

AN ANTHOLOGY OF  
20TH-CENTURY ENGLISH FICTION

20 世纪英国小说选读

杜瑞清 编

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## 前 言

在各种文学体裁中,小说拥有最多的读者,最能直接、艺术地再现社会生活的方方面面,因之最重要,最流行,影响也自然最大。而阅读小说,人们往往从现当代作品开始。这既是合乎情理的,也是必要的,因为生活在现今世界,人们希望通过各种媒体,特别是小说这一艺术形式,了解、理解这个世界。另外,对现代语言,人们更熟悉、更了解,也更值得学习、掌握和研究,而学习和掌握的有效办法之一莫过于阅读现当代小说作品。阅读外国文学作品原文,了解其发展脉络及规律,理解其内容,探讨其写作风格及方法,学习、掌握、研究其语言,自然也就应该从小说入手,以现当代作品为起点。

本书正是基于以上认识编选的。全书在编者多年从事英国小说教学和研究的基礎上,收选了19、20世纪之交至20世纪末十九位有代表性的英国小说家的代表作或主要作品的精彩章节或篇段,配以简明扼要的作家、作品介绍以及必要的注释和旨在启发思考的讨论题,以求使读者通过阅读、欣赏、思考和讨论,对20世纪英国小说能窥见一斑,在时间和精力有限的情况下,了解英国小说的发展和演变,并通过阅读和欣赏,进一步提高英语水平,激发学习兴趣,为对英国小说、乃至整个英国文学的学习和研究打下坚实的基础。

20世纪英国小说继承了19世纪维多利亚时代的批判现实主义传统,直接、真实、全面地揭示了政治、社会和道德问题,内容丰富、题材广泛、故事情节曲折跌宕、人物形象生动,继续在世界文坛上占有一席之地。除继承和发展批判现实主义传统外,20世纪的英国小说也在题材、内容和表现手法等方面进行了广泛、深入的革新和实验,突破了现实主义传统,融入了不少现代主义的手法,揭示矛盾,探讨人生,反映社会现实,为世界文坛所瞩目。这两种倾向虽然在不同时期内各领风骚,成为其发展主流,

但并未能取代对方,而是相互影响,相互渗透,融化结合,交替发展,相得益彰,形成了一种空前、独特的演变过程,促进了英国小说创作的繁荣和发展,使英国文坛出现了生气勃勃、精彩纷呈的景象。

20 世纪初期,英国小说虽然已度过了以狄更斯为代表的批判现实主义顶峰,但仍有几位笔耕不辍的跨世纪大师以其卷帙浩繁、场面恢宏、人物众多的不朽著作支撑着批判现实主义的大旗,充分显示了英国文坛人才辈出、经久不衰的伟大传统。被誉为“现代小说之父”的托马斯·哈代以其威塞克斯小说独树一帜;约翰·高尔斯华绥也以其波澜壮阔的社会生活画面、丰富的内容和娴熟的技巧,给后世留下了一部部精品;阿诺德·本涅特除继承本民族文学的批判现代主义传统外,借鉴、运用了法国自然主义手法,对比不同社会、不同文化,绘声绘色地描述了社会转型期人们的坎坷和悲惨命运。

如果说哈代、高尔斯华绥和本涅特等小说家在 19 世纪后期的大师面前相形见绌,稍逊一筹的话,20 世纪初期成长起来的一代作家,如约瑟夫·康拉德、爱·摩·福斯特、戴·赫·劳伦斯等人则把英国小说创作带向一个新天地。这些作家既是优秀传统的继承者,也是现代派手法的倡导者、实践者。他们从各自不同的角度,运用不同的题材和创作手法,开创了现代主义小说的先河。康拉德以印象主义崛起于英国文坛,表现现代社会的精神危机和心理冲突;与康拉德一样,福斯特也以国际大舞台为题材,探讨在跨民族、跨阶级、跨文化的现实中,人们真诚相待、相互理解、和谐相处的可能性;而劳伦斯从自己所出生、所熟悉的下层社会入手,融心理探索和社会批判为一体,发掘无意识和性爱题材,引起广泛争议,并蜚声文坛。与其他许多作家一起,康拉德、福斯特和劳伦斯为现代主义小说在英国的辉煌开创了局面。

