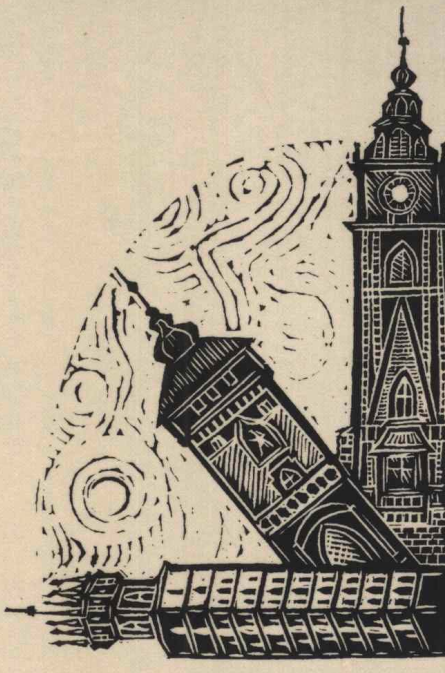
上海市高校教育高地建设项目

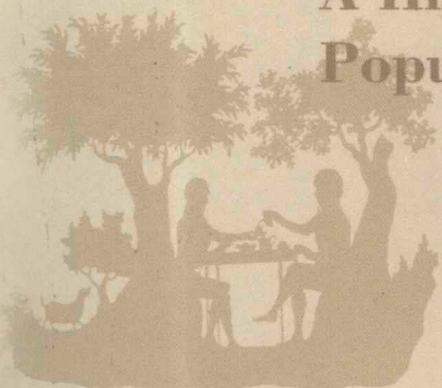


英国通俗小说菁华

（20世纪上半期卷）

A Highlight of British Popular Fiction

黄禄善 主编



上海大学出版社

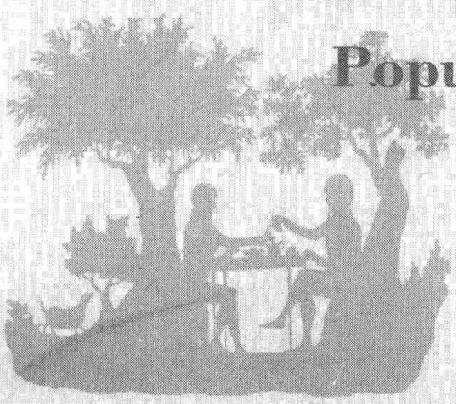
上海市高校教育高地建设项目

英国通俗小说菁华

（20世纪上半期卷）

British Popular Fiction

黄禄善 主编



上海大学出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

英国通俗小说菁华. 20世纪上半期卷：英文/黄禄善主编. —上海：上海大学出版社，2009. 7
ISBN 978-7-81118-469-3

Ⅰ. 英… Ⅱ. 黄… Ⅲ. ①英语—语言读物②小说—作品集—英国—20世纪 Ⅳ. H319. 4：Ⅰ

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2009)第084435号

责任编辑 张芝佳
封面设计 柯国富
技术编辑 金 鑫 章 斐

上海市高校教育高地建设项目
英国通俗小说菁华
(20世纪上半期卷)
黄禄善 主编
上海大学出版社出版发行
(上海市上大路99号 邮政编码200444)
(http://www. shangdapress. com 发行热线66135110)
出版人：姚铁军
*
南京展望文化发展有限公司排版
江苏句容市排印厂印刷 各地新华书店经销
开本890×1240 1/32 印张16. 5 字数680 000
2009年7月第1版 2009年7月第1次印刷
印数：1～3100
ISBN 978-7-81118-469-3/H·189 定价：36. 00元

编 写 说 明

这套《英国通俗小说菁华》是《美国通俗小说菁华》的姊妹篇，其编撰目的是为我国大专院校英语及相关专业的学生以及社会上广大英语文学爱好者搭起一座学习、欣赏英国通俗文学的桥梁。它将在我国国内首次展示英国各个历史时期的通俗文学发展的概貌，帮助广大读者在轻松、愉悦的阅读过程中，熟悉、掌握英国最贴近社会生活的语言，从而快速地提高英语运用能力。全套书约 300 万字符，共分三卷，本册为 20 世纪上半期卷，汇集了该时期脍炙人口的英国通俗小说精华 35 篇，涉及新历史浪漫小说、超自然恐怖小说、新科学推测小说、间谍小说、色情小说、新魔法幻想小说、新女性小说、魔法恐怖小说、黄金侦探小说、英雄幻想小说、历史言情小说、硬科学小说等 12 个主要通俗小说类型和 35 位重要作家。在编写体例上，突出实用性和系统性，每一章节之前均有类型介绍和作家介绍，正文则依据难易程度，加有数量不等的注释，以帮助理解。书末附有参考书目，供进一步学习、研究之用。

