

21世纪英语专业系列教材
西安外国语大学 编著

20世纪 美国小说选读

An Anthology of 20th-Century American Fiction

主编 杜瑞清

编者 芮小河 张小玲 李晶鸥



西安交通大学出版社
XI'AN JIAOTONG UNIVERSITY PRESS

21世纪英语专业系列教材
西安外国语大学 编著

20世纪 美国小说选读

An Anthology of 20th-Century American Fiction

主编 杜瑞清

编者 芮小河 张小玲 李晶鸥



西安交通大学出版社
XI'AN JIAOTONG UNIVERSITY PRESS

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

20 世纪美国小说选读/杜瑞清主编;芮小河,张小玲,李晶鸥编. —西安:西安交通大学出版社,2013.6

21 世纪英语专业系列教材
ISBN 978-7-5605-4747-3

I. ①2… II. ①杜… ②芮… ③张… ④李… III. ①英语-
阅读教学-高等学校-教材 ②小说-作品集-美国
-20 世纪 IV. ①H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2012)第 295456 号

书 名 20 世纪美国小说选读
主 编 杜瑞清
责任编辑 秦茂盛

出版发行 西安交通大学出版社
(西安市兴庆南路 10 号 邮政编码 710049)
网 址 <http://www.xjtpress.com>
电 话 (029)82668357 82667874(发行中心)
(029)82668315 82669096(总编办)
传 真 (029)82668280
印 刷 陕西元盛印务有限公司

开 本 787mm×1092mm 1/16 印张 32.625 字数 803 千字
版次印次 2013 年 6 月第 1 版 2013 年 6 月第 1 次印刷
书 号 ISBN 978-7-5605-4747-3/H·1383
定 价 53.00 元

读者购书、书店添货、如发现印装质量问题,请与本社发行中心联系、调换。

订购热线:(029)82665248 (029)82665249

投稿热线:(029)82664953 (029)82665371

读者信箱:cf_english@126.com

版权所有 侵权必究

本选读为《20 世纪英国小说选读》的姊妹篇,是在从 20 世纪 80 年代开始一直开设的美国小说课程基础上,不断充实、完善而选编出版的。本书共收集 30 部小说片段,囊括了 20 世纪各个时期,代表了不同族裔、不同流派、不同风格的作家和作品,从而管窥了 20 世纪美国小说的全貌,为大学生和广大美国文学爱好者提供了阅读、欣赏,从而进一步研究美国文学的丰富素材。

本选读以《20 世纪英国小说选读》为模本,每个章节包括用汉语撰写的作者简介、用英语撰写的小说梗概、注释和讨论问题。所不同的是,我们把入选作家的主要小说创作目录放在了每个章节之后,以便利读者参阅。

20 世纪美国小说精彩纷呈,百花争艳,题材丰富,思潮流派频变,经典与通俗共存,巨匠大师们笔耕不辍,名不见经传者一鸣惊人,多产和高产作家层出不穷,不少集作家与学者为一身,使美国文学日趋成熟,空前繁荣。更值得一提的是,由于多元文化主义推波助澜,少数族裔作家及作品不断涌现,引起了人们的普遍关注。犹太文学方兴未艾,妇女文学势头强劲,黑人文学风骚未减,土著文学破土而出,亚裔和拉丁美洲族裔文学异军突起,使 20 世纪美国小说繁花似锦,成了美国多元文化沙拉盘中璀璨夺目的奇葩。

在选读本的编写过程中,我们特别关注入选作品题材的多样性,选入了代表不同流派、风格和族裔的作家及作品。然而,直面令人眼花缭乱的艺术长廊,我们在取舍中遇到不少难题,甚至常常犹豫不决。篇幅再大,入选作家及作品再多,选择再审慎,也难免挂一漏万,顾此失彼,甚至以偏概全,产生缺憾,造成疏漏。对此,敬希广大读者不吝赐教,批评见谅。

