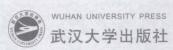


# American Literature

# 美国文学教程: 欣赏与评析

甘文平 编著 杨仁敬 审校







## American Literature

# 美国文学教程: 欣赏与评析

甘文平 编著杨仁敬 审校



#### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

美国文学教程:欣赏与评析/杨仁敬审校;甘文平编著:一武汉:武汉 大学出版社,2012.6

高等学校英语专业系列教材 ISBN 978-7-307-09778-0

Ⅰ. 美… Ⅱ. ①杨… ②甘… Ⅲ. ①文学欣赏—美国—高等学校 一教材 ②文学评论一美国一高等学校一教材 IV. 1712.065

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2012)第 089206 号

责任编辑:叶玲利 责任校对:刘 欣 版式设计:马 佳

出版发行:武汉大学出版社 (430072 武昌 珞珈山)

(电子邮件:cbs22@ whu. edu. cn 网址:www. wdp. whu. edu. cn)

印刷:湖北鄂东印务有限公司

开本:720×1000 1/16 印张:20 字数:357 千字

插页引

版次:2012年6月第1版 2012年6月第1次印刷

ISBN 978-7-307-09778-0/I · 562

定价:36.00元



近年来,我国出版了许多不同版本的美国文学教材,促进了美国文学在 高校学生和普通读者中的普及。这些教材名称不一,有的称为"选读",有 的叫"欣赏",也有的概括为"作品与评论"。教材的内容大都按时间顺序, 选择名家名作的全文或片段加以评介,给读者有益的启迪。

甘文平教授编著的《美国文学教程: 欣赏与评析》与读者见面了。它是 我国高校英美文学教材园地里的一棵新苗。从体例和选材到评论和表述,它 有许多创新之处。可以说,它是当前形势下一本独具特色的好教材,对丰富 青年读者的美国文学知识,提高欣赏和评析能力大有帮助,也可为高校学子 从事美国文学研究奠定初步基础。

《美国文学教程: 欣赏与评析》有哪些特色呢? 我认为主要表现在以下几个方面。

- 一、体例新颖,选材恰当,内容丰富。本书改变了文学教材按时间顺序编排的习惯,以内容分类为中心,包括题目、环境、人物、主题和修辞五个部分。每个部分分别选择了相关美国名家的名作,古今兼有,小说与诗歌并列,也有剧作,以小说为主,有短篇名作,也有长篇小说选段。每章由五个条目组成:"作者简介"、"文本选读"、"题目解析"、"难点注释"和"延伸阅读与批评"。注重作家的创作个性和独特风格,主题思想和艺术手法的评析相结合,扣紧文本,直观展示,令人耳目一新。
- 二、文本分析细致、具体、生动,富有新意。文学作品的文本细读是欣赏和评论的基础。读懂读透文本就能感受作品展示的艺术魅力,理解作者的创作个性,从一般阅读层面提升到新的高度。本书特别重视文学作品文本的分析,从解题、主题赏析到延伸阅读与批评,都紧紧结合文本进行详尽而中肯的解读,为读者提供了文本细读的范例。它从作品的题目入手,深入章节,联系人物的言行,到细节描写和遣词造句的微妙之处,无不加以细致人微的评析。它使读者对不同作家不同作品的特点和难点更容易把握和接受。这是一般美国文学选读不容易做到的。
  - 三、文本、理论和语境巧妙结合, 评述深入浅出, 朴实自然, 好懂易

