《现代英文选评注》

图书基本信息

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内容概要

《现代英文选评注》收入四十余位英美作家的文章，加以夏济安先生细密周详的评注，由夏志清先生校订。本书是学习英文最好的课外读物，选文内容有趣，风格清新，对原文难词难句及章节结构均有深入浅出的阐释，读者不但可加深对原文的理解，亦能欣赏原文修辞之精微，领会作者雕词琢句的苦心。

《现代英文选评注》

作者简介

夏济安（1916—1965），著名翻译家、文学评论家。曾任教于台湾大学，1955年春赴美，半年后返台，翌年主编《文学杂志》，提倡现实主义文学，介绍西方文学和文艺理论。1959年再度赴美，于西雅图华盛顿大学及加州大学伯克利分校任教。夏济安的中英文著作皆被公认为杰作，译文神似原文。著有《夏济安选集》、《夏济安日记》等，译有《美国名家散文选读》等。夏济安亦是国际公认的研究中国新文学的专家，在台湾文坛影响深远，是著名作家白先勇、欧阳子、王文兴、陈若曦、叶维廉等人的启蒙老师。
夏志清（1921— ），著名文学史家、评论家。美国耶鲁大学英文系博士。先后任教于北京大学、纽约州立大学、匹兹堡大学、哥伦比亚大学等。夏志清学贯中西，涉猎广泛，主张现实主义文学。其散文也非常出色，独具风格。主要著作有《中国现代小说史》、《中国古典小说》、《新文学的传统》、《鸡窗集》等。

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精彩短评

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精彩书评

1、光是从评语来看，夏是幽默的人。这幽默是读书人的幽默，最接近humor本意，让人可以从中看出一种真性情，让人真想和他交朋友。如：“ 套一句金圣叹批水浒的笔法：“ 我亦欲问。 ”（p20） ” 看过金批的水浒，金圣叹是个妙人，夏估计也受影响。再如 “ 这几句话本没有什么可笑的，但女学生聚在一起，喜欢大笑，此殆中外一理。 ”（p224）近乎吐槽，但这也是事实，估计女生看了也要会心一笑。“ Don't I know it?=我岂不知之哉？ ”（p41）如果这么真要译难免显得生硬卖弄，但夏用这种解释，显得十分调皮。他能写很好的文章，我没有看过他其他的作品，但看他把 “ he looked up at the paling, peach-colored sky beyond the newly leafed branches. ” 译作 “ 嫩芽初绽，树着新绿，霞艳似桃，薄暝徐合。 ”（p20），没有现代翻译腔，信达之外，雅也做足，可见夏先生的文学水平了。在这本面向英语学习者的选评注里，夏先生的风格还是非常平易近人的，像一个循循善诱的老师，除词汇词组解释，更多的是文章结构的把握，以及文章写作的指导。后半本书里就常有 “ loose sentence ” 的介绍——善用loose sentence者，修饰描写，不厌其详，必定使句子内容更为丰富，而且句子尾巴拖得很长，欲尽不尽，回味无穷。Loose sentence读起来有种懒洋洋的感觉，好处是宽舒平易，和 “ 戛然而止 ” 斩钉截铁式的periodic sentece不同（p279）——这是我从来不曾注意的，以前光是在意长短句的区别，但一句长句里，什么时候加逗号来个停顿，从句怎么放置，这些直接影响阅读体验与理解轻重的手法，倒是第一次使我觉得其中有大学问。夏先生还一再强调从句的重要性：“ 本句内这两个定语从句运用得很是轻巧自然，随随便便放一个定语从句上去，句子一点不觉得累赘笨重，凡是喜欢把英文写得流利的，在这种地方应该多加注意。 ”（p159）、“ 我在前面本文中说：“ 中国学生作文时如能把定语从句任意活用，于文字通畅之道，已思过半矣 ”，这里谨重复一遍。 ”（p371）活像一个怕学生马虎漏掉重点的老师，哈哈。再如 “ 好的描写文章是要叫读者眼睛能看到，耳朵能听到，鼻子能嗅到，嘴能尝到。这就是所谓 “ 具体描写 ”。若要文章不空洞不浮泛，平日应多多注意 “ 眼、耳、鼻、舌、身 ” 的感觉经验。 ”（p198） “ 这里加形容词的诱惑是很大的，但是加了形容词，拍子就乱了，作者至此，非沉住气克制自己不可。 ”（p147）这个说法真的很妙，什么叫做 “ 加形容词的诱惑 ”，这我自己也是有经验的，写作时为了使一个句子显得 “ 高大上 ” 一点，不由自主地加上一些形容词，后来再看发现其实没有任何必要。中外小说写法比较：“ 中国旧小说的习惯，人物一出场，就描写他的状貌服装，现在这位学生早已出场，他的状貌服装，到这里才描写。中国旧小说的写法，用的是一个超然的，局外的观点；这里用的是小说中主角的观点。起初，米伦教授不注意他，所以不描写，现在米伦教授注意他了，所以才开始描写。人物描写同小说中的主角的心理活动想配合，较旧法似胜一筹。 ”（p26）夏氏兄弟对中外文学都用心很深，特别是小说方面。读小说法：“ 所以读者要欣赏这一篇小说，请且慢责备这个痴人的荒谬。正当的欣赏态度是：这一种感情的态度是不是人生很普通的现象？即使有人认为并不普通，但是照作者写来，这种情形是不是可能的？他的处理方式能不能令人心服？他描写轻松的地方，是不是使读者也觉得轻松？他描写紧张的地方，是不是使读者也跟着紧张？他的组织是不是紧凑？他是不是恰到好处地把他的这种感情的态度表达出来了？还有一点很重要的：他所提出的人生问题是不是很有意义的问题？读者读过这篇小说之后，会不会对于人生增添一点认识？会不会对于人生多添一点严肃敬畏的感觉？ ”（p167）这和我们常年所学的 “ 一篇文章表达了……暗示了……体现了…… ” 分析手法是完全不同，着重于对文章写作手法的分析，可以正正我们的三观了。也不仅有文法上的建议，还有文化上的指导：“ 这种谦逊的态度，是一个受过高尚教育的人应有的风度。一般学习英语会话的人，即使能够说得口若悬河、舌生莲花，假如风度不够，仍旧没有学到家也。 ”（p319）前阵子看到一篇介绍欧洲语言的文章，里面写到英语里大量存在拉丁语系和盎格鲁萨克森语系的词汇，往往同一个意思有两个单词可以表示，但拉丁语系的用语更古老，类似文言。这本书里就有很好的例子，“ cordial其实和hearty同一意义，都解作 “ 恳切 ”，不过cordial的字源是拉丁文的 “ 心 ”，hearty的字源是盎格鲁萨克逊文的 “ 心 ” ”（p298），“ lacteal意同前面的milky；只是lacteal的字源是拉丁文；milky的字源是盎格鲁撒克逊文。 ”（p342）当然夏直接用中解英是很不严谨的方法，不过对非英语系的我来说，这足以让我从中理解我从其他文章中所读到的知识。学习中的互相印证真是有趣的事情。夏本身是苏州人，长期在上海读书，所以评注里有些让人亲切的地方。比如 “ swell 是俚语（slang） “ 很好 ” 的意思，这个字很常用，大约同北京话的 “ 棒 ” 或上海话 “ 崭 ” 相仿。 ”（p24） “ 崭 ” 这个字口语中常用，但没见过有人写出来，不知道这个写法是否准确，表达 “ 赞 ” 的意思。“ （拆烂污的）学生已经捉到，教授的眼睛也无劳左右搜索 ”（p234），“ 拆烂污 ”，指这个