编者

2012 年 12 月

于西安外国语大学

My Antonia 《我的安东尼娅》(1918)	
Willa Cather	(1)
Babbitt 《巴比特》(1922)	
Sinclair Lewis	(21)
An American Tragedy 《美国悲剧》(1925)	
Theodore Dreiser	(38)
The Great Gatsby 《了不起的盖茨比》(1925)	
Francis Scott Fitzgerald	(51)
A Farewell to Arms 《永别了,武器》(1929)	
Ernest Miller Hemingway	(68)
The Sound and the Fury 《喧哗与骚动》(1929)	
William Faulkner	(79)
Their Eyes Were Watching God 《他们眼望上苍》(1937)	
Zora Neale Hurston	(94)
The Grapes of Wrath 《愤怒的葡萄》(1939)	
John Steinbeck	(109)
Native Son 《土生子》(1940)	
Richard Wright	(120)
The Catcher in the Rye 《麦田的守望者》(1951)	
Jerome David Salinger	(147)
Invisible Man 《看不见的人》(1952)	
Ralph Ellison	(152)
Seize the Day 《只争朝夕》(1956)	
Saul Bellow	(160)
The Wapshot Chronicle 《瓦普肖特纪事》(1957)	
John Cheever	(176)
Rabbit, Run 《兔子,跑吧》(1960)	
John Updike	(198)
The Magician of Lublin 《卢布林的魔术师》(1960)	
Isaac Bashevis Singer	(208)
Pale Fire 《微暗的火》(1962)	



Vladimir Nabokov	(236)
The Crying of Lot 49 《拍卖第 49 号》(1966)	
Thomas Pynchon	(260)
The Armies of the Night 《夜里的军队》(1968)	
Norman Mailer	(269)
Slaughterhouse-Five 《第五号屠场》(1969)	
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.	(308)
The Way to Rainy Mountain 《通往雨山之路》(1969)	
N. Scott Momaday	(323)
them 《他们》(1969)	
Joyce Carol Oates	(330)
Chimera 《客迈拉》(1972)	
John Barth	(348)
The Color Purple 《紫色》(1982)	
Alice Walker	(371)
White Noise 《白噪音》(1984)	
Don DeLillo	(395)
Beloved 《宠儿》(1987)	
Toni Morrison	(406)
The Joy Luck Club 《喜福会》(1989)	
Amy Tan	(427)
How the Garcia Girls Lost Their Accents 《加西亚女孩们是怎样去掉口音的》(1991)	
Julia Alvarez	(445)
American Pastoral 《美国牧歌》(1997)	
Philip Roth	(458)
In America 《在美国》(2000)	
Susan Sontag	(485)
The Love Wife 《爱妻》(2004)	
Gish Jen	(508)

My Antonia

Willa Cather (薇拉 · 凯瑟)

作者简介



薇拉·凯瑟(1873—1947)是美国著名小说家。她着力表现“拓荒时代”的典型人物,在美国现代文学史上占有独特的地位。

凯瑟出生于弗吉尼亚州一个经营农场的家庭,幼时随家人迁到刚刚开发的内布拉斯加州,17岁进入内布拉斯加州大学读书,毕业后先后在匹兹堡、纽约等大城市教书。她还做过记者和编辑。

凯瑟于1912年开始专事写作。她的早期作品受亨利·詹姆斯的影响,后来在女作家萨拉·奥纳·裘维特的影响下,开始以自幼所熟悉的西部边疆生活为题材,创作富有地方特色的作品。《哦,拓荒者们!》(1913)与《我的安东尼娅》(1918)两部小说描写第一代东欧和北欧的移民与大自然搏斗的艰苦生活,以及他们处理新旧文化冲突中人与人之间关系的情形。《一个沉沦的妇女》(1923)写一个开发西部的实业家的妻子被投机商引诱而走向堕落。《教授的住宅》(1925)写一位历史教授看不惯崇拜金钱的家人,与一出身清寒的青年学者托姆·奥特兰结成忘年之交。

凯瑟在以后的作品中进一步从北美洲的历史中发掘她所想望的精神美。《死神来迎接大主教》(1927)歌颂了19世纪在新墨西哥印第安人中间传教的天主教神父的献身精神。《莎菲拉与女奴》(1940)描写南北战争前弗吉尼亚一位白人妇女帮助女黑奴逃往加拿大的故事。

凯瑟的作品结构匀称,节奏舒缓从容,文字清新优美。美国评论界公认凯瑟的作品具有浓厚的抒情色彩,很好地表现了“拓荒时代”的美国。

✦ ABOUT THE NOVEL

MY ANTONIA, according to Willa Cather, is “the best thing I’ve done.” An unconventional novel of prairie life, the book tells the story of a remarkable woman whose strength and passion epitomize the pioneer spirit.

