



美国当代短篇小说选读

程建锋 张雪娜 李蕊 主 编

沈阳出版社

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前 言

本书收录了美国 20 世纪初至 20 世纪 80 年代欧内斯特·米勒尔·海明威、威廉·福克纳、杰罗姆·大卫·塞林格等著名作家的短篇小说共 29 篇，各主要流派如南方作家、黑人作家、妇女作家和犹太作家等的代表作均有，为读者展示了美国短篇小说发展的脉络与概况。这些选文或内容或有较大意义，或艺术上有鲜明特色，或两者兼有之。这些作品从不同角度反映了美国社会在不同时期的某些侧面，同时也体现了各作家的写作风格、技巧和特色。本书收录的文章按根据作品内容所涉及的时代的顺序进行编排。

本书由程建锋、张雪娜、李蕊主编，具体撰写工作如下：程建锋撰写了前言，收录编写了第 1 篇、第 2 篇、第 3 篇、第 4 篇；张雪娜收录编写了第 5 篇、第 6 篇、第 7 篇、第 8 篇；李蕊收录编写了第 9 篇、第 10 篇、第 11 篇、第 12 篇；赵莉莉收录编写了第 13 篇、第 14 篇、第 15 篇、第 16 篇；闫超亚收录编写了第 17 篇、第 18 篇、第 19 篇、第 20 篇；李蕾收录编写了第 21 篇、第 22 篇、第 23 篇、第 24 篇；秦丹丹收录编写了第 25 篇、第 26 篇、第 27 篇；张文博收录编写了第 28 篇、第 29 篇。最后由程建锋通审了全书并负责全书的编审、统筹等工作。

另外，本书在编写过程中也参考并引用了一些素材，由于时间较为仓促，没来得及和原编著者一一取得联系，敬请谅解。也请相关作者看到本书后及时与我们联系，希望得到您的相关建议，我们

在此表示感谢。

本书适合具有中等英语程度的读者阅读参考，也可作为英语专业及英语辅修文学课的参考教材。为了便于读者了解作家及作品内容，我们在文前对每位作家及其作品做了简要介绍；为了读者能够更好的阅读，我们给每篇作品加了必要的注释，并在文后提出了有助于阅读理解思考题。由于水平有限，本书欠妥或错误之处在所难免，希望读者给予批评指正。

编者：2014年8月

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A Rose for Emily

William Faulkner

[作者简介]

威廉·福克纳（William Faulkner, 1897—1962），美国文学史上最具影响力的作家之一，意识流文学在美国的代表人物，1949年诺贝尔文学奖得主。他一生共写了19部长篇小说与120多篇短篇小说，其中15部长篇与绝大多数短篇的故事都发生在约克纳帕塔法县，称为“约克纳帕塔法世系”。其主要脉络是这个县杰弗生镇及其郊区的属于不同社会阶层的若干个家族几代人的故事，时间从1800年起直到第二次世界大战以后。其中最有代表性的作品是《喧哗和骚动》。1962年，福克纳去世后，被葬在家族墓地，紧靠着夭折女儿亚拉巴马的墓。意识流是福克纳作品的重要表现手法。比如《喧哗和骚动》中，昆丁的思绪在手表齿轮的声音、耶稣在海上行走、华盛顿的诚实、小物件上的红迹、自己手指的血之间自由跳跃，却显得十分自然。自由联想往往是不受时间限制的，比如《我弥留之际》中艾迪的意识，由过去与父亲的对话，联想到现在教授学生的烦恼，再到将来的安眠，过去、现在和未来就通过意识流串了起来。

[作品赏析]

《献给艾米丽的玫瑰》是威廉·福克纳非常著名的短篇小说，它的特殊之处就在于它能够让人全神贯注地把整篇读完，之后仍然

意犹未尽，又特别希望把整个故事说给别人听；虽然结局令人痛苦不堪，不浪漫也不激情，但在某些小地方总不经意透出一丝感人的气息。

艾米丽(Emily)的父亲认为将她与外界隔绝是对她最好的保护，所以他以自视甚高的心态一直在保护艾米丽。艾米丽被父亲的高塔关着，当他去世后，她一直赖以生存的塔也随之倒塌了。她原本可以敞开心扉不再过寂寞的日子，可是她又依据父亲对她的影响建造了另外一座塔，以此否认父亲已经去世的事实。

