

【 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 】



The Selected Short Stories of John Galsworthy—The Apple Tree

高尔斯华绥短篇小说精选 ——苹果树

[英] 高尔斯华绥 著
王勋 等 编译

清华大学出版社



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内 容 简 介

本书精选了英国著名作家、诺贝尔文学奖获得者约翰·高尔斯华绥的5篇短篇小说——《在前的和在后的》《演变》《小山上的喜鹊》《品质》和《苹果树》等公认的短篇小说名篇。近一个世纪以来，它们被翻译成各种文字，影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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约翰·高尔斯华绥（John Galsworthy, 1867—1933），20 世纪英国著名小说家、剧作家，英国批判现实主义作家，1932 年诺贝尔文学奖获得者。

1867 年 8 月 14 日，高尔斯华绥出生在英格兰萨里地区的一个富裕家庭。他的父亲是伦敦的大律师，并经营好几家公司。遵从父训，他曾在牛津大学新学院学习法律，并于 1890 年成为律师。取得律师资格后，他并没有执业，而是出国打理家族生意，旅程中认识了波兰裔英国作家约瑟夫·康拉德并成为莫逆之交，这对他日后转向专职写作产生了很大的影响。

1895 年，高尔斯华绥开始写作。1897 年发表了短篇故事集《天涯海角》（From the Four Winds），之后陆续发表了一些作品，但直到 1904 年《法利赛人》（The Island Pharisees）的出版，才引起人们的注意。1906 年，他的第一个剧本《银盒》（The Silver Box）以及随后的长篇小说《有产业的人》（The Man of Property）都大获成功，并由此奠定了他在英国文坛的地位。

高尔斯华绥一生共出版了 20 部长篇小说、27 部剧本、3 部诗歌总集、173 篇短篇小说、5 篇随笔，以及其一些作品。他的作品以 19 世纪后期和 20 世纪初期的英国社会为背景，描写了英国资产阶级的社会和家庭生活，以及盛极而衰的历史。他的作品语言简练，形象生动，讽刺辛辣。他的代表作品有长篇小说三部曲《福尔赛世家》（包括《有产业的人》、《骑虎》和《出租》）、三部曲《现代喜剧》（包括《白猿》、《银匙》和《天鹅之歌》）、三部曲《尾声》（包括《女侍》、《开花的荒野》和《河那边》），以及剧本《银盒》、《斗争》、《群众》和《逃跑》等。1932 年，高尔斯华绥“因其描述的卓越艺术，这种艺术在《福尔赛世家》中达到高峰”而获诺贝尔文学奖。

除长篇小说和剧本之外，高尔斯华绥的短篇小说也受到世界各地读者的欢迎，他的短篇小说从现实主义出发，融入了大量的心理活动与心理分析的描写，极易引起读者的共鸣。近一个世纪以来，他的短篇小说作品被

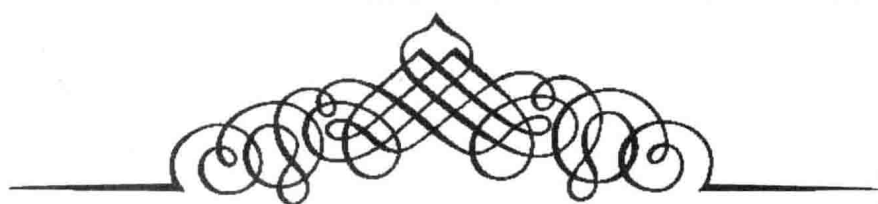


译成世界上几十种语言，受到一代又一代读者的喜爱。在中国，高尔斯华绥的短篇小说作品同样广受欢迎。基于以上原因，我们决定精选、编译高尔斯华绥短篇小说中的经典之作，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT，还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王勋编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起勇、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵玲、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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黑甲骑士	69	[英] 司各特