The novel is divided into 5 books with a framing introduction by the character and narrator Jim Burden. Jim, at the age of ten, travels by cross-country train to live with his grandparents on the Nebraska frontier after losing both his parents. Soon he gets to know Antonia Shimerdas, a Bohemian whose family just newly moves in the neighborhood. They instantly become friends, and they spend a lot of time together outdoors. In the middle of the biggest snowstorm in ten years, Mr. Shimerda shoots himself and dies. Antonia begins farming in the fields like a man and gives up going to school. In the following years, Jim goes to school, then to college while

*An Anthology of 20th-Century American Fiction*

Antonia is engaged to marry to Larry Donovan but is deserted. Jim promises to return to Antonia but that happens after twenty years when Antonia has got married to Anton Cuzak and has a large family.

There are two things to note about the book: its wonderful descriptions of the landscape and life on the frontier; and its capturing of the emotions of the characters. Antonia, a model drawn from the author's life experience, represents immigrant struggles with a foreign land and tongue, the restraints on women of the time, the more general desires for love, family, and companionship, and the great capacity for forbearance that marks the earliest settlers on the frontier.

From Book I of the novel. The Burdens pay a visit to their new Bohemian neighbours, where Jim meets Antonia and becomes her close friend and her English teacher.

III

ON SUNDAY morning Otto Fuchs was to drive us over to make the acquaintance of our new Bohemian¹ neighbours. We were taking them some provisions, as they had come to live on a wild place where there was no garden or chicken-house, and very little broken land. Fuchs brought up a sack of potatoes and a piece of cured pork from the cellar, and grandmother packed some loaves of Saturday's bread, a jar of butter, and several pumpkin pies in the straw of the wagon-box. We clambered up to the front seat and jolted off past the little pond and along the road that climbed to the big cornfield.

I could hardly wait to see what lay beyond that cornfield; but there was only red grass like ours, and nothing else, though from the high wagon-seat one could look off a long way. The road ran about like a wild thing, avoiding the deep draws, crossing them where they were wide and shallow. And all along it, wherever it looped or ran, the sunflowers grew; some of them were as big as little trees, with great rough leaves and many branches which bore dozens of blossoms. They made a gold ribbon across the prairie. Occasionally one of the horses would tear off with his teeth, a plant full of blossoms, and walk along munching it, the flowers nodding in time to his bites as he ate down toward them.

The Bohemian family, grandmother told me as we drove along, had bought the homestead of a fellow countryman, Peter Krajiek, and had paid him more than it was worth. Their agreement with him was made before they left the old country, through a cousin of his, who was also a relative of Mrs. Shimerda. The Shimerdas were the first Bohemian family to come to this part of the county. Krajiek was their only interpreter, and could tell them anything he chose. They could not speak enough English to ask for advice, or even to make their most pressing wants known. One son, Fuchs said, was well-grown, and strong enough to work the land; but the father was old and frail and knew nothing about farming. He was a weaver by trade; had been a skilled workman on tapestries and upholstery materials. He had brought his fiddle with him, which wouldn't be of much use here, though

he used to pick up money by it at home.

"If they're nice people, I hate to think of them spending the winter in that cave of Krajiek's," said grandmother. "It's no better than a badger hole; no proper dugout at all. And I hear he's made them pay twenty dollars for his old cookstove that ain't worth ten."

"Yes'm," said Otto; "and he's sold 'em his oxen and his two bony old horses for the price of good work teams. I'd have interfered about the horses—the old man can understand some German—if I'd 'a' thought it would do any good. But Bohemians has a natural distrust of Austrians."

Grandmother looked interested. "Now, why is that, Otto?"

Fuchs wrinkled his brow and nose. "Well, ma'm, it's politics. It would take me a long while to explain."

The land was growing rougher; I was told that we were approaching Squaw Creek, which cut up the west half of the Shimerdas' place and made the land of little value for farming. Soon we could see the broken, grassy clay cliffs which indicated the windings of the stream, and the glittering tops of the cottonwoods and ash trees that grew down in the ravine. Some of the cottonwoods had already turned, and the yellow leaves and shining white bark made them look like the gold and silver trees in fairy tales.

As we approached the Shimerdas' dwelling, I could still see nothing but rough red hillocks², and draws with shelving banks and long roots hanging out where the earth had crumbled away. Presently, against one of those banks, I saw a sort of shed, thatched with the same wine-coloured grass that grew everywhere. Near it tilted a shattered windmill frame, that had no wheel. We drove up to this skeleton to tie our horses, and then I saw a door and window sunk deep in the drawbank. The door stood open, and a woman and a girl of fourteen ran out and looked up at us hopefully. A little girl trailed along behind them. The woman had on her head the same embroidered shawl with silk fringes that she wore when she had alighted from the train at Black Hawk. She was not old, but she was certainly not young. Her face was alert and lively, with a sharp chin and shrewd little eyes. She shook grandmother's hand energetically.

