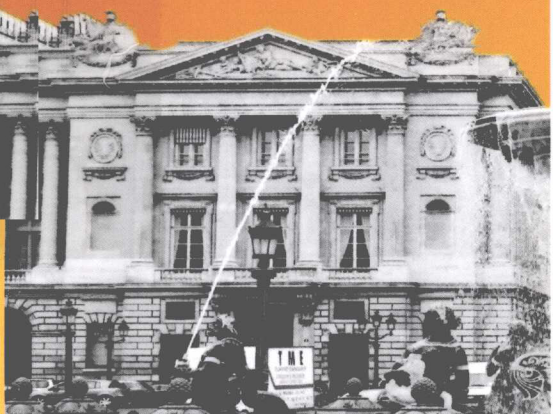
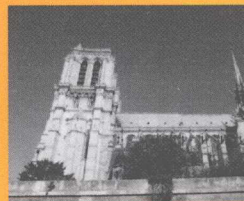
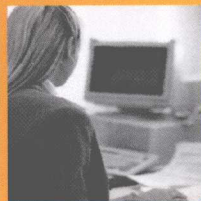
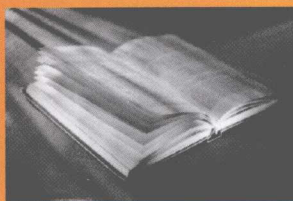


语言文化系列丛书

# *The Classic Short Stories in English World*

## 英文短篇小说赏析

田 园 赵秀芳◎编著



西北工业大学出版社

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**【内容简介】** 本书选编的 15 篇小说均来自英国和美国不同时期具有代表性作家的短篇小说,皆为经典传世之作。每个选篇都由“作者简介”“作品欣赏”“中文译文”和“作品分析”等 4 部分组成。

本书适合英语文学爱好者和学习者欣赏阅读,也可供英语专业和非英语专业的本科生、研究生学习参考。

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# 前言

阅读从来都是修心养性、陶冶情操的有效途径,对于熟悉了中文的读者,相信英文的阅读将会给我们打开领悟和感受另一种文化的新窗口。

本书所选作品均为英美历史上最具影响力的短篇作品。无论是思想还是语言都值得每一个爱好文学和学习英语的人来仔细阅读和领悟。随着英语应用的越来越广泛,相信会有更多英语爱好者选择英语原著,特别是短篇小说来学习和阅读,因为短篇小说是浓缩的精华,其特点就是篇幅短小、情节简洁、人物集中、结构精巧。它往往选取和描绘富有典型意义的生活片断,着力刻画主要人物的性格特征,反映生活的某一侧面,使读者“借一斑略知全豹”。正如茅盾先生所说:“短篇小说主要是抓住一个富有典型意义的生活片断,来说明一个问题或表现比它本身广阔得多、也复杂得多的社会现象的。”所以凭借本书 15 篇名作,可以使读者领略当时英国、美国的风土人情和社会风貌。

从詹姆斯·乔伊斯简单悲伤的《阿拉比》到埃德加·爱伦·坡恐怖疯癫的《泄密的心》;从华盛顿·欧文神秘奇幻的《瑞普·凡·温克尔》到纳撒尼尔·霍桑迷茫孤单的《小伙子古德曼·布朗》;从欧内斯特·海明威简洁凄凉的《雨中的猫》到凯特·肖邦跌宕起伏的《一小时的故事故事》;从杰克·伦敦坚毅勇敢的《热爱生命》到欧·亨利机智幽默的《警察与赞美诗》……没有一篇不让人充满期待而又感慨万分。我们从阅读中得到的不只是震撼感动,更多的是对人生的思考。当然,笔者也期待在字里行间,在英汉不同的语言世界里能让阅读的人体会文字和文学的魅力。

本书的编写也得到了同事和挚友赵秀芳的加盟,她负责编写书中的最后五篇文章,为本书添上了浓墨重彩的一笔。编写本书曾参阅了相关文献资料,在此,谨向这些文献资料的作者深致谢忱。最重要的还有家人的支持和同事朋友们的鼓励,感激和感动无法言表。

