

世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

Thomas Hardy

JUDE THE OBSCURE

无名的裘德



W 世界图书出版公司

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李建利 注释

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[英] THOMAS HARDY

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作者简介

托马斯·哈代(1840.6.2—1928.1.11)英国最杰出的乡土小说家、诗人。他最为著名的小说都以“韦塞克斯”(英国西南部他的家乡多西特郡一带)为背景。他的作品活力来自他对这个地区人们的语言、习俗和生活方式的深刻理解。虽然他笔下的乡村角色和部分诗歌妙趣横生,但他的大多数创作却渗透着一种深沉的嘲弄,反映出人生中的挫折与失望,反映出一种悲观的信念,即人是统治冥冥宇宙的一种难以捉摸的力量的牺牲品。

哈代年青时学过建筑,搞过房屋设计和教堂修缮,后因身体不佳而回到家乡。1862年开始写作,其中有些诗如《中间音调》可列入他最佳和最有特色的诗作。他的第一部小说《穷人与贵妇》于1867年完稿,虽然得到一些人的赞赏,但却遇到了两个出版商的拒绝。他第一本获得出版的小说是《计出无奈》(1871),匿名发表,毁誉参半。接着他开始以韦塞克斯为背景写乡土小说,第一部是《绿林荫下》(1873),接着是《一双湛蓝的眼睛》(1872—1873)和《远离尘嚣》(1874)。后者是哈代的第一部成功之作,他受到了鼓舞并决心全力从事写作。同时这也是第一部典型的哈代式小说,它虽富于幽默并可认为有个愉快的结局,但是全书的布局和基调却属于悲剧类型。1878—1895年是哈代作为小说家获得光辉成就的阶段。在此期间,他发表了《还乡》、《号兵长》、《卡斯特桥市长》、《林地居民》、《德伯家的苔丝》和《无名的裘德》。《苔丝》一书问世后,哈代便受到维多利亚时代道德观念捍卫者的攻击。该书的副标题:“一个纯洁女子的真实写照”引起有些人的强烈不满。他们说,书中的女主人公不仅生了私生子,最后还由于谋杀同居的男人而被判绞刑,但作者

在处理上却给这样一个女人以同情和谅解，这是拂逆公认的道德标准的。《无名的裘德》激起了更大的愤怒和抨击。批评者说书中男、女主人公都已结婚，却都离弃其配偶，同居并生儿育女，但作者却似乎对他们抱有同情心。哈代对这些攻击深感厌恶，从此决心不再写小说，转而以全部精力写诗。1908年他的《韦塞克斯诗集》出版，1901年又发表《今昔诗篇》。1903—1908年，哈代关于拿破仑的三卷诗剧《列王》问世，主要用无韵诗写成，除描写史实外，还有一些插曲，述说战争对普通老百姓的影响以及神明对世事的评论。哈代认为支配宇宙的是一种不知善恶，冷酷无情，没有知觉的“内在意志”，它的冲动几乎总是造成灾难。1912年哈代的妻子去世，虽然他们婚后生活并不幸福，他还是把回忆和忧伤写进了组诗《旧日火焰的痕迹》，其中包括一些感人至深的作品，如《声音》和《旅途之后》。哈代去世后，他的骨灰被安葬在威斯敏斯特教堂。按照他的遗愿，他的心脏葬在他的出生地斯廷斯福德教堂墓地。

托马斯·哈代的确是维多利亚时代与现代之间文学界中的一位奇特的、独一无二的过渡性人物。

故事梗概

19 世纪,在英国小乡村玛丽格林,小学校长理查德·菲洛特森告别了裘德·福雷,前往克里斯特敏斯特攻读学位。年仅 11 岁的裘德对学习如饥似渴,也渴望到克里斯特敏斯特去,可他不得不留下来,在面包房给曾祖母作帮手。业余时间,他刻苦地学习菲洛特森寄给他的古典文法教材。

裘德一心向往成为宗教学者。19 岁时,他从师于镇上一位致力于修复中世纪教堂的石匠。一天傍晚,当他从玛丽格林回来时,在小溪旁认识了正在涮洗猪肠的阿拉贝拉,并被她深深地吸引。年轻的裘德从此陷入情网,无法自拔,最后钻进了圈套,和阿拉贝拉结了婚。可他很快便意识到自己娶了一个粗俗的乡村姑娘,两人之间毫无共同之处。裘德感到痛苦不堪,企图自杀,但未成功。于是,他开始酗酒,阿拉贝拉也离开了他。

