

ED. WAN PEIDE

*An Anthology of 20<sup>th</sup>-Century  
American Fiction VOL. 1*

高等学校试用教材

美国二十世纪小说选读

上 册

万培德 主编

华东师范大学出版社

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华东师范大学出版社出版

(上海市中山北路 3663 号)

新华书店上海发行所发行      上海市新华印刷厂印刷

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开本: 850×1168 毫米 1/32 印张 11.625 字数 306 千字

1981 年 8 月第 1 版      1982 年 4 月上海第 2 次印刷

印数 20,001—35,000 本

统一书号: W10135·003      定价: 1.10 元

## 说 明

本书由华东师范大学外语系教师编写，各章分工如下：

万培德：杰克·伦敦、舍伍德·安德森、弗·斯科特·菲茨杰拉德、欧内斯特·海明威；

唐纳莉：亨利·詹姆斯、凯瑟琳·安·波特、威廉·福克纳；

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王群：西奥多·德莱塞、理查德·赖特。

参加注释工作的有：董正凯、沈黎以及李宇伟、吴中一、张盛泰。

我校加拿大专家唐纳莉博士 (Dr. Donna-Lee Weber) 除了承担上述编写任务外，还参加了涉及全书的许多工作，包括参加选定篇目、评价作家、分析作品的讨论以及润色文字、修改注释、校对清样等。她的知识和劳动对保证本书的质量起了重要作用。对此，我们谨致谢意。

北京大学的李赋宁教授主持了对本书的审定，参加审阅的有北京大学的赵萝蕤教授、黄继忠副教授和国际关系学院的巫宁坤教授。山东大学的陆凡教授，从我们酝酿编书起就给了我们热情的鼓励和具体的帮助。北京大学的美国专家罗森教授 (Dr. Kenneth Rosen) 和弗里科教授 (Dr. Douglas Fricke) 读了全稿并提了宝贵意见。对此，我们谨致谢意。

在编写作家介绍时，我们参考了国外有关评论和传记，其中主要的均在引文中注明，其余的不再一一注明，特此说明。

## 编者按

《美国二十世纪小说选读》是为高等学校英语专业的高年级学生和研究生编写的教科书。我们希望本书有助于培养学生直接阅读美国二十世纪小说原著的能力。我们认为，在教学中应该细读作品，努力提高语言水平和对小说中表现的生活和思想感情的理解能力，学会分析作品的艺术特点并努力掌握正确评价的标准和方法，为今后教学和科研打下基础。

本书选材着重在思想上和艺术上有代表性、有影响的作品，照顾民族、地区和性别的特点，重视进步作家。

本书各章体例如下：

1. 选文——上册包括十二个作家的短篇小说或长篇小说选段。选文使用完整的原文，只在极个别的地方根据教学需要略加删节。先后顺序基本上按照作家出生年代排列。

2. 介绍——选文前附有详细介绍，内容包括四个方面：作者生平、主要作品、对作者的思想倾向和艺术特点的综合分析，以及对选文的具体分析。分析部分只是略备一家之言，以供参考，远远不是定论。

3. 注释——全部用英语，比较详细，以利自学。

4. 讨论题——放在每章最后，供教师选用。

我们完成本书初稿后，根据教育部有关教材编审的规定，请了专家审阅。但是，由于我们水平有限，修改时未能充分体现出他们的意见，以致缺点和错误仍然不少。敬请大家批评指正，以便今后改进。

1981年6月

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## HENRY JAMES

(1843—1916)

Henry James, one of America's major novelists and critics, was born in New York into a sophisticated and affluent family. His father was an eccentric philosopher and religious visionary who provided Henry and his brother William (later to become the well-known pragmatist philosopher) with a liberal education highlighted by extensive travel and study in Europe. Although James studied painting and attended Harvard Law School, by his early twenties he had published reviews and stories in leading American journals, and thereafter the majority of his life was devoted to becoming a "literary master." This last is a European conception which, along with his writing style and method of characterization, set him apart from the American vernacular tradition begun by Mark Twain. Partly for this reason, James had only a small readership during his lifetime and it was not until the years between World War I and II that his skill as a novelist and his influence as a literary critic gained full recognition.