CONTENTS

品质

Quality 1

苹果树

The Apple Tree 12

小山上的喜鹊

Magpie Over The Hill 69

在前的与在后的

The First And Last 77

演变

Evolution 129

品 质

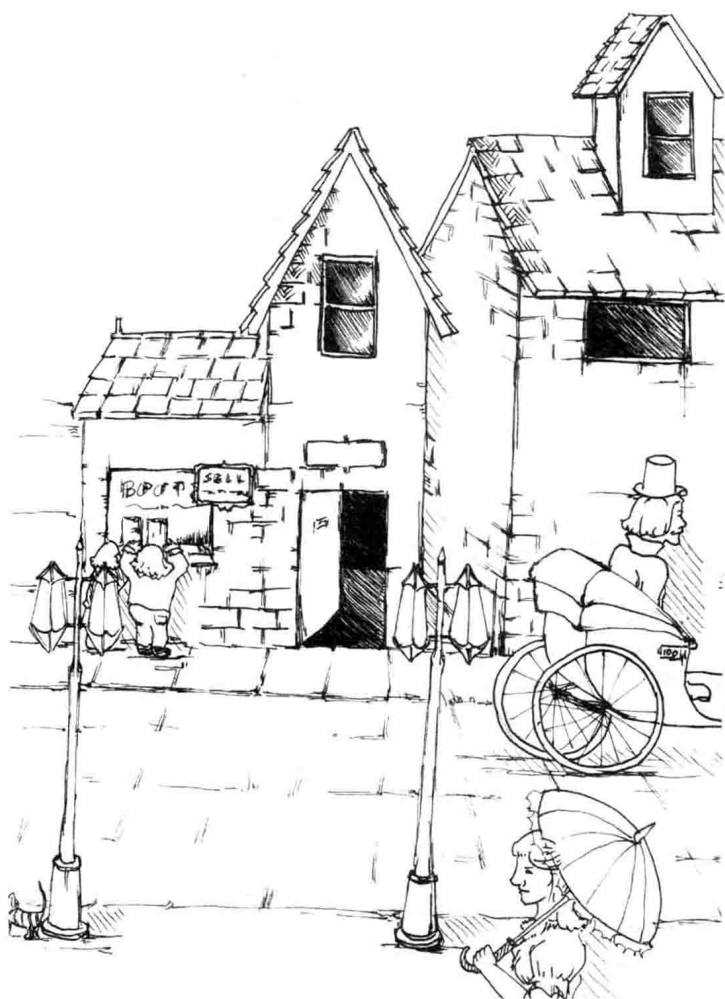
Quality



盖斯勒兄弟的鞋店曾位于伦敦西区的一条小街上，而现在这条街已不复存在。我从少年起就认识兄弟俩。他们只接受预订的鞋，鞋店橱窗里总是陈列着几双极美丽的靴子，从不更换，仿佛只有亲眼见过靴子灵魂的人才能做出那样堪称典范的鞋子。

盖斯勒兄弟俩有一种很可贵的品格，他们将做靴子看成艺术，做的靴子格外耐穿。他们两个人很像，只是弟弟朴实严肃而又迷恋理想，哥哥兢兢业业而又平淡乏味。人们去他们的店铺时非常舒适悠闲，只需坐在木椅上等待主人下来询问。若是我去他们店里请他们给我做一双俄国皮靴，盖斯勒手里就会拿着一张黄褐色皮革，将其啧啧称赞一番，和我约好什么时候取之后，我就可以离开了。他总是久久打量自己做的靴子。有一次我跟小盖斯勒说他上次给我做的靴子吱嘎作响，他让我送回来，说不修好就不收钱。

还有一次，我穿着一双在大公司买的靴子走进店里，小盖斯勒一眼就看出了来，说那不是他做的靴子，语调显得冷淡。他伸出手指按在鞋的某处问我那里疼不疼，我承认了——大公司的鞋穿起来的确不舒服。他谈起了如今行业上的艰难状况，说大公司们垄断了一切，只登广告而不好好做事，把靴子从热爱靴子的他们手中夺走，于是他们生意一年不如一年，就要失业了。我看到他的胡子白了不少。为此我订了许多靴子，但它们实在太耐穿了，我过了两年才又去到他们店里，但这时我发现他们的一半店铺已经盘给了另一个给王室做靴子的鞋匠，橱窗里的那些美丽靴子已被扔到



盖斯勒兄弟的鞋店位于一条小街上



一边。我很不好意思，又赶紧定做了三双。

几个月后我再去时，已经六十岁的小盖斯勒先生说他哥哥死了。他仍然问我要不要做靴子，我订了好几双，后来穿着出国了，这些靴子怎么也穿不坏。等我一年后再回去，再次请小盖斯勒为我做靴子时，他看上去老了许多，弱不禁风。靴子送来了，那是他为我做过的最好的靴子。一周后，我想去告诉他靴子很合脚，但店里一个陌生的年轻人告诉我现在这家店已经是他们的了，小盖斯勒已经死了。他还说，小盖斯勒从不登广告，整天在亲自做鞋，所有的钱用在房租和皮革上，也不给自己留吃饭的时间，是慢性饥饿死的。我转身离开了，不想让年轻人知道我不明白怎么会这样。

I knew him from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots; inhabiting with his elder brother two little shops let into one, in a small by-street-now no more, but then most fashionably placed in the West End.

That tenement had a certain quiet distinction; there was no sign upon its face that he made for any of the Royal Family—merely his own German name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. I remember that it always troubled me to account for those unvarying boots in the window, for he made only what was ordered, reaching nothing down, and it seemed so inconceivable that what he made could ever have failed to fit. Had he bought them to put there? That, too, seemed inconceivable. He would never have tolerated in his house leather on which he had not worked himself. Besides, they were too beautiful—the pair of pumps, so inexpressibly slim, the patent leathers with cloth tops, making water come into one's mouth, the tall brown riding boots with marvellous sooty glow, as if, though new, they had been worn a hundred years. Those pairs could only have been made by one who saw before him the Soul of Boot—so truly were they prototypes incarnating the very spirit of all foot-gear. These thoughts, of course, came to me later, though even when I was promoted to him, at the age of perhaps fourteen, some inkling haunted me of the dignity of himself and brother. For to make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

I remember well my shy remark, one day, while stretching out to him my youthful foot:

“Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?”



And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic redness of his beard: "Id is an Ardt!"