由于精力和能力有限,书中难免有疏漏之处,也恳请广大读者批评指正。

编者

2014 年 12 月



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# Araby

James Joyce

## 【作者简介】

詹姆斯·乔伊斯(James Joyce, 1882—1941), 爱尔兰作家、诗人, 20 世纪最伟大的作家之一, 后现代文学的奠基者之一, 其作品及“意识流”思想对世界文坛影响巨大。其代表作《尤利西斯》《一个青年艺术家的画像》《芬尼根的守灵夜》和《都柏林人》在世界文学史上占有举足轻重的地位。前 3 部作品均入选美国兰登书屋评选的“20 世纪一百本优秀英文小说”, 对后世产生了巨大的影响。



詹姆斯·乔伊斯出生在爱尔兰的都柏林。1920 年起定居巴黎。其一生颠沛流离, 辗转于欧洲各地, 靠教授英语和写作糊口, 晚年饱受眼疾之痛, 几近失明。其作品结构复杂, 用语奇特, 极富独创性。乔伊斯出生的时候, 爱尔兰这个风光绮丽的岛国是英国的殖民地, 战乱不断, 民不聊生。他有一大群弟弟妹妹, 但他父亲偏爱这个才华横溢的长子, “不论这一家人有没有足够的东西吃, 也给他钱去买外国书籍”。他学习成绩出众, 并初步表现出非凡的文学才能。乔伊斯的文学生涯始于他 1904 年开始创作的短篇小说集《都柏林人》(*Dubliners*)。在写给出版商的一封信中, 他明确地表述了这本书的创作原则: “我的宗旨是要为我国的道德和精神史写下自己的一章。”这实际上也成了他一生文学追求的目标。在乔伊斯眼中, 处于大英帝国和天主教会双重压迫和钳制下的爱尔兰是一个不可救药的国家, 而都柏林则是它“瘫痪的中心”, 在这个城市里每时每地都上演着麻木、苦闷、沦落的一幕幕活话剧。而出自《都柏林人》中的一篇短篇小说《阿拉比》(*Araby*), 展现出作者文笔的魅力和其意识流风格小说的美感。

## 【作品欣赏】

North Richmond Street, being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christmas Brother's School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: The Abbot, by Walter Scott, The Devout Communicant and The Memoirs of Vidocq. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown somber. The space of sky above us was the color of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street, light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure decentered by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a *Come-all-you* about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about sensation of life for me; I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and

praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: "O love! O Love!" many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me whether I was going to Araby. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said she would love to go.

"And why can't you?" I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

"It's well for you," she said.

"If I go," I said, "I will bring you something."

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word Araby were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

"Yes, boy, I know."

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left



the house in bad humour and walked slowly toward the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go; she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late, as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, cleaning my fists. My aunt said:

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord."

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the halldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go the bazaar. He had forgotten.

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

"Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is."

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know *The Arab's Farewell to His Steed*. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the trees thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and , fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognized a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the center of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words Café Chantant were written in colored lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

“O, I never said such a thing!”

“O, but you did!”

“O, but I didn’t!”

“Didn’t she say that?”

“Yes. I heard her.”

“O, there’s a . . . fib!”

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

“No, thank you.”

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

## 【中文译文】

### 阿 拉 比

北里奇蒙德街的一头是不通的,除了基督兄弟学校的学童们放学回家那段时间外,平时很

寂静。在街尽头有一幢无人住的两层楼房，跟一块方地上比邻的房子隔离着。街上其他房屋仿佛自以为有像样的住户，而沉下褐色的脸，互相凝视。

我们从前的房客，一个教士，死在这屋子的后客厅里。由于长期关闭，所有的房间散发出一股霉味。厨房后面的废物间里，满地都是乱七八糟的废纸。我在其中翻到几本书页卷起而潮湿的平装书：瓦尔特·司各特作的《修道院长》，还有《虔诚的圣餐者》和《维道克回忆录》。我最喜欢最后一本，因为那些书页是黄的。屋子后面有个荒芜的花园，中间一株苹果树，四周零零落落的几株灌木；在一棵灌木下面，我发现死去的房客留下的一个生锈的自行车打气筒。那教士是个心肠很好的人，他在遗嘱中把全部存款捐给了各种慈善机构，又把家具赠给他的妹妹。