Henry James never married, and in 1876 he moved permanently to England where despite his close family ties and large social circle, he lived and worked alone. In 1915 he became a British subject and received the Order of Merit. He died in 1916, having contemplated before his death the disintegration of the old order of society and the values it embodied, a process that was most dramatically signalled by the beginning of World

Henry James

War I in 1914.

The English novelist Joseph Conrad once called James "the historian of fine consciences", and certainly his fictional world is for the most part concerned with the atmosphere of the mind, with human relationships rather than overt human actions. Because James avoided oversimplification and approached his subject matter indirectly, preferring things to be hinted at and intuitively grasped rather than baldly stated, his prose style has been called circuitous and convoluted, and some of his less patient readers refer to it as tortuous and tedious. Nevertheless, James felt this was the truest reflection of inner reality and certainly his minute explorations of his characters' perceptions and his profound psychological insights form a significant contribution to modern literature.

In addition, his practice of removing himself as the controlling narrator, becoming "invisible" so as to put the emphasis on showing a theme or idea rather than telling it, has several distinct advantages. Not only does it allow for greater compression, intensification and ambiguity, but also the more the author withdraws, the more the reader is forced to enter the process of creating meaning for himself. This last process has become a common feature of much contemporary fiction, but it is Henry James who must be credited with developing this narrative technique.

James's literary career can be divided into three main stages of development. In his early period he concentrated on his famous "international theme," the cultural, emotional and moral problems of Americans in Europe and Europeans in America. His novels *The American* (1877), *Portrait of a Lady* (1881), and the short novel *Daisy Miller* (1878) are typical of his early work.



In his middle period he experimented with a variety of themes and forms; first with novels on social and political issues of the 1870s and 1880s, next with the theater (largely an unsuccessful venture), and finally with shorter fictions dealing with the relationship of artists to society and psychological explorations of oppression and obsession in both children and adults. *The Tragic Muse* (1890), and *The Turn of the Screw* (1898) are good examples of this last phase.

In his final and "major phase," James returned to his "international theme" and produced the complex and difficult novels generally considered to be his masterpieces: *The Wings of the Dove* (1902), *The Ambassadors* (1903), and *The Golden Bowl* (1904). James's central ideas on fiction and the role of the artist can be found in *The Art of the Novel* (1884), one of his several works of literary criticism that has defended the importance of the novel as an art form and has had lasting significance in the field of literary studies.

Paste, the selection reprinted here, was published in 1909 in his *Novels and Tales*, although its subject matter marks it as belonging to his middle period. In its outlines, the plot is rather simple. A governess, Charlotte Prime, attends the funerals of her uncle, a vicar, and his second wife, the couple having died within a month of each other. The Vicar's son, Arthur Prime, gives his cousin Charlotte some cheap costume jewelry which had belonged to his stepmother from her pre-marital career as an actress. Amongst the paste jewels, a pearl necklace strikes Charlotte as having some value, although her cousin dismisses the idea since to his mind, having had a real pearl necklace in her possession compromises his stepmother's moral character. The implication, and it is a good example of Jamesian style

Henry James

since it is only the vaguest of hints, is that if Arthur's stepmother accepted an expensive necklace from an admirer, she perhaps paid for it by granting sexual favors to the giver. Any direct mention of sex is of course much too indelicate a topic for James's refined sensibilities, and he rarely if ever does more than glance at it obliquely. At any rate, it is not until some time after and largely by accident that the value of the pearls is again discussed, this time by Charlotte and Mrs. Guy, the latter being a weekend guest at the estate of Charlotte's employers. Confirmed in her earlier suspicions about the pearls being real, and motivated by her sense of fairness, Charlotte returns the necklace to Arthur who agrees to have them professionally appraised. He later writes Charlotte that the necklace is worthless, yet Charlotte again encounters Mrs. Guy who is now the proud owner of the apparently valuable pearls. The story ends with Charlotte's shocked awareness that her cousin has lied to and cheated her and that perhaps Mrs. Guy has done so as well.

