

阅读空间 · 新课标英语分级读物

英语课程标准第八级

8

英汉对照版

Heart of Darkness

黑暗之心

→ Joseph Conrad ←

中国教育学会外语教学专业委员会推荐

中国电力出版社  
www.sjdf.com.cn

CENTURY ORIENTAL 世纪东方

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原著 Joseph Conrad

京权图字 01-2004-1816

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

黑暗之心 = Heart of Darkness / (英) 康拉德 (Conrad, J.) 著; 阮斌兵等译. — 北京: 中国电力出版社, 2004

(阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物·8级)

ISBN 7-5083-2844-2

I. 黑... II. ①康...②阮... III. 英语—阅读教学—中学—课外读物

IV. G634.413

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2004) 第 107280 号

Heart of Darkness by Joseph Conrad

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## 黑暗之心

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出版发行: 中国电力出版社

社址: 北京市西城区三里河路 6 号 (100044)

网 址: <http://www.sjdf.com.cn>

印 刷: 北京地矿印刷厂

开本尺寸: 130 × 200

印 张: 7

字 数: 200 千字

版 次: 2005 年 3 月第 1 版 2005 年 3 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 7-5083-2844-2

定 价: 9.00 元

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# 出 版 说 明

这是一套针对英语为外语的学生而出版的世界文学名著分级读物。丛书的编写紧密结合新《英语课程标准》的要求,按难易程度分为6个级别,适合3至8级(即初一至高三)学生的阅读需求,帮助学生在语言技能、语言知识、学习策略和文化意识等方面达到新课标的培养目标。

这套书的英文注释版出版后,引起社会广泛关注,被迅速选定为国家教育部专项任务项目——“中小学英语真实阅读教学推广实验”的推荐用书;经中国教育学会外语教学专业委员会推荐,各地中小学英语教研员和教师正积极参与课题实验。相信该英汉对照版同样会成为各层次读者英语学习的首选。

## 丛书主要有以下特点:

囊括西方经典文学名著,在帮助学生提高语言水平的同时,能通过阅读与自己外语水平相当的简写本一窥文学名著之全貌。

按新课标分级,英汉对照版的各册词汇量从700词到3500词,满足中学生的阅读需要。语言难度循序渐进,有助于教师拓展学生的语言知识和文化背景信息,提升学生的英语阅读技能。

语言浅显、生动、地道,以英汉对照的形式出版,既保留了英文的原汁原味,中英文双语又可为读者在阅读英文时扫除语言障碍,能够充分调动读者的阅读兴趣,使英语阅读更轻松。

希望本丛书能够高效地增强我国学生的英语阅读能力,提升他们的文学素养。

# 序

随着国家《英语课程标准》的颁布和实施，中小学英语教学进入了一个新的阶段。新课标对学生课外阅读量和阅读目标都提出了更高的要求。作为课堂阅读的继续和延伸，课外阅读是中学英语阅读教学中的一个重要环节。新课标对课外阅读的新要求需要广大英语教师更好地解决以下三个问题：

❶ 如何激发和持久地保持学生的阅读兴趣？

❷ 如何将课外阅读活动与课堂阅读活动有效地结合？

❸ 如何在有限的课堂教学指导下监控和评价学生的课外阅读效果？

要解决上述问题，可以从以下几个方面考虑：

**阅读选材** 阅读材料的题材和难度是影响学生阅读兴趣的主要因素，因此教师在选择和推荐课外阅读材料时，首先应注意阅读材料是否符合学生的认知水平和语言水平，并在两者间找到平衡点。许多材料容易读懂，但对该年龄段的学生可能内容太过浅显，引不起学生的兴趣；也许材料符合学生的心理和认知水平，但语言太难，使学生望而却步。另外，阅读材料还应给学生提供更多的英语国家文化背景知识。许多英语文学名著、寓言故事等在英语国家家喻户晓，人们在言谈、写作时往往予以引用，如同我们引用古诗词和成语一样。如果学生对此毫不了解，就会造成交流和理解上的困难。这套百本之巨的《阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物》（西方文学名著系列）是在《英语课程标准》推广以来出版规模最大的一套中小学生学习英语阅读丛书，选题的设计者严格按照新课标的各个级别遴选阅读材料，提倡让英语阅读更轻松、更系统、更高效，这样的主导思想和策划方案无疑是正确的。这套丛书分级明确，语言浅显、地道，且与《英语课程标准》的分级标准相匹配，教师可以根据学生的外语水平和兴趣爱好帮助学生选择。