相比美国通俗小说，英国通俗小说的历史更为久远，因而内容也更加丰富、更加精彩。这里需要强调的是，无论是美国通俗小说还是英国通俗小说，其“通俗”不完全等同于通常中国读者心目中“通俗”的概念。事实上，从社会历史发展的角度看，英美通俗小说的概念应该是动态的，而不是静态的。在前工业化时代，通俗小说主要表现为经典小说的“附庸”，其创作者和受众多为劳工阶层，体现了民间文学或口头文学的某些特征；到了工业化时代，通俗小说开始与经典小说分道扬镳，并逐步建立了自身的文学价值体系，其创作目的和文化价值均与“精英文学”，特别是现代主义的“精英文学”相对立；而后工业社会形态及其以大众媒体为中心的消费社会的出现，促使了通俗小说在各种意义上的泛化，小说主题、价值判断、形式、内容及其言说方式已完全不同于之前

的通俗小说。可以说，当代英美通俗小说是一种由广大知识阶层创作，又为广大知识阶层服务的“大众文学”。

全书体例结构、编写材料由黄禄善设定，有关教师和相关专业研究生撰稿，然后由黄禄善审稿、改稿和定稿，朱光立在改稿、统稿中也做了大量工作。具体撰稿人员分工如下：朱光立，Chapter 3、Chapter 6、Chapter 10 和 Chapter 12；邹文华，Chapter 2 和 Chapter 8；金长蔚，Chapter 4 和 Chapter 9；王男枞，Chapter 1、Chapter 5、Chapter 7 和 Chapter 11。

希望我们的努力能得到广大读者的认可。

编　者

2009 年 2 月

Contents

CONTENTS

Chapter 1

New Historical Romance Fiction

1. Overview

The termination of the Victorian Era marked a sharp turn in British history, and, at the same time, the beginning of the new development of all kinds of British popular fiction. Especially historical romance, at the first years of the 20th century, maintained new, powerful momentum of development, not only in quantity but also in quality. The flourishing of "new" historical romance was interlinked with historical transformations. The scourge of the World War, the independence of Ireland, the outbreak of the big strike, the collapse of the stock market, and the rocketing of the unemployment rate, all led to people's desperate desire to escape the harsh reality, and back into faraway history. And numerous popular writers, in order to satisfy such an escapist inclination, began to use "new" devices to increase the "escapist values" of their stories, which gradually evolved into a new subgenre known as new historical romance.

Compared with early historical romance, new historical romance differentiates itself by setting its stories in various imaginary kingdoms, castles and mysterious countries, and by developing its themes through action-packed adventurous plots. Usually, the hero was a gentleman from the upper class, or a nobleman from the royal family, who exhibited exceptional courage and swordsmanship, with a strong chivalric sense of honor and justice, and a capacity for wit, style, and resourcefulness under pressure. What's more, a new plot pattern — rescue pattern — was produced, in which, the hero often rescues a weak person's life, particularly a helpless woman's life, from evil forces, and finally wins the heroine's heart by gallantry, or fights against evil forces to save social security, regardless of his personal dangers.

Anthony Hope (1863 - 1933) was considered the first popular novelist of new historical romance. His first book, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, published in 1894, made a great coup, becoming a best-seller of his day. The novel refreshingly invented an imaginary kindom named Ruritania, which cause

such imitation by many writers that the name became a generic term for any imaginary small European kingdom used as the setting for romance, intrigue and adventures. And Baroness Orczy (1865 - 1947), another important writer in the genre, initiated the tact of masquerade, the motif of which, especially a man dressed up as a chivalrous knight who anonymously helped others, was a recurring in new historical romance. As Helen Hughes (1993) has shown, Orczy's works combined the male adventure story or swashbuckler with the female-centered romance, extending their interest to both male and female readers. And Jeffery Farnol (1878 - 1952), as a subsequent representative of new historical romance writers, had his own merits unfound in the above two writers. For the majority of his novels, Farnol kept to an established "safe" formula, in which, young man goes walkabout (usually in rural Kent or Sussex), and meets mysterious girl. They share the open road as well as a mutual dislike for each other. More often than not it culminated where the boy gets the girl who turns out to be a runaway heiress. Also Farnol was skilled in manipulating language and narrative voice to produce a "historical" setting which flirted with parody.