Given James's particular focus on the inner lives of characters rather than external action and environment, it is not so much the literal subject matter that concerns us here, but how the author portrays it and what underlying significance it has. Consequently, the central issue is not whether the pearl necklace is real or paste, but how the characters, particularly the governess, perceive the pearls, perceive themselves in relation to the situation, and perceive the other characters who are involved, including the deceased former actress. As stated earlier, the overt human actions in the story are a minor consideration; they function largely as a means for us to focus on the questions of moral responsibility and psychological motivation that James is exploring.

The story, deceptively simple on the surface, is a subtle and profound study of human greed, hypocrisy and the betrayal of

innocence. As readers, we are asked to consider the hints, the insinuations, the suggestions and the implications the author provides us with (in true Jamesian style) and to thus reach our own conclusions on a number of questions related to these topics. As a psychological realist, Henry James believed that writers should not saturate their fiction with external details in order to give the impression of real life, but rather they should concentrate on the inner life of the characters in a physical setting that is often symbolic. Notice, for example, that in *Paste*, James does not provide us with elaborate descriptions of the vicarage or the estate, as perhaps Theodore Dreiser would, if he had written this story. Yet it is important to consider why James chose these two particular settings and, in addition, why he chose to include comments on and preparations for the weekend entertainment at the estate, the “tableaux vivants.” From Mrs. Guy’s mention of Rowena, we know that the guests will act out portions of Sir Walter Scott’s novel, *Ivanhoe*, a historical romance of chivalry and honor. In James’s meticulously considered prose, we can be certain that these details have symbolic significance and are related to the characters in the story as well as to its themes.

Henry James’s carefully chosen words, his qualifying phrases, his avoidance of the simple and direct statement may at first prove baffling and frustrating to his readers. Yet perhaps it is in the very subtlety and complexity of his work that its real value lies, for it suggests to us that the nature of experience is often morally ambiguous and subject to a variety of interpretations. In addition, it indicates that knowledge and truths about life and about ourselves are not to be always easily and directly stated or glibly understood.

## PASTE

Henry James

'I've found a lot more things', her cousin said to her the day after the second funeral; 'they're up in her room—but they're things I wish *you'd* look at.

The pair of mourners, sufficiently stricken, were in the garden of the vicarage together, before luncheon, waiting to be summoned to that meal, and Arthur Prime had still in his face the intention, she was moved to call *it* ① 'rather than the expression, of feeling something or other. Some such appearance was in itself of course natural within a week of his stepmother's death, *within three of his father's*, ② but what was most present to the girl, herself sensitive and shrewd, was that he seemed somehow to brood without sorrow, to suffer without what she in her own case would have called pain. He turned away from her after *this last speech* ③—it was a good deal his habit to *drop an observation* ④ and leave her to pick it up without assistance. If the vicar's widow, now in her turn finally *translated*, ⑤ had not really belonged to him it was *not for want of her giving herself*, ⑥ so far as he ever would take her; and she had lain for three days all alone at the end of

---

① it—the facial manifestation of an inside feeling.

② within three of his father's—within three weeks of his father's death.

③ this last speech—his previous quoted remark.

④ drop an observation—(idiom) to make a remark.

⑤ translated—changed from one condition into another; (here) died.

⑥ not for want of her giving herself—not because she had been unfriendly or ungenerous (to him).

the passage, in the great cold chamber of hospitality, the dampish, greenish room where visitors slept and where several of the ladies of the parish had, without effect, offered, in pairs and successions, piously to *watch with her*.<sup>①</sup> His personal connection with the parish was now slighter than ever, and he had really not waited for this opportunity to show the ladies what he thought of them. She felt that she herself had, during her doleful month's leave from Bleet, where she was governess, rather taken her place *in the same snubbed order*;<sup>②</sup> but it was presently, none the less, with a better little hope of coming in for some remembrance, some relic, that she went up to look at the things he had spoken of, the identity of which, as a confused cluster of bright objects on a table in the darkened room, shimmered at her as soon as she had opened the door.

