



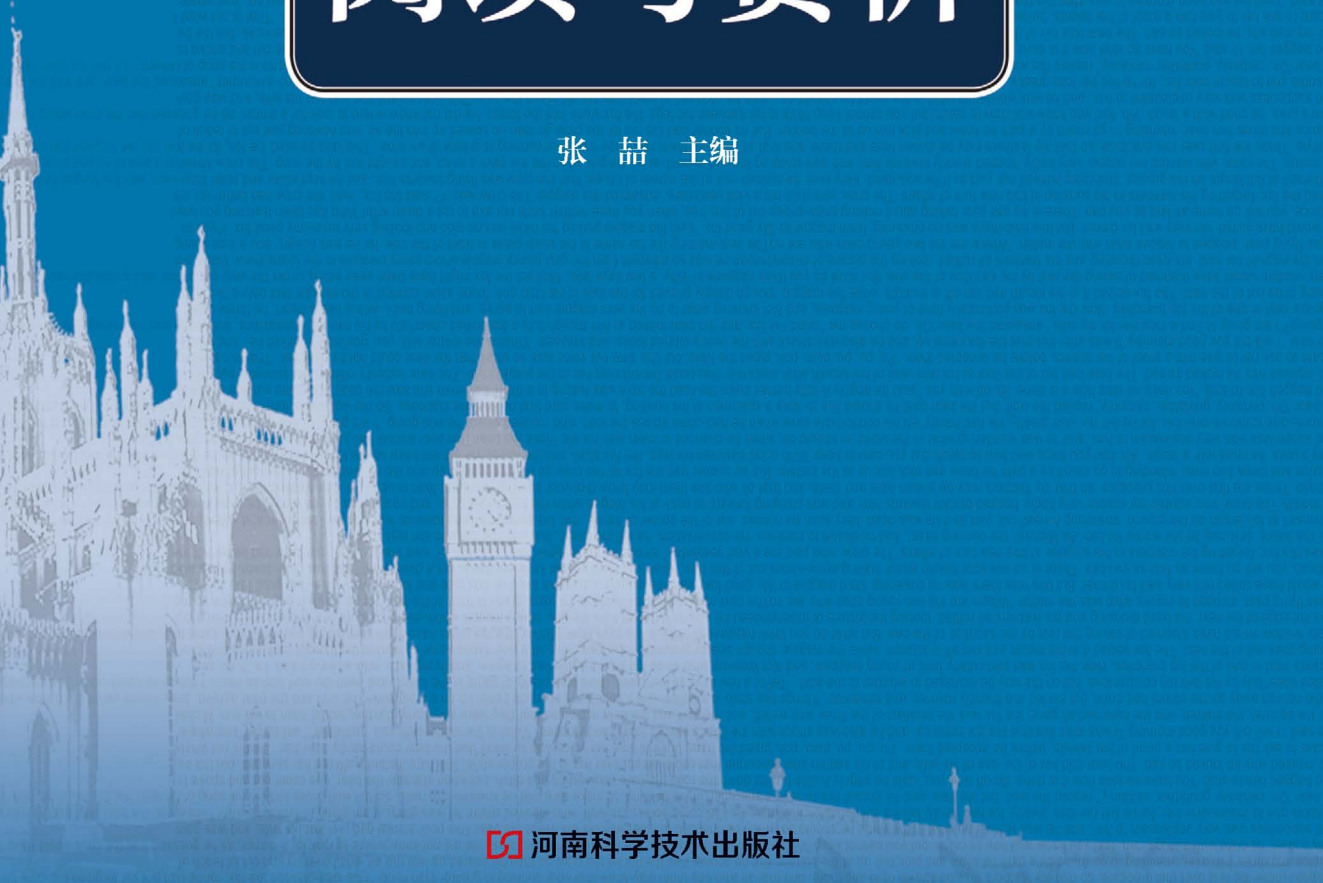
READING AND APPRECIATION OF
STORIES IN ENGLISH


英语小说



阅读与赏析

张 喆 主编



 河南科学技术出版社

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序

英语小说作为英语文学中的重要组成部分，因体裁的特点以其独特的魅力吸引着英语语言的学习者，使他们在学习英语语言的同时增加趣味性并提升文学素养。为了适应不断变化的英语教学的需求，满足大学生提高英语阅读能力和英语小说赏析能力的需要，同时也为了提高他们的英语写作能力，我们编写了这本《英语小说阅读与赏析》教材，可供开设英语专业必修课和非英语专业选修课使用，亦可作为自学英语的读本。