巴伦(Barron)的出现改变了艾米丽，使她尝试出门和人群接触，可是父亲对她的影响太深，她爱着巴伦，却不懂得如何和他交流情感。所以当她知道不能拥有巴伦的时候，她唯一能做的就是把他带入自己的世界。

在奥地利，玫瑰是爱情、爱慕和敬仰的表示；而艾米丽这一一生中并没有任何点缀和光明，更没有鲜花代表自己的生气，所以玫瑰是叙述者在影射自己。

她自以为是家族的牺牲品，也是父亲的囚犯。自私的占有并不是爱，而是一种欲望。即使艾米丽有自己的想法也不可以表达，也没有说话的对象，她为了保密甚至连自己唯一的仆人都给毒哑了。为了逃避现实她一直活在自己的世界里，和外面的事情完全隔绝，当她留不住恋人，就让恋人的尸体伴她数十年。直到她去世后，镇上的居民才在她的床上发现失踪多年的巴伦的尸体。

艾米丽是个可怜的受害者，是她的至亲让她成为一个孤僻的人。也许她知道别人对她的关心，但是在她封闭的情感中又意图拒绝这种有限的关怀，哪怕是她最需要感情的时候。其实艾米丽拥有很多可贵的品质，如果她能敞开心扉，她的人生就会像玫瑰那样鲜艳美丽了。

A Rose for Emily

I

When Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection¹ for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant—a combined gardener and cook — had seen in at least ten years.

It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached² and obliterated³ even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps—an eyesore among eyesores. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel⁴ Sartoris, the mayor—he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron—remitted her taxes, the dispensation⁵ dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity⁶. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to

the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.

They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation⁷ waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse—a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor⁸. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds⁹ of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

They rose when she entered — a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony¹⁰ cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton¹¹ was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness¹² in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water,

and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand.

She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt. Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.

Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."

"But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"

"I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff... I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see We must go by the —"

"See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But, Miss Emily —"

"See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobel!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

II

So she vanquished¹³ them, horse and foot, just as she had vanquished their fathers thirty years before about the smell.

That was two years after her father's death and a short time after her sweetheart—the one we believed would marry her—had deserted¹⁴ her. After her father's death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all. A few of the ladies had the temerity to call, but were not received, and the only sign of life about the place was the Negro man—a young man

then—going in and out with a market basket.

“Just as if a man — any man — could keep a kitchen properly,” the ladies said; so they were not surprised when the smell developed. It was another link between the gross, teeming world and the high and mighty Griersons.

A neighbor, a woman, complained to the mayor, Judge Stevens, eighty years old.

“But what will you have me do about it, madam?” he said.

“Why, send her word to stop it,” the woman said. “Isn’t there a law?”

“I’m sure that won’t be necessary,” Judge Stevens said. “It’s probably just a snake or a rat that nigger of hers killed in the yard. I’ll speak to him about it.”

The next day he received two more complaints, one from a man who came in diffident deprecation¹⁵. “We really must do something about it, Judge. I’d be the last one in the world to bother Miss Emily, but we’ve got to do something.” That night the Board of Aldermen met — three graybeards and one younger man, a member of the rising generation.

“It’s simple enough,” he said. “Send her word to have her place cleaned up. Give her a certain time to do it in, and if she don’t...”

“Damn it, sir,” Judge Stevens said, “Will you accuse a lady to her face of smelling bad?”

So the next night, after midnight, four men crossed Miss Emily’s lawn and slunk about the house like burglars, sniffing along the base of the brickwork¹⁶ and at the cellar openings while one of them performed a regular sowing motion with his hand out of a sack slung from his shoulder. They broke open the cellar door and sprinkled lime there, and in all the outbuildings. As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso

motionless as that of an idol. They crept quietly across the lawn and into the shadow of the locusts that lined the street. After a week or two the smell went away.