**练习活动** 阅读的练习和活动形式也是影响学生阅读兴趣的另一个重要因素。在以往的阅读教学中，由于教学时间的限制和应试的压力，阅读的练习和活动形式往往局限于单一的限时应试练习，给学生带来很强的压迫感，严重地影响了他们的阅读兴趣。因此，教师应该设计类型丰富、形式活泼的练习与活动，使学生从被动的阅读者转变为积极的参

与者，并使 学生获得更多实践英语和使用英语的机会，如此才能激发和增强他们的阅读热情和兴趣。《阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物》丛书检测方式灵活，其多样化的阅读训练题型，对有意识地培养学生正确的学习策略很有意义。这套丛书的检测训练层级清晰，从初级的看图配话、趣味学用、拼字游戏、常识判断，到较深层的读前思考、推论归纳、背景探索，加上组对练习与互动讨论，明确地突出了学生语言应用能力的培养。

**系统性与连续性** 阅读材料的系统性，是指根据《英语课程标准》，从语言知识、语言技能、文化意识和学习策略等几个方面，对阅读材料进行科学分级，使学生能够循序渐进，拾级而上。阅读材料的连续性，则是指阅读材料的篇幅和内容的关联性能够让课堂阅读活动延续并拓展到课外。阅读教学中经常采用的短篇限时阅读，虽然容易控制时间，提高阅读速度，但是因学生的阅读能力存在差异而不能“面向全体”，且阅读限时和单一的应试练习形式也很难将课堂阅读活动延伸到课外。市面上的英文名著简写本版本虽多，但像《阅读空间·新课标英语分级读物》这样内容系统、分级明确，并配有大量形式多样、活泼的分项练习的，确实不多。它弥补了短篇阅读理解内容相对独立，不具有连续性的缺陷，使阅读活动能够从课堂延伸到课外。学生可以自己选择他们喜欢的、适合自己水平的读本，教师可以通过诸如写故事梗概、预测故事情节、进行小组讨论等多样、互动的阅读练习与活动，将学生在课堂中的思维延伸到课外，并在下一次课堂教学中检验和评价学生上一次课外阅读活动的结果。

希望有更多的一线教师积极总结自身的教学经验，广泛开展和参与阅读教学的课题研究与探讨，总结出更好、更有效率的阅读教学方法。

中国教育学会外语教学专业委员会理事长  
人民教育出版社外语分社社长



龚亚夫

2004年4月18日

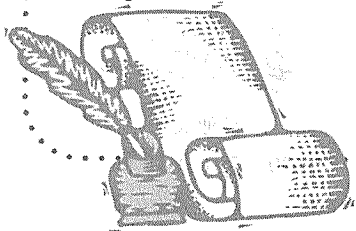
## Introduction

JOSEPH CONRAD was born on December 3rd 1857 in the Polish Ukraine which was, at the time, under Russian rule. His parents were fervent Polish patriots who were exiled for their involvement in the Polish independence movement. Both had died by the time he was ten years old and Conrad was brought up in Cracow by an affectionate uncle. In 1874, he went to Marseilles to join a French merchant ship. This marked the beginning of Conrad's passion for sea travel and over the next twenty years he was to visit many exotic and far-flung places.

In 1878 he joined the British merchant navy and began learning English; he progressed steadily in the service, and in 1886 he became a naturalized British citizen. His experiences during his disastrous voyage up the Congo made a profound impression on him and were to form the background to his novella *Heart of Darkness* (1902).

Unlike other writers of his time, Conrad tended to isolate his hero, seeking to concentrate attention on the individual and his dilemmas, and there is no setting in which a man is more isolated than in the tropical and jungle settings which Conrad depicted. Many regard his novella as a harbinger of twentieth century fiction, exploring such themes as doubt, the subconscious, and the futility of existence. On a more concrete level, Conrad undoubtedly uses the story to condemn the greed and cruelty of European colonialists.

Joseph Conrad died in Kent on August 3rd 1924.



