团糟。我回到四叔的书房里时，瓦楞上已经雪白，房里也映得较光明，极分明的显出壁上挂着的朱拓的大“壽”字，陈抟老祖写的；一边的对联已经脱落，松松的卷了放在长桌上，一边的还在，道是“事理通达心气和平”。我又无聊赖的到窗下的案头去一翻，只见一堆似乎未必完全的《康熙字典》，一部《近思录集注》和一部《四书衬》。无

1. On the twenty-third of the twelfth lunar month the Hearth God was supposed to go up to make a report.

2. The Confucian school in the Song Dynasty (960-1279) which claimed that all things in the universe and the feudal order were ordained by "Reason" and could never change.

3. Referring to Kang Youwei, Liang Qichao and others who in 1898, supported by Emperor Guang Xu, started a bourgeois reform movement. After this was crushed by the die-hards, Kang Youwei and others fled abroad and organized a royalist group advocating constitutional monarchy, becoming a reactionary political clique.

4. A tenth-century hermit.

The end of the year by the old calendar does really seem a more natural end to the year for, to say nothing of the villages and towns, the very sky seems to proclaim the New Year's approach. Intermittent flashes from pallid, lowering evening clouds are followed by the rumble of crackers bidding farewell to the Hearth God¹ and, before the deafening reports of the bigger bangs close at hand have died away, the air is filled with faint whiffs of gunpowder. On one such night I returned to Luzhen, my home town. I call it my home town, but as I had not made my home there for some time I put up at the house of a certain Fourth Mr. Lu, whom I am obliged to address as Fourth Uncle since he belongs to the generation before mine in our clan. A former Imperial Academy licentiate who believes in Neo-Confucianism,² he seemed very little changed, just slightly older, but without any beard as yet. Having exchanged some polite remarks upon meeting he observed that I was fatter, and having observed that I was fatter launched into a violent attack on the reformists.³ I did not take this personally, however, as the object of his attack was Kang Youwei. Still, conversation proved so difficult that I shortly found myself alone in the study.

I rose late the next day and went out after lunch to see relatives and friends, spending the following day in the same way. They were all very little changed, just slightly older; but every family was busy preparing for the New-Year sacrifice. This is the great end-of-year ceremony in Luzhen, during which a reverent and splendid welcome is given to the God of Fortune so that he will send good luck for the coming year. Chickens and geese are killed, pork is bought, and everything is scrubbed and scoured until all the women's arms — some still in twisted silver bracelets — turn red in the water. After the meat is cooked chopsticks are thrust into it at random, and when this "offering" is set out at dawn, incense and candles are lit and the God of Fortune is respectfully invited to come and partake of it. The worshippers are confined to men and, of course, after worshipping they go on letting off firecrackers as before. This is done every year, in every household — so long as it can afford the offering and crackers — and naturally this year was no exception.

The sky became overcast and in the afternoon it was filled with a flurry of snowflakes, some as large as plum-blossom petals, which merged with the smoke and the bustling atmosphere to make the small town a welter of confusion. By the time I had returned to my uncle's study, the roof of the house was already white with snow which made the room brighter than usual, highlighting the red stone rubbing that hung on the wall of the big character "Longevity" as written by the Taoist saint Chen Tuan.⁴ One of the pair of scrolls flanking it had fallen down and was lying loosely rolled up on the long table. The other, still in its place, bore the inscription "Understanding of principles brings peace of mind." Idly, I strolled over to the desk beneath the window to turn over the pile of books on it, but only

论如何，我明天决计要走了。

况且，一想到昨天遇见祥林嫂的事，也就使我不能安住。那是下午，我到镇的东头访过一个朋友，走出来，就在河边遇见她；而且见她瞪着的眼睛的视线，就知道明明是向我走来的。我这回在鲁镇所见的人们中，改变之大，可以说无过于她的了：五年前的花白的头发，即今已经全白，全不像四十上下的人；脸上瘦削不堪，黄中带黑，而且消尽了先前悲哀的神色，仿佛是木刻似的；只有那眼珠间或一轮，还可以表示她是一个活物。她一手提着竹篮，内中一个破碗，空的；一手拄着一支比她更长的竹竿，下端开了裂：她分明已经纯乎是一个乞丐了。

我就站住，豫备她来讨钱。

“你回来了？”她先这样问。

“是的。”

“这正好。你是识字的，又是出门人，见识得多。我正要问你一件事——”她那没有精采的眼睛忽然发光了。

我万料不到她却说出这样的话来，诧异的站着。

“就是——”她走近两步，放低了声音，极秘密似的切切的说，“一个人死了之后，究竟有没有魂灵的？”

