


外语语言文学系列教材

美国文学选读新编

陈立华 方幸福 主编

 华中师范大学出版社

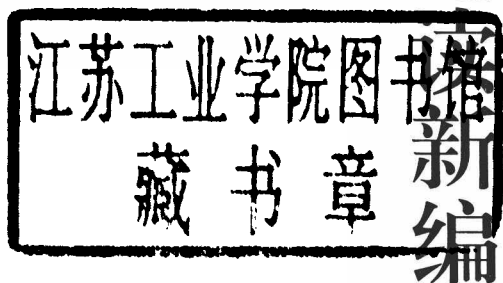


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外语语言文学系列教材

美国文学选



陈立华 方幸福 主编
邓绪新 刘芳 副主编



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2009年·武汉

新出图证(鄂)字 10 号

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

美国文学选读新编/陈立华,方幸福主编. —武汉:华中师范大学出版社,2009.8

ISBN 978-7-5622-3961-1

I. 美… II. ①陈… ②方… III. ①英语—阅读教学—高等学校—教材 ②文学—作品—简介—美国 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2009)第 094380 号

美国文学选读新编

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编辑室:第五编辑室

出版发行:华中师范大学出版社

社址:湖北省武汉市珞喻路 152 号

电话:027-67863040,67863426(发行部) 027-67861321(邮购)

传真:027-67863291

网址:<http://www.ccnupress.com>

印刷:石首市印刷厂

字数:433 千字

开本:787mm×960mm 1/16

版次:2009 年 8 月第 1 版

印数:1-3000

封面设计:甘 英

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督印:章光琼

印张:23.75

印次:2009 年 8 月第 1 次印刷

定价:35.00 元

欢迎上网查询、购书

敬告读者:欢迎举报盗版,请打举报电话 027-67861321。

前 言

为了满足外国语学院英语系“美国文学选读”课小班上课的课程改革要求,满足其他英语院校和社会英语文学爱好者对美国文学选读教材的需求,我们编著了这部教材。之所以叫《美国文学选读新编》,是为了体现它与传统文学选读教材的区别。其创新之处表现在以下几个方面:第一,力求所选作家及作品具有代表性和经典性,突出美国文学各个历史阶段的文化特征和文学特性。第二,一改传统文学选读教材“文学史+文学作品”的惯常模式,强调作品的细读,删除了传统文学选读教材中对史料的重复编写。第三,凸显学生和读者的自主性,增强教材的启发性。每单元都以引人入胜的提问介入,替代了对文学史知识乏味的回顾。鼓励学生在阅读文本前通过寻找问题的答案,完成对相关背景知识的认知。这样的编排不仅突出知识的重点,还鼓励学生和读者积极思考,自主寻求问题的答案,彰显教材的启发意义。每单元用一个短语或句子概述了认识和解读该**作家的重点**(central issue of concern),并在作品前设计一些与所选文本相关的问题(background questions and preview questions),用以回顾必要的背景知识,便于学**生**的自主阅读。在所选文本后设计了讨论问题(discussion questions),以加深学**生**对文本的理解和掌握。第四,对所选文本中涉及的文学现象、文学理论与批评知识、**历史文化知识等**读者难以把握和查找到的内容,我们作了注释,以方便读者的阅读。第五,为了加深读者对所选作家及其作品的熟悉和理解,我们在所选文本后还附加了补充阅读材料(assigned reading),并对其作了简要说明。

英语文学课对提高学生的人文素养、丰富学生的文学知识、帮助学生了解英语国家的文化习俗、巩固学生的英语语言基本功等,都起着至关重要的作用。我们真诚地希望这部教材既能方便教师的课堂教学,又利于学生的课后阅读,为推广英语文学课的改革和发展起到积极的作用。由于我们水平有限,错误和不足之处在所难免,恳请同行和读者指正。

编 者
2009年1月

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Lecture 1 Washington Irving(1783—1859)

1. Background questions

- 1) What is the duration of American Romanticism?
- 2) What are the main features of American Romanticism?
- 3) Can you name some American authors identified by the label of “Romantic?”

2. Selected reading

- **Central issue of concern**

Washington Irving: “father of American literature”

- **Preview questions**

- 1) What are the artistic features of Irving’s writing?
- 2) What are the different types of humor? Try to find some humorous expressions in the excerpt.
- 3) What would be your reaction to the changes of the world after you wake up from a twenty-year long sleep?

Text: An excerpt from *Rip Van Winkle*

[1] Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains^①. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and

① the Kaatskill mountains; (the Catskill mountains today) in the southeast New York.

shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

[2] At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant^①, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

[3] In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina^②. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture^③ is worth all the sermons in

① Peter Stuyvesant (1592—1672), the last governor of the Dutch province of New Netherlands.

② Fort Christina; Swedish settlement on the Delaware River, ever captured by Stuyvesant.

③ a curtain lecture: an angry lecture given by the wife to the husband within the bed curtains.

the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

[4] Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual, with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

[5] The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, it was impossible.

[6] In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until

there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

[7] His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

[8] Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

[9] Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's so often going astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broom-stick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

[10] Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony

rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

[11] The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

[12] From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

[13] Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, while I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

[...]

[14] On awaking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wo-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

[15] He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

[...]

[16] He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for his old acquaintances, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of

houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—every thing was strange. His mind now began to misgive him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—“That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

[17] It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

[18] He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

[19] He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “the Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap^①, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes^②—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on

① a tall naked pole. . . a red night-cap; the Liberty Pole and the Liberty Cap, symbols of liberty used in the American and French Revolutions.

② stars and stripes; the American national flag.

the sign, however, the ruby face of King George^①, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat^② was changed for one of blue and buff^③, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

[20] There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's hill^④—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon^⑤ to the bewildered Van Winkle.

[21] The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired “on which side he voted?” Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, “Whether he was Federal or Democrat?” Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting

① King George: King George the Third.

② red coat: uniform of the British Army.

③ blue and buff: colors of the uniforms of the Revolutionary Army.

④ Bunker's hill: a hill near Boston, Massachusetts, where the American Army fought against the British Army.

⑤ Babylonish jargon: the confusion of the language. See “The Tower of Babel” in Genesis 11:1-9.

himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, “what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?” “Alas! gentlemen,” cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, “I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!”

[22] Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—“A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!” It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

[23] “Well—who are they? —name them.”

[24] Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where’s Nicholas Vedder?”

[25] There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, “Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone too.”

[26] “Where’s Brom Dutcher?”

[27] “Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point^①—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony’s Nose^②. I don’t know—he never came back again.”

[28] “Where’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?”

[29] “He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress.”

[30] Rip’s heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by

① Stony Point: on the west bank of the Hudson River, south of the West Point, captured by General Anthony Wayne (1745—1796) in the American Revolution.

② Antony’s Nose: a mountain near West Point.