OF HUMAN BONDAGE

by W. Somerset Maugham



人性的枷锁 [英]W. 毛姆 著



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William Somerset Maugham

William Somerset Maugham (25 January 1874 – 16 December 1965) was a British playwright, novelist and short story writer. He was among the most popular writers of his era and reputedly the highest paid author during the 1930s.

After losing both his parents by the age of 10, Maugham was raised by a paternal uncle who was emotionally cold. Not wanting to become a lawyer like other men in his family, Maugham eventually trained and qualified as a doctor. The first run of his first novel, Liza of Lambeth (1897), sold out so rapidly that Maugham gave up medicine to write full-time.

During the First World War, he served with the Red Cross and in the ambulance corps, before being recruited in 1916 into the British Secret Intelligence Service, for which he worked in Switzerland and Russia before the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. During and after the war, he traveled in India and Southeast Asia; all of these experiences were reflected in later short stories and novels.

General Preface

Millions of Chinese are learning English to acquire knowledge and skills for communication in a world where English has become the primary language for international discourse. Yet not many learners have come to realize that the command of the English language also enables them to have an easy access to the world literary classics such as Shakespeare's plays, Shelley's poems, mark Twain's novels and Nietzsche's works which are an important part of liberal-arts education. The most important goals of universities are not vocational, that is, not merely the giving of knowledge and the training of skills.

In a broad sense, education aims at broadening young people's mental horizon, cultivating virtues and shaping their character. Lincoln, Mao Zedong and many other great leaders and personages of distinction declared how they drew immense inspiration and strength from literary works. As a matter of fact, many of them had aspired to become writers in their young age. Alexander the Great (356-323 B.C.) is said to take along with him two things, waking or sleeping: a book and a dagger, and the book is Iliad, a literary classic, by Homer. He would put these two much treasured things under his pillow when he

Today, we face an unprecedented complex and changing world. To cope with this rapid changing world requires not only communication skills, but also adequate knowledge of cultures other than our own home culture. Among the most important developments in present-day global culture is the ever increasing cultural exchanges and understanding between different nations and peoples. And one of the best ways to know foreign cultures is to read their literary works, particularly their literary classics, the soul of a country's culture. They also give you the best language and the feeling of sublimity.

Liaoning People's Publishing House is to be congratulated for its foresight and courage in making a new series of world literary classics available to the reading public. It is hoped that people with an adequate command of the English language will read them, like them and keep them as their lifetime companions.

I am convinced that the series will make an important contribution to the literary education of the young people in china. At a time when the whole country is emphasizing "spiritual civilization", it is certainly a very timely venture to put out the series of literary classics for literary and cultural education.

> Zhang Zhongzai Professor Beijing Foreign Studies University July, 2013 Beijing

总序

经典名著的语言无疑是最凝练、最优美、最有审美价值的。雪莱的那句"如冬已来临,春天还会远吗?"让多少陷于绝望的人重新燃起希望之火,鼓起勇气,迎接严冬过后的春天。徐志摩一句"悄悄的我走了,正如我悄悄的来;我挥一挥衣袖,不带走一片云彩"又让多少人陶醉。尼采的那句"上帝死了",又给多少人以振聋发聩的启迪作用。

读经典名著,尤其阅读原汁原味作品,可以怡情养性,增长知识,加添才干,丰富情感,开阔视野。所谓"经典",其实就是作者所属的那个民族的文化积淀,是那个民族的灵魂缩影。英国戏剧泰斗莎士比亚父"是那个民族的灵魂缩影。英国戏剧泰斗莎士比亚父"的细雷特》和《麦克白》等、"意大利语》及《天世的《神曲》之《地狱篇》《炼狱篇》及《天世期的《哈克历险记》以及《大型期》及《一个艺术家的肖像》等、美国风趣而笔法是《西斯》及《一个艺术家的肖像》等、美国风趣而笔法是《西斯》及《一个艺术家的肖像》等。其风趣而笔法是《西斯》及《一个艺术家的肖像》等,都为塑造自己民族的无识,也同时向世界是说》及《快乐的科学》等等,都为塑造自民族的文化积淀,做出了永恒的贡献,也同时向世界展示了他们所属的民族的优美剪影。

很多著名领袖如林肯、毛泽东等伟大人物,也都曾从经典名著中汲取力量,甚至获得治国理念。耶鲁大学教授查尔斯·希尔曾在题为《经典与治国理念》的文章,阐述了读书与治国之间的绝妙关系。他这样写道: "在几乎所有经典名著中,都可以找到让人叹为观止、深藏其中的治国艺术原则。"