学生马虎惹了麻烦，这个词真是好久没见，要是其他地区的学生读到，可能不认识，反而要给中文来个评注了。这本书唯一的不足可能是太老不能适应现在的时代（“Duke of Cornwall：就是现在英国的王子Charles。英国太子的封号是Prince of Wales，当时这个王子，尚未正式册封为Prince of Wales。”（p357）谁承想，2015年他还是储君！），存在如朱绩崧老师在http://book.douban.com/review/6564751/谈到的一些硬伤。但它仍然不失为一本好的catalog，教我们用好方法分析好作品，学写好文章。2015年1月13日（文中页码对应1985译文版）
2、以下是我昨天写在自己微信公号“文冤阁大学士”（ID: boarhead）里的一段话：如果你能原谅我的爱憎分明，正直率真，那就读下去吧。如不能，请转发，好让更多人能原谅我。今天，我要聊聊一部英语阅读名作：夏济安的《现代英文选评注》。这本书，我在高中时，从母校上海市上海中学（夏氏是我解放前的学长）念慈楼图书馆借阅过，基本看不懂。借过两次，很快就还了。一晃快二十年了，此书由外研社再版，我拿来看看，起初颇为不屑。第一，夏氏亲弟，即刚刚谢世的夏志清先生写的序，隐隐有炫耀优越感的味道，英文叫condescending。我这样谦卑惯了的社会底层读书人尤其看不惯。他甚至说，其兄此书乃是课外学习英文的最佳读物，不知地厚天高。这再次提醒我们：等我们老了，说话写书，一定要深思熟虑，多用大脑。第二，更要命的，夏济安先生对英语基本采取了两种我看来十分低级的注释方法：一是用汉语解释；二是如果汉语解释不方便，找个英语同义词，划上等号便了（如provided=if）。我在微博里就说过，以汉释英，是英语进阶之大忌；在一个词语和另一个词语间，粗暴划上等号，是治语言学之大忌。台湾学者往往精深不足——有个很说明问题的例子，就是去年被文艺青年炒得很红的齐邦媛著《巨流河》。这本书里，可以看到大陆和台湾的英语专业教育水平是半斤八两的，差香港极远。然而，我仍爱读这部《现代英文选评注》，因为夏氏对英文谋篇布局的详解（这方面用汉语，问题不大），恰是大陆老一辈注家之弱项（赶紧扔掉你手头那几套大陆出版的《英国文学选》、《美国文学选》吧！）。甚至，今日大陆的大学英语课堂里，中国教师专注词汇讲解、忽略文章结构者仍是十之八九。所以，为了取长补短，我建议各位一读此书。最近我临睡沐足，都是用此书解闷的。随手朱笔批注，好不快哉！我甚至想，英语专业的学生，每人一本，按照夏氏提供的脉络，把这些文章重新详注一遍，熟读几十遍，应该会有较大的收获，胜过所谓精读、泛读课吧。
3、夏氏《评注》瑕瑜论作者　朱绩崧《现代英文选评注》夏济安评注、夏志清校订外语教学与研究出版社2014年1月第一版定价:49.00元第一次看到夏济安先生的《现代英文选评注》，是在高中时。从上海市上海中学念慈楼图书馆内借出此书的情形，历历在目。那是1985年上海译文的版本，棕黄色封面。但很快就还了回去，一是太难，读不懂；再就是读了开头那篇福克纳的《熊》节选，感觉对高考帮助不大。大学时，在地摊上买了一册二手的译文版，仅4元，束之高阁而已。再看到《评注》，已是大学毕业十二年后的2014年，新的这本是外研社版，封面白底，字则黄、蓝，清新许多，且较译文那本，版式丰富，篇幅略有加厚。读完夏氏胞弟志清先生序，才知经其亲校一过，与夏氏高第朱乃长所审订者，确为两般风景。夏氏编辑此书，是20世纪50年代，乃为台湾大学外语系授课之用，至1959年付梓，广受当地读者欢迎。可以说，他是一个传统的继承者。国府迁台前，三四十年代的图书市场上，商务、中华、世界、竞文等上海书商，出版过大批英文注释读物，佳构涌现，蔚为壮观。这与当时英语学习需求旺盛，而中国学者惯于注疏典籍有关。当然，挺特如林语堂、温源宁、熊式一，径可用英文创作散文、小说，另当别计，唯此类原创对学习英语之助益或不及详注欧美著作。那一代的名注家中，我最为服膺练川　葛公讳传椝先生的宗风。他的著作，凡能找到，我必精读。可惜，鼎革以后，他的注释作品极少，我仅见译文版《再会，契普斯先生》（Goodbye, Mr. Chips by James Hilton）、《卖花女》（Pygmalion by George Bernard Shaw）和上海教育版的英美当代散文短篇。前两本，我至今极力向英文系学生推荐，配合葛先生《英语惯用法词典》，熟读几遍，可对当代英语如何表情达意有更深的认知。有道是“观于海者难为水”，葛先生之后，值得寓目的英文注释作品极少见。以某些莎士比亚戏剧注释本为例，莫不是我能解者，详加阐述，究其本质，无非从英美著述中搬运些注释者看得懂的资料过来；独于我不能解者，一跃而过，令我常常怀疑：是不是自己智商太低，怎么注家不落墨处，往往是我最搞不明白的呢？不仅莎翁作品如是，很多高校英语专业使用的所谓“教参”亦然。恕我冒昧揣测，今天多数作注释的，恐怕是自己都不曾读通看懂，偏偏胆壮气粗，急于“立项目，出成果”，遂以己昏昏，使人昭昭罢了。大环境如此，蓦地重逢夏氏《评注》，带着怀旧之情，拜读数篇，顿觉耳目一新。诚然，以今日眼光看，这本书的缺陷很明显。正如我在某页上的批文：“以汉释英，进学之大忌也。”如第75页：lap：大腿。我见此，便一皱眉：lap不是“大腿”这么简单的。英

汉语言的词汇间，常常在某些点上，无法建立起数学那样的一一映射。lap和“大腿”就绝对不能混作一谈。可以说，在现代汉语里，没有lap的对应表达（equivalent）。何以见得？且来看最最常用的《朗文当代英语辞典》，这里引用第四版：the upper part of your legs when you are sitting down。这when you are sitting down存在与否，在释义中，是起决定性作用的。也就是说，你不处于“坐”这一状态的时候，你的lap是不存在的。你坐下才有。《牛津高阶英汉双解词典》第四版的译者李北达的译文是：（人坐着时）大腿的上方。这就精确多了。而我之所以能注意到这点，便是受益于葛先生的著述，他特别强调学习者要注意英语词汇的特点，不要简单地在英汉表达之间划个等号，当作一对一的关系记下，那样学到的英语只会是千疮百孔，不堪推敲的。再如第74页：lace：拴鞋带。tight：紧。lace的出处是原文lace both his shoes，则lace非“拴鞋带”，而是“拴（鞋子的鞋带）”，不能把不及物动词和及物动词混淆。而tight表示“紧”固然无问题，但是形容词作补语还是副词作状语？这些初学者容易生惑的问题，注释者却没有考虑到。同页还有一注：plod意义同前面的trudge差不多：吃力地走路足见夏氏于英文文法无甚见地。“差不多”这样的解释，本质上和“lap=大腿”是一回事，不解同义词间的精微差别。这种差别，无论在英语还是汉语里，都是严肃学者自古以来就强调的。段注《说文》有名言：“浑言则互明，析言则分别”，后半句就指出：同义字分开用，就是要体现它们语义、语体等方面的区别。这样说来，plod和trudge“差不多”，实在不够严谨。查《朗文活用词典》第一版：trudgeto walk slowly, with heavy steps because you are tired and have been walking for a long time [v I]plodto walk slowly and steadily with heavy steps, for example because the ground is difficult to walk on, or because you are carrying something heavy [v I]两词之间“差”多少，一目了然。古人讲“惟精惟一，允执厥中”，夏氏《评注》做得远远不够。但此书有一点，在我看来，可谓“一俊遮百丑”，是今日坊肆间的片羽吉光。那就是，夏氏对篇章整体的把握。以我少时不解的福克纳《熊》节选为例，我仔细读了一遍夏注，撇开词汇层面的问题不谈，可以说在句法上，如指称、照应，都不惜笔墨，而且交待了前因后果，即上下文，让读者能见木且窥林：He是小说的主角Issac McCaslin，整篇小说是用他这个角度来写的，熊的可怕只是从这个少年的所闻所见里表现出来。it：猎熊这件事情。before that：that指那天早晨。当地的人每年冬天要去猎这一头熊，小说开始是Issac十六岁时十二月的一个早晨。以下是倒叙以前的事。on that day when he first wrote his age in two ciphers：他刚满十岁的时候。two ciphers 意为“两位数字”，一百以上就是in three ciphers了。他满了十岁人家才让他去参加猎熊大会，但是事实上，大熊在这孩子出世以前就已经猖獗。when所引起的子句有两个，中间由and连接。很长的一句，但是本篇里还有一句长达一千六百字，比这一句要长十倍。那种长达一千六百字的、创纪录的句子，是要从感觉印象和回忆所交织的心理状态里反映出几十年的事情，那是不容易分析的。这里的一句实在并不难，很明显的可分成三节，节和节之间，有一破折号（dash）分隔开来（或联系起来）。如此循循善诱，约略呈现出文本的脉络结构，直如注者近在身旁，扮演着教师的角色。由此，我也想到，其实此书作大学的泛读教材，简直是不二之选。首先，学生预习，自己准备词汇方面的知识，夏注中有的是线索，而今天要找本可靠的英文词典，十分容易，与学习型词典（learner ’ s dictionary）尚未风靡的1959年，不可同日而语。即以Lingoes.net提供的各种词典电子版，都能完成这一弥补原著缺漏的任务。然后，教师根据《评注》，作句法的讲解，同时照应词汇，回答诸如为何那里用plod而这里用trudge、是否福克纳别有用心焉之类的问题。把节选的这一片讲得通透，讲到灵动。最后，引导学生扩展开去，去图书馆或网上找来原书文本，上推下进，多读几部分，试着也做做注释。这样三步走，坚持一年把全书攻下，学生再回顾听课笔记与预复习及课后自学笔记，反复记忆、体会、领悟，至少对文学类的书面英语，会有更坚牢的掌握。以我有限的教学实践与见闻，我国学生往往在词汇层面停步于死记硬背，连“分析”之法都掌握不好，遑论上升到钻究篇章的阶段。打个不怎么恰当的比方，攻词汇是汉学，治文章是宋学，前者重义，后者重理。夏济安先生的注释，显然是宋学强于汉学多矣，正好外研社这本《现代英文选评注》可对我国英语教育泥于细节、忽于大观的弊病有所匡救。本文原载《中华读书报》2014年02月19日第18版