到了日短夜长的冬天，晚饭还没吃完，夜幕就降落了。当我们在街上玩耍时，一幢幢房屋变得阴森森的。头上的夜空显出一片变幻的紫罗兰色，同街灯的微光遥遥相映。寒气刺骨，我们不停地玩着，直到浑身暖和。我们的喊叫声在僻静的街心回响。我们窜到屋子后面黑暗、泥泞的巷子里，遭到棚屋里那一伙野孩子的夹道鞭打；我们就跑到一家家幽暗阴湿的花园后门口，那里一个个灰坑发出难闻的气味。随后再到黑黝黝的满是马粪味的马厩去。马夫在那儿梳马，或敲着扣上的马具，发出铿锵的声音。当我们折回街道时，灯光已经从一家家厨房的窗子里透出来，把这一带照亮了。这时，假如我叔叔正拐过街角，我们便藏在暗处，直到他走进家门。如果曼根的姐姐在门口石阶上呼唤弟弟回家吃茶点，我们就在暗中瞧着她对街道东张西望。我们等着看她是待住不走呢，还是进屋去。要是她一直不进去，我们就从暗处走出来，无可奈何地走到曼根家台阶前。她在等我们，灯光从半掩的门里射出来，映现出她的身影。她弟弟在顺从她之前，总要先嘲弄她一番，我则靠着栅栏望她。她一移动身子，衣服便摇摆起来，柔软的辫子左右挥动。

每天早晨，我躺在前客厅的地板上，望着她家的门。我总是把百叶窗拉下来，只留一英寸不到的缝隙，那样别人就看不见我了。她一出门走到台阶上，我的心就怦怦跳。我冲到过道里，抓起书就奔，跟在她后面。我紧紧盯住她穿着棕色衣服的身影。走到岔路口，我便加快步子赶上她。每天早晨都是如此。除了随便招呼一声，我从未同她讲过话。可是，她的名字总是使我蠢头蠢脑地激动。

甚至在最不宜浪漫想象的场合，她的形象也陪伴着我。每逢周末傍晚，我都得跟姑妈上街买东西，替她拎一些包。我们穿行在五光十色的大街上，被醉鬼和讨价还价的婆娘们挤来挤去，周围一片喧嚣；劳工们在诅咒，站在一桶桶猪肉旁守望的伙计们尖声叫嚷，街头的卖艺人用浓重的鼻音哼着赞美奥唐纳万·罗沙的《大伙儿都来》，或一支感叹祖国动乱的歌谣。这些噪声汇合成一片众生相，使我对生活的感受集中到一点：仿佛感到自己捧着圣餐杯，在一群仇敌中间安然穿过。有时，在做祷告或唱赞美诗时，她的名字会莫名其妙地从我嘴里脱口而出，我时常热泪盈眶（自己也说不清为什么）。有时，一股沸腾的激情从心底涌起，流入胸中。我很少想到前途。我不知道自己究竟会不会同她说话，要是说了，怎么向她倾诉我迷惘的爱慕。这时，我的身子好似一架竖琴，她的音容笑貌宛如拨弄琴弦的纤指。

有一天，薄暮时分，我走进教士在里面死去的后客厅。那是一个漆黑的雨夜，屋子里一片沉寂。透过破碎的玻璃窗，我听到雨密密麻麻泻在土地上，针尖似的细雨在湿透了的花坛上不断跳跃。远处，有一盏街灯或谁家窗口透出的光在下面闪烁。我庆幸自己不能看清一切。我的全部感官似乎想隐蔽起来，我觉得自己快要失去知觉了，于是把双手紧紧合在一起，以致手颤抖了，一面喃喃自语：“啊，爱！啊，爱！”

