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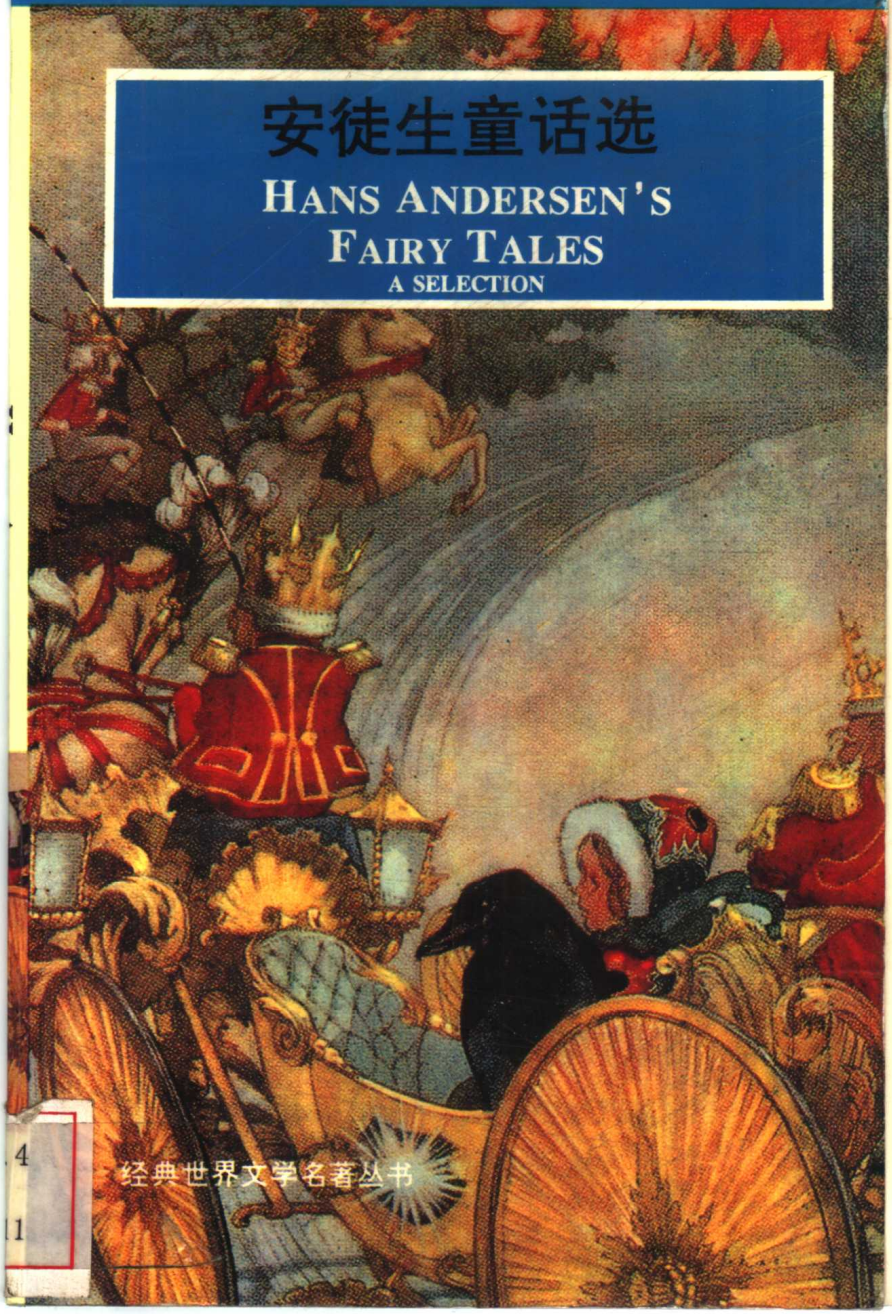
安徒生童话选

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

A SELECTION



经典世界文学名著丛书

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

A NEW EDITION

Translated from the Danish by
L. W. Kingsland

With the Original Illustrations by
Vilhelm Pedersen and
Lorenz Frølich

and an Introduction by
Naomi Lewis

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING & RESEARCH PRESS
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作者简介

汉斯·克里斯蒂安·安徒生(1805—1875)是世界闻名的丹麦童话大师。贫苦、孤寂的生活使他对艺术产生了浓厚的兴趣,1819 年只身来到哥本哈根。在皇家剧院导演 J·科林的资助下,他进了中学,1828 年又上了哥本哈根大学。在苏洛书院学习时,因与院长发生摩擦而中途辍学,开始进行文学创作。