章节试读

1、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-第8页

Night fell.The darkness was thin,like some sleazy dress that has been worn and worn for many winters and always lets the cold through to the bones. Then the moon rose.A farm lay quite visible,like a white stone in water,among the stretches of deep woods in their colorless dead leaf.By a closer and more searching eye than the moon's everything belonging to Mortons' might have been seen-even to the tiny tomato plants in their neat rows closet to the house,gray and featherlike,appalling in their exposed fragility.The moonlight covered everything,and lay upon the darkest shape of all,the farmhouse where the lamp had just been blown out"

2、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-The Bear-熊

William Faulkner

He realized later that it had begun long before that. It had already begun on that day when he first wrote his age in two ciphers and his cousin McCaslin brought him for the first time to the camp, the big woods, to earn for himself from the wilderness the name and state of hunter provided he in his turn were humble and enduring enough.

He had already inherited then, without ever having seen it, the big old bear with one trap-ruined foot that in an area almost a hundred miles square had earned for himself a name, a definite designation like a living man—the long legend of corncribs broken down and rifled, of shoats and grown pigs and even calves carried bodily into the woods and devoured, and traps and deadfalls overthrown and dogs mangled and slain, and shotgun and even rifle shots delivered at point-blank range with no more effect than so many peas blown through a tube by a child—a corridor of wreckage and destruction beginning back before the boy was born, through which sped, not fast but rather with the ruthless and irresistible deliberation of a locomotive, the shaggy tremendous shape.

It ran in his knowledge before he ever saw it. It loomed and towered in his dreams before he even saw the unaxed woods where it left its crooked print, shaggy, tremendous, red-eyed, not malevolent but just big, too big for the dogs which tried to bay it, for the horses which tried to ride it down, for the men and the bullets they fired into it; too big for the very country which was its constricting scope.

3、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-第107页

After her tears Phoebe slept, but she woke early. She lay quietly in bed, her body aching, her mind calm but filled with a clear despair.

……

Phoebe stood watching her from another world. Of course they can't care, she thought; it's part of their innocence. She thought of all the innocent ones—the cow and the dog, the horses and chickens—and she knew at last that she was hopelessly excluded, forever responsible. She turned away, lonely and chilled, but with her armful of firewood she went on into the kitchen, to kindle once more the comforting fire for breakfast.

——她想起来那些动物都是无挂无牵的，可是她偏不然，她是“绝对没有希望归入它们那一类里去的”（hopelessly excluded）她是人就得负起做人的责任，责任永远在她身上，无法推脱（forever responsible）

4、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-Two mutes-两哑巴

Carson McCullers

In the town there were two mutes, and they were always together. Early every morning they would come out from the house where they lived and walk arm in arm down the street to work. The two friends were very different. The one who always steered the way was an obese and dreamy Greek. In the summer he would come out wearing a yellow or green polo shirt stuffed sloppily into his trousers in front and hanging loose behind. When it was colder he wore over this a shapeless gray sweater. His face was round and oily, with half-closed eyelids and lips that curved in a gentle, stupid smile. The other was tall. His eyes had a quick, intelligent expression. He was always immaculate and very soberly dressed.

Every morning the two friends walked silently together until they reached the main street of the town. Then when they came to a certain fruit and candy store they paused for a moment on the sidewalk outside. The Greek, Spiros Antonapoulos, worked for his cousin, who owned the fruit store. His job was to make candies and sweets, uncrate the fruits, and to keep the place clean. The thin mute, John Singer, nearly always put his hand on his friend's arm and looked for a second into his face before leaving him. Then after this good-bye Singer crossed the street and walked on alone to the jewelry store where he worked as a silverware engraver.

In the late afternoon the friends would meet again. Singer came back to the fruit store and waited until Antonapoulos wasready to go home. In the dusk the two mutes walked slowly home together. At home Singer was always talking to Antonapoulos. His hands shaped the words in a swift series of designs. His face was eager and his gray-green eyes sparkled brightly. With his thin, strong hands he told Antonapoulos all that had happened during the day.

Antonapoulos sat back lazily and looked at Singer. It was seldom that he ever moved his hands to speak at all—and then it was to say that he wanted to eat or sleep or to drink. These three things he always said with the same vague, fumbling signs. At night, if he were not too drunk, he would kneel down before his bed and pray awhile. Then his plump hands shaped the words "Holy Jesus," or "God," or "Darling Mary." These were the only words Antonapoulos ever said. Singer never knew just how much his friend understood of all the things he told him. But it did not matter.

They shared the upstairs of a small house near the business section of the town. There were two rooms. On the oil stove in the kitchen Antonapoulos cooked all of their meals. There were straight, plain kitchen chairs for Singer and an over-stuffed sofa for Antonapoulos. The bedroom was furnished mainly with a large double bed covered with an eiderdown comfort for the big Greek and a narrow iron cot for Singer.

Dinner always took a long time, because Antonapoulos loved food and he was very slow. After they had eaten, the big Greek would lie back on his sofa and slowly lick over each one of his teeth with his tongue—while Singer washed the dishes.

Sometimes in the evening the mutes would play chess. Singer had always greatly enjoyed this game, and years before he had tried to teach it to Antonapoulos. At first his friend could not beinterested in the reasons for moving the various pieces about on the board. Then Singer began to keep a bottle of something good under the table to be taken out after each lesson. The Greek never got on to the erratic movements of the knights and sweeping mobility of the queens, but he learned to make a few set, opening moves. He preferred the white pieces and would not play if the black men were given him. After the first moves Singer worked out the game by himself while his friend looked on drowsily. If Singer made brilliant attacks on his own men so that in the end the black king was killed,

Antonapoulos was always very proud and pleased.

The two mutes had no other friends, and except when they worked they were alone together. Each day was very much like any other day, because they were alone so much that nothing ever disturbed them. Once a week they would go to the library for Singer to withdraw a mystery book and on Friday night they attended a movie. Then on payday they always went to the ten-cent photograph shop above the Army and Navy Store so that Antonapoulos could have his picture taken. These were the only places where they made customary visits. There were many parts in the town that they had never even seen.

But the two mutes were not lonely at all. At home they were content to eat and drink, and Singer would talk with his hands eagerly to his friend about all that was in his mind. So the years passed in the quiet way until Singer reached the age of thirty-two and had been in the town with Antonapoulos for ten years.