她终于跟我说话了。她一开口，我就慌乱不堪，呆在那儿，不知道说什么好。她问我去不去阿拉比，我记不起怎么回答的。她说那儿的集市一定丰富多彩，她很想去呐。

“为什么不去呢？”我问。

她不断转动着手腕上的银镯子说，她不能去，因为这一礼拜女修道院里要做静修。那时，她弟弟正和两个男孩抢帽子。我独自站在栅栏前。她搭着一根栏杆的尖端，低下头，凑近我。门对面，街灯的光照着她白嫩的脖子的曲线，照亮了披垂的头发，也照亮了搁在栏杆上的手。她稍微叉开腿，从容地站着，灯光使她衣服的一边清晰可见，正好映出衬裙的白色镶边。

“你真该去看看，”她说。

“我要是去，”我说，“一定给你捎点什么的。”

从那一晚起，数不清的愚蠢的怪念头充塞在我白天的幻想和夜半的梦中！但愿出发前那段乏味的日子一下子过去。学校里的功课使我烦躁。每当夜晚在寝室里或白天在教室中读书时，她的形象便闪现在我和啃不进的书页之间。Araby(阿拉比)这个词的音节在静谧中隐隐回响，我的心灵沉溺在寂静中，四周弥漫着魅人的东方气息。我要求让我星期六晚上到阿拉比集市去，姑妈听了吃一惊，疑心我跟共济会有什么勾搭。在课堂里，我难得回答出问题。我瞧着老师的脸从和蔼变成严峻，他说：“希望你不要变懒了。”我成天神思恍惚。生活中的正经事叫我厌烦，它们使我的愿望不能尽快实现，所以在我看来，都像儿戏，单调而讨厌的儿戏。

星期六早晨，我对姑父说，晚上我要到集市去。他正在衣帽架边手忙脚乱地找帽刷子，便漫不经心地说：

“行，孩子，我知道了。”

他待在过道里，我就没法去前厅趴在窗口眺望了。我悻悻地离开家门，缓缓地走向学校。空气透骨得阴冷，我心里一阵阵忐忑不安。

回家吃饭时，姑父还没回来。时间还早呢。我坐着望了一会儿钟，滴答滴答的钟声叫我心烦意乱，便走出屋子，登上楼梯，走到楼上。那些高敞的空房间，寒冷而阴郁，却使我无拘无束。我唱起歌来，从一个房间跑到另一个房间。透过正面的玻璃窗，我看见伙伴们在街上玩耍。他们的喊声隐隐约约传到耳边。我把前额贴住冰冷的玻璃窗，望着她住的那栋昏暗的屋子。约莫一个小时过去了，我还站在那儿，什么都没看见，只在幻想中瞧见她穿着棕色衣服的身形，街灯的光朦胧地照亮曲线的脖子、搁在栏杆上的手，以及裙子下摆的镶边。

我再下楼时，看见当铺老板的遗孀默塞尔太太坐在火炉边。这个长舌妇，为了某种虔诚的目的，专爱收集用过的邮票。我只好陪着吃茶点，耐着性子听她嚼舌。开晚饭的时间早已过了一小时，姑父还没回来。默塞尔太太站起身来说：“对不起。”不能久等，八点过了，她不愿在外面待得太晚，夜里的风她受不了。她走后，我在屋里踱来踱去，紧攥着拳头。姑妈说：

“上帝啊，兴许今晚去不成了，改天再去看集市吧。”

九点，我忽然听见姑父用弹簧锁钥匙在开过道门。接着听见他自言自语，听到衣架被他挂上去的大衣压得直晃荡。我能猜出这些声音意味着什么。晚饭吃到一半，我向他要钱到集市去，他已把这件事给忘得一干二净了。

“人们早已上床，睡过一阵了，”他说。

我没笑。姑妈大声说：

“还不给钱让他去？！他已经等得够长啦！”