裘德决意继续追求最初的目标。他抱着这个想法来到了克里斯特敏斯特,当了一名石匠。在这里,他不顾老姑妈的警告见到了堂姐苏·布里德希德。苏是教会藏品室的美工,她的聪慧和美貌迷住了裘德。在裘德的建议下,苏成了在克里斯特敏斯特当教师的菲洛特森的助手。很快,这位教师就倾心于聪明伶俐,善于思考的苏。两人之间的亲密关系刺伤了裘德的心,他又开始酗酒,结果被雇主辞退,于是,裘德又回到玛丽格林。

在玛丽格林,裘德进入教堂作了见习传教士。与此同时,苏来到了梅尔彻斯特一家师范学校学习,她写信邀请裘德来探望她。虽然苏已告诉他自己学业结束后就要嫁给菲洛特森,可为了在苏身边,裘德还是来了梅尔彻斯特,在一家砖石厂工作。苏以自己的非正统信仰影响着裘德,使他脱离了教会。不久,苏嫁给了菲洛特森,裘德感到非常沮丧,又回到克里斯特敏斯特,继

续为成为牧师而学习，可同时，又常常想念苏。

裘德对苏的情感完全占了上风，他终于抛弃了宗教学习。在老姑妈的葬礼上，裘德和苏都认识到两人不能再继续分开了，于是，离婚后的裘德与苏来到了阿尔德布里克海姆，开始了新的生活。

苏不喜欢任何束缚，两人都不愿意按宗教仪式结婚，他们就这样幸福地生活着。阿拉贝拉终于结了婚，出于对丈夫的惧怕，她将自己和裘德所生的孩子送到裘德和苏这里来抚养。

乡村教会发现裘德和苏未婚同居，他们被迫不断地迁移变换工作，在两年来的流落生活中，他们生了两个孩子，路上又怀了一个，加上阿拉贝拉和裘德所生的小泰姆，一家五口人靠裘德烤面包维持生计。

一家人很难找到居所，只得分开住宿，一天，心中万分痛苦的苏无意中对小泰姆说真不该让孩子出生在这个世界上。她从裘德那里吃饭回来，竟发现小泰姆在吊死两个婴孩后自缢身亡，她一下瘫倒在地，早产下一死婴。

如此经历改变了苏的整个人生观。她相信自己罪孽深重，并强烈地渴望悔改。她回到了菲洛特森身边。而裘德却变得完全茫然无措，糊里糊涂又和阿拉贝拉结了婚。他的肺功能逐渐衰退，活不了多长时间了，可裘德急切地想再见苏一面，就这样，他冒雨来看望苏，这是这对有情人的最后一面。苏已成为菲洛特森名副其实的妻子，以补偿自己的罪过。无可奈何的裘德在绝望中痛苦地死去。

Part First

AT MARYGREEN

**“Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes. Many also have perished, have erred, and sinned, for women. . . . O ye man, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?”—* ESDRAS.*

I

THE schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry. The miller at Cresscombe lent him the small white tilted cart and horse to carry his goods to the city of his destination, about twenty miles off, such a vehicle proving of quite sufficient size for the departing teacher's effects. For the schoolhouse had been partly furnished by the managers, and the only cumbersome article possessed by the master, in addition to the packingcase of books, was a cottage piano that he had bought at an auction during the year in which he thought of learning instrumental music. But the enthusiasm having waned he had never acquired any skill in playing, and the purchased article had been a perpetual trouble to him ever since in moving house.

The rector had gone away for the day, being a man who disliked the sight of changes. He did not mean to return till the evening, when the new school-teacher would have arrived and settled in, and everything would be smooth again.

The blacksmith, the farm bailiff, and the schoolmaster himself were standing in perplexed attitudes in the parlour before the instrument. The master had remarked that even if he got it into the cart he should not know what to do with it on his arrival at Christminster, the city he was bound for, since he was only going into temporary

lodgings just at first.

A little boy of eleven, who had been thoughtfully assisting in the packing, joined the group of men, and as they rubbed their chins he spoke up, blushing at the sound of his own voice: "Aunt have got a great fuel-house, and it could be put there, perhaps, till you've found a place to settle in, sir."

"A proper good notion," said the blacksmith.

It was decided that a deputation should wait on the boy's aunt—an old maiden resident—and ask her if she would house the piano till Mr. Phillotson should send for it. The smith and the bailiff started to see about the practicability of the suggested shelter, and the boy and the schoolmaster were left standing alone.