Then one day the Greek became ill. He sat up in bed with his hands on his fat stomach and big, oily tears rolled down his cheeks. Singer went to see his friend's cousin who owned the fruit store, and also he arranged for leave from his own work. The doctor made out a diet for Antonapoulos and said that he could drink no more wine. Singer rapidly enforced the doctor's orders. All day he sat by his friend's bed and did what he could to make the time pass quickly, but Antonapoulos only looked at him angrily from the corners of his eyes and would not be amused.

The Greek was very fretful, and kept finding fault with the fruit drinks and food that Singer prepared for him. Constantly he made his friend help him out of bed so that he could pray. He fumbled with his hands to say 'Darling Mary' and then held to the small brass cross tied to his neck with a dirty string. His big eyes would wall up to the ceiling with a look of fear in them, and afterwards he was very sulky and would not let his friend speak to him.

Singer was patient and did all that he could. He drew little pictures, and once he made a sketch of his friend to amuse him. The picture hurt the big Greek's feelings, and he refused to be reconciled until Singer had made his face very young and handsome and colored his hair bright yellow and his eyes china blue. And then he tried not to show his pleasure.

Singer nursed his friend so carefully that after a week Antonapoulos was able to return to his work. But from that time on there was a difference in their way of life. Trouble came to the two friends.

Antonapoulos was not ill any more, but a change had come in him. He was irritable and no longer content to spend the evenings quietly in their home. When he would wish to go out Singer followed along close behind him. Antonapoulos would go into a restaurant, and while they sat at the table he slyly put lumps of sugar, or a peppershaker, or pieces of silverware in his pocket. Singer always paid for what he took and there was no disturbance. At home he scolded Antonapoulos, but the Greek only looked at him with a bland smile.

The months went on and these habits of Antonapoulos grew worse. One day at noon he walked calmly out of the fruit store of his cousin and urinated in public against the wall of the First National Bank Building across the street. At times he would meet people on the sidewalk whose faces did not please him, and he would bump into these persons and push at them with his elbows and stomach. He walked into a store one day and hauled out a floor lamp without paying for it, and another time he tried to take an electric train he had seen in a showcase.

For Singer this was a time of great distress. He was in a constant state of agitation. The money he had saved in the bank was spent for bail and fines. All of his efforts and money were used to keep his friend out of jail because of such charges as theft, committing public indecencies, and assault and battery.

The Greek cousin for whom Antonapoulos worked did not enter into these troubles at all. Charles Parker (for that was the name this cousin had taken) let Antonapoulos stay on at the store, but he watched him always with his pale, tight face and he made no effort to help him. Singer had a strange feeling about Charles Parker. He began to dislike him.

Singer lived in continual turmoil and worry. But Antonapoulos was always bland, and no matter what happened the gentle, flaccid smile was still on his face.

And then the final trouble came to Singer.
One afternoon he had come to meet Antonapoulos at the fruit store when Charles Parker handed him a letter. The letter explained that Charles Parker had made arrangements for his cousin to be taken to the state insane asylum two hundred miles away. Charles Parker had used his influence in the town and the details were already settled. Antonapoulos was to leave and to be admitted into the asylum the next week.

Singer read the letter several times, and for a while he could not think. Charles Parker was talking to him across the counter, but he did not even try to read his lips and understand. At last Singer wrote on the little pad he always carried in his pocket:
You cannot do this. Antonapoulos must stay with me.

Charles Parker shook his head excitedly. He did not know much American. "None of your business," he kept saying over and over.
Singer knew that everything was finished. The Greek was afraid that some day he might be responsible for his cousin. Charles Parker did not know much about the American language—but he understood the American dollar very well, and he had used his money and influence to admit his cousin to the asylum without delay.

There was nothing Singer could do.
Then came the day when Antonapoulos must leave. Singer brought out his own suitcase and very carefully packed the best of their joint possessions. Antonapoulos made himself a lunch to eat during the journey. In the late afternoon they walked arm in arm down the street for the last time together. It was a chilly afternoon in late November, and little huffs of breath showed in the air before them.

Charles Parker was to travel with his cousin, but he stood apart from them at the station. Antonapoulos crowded into the bus and settled himself with elaborate preparations on one of the front seats. Singer watched him from the window and his hands began desperately to talk for the last time with his friend. But Antonapoulos was so busy checking over the various items in his lunch box that for a while he paid no attention. Just before the bus pulled away from the curb he turned to Singer and his smile was very bland and remote—as though they were many miles apart.

The weeks that followed did not seem real at all. All day Singer worked over his bench in the back of the jewelry store, and then at night he returned to the house alone. More than anything he wanted to sleep. As soon as he came home from work he would lie on his cot and try to doze awhile. Dreams came to him when he lay there half asleep. And in all of them Antonapoulos was there. His hands would jerk nervously, for in his dreams he was talking to his friend and Antonapoulos was watching him.

Singer tried to think of the time before he had ever known his friend. He tried to recount to himself certain things that had happened when he was young. But none of these things he tried to remember seemed real.
Singer recalled that, although he had been deaf since he was an infant, he had not always been a real mute. At the school he was thought very intelligent. He learned the lessons before the rest of the pupils. But he could never

become used to speaking with his lips. When he was twenty-two he had come South to this town from Chicago and he met Antonapoulos immediately. Since that time he had never spoken with his mouth again, because with his friend there was no need for this.

Nothing seemed real except the ten years with Antonapoulos. In his half-dreams he saw his friend very vividly, and when he awakened a great aching loneliness would be in him. Occasionally he would pack up a box for Antonapoulos, but he never received any reply. And so the months passed in this empty, dreaming way.

Each evening the mute walked alone for hours in the street. Sometimes the nights were cold with the sharp, wet winds of March and it would be raining heavily. But to him this did not matter. His gait was agitated and he always kept his hands stuffed tight into the pockets of his trousers. Then as the weeks passed the days grew warm and languorous. His agitation gave way gradually to exhaustion and there was a look about him of deep calm. In his face there came to be a brooding peace that is seen most often in the faces of the very sorrowful or the very wise. But still he wandered through the streets of the town, always silent and alone.

5、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-The Jersey heifer-杰西牛

Peggy Harding Love

In October the cows went apple-crazy. The sweet, sun-warmed apple smell drifted from the orchard, tempting them unbearably; and by afternoon one or the other—the heifer usually, she was the mischief-maker—would have nudged down a rail from the old fence around the pasture. Once, only once, young Phoebe Matthews looked out the kitchen window and caught them in the act, but the picture stayed forever in her mind, an image of transcendent innocence and freedom. Leaping negligently, her hoofs tucked up delicately, the Jersey heifer went over the lower rails like a deer, and close behind, clumsy but with drooling haste, Daisy, the three-year-old Guernsey stepped clumsily out.

They trotted eagerly along the quiet dirt lane, turning their heads from side to side; and later, near milking time, Phoebe and Joe, her husband, had come upon them drunk with bliss in the long grass of the orchard. Each time they were discovered there, the cows stood perfectly still, their red and tawny coats bright against the blue sky, their soft, wide eyes looking out innocently among the apple branches. Long threads of saliva trailed from their velvety muzzles and glistened in the late sunlight, and under their hoofs the crushed and rotting apples gave off a heady fragrance.

"Let them go," Phoebe pleaded, begging as earnestly as for herself, "let them have a little freedom."
"Well," Joe said, musing, "well," and looked off over the fields that were so newly theirs. "The apples will be picked pretty soon now anyway," he said.

By the end of October they had picked all the apples on the trees. They knelt carefully in the long grass, collecting even the windfalls and hauling them up the wagon ramp into the upper story of the old barn for cider-making.

They were pressing cider the afternoon the county agent stopped by for his first visit, and the first thing he told them was that the orchard should be cut down. Those old trees would never show a profit, he said. The orchard should go, the horses should be replaced by a tractor and modern equipment, new fences should be built, the chickens not allowed to run.

After a minute Joe said: "I guess you better not put us down as farmers. We are grateful for your advice and we sure need a lot of it, but I guess we'd rather live peaceful than make money."

"No, son, I'll put you down as two romantic dreamers and come around again next spring." The agent got in his car and was starting out the dirt lane when he leaned out the window again, pointing to where the pasture fence rail was down again. "Your cows are out," he called. "Who's boss around here, you or bossy?" and, laughing slyly, he jounced away in his dusty sedan.