简

介

约瑟夫·康拉德于1857年12月3日出生在当时由沙俄统治的波兰乌克兰地区。其父母亲是热血的波兰爱国者，因参加民族独立运动被沙俄政府流放，10岁时，他在父母死后由好心的舅舅抚养，在克拉科夫成长。1874年他前往马赛，在一艘法国商船上工作。这标志着康拉德航海激情的始发。其后，他在海上生活达20年，其阅历广及全世界的许多具有异域风情的地方。

1878年，康拉德加入了英国的商船队，并且开始学习英语，在船队的服务中，他得到了稳步的提升，并于1886年加入英国籍。在前往刚果的灾难性航行中所获得的经历给康拉德留下了极深的印象，并构成了他的小说《黑暗之心》(1902)的大背景。

有别于与他同时代的作家，康拉德的小说喜欢写孤独的主人公，让笔锋集中描述个体的人物及其遭遇到的难题；他笔下的热带和丛林地带背景中的人物更显得形单影只，这种效果是其他背景所绝难达到的。许多人认为，在探索有关生存的困惑、生存的潜意识及生存意义的

——类主题方面，康拉德是20世纪小说的先驱者。下



## Chapter 1

The Nellie, a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and being bound down the river, the only thing for it was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide.

The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to realize his work was not out there in the luminous estuary but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

Between us there was, as I have already said somewhere, the bond of the sea. Besides holding our hearts together through long periods of separation, it had the effect of making us tolerant of each other's yarns — and even convictions. The Lawyer — the best of old fellows — had, because of his many years and many virtues, the only cushion on deck, and was lying on the only rug. The Accountant had brought out already a box of dominoes, and was



## 第一章

一艘名为“奈丽号”的巡航帆船静静地依锚轻荡，风帆未见鼓动。潮水已经涨满，即将回退；四周几乎无风，“奈丽号”正等待着退潮，好顺流而下。

眼前的河面就像一条绵长而没有尽头的水路，从泰晤士河的人海口延伸开去。远处的水面上，大海和蓝天焊接成一体，连接缝也看不到。波光粼粼，映衬在一簇簇尖尖矗起的红帆中间，游船在海潮中轻轻地摆动，棕黄色的船帆却似乎佇立着，船上它那油漆过的三角帆在微微发光。一团阴霾静静地栖息在下游河岸线处，河岸延伸并慢慢消失在海面上。阴暗的天空笼罩着格雷夫森德，其后更远的地方，沉寂好像凝成愁云，使这座地球上最庞大、最伟大的市镇上空飘荡着一种哀伤。

我们的领头人——这条船的船主，是几家公司的董事，他正站在船头遥望海口；我们四个看着他的背影，充满敬慕之情。整条河上只有他是那么的具有海洋的气息，他的这种特质即使打个对折也无人能及。他就像一个领航员，能给予水手一种人格化的信赖感。旁人很难理解的是他的工作不是在那灯火通明的港湾，而是在他身后那哀云愁雾之中。

正如我曾在什么地方说过的那样，“大海情结”是我们之间的纽带。在相当长的时间里我们虽然不在一起，它却把每个人的心紧紧相连；同时，这份“情结”也使我们相处时能够容忍他人的无稽之谈——甚至无端的怪罪。那个律师，拥有多年的经验和许多优秀的品德，在一帮老朋友中算是出类拔萃的

了 他得以独自用折上的船 从地 而且正能在帆上挂 的



toying architecturally with the bones. Marlow sat cross-legged right aft, leaning against the mizzen-mast. He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, with his arms dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol. The Director, satisfied the anchor had good hold, made his way aft and sat down amongst us. We exchanged a few words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The water shone pacifically the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of unstained light; the very mist on the Essex marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shores in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more sombre every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the august light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, “followed the sea” with reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had



块毯子上。会计早已把一盒多米诺骨牌拿了出来，此刻他正堆砌骨牌作消遣。马洛盘腿坐在船尾右侧，身体倚在后桅杆上。他的脸颊深陷，脸色泛黄，身板挺拔，一副苦行僧的面貌，加上他的双臂垂下，双掌朝外，俨然一尊塑像。锚已抛好，头领满意地走向船尾，坐在了我们中间。我们偶尔懒散地交谈着，不一会儿，游艇上便沉寂了下来。不知出于什么原因，我们并没有开始玩骨牌，而是陷入了沉思中。除了静心凝视，其他什么也不想做。白昼在一片静谧和美丽的光辉中逐渐消失。水面微波不兴，散发着光辉，天空没有一个斑点，白净无瑕的光亮构成安详的一片。埃塞克斯沼泽地上的水气像一层薄纱，也像发光的织物，从远处树木繁茂的小山上垂落下来，宛如为下游河岸张开半透明的褶幕。只有漂浮在西方上游的阴霾开始变得越来越昏暗阴森，像被越来越靠近的落日激怒了似的。