本书分为三部分，英国部分、美国部分和其他国家部分。每一部分精选 10 ~ 12 个作家的一个短篇小说或者长篇小说的节选。所选作家除兼顾文学史上最有影响、最具代表性的作家这个特点之外，更注重他们的现当代性。即使经典作家，在所选作品时我们也尽量选取其较新或较少被赏析的作品。例如在英国小说部分，我们摒弃了传统小说阅读从 18、19 世纪开始的做法，直接从 20 世纪初的哈代开始一直到当代的法柏。通过学习这些华章彩段，学习者可以对英语国家小说的发展有一个最基本的了解，对英语语言的丰富表达力有一个初步的感性认识。

对于每个作家，我们都进行了简明扼要的介绍，对于所选作品也进行了必要的阅读说明，在小说之后又特别编注了其中重点词汇和短语的英文注释和有关小说的问题，以期引起读者对小说及人生和生活的哲学思考。通过对人物性格、写作手法、时代背景、语言特点的分析，引导读者领略各具特色的语言魅力、思想精髓。在这里，我们可以与小说大家一起回味人生，与小说中形形色色的人物诉说衷肠，正确地认识社会及社会的众生相，又让我们了解我们自己和生活的真谛。

《英语小说阅读与赏析》是一部可读性很强的教材，覆盖了短篇小说在所属国的发展的主要阶段，凸显了每位文学巨匠的代表作品，融学术性、知识性和趣味性为一体。它不仅仅是一部供英语专业本科高年级学生阅读的好教材，而且还是一面具有历史元素的镜子。

基于编写者在日常教学中积累的经验以及学生对于小说学习反馈的意见，我们集思广益，编写了这本教材。《英语小说阅读与赏析》的编写体例如下：

1. 每篇小说前均有作者的中文简介，以帮助读者清楚地了解作家的生平和他们的创作历程。

2. 每篇小说我们都给出对作家和作品的评价，也是我们了解作家和作品的注脚。对作家的评价，可以说是众说纷纭，我们主要采用公认的说法，当然也不乏新的视角

和新的观点。每篇小说前面都有中文的评析，以增加读者理解的深度与广度。

3. 在小说部分，每篇文章的最后都有文中的生词的英文解释，以帮助读者更好地阅读与欣赏。

4. 在注释之后，我们都设置了关于小说的问题，有助于读者更好地理解小说以及对于生活的思考。

在编写过程中，我们注意选段与完整作品相结合。我们特意选了部分 20 世纪著名小说家完整的短篇小说，以便学生分析讨论，对于长篇小说摘引的章节，我们建议将其作为导读来处理，同时布置学生课外阅读一至两部相关的小说。在阅读完整作品的基础之上，学生可以就小说的主题思想、情节安排、人物塑造、叙述手法、写作特色等提出自己的观点和看法。这样的解读过程是培养学生对文本的感受能力、思辨能力、分析能力和语言表达能力的过程，是使英语文学课程转变为素质教育课程的一个途径。

由于编者水平有限，难免有错误和不足之处，恳请使用本教材的同行教师和读者的批评指正，在此表示感谢。

在教材编写过程中，我们得到了河南科技大学和河南科技大学外国语学院的大力支持，特此一并致谢。

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第一部分 英国部分



Thomas Hardy (1840—1928)

托马斯·哈代

■ 作者简介

托马斯·哈代 (1840—1928)，英国著名小说家，诗人。出生于多塞特郡 (Dorsetshire)，父亲是石匠，母亲爱好文学，哈代深受其母亲影响，22 岁便开始写诗。1956 年哈代离开学校后，先随当地一名建筑师学徒，后来成为伦敦一名建筑师的助手。在此期间，他一直坚持自学文学和哲学。1867 年，他回到家乡，开始写小说。



哈代的小说以他所生长生活的英格兰西南部地区为背景，富有浓重的地方色彩。他将这些小说大体分为 3 类：性格与环境的小说、罗曼史与幻想的小说和精于结构的小说。其中以第一类最为重要。属于此类的长篇小说有《绿林荫下》(*Under the Greenwood Tree*, 1872)、《远离尘嚣》(*Far from the Madding Crowd*, 1874)、《还乡》(*The Return of the Native*, 1878)、《卡斯特桥市长》(*The Mayor of Casterbridge*, 1886)、《林居人》(*The Woodlander*, 1887)、《德伯家的苔丝》(*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, 1891)、《无名的裘德》(*Jude the Obscure*, 1896)。一般认为它们是哈代思想、艺术上最成熟的作品，其中又以悲剧故事《德伯家的苔丝》和《无名的裘德》最为杰出。《无名的裘德》出版后，受到社会上各种各样的批评责难，哈代转而全力从事诗歌创作。哈代一生发表了近 20 部长篇小说，诗歌近千首，此外，还有许多以“威塞克斯故事”为总名的中短篇小说，以及长篇史诗剧《列王》(*The Dynasties*, 1904 - 1908)。