For a little while Phoebe and Joe stood where he left them, quiet and abstracted in the pale, slanting sunlight. Phoebe's hands were cold and sticky from the apple juice, and she held them up in the sun to warm them. At last she said, "I'd better get the cows." The orchard was stripped now, completely appleless, so she wouldn't find them there; but the scent of apples still hung everywhere in the air, filling the cows with yearning, and searching restlessly for fulfillment they still broke out of the pasture. Joe looked at Phoebe as if he hadn't heard her. "What if he's right?" he said broodingly. "Maybe it's all an impossible dream." But when Phoebe protested, "No, he's wrong! We've never been so happy," Joe smiled and touched her reassuringly, because of course it was true.

In a minute Joe went back to the barn to finish pressing the last batch of cider, and Phoebe started down the lane. "Co' ba, co' ba," she sang out dreamily, taking comfort from the sound of her voice in the quiet air. It was a call for cows she had read in a book, but of course they never came.

Up the lane two sets of hoofprints lay in the dust—one set large and clumsy, moving ponderously after the smaller, dancing cresents that led the way. "They can't have been out long," Phoebe said out loud to herself. "That minx, that little devil," and, smiling ruefully, looking all around, she walked on after them.

Up in the road Phoebe found the cows. They were off on the edge of the woods, nosing around in the faded goldenrod and wild asters under two ancient, half-dead crabapple trees. There was nothing there but a few dried-up, worm-hollowed crabapples, and the cows seemed apathetic, sunk in depression. "Don't look at me like that," Phoebe said, "it isn't my fault." The Jersey stared at her with great accusing eyes. She held her head low, petulantly. When Phoebe touched her muzzle, she tossed her head and leaped sharply back.

"All right, if that's the way you feel," Phoebe said. "Come on, Daisy, we'll let her sulk." And obediently Daisy lumbered back to the dusty road. She plodded slowly back toward the farm.

When she got back, the sun was nearly gone. She was shivering in a sweater when she went up the steep, crude stairs from the stable to the upper story, through the narrow trapdoor where they threw down the hay. Joe had finished the last batch of cider and was lining up the clear amber jugs beside the door, ready for loading on the truck to take to town. Discarded apples and the pressed-out apple cakes lay in a heap below the haymow, and in the cavernous gloom the autumn smell of apples, sweet and sour, mingled with the summer smell, dusty and sweet, of tender-cut green timothy and clover.

"That heifer thinks she's pretty cute," Joe said, pulling on his leather jacket, getting ready to go. "I'll keep Daisy in tonight after milking. Maybe the Jersey won't wander without her." Leaving the wide wagon doors open to the last rays of the sun, they went out of the barn together and up the path to the house.

It was late that night that Phoebe woke up suddenly with her heart pounding heavily. She heard a terrible bawling cry from somewhere. "Joe, Joe," she cried, shaking him frantically, "somebody's crying terribly."
"It's the heifer," Joe said, leaping out of bed and searching in the dark for his clothes. "Please light the lamp first so I can get down there first."

The bellowing grew closer, more localized, and she headed up the wagon ramp and through the wide door of the barn's upper story. Joe was kneeling beside the open trapdoor, the trapdoor for forking hay down to the stable. Phoebe saw the opening filled with a grotesque, meaningless shape, and then she saw it was the heifer, hanging head

down in the narrow stairwell. From below, the gasping came up in rhythmic agony, hushed a little but not stopped by Joe's quiet voice talking and talking to her as he crouched at the opening, trying to see how she was caught.

"The apples," Phoebe moaned, flinging herself down beside him, "she smelled the apples and came to find them." But Joe had jumped up, taking the flashlight, and was running out and around to the stable door below. Phoebe ran after, her heart hammering, the lantern swinging insanely from her hand.

The low, oak-beamed ceiling and thick stone walls of the stable made a warm, cozy cave, and in it the heifer hung crazily upside down, her head and one foreleg wedged between two treads of the heavy, ladder-like stairs. The wedged foreleg was broken, bone thrusting through the skin. In the lantern light her eyes rolled whitely, blindly, and the helpless, rasping cries grewsteadily fainter.

"If we could saw the stair!" Phoebe cried in anguish. "Wouldn't that free her?"
"It's no use," Joe said. "The weight of her fall would snap her back, Phoebe, you'd better get the gun."

The heifer bawled again, a hopeless choking cry, and in the lantern light her free leg kicked futilely in the air. "She's suffering, Phoebe. Get the gun."

Phoebe had turned blindly, and was rushing out the door when Joe called, "Phoebe, bring a knife, too, the sharp knife in the kitchen." For amoment she didn't understand, and then she turned back whimpering in horror. "No, no, we can't, I won't!" Across the shadowy stable Joe's voice rose in furious torment. "Get the knife! You know we can't waste food." He stared at her relentlessly. "We wanted a farm, didn't we? To make our own life, our own food? We've eaten meat all our lives, now we've got to earn it."

Phoebe laid the knife, the gun and cartridges beside Joe and turned away. She was well away from the stable when she heard the shot. She stopped then, and for a long moment she stood quiet, shaking in the cold.
After her tears Phoebe slept, but she woke early. She lay quietly in bed, her body aching, her mind calm but filled with a clear despair.

She went out for fire wood and kindling, and coming back from the woodpile with her arms full she stopped above the pasture, shivering in the still, gray light of the morning. Below the pin oak Daisy lay placidly on the drying grass, untouched by tragedy, and for a long time Phoebe stood watching her from another world. Of course they can't care, she thought; it's part of their innocence. She thought of all the innocent ones—the cow and the dog, the horses and chickens—and she knew at last that she was hopelessly excluded, forever responsible. She turned away, lonely and chilled, but with her armful of firewood she went on into the kitchen, to kindle once more the comforting fire for breakfast.

6、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-The Whistle-寒笛

Eudora Welty

Night fell. The darkness was thin, like some sleazy dress that has been worn and worn for many winters and always lets the cold through to the bones. Then the moon rose. A farm lay quite visible, like a white stone in water, among the stretches of deep woods in their colorless dead leaf. By a closer and more searching eye than the moon's everything belonging to the Mortons' might have been seen—even to the tiny tomato plants in their neat rows closest to the house, gray and featherlike, appalling in their exposed fragility. The moonlight covered everything, and lay upon the darkest shape of all, the farmhouse where the lamp had just been blown out.

Inside, Jason and Sara Morton were lying between the quilts of a pallet which had been made up close to the fireplace. A fire still fluttered in the grate, making a drowsy sound now and then, and its exhausted light beat up and down the wall, across the rafters, and over the dark pallet where the old people lay, like a bird trying to find its way out of the room.

The long-spaced, tired breathing of Jason was the only noise besides the flutter of the fire. He lay under the quilt in a long shape like a bean, turned on his side to face the door. His lips opened in the dark, and in and out he breathed, in and out, slowly and with a rise and fall, over and over, like a conversation or a tale—a question and a sigh.

Sara lay on her hack with her mouth agape, silent, but not asleep. She was staring at the dark and indistinguishable places among the rafters. Her eyes seemed opened too wide, the lids strained and limp, like openings which have been stretched shapeless and made of no more use. Once a hissing yellow flame stood erect in the old log, and her small face and pale hair, and one hand holding to the edge of the cover, were illuminated for a moment, with shadows bright blue. Then she pulled the quilt clear over her head.

Every night they lay trembling with cold, but no more communicative in their misery than a pair of window shutters beaten by a storm. Sometimes many days, weeks went by without words. They were not really old—they were only fifty; still, their lives were filled with tiredness, with a great lack of necessity to speak, with poverty which may have bound them like a disaster too great for discussion but left them still separate and undesirous of sympathy. Perhaps, years ago, the long habit of silence may have been started in anger or passion. Who could tell now?

She was so tired of the cold! That was all it could do any more—make her tired. Year after year, she felt sure that she would die before the cold was over. Now, according to the Almanac, it was spring…. But year after year it was always the same. The plants would be set out in their frames, transplanted always too soon, and there was a freeze …. When was the last time they had grown tall and full, that the cold had held off and there was a crop?