They met her eyes for the first time, but in a moment, before touching them, she knew them as things of the theatre, as very much too fine to have been, with any *verisimilitude*,<sup>③</sup> things of the vicarage. They were too dreadfully good to be true, for her aunt had had no jewels to speak of, and these were *coronets*<sup>④</sup> and girdles, diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. Flagrant *tinsel*<sup>⑤</sup> and glass, they looked strangely vulgar, but if, after the first queer shock of them, she found herself taking them up, it was for the very proof, never yet so distinct to her, of a far-off faded story. An honest widowed cleric with a small son and a large *sense of*

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① *watch with her* — a religious custom of keeping guard over a dead person before burial.

② *in the same snubbed order* — together with those who were snubbed.

③ *verisimilitude* [ˌver-ə-siˈmɪl-ə-t(y)əd] — the appearance of being true.

④ *coronets* [ˌkɒr-ə-ˈnet] — small crowns worn by female royalty.

⑤ *tinsel* — glittering metallic sheets used in strips, threads, etc. to give sparkling effect.

Paste

*Shakespeare*<sup>①</sup> had, on a brave *latitude*<sup>②</sup> of habit as well as of taste—since it implied his having in very fact dropped deep into the ‘*pit*’<sup>③</sup>—conceived for an obscure actress, several years older than himself, an admiration of which the prompt offer of his reverend name and *hortatory*<sup>④</sup> hand was the sufficiently candid sign. The response had perhaps, in those dim years, in the way of eccentricity, even bettered the proposal, and Charlotte, turning the tale over, had long since drawn from it a measure of the career renounced by the undistinguished *comédienne*<sup>⑤</sup>—doubtless also tragic, or perhaps pantomimic, at a pinch—of her late uncle’s dreams. This career could not have been eminent and must much more probably have been comfortless.

‘You see what it is—old stuff of the time she never liked to mention.’

Our young woman gave a start; her companion had, after all, rejoined her and had apparently watched a moment her slightly scared *recognition*<sup>⑥</sup>. ‘So I said to myself,’ she replied. Then, to show intelligence, yet keep clear of *twaddle*:<sup>⑦</sup> ‘How peculiar they look!’

‘They look awful,’ said Arthur Prime. ‘Cheap gilt, diamonds as big as potatoes. These are *trappings of a ruder age*<sup>⑧</sup> than ours. Actors do themselves better now.’

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① sense of Shakespeare — an appreciation of Shakespeare’s works.

② latitude — (here) freedom of conduct or action.

③ the ‘pit’ — a pun to denote: 1) a section of a theater auditorium on the ground floor. 2) hell.

④ hortatory [‘hört-ə-,tör-ə] — exhorting.

⑤ comedienne — (French) an actress specializing in comedy.

⑥ recognition — recognition of those things as being of the theater.

⑦ twaddle [‘twäd-əl] — nonsense.

⑧ trappings of ruder age — ornamental articles of dress used by actors in a previous and less sophisticated age.

'Oh, now,' said Charlotte, not to be less knowing, 'actresses have real diamonds.'

'Some of them.' Arthur spoke drily.

'I mean the bad ones—the *nobodies*① too.'

'Oh, some of the nobodies *have the biggest*.② But mamma wasn't of that sort.'

'A nobody?' Charlotte risked.

'*Not a nobody to whom somebody*③—well, not a nobody with diamonds. It isn't all worth, this trash, five pounds.'

There was something in the old *gewgaws*④ that spoke to her, and she continued to turn them over. 'They're relics. I think they have their melancholy and even their dignity.'

Arthur observed another pause. 'Do you care for them?' he then asked. 'I mean,' he promptly added, 'as a souvenir.'

'Of you?' Charlotte threw off.