他说非常抱歉，忘了这件事。尔后又说，他很欣赏那句老话：“只工作不玩耍，任何孩子都



变傻。”他又问我去哪儿，于是我再讲一遍。他便问我知不知道《阿拉伯人向骏马告别》。我走出厨房时，他正要给姑妈背诵那故事的开场白哩。

我紧紧攥着一枚两先令银币，沿着白金汉大街，向火车站迈开大步走去。街上熙熙攘攘，净是买东西的人，煤气灯照耀得如同白昼，这景象提醒我快到集市去。我在一列空荡荡的火车的三等车厢找了个坐位。火车迟迟不开，叫人等得恼火，过了好久才慢慢地驶出车站，爬行在沿途倾圯的房屋中间，驶过一条闪闪发亮的河流。在威斯兰罗车站，来了一大群乘客，往车厢门直拥。列车员说，这是直达集市的专车，这才把他们挡回去。我独自坐在空车厢里。数分钟后，火车停在一个临时用木头搭起的月台旁。我下车走到街上。有一只钟被亮光照着，我瞅了一眼：九点五十分。我的面前矗立着一座大建筑物，上面闪亮着那魅人的名字。

我怎么也找不到花六便士就能进去的入口。我生怕集市关门，便三脚两步穿过一个旋转门，把一个先令付给一位神情疲惫的看门人。我发现走进了一所大厅，周围环绕着只有它一半高的游廊。几乎所有的棚摊都打烊了，大半个厅堂黑沉沉的。我有一种阒寂之感，犹如置身于做完礼拜后的教堂中。我怯生生地走到商场中间。那儿还有些人围着仍在营业的摊子；一块布帘上用彩灯拼成“乐声咖啡馆”几个字。两个男子正在一只托盘上数钱。我倾听着铜币落盘时的叮当声。

我绞尽脑汁才想起为什么到这儿来，便随意走到一个搭棚的摊子前，端详陈列在那里的瓷花瓶和印花茶具。棚摊门口有个女郎，正同两位年轻的先生说笑，我听出他们的英国口音，模模糊糊听着他们交谈。

“噢，我从没说过那种事。”

“哎，你肯定说过。”

“不，肯定没有！”

“难道她没说过？”

“说过的，我听见她说的。”

“啊，这简直是……胡说。”

那位女郎看见我，便走过来问要买什么。她的声音冷冰冰的，好像出于责任感。我诚惶诚恐地瞧着两排大坛子，它们竖在摊子门口两侧，恰似东方卫士；我低声说：

“不买，谢谢。”

那女郎把一只花瓶挪了一下，然后回到两个年轻人身边去了。他们又谈起同一个话题。那女人回头瞟了我一两次。

我逗留在她的棚摊前，仿佛真的对那些货物恋恋不舍一般，尽管心里明白，这样待着毫无意思。最后，我慢吞吞地离开那儿，沿着集市中间的小道走去。我把两个便士丢进口袋，跟里面一枚六便士的硬币碰响。接着，我听见长廊尽头传来熄灯的喊声。顿时，大厅漆黑一片。

我抬头凝视着黑暗，感到自己是一个被虚荣心驱使和拨弄的可怜虫，于是眼睛里燃烧着痛苦和愤怒。

## 【作品分析】

詹姆斯·乔伊斯的早期作品《都柏林人》是一部由 15 个故事组成的现实主义短篇小说集。该小说集以作者的家乡都柏林为背景，生动地描绘了 20 世纪初该城市的社会现实和人生百

态,深刻地反映出当时社会麻木不仁的冰冷状态,成功地展示了不同的人物同没有人情味的社会之间的冲突以及他们在失败之后的痛苦。作者从童年期、青年期、成年期和社会生活四个方面对这部小说集进行布局,揭示了当时社会的政治、经济和道德的冷酷。短篇小说《阿拉比》是该小说“童年期”的第三篇,讲述的是一个少年对朦胧爱情的浪漫追求以及幻想破灭后的失望和痛苦。

众所周知,青少年是时代和社会的一面镜子,他们的生存状况和精神面貌能反映出一个时代的文化特征、社会环境特征和时代精神特征,他们就是整个社会的真实写照。因此,作者通过对《阿拉比》中一个少年成长经历的描写来反映当时社会状况:在死气沉沉的都柏林社会中,连天真的孩子都无法逃脱瘫痪和麻木的阴影。

