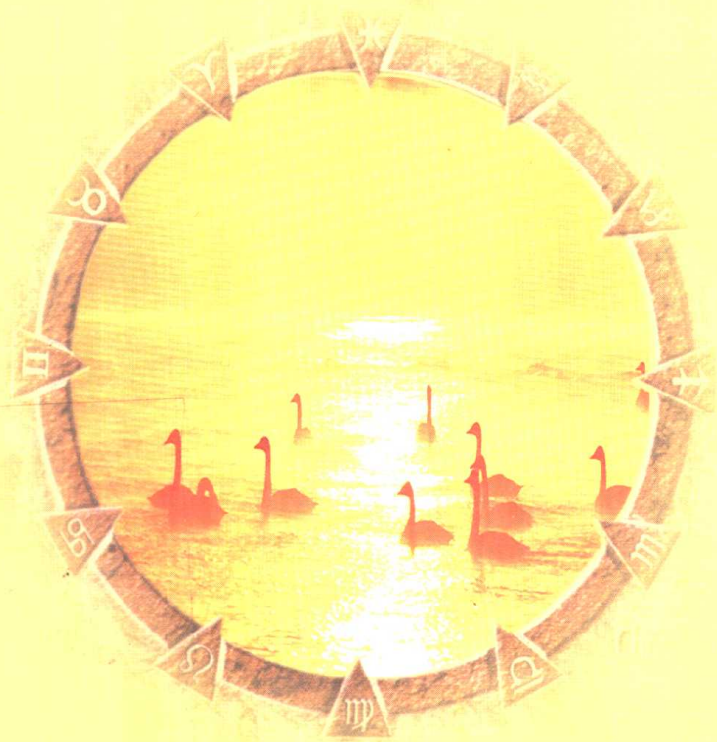



星火 5元 英语精粹文丛

英语小说名篇赏析



姜晓梅 编著

 世界图书出版公司



英语小说名篇赏析

编著

姜晓梅

丛书主编 李绍明 马德高 张晓博



世界图书出版公司

(陕)新登字 014 号

5 元英语精粹文丛

丛书主编 李绍明 马德高 张晓博

责任编辑 康宏磊

世界图书出版西安公司 出版发行

(西安市南大街 17 号 邮编:710001)

各地新华书店 外文书店经销

西安市德力彩印厂印刷

开本:787×1092 1/32 印张:44.5 字数:1 100 千字

1999 年 10 月第 1 版 1999 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 7-5062-2658-8/H·234

定价:40.00 元(共 8 册,每册 5.00 元)

丛书致读者

那天陪朋友逛“科技市场”，感觉到从未有过的累。

得跟您说明一下。这个科技市场是山东济南靠近山大南院的一个计算机商场。一座三层楼里面，汇集三百多家计算机商，经销整机，硬软件，耗材，配套设施，当然还有节目光盘。

说到那些节目光盘，我困惑得头大。都是些什么呀。我奶奶——愿她在地下安息——如果还活着，逢此盛世，肯定乐得再活几十年。七仙女，白娘子，老包，目连，说书的瞎子，算命的先生，都在。麻将和桥牌可能让她皱眉，三国游戏可能玩不来了；可是，金庸和琼瑶，韦小宝和小燕子，她一定喜闻乐见。

朋友曾怜悯我至今还用着十几年前的 286 和 WPS：“呵，很多享受你错过了。”But dear Grandmother，要是“享受”指的是这些，俺宁可回俺村去看俺的蚂蚁上树。

临出门，上高中的儿子对我说：“要是多媒体上能看欧几里德和牛顿讲数学，那咱就买一台。”

我问了。没那节目。有些商家连这些名字都没听说过。“有孩子看的科技节目吗？”“有。”拿过一张盘，套封上列着“地球奥秘”，“人体奥秘”，什么什么，不用看就知道，小学三年级以下的孩子可能感兴趣。

