



中文导读英文版

哈代作品系列



Jude the Obscure

无名的裘德

[英] 哈代 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社





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内 容 简 介

《无名的裘德》是英国著名小说家、诗人哈代的重要代表作之一，是公认的世界名著。男主人公裘德自幼父母双亡，虽然贫困孤苦，但他却有一颗上进求索的心。他先是在乡村面包店里做伙计，后在石匠铺学徒。在艰苦劳作之余，他好学深思、刻苦自修，却始终被拒之于大学门外。女主人公苏珊娜聪颖美貌，接受过正规的师范教育，她不但具有独立的思想和人格，而且蔑视世俗和僵化的宗教。为了爱情，他们敢于挑战世俗与教会，并且最终走到了一起。裘德雄心不止，但壮志未酬，更不幸的是他们的孩子因故而亡。绝望中，苏珊娜终向命运和教会屈服，离开了深爱的裘德；而裘德则终日纵酒，郁郁成疾，未满三十岁即含恨而终。

该书自出版以来，一直受到世界各地一代又一代读者的欢迎，被翻译成十几种文字，还被改编成电影。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国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，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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图书在版编目（CIP）数据

无名的裘德=Jude the Obscure: 中文导读英文版/（英）哈代（Hardy, T.）著；王勋，纪飞等编译. —北京：清华大学出版社，2011.1
ISBN 978-7-302-23870-6

I. ①无… II. ①哈… ②王… ③纪… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②长篇小说—英国—近代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字（2010）第 181050 号

责任编辑：李 晔

责任校对：徐俊伟

责任印制：杨 艳

出版发行：清华大学出版社

地 址：北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座

<http://www.tup.com.cn>

邮 编：100084

社 总 机：010-62770175

邮 购：010-62786544

投稿与读者服务：010-62795954, jsjtc@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质 量 反 馈：010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 刷 者：清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者：三河市金元印装有限公司

经 销：全国新华书店

开 本：170×260 印 张：32.25 字 数：576 千字

版 次：2011 年 1 月第 1 版 印 次：2011 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数：1~5000

定 价：49.50 元



托马斯·哈代 (Thomas Hardy, 1840—1928), 英国著名小说家、诗人, 是一位跨世纪的文学巨匠。

1840 年 6 月 2 日, 哈代出生在英国西南部的一个毗邻多塞特郡大荒原的小村庄, 这里的自然环境成了日后哈代作品的主要背景。他的父亲是石匠, 非常重视对哈代教育。1856 年哈代离开学校, 给一名建筑师当学徒。1862 年前往伦敦, 任建筑绘图员, 并在伦敦大学进修语言, 开始文学创作。

哈代的文学生涯开始于诗歌, 因作品无法发表而进行小说创作。1871 年, 他出版了第一部长篇小说《计出无奈》。1874 年, 出版了《远离尘嚣》, 该书一经出版便立即引起轰动, 并由此确立了他在英国文学界的地位。从此, 他放弃了建筑职业, 全身心地致力于小说创作。哈代一生共创作出版了近 20 部长篇小说, 除《远离尘嚣》外, 著名的小说还有《苔丝》、《无名的裘德》、《还乡》和《卡斯特桥市长》。哈代出版诗集 8 集, 共 918 首。此外, 他还有许多以“威塞克斯故事”为总名的中短篇小说, 以及长篇史诗剧《列王》。

在哈代的众多作品中, 《无名的裘德》是他最重要的作品之一, 也是英语文学中最伟大的作品之一。该书出版近一百多年来, 被译成世界上多种语言, 是公认的世界文学名著之一。

在中国, 《无名的裘德》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前, 在国内数量众多的外国经典文学书籍中, 主要的出版形式有两种: 一种是中文翻译版, 另一种是英文原版。其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎, 这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看, 直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读, 使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式, 也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排, 这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上



原因，我们决定编译《无名的裘德》，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。

本书主要内容由纪飞、王勋编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于科学、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。



CONTENTS

第一部分 在玛丽格林

第一章/Chapter 1	2
第二章/Chapter 2	8
第三章/Chapter 3	16
第四章/Chapter 4	24
第五章/Chapter 5	31
第六章/Chapter 6	38
第七章/Chapter 7	46
第八章/Chapter 8	55
第九章/Chapter 9	61
第十章/Chapter 10	68
第十一章/Chapter 11	76

第二部分 在基督寺

第一章/Chapter 1	86
第二章/Chapter 2	95
第三章/Chapter 3	105
第四章/Chapter 4	112
第五章/Chapter 5	122
第六章/Chapter 6	130
第七章/Chapter 7	141

第三部分 在米尔切斯特

第一章/Chapter 1	152
第二章/Chapter 2	161
第三章/Chapter 3	167
第四章/Chapter 4	174
第五章/Chapter 5	184



第六章/Chapter 6	192
第七章/Chapter 7	203
第八章/Chapter 8	211
第九章/Chapter 9	221
第十章/Chapter 10	231