安徒生一生从事过多种形式的文学创作,有诗歌、剧本和长篇小说等,但他对文学最大的贡献还是童话。他同法国的贝洛尔与德国的格林兄弟之别在于他把童话从民间故事变成了独立的文学创作品种。他一生共写了 160 余篇童话,主要分为三个阶段:

1835 年至 1845 年,这一阶段是安徒生创作最活跃的时期,作品有《豌豆上的公主》、《小意达的花儿》、《拇指姑娘》、《小克劳斯和大克劳斯》、《丑小鸭》等。

1845 年至 1852 年属第二个阶段,这时,青年时期的浪漫主义已被严峻的现实主义所代替,作品有《卖火柴的小女孩》、《母亲的故事》等。

1852 年至 1873 年是其创作的第三个阶段,其创作与以前风格大有改变。因此,他自己名之为"新的故事",作品有《柳树下的梦》、《她是一个废物》、《白雪公主》等。

内容简介

本书共选了安徒生的26篇童话作品，其中有些取自民间故事，但大部分是他的独立创作，许多故事已为大家所熟知。

在《小克劳斯和大克劳斯》里，前者善于动脑，几次被置于困难，均化险为夷；后者则贪婪、愚蠢，机械模仿，不但得不到自己想要的东西，反而死于非命。《旅伴》里讲到，好人约翰安抚过一个死者，后者的灵魂化作约翰的旅伴，帮助约翰达到了自己的目的——娶公主为妻。反映了"善有善报"的思想。《海的女儿》歌颂了对爱情的忠贞不渝和对理想——"灵魂"的执著追求。《皇帝的新装》讲的是皇帝被两个骗子所欺的故事，讽刺了皇帝及其大臣的虚荣和愚昧，同时也表现了孩童的率真与勇敢。《丑小鸭》叙述了一只倍受欺凌的"丑小鸭"最后变成一只美丽的天鹅的故事。告诉人们不屈的心灵最终会换来美丽的外表。《卖火柴的小女孩》讲了这样一个故事：一个穷人家的小女孩儿在寒冷的圣诞前夕，沿街叫卖火柴。最后怀着对美好生活的极度渴望，带着幻想离开了悲惨的人世。……

安徒生的童话表现了对理想生活的向往，同时也揭露了当时社会的黑暗现象，讽刺了统治阶级的专横愚昧，反映了贫富之间的悬殊。想象力丰富，语言精练，富有诗意，为读者开辟了一块多姿多彩的天地。

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

A Selection

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S *Fairy Tales* are known and loved by adults and children alike. The first volume containing four stories appeared in 1835, and by the end of his life he had published a total of 156 tales. Despite the author's declaration that he would have preferred to be known for his poems and novels, it is for these imaginative tales that he is remembered.

Andersen was born in Odense in 1805, the son of a poor shoemaker and a simple peasant woman. His father died when he was eleven and at the age of fourteen he set out to seek fame and fortune as an actor in Copenhagen. For three years he was helped by various patrons from scholars to the King himself, and at seventeen he was sent to school as a State protégé. Once he had passed his examinations he chose to write, becoming eventually, and after many hardships and humiliations, Denmark's most illustrious son, fêted all over the world. His autobiography, which he began as early as 1832, was entitled *The Fairytale of my Life*. Hans Andersen died in 1875.

NAOMI LEWIS is a critic and writer, and expert on Hans Andersen's work. She has edited several volumes of children's stories including collections of fairy tales by Andersen and the brothers Grimm. Her books include *A Peculiar Music* (about the poems of Emily Brontë), *Fantasy* (for The National Book League), *A Footprint on the Air, The Silent Playmate* (an anthology of doll literature), and the Puffin *Hans Christian Andersen*, a new translation of 12 stories with introduction and notes. She received the Eleanor Farjeon Award for distinguished services to children's literature.

L. W. KINGSLAND is a retired headmaster and translator of Scandinavian literature.

INTRODUCTION

THE story goes that when Andersen, in his honoured last years, was shown the plan for his projected national statue—a design which included a crowding cluster of children—he angrily protested. 'I pointed out', he wrote in his diary, 'that . . . I could not bear anyone behind me, nor had I children on my back, on my lap, or between my legs when I read; that my fairy tales were as much for older people as for children . . . The naïve was only a part of my fairy tales; humour was the real salt in them.' The children, as anyone may see who visits the King's Garden at Copenhagen, were removed. The point of Andersen's complaint, as anyone may see who goes to the stories, remains. But it is a truth that needs rediscovering.