我很悚然，一见她的眼钉着我的，背上也就遭了芒刺一般，比在学校里遇到不及豫防的临时考，教师又偏是站在身旁的时候，惶急得多了。对于魂灵的有无，我自己是向来毫不介意的；但在此刻，怎样回答她好呢？我在极短期的踌躇中，想，这里的人照例相信鬼，然而她，却疑惑了，——或者不如说希望：希望其有，又希望其无……。人何必增添末路的人的苦恼，为她起见，不如说有罢。

“也许有罢，——我想。”我于是吞吞吐吐的说。

“那么，也就有地狱了？”

“阿！地狱？”我很吃惊，只得支梧着，“地狱？——论理，就该也有。——然而也未必，……谁来管这等事……。”

“那么，死掉的一家的人，都能见面的？”

5. Compiled by Luo Pei in the Qing Dynasty for use in the imperial examinations.

found an apparently incomplete set of *The Kang Xi Dictionary*, the *Selected Writings of Neo-Confucian Philosophers*, and *Commentaries on the Four Books*.⁵ At all events I must leave the next day, I decided.

Besides, the thought of my meeting with Xianglin's Wife the previous day was preying on my mind. It had happened in the afternoon. On my way back from calling on a friend in the eastern part of the town, I had met her by the river and knew from the fixed look in her eyes that she was going to accost me. Of all the people I had seen during this visit to Luzhen, none had changed so much as she had. Her hair, streaked with grey five years before, was now completely white, making her appear much older than one around forty. Her sallow, dark-tinged face that looked as if it had been carved out of wood was fearfully wasted and had lost the grief-stricken expression it had borne before. The only sign of life about her was the occasional flicker of her eyes. In one hand she had a bamboo basket containing a chipped, empty bowl; in the other, a bamboo pole, taller than herself, that was split at the bottom. She had clearly become a beggar pure and simple.

I stopped, waiting for her to come and ask for money.

"So you're back?" were her first words.

"Yes."

"That's good. You are a scholar who's travelled and seen the world. There's something I want to ask you." A sudden gleam lit up her lacklustre eyes.

This was so unexpected that surprise rooted me to the spot.

"It's this." She drew two paces nearer and lowered her voice, as if letting me into a secret. "Do dead people turn into ghosts or not?"

My flesh crept. The way she had fixed me with her eyes made a shiver run down my spine, and I felt far more nervous than when a surprise test is sprung on you at school and the teacher insists on standing over you. Personally, I had never bothered myself in the least about whether spirits existed or not; but what was the best answer to give her now? I hesitated for a moment, reflecting that the people here still believed in spirits, but she seemed to have her doubts, or rather hopes — she hoped for life after death and dreaded it at the same time. Why increase the sufferings of someone with a wretched life? For her sake, I thought, I'd better say there was.

"Quite possibly, I'd say," I told her falteringly.

"That means there must be a hell too?"

"What, hell?" I faltered, very taken aback. "Hell? Logically speaking, there should be too — but not necessarily. Who cares anyway?"

"Then will all the members of a family meet again after death?"

“唉唉，见面不见面呢？……”这时我已知道自己也还是完全一个愚人，什么踌躇，什么计画，都挡不住三句问。我即刻胆怯起来了，便想全翻过先前的话来，“那是，……实在，我说不清……。其实，究竟有没有魂灵，我也说不清。”

我乘她不再紧接的问，迈开步便走，匆匆的逃回四叔的家中，心里很觉得不安逸。自己想，我这答话怕于她有些危险。她大约因为在别人的祝福时候，感到自身的寂寞了，然而会不会含有别的什么意思的呢？——或者是有了什么豫感了？倘有别的意思，又因此发生别的事，则我的答话委实该负若干的责任……。但随后也就自笑，觉得偶尔的事，本没有什么深意义，而我偏要细细推敲，正无怪教育家要说是生着神经病；而况明明说过“说不清”，已经推翻了答话的全局，即使发生什么事，于我也毫无关系了。

“说不清”是一句极有用的话。不更事的勇敢的少年，往往敢于给人解决疑问，选定医生，万一结果不佳，大抵反成了怨府，然而一用这说不清来作结束，便事事逍遥自在了。我在这时，更感到这一句话的必要，即使和讨饭的女人说话，也是万不可省的。