记。本书没有孤立地停留在文本分析上,而是将文本细读与历史语境以及相关的文学批评理论结合起来,强调文学与现实的关系,密切联系名家名作产生的历史和文化语境,以加深读者对所选作品的认识和理解。它把一些深奥的术语如超验主义、"迷惘的一代"、"美国梦"和生态文学批评、现实主义、浪漫主义、现代主义、后现代主义、女权主义和新历史主义等融入生动具体的叙述中,让读者结合文本分析来了解这些文学批评理论和专门术语,比较容易理解和接受。如书中提到海明威和菲茨杰拉德同属"迷惘的一代",但两人风格完全不同。海明威强调人的尊严,塑造了硬汉子形象,形成了独特的"冰山原则";而菲茨杰拉德同时成了"爵士乐时代"的代言人,他的小说描绘了追求"美国梦"的破灭,大量运用象征和意象。这样生动简易的比较与选文文本的评析密切结合起来,显得有血有肉,深入浅出,令人容易明白和记住。作为一本好教材,这一点显得尤为重要。编著者要设身处地为读者着想,才能使教材发挥理想的效果。

四、频频的"设问"和阅读的延伸促进了读者的思考和参与。与许多教材不同,本书各章里对美国名家名作的评述不是平铺直叙,人云亦云,而是叙述中不断"设问",与读者相互沟通,共同探讨,引导读者独立思考,积极参与。比如读到福克纳的名篇《献给艾米莉的玫瑰》时,作者在"题目赏析"时问道:"小说并未提到'玫瑰',但它的标题为何提到'玫瑰'?"作者一开始就把小说的主题提到读者面前,非常引人注目。到了该章末了,作者又问:"是谁献给艾米莉的玫瑰?"然后答道:"是小说中的'我们'——镇上的人,是作者福克纳,也是阅读小说的读者。"这一问一答给读者留下深刻的印象。

有时,作者提出了问题,但最后不给答案,只提供些暗示,让读者自己找答案。如评述麦尔维尔《白鲸》的主人公亚伯时,作者问道:"他是一个人、超人的神?还是一个魔鬼?或者,他是一个人与神、人与动物、人与魔鬼的混合物?"但他没有回答,留待读者自己去思考,去回答。这样就可以促进读者独立思考,举一反三,取得更好的阅读效果。今天,我国读者,尤其是高校的同学们对美国文学已有了一定的了解,具备参与讨论的条件。所以,这种叙述策略有助于给读者"锦上添花"。它成了本书的一大特色。

此外,本书文字简洁、通俗、生动,作者采取一种与读者调侃聊天的方式,与读者侃侃而谈,娓娓动听,平起平坐,没有距离,与读者分享他的读书心得和体会,令读者倍感亲切,阅读兴趣油然而生。这种态度也许是美国文学教材编写的新尝试。我相信,它会受到广大读者欢迎的。

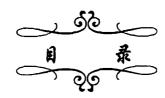
古人云:"工欲善其事,必先利其器。"要学好美国文学,必须有一本好

教材。《美国文学教程: 欣赏与评析》也许可以满足这种需要。当前,随着我国对外交往的发展,学习一点美国文学已成为一种社会需要,也成为新一代人的文化诉求。本书的出版无疑具有一定的现实意义。

《论语》指出:"博学而笃志,切问而近思。"学习与思考是不可偏废的。 这是本书作者对读者的希望,也是读者学习本书有没有成效的关键。我衷心 地希望各位读者认真学习,反复思考,将对美国文学的兴趣化成一股与时俱 进的动力,学出新成效,学出新突破!

一本好教材要经得起时间的检验。关键在于不断总结,不断完善,不断创新。我热诚地建议甘文平同志在此教材试用一段时间后认真加以总结,虚心听取有关高校师生试用本教材后的意见,进一步开拓创新,精益求精,使教材更加完善,让这棵新苗茁壮成长,为高校的美国文学教材建设再作贡献!是为序。