"Very glad, very glad!" she ejaculated. Immediately she pointed to the bank out of which she had emerged and said, "House no good, house no good!"

Grandmother nodded consolingly. "You'll get fixed up comfortable after while, Mrs. Shimerda; make good house."

My grandmother always spoke in a very loud tone to foreigners, as if they were deaf. She made Mrs. Shimerda understand the friendly intention of our visit, and the Bohemian woman handled the loaves of bread and even smelled them, and examined the pies with lively curiosity, exclaiming, "Much good, much thank!"—and again she wrung grandmother's hand.

The oldest son, Ambroz—they called it Ambrosch—came out of the cave and stood beside his mother. He was nineteen years old, short and broad-backed, with a close-

*An Anthology of 20th-Century American Fiction*

cropped, flat head, and a wide, flat face. His hazel eyes were little and shrewd, like his mother's, but more sly and suspicious; they fairly snapped at the food. The family had been living on corncakes and sorghum molasses³ for three days.

The little girl was pretty, but Antonia—they accented the name thus, strongly, when they spoke to her—was still prettier. I remembered what the conductor had said about her eyes. They were big and warm and full of light, like the sun shining on brown pools in the wood. Her skin was brown, too, and in her cheeks she had a glow of rich, dark colour. Her brown hair was curly and wild-looking. The little sister, whom they called Yulka (Julka), was fair, and seemed mild and obedient. While I stood awkwardly confronting the two girls, Krajiek came up from the barn to see what was going on. With him was another Shimerda son. Even from a distance one could see that there was something strange about this boy. As he approached us, he began to make uncouth noises, and held up his hands to show us his fingers, which were webbed to the first knuckle, like a duck's foot. When he saw me draw back, he began to crow delightedly, "Hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo!" like a rooster. His mother scowled and said sternly, "Marek!" then spoke rapidly to Krajiek in Bohimian.

"She wants me to tell you he won't hurt nobody, Mrs. Burden. He was born like that. The others are smart. Ambrosch, he make good farmer." He struck Ambrosch on the back, and the boy smiled knowingly.

At that moment the father came out of the hole in the bank. He wore no hat, and his thick, iron-grey hair was brushed straight back from his forehead. It was so long that it bushed out behind his ears, and made him look like the old portraits I remembered in Virginia. He was tall and slender, and his thin shoulders stooped. He looked at us understandingly, then took grandmother's hand and bent over it. I noticed how white and well-shaped his own hands were. They looked calm, somehow, and skilled. His eyes were melancholy⁴, and were set back deep under his brow. His face was ruggedly formed, but it looked like ashes—like something from which all the warmth and light had died out. Everything about this old man was in keeping with his dignified manner. He was neatly dressed. Under his coat he wore a knitted grey vest, and, instead of a collar, a silk scarf of a dark bronze-green, carefully crosses and held together by a red coral pin. While Krajiek was translating for Mr. Shimerda, Antonia came up to me and held out her hand coaxingly. In a moment we were running up the steep drawside together, Yulka trotting after us.

When we reached the level and could see the gold treetops, I pointed toward them, and Antonia laughed and squeezed my hand as if to tell me how glad she was I had come. We raced off toward Squaw Creek and did not stop until the ground itself stopped—fell away before us so abruptly that the next step would have been out into the tree-tops. We stood panting on the edge of the ravine, looking down at the trees and bushes that grew below us. The wind was so strong that I had to hold my hat on, and the girls' skirts were blown out before them. Antonia seemed to like it; she held her little sister by the hand and chattered away in that language which seemed to me spoken so much more rapidly than mine. She

looked at me, her eyes fairly blazing with things she could not say.

"Name? What name?" she asked, touching me on the shoulder. I told her my name, and she repeated it after me and made Yulka say it. She pointed into the gold cottonwood tree behind whose top we stood and said again, "What name?"

We sat down and made a nest in the long red grass. Yulka curled up like a baby rabbit and played with a grasshopper. Antonia pointed up to the sky and questioned me with her glance. I gave her the word, but she was not satisfied and pointed to my eyes. I told her, and she repeated the word, making it sound like "ice." She pointed up to the sky, then to my eyes, then back to the sky, with movements so quick and impulsive that she distracted me, and I had no idea what she wanted. She got up on her knees and wrung her hands. She pointed to her own eyes and shook her head, then to mine and to the sky, nodding violently.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "blue; blue sky."