乔伊斯不仅是一位公认的“意识流”小说的代表人物,也是象征手法的应用大师,短篇小说《阿拉比》正是他的意识流小说的代表,其中娴熟自然的象征手法让人赞不绝口。以下就从意识和象征两方面进行分析。

### 一、意识的流动和梦想的幻灭

乔伊斯很注重对内心意识流动的描述,也很注意描述时的用词。在《阿拉比》中,乔伊斯勾勒出一个粗犷的线条,通过对事情少量平淡无奇的细节描写,对普通百姓的生活状态和生活环境的客观叙述,充分表露其对当时整个社会状况的不满和失望,并对当时的社会现实进行了有力的抨击。

19世纪末期,爱尔兰社会动荡,人心散漫,整个社会充满了悲观失望的气氛。教会是影响人们行为的强大势力,天主教的道德规范与教义会影响约束着社会中的每一个人,这给本来就已陷入瘫痪的都柏林生活又增添了沉重的精神枷锁。从小说的开始:“我们从前的房客,一个教士,死在这屋子的后客厅里。由于长期关闭,所有的房间散发出一股霉味。厨房后面的废物间里,满地都是乱七八糟的废纸。”通过男孩对家里环境的描述:死去的教士、潮闷的空气、满地狼藉的旧纸张等等,我们能看出乔伊斯从心里已经对宗教失去了信心,同时也能看出他对爱尔兰整个社会状态的不满与失望,在这样一个压抑而冷漠的社会中,他选择了逃避,所以只好从现实遁入梦幻。

甚至在最不适宜浪漫想象的场合,她的形象也陪伴着我。……我的身子好似一架竖琴,她的音容笑貌宛如拨弄琴弦的纤指。有一天,薄暮时分,我走进教士在里面死去的后客厅。那是一个漆黑的雨夜,屋子里一片沉寂。透过破碎的玻璃窗,我听到雨密密麻麻泻在土地上,针尖似的细雨在湿透了的花坛上不断跳跃。远处,有一盏街灯或谁家窗口透出的光在下面闪烁。我庆幸自己不能看清一切。我的全部感官似乎想隐蔽起来,我觉得自己快要失去知觉了,于是把双手紧紧合在一起,以致手颤抖了,一面喃喃自语:“啊,爱!啊,爱!”

从上述描写我们所得到的印象就是:在黑夜的死寂中,男孩似乎看到有灯火在闪动,但他却不敢看他周围四周的一切,而是从内心深处寻找意识的栖息地,幻想着爱的乐园。从主人公的系列行为我们可以看出主人公所处的社会环境非常糟糕,无助的他百般无奈,为了逃避残酷的现实生活,只能从意识的领域里寻找一块属于自己的天地,以感觉自己的存在。

乔伊斯擅于描写精神世界,用象征意义的比喻手法来烘托气氛、编织情节以及暗示人物的性格。在《阿拉比》中,故事的主人公对当时的社会现实充满蔑视和厌倦:“我们穿行在五光十色的大街上,被醉鬼和讨价还价的婆娘们挤来挤去,周围一片喧嚣:劳工们在诅咒……”,因此,

那个男孩极度渴望一个属于自己的新世界,当他进入爱的理想世界时,乔伊斯描绘了一个崭新世界——阿拉比集市。随着故事的发展,乔伊斯拉大了意识和现实的距离,让小男孩走入了梦幻,通过对梦幻世界的理想描述,再现了作者极度不满的社会现实。例如:“从那一晚起,数不清的愚蠢的怪念头充塞在我白天的幻想和夜半的梦中!但愿出发前那段乏味的日子一下子过去。学校里的功课使我烦躁。”最后,男孩在星期六晚上专程到阿拉比市场去买礼物,但当他终于到达梦想中的阿拉比时,大多数商店已关门,人群已散,男孩小小的梦想在冷漠而残酷的现实面前幻灭了,他感到自己是个“可怜虫”“双眼中燃烧着痛苦和愤怒”。

## 二、丰富的象征意义

乔伊斯在描述故事时笔法细腻,使用了隐喻性的叙事语言,赋予事物以丰富的象征意义。小说中出现的“死胡同”“教士”“阿拉比”和“圣杯”等都具有丰富的象征意义,这些隐喻不但具有审美意义,而且发人深思,预示了人物命运,突出了小说的主题。