For indeed, during his lifetime, Andersen's tremendous reputation both in Europe and America came not only from children but from the numbers of men and women who had read and savoured the tales. That at first he would have preferred to be known for his 'adult' novels and plays is neither here nor there; authors commonly have these foibles. It is true that the earliest collections—little paperback books of two, three, or four stories, thrown off between Andersen's more considered works—were published as *Fairy Tales told to the Young* (*Eventyr fortalte for Børn*). But after a few years (and 23 stories) the qualifying description was dropped. He had put it in, he declared, as a safeguard against the critics: a defence too, no doubt, against something that he unwillingly recognized in himself. The actor in Andersen—the poor boy who was finding success at

last—desired to play the part of an adult in an adult world. But to write at the level of genius for the young, it is necessary *not* to be a lover of children but to have a rigid streak of childhood in oneself. This, Andersen had. It was to be throughout his life his talisman and his bane.

The first of the little story-books appeared in 1835. It contained four tales: *The Tinderbox, Little Claus and Big Claus, The Princess and the Pea,* and *Little Ida's Flowers.* The familiar first two of these were folk themes, though recast with new detail, and told in an unmistakable new voice. The third, like the others, he had heard as a child, from spinning or hop-picking women. But the fourth heralds the genuine new storymaker, in the student who entertains little Ida with paper figures and quaint stories, in the offended doll, turned out of its bed for the exhausted flowers, in the chimney-sweep toy who danced alone ('and that's no bad thing either'), and the spirited flower funeral conducted by Ida's two boy cousins, in the chattering bits and pieces. To present modern life through kitchen articles and nursery toys and yet with adult irony and wit was something new in fiction. That student, too, so apt with stories and paper toys, is our first glimpse of Andersen himself. In one guise or another, sometimes for only a fleeting moment, he may be found in almost all his tales. They are his own living story.

The second volume followed soon, in 1836, with *Thumbelina, The Naughty Boy,* and *The Travelling Companion;* the third, in 1837, with *The Little Mermaid* and *The Emperor's New Clothes.* It was the *Mermaid,* again an original tale, that really brought wide public attention to these extraordinary little volumes. Encouragement was all that Andersen wanted, and

his invention flowed. Soon he had no need to go to old plots: every flower, every household article had its story to offer him. By his own reckoning—a conservative one—there were 156 tales by the end of his life.

A sparkling narrative confidence marks the stories but behind them is a strange and troubling figure. Andersen's *Autobiography* offers clues to much that he wrote—yet it seems to separate him all the more from his own achievement. 'My life', it begins with characteristic verve, 'is a beautiful fairy tale.' A fairy tale it certainly was, but one with an oddly malicious twist. Our wishes, it seems to demonstrate, are fulfilled more often than we expect, but not always in the way we desire. There is always a price to be paid Here, to be sure, is the humble shoemaker's solitary child, dreaming, declaiming, playing with his home-made toy theatre, presenting to the village world the kind of preposterous innocence that turns away blows; here again the awkward, crazy-looking, stage-struck boy setting out at fourteen to seek his improbable fortune in the city of Copenhagen; singing, pleading, and clowning his way into the theatre and out of it, always avoiding being pinned down to his station by a trade; catching the half-hypnotized aid of patron after patron—scholars, State Councillors, ballet dancers, the King himself; sent to school at seventeen (the severest trial of all) as a State protégé, and after every kind of hardship and humiliation becoming (though not, alas, through his singing, dancing, or plays) Denmark's most illustrious son, an honoured guest in every country of Europe.