In addition to the three writers mentioned above, many other writers committed themselves to new historical romance. Rafael Sabatini (1875 - 1950), for example, was an immensely popular author. His *Scaramouche*, set in revolutionary France, tells the story of the transformation of cynical Breton lawyer André-Louis Moreau into a radical orator, a fugitive, a play actor and a fencing tutor as he is swept into the turbulence following the murder of his friend Villemorin. And Percival Christopher Wren (1885 - 1941), another distinguished writer, was specialized in depicting stories related to the French Foreign Legion. His fictions largely fell into two camps, in terms of setting: those tales which took place abroad and those which were located in the English countryside. Best known, of course, were his legionnaire stories, especially his masterpiece *Beau Geste*, in which, the central character, Michael "Beau" Geste, revealed an unusual heroism.

2. Anthony Hope: *The Prisoner of Zenda*

A. Biographical Introduction

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, better known as Anthony Hope, was an

English novelist and playwright. Although he was a prolific writer, especially of adventure novels, he is remembered best for only two books: *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894) and its sequel *Rupert of Hentzau* (1898). These works, "minor classics" of English literature, are set in the contemporaneous fictional country of Ruritania and spawned the sub-genre known as Ruritanian romance. Zenda has inspired many adaptations, most notably the 1937 Hollywood movie of the same name.

Hope was born in Clapton, where his father, the Reverend Edward Connerford Hawkins, was headmaster of St. John's Foundational School for the Sons of Poor Clergy (now renamed St. John's School, Leatherhead and moved out of London). Hope's mother, Jane Isabella Grahame, was an aunt of Kenneth Grahame, the author of *Wind in the Willows*. Hope was educated by his father and then attended Marlborough College, where he was editor of The Marlburian. He won a scholarship to Balliol College at Oxford University in 1881. Before graduating in 1886, he played football for his college, took a first class degree in Classics, and was one of the rare Liberal presidents of the Oxford Union, known as a good speaker.

Hope trained as a lawyer and barrister, being called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1887. He had time to write, as his working day was not overly full during these first years, and he lived with his widowed father, then vicar of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street. Hope's short pieces appeared in periodicals, but for his first book he was forced to resort to a vanity press. *A Man of Mark* (1890) is notable primarily for its similarities to Zenda: it is set in an imaginary country, Aureataland, and features political upheaval and humour. More novels and short stories followed, including *Father Stafford* in 1891 and the mildly successful *Mr. Witt's Widow* in 1892. In 1893 he wrote three novels (*Sport Royal*, *A Change of Air and Half-a-Hero*) and a series of sketches that first appeared in the Westminster Gazette and were collected in 1894 as *The Dolly Dialogues*, illustrated by Arthur Rackham. *Dolly* was his first major literary success. A. E. W. Mason deemed these conversations "so truly set in the London of their day that the social historian would be unwise to neglect them" and said they were written with "delicate wit and a shade of sadness."

The idea for Hope's tale of political intrigue, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, being the history of three months in the life of an English gentleman, came to him at the close of 1893 as he was walking in London. Hope finished the first

draft in a month, and the book was in print by April. The story is set in the fictional European kingdom of "Ruritania", a term which has come to mean the novelist's and dramatist's locale for court romances in a modern setting. *Zenda* achieved instant success, and its witty protagonist, the debonair Rudolf Rassendyll, became a well-known literary creation. The novel was praised by Mason, the literary critic Andrew Lang, and Robert Louis Stevenson. The popularity of *Zenda* convinced Hope to give up the "brilliant legal career that seemed to lie ahead of him" to become a full-time writer, but he "never again achieved such complete artistic success as in this one book." Also in 1894, Hope produced *The God in the Car*, a political story.

The sequel to *Zenda*, *Rupert of Hentzau*, begun in 1895 and serialised in the Pall Mall Magazine, did not appear between hard covers until 1898. A prequel entitled *The Heart of Princess Osra*, a collection of short stories set about 150 years before *Zenda*, appeared in 1896. Hope also co-wrote, with Edward Rose, the first stage adaptation of *Zenda*, which appeared on the London stage that year. Hope alone wrote the dramatic adaptation of *Rupert of Hentzau* in 1899.