She clapped her hands and murmured, "Blue sky, blue eyes," as if it amused her. While we snuggled down there out of the wind, she learned a score of words. She was alive, and very eager. We were so deep in the grass that we could see nothing but the blue sky over us and the gold tree in front of us. It was wonderfully pleasant. After Antonia had said the new words over and over, she wanted to give me a little chased silver ring she wore on her middle finger. When she coaxed and insisted, I repulsed her quite sternly. I didn't want her ring, and I felt there was something reckless and extravagant about her wishing to give it away to a boy she had never seen before. No wonder Krajiek got the better of these people, if this was how they behaved.

While we were disputing about the ring, I heard a mournful voice calling, "An-tonia, An-tonia!" She sprang up like a hare. "*Tatineek! Tatinek!*" she shouted, and we ran to meet the old man who was coming toward us. Antonia reached him first, took his hand and kissed it. When I came up, he touched my shoulder and looked searchingly down into my face for several seconds. I became somewhat embarrassed, for I was used to being taken for granted by my elders.

We went with Mr. Shimerda back to the dugout, where grandmother was waiting for me. Before I got into the wagon, he took a book out of his pocket, opened it, and showed me a page with two alphabets, one English and the other Bohemian. He placed this book in my grandmother's hands, looked at her entreatingly, and said, with an earnestness which I shall never forget, "Te-e-ach, te-e-ach my An-tonia!"

IV

ON THE afternoon of that same Sunday I took my first long ride on my pony, under Otto's direction. After that Dude and I went twice a week to the post-office, six miles east of us, and I saved the men a good deal of time by riding on errands to our neighbours. When we had to borrow anything, or to send about word that there would be preaching at the sod schoolhouse, I was always the messenger. Formerly Fuchs attended to such things after working hours.

*An Anthology of 20th-Century American Fiction*

All the years that have passed have not dimmed my memory of that first glorious autumn. The new country lay open before me; there were no fences in those days, and I could choose my own way over the grass uplands, trusting the pony to get me home again. Sometimes I followed the sunflower-bordered roads. Fuchs told me that the sunflowers were introduced into that country by the Mormons⁵; that at the time of the persecution⁶, when they left Missouri and struck out into the wilderness to find a place where they could worship God in their own way, the members of the first exploring party, crossing the plains to Utah, scattered sunflower seed as they went. The next summer, when the long trains of wagons came through with all the women and children, they had the sunflower trail to follow. I believe that botanists do not confirm Fuchs's story, but insist that the sunflower was native to those plains. Nevertheless, that legend has stuck in my mind, and sunflower-bordered roads always seem to me the roads to freedom.

I used to love to drift along the pale-yellow cornfields, looking for the damp spots one sometimes found at their edges, where the smartweed soon turned a rich copper colour and the narrow brown leaves hung curled like cocoons about the swollen joints of the stem. Sometimes I went south to visit our German neighbours and to admire their catalpa grove, or to see the big elm tree that grew up out of a deep crack in the earth and had a hawk's nest in its branches. Trees were so rare in that country, and they had to make such a hard fight to grow, that we used to feel anxious about them, and visit them as if they were persons. It must have been the scarcity of detail in that tawny landscape that made detail so precious.

Sometimes I rode north to the big prairie-dog town to watch the brown earth-owls fly home in the late afternoon and go down to their nests underground with the dogs. Antonia Shimerda liked to go with me, and we used to wonder a great deal about these birds of subterranean habit. We had to be on our guard there, for rattlesnakes were always lurking about. They came to pick up an easy living among the dogs and owls, which were quite defenseless against them; took possession of their comfortable houses and ate the eggs and puppies. We felt sorry for the owls. It was always mournful to see them come flying home at sunset and disappear under the earth. But, after all, we felt, winged things who would live like that must be rather degraded creatures. The dog-town was a long way from any pond or creek. Otto Fuchs said he had seen populous dog-towns in the desert where there was no surface water for fifty miles; he insisted that some of the holes must go down to water—nearly two hundred feet, hereabouts. Antonia said she didn't believe it; that the dogs probably lapped up the dew in the early morning, like the rabbits.