**杨仁敬** 2012 年 3 月 9 日 于厦大西村 书斋



Part One	I opics ————————————————————————————————————		
	Chapter 1	The Law of Life by Jack London / 2	
	Chapter 2	The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost / 11	
	Chapter 3	The Negro Speaks of Rivers by Langston Hughes / 14	
	Chapter 4	A Rose for Emily by William Faulkner / 18	
Part Two	Environment — / 30		
	Chapter 1	In Another Country by Ernest Hemingway / 31	
	Chapter 2	A Cask of Amontillado by Adgar Allan Poe / 39	
	Chapter 3	The Red Badge of Courage by Stephen Crane	
		(excerpts) / 49	
	Chapter 4	Sister Carrie by Theodore Dreiser (excerpts) / 74	
Part Three	e Charac	eters ————————————————————————————————————	
	Chapter 1	Billy Budd, Sailor by Herman Melville	
	-	(excerpts) / 101	
	Chapter 2	The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain	
		(excerpts) / 116	
	Chapter 3	A Father-To-Be by Saul Bellow / 142	
	Chapter 4	The Scarlet Letter by Nathaniel Hawthorne	
		(excerpts) / 156	
Part Four	Themes		
	Chapter 1	The Great Gatsby by Francis Fitzgerald	
		(an excerpt) / 193	
	Chapter 2	Invisible Man by Ralph Ellison (an excerpt) / 212	
	Chapter 3	Everyday Use by Alice Walker / 219	

		❸ 美国文学教程:欣赏与评析 😂 🗕
	Chapter 4	Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller
		(an excerpt) / 231
	Chapter 5	The Things They Carried by Tim O'Brien
		(an excerpt) / 256
Part Five	Rhetorics / 273	
	Chapter 1	To a Waterfowl by William Cullen Bryant / 274
	Chapter 2	Rip Van Winkle by Washington Irving / 278
	Chapter 3	The American Scholar by Ralph W. Emerson
		(an excerpt) / 296
	Chapter 4	I Hear America Singing by Walt Whitman / 307
参考文献一		/ 311
后 记——		



### **Topics**

"题目"是作者贴在文学作品上的"标签",界定作品的"身份"。它的形态多样:一个短句、一个名词、一个动词、一个形容词、一个词组、一个人名或地名,乃至一个介词或数字,等等,不一而足。它是映入读者眼帘的第一个信息,是读者接触作品的第一步。它犹如一只眼睛,与读者的眼神进行第一次交流,并刻意地抓住读者的注意力,促使读者对之进行重点而持续的关注。

文学作品的题目往往是作者精心构造并刻意为之,是作者刻意突出的信息,甚至是作品主要意思的浓缩。透过题目,读者可以窥见作品的中心及其隐含的主题思想。因此,对于准备走进文学作品的读者来说,首先要关注题目,将题目与阅读及思考过程结合起来是一个非常有效的实践行为。

本部分包括四个单元:两篇小说和两首诗歌,它们都从"谁"、"什么"、 "为什么"三个方面解读作品题目的涵义。这三个问题基本上回答了题目的 主要内容,而且涵盖了文本的许多信息,对更深入地解读作品大有裨益。

#### Chapter 1 The Law of Life

by Jack London

#### 一、作者简介:

杰克·伦敦(1876—1916),美国 19 世纪末和 20 世纪初著名的小说家,虽英年早逝但学术影响长久。他的长篇小说有《野性的呼唤》(1903)、《海狼》(1904)、《白牙》(1906)、《铁蹄》(1908)、《马丁·伊顿》(1909),代表性的短篇故事集有《狼之子》(1900)、《霜的孩子》(1902)、《南海故事集》(1911)等。伦敦出身贫穷,没有完成大学教育,各种工作经历让他很早就体会到世事的艰辛,同时也磨炼了他坚强不屈的性格。一方面他几乎遍尝人间百味,另一方面他勤奋好学,并立志献身文学事业。他勤于笔耕,著述颇丰,除了小说,他还涉猎诗歌、散文、文学批评、新闻报道、科幻故事,等等。因此,他是一位具有传奇色彩的作家。

杰克·伦敦的创作思想深受达尔文的进化论、马克思的社会主义、斯宾塞的社会达尔文主义、尼采的"超人"哲学、弗洛伊德和卡尔·荣格的心理学的影响,因此他的作品思想内容丰富而复杂,为读者解读他的作品带来一定的难度,同时也为读者选择分析的切入点提供了巨大的自由空间。伦敦把自己的真实经历写进小说,同时用艺术的手段描写这些经历,使之既具有真情实感,又具有艺术魅力。特别是,他的若干篇长篇和短篇小说将他自己在北美阿拉斯加的克朗代克淘金的经历作为故事情节和背景,更加令人印象深刻,极具感染力。