最后，太阳划着难以察觉的弧线降落，原本闪亮炽热的白光也变成了暗淡的红光，没有了光线和热量，好像是被那郁积在人群上方的愁雾所触碰而濒于灭亡一样，它似乎马上就要突然消失。

突然之间，这片水域起了变化，刚才的平静开始变得黯淡模糊却又深邃莫测。这条古老的河流向远方广阔地延伸，在一天的最后时间里安静祥和。端庄而静穆的水道，通往天涯海角，它曾世代代为聚居两岸的人做过许多好事，并且在延续着。我们不是用来去匆匆的短暂一天来看待眼前的这条庄严古老的河流，而是用充满庄严光辉的永恒记忆去看它。俗语说



borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled — the great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the Golden Hind returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the Erebus and Terror, bound on other conquests — and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith — the adventurers and the settlers; kings' ships and the ships of men on Change; captains, admirals, the dark "interlopers" of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned "generals" of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth! The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empires.

The sun set; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along the shore. The Chapman lighthouse, a three-legged thing erect on a mud-flat, shone strongly. Lights of ships moved in the fairway — a great stir of lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine, a lurid glare under the stars.

"And this also," said Marlow suddenly, "has been one of the dark places of the earth."

He was the only man of us who still "followed the sea". The worst that could be said of him was that he did not represent his class. He was a seaman but he was a wanderer, too, while most seamen lead, if one may so express it, a sedentary life. Their minds



未受封的伟大的海上游侠骑士，它都知晓和效力过。这条伟大的河流也曾承载过那些名字有如暗夜中的珠宝一样耀眼的船只，从“金马鹿”号到“爱利巴斯”号和“泰罗”号。“金马鹿”号有着圆形的舷翼，满载金银财宝归航，受到女王陛下的接见，由此传颂着无尽的神话；“爱利巴斯”号和“泰罗”号参加了各种征战，最终有去无回。它知道那些船和船上的人们，他们当中有探险家和殖民者，国王的船只，还有那些载着生意人的船只，船长们，商船队的队长们，从事东部贸易的私贩们，东印度舰队的“将军们”。他们从德夫特弗德，从格林威治，从伊瑞斯扬帆起航，为了寻找金子或追求名利，溯河而上，手握刀剑和火把，他们是陆地上强权的使者，从圣火中取来火种的人们。哪一件伟绩会不随着退潮漂流着进入这块地球上神秘的区域呢！它是人们的梦想，是共和国联邦的种子，是帝国的起源。

太阳落山了，河上笼罩着薄暮，岸边也渐渐亮起了灯光。查普曼灯塔发出的强烈的光照射着河面，那三足灯塔建造在平坦的泥地上。船只沿着航道行驶，水路上大片闪烁不定的光或上或下。西边远处河的上游，那座巨怪般的城镇仍在高处显露着不祥之兆，那是阳光中哀愁的阴霾，星光下惨淡的幽光。

“这里，”马洛忽然说道，“一向是世间最黑暗的地方之一。”

他是我们当中惟一个仍在“追随大海”的人。关于他的最坏的传言就是他很另类。他是一个水手，又是一个流浪汉。如果可以这样说的话，绝大多数水手都过着一种固定的生活。



are of the stay-at-home order, and their home is always with them — the ship; and so is their country — the sea. One ship is very much like another, and the sea is always the same. In the immutability of their surroundings the foreign shores, the foreign faces, the changing immensity of life, glide past, veiled not by a sense of mystery but by a slightly disdainful ignorance; for there is nothing mysterious to a seaman unless it be the sea itself, which is the mistress of his existence and as inscrutable as Destiny. For the rest, after his hours of work, a casual stroll or a casual spree on shore suffices to unfold for him the secret of a whole continent, and generally he finds the secret not worth knowing. The yarns of seamen have a direct simplicity, the whole meaning of which lies within the shell of a cracked nut. But Marlow was not typical (if his propensity to spin yarns be excepted), and to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine.