■ 阅读与赏析

《老钱铎太太》(*Old Mrs Chundle*) 于 1929 年 2 月出现在 *The Ladies Home Journal* 上。出版商宣称和哈代夫人协商后才拿来公之于世，是哈代生前从未发表过的作品。这是一个真实的故事，据哈代的其他笔记记载，这个小故事来源于一个亲密的朋友，或许太真实怕对朋友有影响而在生前未发表。故事本来要收在名为“威塞克斯”或“生活的小讽刺”的小说集里。手稿现在收藏在 The Dorset County Museum 中。

故事讲述了一个新上任的牧师偶然遇到本教区的一个听力有问题的老太太，Mrs Chundle，在得知她因为听不清布道而礼拜天从未去教堂时，牧师开始想尽办法帮助老

太太。最终老太太终于在教堂听清了布道，牧师却决定拆除那些帮老太太听清布道的设备。设备在老太太将要去教堂的下一个礼拜天之前拆除了，这时，牧师被告知老太太去世了。

在助人与被助的角色互换中，究竟谁才是最终的受益者？表面热心助人的牧师在费尽周折帮助了老太太之后，却因为一些小小的困扰决定放弃救助行为；看似得到帮助的老太太却为了帮新上任牧师完成他的职责而不辞辛苦赶去教堂，却在去的路上出了事故，最终去世。可以说牧师帮助老太太听到了从未听清的布道，那是否也可以说老太太帮助牧师完成了精神的救赎呢？或许这就是“生活的小讽刺”吧。

Old Mrs Chundle

The curate had not been a week in the parish, but the autumn morning proving fine he thought he would make a little water-colour sketch, showing a distant view of the Corvsgate^[1] ruin two miles off, which he had passed on his way hither. The sketch occupied him a longer time than he had anticipated. The luncheon hour drew on, and he felt hungry.

Quite near him was a stone-built old cottage of respectable and substantial build. He entered it, and was received by an old woman.

“Can you give me something to eat, my good woman?” he said.

She held her hand to her ear.

“Can you give me something for lunch?” he shouted. “Bread-and-cheese—anything will do.”

A sour look crossed her face, and she shook her head. “That’s unlucky,” murmured he.

She reflected and said more urbanely: “Well, I’m going to have my own bit o’ dinner in no such long time hence. ’Tis taters and cabbage, boiled with a scantling o’ bacon. Would ye like it? But I suppose ’tis the wrong sort, and that ye would sooner have bread-and-cheese?”

“No, I’ll join you. Call me when it is ready. I’m just out here.”

“Ay, I’ve seen ye. Drawing the old stones, baint ye? Sure ’tis well some folk have nothing better to do with their time. Very well. I’ll call ye, when I’ve dished up.”

He went out and resumed his painting; till in about seven or ten minutes the old woman appeared at her door and held up her hand. The curate washed his brush, went to the brook, rinsed his hands proceeded to the house.

“There’s yours” she said, pointing to the table. “I’ll have my bit here.” And

she denoted the settle.

“Why not join me?”

“Oh, faith, I don’t want to eat with my betters—not I.” And she continued firm in her resolution, and eat apart.

The vegetables had been well cooked over a wood fire—the only way to cook a vegetable properly—and the bacon was well-boiled. The curate ate heartily: he thought he had never tasted such potatoes and cabbage in his life, which he probably had not, for they had been just brought in from the garden, so that the very freshness of the morning was still in them. When he had finished he asked her how much he owed for the repast, which he had much enjoyed.

“Oh, I don’t want to be paid for that bit of snack ‘a b’lieve!”

“But really you must take something. It was an excellent meal.”

“Tis all my own growing, that’s true. But I don’t take money for a bit o’ victuals. I’ve never done such a thing in my life.”

“I should feel much happier if you would.”

She seemed unsettled by his feeling, and added as by compulsion, “Well, then; I suppose twopence won’t hurt ye?”

“Twopence?”

“Yes. Twopence.”

“Why, my good woman, that’s no charge at all. I am sure it is worth, this, at least.” And he laid down a shilling.