Like a vain dream, Sara began to have thoughts of the spring and summer. At first she thought only simply, of the colors of green and red, the smell of the sun on the ground, the touch of leaves and of warm ripening tomatoes. Then, all hidden as she was under the quilt, she began to imagine and remember the town of Dexter in the shipping season. There in her mind, dusty little Dexter became a theatre of almost legendary festivity, a place of pleasure. On every road leading in, smiling farmers were bringing in wagonloads of the most beautiful tomatoes. The packing sheds at Dexter Station were all decorated—no, it was simply that the May sun was shining. Mr. Perkins, the tall, gesturing figure, stood in the very centre of everything, buying, directing, waving yellow papers that must be telegrams, shouting with great impatience. And it was he, after all, that owned their farm now. Train after train of empty freight cars stretched away, waiting and then being filled. Was it possible to have saved out of the threat of the cold so many tomatoes in the world?

Sara, weightless under the quilt, could think of the celebrations of Dexter and see the vision of ripe tomatoes only in brief snatches, like the flare-up of the little fire. The rest of the time she thought only of cold, of cold going on before and after. She could not help but feel the chill of the here and now, which was not to think at all but was for her only a trembling in the dark.

She coughed patiently and turned her head to one side. She peered over the quilt just a little and saw that the fire had at last gone out. There was left only a hulk of red log, a still, red, bent shape, like one of Jason's socks thrown down to be darned somehow. With only this to comfort her, Sara closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Every hour it was getting colder and colder. The moon, intense and white as the snow that does not fall here, drew

higher in the sky, in the long night, and more distant from the earth. The farm looked as tiny and still as a seashell, with the little knob of a house surrounded by its curved furrows of tomato plants. Cold like a white pressing hand reached down and lay over the shell.

In Dexter there is a great whistle which is blown when a freeze threatens. It is known everywhere as Mr. Perkins' whistle. Now it sounded out in the clear night, blast after blast. Over the countryside lights appeared in the windows of the farms. Men and women ran out into the fields and covered up their plants with whatever they had, while Mr. Perkins' whistle blew and blew.

Sara felt herself waking. She knew that Mr. Perkins' whistle was blowing, what it meant—and that it now remained for her to get Jason and go out to the field. A soft laxity, an illusion of warmth, flowed stubbornly down her body, and for a few moments she continued to lie still.

Then she was sitting up and seizing her husband by the shoulders, without saying a word, rocking him back and forth. It took all her strength to wake him. He coughed, his roaring was over, and he sat up. He said nothing either, and they both sat with bent heads and listened for the whistle. After a silence it blew again, a long, rising blast.

Everything was white, and everything looked vast and extensive to them as they walked over to the frozen field. Stooping over the little plants, Jason and Sara touched them and touched the earth. For their own knowledge, by their hands, they found everything to be true—the cold, the rightness of the warning, the need to act. Over the sticks set in among the plants they laid the quilts one by one, spreading them with a slow ingenuity. Jason took off his coat and laid it over the small tender plants by the side of the house. Then he glanced at Sara, and she reached down and pulled her dress off over her head. Her hair fell down out of its pins, and she began at once to tremble violently. The skirt was luckily long and full, and all the rest of the plants were covered by it.

Then Sara and Jason stood for a moment and stared almost idly at the field and up at the sky.
There was no wind. There was only the intense whiteness of moonlight. Why did this calm cold sink into them like the teeth of a trap? They bent their shoulders and walked silently back into the house.

The room was not much warmer. They had forgotten to shut the door behind them when the whistle was blowing so hard. They sat down to wait for morning.

Then Jason did a rare, strange thing. There long before morning he poured kerosene over some kindling and struck a light to it. Squatting, they got near it, quite gradually they drew together, and sat motionless until it all burned down. Still Sara did not move. Then Jason, in his underwear and long blue trousers, went out and brought in another load, and the big cherry log which of course was meant to be saved for the very last of winter.

The extravagant warmth of the room had sent some kind of agitation over Sara, like her memories of Dexter in the shipping season. She sat huddled in a long brown cotton petticoat, holding onto the string which went around the waist. Her mouse-colored hair, paler at the temples, was hanging loose down to her shoulders, like a child's unbound for a party. She held her knees against her numb, pendulant breasts and stared into the fire, her eyes widening.

At last every bit of the wood was gone. Now the cherry log was burned to ashes.
And all of a sudden Jason was on his feet again. Of all things, he was bringing the split-bottomed chair over to the hearth. He knocked it to pieces···. It burned well and brightly. Sara never said a word. She did not move···.
Then the kitchen table. To think that a solid, steady four-legged table like that, that had stood thirty years in one place, should be consumed in such a little while! Sara stared almost greedily at the waving flames.

Then when that was over, Jason and Sara sat in darkness where their bed had been, and it was colder than ever. The fire the kitchen table had made seemed wonderful to them…. But Sara trembled, again pressing her hard knees against her breast. All at once, without turning her head, she spoke.

"Jason…"
A silence. But only for a moment.
"Listen," said her husband's uncertain voice.
They held very still, as before, with bent heads.
Outside, as though it would exact something further from their lives, the whistle continued to blow.

7、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-The Ballet Dancer-芭蕾舞者

Jane Mayhall
I remember when I was eleven years old and attended a ballet for the first time. It was held at the Memorial Auditorium, a large building in the town where I lived.
During the first group of dances, I sat up very high in the balcony with my family and the stage seemed too far away. It was a pretty show at such a distance, but the dancers with their bright dots of costumes appeared as small and no more alive than marionettes.

When intermission came some friends of the family suggested that I sit down in the second row orchestra with them. This was probably because they considered me a "nice little girl," a point of view to which I had no objection.

The world of second row orchestra was an immensely different one. The seats were softer and had slightly reclining backs. Here the members of the audience sat with much dignity, as if each had been appointed to a separate throne, I thought. A sweet flowery scent came from the ladies. As they settled into their places, one heard a faint sound of silk and fur.

Then the music began. Everyone leaned forward. The high arc of the curtain lifted as if moved by a hundred tiny unseen hands. The stage before us was a forest, bathed in willowy green light. The backdrop was splotched with painted leaves and gawk-headed birds whose artificiality seemed, for some reason, particularly exciting.

The dancers stepped forward, the make-up sharp on their faces.
But how near, how human they were! Their eyes moved, their lips smiled. Rising together and beginning to twirl on the tips of their toes, they were much more admirable from here than from afar!

It was a warm spring night. The sky appeared to reflect a pleasant tropical heat. Men wearing sky blue jackets leapt to girls whose dresses ruffled like swans. Their smiles mingled, their arms embroidered the air with wonderful patterns. Several more dancers came forward, carrying garlands of green and yellow flowers into which they wove themselves. And all with such remarkable enjoyment! Surely something marvelous was going to happen.

And then it did.
Suddenly the music stopped. The only sound to be heard was a thin, somewhat unsteady tone of a violin. The gaily costumed characters moved back silently and made way for someone.
A little flap in the backdrop pulled open. And a young man stepped forth.

The rest of the dancers departed and left him alone. The lights took on a white hue and one saw that the young man was very pale with dark-penciled eyes. He was dressed in a light blousing shirt and tight breeches of cream-colored satin.

Stepping forward, with casual grace, he began to dance.

At first, all I could realize of him was the delicate-footed motion, the coolness and lightness of the figure. He wore soft close-fitting slippers and the insteps of his feet were so beautiful and alive that I fell in love with them at once. He was small and perfectly formed, slender-hipped and probably quite typical of the ballet dancer. And perhaps there was something too mannered and too self-conscious in the face. His eyes were drawn to appear elongated, Oriental. The head was finely shaped, dark-haired. But the very self-conscious style of him seemed to add to the charm. What could equal the stance, the quick lightning movements of the body, or the severe control of its quietness?

But none of these features by themselves gave the full effect. The complete harmonious accord of the moment —there was no way to explain it.
When the ballet was over and the dancers were bowing outside the curtain, I felt a terrible childish sadness, the kind that is felt only after the accidental pleasure. It is a puzzling sensation, the regret for the loss of that which one had not—no, never—even hoped for in the first place!

The young man stood a little in front of the others, bowing. I noticed that his ears were beautifully pointed and his hair was sleek.

The lights in the Auditorium went up. The orchestra began to play. People put on their wraps and began to talk in matter-of-fact voices. But I was gravely occupied with the memory of the young man. Moving slowly in the large arena of the Auditorium, I felt that I would never forget him. I listened dreamily to the music and watched the audience make its dignifiedparade to the rear exit. It seemed, to my impressionable mind, that everything existed only for the contemplation of him.