That was when people had begun to feel really sorry for her. People in our town, remembering how old lady Wyatt, her great-aunt, had gone completely crazy at last, believed that the Griersons held themselves a little too high for what they really were. None of the young men were quite good enough for Miss Emily and such. We had long thought of them as a tableau¹⁷, Miss Emily a slender figure in white in the background, her father a spraddled silhouette in the foreground, his back to her and clutching a horsewhip, the two of them framed by the back-flung front door. So when she got to be thirty and was still single, we were not pleased exactly, but vindicated; even with insanity in the family she wouldn't have turned down all of her chances if they had really materialized¹⁸.

When her father died, it got about that the house was all that was left to her; and in a way, people were glad. At last they could pity Miss Emily. Being left alone, and a pauper, she had become humanized. Now she too would know the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less.

The day after his death all the ladies prepared to call at the house and offer condolence¹⁹ and aid, as is our custom Miss Emily met them at the door, dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face. She told them that her father was not dead. She did that for three days, with the ministers calling on her, and the doctors, trying to persuade her to let them dispose of the body. Just as they were about to resort to law and force, she broke down, and they buried her father quickly.

We did not say she was crazy then. We believed she had to do that. We remembered all the young men her father had driven away, and we knew that with nothing left, she would have to cling to²⁰ that which had robbed her, as people will.

III

She was sick for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows—sort of tragic and serene.

The town had just let the contracts for paving the sidewalks, and in the summer after her father's death they began the work. The construction company came with riggers and mules and machinery, and a foreman named Homer Barron, a Yankee—a big, dark, ready man, with a big voice and eyes lighter than his face. The little boys would follow in groups to hear him cuss the riggers, and the riggers singing in time to the rise and fall of picks. Pretty soon he knew everybody in town. Whenever you heard a lot of laughing anywhere about the square, Homer Barron would be in the center of the group. Presently we began to see him and Miss Emily on Sunday afternoons driving in the yellow-wheeled buggy and the matched team of bays from the livery stable.

At first we were glad that Miss Emily would have an interest, because the ladies all said, "Of course a Grierson would not think seriously of a Northerner, a day laborer." But there were still others, older people, who said that even grief could not cause a real lady to forget *noblesse oblige* — without calling it *noblesse oblige*. They just said, "Poor Emily. Her kinsfolk should come to her." She had some kin in Alabama; but years ago her father had fallen out with them over the estate of old lady Wyatt, the crazy woman, and there was no communication between the two families. They had not even been represented at the funeral.

And as soon as the old people said, "Poor Emily," the whispering began. "Do you suppose it's really so?" they said to one another. "Of course it is. What else could..." This behind their

hands; rustling of craned silk and satin behind jalousies closed upon the sun of Sunday afternoon as the thin, swift clop-clop-clop of the matched team passed: "Poor Emily."

She carried her head high enough—even when we believed that she was fallen. It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last Grierson; as if it had wanted that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness. Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say "Poor Emily," and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

"I want some poison," she said to the druggist²¹. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples and about the eye sockets²² as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper's face ought to look. "I want some poison," she said.

"Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom —"

"I want the best you have. I don't care what kind."

The druggist named several. "They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is —"

"Arsenic," Miss Emily said. "Is that a good one?"

"Is... arsenic²³? Yes, ma'am. But what you want —"

"I want arsenic."

The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. "Why, of course," the druggist said. "If that's what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for."

Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and

bones: "For rats."

IV

So the next day we all said, "She will kill herself"; and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked — he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks' Club—that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily" behind the jalousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister — Miss Emily's people were Episcopal — to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler's and ordered a man's toilet set in silver, with the letters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men's clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, "They are married." We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

So we were not surprised when Homer Barron — the streets had been finished some time since — was gone. We were a little