“I tell ‘ee ‘tis twopence, and no more!” she said firmly. “Why, bless the man, it didn’t cost me more than three halfpence, and that leaves me a fair quarter profit. The bacon is the heaviest item; that may perhaps be a penny. The taters I’ve got plenty of, and the cabbage is going to waste.”

He thereupon argued no further, paid the limited sum demanded, and went to the door. “And where does that road lead?” he asked, by way of engaging her in a little friendly conversation before parting, and pointing to a white lane which branched from the direct highway near her door.

“They tell me that it leads to Enckworth.”

“And how far is Enckworth^[2]?”

“Three mile, they say. But God knows if ‘tis true.”

“You haven’t lived here long, then?”

“Five-and-thirty year come Martinmas.”

“And yet you have never been to Enckworth?”

“Not I. Why should I ever have been to Enckworth? I never had any business there—a great mansion of a place, holding people that I’ve no more doings with than with the people of the moon. No: there’s on’y two places I ever go to from year’s end that’s once a fortnight to Anglebury^[3], to do my bit o’marketing; and once a week to my parish church. ”

“Which is that?”

“Why, Kingscreech^[4]. ”

“Oh—then you are in my parish?”

“Maybe. Just on the outskirts. ”

“I didn’t know the parish extended so far. I’m a new comer. Well, I hope we may meet again. Good afternoon to you. ”

When the curate was next talking to his rector he casually observed “By the way, that’s a curious old soul who lives out towards Corvsgate—old Mrs—I don’t know her name—a deaf old woman. ”

“You mean old Mrs Chundle, I suppose. ”

“She tells me she’s lived there five-and-thirty years, and has never been to Enckworth, three miles off. She goes to two places only, from year’s end to year’s end—to the market town, and to church on Sundays. ”

“To church on Sundays. H’m. She rather exaggerates her travels, to my thinking. I’ve been rector here thirteen years, and I have certainly never seen her at church in my time. ”

“A wicked old woman. What can she think of herself for such deception!”

“She didn’t know you belonged here when she said it, and could find out the untruth of her story. I warrant she wouldn’t have said it to me!” And the rector chuckled.

On reflection the curate felt that this was decidedly a case for his ministrations, and on the first spare morning he strode across to the cottage beyond the ruin. He found its occupant of course at home.

“Drawing picters again?” she asked, looking up from the hearth, where she was scouring the fire-dogs.

“No. I come on more important matters, Mrs Chundle. I am the new curate of this parish. ”

“You said you was last time. And after you had told me and went away I said to myself, he’ll be here again sure enough, hang me if I didn’t. And here you be. ”

“Yes. I hope you don’t mind?”

“Oh, no. You find us a roughish lot, I make no doubt?”

“Well, I won’t go into that. But I think it was a very culpable—unkind thing of you to tell me you came to church every Sunday, when I find you’ve not been seen there for years. ”

“Oh—did I tell ‘ee that?”

“You certainly did. ”

“Now I wonder what I did that for?”

“I wonder too. ”

“Well, you could ha’ guessed, after all, that I didn’t come to any service. Lord, what’s the good o’ my lumpering ^[5] all the way to church and back again, when I’m as deaf as a plock ^[6]? Your own common sense ought to have told ‘ee that ‘twas but a figure o’ speech, seeing you as a pa’son. ”

“Don’t you think you could hear the service if you were to sit close to the reading-desk and pulpit?”

“I’m sure I couldn’t. O no—not a word. Why I couldn’t hear anything even at that time when Isaac Coggs used to cry the Amens out loud beyond anything that’s done nowadays, and they had the barrel-organ for the tunes—years and years ago, when I was stronger in my narves than now. ”

“H’m—I’m sorry. There’s one thing I could do, which I would with pleasure, if you’ll use it. I could get you an ear-trumpet. Will you use it?”

“Ay, sure. That I woll. I don’t care what I use—‘tis all the same to me. ”

“And you’ll come?”

“Yes. I may as well go there as bide here, I suppose. ”

The ear-trumpet was purchased by the zealous young man, and the next Sunday, to the great surprise of the parishioners when they arrived, Mrs Chundle was discovered in the front seat of the nave of Kingscreech Church, facing the rest of the congregation with an unmoved countenance.

She was the centre of observation through the whole morning service. The trumpet, elevated at a high angle, shone and flashed in the sitters’ eyes as the chief object in the sacred edifice. The curate could not speak to her that morning, and called the next day to inquire the result of the experiment. As soon as she saw him in the distance she began shaking her head.

“No, no,” she said decisively as he approached. “I knowed ‘twas all non-sense. ”