His remark did not seem at all surprising. It was just like Marlow. It was accepted in silence. No one took the trouble to grunt even; and presently he said, very slow, "I was thinking of very old times, when the Romans first came here, nineteen hundred years ago — the other day... Light came out of this river since — you say Knights? Yes; but it is like a running blaze on a plain, like a flash of lightening in the clouds. We live in the flicker — may it last as long as the old earth keeps rolling! But darkness was here yesterday. Imagine the feelings of a commander of a fine — what d'ye call 'em? — trireme in the Mediterranean, ordered suddenly to the north; run overland across the Gauls in a hurry: put in charge of one of these craft the legionaries — a wonderful lot of handy men they must have been, too — used to build, apparently by the hundred, in a month or two, if we may believe what we read. Imagine



做是他们的国家。一艘船与另一艘没什么两样，大海也总是同一个。在这一成不变的环境中，那些异乡的海岸、异国的面孔、不断变化的生活一闪而过。水手们表露出来的不是神秘感，而是一种被人蔑视的愚昧，在他们眼里，这一切并不神秘。除了大海，再也没有什么能让一个水手感到神秘的了，大海是支配他们存在的霸主，如同命运之神一般不可思议。至于其他人，数小时的工作之后，偶然的海滩闲逛或狂欢似乎已足够使他明白这整个大陆的秘密，而且往往是他发现这些秘密并不值得知晓。水手们的故事，直接而简单，全部的内容就像硬壳已开裂的坚果果仁。但马洛与众不同（如果把他善讲故事的癖好撇开不谈的话），对他来说，一段故事的含义不像果核一样包在壳里，而是在壳外；它们把完整的故事封装，它们的显露如同一道光芒引发的朦胧烟霭，又像淡淡的月晕，有时只能在多彩的月光辉映下才清晰可见。

马洛的话听起来一点也不令人惊讶，这正是他的风格。我们默默地接受他的见解，甚至没有人嘟囔半句。他不紧不慢地接着说：“我想起了古时候，1900年前，罗马人第一次来到英格兰——后来……光明从这条河流绽放——你说是骑士？是的，但它像穿越平原的火焰，又像云端中射出的闪电。我们生活在变幻之中，这种变幻很有可能伴随着古老地球的转动持续下去。但是就在昨天，黑暗仍然主宰着这里。想象一下这种感受吧，作为指挥官，你行驶在地中海的一艘——人们叫它——



him here — the very end of the world, a sea the colour of lead, a sky the colour of smoke, a kind of ship about as rigid as a concertina — and going up this river with stores, or orders, or what you like. Sand-banks, marshes, forests, savages — precious little to eat fit for a civilized man, nothing but Thames water to drink. No Falernian wine here, no going ashore. Here and there a military camp lost in a wilderness, like a needle in a bundle of hay — cold, fog, tempests, disease, exile, and death — death skulking in the air, in the water, in the bush. They must have been dying like flies here. Oh, yes — he did it. Did it very well, too, no doubt, and without thinking much about it either, except afterwards to brag of what he had done through his time, perhaps. They were men enough to face the darkness. And perhaps he was cheered by keeping his eye on a chance of promotion to the fleet at Ravenna by-and-by, if he had good friends in Rome and survived the awful climate. Or think of a decent young citizen in a toga — perhaps too much dice you know — coming out here in the train of some prefect, or tax-gatherer, or trader even, to mend his fortunes. Land in a swamp, march through the woods, and in some inland post feel the savagery, the utter savagery, had closed round him — all that mysterious life of the wilderness that stirs in the forest, in the jungles, in the hearts of wild men. There's no initiation either into such mysteries. He has to live in the midst of the incomprehensible, which is also de-testable. And it has a fascination, too, that goes to work upon him. The fascination of the abomination — you know, imagine the growing regrets, the longing to escape, the powerless disgust, the surrender, the hate.”

He paused.

“Mind,” he began again, lifting one arm from the elbow, the palm of the hand outwards, so that, with his legs folded before him, he had the pose of a Buddha preaching in European clothes and without a lotus-flower — “Mind, none of us would feel exactly