那天是个“秋老虎”，预报说 33 度。可是，包围在那些媒体里面，我觉得怎么也有 34 度。除了一身一身的汗，没感到别的享受，也没看到什么科技。

所以，让我选择，还是看书，白纸黑字的书。最好是五块钱一本的，可看可不看的闲书（注意，这是广告）。花明柳媚时，梧桐秋雨时，长夏无聊时，没有功课也没有约会；当此时也，手执一卷，卧榻上，树荫里，安安静静，读上一叶两叶，三叶五叶，是一种心境，是一种活法儿——一种在闹市尘嚣电化声光威凌之下离我们越来越远的活法儿。

绍明

一九九九年九月九日

前 言

本书为英语专业及有英语基础的文学爱好者使用。在编选的过程中有以下考虑：

1. 收入的短篇小说均为世界名篇，历经历史与批评家的审鉴，始终受到读者的喜爱。十篇小说风格各异，写作技巧与手法亦各不相同，既蕴含深刻的思想，又散发出艺术之美的光芒。
2. 所收入的小说中的语言规范、清晰、简练、流畅，表现出英语语言的精彩曼妙，能够对读者学习英语，进行英语阅读大有裨益。
3. 在每篇小说之后附有“简介与欣赏”以及文中疑难字词的注释。注释中的字词多为字典上不易查到的偏词、外来词，或有特殊修辞含义的词，字典上能够查到的生词并未一一列出。“简介与欣赏”指出了作家的主要作品及艺术风格，并针对选入的小说进行具体的分析；从文学批评的角度对小说的人称与叙述手法、情节与结构、主题与文体风格、语言特色等多方面研究并欣赏该篇小说的艺术魅力；便于读者更深刻更细致地理解作品，也为初学者提供一个文学欣赏和批评的开端。

限于才识，疏漏偏颇之处在所难免，敬请读者批评指正。

姜晓梅

1999·8

目 录

Sherwood Anderson (1876 ~ 1961)	
<i>I Want to Know Why</i>	(1)
简介与欣赏	(12)
Anton Chekhov (1860 ~ 1906)	
<i>The Darling</i>	(17)
简介与欣赏	(32)
William Faulkner (1897 ~ 1962)	
<i>A Rose for Emily</i>	(38)
简介与欣赏	(49)
Ernest Hemingway (1899 ~ 1961)	
<i>The Snows of Kilimanjaro</i>	(56)
简介与欣赏	(84)
O. Henry (1862 ~ 1910)	
<i>The Cop and the Anthem</i>	(93)
简介与欣赏	(100)
James Joyce (1882 ~ 1941)	
<i>Araby</i>	(107)
简介与欣赏	(114)
Bernard Malamud (1914 ~ 1986)	
<i>The Magic Barrel</i>	(121)
简介与欣赏	(142)
Katherine Mansfield (1888 ~ 1923)	

<i>Life of Ma Parker</i>	(148)
简介与欣赏	(156)
Guy de Maupassant (1850 ~ 1893)	
<i>The Necklace</i>	(162)
简介与欣赏	(172)

☞ Sherwood Anderson ☞

I want to know why

We got up at four in the morning, that first day in the east. On the evening before we had climbed off a freight train at the edge of the town, and with the true instinct of Kentucky boys had found our way across town and to the racetrack and the stables at once. Then we knew we were all right. Hanley Turner right away found a nigger we knew. It was Bildad Johnson who in the winter works at Ed Becker's livery barn¹ in our hometown, Beckersville. Bildad is a good cook as almost all our niggers are and of course he, like everyone in our part of Kentucky who is anyone at all, likes the horses. In the spring Bildad begin to scratch around². A nigger from our country can flatter and wheedle anyone into letting him do most anything he wants. Bildad wheedles the stable men and the trainers from the horse farms in our country around Lexington. The trainers come into town in the evening to stand around and talk and maybe get into a poker game. Bildad gets in with them. He is always doing little favors and telling about things to eat, chicken browned in a pan, and how is the best way to cook sweet potatoes and corn bread. It makes your mouth water to hear him.