Hope wrote 32 volumes of fiction over the course of his lifetime, and he had a large popular following. In 1896 he published *The Chronicles of Count Antonio*, followed in 1897 by a tale of adventure set on a Greek island, entitled *Phroso*. He went on a publicity tour of the United States in late 1897, during which he impressed a New York Times reporter as being somewhat like Rudolf Rassendyll: a well-dressed Englishman with a hearty laugh, a soldierly attitude, a dry sense of humour, "quiet, easy manners" and an air of shrewdness.

In addition, Hope wrote or co-wrote many plays and some political non-fiction during the Great War, some under the auspices of the Ministry of Information. Later publications included *Beaumaroy Home from the Wars*, in 1919, and *Lucinda* in 1920. Lancelyn Green asserts that Hope was "a first-class amateur but only a second-class professional writer."

Hope married Elizabeth Somerville (1885 - 1946) in 1903, and they had two sons and a daughter. He was knighted in recognition of his contribution to propaganda efforts during World War I. He published an autobiographical book, *Memories and Notes*, in 1927. Hope died of throat cancer at the age of 70. There is a blue plaque on his house in Bedford Square, London.

B. Introduction to *The Prisoner of Zenda*

The Prisoner of Zenda was first published in April 1894, and received immediate acclaim as an exciting, adventurous romance. Three film versions of the story have been made, in 1937, 1952 and 1979, and hundreds of thousands of copies of the book have been sold. The hero of the book, Rudolf Rassendyll, is a true English gentleman who has too much money and no motivation to work. He decides to visit the mythical country of Ruritania to watch the coronation of its King. While walking in the Forest of Strelsau he meets the king and discovers that he is his double. The King's evil brother, Michael, wants the throne for himself. He drugs his carefree, fun-loving brother on the night before the coronation. Rudolf saves the day by becoming "king" so that the coronation can take place, but Michael takes the real king prisoner in the forbidding fortress at Zenda. It becomes Rudolf's task to free the king whilst acting as king and ensuring that the duplicity remains a secret from the people of Ruritania. *The Prisoner of Zenda* became an immediate bestseller when it was published, and was read and enjoyed by all sections of society. A friend of Hope's, A. E. W. Mason, wrote of the novel, "the debonair chivalry of its hero, the fresh, vivid narration and the tenderness of the love story more than took the town by storm." Robert Louis Stevenson praised the novel as "a very spirited and gallant little book." Shortly after the book was published, Hope was invited to dinner with the newly-appointed Prime Minister, Lord Roseberry, where great interest was shown in the politics of Ruritania — the mythical, central European country where the adventure takes place.

The main theme that runs through the book is the age-old fascination with mistaken identity. Rudolf Rassendyll has the same startling red hair and looks as the King of Ruritania. The public accept him as the same person, the enemy knows he is not the king but is unable to display their knowledge for fear of giving away the fact that they have kidnapped the real king. Flavia, the King's intended, falls in love with Rudolf, thinking he is the king who has suddenly become a person she can love.

The other major theme running through the book is the conflict between love and honour. Our hero must choose between his loves for the real King's intended bride and his honor and loyalty to the king. Rudolf has the opportunity to leave the king languishing towards certain death in *the Castle*

of Zenda, whilst he takes his place as the King of Ruritania. But honour and chivalry are the foundations of life in the romantic mythical country. Rudolf Rassendyll was warmly welcomed by the Victorians, as a hero who gives the impression of being indolent and uncaring, but who becomes a fearless fighter when events demand. By the end of the book the English gentleman has displayed qualities fit for a king, and shown the real king the way to behave.

C. From *The Prisoner of Zenda*

Chapter 20

In order to a full understanding of what had occurred in the Castle of Zenda, it is necessary to supplement my account of what I myself saw and did on that night by relating briefly what I afterwards learnt from Fritz and Madame de Mauban. The story told by the latter explained clearly how it happened that the cry which I had arranged as a stratagem and a sham had come, in dreadful reality, before its time, and had thus, as it seemed at the moment, ruined our hopes, while in the end it had favoured them. The unhappy woman, fired, I believe by a genuine attachment to the Duke of Strelsau, no less than by the dazzling prospects which a dominion over him opened before her eyes, had followed him at his request from Paris to Ruritania. He was a man of strong passions, but of stronger will, and his cool head ruled both. He was content to take all and give nothing. When she arrived, she was not long in finding that she had a rival in the Princess Flavia; rendered desperate, she stood at nothing which might give, or keep for her, her power over the duke. As I say, he took and gave not. Simultaneously, Antoinette found herself entangled in his audacious schemes. Unwilling to abandon him, bound to him by the chains of shame and hope, yet she would not be a decoy, nor, at his bidding, lure me to death. Hence the letters of warning she had written. Whether the lines she sent to Flavia were inspired by good or bad feeling, by jealousy or by pity, I do not know; but here also she served us well. When the duke went to Zenda, she accompanied him; and here for the first time she learnt the full measure of his cruelty, and was touched with compassion for the unfortunate King. From this time she was with us; yet, from what she told me, I know that she still (as women will) loved Michael, and trusted to gain his life, if not his pardon, from the King, as the reward for her assistance. His triumph she did not desire, for she loathed his crime, and loathed yet more fiercely what would be the prize of