但是我总觉得不安，过了一夜，也仍然时时记忆起来，仿佛怀着什么不祥的豫感；在阴沉的雪天里，在无聊的书房里，这不安愈加强烈了。不如走罢，明天进城去。福兴楼的清炖鱼翅，一元一大盘，价廉物美，现在不知增价了否？往日同游的朋友，虽然已经云散，然而鱼翅是不可不吃的，即使只有我一个……。无论如何，我明天决计要走了。

我因为常见些但愿不如所料，以为未必竟如所料的事，却每每恰如所料的起来，所以很恐怕这事也一律。果然，特别的情形开始了。傍晚，我竟听到有些人聚在内室里谈话，仿佛议论什么事似的；但不一会，说话声也就止了，只有四叔且走而且高声的说：

“不早不迟，偏偏要在这时候，——这就可见是一个谬种！”

"Well, as to whether they'll meet again or not..." I realized now what an utter fool I was. All my hesitation and manoeuvring had been no match for her three questions. Promptly taking fright, I decided to recant. "In that case...actually, I'm not sure.... In fact, I'm not sure whether there are ghosts or not either."

To avoid being pressed by any further questions I walked off, then beat a hasty retreat to my uncle's house, feeling thoroughly disconcerted. I may have given her a dangerous answer, I was thinking. Of course, she may just be feeling lonely because everybody else is celebrating now, but could she have had something else in mind? Some premonition? If she had had some other idea, and something happens as a result. Then my answer should indeed be partly responsible.... Then I laughed at myself for brooding so much over a chance meeting when it could have no serious significance. No wonder certain educationists called me neurotic. Besides, I had distinctly declared, "I'm not sure," contradicting the whole of my answer. This meant that even if something did happen, it would have nothing at all to do with me.

"I'm not sure" is a most useful phrase.

Bold inexperienced youngsters often take it upon themselves to solve problems or choose doctors for other people, and if by any chance things turn out badly they may well be held to blame; but by concluding their advice with this evasive expression they achieve blissful immunity from reproach. The necessity for such a phrase was brought home to me still more forcibly now, since it was indispensable even in speaking with a beggar woman.

However, I remained uneasy, and even after a night's rest my mind dwelt on it with a certain sense of foreboding. The oppressive snowy weather and the gloomy study increased my uneasiness. I had better leave the next day and go back to the city. A large dish of plain shark's fin stew at the Fu Xing Restaurant used to cost only a dollar. I wondered if this cheap delicacy had risen in price or not. Though my good companions of the old days had scattered, that shark's fin must still be sampled even if I were on my own. Whatever happened I would leave the next day, I decided.

Since, in my experience, things I hoped would not happen and felt should not happen invariably did occur all the same, I was much afraid this would prove another such case. And, sure enough, the situation soon took a strange turn, Towards evening I heard what sounded like a discussion in the inner room, but the conversation ended before long and my uncle walked away observing loudly, "What a moment to choose! Now of all times! Isn't that proof enough she was a bad lot?"

我先是诧异，接着是很不安，似乎这话于我有关系。试望门外，谁也没有。好容易待到晚饭前他们的短工来冲茶，我才得了打听消息的机会。

“刚才，四老爷和谁生气呢？”我问。

“还不是和祥林嫂？”那短工简捷的说。

“祥林嫂？怎么了？”我又赶紧的问。

“老了。”

“死了？”我的心突然紧缩，几乎跳起来，脸上大约也变了色。但他始终没有抬头，所以全不觉。我也就镇定了自己，接着问：

“什么时候死的？”

“什么时候？——昨天夜里，或者就是今天罢。——我说不清。”

“怎么死的？”

“怎么死的？——还不是穷死的？”他淡然的回答，仍然没有抬头向我看，出去了。

然而我的惊惶却不过暂时的事，随着就觉得要来的事，已经过去，并不必仰仗我自己的“说不清”和他之所谓“穷死的”的宽慰，心地已经渐渐轻松；不过偶然之间，还似乎有些负疚。晚饭摆出来了，四叔俨然的陪着。我也还想打听些关于祥林嫂的消息，但知道他虽然读过“鬼神者二气之良能也”，而忌讳仍然极多，当临近祝福时候，是万不可提起死亡疾病之类的话的；倘不得已，就该用一种替代的隐语，可惜我又不知道，因此屡次想问，而终于中止了。我从他俨然的脸色上，又忽而疑他正以为我不早不迟，偏要在这时候来打搅他，也是一个谬种，便立刻告诉他明天要离开鲁镇，进城去，趁早放宽了他的心。他也不很留。这样闷闷的吃完了一餐饭。

冬季日短，又是雪天，夜色早已笼罩了全市镇。人们都在灯下匆忙，但窗外很寂静。雪花落在积得厚厚的雪褥上面，听去似乎瑟瑟有声，使人更加感得沉寂。我独坐在发出黄光的菜油灯下，想，这百无聊赖的祥林嫂，被人们

6. This was said by the Song Dynasty Neo-Confucian Zhang Zai.

My initial astonishment gave way to a deep uneasiness; I felt that this had something to do with me. I looked out of the door, but no one was there. I waited impatiently till their servant came in before dinner to brew tea. Then at last I had a chance to make some inquiries.