When the racing season comes on and the horses go to the races and there is all the talk on the streets in the evenings about the new

colts, and everyone says when they are going over to Lexington³ or to the spring meeting at Churchill Downs or to Latonia, and the horsemen that have been down to New Orleans or maybe at the winter meeting at Havana in Cuba come home to spend a week before they start out again, at such a time when everything talked about in Beckersville is just horses and nothing else and the outfits⁴ start out and horse racing is in every breath of air you breathe, Bildad shows up with a job as cook for some outfit. Often when I think about it, his always going all season to the races and working in the livery barn in the winter where horses are and where men like to come and talk about horses, I wish I was a nigger. It's a foolish thing to say, but that's the way I am about being around horses, just crazy. I can't help it.

Well, I must tell you about what we did and let you in on what I'm talking about. Four of us boys from Beckersville, all whites and sons of men who live in Beckersville regular, made up our minds we were going to the races, not just to Lexington or Louisville, I don't mean, but to the big eastern track we were always hearing our Beckersville men talk about, to Saratoga. We were all pretty young then. I was just turned fifteen and I was the oldest of the four. It was my scheme. I admit that and I talked the others into trying it. There was Hanley Turner and Henry Rieback and Tom Tumberton and myself. I had thirty-seven dollars I had earned during the winter working nights and Saturdays in Enoch Myer's grocery. Henry Rieback had eleven dollars and the others, Hanley and Tom, had only a dollar or two each. We fixed it all up and laid low⁵ until the Kentucky spring meetings were over and some of our men, the sportiest ones, the ones we envied the most, had cut out⁶—then we cut out too.

I won't tell you the trouble we had beating our way on freights and all. We went through Cleveland and Buffalo and other cities and saw

Niagara Falls. We bought things there, souvenirs and spoons and cards and shells with pictures of the falls on them for our sisters and mothers, but thought we had better not send any of the things home. We didn't want to put the folks on our trail and maybe be nabbed.

We got into Saratoga as I said at night and went to the track. Bidad fed us up. He showed us a place to sleep in hay over a shed and promised to keep still. Niggers are all right about things like that. They won't squeal on you. Often a white man you might meet, when you had run away from home like that, might appear to be all right and give you a quarter or a half dollar or something, and then go right and give you away. White men will do that, but not a nigger. You can trust them. They are squarer with kids. I don't know why.

At the Saratoga meeting that year there were a lot of men from home. Dave Williams and Arthur Mulford and Jerry Myers and others. Then there was a lot from Louisville and Lexington Henry Rieback knew but I didn't. They were professional gamblers and Henry Rieback's father is one too. He is what is called a sheet writer⁷ and goes away most of the year to tracks. In the winter when he is home in Beckersville he don't stay there much but goes away to cities and deals faro⁸. He is a nice man and generous, is always sending Henry presents, a bicycle and a gold watch and a boy scout suit of clothes and things like that.

My own father is a lawyer. He's all right, but don't make much money and can't buy me things and anyway I'm getting so old now I don't expect it. He never said nothing to me against Henry, but Hanley Turner and Tom Tumberson's fathers did. They said to their boys money so come by is no good and they didn't want their boys brought up to hear gamblers' talk and be thinking about such things and maybe embrace them.

That's all right and I guess the men know what they are talking

about, but I don't see what it's got to do with Henry or with horses either. That's what I'm writing this story about. I'm puzzled. I'm getting to be a man and want to think straight and be o.k., and there's something I saw at the race meeting at the eastern track I can't figure out.

I can't help it, I'm crazy about the thoroughbred horses⁹. I've always been that way. When I was ten years old and saw I was growing to be big and couldn't be a rider I was so sorry I nearly died. Harry Hellinfinger in Beckersville, whose father is Postmaster, is grown up and too lazy to work, but likes to stand around in the street and get up jokes on boys like sending them to a hardware store for a gimlet to bore square holes and other jokes like that. He played one on me. He told me that if I would eat a half a cigar I would be stunted and not grow any more and maybe could be a rider. I did it. When father wasn't looking I took a cigar out of his pocket and gagged it down some way. It made me awful sick and the doctor had to be sent for, and then it did no good. I kept right on growing. It was a joke. When I told what I had done and why most fathers would have whipped me but mine didn't.

Well,, I didn't get stunted and didn't die. It serve Harry Hellinfinger right. Then I made up my mind I would like to be a stable boy, but had to give up that too. Mostly niggers do that work and I knew father wouldn't let me go into it. No use to ask him.