生命、死亡、自然的本质、自然与人的关系、与外界和自我的抗争、生命的尊严等是伦敦作品经常反映的思想主题。其作品语言朴实通俗,以写实为主,同时兼有心理描写,这些特点让他的作品染上浓厚的现实主义和自然主义色彩,同时拥有丰富的象征意蕴。

#### 二、文本选读:

#### The Law of Life

Old Koskoosh listened greedy. Though his sight had long since faded, his

hearing was still acute, and the slightest sound penetrated to the glimmering intelligence which yet abode behind the withered forehead, but which no longer gazed forth upon the things of the world. Ah! That was Sit-cum-to-ha, shrilly anathematizing the dogs as she cuffed and beat them into the harnesses. Sit-cum-to-ha was his daughter's daughter, but she was too busy to waste a thought upon her broken grandfather, sitting alone there in the snow, forlorn and helpless. Camp must be broken<sup>1</sup>. The long trail waited while the short day refused to linger. Life called her, and the duties of life, not death. And he was very close to death now.

The thought made the old man panicky for the moment, and he stretched forth a palsied hand which wandered tremblingly over the small heap of dry wood beside him. Reassured that it was indeed there, his hand returned to the shelter of his mangy furs, and he again fell to listening. The sulky crackling of half-frozen hides told him that the chief's moose-skin lodge had been struck, and even then was being rammed and jammed into portable compass. The chief was his son, stalwart and strong, headman of the tribesmen, and a mighty hunter. As the women toiled with the camp luggage, his voice rose, chiding them for their slowness. Old Koskoosh strained his ears. It was the last time he would hear that voice. There went Geehow's lodge! And Tusken's! Seven, eight, nine, only the shaman's could be still standing. There! They were at work upon it now. He could hear the shaman grunt as he piled it on the sledge. A child whimpered, and a woman soothed it with soft, crooning gutturals. Little Koo-tee, the old man thought, a fretful child, and not over strong. It would die soon, perhaps, and they would burn a hole through the frozen tundra and pile rocks above to keep the wolverines away. Well, did it matter? A few years at best, and as many an empty belly as full one. And in the end, Death waited, ever-hungry and hungriest of them all.

What was that? Oh, the men lashing the sleds and drawing tight the thongs. He listened, who would listen no more. The whiplashes snarled and bit among the dongs. Hear them whine! How they hated the work and the trail! They were off! Sled after sled churned slowly away into the silence. They were gone. They had passed out of his life, and he faced the last bitter hour alone. No. The snow crunched beneath a moccasin; a man stood beside him; upon his head a hand rested gently. His son was good to do this thing. He remembered other old men whose sons had not waited after the tribe. But his son had. He wandered away into

the past, till the young man's voice brought him back.

"Is it well with you?" he asked.

And the old man answered, "It is well."

"There be wood beside you," the younger man continued, "and the fire burns bright. The morning is gray, and the cold has broken. It will snow presently. Even now it is snowing."

"Aye, even now is it snowing."

"The tribesmen hurry. Their bales are heavy and their bellies flat with lack of feasting. The trail is long and they travel fast. I go now. It is well?"

"It is well. I am as a last year's leaf, clinging lightly to the stem. The first breath that blows, and I fall. My voice is become like an old woman's. My eyes no longer show me the way of my feet, and my feet are heavy, and I am tired. It is well."

He bowed his head in content till the last noise of the complaining snow had died away, and he knew his son was so beyond recall. Then his hand crept out in haste to the wood. It alone stood between him and the eternity that yawned in upon him. At last the measure of his life was a handful of faggots. One by one they would go to feed the fire, and just so, step by step, death would creep upon him. When the last stick had surrendered up its heat, the frost would begin to gather strength. First his feet would yield, then his hands; and the numbness would travel, slowly, from the extremities to the body. His head would fall forward upon his knees, and he would rest. It way easy. All men must die.