"Sorry I am going, Jude?" asked the latter kindly.

Tears rose into the boy's eyes, for he was not among the regular day scholars, who came unromantically close to the schoolmaster's life, but one who had attended the night school only during the present teacher's term of office. The regular scholars, if the truth must be told, stood at the present moment afar off, like certain historic disciples, indisposed to any enthusiastic volunteering of aid.

The boy awkwardly opened the book he held in his hand, which Mr. Phillotson had bestowed on him as a parting gift, and admitted that he was sorry.

"So am I," said Mr. Phillotson.

"Why do you go, sir?" asked the boy.

"Ah—that would be a long story. You wouldn't understand my reasons, Jude. You will, perhaps, when you are older."

"I think I should now, sir."

"Well—don't speak of this everywhere. You know what a university is, and a university degree? It is the necessary hallmark of a man who wants to do anything in teaching. My scheme, or dream, is to be a university graduate, and then to be ordained. By going to live at Christminster, or near it, I shall be at headquarters, so to speak, and if my scheme is practicable at all, I consider that being on the spot will afford me a better chance of carrying it out than I should have elsewhere."

The smith and his companion returned. Old Miss Fawley's fuel-house was dry, and eminently practicable; and she seemed willing to give the instrument standing-room there. It was accordingly left in the school till the evening, when more hands would be available for removing it; and the schoolmaster gave a final glance round.

The boy Jude assisted in loading some small articles, and at nine o'clock Mr. Phillotson mounted beside his box of books and other *'impedimenta'*, and bade his friends good-bye.

"I shan't forget you, Jude," he said, smiling, as the cart moved off. "Be a good boy, remember; and be kind to animals and birds, and read all you can. And if ever you come to Christminster remember you hunt me out 'for old acquaintance' sake."

The cart creaked across the green, and disappeared round the corner by the rectory-house. The boy returned to the draw-well at the edge of the greensward, where he had left his buckets when he went to help his patron and teacher in the loading. There was a quiver in his lip now, and after opening the well-cover to begin lowering the bucket he paused and leant with his forehead and arms against the framework, his face wearing the fixity of a thoughtful child's who has felt the pricks of life somewhat before his time. The well into which he was looking was as ancient as the village itself, and from his present position appeared as a long circular perspective ending in a shining disk of quivering water at a distance of a hundred feet down. There was a lining of green moss near the top, and nearer still the 'hart's-tongue fern.

He said to himself in the melodramatic tones of a whimsical boy, that the schoolmaster had drawn at that well scores of times on a morning like this, and would never draw there any more. "I've seen him look down into it, when he was tired with his drawing, just as I do now, and when he rested a bit before carrying the buckets home! But he was too clever to bide here any longer—a small sleepy place like this!"

A tear rolled from his eye into the depths of the well. The morning was a little foggy, and the boy's breathing unfurled itself as a thicker fog upon the still and heavy air. His thoughts were interrupted by a sudden outcry:

"Bring on that water, will ye, you idle young harlican!"

It came from an old woman who had emerged from her door towards the garden gate of a green-thatched cottage not far off. The boy quickly waved a signal of assent, drew the water with what was a great effort for one of his stature, landed and emptied the big bucket into his own pair of smaller ones, and pausing a moment for breath, started with them across the patch of clammy greensward whereon the well stood—nearly in the centre of the little village, or rather hamlet of Marygreen.

It was as old-fashioned as it was small, and it rested in the lap of an undulating upland adjoining the North Wessex downs. Old as it was, however, the well-shaft was probably the only relic of the local history that remained absolutely unchanged. Many of the thatched and dormered dwelling-houses had been pulled down of late years, and many trees felled on the green. Above all, the original church, hump-backed, wood-turreted, and quaintly hipped, had been taken down, and either cracked up into heaps of road-metal in the lane, or utilized as pig-sty walls, garden seats, guard-stones to fences, and rockeries in the flower-beds of the neighbourhood. In place of it a tall new building of modern 'Gothic design, unfamiliar to English eyes, had been erected on a new piece of ground by a certain obliterator of historic records who had run down from London and back in a day. The site whereon so long had stood the ancient temple to the Christian divinities was not even recorded on the green and level grass-plot that had immemorially been the churchyard, the obliterated graves being commemorated by eighteen — penny 'cast-iron crosses warranted to last five years.