经典名著,不仅仅有治国理念,更具提升读者审 美情趣的功能。世界上不同时代、不同地域的优秀经典 作品,都存在一个共同属性:歌颂赞美人间的真善美, 揭露抨击世间的假恶丑。

读欧美自但丁以来的经典名著,你会看到,西方无论是在漫长的黑暗时期,抑或进入现代进程时期,总有经典作品问世,对世间的负面,进行冷峻的批判。与此同时,也有更多的大家作品问世,热情讴歌人间的真诚与善良,使读者不由自主地沉浸于经典作品的审美情感之中。

英语经典名著,显然是除了汉语经典名著以外,人类整个进程中至关重要的文化遗产的一部分。从历史上看,英语是全世界经典阅读作品中,使用得最广泛的国际性语言。这一事实,没有产生根本性变化。本世纪相当长一段时间,这一事实也似乎不会发生任何变化。而要更深入地了解并切身感受英语经典名著的风采,阅读原汁原味的英语经典作品的过程,显然是必不可少的。

辽宁人民出版社及时并隆重推出"最经典英语文库"系列丛书,是具有远见与卓识的出版行为。我相信,这套既可供阅读,同时也具收藏价值的英语原版经

典作品系列丛书,在帮助人们了解什么才是经典作品的同时,也一定会成为广大英语爱好者、大中学生以及学生家长们挚爱的"最经典英语文库"。

北京外国语大学英语学院 北外公共外交研究中心 欧美文学研究中心主任 全国英国文学学会名誉会长

> 张中载 教授 2013年7月于北京

Is this book for you?

理性与智慧拯救心灵

20世纪初,资本主义社会经历严重的经济和政治 危机。有人为金钱和生存,忘记了礼义廉耻,忽略了责 任道德,放弃了文明诚信,泯灭了正义良知,变得唯利 是图,六亲不认。飞速发展的经济浪潮,洗刷着人们的 灵魂。"金钱至上"观念,像持续的台风,席卷着人们 原有的精神家园,使固有的宗教、道德、文化、哲学的 概念殿堂逐渐解体。人们的思想上,出现严重的精神危 机。物质淹没了精神。信仰危机遍布于整个社会层面。

在文学上,出现了众多批判现实主义作品。毛姆的《人性的枷锁》,就是这一时代的重要作品。20世纪末,美国选出20世纪"百部最佳英文长篇小说",《人性的枷锁》位列第37名。

写出《嘉丽妹妹》(本英语文库已经收录)的西· 德莱赛称《人性的枷锁》为"天才的作品"。

威廉·萨默塞特·毛姆(1874年1月25日—1965年12月16日),英国现代小说家、剧作家,生于巴黎的英国使馆,八岁时母亲去世,十岁时父亲去世,多年寄养在伯父家。《人性的枷锁》是毛姆的代表作,带有自传色彩。小说的书名出自于荷兰17世纪著名哲学家斯宾诺莎的《伦理学》:"居从于感情是人性的枷锁,而运用理智才是人性的解放。"

这本书非常适合青年人读。作品中的主人公一直

处于命运羁绊之中,并进行着奋力抗争。主人公有着充沛的精力、炽热的欲望、活跃的情感、丰满的理想和思辨的活力。凡此种种,都与客观社会发生着必然的冲突。主人公在挣扎与磨合中,不断成长。主人公经自卑而逐渐自信;经苦闷而日益坚强;最后,开始冷静观察,澄清思想,愈发清醒,在与命运抗争中,逐步争得精神上的自由。这部作品就是一部充满快乐与悲伤、兴奋与孤寂、甜蜜与苦涩、希望与迷茫、梦想与失落、拼争与纠结的奋斗作品。

同时,作品也揭示了宗教枷锁、金钱枷锁与情感枷锁这三大枷锁,像刑具一样,约束着人的精神和灵魂。也因之,描绘了挣脱枷锁时的苦难历程。

如果您是学生家长,建议您给上中学或大学的孩子准备一套"最经典英语文库",放在书架上。它们是 永远不会过时的精神食粮。

如果您是正在学习的大中学生,也建议您抽空读 读这些经时间检验的人类精神食粮文库里最经典的精 品。一时读不懂不要紧,先收藏起来,放进您的书架 里,等您长大到某个时候,您会忽然发现,自己开始能 读,而且读懂了作品的字里行间意义时,那种喜悦感, 是无法言述的,也是无与伦比的。您可能也会因此对走 过的人生,有更深刻的感悟与理解。