He did not complain. It was the way of life, and it was just. He had been born close to the earth, close to the earth had he lived, and the law thereof was not new to him. It was the law of all flesh. Nature<sup>2</sup> was not kindly to the flesh. She had no concern for that concrete thing called the individual. Her interest lay in the species, the race. This was the deepest abstraction old Koskoosh's barbaric mind was capable of, but he grasped it firmly. He saw it exemplified in all life. The rise of the sap, the bursting greenness of the willow bud, the fall of the yellow leaf—in this alone was told the whole history. But one task did Nature set the individual. Did he not perform it, he died. Did he perform it, it was all the same, he died. Nature did not care; there were plenty who were obedient, and it was only the obedience in this matter, not the obedient, which lived and lived always. The tribe of Koskoosh was very old. The old men he had known when a boy had known

old men before them. Therefore it was true that the tribe lived, that it stood for the obedience of all its members, way down into the forgotten past, whose very resting places were unremembered. They did not count; they were episodes. They had passed away like clouds from a summer sky. He also was an episode and would pass away. Nature did not care. To life she set one task, gave one law. To perpetuate3 was the task of life, its law was death. A maiden was a good creature to look upon, full-breasted and strong, with spring to her step and light in her eyes. But her task was yet before her. The light in her eyes brightened, her step quickened, she was now bold with the young men, now timid, and she gave them of her own unrest4. And ever she grew fairer and yet fairer to look upon, till some hunter, able no longer to withhold himself, took her to his lodge to cook and toil for him and to become the mother of his children. And with the coming of her offspring her looks left her. Her limbs dragged and shuffled, her eyes dimmed and bleared, and only the little children found joy against the withered cheek of the old squaw by the fire. Her task was done. But a little while, on the first pinch of famine or the first long trail, and she would be left, even as he had been left, in the snow, with a little pile of wood. Such was the law.

He placed a stick carefully upon the fire and resumed his meditations. It was the same everywhere, with all things. The mosquitoes vanished with the first frost. The little tree squirrel crawled away to die. When age settled upon the rabbit it became slow and heavy and could no longer outfoot its enemies. Even the big baldface grew clumsy and blind and quarrelsome, in the end to be dragged down by a handful of yelping huskies. He remembered how he had abandoned his own father on an upper reach of the Klondike on winter, the winter before the missionary came with his talk books and his box of medicines. Many a time had Koskoosh smacked his lips over the recollection of that box, though now his mouth refused to moisten. The "painkiller" had been especially good. But the missionary was a bother after all, for he brought no meat into the camp, and he ate heartily, and the hunters grumbled. But he chilled his lungs on the divide by the Mayo, and the dogs afterward nosed the stones away and fought over his bones.

Koskoosh placed another stick on the fire and harked back deeper into the past. There was the time of the Great Famine, when the old men crouched empty-bellied to the fire, and let fall from their lips dim traditions of the ancient day when the Yukon ran wide open for three winter, and then lay frozen for three summers.

He had lost his mother in that famine. In the summer the salmon run had failed, and the tribe looked forward to the winter and the coming of the caribou. Then the winter came, but with it there were no caribou. Never had the like been known, not even in the lives of the old men. But the caribou did not come, and it was the seventh year, and the rabbits had not replenished, and the dogs were naught<sup>5</sup> but bundles of bones. And through the long darkness the children wailed and died, and the women, and the old men; and not one in ten of the tribe lived to meet the sun when it came back in the spring. That was a famine!