Himself, he was a little as if made from leather, with his yellow crinkly face, and crinkly reddish hair and beard; and neat folds slanting down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth, and his guttural and one-toned voice; for leather is a sardonic substance, and stiff and slow of purpose. And that was the character of his face, save that his eyes, which were grey-blue, had in them the simple gravity of one secretly possessed by the Ideal. His elder brother was so very like him—though watery, paler in every way, with a great industry—that sometimes in early days I was not quite sure of him until the interview was over. Then I knew that it was he, if the words, "I will ask my brudder," had not been spoken; and that, if they had, it was his elder brother.

When one grew old and wild and ran up bills, one somehow never ran them up with Gessler Brothers. It would not have seemed becoming to go in there and stretch out one's foot to that blue iron-spectacled glance, owing him for more than—say—two pairs, just the comfortable reassurance that one was still his client.

For it was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary—some, as it were, essence of boot stitched into them.

One went in, not as into most shops, in the mood of: "Please serve me, and let me go!" but restfully, as one enters a church; and, sitting on the single wooden chair, waited—for there was never anybody there. Soon, over the top edge of that sort of well—rather dark, and smelling soothingly of leather—which formed the shop, there would be seen his face, or that of his elder brother, peering down. A guttural sound, and the tip-tap of bast slippers beating the narrow wooden stairs, and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking—as if awakened from some dream of boots, or like an owl surprised in daylight and annoyed at this interruption.

And I would say: "How do you do, Mr. Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russia leather boots?"

Without a word he would leave me, retiring whence he came, or into the other portion of the shop, and I would, continue to rest in the wooden chair, inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his thin, veined hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it, he would remark: "What a beaudiful biece!" When I, too, had admired it, he would speak again. "When do you



wand dem?" And I would answer: "Oh! As soon as you conveniently can." And he would say: "To-morrow fordnight?" Or if he were his elder brother: "I will ask my brudder!"

Then I would murmur: "Thank you! Good-morning, Mr. Gessler." "Goot-morning!" he would reply, still looking at the leather in his hand. And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-tap of his bast slippers restoring him, up the stairs, to his dream of boots. But if it were some new kind of foot-gear that he had not yet made me, then indeed he would observe ceremony—divesting me of my boot and holding it long in his hand, looking at it with eyes at once critical and loving, as if recalling the glow with which he had created it, and rebuking the way in which one had disorganized this masterpiece. Then, placing my foot on a piece of paper, he would two or three times tickle the outer edges with a pencil and pass his nervous fingers over my toes, feeling himself into the heart of my requirements.

I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion to say to him; "Mr. Gessler, that last pair of town walking-boots creaked, you know."

He looked at me for a time without replying, as if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the statement, then said:

"Id shouldn'd 'ave greaked."

"It did, I'm afraid."

"You goddem wed before dey found demselves?"

"I don't think so."

At that he lowered his eyes, as if hunting for memory of those boots, and I felt sorry I had mentioned this grave thing.

"Zend dem back!" he said; "I will look at dem."

A feeling of compassion for my creaking boots surged up in me, so well could I imagine the sorrowful long curiosity of regard which he would bend on them.

"Zome boods," he said slowly, "are bad from birdt. If I can do noding wid dem, I dake dem off your bill."

Once (once only) I went absent-mindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm's. He took my order without showing me any leather, and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior integument of my foot. At last he said:

"Dose are nod my boods."



兄弟俩做的鞋子格外耐穿



The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, not even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot, endeavouring to be fashionable, was not quite comfortable.

"Id 'urds you dere," he said. "Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect. Drash!" And then, as if something had given way within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.

"Dey get id all," he said, "dey get id by adverdisement, nod by work. Dey dake it away from us, who lofe our boods. Id gomes to this —bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less you will see." And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle—and what a lot of grey hairs there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

As best I could, I explained the circumstances of the purchase of those ill-omened boots. But his face and voice made so deep impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs. Nemesis fell! They lasted more terribly than ever. And I was not able conscientiously to go to him for nearly two years.

When at last I went I was surprised to find that outside one of the two little windows of his shop another name was painted, also that of a bootmaker-making, of course, for the Royal Family. The old familiar boots, no longer in dignified isolation, were huddled in the single window. Inside, the now contracted well of the one little shop was more scented and darker than ever. And it was longer than usual, too, before a face peered down, and the tip-tap of the bast slippers began. At last he stood before me, and, gazing through those rusty iron spectacles, said:

"Mr.—, isn'd it?"

"Ah! Mr. Gessler," I stammered, "but your boots are really too good, you know! See, these are quite decent still!" And I stretched out to him my foot. He looked at it.

"Yes," he said, "beople do nod wand good hoods, id seems."

To get away from his reproachful eyes and voice I hastily remarked: "What have you done to your shop?"

He answered quietly: "Id was too exbensif. Do you wand some boods?"

I ordered three pairs, though I had only wanted two, and quickly left. I had, I do not know quite what feeling of being part, in his mind, of a conspiracy against him; or not perhaps so much against him as against his idea of boot. One does not, I suppose,