关于这套图书的装帧设计与性价比:完全按欧美出版规则操作,从图书开本,到封面设计,从体例版式,到字体选取,但价钱却比欧美原版图书便宜三分之二,甚至更多。因此,从性价比看,它们也是最值得收藏的。

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CHAPTER 1

The day broke gray and dull. The clouds hung heavily, and there was a rawness in the air that suggested snow. A woman servant came into a room in which a child was sleeping and drew the curtains. She glanced mechanically at the house opposite, a stucco house with a portico, and went to the child's bed.

"Wake up, Philip," she said.

She pulled down the bed-clothes, took him in her arms, and carried him downstairs. He was only half awake.

"Your mother wants you," she said.

She opened the door of a room on the floor below and took the child over to a bed in which a woman was lying. It was his mother. She stretched out her arms, and the child nestled by her side. He did not ask why he had been awakened. The woman kissed his eyes, and with thin, small hands felt the warm body through his white flannel nightgown. She pressed him closer to herself.

"Are you sleepy, darling?" she said.

Her voice was so weak that it seemed to come already from a great distance. The child did not answer, but smiled comfortably. He was very happy in the large, warm bed, with those soft arms about him. He tried to make himself smaller still as he cuddled up against his mother, and he kissed her sleepily. In a moment he closed his eyes and was fast asleep. The doctor came forwards and stood by the bed-side.

"Oh, don't take him away yet," she moaned.

The doctor, without answering, looked at her gravely. Knowing she would not be allowed to keep the child much longer, the woman kissed him again;

and she passed her hand down his body till she came to his feet; she held the right foot in her hand and felt the five small toes; and then slowly passed her hand over the left one. She gave a sob.

"What's the matter?" said the doctor. "You're tired."

She shook her head, unable to speak, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. The doctor bent down.

"Let me take him."

She was too weak to resist his wish, and she gave the child up. The doctor handed him back to his nurse.

"You'd better put him back in his own bed."

"Very well, sir." The little boy, still sleeping, was taken away. His mother sobbed now broken-heartedly.

"What will happen to him, poor child?"

The monthly nurse tried to quiet her, and presently, from exhaustion, the crying ceased. The doctor walked to a table on the other side of the room, upon which, under a towel, lay the body of a still-born child. He lifted the towel and looked. He was hidden from the bed by a screen, but the woman guessed what he was doing.

"Was it a girl or a boy?" she whispered to the nurse.

"Another boy."

The woman did not answer. In a moment the child's nurse came back. She approached the bed.

"Master Philip never woke up," she said. There was a pause. Then the doctor felt his patient's pulse once more.

"I don't think there's anything I can do just now," he said. "I'll call again after breakfast."

"I'll show you out, sir," said the child's nurse.

They walked downstairs in silence. In the hall the doctor stopped.

"You've sent for Mrs. Carey's brother-in-law, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"D'you know at what time he'll be here?"

"No, sir, I'm expecting a telegram."

"What about the little boy? I should think he'd be better out of the way."

"Miss Watkin said she'd take him, sir."

"Who's she?"

"She's his godmother, sir. D'you think Mrs. Carey will get over it, sir?"

The doctor shook his head.

CHAPTER 2

It was a week later. Philip was sitting on the floor in the drawing-room at Miss Watkin's house in Onslow gardens. He was an only child and used to amusing himself. The room was filled with massive furniture, and on each of the sofas were three big cushions. There was a cushion too in each arm-chair. All these he had taken and, with the help of the gilt rout chairs, light and easy to move, had made an elaborate cave in which he could hide himself from the Red Indians who were lurking behind the curtains. He put his ear to the floor and listened to the herd of buffaloes that raced across the prairie. Presently, hearing the door open, he held his breath so that he might not be discovered; but a violent hand pulled away a chair and the cushions fell down.

"You naughty boy, Miss Watkin WILL be cross with you."

"Hulloa, Emma!" he said.

The nurse bent down and kissed him, then began to shake out the cushions, and put them back in their places.

"Am I to come home?" he asked. "Yes, I've come to fetch you."

"You've got a new dress on."

It was in eighteen-eighty-five, and she wore a bustle. Her gown was of black velvet, with tight sleeves and