II

SLENDER as was Jude Fawley's frame he bore the two brimming house-buckets of water to the cottage without resting. Over the door was a little rectangular piece of blue board, on which was painted in yellow letters, "Drusilla Fawley, Baker." Within the little lead panes of the window—this being one of the few old houses left—were five bottles of sweets, and three buns on a plate of the willow pattern.

While emptying the buckets at the back of the house he could hear an animated conversation in progress within-doors between his great-aunt, the Drusilla of the signboard, and some other villagers. Having seen the schoolmaster depart, they were summing up particulars of the event, and indulging in predictions of his future.

"And who's he?" asked one, comparatively a stranger, when the boy entered.

"Well ye med ask it, Mrs. Williams. He's my great nephew—come since you was last this way." The old inhabitant who answered was a tall, gaunt woman, who spoke tragically on the most trivial subject, and gave a phrase of her conversation to each auditor in turn.

"He come from Mellstock, down in South Wessex, about a year ago—worse luck for 'n, Belinda" (turning to the right) "where his father was living, and was took wi' the shakings for death, and died in two days, as you know, Caroline" (turning to the left). "It would ha' been a blessing if Goddy-mighty had took thee too, wi' thy mother and father, poor useless boy! But I've got him here to stay with me till I can see what's to be done with un, though I am obliged to let him earn any penny he can. Just now he's 'a-scaring of birds for Farmer Troutham. It keeps him out of mischrtty. Why do ye turn away, Jude?" she continued, as the boy, feeling the impact of their glances like slaps upon his face, moved aside.

The local washerwoman replied that it was perhaps a very good plan of Miss or Mrs. Fawley's (as they called her indifferently) to have him with her—"to kip 'ee company in your loneliness, fetch water, shet the winder-shetters o' nights, and help in the bit o' baking."

Miss Fawley doubted it.... "Why didn't ye get the schoolmaster to take 'ee to Christminster wi' un, and make a scholar of 'ee," she continued, in frowning pleasantry. "I'm sure he couldn't ha' took a better one. The boy is crazy for books, that he is. It runs in our family rather. His cousin Sue is just the same—so I've heard; but I have not seen the child, for years, though she was born in this place, within these four walls, as it happened. My niece and her husband, after they were married, didn' get a house of their own for some year or more; and then they only had one till—Well, I won't go into that. Jude, my child don't you ever marry'Tisn't for the Fawleys to take that step any more. She, their only one, was like a child o' my own, Belinda, till the split come! Ah, that a little maid should know such changes!"

Jude, finding the general attention again centering on himself, went out to the bakehouse, where he ate the cake provided for his breakfast. The end of his spare time had now arrived, and emerging from the garden by getting over the hedge at the back he pursued a path northward, till he came to a wide and lonely depression in the general level of the upland, which was sown as a corn-field. This vast concave was the scene of his labours for Mr. Troutham the farmer, and he descended into the midst of it.

The brown surface of the field went right up towards the sky all round, where it was lost by degrees in the mist that shut out the actual verge and accentuated the solitude. The only marks on the unifor-

mity of the scene were a rick of last year's produce standing in the midst of the arable, the rooks that rose at his approach, and the path athwart the fallow by which he had come, trodden now by he hardly knew whom, though once by many of his own dead family.

"How ugly it is here!" he murmured.

The fresh harrow-lines seemed to stretch like the 'channellings in a piece of new corduroy, lending a meanly utilitarian air to the expanse, taking away its gradations, and depriving it of all history beyond that of the few recent months, though to every clod and stone there really attached associations enough and to spare—echoes of songs from ancient harvest-days, of spoken words, and of sturdy deeds. Every inch of ground had been the site, first or last, of energy, gaiety, horse-play, bickerings, weariness. Groups of gleaners had squatted in the sun on every square yard. Love-matches that had populated the adjoining hamlet had been made up there between reaping and carrying. Under the hedge which divided the field from a distant plantation girls had given themselves to lovers who would not turn their heads to look at them by the next harvest; and in that ancient cornfield many a man had made love-promises to a woman at whose voice he had trembled by the next 'seed-time after fulfilling them in the church adjoining. But this neither Jude nor the rooks around him considered. For them it was a lonely place, possessing, in the one view, only the quality of a work-ground, and in the other that of a granary good to feed in.

The boy stood under the rick before mentioned, and every few seconds used his clacker or rattlebriskly. At each clack the rooks left off pecking, and rose and went away on their leisurely wings, bur-nished like tassets of mail, afterwards wheeling back and regarding him warily, and descending to feed at a more respectful distance.