### (一) 死胡同

文章一开始就是对一条“死胡同”有这样的描写:“北里齐蒙德街的一头是不通的,除了基督兄弟学校的学童们放学回家那段时间外,平时很寂静。在街尽头有一幢无人住的两层楼房,跟一块方地上比邻的房子隔离着。街上其他房屋仿佛自以为有像样的住户,而沉下褐色的脸,互相凝视。”这段文字交代了故事中的男孩所处的生活环境。在这个狭小而封闭的世界里房子肃穆,街道是寂然的、房屋是阴森的、胡同是黑暗泥泞的、园子是黑乎乎湿漉漉的,进而以对其他环境的感官印象描述向读者呈现的是一个黑暗、腐朽而麻木的世界,所以对“死胡同”及其周围的环境的描写隐喻男孩实现梦想的艰难及失败的可能性。

### (二) 教士

小说中多次提到了一位“教士”和教士曾经居住的房间。教士居住的房屋虽然已长期关闭,而且“所有的房间散发出一股霉味”。房间里有几本书,书名分别是:《修道院长》《虔诚的圣餐者》和《维道克回忆录》,这几本书的名字隐喻过去人们怀有虔诚的宗教信仰,而泛黄的书页则隐喻过去的世界已远去。男孩还在教士居住的屋后发现了一个荒芜的花园,花园中间有一株苹果树。“花园”和“苹果树”让人联想到《圣经》中上帝为人类始祖创造的“伊甸园”和园中的“智慧树”,这是西方文学作品中经常出现的两个意象,是一种原型性隐喻。《圣经》中的“伊甸园”是人类堕落之前居住的地方,是一个让人为之神往的地方,是虔诚的基督徒心中理想之所。然而就像《圣经》的伊甸园没有了亚当和夏娃的居住也许已经荒芜一样,小说的花园也处于荒芜状态,因为“教士”死了。教士的职业是指导人们对上帝的信仰,教士的离去和花园的荒芜隐喻现实世界中爱尔兰人宗教信仰的缺失、麻木与瘫痪的精神世界,人们因为找不到精神归宿而变得麻木不仁,这也完全契合了小说中所描述的男孩生活环境的气氛。

### (三) 阿拉比

“阿拉比”是一个极富东方异域色彩的名字,是小说的题目,也是故事中的男孩梦开始和终结的地方。阿拉比象征着男孩的希望与美好的梦想,在这样一个冷漠而麻木的世界里竟还有这样一个地方,是令人向往的。男孩梦想着能在阿拉比集市上给自己心仪的女孩买一件如意的礼物,然而美好的梦想在残酷的现实面前是不堪一击的。叔父答应到时候给他钱去集市,然而叔父却忘记了许诺,晚上九点钟才回到家里,男孩早已等的焦躁不安。虽然时间已很晚,但是男孩还是踏上了自己的寻梦之旅。男孩终于来到了阿拉比集市,呈现在他面前的是黑沉沉

的大厅,打烊的店铺,到处充斥着一种静默,这儿的“静默”和故事开头所描述的“寂静”首尾呼应,暗示“阿拉比”集市仍是爱尔兰社会的一个缩影,是残酷而冷漠的现实存在,并不是男孩心中希冀的浪漫而神秘梦想之地。但男孩仍然想给自己心爱的女孩买到礼物,就走到一个摊位面前,结果却听到一个女人在和两个男人打情骂俏。眼前的景象和男孩梦想中的浪漫之处差之千里,那原本象征爱情圣堂的阿拉比,却是个亵渎神圣爱情的地方。孩子梦中的“阿拉比”不复存在,现实中的“阿拉比”不过是个世俗之地,所以故事中的阿拉比也有隐喻现实中的爱尔兰社会的意思。