在这种形势下,英国小说开始经历以詹姆斯·乔伊斯和弗吉妮亚·吴尔夫为代表的现代主义发展最高峰,出现了与现实主义迥然不同、大相径庭的意识流小说。这些小说打破传统的时空界限,再现小资产阶级人物的潜意识和无意识,揭示了现代物质化社会中的各种矛盾、冲突和精神危机,从思想内容,表现手



法和语言运用等各方面把小说创作带入一种极端,与现实主义小说形成鲜明的对照。

然而,这一小说创作的激进革新和实验因其思想内容和创作手法的局限性只是昙花一现,很快就失去其生命力。从30年代起,英国小说又开始回到现实主义的轨道。席卷世界的经济危机,动荡不安的社会和国际环境使有良知的作家摆脱了自我表现的泥潭,面对现实、面对政治、面对各种尖锐复杂的社会矛盾,以更丰富的表现形式,发展英国小说的批判现实主义传统。

这一时期的小说创作以针砭时弊的社会、政治讽刺作品为主要特征,涌现了一批年轻有为的作家,如奥尔德斯·赫胥黎、伊夫林·沃、格雷厄姆·格林、乔治·奥维尔等。他们从自己所熟悉或自觉深入社会底层而获取的生活中发现矛盾、寻找素材,把揭露和讽刺的重点对准资产阶级虚伪、自私、堕落的本质和现代社会的各种危机,较深入和全面地反映了生活在社会底层的劳苦大众所遭受的各种磨难,也表现了小说作者对人类前途和命运的惶惑以及对社会主义的恐惧,成为20世纪英国小说发展和演变过程中颇具特色的一个重要阶段。

在创作手法上,这些社会讽刺作家兼收并蓄,既继承和发展了英国小说批判现实主义传统,也选择、吸收了现代主义的一些技巧,避免了极端,把小说创作艺术推向一个新水平。应该说,这标志着英国小说创作的不断成熟和健康发展。

第二次世界大战结束后,曾经处在世界霸主地位的大英帝国日落西山,无可挽回地走向衰落,国内社会、阶级矛盾日趋尖锐,精神危机不断加剧。在小说创作上,英国并没有象美国一样,在经历了这场亘古未有的全球性战争后,涌现出以战争为题材、有影响的大作家,也未见直接、真正反映战争的震撼人心的作品。由于存在主义哲学思想的影响,在战后一个很短时期内,现代主义再一次闪现,以“象征主义手法表现存在的荒谬与人生的虚无,流露出对资本主义社会的幻灭感和绝望心理。”

现代主义小说的这一短暂复活很快又被对人性的探索和“愤怒的青年”一代所掀起的“反英雄”、“反小说”的两种主流所替代。前者以《蝇王》的作者、1983年诺贝尔文学奖金得主威廉

·戈尔丁为代表,后者则是无固定政治和宗教信仰的青年作家群。《蝇王》以寓言形式,采取象征和比喻手法,从神学、哲学和心理学等角度,从人性的缺陷中,剖析社会弊病,揭示了西方社会和文明的本质以及无法摆脱和解决的精神危机,成为持续畅销、并被列为教科书的必读小说。从写作手法上讲,《蝇王》继承和发展了社会讽刺小说传统,运用了平铺直叙的叙述技巧,基本上又回到批判现实主义的轨道。

“愤怒的青年”一代作家也继承了英国小说的讽刺手法,很自然地使人们想起18世纪的大师亨利·菲尔丁。在一定程度上,“愤怒的青年”一代作家笔下的人物与菲尔丁所着力刻画的“流浪汉”有许多共同之处。他们愤世嫉俗,放荡不羁,千方百计企图跻身于上层社会,常常与现代文明格格不入,自然地产生不满和悲愤情绪。小说中这些人物的一言一行、喜怒哀乐充分反映了以金斯利·艾米斯为代表的“愤怒的青年”一代作家的共同心声。他们面对第二次世界大战结束后英国社会日益加剧的矛盾和不断恶化的经济形势,深感困惑、彷徨、愤懑不平,于是用笔墨做武器,针砭时弊,极尽冷嘲热讽和恶作剧等形式,以求得心理上的平衡和解脱。