Antonia had opinions about everything, and she was soon able to make them known. Almost every day she came running across the prairie to have her reading lesson with me. Mrs. Shimerda grumbled, but realized it was important that one member of the family should learn English. When the lesson was over, we used to go up to the watermelon patch behind the garden. I split the melons with an old corn-knife, and we lifted out the hearts and ate them with the juice trickling through our fingers. The white Christmas melons we did

not touch, but we watched them with curiosity. They were to be picked late, when the hard frosts had set in, and put away for winter use. After weeks on the ocean, the Shimerdas were famished for fruit. The two girls would wander for miles along the edge of the cornfields, hunting for ground-cherries.

Antonia loved to help grandmother in the kitchen and to learn about cooking and housekeeping. She would stand beside her, watching her every movement. We were willing to believe that Mrs. Shimerda was a good housewife in her own country, but she managed poorly under new conditions: the conditions were bad enough, certainly!

I remember how horrified we were at the sour, ashy-grey bread she gave her family to eat. She mixed her dough, we discovered, in an old tin peck-measure that Krajiek had used about the barn. When she took the paste out to bake it, she left smears of dough sticking to the sides of the measure, put the measure on the shelf behind the stove, and let this residue ferment. The next time she made bread, she scraped this sour stuff down into the fresh dough to serve as yeast.

During those first months the Shimerdas never went to town. Krajiek encouraged them in the belief that in Black Hawk they would somehow be mysteriously separated from their money. They hated Krajiek, but they clung to him because he was the only human being with whom they could talk or from whom they could get information. He slept with the old man and the two boys in the dugout barn, along with the oxen. They kept him in their hole and fed him for the same reason that the prairie-dogs and the brown owls house the rattlesnakes—because they did not know how to get rid of him.

V

WE KNEW that things were hard for our Bohemian neighbours, but the two girls were lighthearted and never complained. They were always ready to forget their troubles at home, and to run away with me over the prairie, scaring rabbits or starting up flocks of quail.

I remember Antonia's excitement when she came into our kitchen one afternoon and announced: "My papa find friends up north, with Russian mans. Last night he take me for see, and I can understand very much talk. Nice mans, Mrs. Burden. One is fat and all the time laugh. Everybody laugh. The first time I see my papa laugh in this kawntree⁷. Oh, very nice!"

I asked her if she meant the two Russians who lived up by the big dog-town. I had often been tempted to go to see them when I was riding in that direction, but one of them was a wild-looking fellow and I was a little afraid of him. Russia seemed to me more remote than any other country—farther away than China, almost as far as the North Pole. Of all the strange, uprooted people among the first settlers, those two men were the strangest and the most aloof. Their last names were unpronounceable, so they were called Pavel and Peter. They went about making signs to people, and until the Shimerdas came they had no friends. Krajiek could understand them a little, but he had cheated them in a trade, so they avoided

*An Anthology of 20th-Century American Fiction*

him. Pavel, the tall one, was said to be an anarchist⁸; since he had no means of imparting his opinions, probably his wild gesticulations and his generally excited and rebellious manner gave rise to this supposition. He must once have been a very strong man, but now his great frame, with big, knotty joints, had a wasted look, and the skin was drawn tight over his high cheekbones. His breathing was hoarse, and he always had a cough.

Peter, his companion, was a very different sort of fellow; short, bow-legged, and as fat as butter. He always seemed pleased when he met people on the road, smiled and took off his cap to everyone, men as well as women. At a distance, on his wagon, he looked like an old man; his hair and beard were of such a pale flaxen colour that they seemed white in the sun. They were as thick and curly as carded wool. His rosy face, with its snub nose, set in this fleece, was like a melon among its leaves. He was usually called "Curly Peter," or "Rooshian Peter."

The two Russians made good farm-hands, and in summer they worked out together. I had heard our neighbours laughing when they told how Peter always had to go home at night to milk his cow. Other bachelor homesteaders used canned milk, to save trouble. Sometimes Peter came to church at the sod schoolhouse. It was there I first saw him, sitting on a low bench by the door, his plush cap in his hands, his bare feet tucked apologetically under the seat.

After Mr. Shimerda discovered the Russians, he went to see them almost every evening, and sometimes took Antonia with him. She said they came from a part of Russia where the language was not very different from Bohemian, and if I wanted to go to their place, she could talk to them for me. One afternoon, before the heavy frosts began, we rode up there together on my pony.