He sounded the clacker till his arm ached, and at length his heart grew sympathetic with the birds' thwarted desires. They seemed, like himself, to be living in a world which did not want them. Why should he frighten them away? They took upon more and more the aspect of gentle friends and pensioners—the only friends he could claim as being in the least degree interested in him, for his aunt had often told him that she was not. He ceased his rattling, and they alighted anew.

"Poor little dears!" said Jude, aloud. "You shall have some dinner—you shall. There is enough for us all. Farmer Troutham can afford to let you have some. Eat, then, my dear little birdies, and make

a good meal!"

They stayed and ate, inky spots on the nut-brown soil and Jude enjoyed their appetite. A magic thread of fellowfeeling united his own life with theirs. Puny and sorry as those lives were, they much resembled his own.

His clacker he had by this time thrown away from him, as being a mean and sordid instrument, offensive both to the birds and to himself as their friend. All at once he became conscious of a smart blow upon his buttocks, followed by a loud clack, which announced to his surprised senses that the clacker had been the instrument of offence used. The birds and Jude started up simultaneously, and the dazed eyes of the latter beheld the farmer in person, the great Troutham himself, his face glaring down upon Jude's cowering frame, the clacker swinging in his hand.

"So it's 'Eat, my dear birdies,' is it, young man? 'Eat, dear birdies,' indeed! I'll tickle your breeches, and see if you say, 'Eat, dear birdies,' again in a hurry! And you've been idling at the school-master's too, instead of coming here, ha'n't ye hey? That's how you earn your sixpence a day for keeping the rooks off my corn!"

Whilst saluting Jude's ears with this impassioned rhetoric, Troutham had seized his left hand with his own left, and swinging his slim frame round him at arm's length, again struck Jude on the hind parts with the flat side of Jude's own rattle, till the field echoed with the blows, which were delivered once or twice at each revolution.

"Don't 'ee, sir—please don't 'ee!" cried the whirling child, as helpless under the centrifugal tendency of his person as a hooked fish swinging to land, and beholding the hill, the rick, the plantation, the path, and the rooks going round and round him in an amazing circular race. "I—I—sir—only meant that—there was a good crop in the ground—I saw 'em sow it—and the rooks could have a little bit for dinner—and you wouldn't miss it, sir—and Mr. Phillotson said I was to be kind to 'em —oh, oh, oh!"

This truthful explanation seemed to exasperate the farmer even more than if Jude had stoutly denied saying anything at all; and he still smacked the whirling urchin, the clacks of the instrument continuing to resound all across the field and as far as the ears of distant workers—who gathered thereupon that Jude was pursuing his business of clacking with great assiduity—and echoing from the brand-new church tower just behind the mist, towards the building of which structure the farmer had largely subscribed, to testify his love for God

and man.

Presently Troutham grew tired of his punitive task, and depositing the quivering boy on his legs, took a sixpence from his pocket and gave it him in payment for his day's work, telling him to go home and never let him see him in one of those fields again.

Jude leaped out of arm's reach, and walked along the trackway weeping—not from the pain, though that was keen enough; not from the perception of the flaw in the terrestrial scheme, by which what was good for God's birds was bad for God's gardener; but with the awful sense that he had wholly disgraced himself before he had been a year in the parish, and hence might be a burden to his great-aunt for life.

With this shadow on his mind he did not care to show himself in the village, and went homeward by a 'roundabout track behind a high hedge and across a pasture. Here he beheld scores of coupled earthworms lying half their length on the surface of the damp ground, as they always did in such weather at that time of the year. It was impossible to advance in regular steps without crushing some of them at each tread.

Though Farmer Troutham had just hurt him, he was a boy who could not himself bear to hurt anything. He had never brought home a nest of young birds without lying awake in misery half the night after, and often reinstating them and the nest in their original place the next morning. He could scarcely bear to see trees cut down or lopped, from a fancy that it hurt them; and late pruning when the sap was up and the tree bled profusely, had been a positive grief to him in his infancy. This weakness of character, as it may be called, suggested that he was the sort of man who was born to ache a good deal before the fall of the curtain upon his unnecessary life should signify that all was well with him again. He care fully picked his way on tiptoe among the earthworms, without killing a single one.

On entering the cottage he found his aunt selling a penny loaf to a little girl, and when the customer was gone she said, "Well, how do you come to be back here in the middle of the morning like this?"

"I'm turned away."

"What?"

"Mr. Troutham have turned me away because I let the rooks have a few peckings of corn. And there's my wages—the last I shall ever hae!"

He threw the sixpence tragically on the table.