“愤怒的青年”一代作家崇尚英国小说的批判现实主义风格,对现代主义晦涩艰深的意识流和内心独白等卖弄技巧的一些极端表现手法并不感兴趣。他们用朴实、简炼的笔触刻画了战后青年一代的追求和生活方式,其作品大都洋溢着时代气息,给人以耳目一新的感觉,成为50年代英国小说发展的主流和第二次世界大战后英国小说演变过程中的一个重要阶段。

从50年代至今,英国小说继续沿着现实主义的方向发展,也更广泛地借鉴和吸收了现代主义不少富有表现力的技巧。两种创作方法相辅相成,进一步交融,均得以丰富和发展。在内容上,这一时期的小说从政治、哲学、心理学、伦理学、社会学等不同视角,全方位地反映社会生活,揭示其精神面貌和道德观念,也表现了现代知识女性的遭遇及其为寻找自我价值、追求自我实现所做的种种努力,为人们了解和认识现代英国社会提供了一面很好的镜子。先后涌现出一批年轻有为、思维敏捷、知识丰

富的作家,特别是不少令人瞩目的女作家,如多丽丝·莱辛、爱丽丝·默多克、玛格丽特·德拉布尔等。这些女小说家大都为学者型,多才多艺,各具特色,出手不凡。她们的小说均在大背景、大画面下揭示社会现实,从更高的角度,更深的层面探讨人生,为 20 世纪后期英国小说的发展书写了辉煌的篇章。

本书跟踪 20 世纪英国小说发展轨迹,所选收的精彩篇章足以使读者了解、掌握在这个具有划时代意义时期英国小说的题材、内容和艺术特色,适合高等院校英语专业和具有相当英语水平的读者阅读,可配合高等院校英语专业教学需要,做为教材或课外阅读材料,也可供广大英语爱好者和自学者阅读、欣赏 20 世纪英国小说名篇使用。

<i>Tess of the d'Urbervilles</i>	
<b>Thomas Hardy (托马斯·哈代)</b>	

### [作者简介]

托马斯·哈代(1840—1928)出生在英国西南部的一个小村庄,父亲做过石匠,当过建筑承包商,母亲酷爱文学。哈代在儿童时代受过良好的家庭和学校教育,16岁时离开学校后,先后做过建筑师学徒和绘图员。这些经历对哈代的文学创作均起了重要的作用。

哈代是一位跨世纪作家,他的文学生涯虽然从诗歌创作开始,也以诗歌创作终结,但其文学成就主要表现在他精心创作的14部小说上,为英国乃至世界文坛公认的文学泰斗。

哈代的小说以自己家乡的田园风光为背景,用现实主义手法,描写了处在社会变革过程中的维多利亚时代普通劳动者的精神痛苦和对不幸命运的抗争,揭露了宗教和资产阶级道德观念的虚伪和欺骗性。他在栩栩如生地描写人物外形、人们的外部活动和大自然风光的同时,突破传统格局,着力发掘人物的思想观念、道德品质,表现人物性格中的二重性和复杂性,尤其善于刻画妇女形象。哈代的小说,特别是人物和环境小说,以其生动、曲折的情节和丰富、深刻的社会内涵吸引着世世代代的读者。

哈代的小说常常把人们的命运和灾难归结于一种人类不可驾驭的神秘力量,所以他的作品被蒙上了一层宿命论的色彩。另外,哈代的小说虽然以情节见长,但偶然性的巧合较多,影响了其可信性。



## ABOUT THE NOVEL

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES is a tragic story about a village girl by the name of Tess Durbeyfield. Having killed her father's horse by accident during a night journey, she feels guilty for the loss of the family's livelihood and, though rather unwilling, follows her mother's advice to "claim kin" with a rich family who assumes the ancient name of d'Urberville. There, she meets Alec d'Urberville and leaves him seduced and pregnant. After the baby is born and dead, Tess leaves her home and works on a distant farm where she encounters Angel Clare, a clergyman's son, who seeks his ideal in a quiet, rural life. The two fall in love. On the wedding night, Tess confesses her past, but Angel, enslaved to conventions, deserts her and leaves for Brazil. Tess goes back to farm work, managing to eke out an existence. She meets Alec again, who is supposed to have turned over a new leaf and offers to save Tess's family from starvation. Desperate for help, Tess agrees to his terms and goes to live with him.