The Russians had a neat log house built on a grassy slope, with a windlass⁹ well beside the door. As we rode up the draw, we skirted a big melon patch, and a garden where squashes and yellow cucumbers lay about on the sod. We found Peter out behind his kitchen, bending over a washtub. He was working so hard that he did not hear us coming. His whole body moved up and down as he rubbed, and he was a funny sight from the rear, with his shaggy head and bandy legs. When he straightened himself up to greet us, drops of perspiration were rolling from his thick nose down onto his curly beard. Peter dried his hands and seemed glad to leave his washing. He took us down to see his chickens, and his cow that was grazing on the hillside. He told Antonia that in his country only rich people had cows, but here any man could have one who would take care of her. The milk was good for Pavel, who was often sick, and he could make butter by beating sour cream with a wooden spoon. Peter was very fond of his cow. He patted her flanks and talked to her in Russian while he pulled up her lariat¹⁰ pin and set it in a new place.

After he had shown us his garden, Peter trundled a load of watermelons up the hill in his wheelbarrow. Pavel was not at home. He was off somewhere helping to dig a well. The house I thought very comfortable for two men who were "batching."¹¹ Besides the kitchen,

there was a living-room, with a wide double bed built against the wall, properly made up with blue gingham sheets and pillows. There was a little storeroom, too, with a window, where they kept guns and saddles and tools, and old coats and boots. That day the floor was covered with garden things, drying for winter; corn and beans and fat yellow cucumbers. There were no screens or window-blinds in the house, and all the doors and windows stood wide open, letting in flies and sunshine alike.

Peter put the melons in a row on the oilcloth-covered table and stood over them, brandishing¹² a butcher knife. Before the blade got fairly into them, they split of their own ripeness, with a delicious sound. He gave us knives, but no plates, and the top of the table was soon swimming with juice and seeds. I had never seen anyone eat so many melons as Peter ate. He assured us that they were good for one—better than medicine; in his country people lived on them at this time of year. He was very hospitable and jolly. Once, while he was looking at Antonia, he signed and told us that if he had stayed at home in Russia perhaps by this time he would have had a pretty daughter of his own to cook and keep house for him. He said he had left his country because of a “great trouble.”

When we got up to go, Peter looked about in perplexity for something that would entertain us. He ran into the storeroom and brought out a gaudily painted harmonica¹³, sat down on a bench, and spreading his fat legs apart began to play like a whole band. The tunes were either very lively or very doleful, and he sang words to some of them.

Before we left, Peter put ripe cucumbers into a sack for Mrs. Shimerdas and gave us a lard-pail full of milk to cook them in. I had never heard of cooking cucumbers, but Antonia assured me they were very good. We had to walk the pony all the way home to keep from spilling the milk.

VI

ONE AFTERNOON we were having our reading lesson on the warm, grassy bank where the badger lived. It was a day of amber sunlight, but there was a shiver of coming winter in the air. I had seen ice on the little horsepond¹⁴ that morning, and as we went through the garden we found the tall asparagus¹⁵, with its red berries, lying on the ground, a mass of slimy green.

Tony was barefooted, and she shivered in her cotton dress and was comfortable only when we were tucked down on the baked earth, in the full blaze of the sun. She could talk to me about almost anything by this time. That afternoon she was telling me how highly esteemed our friend the badger was in her part of the world, and how men kept a special kind of dog, with very short legs, to hurt him. Those dogs, she said, went down into the hole after the badger and killed him there in a terrific struggle underground; you could hear the barks and yelps outside. Then the dog dragged himself back, covered with bites and scratches, to be rewarded and petted by his master. She knew a dog who had a star on his collar for every badger he had killed.

The rabbits were unusually spry that afternoon. They kept starting up all about us, and

*An Anthology of 20th-Century American Fiction*

dashing off down the draw as if they were playing a game of some kind. But the little buzzing things that lived in the grass were all dead—all but little insect of the palest, frailest green hopped painfully out of the buffalo grass and tried to leap into a bunch of bluestem. He missed it, fell back, and sat with his head sunk between his long legs, his antennae quivering, as if he were waiting for something to come and finish him. Tony made a warm nest for him in her hands; talked to him gaily and indulgently in Bohemian. Presently he began to sing for us—a thin, rusty little chirp. She held him close to her ear and laughed, but a moment afterward I saw there were tears in her eyes. She told me that in her village at home there was an old beggar woman who went about selling herbs and roots she had dug up in the forest. If you took her in and gave her a warm place by the fire, she sang old songs to the children in a cracked voice, like this. Old Hata, she was called, and the children loved to see her coming and saved their cakes and sweets for her.