But he had seen times of plenty, too when the meat spoiled on their hands, and the dogs were fat and worthless with overeating—times when they let the game go unkilled, and the women were fertile and the lodges were cluttered with sprawling men-children and women-children. Then it was the men became high-stomached, and revived ancient quarrels, and crossed the divides to the south to kill the Pellys, and to the west that they might sit by the dead fires of the Tananas. He remembered, when a boy, during a time of plenty, when he saw a moose pulled down by the wolves. Zing-ha lay with him in the snow and watched—Zing-ha, who later became the craftiest of hunters, and who, in the end, fell through an air hole on the Yukon. They found him, a month afterward, just as he had crawled halfway out and frozen stiff to the ice.

But the moose. Zing-ha and he had gone out that day to play at hunting after the manner of their fathers. On the bed of the creek they struck the fresh track of a moose, and with it the tracks of many wolves. "An old one," Zing-ha, who was quicker at reading the sing, said, "an old one who cannot keep up with the herd. The wolves have cut him out from his brothers, and they will never leave him." And it was so. It was their way. By day and by night, never resting, snarling on his heels, snapping at his nose, they would stay by him to the end. How Zing-ha and he felt the blood lust quicken! The finish would be a sight to see!

Eager-footed, they took the trail, and even he, Koskoosh, slow of sight and an unversed tracker, could have followed it blind, it was so wide. Hot were they on the heels of the chase, reading the grim tragedy, fresh-written, at every stop. Now they came to where the moose had made a stand. Thrice the length of a grown man's body, in every direction, had the snow been stamped about and uptossed. In the midst were the deep impressions of the splay-hoofed game, and all about, everywhere, were the lighter foot marks of the wolves, some, while their brothers

harried the kill, had lain to one side and rested. The full-stretched impress of their bodies in the snow was as perfect as though made the moment before. One wolf had been caught in a wild lunge of the maddened victim and trampled to death. A few bones, well picked, bore witness.

Again, they ceased the uplift of their snowshoes at a second stand. Here the great animal had fought desperately. Twice had he been dragged down, as the snow attested, and twice had he shaken his assailants clear and gained footing once more. He had done his task long since, but none the less was life dear to him. Zing-ha said it was a strange thing, a moose once down to get free again; but this one certainly had. The shaman would see sings and wonders in this when they told him.

And yet again, they came to where the moose had made to mount the bank and gain the timber. But his foes had laid on from behind, till he reared and fell back upon them, crushing two deep into the snow. It was plain the kill was at hand, for their brothers had left them untouched. Two more stands were hurried past, brief in time length and very close together. The trail was red now, and the clean stride of the great beast had grown short and slovenly. Then they heard the first sounds of the battle—not the full-throated chorus of the chase, but the short, snappy bark which spoke of close quarters and teeth to flesh. Crawling up the wind, Zing-ha bellied it through the snow, and with him crept he, Koskoosh, who was to be chief of the tribesmen in the years to come. Together they shoved aside the underbrushes of a young spruce and peered forth. It was the end they saw.

The picture, like all of youth's impressions, was still strong with him, and his dim eyes watched the end played out as vividly as in that far-off time. Koskoosh marveled at this, for in the days which followed, when he was a leader of men and a head of councilors, he had done great deeds and made his name a curse in the mouths of the Pellys, to say naught of the strange white man he had killed, knife to knife, in open fight.

For long he pondered on the days of his youth, till the fire died down and the frost bit deeper. He replenished it with two sticks this time, and gauged his grip on life by what remained. If Sit-cumto-ha dad only remembered her grandfather, and gathered a larger armful, his hours would have been longer. It would have been easy. But she was even a careless child, and honored not her ancestors from the time the Beaver, son of the son of Zing-ha, first cast eyes upon her. Well,

what mattered it? Had he not done likewise in his own quick youth? For a while he listened to the silence. Perhaps the heart of his son might soften, and he would come back with the dogs to take his old father on with the tribe to where the caribou ran thick and the fat hung heavy upon them.