Feeling deeply remorseful for what he has done to Tess, Angel returns in search of Tess. She finds Tess, only to bring about her final tragedy. In a fit of anger and despair, Tess kills Alec, calmly faces her captors and falls into the hands of law.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES is generally acknowledged to be Hardy's finest novel. Through the unfolding of a simple plot Hardy explores one tragic theme — the helplessness of human beings. In the novel, the actions of the characters are intertwined with the powerful forces of nature. The book also provides a rich background of folk manners, for which Hardy's novels are much admired.

From Phases Fourth and Fifth of the novel. Angle tells Tess about his brief "dissipation with a stranger". Encouraged by Angel's confession, Tess recounts her acquaintance with Alec and its result, only to bring about fatal consequences for herself.

They drove by the level road along the valley to a distance of a few miles, and, reaching Wellbridge, turned away from the village to the left, and over the great Elizabethan bridge which gives the place half its name. Immediately behind it stood the house wherein they had engaged lodgings, whose exterior features are so well known to all travellers through the From Valley; once portion of a fine manorial residence, and the property and seat of a d'Urberville, but since its partial demolition a farm-house.

'Welcome to one of your ancestral mansions!' said Clare as he handed her down. But he regretted the pleasantry; it was too near a satire.<sup>1</sup>

On entering they found that, though they had only engaged a couple of rooms, the farmer had taken advantage of their proposed presence during the coming days to pay a New Year's visit to some friends, leaving a woman from a neighbouring cottage to minister<sup>2</sup> to their few wants. The absoluteness of possession pleased them, and they realized it as the first moment of their experience under their own exclusive roof-tree.<sup>3</sup>

But he found that the mouldy old habitation somewhat depressed his bride. When the carriage was gone they ascended the stairs to wash their hands, the charwoman showing the way. On the landing Tess stopped and started.

'What's the matter?' said he.

‘Those horrid women!’ she answered, with a smile. ‘How they frightened me.’

He looked up, and perceived two life-size portraits on panels built into the masonry. As all visitors to the mansion are aware, these paintings represent women of middle age, of a date some two hundred years ago, whose lineaments<sup>4</sup> once seen can never be forgotten. The long pointed features, narrow eye, and smirk of the one, so suggestive of merciless treachery; the bill-hook nose, large teeth, and bold eye of the other, suggesting arrogance to the point of ferocity, haunt the beholder afterwards in his dreams.

‘Whose portraits are those?’ asked Clare of the charwoman.

‘I have been told by old folk that they were ladies of the d’Urberville family, the ancient lords of this manor,’ she said. ‘Owing to their being builded<sup>5</sup> into the wall they can’t be moved away.’

The unpleasantness of the matter was that, in addition to their effect upon Tess, her fine features were unquestionably traceable in these exaggerated forms. He said nothing of this, however, and, regretting that he had gone out of his way to choose the house for their bridal time, went on into the adjoining room. The place having been rather hastily prepared for them they washed their hands in one basin. Clare touched hers under the water.

‘Which are my fingers and which are yours?’ he said, looking up. ‘They are very much mixed.’

‘They are all yours,’ said she, very prettily, and endeavoured to be gayer than she was. He had not been displeased with her thoughtfulness on such an occasion; it was what every sensible woman would show; but Tess knew that she had been thoughtful to excess,<sup>6</sup> and struggled against it.

The sun was so low on that short last afternoon of the year that it shone in through a small opening and formed a golden staff which stretched across to her shirt, where it made a spot like a paint-mark set upon her. They went into the ancient parlour to tea, and here they shared their first common meal alone. Such was their childishness, or rather his, that he found it interesting to use the same bread-and-butter plate as herself, and to brush crumbs from her lips with his own. He wondered a little that she did not enter into these frivolities with his own zest.