But the dark side of the story can be traced back, no less than the other, as far as the one-roomed Odense home where Andersen was born in 1805. His father, perforce a shoemaker, married in his early

twenties and dead hardly a dozen years later, was a man of incipient gifts, a self-taught student, political rebel and freethinker, full of ideas, but deeply frustrated by poverty and imprisoning circumstance. It was he who built Hans Christian his toy theatre, took him on Sundays into the woods (where, under his guidance, the boy observed the creatures and grasses with a meticulous regard, each with a life of its own), and bid him in effect, rather as if telling himself, not to submit to any ordered rôle that was against his natural bent. Restlessness and poverty drove the shoemaker to volunteer as a solider in 1812; he returned a sick man, half out of his mind, and died in 1816 when his son was eleven. The mother, on the other hand, many years older than her husband, was a simple rough peasant woman, religious and superstitious. (The story *She was Good for Nothing* is a tribute to her memory.) An earlier daughter of hers, an illegitimate half-sister to Hans, received none of the devoted and sheltering affection which was the little boy's lot. Boarded out as a child and for a time a prostitute in later life, she was to haunt the easily stirred imagination of her brother, and embarrass him considerably when she did appear. The Andersen grandparents also had their part in the boy's early life. There was a dear grandmother, a kind and neat old lady who worked as gardener at the local asylum for the insane poor. But the grandfather was wandering in his wits; and when Hans Christian saw him being hooted at and pursued by boys in the Odense streets, he was filled with terror. 'I knew', he wrote, 'that I was of his flesh and blood.'

In Andersen's genius, though, these two conflicting strains were necessary. If his inventive genius and imagination came from his father, so too did his

melancholy, his restlessness, and his emotional instability. If his mother passed on her superstitions, she also gave him his dogged peasant endurance, his obstinate ability to survive: certainly, too, his respect for those in high places. Well—he hadn't much use for bishops and other church dignitaries, but he dearly loved a king. In any case, without the faith and the force he could not have survived at all.

The school examinations were finally passed, and Andersen's guardians allowed him to choose his road. He chose to write. Indeed, his poems and novels gave him a fair reputation from the start. But the harsh years were to have their effect, and once the battle for recognition was over, neuroses crowded in. He suffered increasingly from fears and anxieties about money, about madness, about his half-sister, about losing his passport (remember the rat in *The Steadfast Tin Soldier*), about missing the times of coaches or, presently, railway trains. He developed a compulsive taste for travel; 'to travel', he wrote, 'is to live'. Staying in hotels or furnished rooms, or the great houses of wealthy friends, he was over sixty before he owned a bed. He was fêted and welcomed all over the world; but until his honoured final years, he never really impressed the people at home, the Danes, who knew his start.

The flaw in Andersen's personal fairy tale was the human one. The simple lad in the folk tale prospers through a kind of inspired idiocy; he does not grieve or toil, and Andersen did both. The clown's resilience of temper, the absence of offended dignity—though it did not save Andersen from bad dreams of the past when life was easier—was to protect him in the hard days of his youth. It was something that Chatterton, in similar circumstances but with a more rigid

temperament, entirely lacked; unable to be the clown he had to play the tragic part. Andersen paid a different price. As a child in a world of adults, he could thrive. But this very childlike quality that opened the doors of patrons was a bar to adult relationships. Women were his kindest counsellors and friends, yet, since he failed to approach them as adult to adult, he remained through life alone. Perhaps it is best that we do not know too much when we are young about the tellers of our tales; that the scholarly brothers Grimm should remain as two troll-like figures, and Andersen not as a person but as a book.

For in the stories, all these elements in Andersen's temper have a fit and proper place. The human uncertainty is the great distinction between the tales of Andersen and the traditional tales of Grimm. In the folk narrative, everyone's path is prescribed; you cannot distinguish between witch and witch, prince and prince, goosegirl and yellow-haired goosegirl. In Andersen, not only the people have an individual human quality but the silly household objects themselves. Browning once wrote to a novelist friend: 'Even two potatoes are *unlike*—but two *men*, Isa!' No two potatoes are alike in Andersen's tales.

Once he had realized the range and power of his new invented genre, he did not have to look far for ideas. Inspiration was everywhere. 'The stories lay there like seeds', he wrote; 'all that was necessary for them to spring into bloom was a breath of air, a ray of sunshine, or a drop of wormwood.' And joys and pangs came readily enough to the mercurial creature. The stories were, of course, his own magical weapon, his personal answer to life—an answer that is usually irresistible. Pride will be humbled; the humble will