"Who was Mr. Lu so angry with just now?" I asked.

"Why, Xianglin's Wife, of course," was the curt reply.

"She's gone."

"Dead?" My heart missed a beat. I started and must have changed colour. But since the servant kept his head lowered, all this escaped him. I pulled myself together enough to ask.

"When did she die?"

"When? Last night or today — I'm not sure."

"How did she die?"

"How? Of poverty of course." After this stolid answer he withdrew, still without having raised his head to look at me.

My agitation was only short-lived, however. For now that my premonition had come to pass, I no longer had to seek comfort in my own "I'm not sure," or his "dying of poverty," and my heart was growing lighter. Only from time to time did I still feel a little guilty. Dinner was served, and my uncle impressively kept me company. Tempted as I was to ask about Xianglin's Wife, I knew that, although he had read that "ghosts and spirits are manifestations of the dual forces of Nature,"⁶ he was still so superstitious that on the eve of the New-Year sacrifice it would be unthinkable to mention anything like death or illness. In case of necessity one should use veiled allusions. But since this was unfortunately beyond me I had to bite back the questions which kept rising to the tip of my tongue. And my uncle's solemn expression suddenly made me suspect that he looked on me too as a bad lot who had chosen this moment, now of all times, to come and trouble him. To set his mind at rest as quickly as I could, I told him at once of my plan to leave Luzhen the next day and go back to the city. He did not press me to stay, and at last the uncomfortably quiet meal came to an end.

Winter days are short, and because it was snowing darkness had already enveloped the whole town. All was stir and commotion in the lighted houses, but outside was remarkably quiet. And the snowflakes hissing down on the thick snowdrifts intensified one's sense of loneliness. Seated alone in the amber light of the vegetable-oil lamp I reflected that this wretched and forlorn woman, abandoned in the dust like a worn-out toy of which its owners have tired, had once left her own imprint in the dust, and those

弃在尘芥堆中的，看得厌倦了的陈旧的玩物，先前还将形骸露在尘芥里，从活得有趣的人们看来，恐怕要怪讶她何以还要存在，现在总算被无常打扫得干干净净了。魂灵的有无，我不知道；然而在现世，则无聊生者不生，即使厌见者不见：为人为己，也还都不错。我静听着窗外似乎瑟瑟作响的雪花声，一面想，反而渐渐的舒畅起来。

然而先前所见所闻的她的半生事迹的断片，至此也联成一片了。

她不是鲁镇人。有一年的冬初，四叔家里要换女工，做中人的卫老婆子带她进来了，头上扎着白头绳，乌裙，蓝夹袄，月白背心，年纪大约二十六七，脸色青黄，但两颊却还是红的。卫老婆子叫她祥林嫂，说是自己母家的邻舍，死了当家人，所以出来做工了。四叔皱了皱眉，四婶已经知道了他的意思，是在讨厌她是一个寡妇。但看她模样还周正，手脚都壮大，又只是顺着眼，不开一句口，很像一个安分耐劳的人，便不管四叔的皱眉，将她留下了。试工期内，她整天的做，似乎闲着就无聊，又有力，简直抵得过一个男子，所以第三天就定局，每月工钱五百文。

大家都叫她祥林嫂；没问她姓什么，但中人是卫家山人，既说是邻居，那大概也就姓卫了。她不很爱说话，别人问了才回答，答的也不多。直到十几天之后，这才陆续的知道她家里还有严厉的婆婆；一个小叔子，十多岁，能打柴了；她是春天没了丈夫的；他本来也打柴为生，比她小十岁：大家所知道的就只是这一点。

日子很快的过去了，她的做工却毫没有懈，食物不论，力气是不惜的。人们都说鲁四老爷家里雇着了女工，实在比勤快的男人还勤快。到年底，扫尘，洗地，杀鸡，宰鹅，彻夜的煮福礼，全是一人担当，竟没有添短工。然而她反满足，口角边渐渐的有了笑影，脸上也白胖了。

新年才过，她从河边淘米回来时，忽而失了色，说