Looking at her silently for a long time; 'she is a dear dear Tess,' he thought to himself, as one deciding on the true construction of a difficult passage. 'Do I realize solemnly enough how utterly and irretrievably this little womanly thing is the creature of my good or bad faith and fortune? I think not. I think I could not, unless I were a woman myself. What I am in worldly estate, she is. What I become, she must become. What I cannot be, she cannot be. And shall I ever neglect her, or hurt her, or even forget to consider her? God forbid such a crime!'

They sat on over the tea-table waiting for their luggage, which the dairyman had promised to send before it grew dark. But evening began to close in, and the luggage did not arrive and they had brought nothing more than they stood in. With the departure of the sun the calm mood of the winter day changed. Out of doors there began noises as of silk smartly rubbed; the restful dead leaves of the preceding autumn were stirred to irritated resurrection, and whirled about unwillingly, and tapped against the shutters. It soon began to rain.

'That cock knew the weather was going to change,' said Clare.

The woman who had attended upon them had gone home

for the night, but she had placed candles upon the table, and now they lit them. Each candle-flame drew towards the fire-place.

'These old houses are so draughty,' continued Angel, looking at the flames, and at the grease guttering down the sides. 'I wonder where that luggage is. We haven't even a brush and comb.'

'I don't know,' she answered, absent-minded.

'Tess, you are not a bit cheerful this evening — not at all as you used to be. Those harridans<sup>8</sup> on the panels upstairs have unsettled you. I am sorry I brought you here. I wonder if you really love me, after all?'

He knew that she did, and the words had no serious intent; but she was surcharged with emotion, and winced like a wounded animal. Though she tried not to shed tears she could not help showing one or two.

'I did not mean it!' said he, sorry. 'You are worried at not having your things, I know. I cannot think why old Jonathan has not come with them. Why, it is seven o'clock? Ah, there he is!'

A knock had come to the door, and, there being nobody else to answer it Clare went out. He returned to the room with small package in his hand.

'It is not Jonatham, after all,' he said.

'How vexing!' said Tess.

The packet had been brought by a special messenger, who had arrived at Talbothays from Emminster Vicarage immediately after the departure of the married couple, and had followed them hither, being under injunction to deliver it into nobody's hands but theirs. Clare brought it to the light. It was less than a foot long, sewed up in canvas, sealed in red wax with his father's seal, and directed in his father's hand to



'Mrs. Angel Clare.'

'It is a little wedding-present for you, Tess,' said he, handing it to her. 'How thoughtful they are!'

Tess looked a little flustered as she took it.

'I think I would rather have you open it, dearest,' said she, turning over the parcel. 'I don't like to break those great seals; they look so serious. Please open it for me!'

He undid the parcel. Inside was a case of morocco leather, on the top of which lay a note and a key.

The note was for Clare, in the following words:

My dear son, — Possibly you have forgotten that on the death of your godmother, Mrs. Pitney, when you were a lad, she — vain, kind woman that she was — left to me a portion of the contents of her jewel-case in trust for your wife, if you should ever have one, as a mark of her affection for you and whomsoever you should choose. This trust I have fulfilled, and the diamonds have been locked up at my banker's ever since. Though I feel it to be a somewhat incongruous act in the circumstances, I am, as you will see, bound to hand over the articles to the woman to whom the use of them for her lifetime will now rightly belong, and they are therefore promptly sent. They become, I believe, heirlooms, strictly speaking, according to the terms of your god-mother's will. The precise words of the clause that refers to this matter are enclosed.

'I do remember,' said Clare; 'but I had quite forgotten.'

Unlocking the case, they found it to contain a necklace, with pendant, bracelets, and ear-rings; and also some other small ornaments.

Tess seemed afraid to touch them at first, but her eyes sparkled for a moment as much as the stones when Clare spread out the set.

'Are they mine?' she asked incredulously.

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'They are, certainly,' said he.