8、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-第9页

"A fire still fluttered in the grate,making a drowsy sound now and the ,and its exhausted light beat up and down the wall,across the rafters, and over the dark pallet where the old people lay,like a bird trying to find its way out of the room.

9、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-Herb Gathering-采药

Truman Capote

Once a week, Saturdays mostly, we went to River Woods. For these trips, which lasted the whole day, Catherine fried a chicken and deviled a dozen eggs, and Dolly took along a chocolate layer cake and a supply of divinity fudge. Thus armed, and carrying three empty grain sacks, we walked out the church road past the cemetery and through the field of Indian grass.

Just entering the woods there was a double-trunked China tree, really two trees, but their branches were so embraced that you could step from one into the other; in fact, they were bridged by a tree-house; spacious, sturdy, a model of a tree-house, it was like a raft floating in the sea of leaves. The boys who built it, provided they are still alive, must by now be very old men; certainly the tree-house was fifteen or twenty years old when Dolly first found it and that was a quarter of a century before she showed it to me.

To reach it was easy as climbing stairs; there were footholds of gnarled bark and tough vines to grip; even Catherine, who was heavy around the hips and complained of rheumatism, had no trouble. But Catherine felt no

love for the tree-house; she did not know, as Dolly knew and made me know, that it was a ship, that to sit up there was to sail along the cloudy coastline of every dream. Mark my word, said Catherine, them boards are too old, them nails are slippery as worms, gonna crack in two, gonna fall and bust our beads don't I know it.

Storing our provisions in the tree-house, we separated into the woods, each carrying a grain sack to be filled with herbs, leaves, strange roots. No one, not even Catherine, knew altogether what went into the medicine, for it was a secret Dolly kept to herself, and we were never allowed to look at the gatherings in her own sack: she held tight to it, as though inside she had captive a blue-haired child, a bewitched prince.

This was her story: "Once, back yonder when we were children there were gipsies thick as birds in blackberry patch …not like now, maybe you see a few straggling through each year. They came with spring: sudden, like the dogwood pink, therethey were—up and down the road and in the woods around. Then one evening, it was April and falling rain, I went out to the cowshed where Fairybell had a new little calf; and there in the cowshed were three gipsy women, two of them old and one of them young, and the young one was lying naked and twisting on the corn-shucks. When they saw that I was not afraid, one of the old women asked would I bring a light. So I went to the house for a candle, and when I came back the woman who had sent me was holding a red hollering baby upside down by its feet, and, the other woman was milking Fairybell. I helped them wash the baby in the warm milk and wrap it in a scarf. Then one of the old women took my hand and said:"Now I am going to give you a gift by teaching you a rhyme. It was a rhyme about evergreen bark, dragonfly fern—and all the other things we come here in the woods to find:Boil till dark and pure if you want a dropsy cure. In the morning they were gone; I looked for them in the fields and on the road; there was nothing left of them but the rhyme in my head."

Calling to each other, hooting like owls loose in the daytime, we worked all morning in opposite parts of the woods. Towards afternoon, our sack fat with skinned bark, tender, torn roots, we climbed back into the green web of the China tree and spread the food. There was good creek water in a mason jar, or if the weather was cold a thermos of hot coffee, and we wadded leaves to wipe our chicken-stained, fudge-sticky fingers. Afterwards, telling fortunes with flowers, speaking of sleepy things, it was as though we floated through the afternoon on the raft in the tree; we belonged there, as the sunsilvered leaves belonged, the dwelling whippoorwills.

10、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-第36页

He wore soft close-fitting slippers and the insteps of his feet were so beautiful and alive that i fell in love with them at once.
十一岁的小女孩的审美已经sort of creepy又很美啊 我就大概只会盯着肌肉线条和，

11、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-The great fire of 1945-一九四五年大火记

Margaret Shedd

Standing on the high ground behind the house, she saw that one small flame had separated itself from the matrix of fire within the house and was gliding up the wall. It licked the shingles nimbly and delicately, and, still only a golden tongue, found the window of her room. She herself had left that window open and leaned out of it helplessly calling help before she ran from the room down the hot stairs out of the house to the earth never more friendly than then.

Up to now the house had still looked quite natural. From the little hill where she stood, too dumfounded to speak or call out any more, it had seemed to be alight for some grand secret festival. The flame which had darted out of a cellar window or a rathole or who knows what tiny aperture and had run swift as a lizard up to the second story had found its kind; and with the flourish of grand finale the vaporous curtain of smoke puffs was transfigured into

billows of flame-shot black and then into the pure roaring triumph of fire, fire. From down the valley she heard the engines, but they had a long way to come.

The house, which she could see was going to be burned to its bones before any help could reach it, was the summing up of her life. Logically included in the slant of its roof, its closet spaces, its lonely distance from the village, was everything that had ever happened to the woman, and included as well were all the other houses she had lived in.

When, shortly before, the housekeeper had come pounding on her door, screaming, beating on the wood, "Wake up, wake up quick, Mrs. James! The furnace has burst, the house is afire, get up quick!" She had had time to get the bracelet and bring it out. She had, half consciously, gone to the window and called for help. Then she had wrapped herself in a heavy gray dressing gown and had looked around the room deciding whether to take out her fur coats and some letters. In her mind's eye she had seen the bracelet lying in the top drawer of her green French Provencal dressing table along with the other trinkets. She had had time to think, No, I won't take it; leave it where it is. So, remembering now the bracelet's earlier associations, which for many years she had forgotten, she was more glad than ever that it was gone. She was honest enough to admit that life had failed her. And as between apathy and pain she had made her choice.

As if to test that decision, the fire peeled off one wall of the house, and the room she had just left opened up before her. There was no distortion; the fire illumined and had not begun to destroy the room which she suddenly realized was dear to her. There was the Provencal dressing table, bought for a white-plastered bedroom they had had in a house in the Berkeley hills.

Now she saw the fire whirl up in a rotating gesture to snatch the clock and the vase with its white flowers, and, as if that were the signal for holocaust, the room was blotted out in a dance of up-prancing, laughing, clapping flames and the dressing table writhed in their grip. I never saw the bed, she thought, nor the curtains, the fabrics I loved. Now they were gone and, again to her surprise, she was grieved; she had thought she was immune to simple emotions like nostalgia or the faint sadness of having old friends depart who forget to say good-by.

Someone was walking that way, hailing her. "They've got here at last, Mrs. James. They may be able to save some of the things downstairs."
"It's all right." She did not try to compete with fire and hose roar and the bells of rescuers arriving.
"What?" the voice shouted to her. "What did you say?"
"Never mind."

"They've already got out some of the papers from Mr. James'study, and they've started on the furniture. That brocade settee."The shouting voice was triumphant, an achievement boasted. It was an achievement, men risking their lives to extract furniture from a burning house. She tried to remember if they had ever used that settee. Yes, there had been a time, and she was forgetting it on purpose···. The last time she had seen of Mr. James, she was sitting on the brocade settee....

The fire had blown to statuesque grandeur. It had taken hold of the house trees, which were now dying. The three tall sentinel firs made their pyre apart, but the others, among them the maple outside her window, were meeting common death with the house they shaded. This was a great fire, the biggest in these parts for twenty years. The firemen drew back to safer distances. The rescued settee, which had not been carried out far enough, began to smolder, and no one would brave the heat to rescue it again.

The fire chief, village druggist disguised in a helmet, came up to comfort her and apologize, "It's a pity, Mrs. James, we couldn't save anything to speak of. The way the draft carried the flame you'd have thought that house was built

to be burned. Excuse me, ma'am, I guess you're feeling bad enough."

She had no idea what words he expected from her, so she pointed toward the fire, as much as to say, What is there to say? But he thought she was indicating the settee, now smoking like a Christmas pudding, and he felt guilty about it.
"I know," he said humbly. "I thought we sure had it out far enough."

"Throw it back into the fire." She heard her own harsh, unkempt voice and she hadn't meant to offend the druggist-fireman, who backed off hurriedly, disconcerted by her ferocity; it was just that she could not help voicing exactly what was in her mind…because she had decided to throw into the fiery furnace every shred of her life that she could lay hands on.

But the house burned brightly enough, as fine a fire as hell.
It was hell, nor more nor less. It tore at her eye-balls, and looking at it was more than looking because it had already begun to devour her.