#### (四)圣杯

“圣杯”是基督教里面一个非常具有传奇色彩的珍品。对圣杯最为传统的解释是在耶稣受难时,用来盛放耶稣鲜血的圣餐杯,对圣杯的追求让很多人为之着迷。在西方,寻找圣杯被看成是骑士精神的一部分。在小说《阿拉比》中,男孩心中时时刻刻都被他对女孩的想念充斥着,男孩把自己看成是手捧圣杯的骑士,正在为了自己的爱情梦想而冒险,女孩在他的心中是美好而神圣的,所以这儿的“圣杯”隐喻男孩对美好爱情的向往与追求。他把心中的女孩当成“圣女”一样去膜拜,但是在这个精神瘫痪的世界里,男孩的梦想注定以失败告终。

### 三、结语

乔伊斯认为在都柏林社会中,造成精神瘫痪的两股主要力量就是天主教和英国的殖民统治。其作品《阿拉比》以委婉含蓄的手法对此予以巧妙地传达,通过对20世纪初爱尔兰这种麻木不仁、死气沉沉的社会环境的描述,通过人们对浪漫爱情的憧憬和追求只不过是一场注定会被破灭的梦幻的故事,强有力地针砭了时弊,在一定意义上折射出文学作品的力量。解读乔伊斯这篇“意识流”文学作品有助于更好地理解其文学作品的社会意义,而他多处运用象征主义的手法,生动暗示出了文章的主题,使小说主题深入人心,发人深省。

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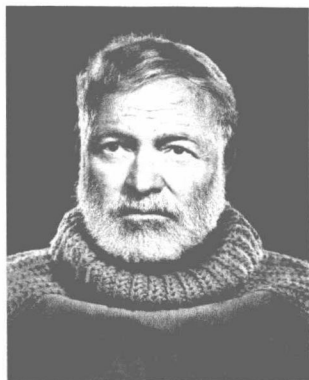


# Cat in the Rain

*Ernest Hemingway*

## 【作者简介】

海明威(Ernest Hemingway, 1899—1961), 美国作家, 1954年诺贝尔文学奖获得者。海明威是个传奇人物, 1899年出生于芝加哥一个医生家庭, 中学毕业后就当报社记者, 上过意大利前线。他喜欢滑雪、斗牛、打猎, 这些往往都是他作品的背景。20世纪40年代, 曾来中国报道抗日战争。他参加过两次世界大战, 因此作品中的人物不少是藐视死亡的勇士。其诺贝尔获奖作品《老人与海》通过描写人与自然的艰苦搏斗, 表现了当时的社会现实, 寓含着作者对人生的看法。小说中有一句名言: “一个人并不是生来要给打败的, 你尽可以把他消灭掉, 可就是打不败他。”这也正是海明威的人生态度。



海明威一生之中曾荣获数个不同的奖项: 第一次世界大战期间被授予银制勇敢勋章; 1953年, 以《老人与海》获得普立兹奖; 1954年, 《老人与海》又使海明威获得诺贝尔文学奖。海明威辞世之后, 美国现代图书馆在2001年所评出的“20世纪中的100部最佳英文小说”中, 他的两部作品《太阳照样升起》(*The Sun Also Rises*)与《永别了, 武器》(*A Farewell to Arms*)位列其中。海明威的写作风格以简洁著称, 对美国文学及20世纪世界文学的发展有极为深远的影响; 他的很多作品现在仍旧是极具权威性的著作。

他14岁走进拳击场, 满脸鲜血, 可他不肯倒下; 19岁走上战场, 200多块弹片嵌入他的身体, 也没能让他倒下; 写作上的无数艰辛, 无数次的退稿, 无数的失败, 还是无法打倒他; 甚至晚年, 连续两次飞机失事, 他都从大火中站立起来; 最后, 因不甘愿成为无能的弱者, 他举枪自杀。这就是硬汉海明威。海明威最希望他一生都充满戏剧性, 最希望在谢幕的时候, 能让所有人都记住他。他要用人们永远不息的掌声为自己的人生画上句号, 让所有后来者都知道他是一个真正的男子汉, 知道他作为一个男人在死的时候有多么豪迈、多么无所畏惧。从海明威一生的经历到最后的归宿上看, 他实现了他的人生追求。