He looked into the fire. He remembered how, when he was a lad of fifteen, his godmother, the Squire's wife — the only rich person with whom he had ever come in contact — had pinned her faith to his success; had prophesied a wondrous career for him. There had seemed nothing at all out of keeping with such a conjectured career in the storing up of these showy ornaments for his wife and the wives of her descendants. They gleamed somewhat ironically now. 'Yet why?' he asked himself. It was but a question of vanity throughout; and if that were admitted into one side of the equation it should be admitted into the other. His wife was a d'Urberville; whom could they become better than her?

Suddenly he said with enthusiasm —

'Tess, put them on — put them on!' And he turned from the fire to help her.

But as if by magic she had already donned them<sup>9</sup>. — necklace, ear-rings, bracelets and all.

'But the gown isn't right, Tess,' said Clare. 'It ought to be a low one for a set of brilliants like that.'

'Ought it?' said Tess.

'Yes,' said he.

He suggested to her how to tuck in the upper edge of her bodice, so as to make it roughly approximate to the cut for evening wear; and when she had done this and the pendant to the necklace hung isolated amid the whiteness of her throat, as it was designed to do, he stepped back to survey her.

'My heavens,' said Clare, 'how beautiful you are!'

As everybody knows, fine feathers make fine birds; a peasant girl but very moderately prepossessing to the casual observer in her simple condition and attire, will bloom as an amazing beauty if clothed as a woman of fashion with the aids

that Art can render; while the beauty of the midnight crush would often cut but a sorry figure if placed inside the field-woman's wrapper upon a monotonous acreage of turnips on a dull day. He had never till now estimated the artistic excellence of Tess's limbs and features.

'If you were only to appear in a ball-room!' he said. 'But no — no, dearest; I think I love you best in the wing-bonnet and cotton-frock — yes, better than in this, well as you support these dignities.'

Tess's sense of her striking appearance had given her a flush of excitement, which was yet not happiness.

'I'll take them off,' she said, 'in case Jonathan should see me. They are not fit for me, are they? They must be sold, I suppose?'

'Let them stay a few minutes longer. Sell them? Never. It would be a breach of faith.'

Influenced by a second thought she readily obeyed. She had something to tell, and there might be help in these. She sat down with the jewels upon her; and they again indulged in conjectures as to where Jonathan could possibly be with their baggage. The ale they had poured out for his consumption when he came had gone flat with long standing.

Shortly after this they began supper, which was already laid on a side-table. Ere<sup>10</sup> they had finished there was a jerk in the fire-smoke, the rising skelm of which bulged out into the room, as if some giant had laid his hand on the chimney-top for a moment. It had been caused by the opening of the outer door. A heavy step was now heard in the passage, and Angel went out.

'I couldn' make nobody hear at all by knocking,' apologized Jonathan Kail, for it was he at last; 'and as't was raining out I opened the door. I've brought the things, sir.'

'I am very glad to see them. But you are very late.'

'Well, yes sir.'

'Yes. Well, Jonathan, will you get the trunks upstairs, and drink a cup of ale, and hasten back as soon as you can, in case you should be wanted?'

Tess had gone back to the inner parlour, and sat down by the fire, looking wistfully into it. She heard Jonathan Kail's heavy footsteps up and down the stairs till he had done placing the luggage, and heard him express his thanks for the ale her husband took out to him, and for the gratuity he received. Jonathan's footsteps then died from the door, and his cart creaked away.

Angel slid forward the massive oak bar which secured the door, and coming in to where she sat over the hearth, pressed her cheeks between his hands from behind. He expected her to jump up gaily and unpack the toilet-gear that she had been so anxious about, but as she did not rise he sat down with her in the firelight, the candles on the supper-table being too thin and glimmering to interfere with its glow.

'I am so sorry you should have heard this sad story about the girls,' he said. 'Still, don't let it depress you. Retty was naturally morbid, you know.'

'Without the least cause,' said Tess. 'While they who have cause to be, hide it, and pretend they are not.'

This incident had turned the scale for her. 'They were simple and innocent girls on whom the unhappiness of unrequited love<sup>12</sup> had fallen; they had deserved better at the hands of Fate. She had deserved worse — yet she was the chosen one. It was wicked of her to take all without paying. She would pay to the uttermost farthing; she would tell, there and then. This final determination she came to when she looked into the fire, he holding her hand.'