have redress—this is a constant theme. *The Ugly Duckling* has long since become its classic allegory, and numerous kitchen and nursery pieces echo the moral. *The Travelling-Companion* assures us that a kindness done will bring its reward. *The Snow Queen* and *The Wild Swans* stress the power of innocence. All men, all creatures must serve the flower-like Gerda; the very toads turn into flowers at Elise's touch. Quality will out is another characteristic moral—the commonness of the princess, say, and the princeliness of the swineherd. Several tales, such as *The Steadfast Tin-Soldier,* are about endurance. But nearest of all to his own story is the theme that every wish has its price. *The Little Mermaid* (a major story marred by an unfair theological bias which the author's father would have deplored) is its most piercing version, but you can find it at a lighter level in *The Galoshes of Fortune.* Fortune sends a lady-in-waiting to do her business, but Sorrow carries out her errands herself to see that they are done properly. And when Fortune's galoshes have proved their point, Sorrow appropriates them, for they seem to be hers after all. A nice conclusion.

But the art must carry the thought: and behind the careful simplicity the art in Andersen's tales is considerable. Even in translation you can recognize his ear for dialogue; his remarkable narrative manner based on the living rhythm of speech; the gratuitous detail (a trait he shares with Dickens); the sly, flat, straightfaced comment which was so inimitably his own. The betrothed dolls received presents, 'but they had declined to accept provisions of any kind, for they intended to live on love.' 'That was a charming story', says the Queen in *The Flying Trunk.* 'You shall certainly have our daughter.' 'Yes, indeed,' adds the

King. 'You shall have her on Monday.' The broom takes some parsley from the dustbin to crown the story-telling pot 'for he knew that it would annoy the others'. Moreover, 'If I crown her today,' he thought, 'she will have to crown me tomorrow.' The Snow Queen promises Kay, if he does the task she has set, the whole world and a new pair of skates. The earth is there as well as the sky, the kitchen as well as the palace. Nothing, however marvellous, is quite beyond human touch.

It is in the tales about objects—the house or kitchen or garden pieces—that Andersen's peculiar genius is most evident: his charm, dry humour, economy, and crystal-clear, almost microscopic vision. Each kitchen, parlour, or nursery is a society in miniature; in the homely bric-à-brac, the clocks, tongs, toys, pins, and kitchen rubbish, every social and professional nuance is displayed. Consider the Darning-needle as it lies in the gutter. 'I am too fine for this world', it reflects. 'But I know my own worth, and there is always a satisfaction in that.'

> One day something glittering lay close by its side, the the Needle thought it was a Diamond, though it was nothing but a Piece of Glass; but because it glittered the Needle addressed it, and introduced itself as a Breast-pin. 'You are a Diamond, I suppose?' 'Yes, I am something of that sort!' So each believed the other to be something very valuable, and they complained of the vanity of the world.

Or take this account of the toys having an evening's entertainment. The Money-pig (or Piggy-bank) looks down upon them all. 'It knew very well that what it had in its stomach would have bought all the toys, and that's what we call having self-respect.'

> The moon shone through the window-frames and gave

free light. Now the fun was about to begin and all of them, even the children's Go-Cart, which certainly belonged to the coarser playthings, were invited to take part in the sport.

'Each one has his own peculiar value,' said the Go-Cart. 'We cannot all be noblemen. There must be some who do the work, as the saying is.'

The Money-pig was the only one who received a written invitation, for he was of high standing, and they were afraid he would not accept a verbal message. Indeed, he did not answer . . . nor did he come: if he was to take a part, he must do so from his own home; they were to arrange accordingly, and so they did.

. . . There was to be a tea party and a discussion for mental improvement, and with this latter part they began immediately. The Rocking Horse spoke of training and Race, and the Go-Cart of railways and steam power . . . The Clock talked politics—ticks—tocks . . . though it was whispered that he did not go correctly· the Bamboo Cane stood there, stiff and proud, for he was conceited about his brass ferule and his silver top, for being thus bound above and below; and on the sofa lay two worked Cushions, pretty and stupid . . . Each one thought of himself and of what the Money-pig might think . . .

That last sentence, like the Piece of Glass's evasive reply, is quite masterly. Another such scene may be found in the interlude-story in *The Flying Trunk*. A further outstanding example is in *The Goblin at the Provision-Dealer's*, a wonderful short story by any standards. The goblin, a simple creature, full of respect for the grocer, finds itself having to decide between the merits of poetry (the student's diet) and the grocer's delicious porridge. The reader must look to see exactly how Andersen presents these notions and the goblin's final choice.

But something else will presently strike the reader; it is that, in so many of the tales, the creative process seems to have been identical with that of poetry; like a