it — his marriage with his cousin, Princess Flavia.

At Zenda new forces came into play — the lust and daring of young Rupert. He was caught by her beauty, perhaps; perhaps it was enough for him that she belonged to another man, and that she hated him. For many days there had been quarrels and ill will between him and the duke, and the scene which I had witnessed in the duke's room was but one of many. Rupert's proposals to me, of which she had, of course, been ignorant, in no way surprised her when I related them; she had herself warned Michael against Rupert, even when she was calling on me to deliver her from both of them. On this night, then, Rupert had determined to have his will. When she had gone to her room, he, having furnished himself with a key to it, had made his entrance. Her cries had brought the duke, and there in the dark room, while she screamed, the men had fought; and Rupert, having wounded his master with a mortal blow, had, on the servants rushing in, escaped through the window as I have described. The duke's blood, spurting out, had stained his opponent's shirt; but Rupert, not knowing that he had dealt Michael his death, was eager to finish the encounter. How he meant to deal with the other three of the band, I know not. I dare say he did not think, for the killing of Michael was not premeditated. Antoinette, left alone with the duke, had tried to stanch his wound, and thus was she busied till he died; and then, hearing Rupert's taunts, she had come forth to avenge him. Me she had not seen, nor did she till I darted out of my ambush, and leapt after Rupert into the moat.

The same moment found my friends on the scene. They had reached the chateau in due time, and waited ready by the door. But Johann, swept with the rest to the rescue of the duke, did not open it; nay, he took a part against Rupert, putting himself forward more bravely than any in his anxiety to avert suspicion; and he had received a wound, in the embrasure of the window. Till nearly half-past two Sapt waited; then, following my orders, he had sent Fritz to search the banks of the moat. I was not there. Hastening back, Fritz told Sapt; and Sapt was for following orders still, and riding at full speed back to Tarlenheim; while Fritz would not hear of abandoning me, let me have ordered what I would. On this they disputed some few minutes; then Sapt, persuaded by Fritz, detached a party under Bernenstein to gallop back to Tarlenheim and bring up the marshal, while the rest fell to on the great door

of the chateau. For several minutes it resisted them; then, just as Antoinette de Mauban fired at Rupert of Hentzau on the bridge, they broke in, eight of them in all: and the first door they came to was the door of Michael's room; and Michael lay dead across the threshold, with a sword-thrust through his breast. Sapt cried out at his death, as I had heard, and they rushed on the servants; but these, in fear, dropped their weapons, and Antoinette flung herself weeping at Sapt's feet. And all she cried was that I had been at the end of the bridge and leapt off. "What of the prisoner?" asked Sapt; but she shook her head. Then Sapt and Fritz, with the gentlemen behind them, crossed the bridge, slowly, warily, and without noise; and Fritz stumbled over the body of De Gautet in the way of the door. They felt him and found him dead.

Then they consulted, listening eagerly for any sound from the cells below; but there came none, and they were greatly afraid that the King's guards had killed him, and having pushed his body through the great pipe, had escaped the same way themselves. Yet, because I had been seen here, they had still some hope (thus indeed Fritz, in his friendship, told me); and going back to Michael's body, pushing aside Antoinette, who prayed by it, they found a key to the door which I had locked, and opened the door. The staircase was dark, and they would not use a torch at first, lest they should be more exposed to fire. But soon Fritz cried: "The door down there is open! See, there is light!" So they went on boldly, and found none to oppose them. And when they came to the outer room and saw the Belgian, Bersonin, lying dead, they thanked God, Sapt saying: "Ay, he has been here." Then rushing into the King's cell, they found Detchard lying dead across the dead physician, and the King on his back with his chair by him. And Fritz cried: "He's dead!" and Sapt drove all out of the room except Fritz, and knelt down by the King; and, having learnt more of wounds and the sign of death than I, he soon knew that the King was not dead, nor, if properly attended, would die. And they covered his face and carried him to Duke Michael's room, and laid him there; and Antoinette rose from praying by the body of the duke and went to bathe the King's head and dress his wounds, till a doctor came. And Sapt, seeing I had been there, and having heard Antoinette's story, sent Fritz to search the moat and then the forest. He dared send no one else. And Fritz found my horse, and feared the worst. Then, as I have told, he found me,