If you've never been crazy about thoroughbreds it's because you've never been around where they are much and don't know any better. They're beautiful. There isn't anything so lovely and clean and full of spunk and honest and everything as some race horses. On the big horse farms that are all around our town Beckersville there are tracks and the horses run in the early morning. More than a thousand times I've got out of bed before daylight and walked two or three miles to the tracks. Mother wouldn't of let me go but father always says, "Let him alone."

So I got some bread out of the bread box and some butter and jam, gobbled it and lit out.

At the tracks you sit on the fence with men, whites and niggers, and they chew tobacco and talk, and then the colts are brought out. It's early and the grass is covered with shiny dew and in another field a man is plowing and they are frying things in a shed where the track niggers sleep, and you know how a nigger can giggle and laugh and say things that make you laugh. A white man can't do it and some niggers can't but a track nigger can every time.

And so the colts are brought out and some are just galloped by stable boys, but almost every morning on a big track owned by a rich man who lives maybe in New York, there are always, nearly every morning, a few colts and some of the old race horses and geldings and mares that are cut loose.

It brings a lump into my throat when a horse runs. I don't mean all horses but some. I can pick them nearly every time. It's in my blood like in the blood of race-track niggers and trainers. Even when they just go slop-jogging along with a little nigger on their backs I can tell a winner. If my throat hurts and it's hard for me to swallow, that's him. He'll run like Sam Hill when you let him out. If he don't win every time it'll be a wonder and because they've got him in a pocket behind another or he was pulled or got off bad at the post or something. If I wanted to be a gambler like Henry Rieback's father I could get rich. I know I could and Henry says so too. All I would have to do is to wait 'til that hurt comes when I see a horse and then bet every cent. That's what I would do if I wanted to be a gambler, but I don't.

When you're at the tracks in the morning—not the race tracks but the training tracks around Beckersville—you don't see a horse, the kind I've been talking about, very often, but it's nice anyway. Any thorough-

bred, that is sired right and out of a good mare and trained by a man that knows how, can run. If he couldn't what would he be there for and not pulling a plow?

Well, out of the stables they come and the boys are on their backs and it's lovely to be there. You hunch down on top of the fence and itch inside you. Over in the sheds the niggers giggle and sing. Bacon is being fried and coffee made. Everything smells lovely. Nothing smells better than coffee and manure and horses and niggers and bacon frying and pipes being smoked out of doors on a morning like that. It just gets you, that's what it does.

But about Saratoga. We was there six days and not a soul from home seen us and everything came off just as we wanted it to, fine weather and horses and races and all. We beat our way home and Bildad gave us a basket with fried chicken and bread and other eatables in, and I had eighteen dollars when we got back to Beckersville. Mother jawed and cried but Pop didn't say much. I told everything we done except one thing. I did and saw that alone. That's what I'm writing about. It got me upset. I think about it at night. Here it is.

At Saratoga we laid up nights in the hay in the shed Bildad had showed us and ate with the niggers early and at night when the race people had all gone away. The men from home stayed mostly in the grandstand and betting field, and didn't come out around the places where the horses are kept in except to the paddocks just before a race when the horses are saddled. At Saratoga they don't have paddocks under an open shed as at Lexington and Churchill Downs and other tracks down in our country, but saddle the horses right out in an open place under trees on a lawn as smooth and nice as Banker Bohon's front yard here in Beckersville. It's lovely. The horses are sweaty and nervous and shine and the men come out and smoke cigars and look at them and the train-

ers are there and the owners, and your heart thumps so you can hardly breathe.

Then the bugle blows for post¹⁰ and the boys that ride come running out with their silk clothes on and you run to get a place by the fence with the niggers. I always am wanting to be a trainer or owner, and at the risk of being seen and caught and sent home I went to the paddocks before every race. The other boys didn't but I did.

We got to Saratoga on a Friday and on Wednesday the next week the big Mullford Handicap¹¹ was to be run. Middlestride was in it and Sunstreak. The weather was fine and the track fast. I couldn't sleep the night before.