He strained his ears, his restless brain for the moment stilled. Not a stir, nothing. He alone took breath in the midst of the great silence. It was very lonely. Hark! What was that? A chill passed over his body. The familiar, long-drawn howl broke the void, and it was close at hand. Then on his darkened eyes was projected the vision of the moose—the old bull moose—the torn flanks and bloody sides, the riddled mane, and the great branching horns, down low and tossing to the last. He saw the flashing forms of gray, the gleaming eyes, the lolling tongues, the slavered fangs. And he saw the inexorable circle close in till it became a dark point in the midst of the stamped snow.

A cold muzzle thrust against his cheek, and at its touch his soul leaped back to the present. His hand shot into the fire and dragged out a burning faggot. Overcome for the nonce by his hereditary fear of man, the brute retreated, raising a prolonged call to his brothers; and greedily they answered, till a ring of crouching, jaw-slobbering gray was stretched round about. The old man listened to the drawing in of this circle. He waved his hand wildly, and sniffs turned to snarls; but the panting brutes refused to scatter. Now one wormed his chest forward, dragging his haunches after, now a second, now a third; but never a one drew back. Why should he cling to life? He asked, and dropped the blazing stick into the snow. It sizzled and went out. The circle grunted uneasily but held its own. Again he saw the last stand of the old bull moose, and Koskoosh dropped his head wearily upon his knees. What did it matter after all? Was it not the law of life?

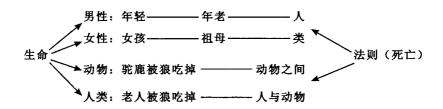
#### 三、题目解析:

《生命的法则》发表于 1901 年,是伦敦的短篇小说代表作。如题目所示,它向读者提出了两个问题:什么是"生命"?或者说"生命"的表现形式是什么?生命的"法则"是什么?

小说主要讲述了一个古老部落首领被狼群吃掉的故事。按照时间顺序, 小说先后叙述了四个小故事。第一个故事: 部落首领年迈体弱, 不能带领部 落继续前行。他长大成人的儿子取代了他, 成为部落的新首领。为了保证部

落成员的安全,他们不得不留下老人,寻找新的栖息地。老人独处严寒的荒 原,心生许多感慨。他明白这就是生命的轨迹:一切皆会老去,直至死亡。 第二个故事是关于女性的描写:女性年轻时貌美而耐看,眼睛充满光泽.步 态迅捷。继而,她进入恋爱年龄,显得更加美丽动人。然后她扮演了妻子、 母亲、祖母的角色。韶华已逝,红颜不再,形容枯槁,行将就木,直到老 死。第三个故事一直烙在老人的脑海:一只驼鹿遭到狼群的包围,被狼群扑 倒和蚕食。第四个故事发生在老人自己身上:一群狼朝他走来,把他围住。 起初,他挥棒竭力反抗,吓退狼群。但是很快,狼群不退反进。老人深知自 己势单力薄,反抗毫无效果。于是,他放弃抗争,淡然迎接死亡的命运。正 如小说结尾所说: "反抗又怎么样呢? 这不就是生命的法则吗?"

通过以上简述,读者发现该小说如同一篇议论文。它通过若干个事实 (故事片段)或曰"生命"的几个表现形式,阐明"生命"的内涵。这些生命的 形式包括男人和女人、驼鹿和狼、男人和狼。不论人类(男人、女人)还是 动物(驼鹿),最终都将走向死亡。这就是"生命的法则"。同时,在弱肉强 食的自然面前,弱者必将被强者毁灭:这是"生命的法则"的另一层涵义。 用图示表示:



#### 四、难点注释:

- 1. Camp must be broken:词组, break camp,收拾行李,离开该营地。
- 2. Nature: 大自然,造物主。
- 3. perpetuate: 使……继续下去。
- 4. unrest: (情感等)不安宁, 骚动。
- 5. naught: 无; 不存在(的)。

#### 五、延伸阅读与批评:

中篇小说《野性的呼唤》被公认为杰克·伦敦的代表作之一,与长篇小 说《马丁·伊登》齐名。它用自然主义的手法描写人与动物之间的曲折关系、