When the bank on the other side of the draw began to throw a narrow shelf of shadow, we knew we ought to be starting homeward; the chill came on quickly when the sun got low, and Antonia's dress was thin. What were we to do with the frail little creature we had lured back to life by false pretences? I offered my pockets, but Tony shook her head and carefully put the green insect in her hair, tying her big handkerchief down loosely over her curls. I said I would go with her until we could see Squaw Creek, and then turn and run home. We drifted along lazily, very happy, through the magical light of the late afternoon.

All those fall afternoons were the same, but I never got used to them. As far as we could see, the miles of copper-red grass were drenched in sunlight that was stronger and fiercer than at any other time of the day. The blond corn-fields were red gold, the haystacks turned rosy and threw long shadows. The whole prairie was like the bush that burned with fire and was not consumed. That hour always had the exultation of victory, of triumphant ending, like a hero's death—heroes who died young and gloriously. It was a sudden transfiguration, a lifting-up of day.

How many an afternoon Antonia and I have trailed along the prairie under that magnificence! And always two long black shadows flitted before us or followed after, dark spots on the ruddy grass.

We had been silent a long time, and the edge of the sun sank nearer and nearer the prairie floor, when we saw a figure moving on the edge of the upland, a gun over his shoulder. He was walking slowly, dragging his feet along as if he had no purpose. We broke into a run to overtake him.

"My papa sick all the time," Tony panted as we flew. "He not look good, Jim."

As we neared Mr. Shimerdas she shouted, and he lifted his head and peered about. Tony ran up to him, caught his hand and pressed it against her cheek. She was the only one of his family who could rouse the old man from the torpor in which he seemed to live. He took the bag from his belt and showed us three rabbits he had shot, looked at Antonia with a wintry flicker of a smile and began to tell her something. She turned to me.

"My *tatine* make me little hat with the skins, little hat for winter!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Meat for eat, skin for hat"—she told off these benefits on her fingers.

Her father put his hand on her hair, but she caught his wrist and lifted it carefully away, talking to him rapidly. I heard the name of old Hata. He untied the handkerchief, separated her hair with his fingers, and stood looking down at the green insect. When it began to chirp faintly, he listened as if it were a beautiful sound.

I picked up the gun he had dropped; a queer piece from the old country, short and heavy, with a stag's head on the cock. When he saw me examining it, he turned to me with his far-away look that always made me feel as if I were down at the bottom of a well. He spoke kindly and gravely, and Antonia translated:

"My *tatine* say when you are big boy, he give you his gun. Very fin, from Bohemie. It was belong to a great man, very rich, like what you not got here; many friends, many forests, many big house. My papa play for his wedding, and he give my papa fine gun, and my papa give you."

I was glad that this project was one of futurity. There never were such people as the Shimerdas for wanting to give away everything they had. Even the mother was always offering me things, though I knew she expected substantial presents in return. We stood there in friendly silence, while the feeble minstrel sheltered in Antonia's hair went on with its scratchy chirp. The old man's smile, as he listened, was so full of sadness, of pity for things, that I never afterward forgot it. As the sun sank there came a sudden coolness and the strong smell of earth and drying grass. Antonia and her father went off hand in hand, and I buttoned up my jacket and raced my shadow home.

VII

MUCH AS I liked Antonia, I hated a superior tone that she sometimes took with me. She was four years older than I, to be sure, and had seen more of the world; but I was a boy and she was a girl, and I resented her protecting manner. Before the autumn was over, she began to treat me more like an equal and to defer to me in other things than reading lessons. This change came about from an adventure we had together.

One day when I rode over to the Shimerdas' I found Antonia starting off on foot for Russian Peter's house, to borrow a spade Ambrosch needed. I offered to take her on the pony, and she got up behind me. There had been another black frost the night before, and the air was clear and heady as wine. Within a week all the blooming roads had been despoiled, hundreds of miles of yellow sunflowers had been transformed into brown, rattling, burry stalks.

We found Russian Peter digging his potatoes. We were glad to go in and get warm by his kitchen stove and to see his squashes and Christmas melons, heaped in the storeroom for winter. As we rode away with the spade, Antonia suggested that we stop at the prairie-dog-town and dig into one of the holes. We could find out whether they ran straight down, or were horizontal, like mole-holes; whether they had underground connections; whether the