What had happened was that both these horses are the kind it makes my throat hurt to see. Middlestride is long and looks awkward and is a gelding¹². He belongs to Joe Thompson, a little owner from home who only has a half dozen horses. The Mullford Handicap is for a mile and Middlestride can't untrack fast. He goes away slow and is always way back at the half, then he begins to run and if the race is a mile and a quarter he'll just eat up everything¹³ and get there.

Sunstreak is different. He is a stallion¹⁴ and nervous and belongs on the biggest farm we've got in our country, the Van Riddle place that belongs to Mr. Van Riddle of New York. Sunstreak is like a girl you think about sometimes but never see. He is hard all over and lovely too. When you look at his head you want to kiss him. He is trained by Jerry Tillford who knows me and has been good to me lots of times, lets me walk into a horse's stall to look at him close and other things. There isn't anything as sweet as that horse. He stands at the post quiet and not letting on, but he is just burning up inside. Then when the barrier goes up he is off like his name, Sunstreak. It makes you ache to see him. It hurts you. He just lays down and runs like a bird dog. There

can't anything I ever see run like him except Middlestride when he gets untracked and stretches himself.

Gee! I ached to see that race and those two horses run, ached and dreaded it too. I didn't want to see either of our horses beaten. We had never sent a pair like that to the races before. Old men in Beckersville said so and the niggers said so. It was a fact.

Before the race I went over to the paddocks to see. I looked a last look at Middlestride, who isn't such a much standing in a paddock that way, then I went to see Sunstreak.

It was his day. I knew when I see him. I forgot all about being seen myself and walked right up. All the men from Beckersville were there and no one noticed me except Jerry Tillford. He saw me and something happened. I'll tell you about that.

I was standing looking at that horse and aching. In some way, I can't tell how, I knew just how Sunstreak felt inside. He was quiet and letting the niggers rub his legs and Mr. Van Riddle himself put the saddle on, but he was just a raging torrent inside. He was like the water in the river at Niagara Falls just before it goes plunk down. That horse wasn't thinking about running. He don't have to think about that. He was just thinking about holding himself back 'til the time for the running came. I knew that. I could just in a way see right inside him. He was going to do some awful running and I knew it. He wasn't bragging or letting on much or prancing or making a fuss, but just waiting. I knew it and Jerry Tillford his trainer knew. I looked up and then that men and I looked into each other's eyes. Something happened to me. I guess I loved the man as much as I did the horse because he knew what I knew. Seemed to me there wasn't anything in the world but that man and the horse and me. I cried and Jerry Tillford had a shine in his eyes. Then I came away to the fence to wait for the race. The horse was better than

me, more steadier, and now I know better than Jerry. He was the quietest and he had to do the running.

Sunstreak ran first of course and he busted the world's record for a mile. I've seen that if I never see anything more. Everything came out just as I expected. Middlestride got left at the post and was way back and closed up to be the second, just as I knew he would. He'll get a world's record too someday. They can't skin the Beckersville country on horses¹⁵. I watched the race calm because I knew what would happen. I was sure. Hanley Turner and Henry Rieback and Tom Tumpton were all more excited than me.

A funny thing had happened to me. I was thinking about Jerry Tillford the trainer and how happy he was all through the race. I liked him that afternoon even more than I ever liked my own father. I almost forgot the horses thinking that way about him. It was because of what I had seen in his eyes as he stood in the paddocks beside Sunstreak before the race started. I knew he had been watching and working with Sunstreak since the horse was a baby colt, had taught him to run and be patient and when to let himself out and not to quit, never. I knew that for him it was like a mother seeing her child do something brave or wonderful. It was the first time I ever felt for a man like that.

After the race that night I cut out from Tom and Hanley and Henry. I wanted to be by myself and I wanted to be near Jerry Tillford if I could work it. Here is what happened.

The track in Saratoga is near the edge of town. It is all polished up and trees around, the evergreen kind, and grass and everything painted and nice. If you go past the track you get to a hard road made of asphalt for automobiles, and if you go along this for a few miles there is a road runs off to a little rummy-looking farmhouse set in a yard.

That night after the race I went along that road because I had seen