第四部分 在杉寺同

第一章/Chapter 1	240
第二章/Chapter 2	250
第三章/Chapter 3	261
第四章/Chapter 4	273
第五章/Chapter 5	285
第六章/Chapter 6	297

第五部分 在阿尔德布里克汉及其他地方

第一章/Chapter 1	308
第二章/Chapter 2	314
第三章/Chapter 3	325
第四章/Chapter 4	337
第五章/Chapter 5	348
第六章/Chapter 6	359
第七章/Chapter 7	372
第八章/Chapter 8	380

第六部分 再次来到基督寺

第一章/Chapter 1	390
第二章/Chapter 2	402
第三章/Chapter 3	415
第四章/Chapter 4	431
第五章/Chapter 5	440
第六章/Chapter 6	450
第七章/Chapter 7	460
第八章/Chapter 8	469
第九章/Chapter 9	478
第十章/Chapter 10	486
第十一章/Chapter 11	492

第一部分 在玛丽格林

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 men, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?”—ESDRAS.

第一章

Chapter 1



村里的小学老师菲洛特孙先生将要离开了，人们都有些难过。为了将行李运到将要去的城市，磨坊主特意将马车借给了他。这些行李除了一些书籍外，就属一台小钢琴最为笨重了，这是他以前为学器乐而在拍卖会上买来的。如今那股热情早已荡然无存，现在这台钢琴反倒成了搬家的累赘。

裘德，这个 11 岁的小男孩，正默默地帮着老师打点行李，他说他的姑婆家有个仓房，不妨将钢琴先搁在那儿，等老师安顿好住处后再搬走也不迟。大家觉得这主意也不错，小男孩的姑婆听说后，也表示愿意提供地方。

老师态度和蔼地跟他道别，泪水从小男孩的眼里涌出，他其实算不得老师的正式学生，只是夜间接受辅导的旁听生。老师告诉小男孩大学是他一直以来的梦想，他要成为一名大学毕业生，然后做一位受人尊敬的牧师，因此他要去基督寺地区，那里有更好的机会来实现他的理想。

在早晨的薄雾里，马车在吱嘎、吱嘎地声响中渐行渐远，最终消失得无影无踪。裘德重新回到井边准备提水回家，当他看到这口老师常常打水的井口时，自言自语道：老师那样的聪明人，怎么会长久待在这死气沉沉的地方呢？突然一声叫喊打断了他的思路，原来是焦急的姑婆在催促他赶紧回家。

*T*HE 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 packing-case 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 castiron crosses warranted to last five years.

第二章

Chapter 2



别看小裘德身体纤弱，却能一口气地将满满两桶水提回家，这时姑婆正与邻居们一起聊得正酣。有人很好奇地问这个小男孩是谁，姑婆告诉他们是她的侄孙子，他爸得了疟疾去世了，她只好将他接来，现在正帮邻近的农场主在地里轰鸟儿，借此挣点小钱。姑婆又说道：这小子对书着了迷，这是我们家人的德性，他的表妹苏珊娜也一样。唉，裘德将来可千万不要结婚啊。

裘德并没有听懂姑婆的话，他走到面包烘房，吃了点早餐面包，就走向农场主家的麦田了。他坐在稻草堆下面，每隔几秒钟就敲打起手中的响棍，以惊跑那些偷食的白嘴鸦。不久，他的手臂疼痛了，竟然同情起那群鸟儿，于是丢开响棍，大声嚷道：“可怜的小东西们，放开来好好吃一顿吧。”

这时他突然感到屁股被狠狠地打了一下，原来农场主正怒气冲冲地站在他身后，手里挥舞着响棍，怒斥道：“你就是这样给我轰鸟来挣一天六便士的吗？”接着农场主抓住裘德，将棍子拼命地砸了下去。最后，农场主打得厌倦了，扔下六便士，说再也不准裘德到这里来了。

裘德一路哭着回家了，他发现了一个可怕的事实：这一年来他已经丢尽了脸面，恐怕一辈子要成为姑婆的累赘了。他走进屋子，姑婆很好奇地问他：为何这么早就回来了？听了他的解释后，姑婆怒不可遏，大声教训他说如果整日这样无所事事，她可不能管他吃饭！

“嗯，你为什么不追随你的老师去基督寺呢，那儿离这里只有二十英里远，是个好地方。不过可能与你没有多大关系的，你们家的人总是没什么

出息。”姑婆接着说道。

裘德走出屋子，因为下午无事可做，他就来到村里，问基督寺在哪里。有个男人指了指东北方向。于是他偷偷溜出村子，沿着小路爬上了斜坡，到达了小路与公路的汇合处，在他的面前是一片荒凉而开阔的高地。

*S*LENDER 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 sign-board, and some other villagers. Having seen the school-master 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 mischty. 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-shet-ters 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 uniformity 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