'Of me? What have I to do with it? Of your poor dead aunt who was so kind to you,' he said with virtuous sternness.

'Well, I would rather have them than nothing.'

'Then please take them,' he returned in a tone of relief which expressed somehow more of the eager than of the gracious.

'Thank you.' Charlotte lifted two or three objects up and set them down again. Though they were lighter than the materials they imitated they were so much more extravagant that they struck her in truth as rather an awkward heritage, to which she might have preferred even a matchbox or a penwiper. They were

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① the nobodies — untalented actresses.

② have the biggest — have the biggest diamonds.

③ Not a nobody to whom somebody — Not a nobody to whom somebody would offer diamonds.

④ gewgaws ['g(y)ü(,)gō] — gaudy playthings or ornaments.

Paste

indeed shameless pinchbeck. 'Had you any idea she had kept them?'

'I don't at all believe she *had* kept them or knew they were there, and I'm very sure my father didn't. They had quite equally worked off any tenderness for the *connection*.<sup>①</sup> These odds and ends, which she thought had been given away or destroyed, had simply got thrust into a dark corner and been forgotten.'

Charlotte wondered. 'Where then did you find them?'

'In that old tin box'—and the young man pointed to the receptacle from which he had dislodged them and which stood on a neighbouring chair. 'It's rather a good box still, but I'm afraid I can't give you *that*.'

The girl gave the box no look; she continued only to look at the *trinkets*.<sup>②</sup> 'What corner had she found?'

'She hadn't "found" it,' her companion sharply insisted; 'she had simply lost it. The whole thing had passed from her mind. The box was on the top shelf of the old schoolroom closet, which, until one put one's head into it from a step-ladder, looked, from below, quite *cleared out*.<sup>③</sup> The door is narrow and the part of the closet to the left goes well into the wall. The box had stuck there for years.'

Charlotte was conscious of a mind divided and a vision vaguely troubled, and once more she took up two or three of the *subjects of this revelation*;<sup>④</sup> a big bracelet in the form of a gilt serpent with many twists and beady eyes, a brazen belt studded with emeralds and rubies, a chain, of *flamboyant architecture*,<sup>⑤</sup> to

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① the connection — the connection with the theater.

② trinket — small objects of little value.

③ cleared out — empty.

④ the subjects of this revelation — the discovered jewels.

⑤ of flamboyant architecture — extravagantly designed.



which, at the *Theatre Royal, Little Peddlington*,<sup>①</sup> Hamlet's mother had probably been careful to attach the portrait of the successor to Hamlet's father. 'Are you very sure they're not really worth something? Their mere weight alone—!' she vaguely observed, balancing a moment a royal *diadem*<sup>②</sup> that might have crowned one of the creations of the famous *Mrs. Jarley*.<sup>③</sup>

But Arthur Prime, it was clear, had already thought the question over and found the answer easy. 'If they had been worth anything to speak of she would long ago have sold them. My father and she had unfortunately never been in a position to keep any considerable value locked up.' And while his companion took in the obvious force of this he went on with a flourish just marked enough not to escape her: 'If they're worth anything at all—why, you're only the more welcome to them.'

Charlotte had now in her hand a small bag of faded, figured silk—one of those antique conveniences that speak to us, in the terms of evaporated camphor and lavender, of the part they have played in some personal history; but, though she had for the first time drawn the string, she looked much more at the young man than at the questionable treasure it appeared to contain. 'I shall like them. They're all I have.'

'All you have—?' . . .

'That belonged to her.'

He swelled a little, then looked about him as if to appeal—as against her avidity—to the whole poor place ~~where~~ ~~what~~ else do you want?

① *Theatre Royal Little Peddlington* — a ~~reference~~ ~~to~~ a small provincial theater of no great importance.

② *diadem* ['di-odem] — a crown worn by royalty.

③ *Mrs. Jarley* — the owner and exhibitor of *Jarley's Wax-Works* in Charles Dickens's novel *The Old Curiosity Shop*.