guided by the shout with which I had called on Rupert to stop and face me. And I think a man has never been more glad to find his own brother alive than was Fritz to come on me; so that, in love and anxiety for me, he thought nothing of a thing so great as would have been the death of Rupert Hentzau. Yet, had Fritz killed him, I should have grudged it.

The enterprise of the King's rescue being thus prosperously concluded, it lay on Colonel Sapt to secure secrecy as to the King ever having been in need of rescue. Antoinette de Mauban and Johann the keeper (who, indeed, was too much hurt to be wagging his tongue just now) were sworn to reveal nothing; and Fritz went forth to find — not the King, but the unnamed friend of the King, who had lain in Zenda and flashed for a moment before the dazed eyes of Duke Michael's servants on the drawbridge. The metamorphosis had happened; and the King, wounded almost to death by the attacks of the gaolers who guarded his friend, had at last overcome them, and rested now, wounded but alive, in Black Michael's own room in the Castle. There he had been carried, his face covered with a cloak, from the cell; and thence orders issued, that if his friend were found, he should be brought directly and privately to the King, and that meanwhile messengers should ride at full speed to Tarlenheim, to tell Marshall Strakencz to assure the princess of the King's safety and to come himself with all speed to greet the King. The princess was enjoined to remain at Tarlenheim, and there await her cousin's coming or his further injunctions. Thus the King would come to his own again, having wrought brave deeds, and escaped, almost by a miracle, the treacherous assault of his unnatural brother.

This ingenious arrangement of my long-headed old friend prospered in every way, save where it encountered a force that often defeats the most cunning schemes. I mean nothing else than the pleasure of a woman. For, let her cousin and sovereign send what command he chose (or Colonel Sapt chose for him), and let Marshal Strakencz insist as he would, the Princess Flavia was in no way minded to rest at Tarlenheim while her lover lay wounded at Zenda; and when the Marshal, with a small suite, rode forth from Tarlenheim on the way to Zenda, the princess's carriage followed immediately behind, and in this order they passed through the town, where the report was already rife that the King, going the night before to remonstrate with his brother, in all friendliness, for that he held one of the

King's friends in confinement in the Castle, had been most traitorously set upon; that there had been a desperate conflict; that the duke was slain with several of his gentlemen; and that the King, wounded as he was, had seized and held the Castle of Zenda. All of which talk made, as may be supposed, a mighty excitement; and the wires were set in motion, and the tidings came to Strelsau only just after orders had been sent thither to parade the troops and overawe the dissatisfied quarters of the town with a display of force.

Thus the Princess Flavia came to Zenda. And as she drove up the hill, with the Marshal riding by the wheel and still imploring her to return in obedience to the King's orders, Fritz von Tarlenheim, with the prisoner of Zenda, came to the edge of the forest. I had revived from my swoon, and walked, resting on Fritz's arm; and looking out from the cover of the trees, I saw the princess. Suddenly understanding from a glance at my companion's face that we must not meet her, I sank on my knees behind a clump of bushes. But there was one whom we had forgotten, but who followed us, and was not disposed to let slip the chance of earning a smile and maybe a crown or two; and, while we lay hidden, the little farm-girl came by us and ran to the princess, curtseying and crying:

"Madame, the King is here — in the bushes! May I guide you to him, madame?"

"Nonsense, child!" said old Strakencz. "The King lies wounded in the Castle."

"Yes, sir, he's wounded, I know; but he's there — with Count Fritz — and not at the Castle," she persisted.

"Is he in two places, or are there two Kings?" asked Flavia, bewildered. "And how should he be there?"

"He pursued a gentleman, madame, and they fought till Count Fritz came; and the other gentleman took my father's horse from me and rode away; but the King is here with Count Fritz. Why, Madame is there another man in Ruritania like the King?"

"No, my child," said Flavia softly (I was told it afterwards), and she smiled and gave the girl money. "I will go and see this gentleman," and she rose to alight from the carriage.

But at this moment Sapt came riding from the Castle, and, seeing the princess, made the best of a bad job, and cried to her that the King was well