The clawing flame fingers began to encircle her heart. What did they want? Could they release the dream that had been walled up in her? A dream as soft-feathered and surely molded as a thrush, but lifeless now, head battered and wings shredded from beating against the walls of defeat. This dream of life, giving and taking and of loving—poor love—was dead. She had failed; and the heart was a tomb and the flame fingers could probe and claw to no purpose—forever. That was it. She had forgotten. Hell was a flame forever; that was the whole point. Eternal fire.

And she sighed. For the first time she took her eyes away from the fire. That was all that happened. She paused and looked around.
She saw that oddly enough the woods behind the house had had nothing to do with the fire. Under her feet there were buds of bleeding heart and violets. In the valley, beyond the fire engines, a living thrush twittered. Could it be that the sky was reddening not with blood but with dawn?

Spring dawn became something faintly more than the shadow smell of ground flowers under the leaves; and when she breathed she had to unclench her hands, because it was impossible to inhale the violet-tinged, dogwood-tipped air without also moving her neck and shoulders to relax them, then relaxing her arms, and at last her hands, which she held upward waist high and opened into palms.

In one of them, of course, lay the golden bracelet. She had saved it without knowing it, and exactly when she thought she had made up her mind not to save it; and she had taken it because it was all she had worth saving.

12、《现代英文选评注》的笔记-The Life and Work of Professer Roy Millen-米伦教授的生活与工作

Robert Penn Warren

Professor Roy Millen had loved his wife devotedly, and now she was dead…. He made his plans to go abroad, to England, to work in the libraries there, as he and his wife had planned. It was what she should have him do, he told himself. And the book would be a kind of monument to her. He would dedicate the book to her. As he walked slowly back from the campus to his house in the late afternoons or early evenings of spring, he would try to compose the dedication, saying the words aloud to himself as he looked up at the paling, peach-colored sky beyond the newly leafed branches. He had decided to sail in June, as soon as he could leave after commencement.

"I hear you're going away for a year, Professor Millen," Tom Howell said, standing respectfully before Professor Millen's office desk. Then he added, in a dutiful tone, "To work on your book."
"Yes," Professor Millen said, "to work on my book." Then, as though recollecting himself, he made a little gesture toward the chair in front of the desk, and said, "Won't you have a seat, Howell?"
"Are you going to finish it in a year?" Howell asked, and sat down.

"I still have a little research to do. I have to settle a few points—points which can't be settled in libraries in this country. I have to do some work yet in one of the great English libraries." Professor Millen paused, looking over the green lawn outside his office window. "But I'll get it written within the year. Practically everything is in order. Though, of course," he paused, again looking at Tom Howell, who listened respectfully and with what seemed interest, "I'll have to do a good deal of retouching—style and so on, you know—" he waved his hand modestly in the air, "when I get back."

"I'm hoping—" the boy hesitated, fumbling in his pocket to draw out a folded paper, "I'm hoping to be able to go abroad next year. If I can make it. That's what I wanted to see you about, Professor Millen."
"Anything I can do, I'll be glad to do."
"It's a scholarship. A French scholarship, and I was hoping you'd recommend me. I have had a lot of work with you, and all. The French Department will recommend me, but I have done my minor in English, you know. What you'd say would count a lot."

"Howell," Professor Millen said, judicially putting the tips of his fingers together and inspecting the boy, "I've never had a better student than you are. Possibly never one as good. I'll say that in my recommendation. I'll write a strong one." He felt his enthusiasm mounting as he spoke, and a warmth suffused him as though at the prospect of some piece of happiness, some success for himself.

"I certainly appreciate it," the boy said. "This is about the only thing I've got in sight for next year, and I'm graduating. Oh, I reckon I could get a little teaching job or something for a year or two to save up some money to go on. I don't think I ought to ask my family for any more—they've been swell, putting me through college and giving me that trip to France two years back—"

"Yes, yes," Professor Millen said abstractedly, "oh, yes, you did go over one summer, didn't you?"
"Oh, that was just for fun," Howell said, "but this time it would be for work. And when I get back I ought to be able to get a pretty good job so I could save enough to get my Ph.D. quick. Up East."
"A year of study in France will be a fine opportunity,"Professor Millen said. That enthusiasm and warmth which had filled him like a promise of happiness was waning now, he did not know why. He wished the boy would get up and go and leave him alone.

"Oh, it'll be an opportunity," Howell agreed, "and I'm not going to waste it. The work'll be fun, and there ought to be a little fun besides. I was in Paris for two weeks—and you know how Paris is, it sort of knocks you off your feet. You've been there?"

"Yes, yes," Professor Millen said hurriedly, impersonally, almost impatiently, averting his face from the boy and looking off across the patch of lawn, wondering why he had lied, why he had told the boy he had been to Paris. He watched some students, two boys and a girl, who moved across the sunlit, open space. They moved lingeringly. It seemed that they would never be across that bright, open space of green where the sun was. Then they were gone, hidden by the screen of foliage.

Professor Millen turned and brought his gaze to rest again on the boy. The boy was leaning forward, his face smiling. Professor Millen saw, as if for the first time, the blond, crisp hair combed back from the square forehead,

the confident gaze of the blue eyes, the comfortable, confident way the coat hung from the good shoulders.

The boy stood up. "I've stayed too long. I know you've got a lot of work to do."
"No," Professor Millen said.
"And I certainly appreciate your recommendation. The address of the scholarship committee is on here," he said, and laid a printed sheet on the desk. "That's the circular, and all the information."
"I'll attend to it right away," Professor Millen said.
"Thank you," the boy said, and was gone.

For a few minutes Professor Millen sat there, his eyes on the bare wall opposite his desk. Then he read the circular. He laid it back on the desk and pressed a button. When the secretary came in, he handed her the printed sheet. "The address is on that," he said, and waited while she copied it. Then he said, "I'll give you the letter." He studied the wall for a moment, then began.

"Gentlemen. I can truthfully say that I take the most sincere pleasure in recommending to you Mr. Thomas Howell. In my long career as a teacher I have never had a better student. He has an acute and penetrating intelligence, and, as is so often not the case with young men of his capacity, the patience and honesty of a true scholar. I am sure that if he is appointed to—" He hesitated, looking at the wall. "I am sure that—" he said at last, then stopped.

The secretary, her pencil poised above her pad, waited while Professor Millen seemed to withdraw, to sink within himself. Her foot made a slight reproachful scraping sound as she changed her position in the chair. She, too, began to look out the window, where Professor Millen's gaze now was fixed.
"That's all—all for the present," Professor Millen said, suddenly. "Just hold that and I'll finish later. I've just thought—" he managed to look direct at her, "of something else I've got to do. There's something else."

After the secretary had left the office, closing the door softly behind her, he did not move some time. Then he again looked out the window. The shadows were lengthening over the smooth lawn. The faintest premonitory flush was touching the puffs of white cloud visible toward the top of his window. Before long now he would be going home. He picked up the circular. He read it again, very carefully, dwelling on it almost painfully, as though he were an illiterate trying to extort some secret from the words. He lifted his eyes from the sheet to look at the chair where the boy had sat leaning forward, the pleasure shining on his clear, handsome face, the good coat riding easy on his shoulders, saying, "—you know how. Paris is, it sort of knocks you off your feet. You've been there?"

Professor Millen let the circular slip from his lap to the floor. Then, decisively, he reached into the drawer of his desk and took out a sheet of paper. He wrote rapidly in his large, firm script:
GENTLEMEN:
I have been asked to recommend Mr. Thomas Howell to you for a scholarship for study in France. As you will observe from a transcript of his academic record, with which no doubt you have been provided, he has made the grade of A in all of his work in the English department of this institution, and I understand that his grades in French (his major subject) have been very high. This achievement, of course, deserves consideration, but candor compels me to say that a superficial facility and cleverness seem to characterize his mind. I do not wish to prejudice the committee against his case, and I may be wrong in my estimate; certainly, I hope that the committee will consider him very carefully. But I do feel that he lacks solidity of character, the spirit of patient inquiry, and what might be termed the philosophical bent.
Very respectfully yours,
ROY MILLEN,
Professor of English.

Without looking up, he addressed an envelope hurriedly, the pen making a dry, scratching sound. Then he blotted

and stamped the envelope, inserted the sheet, put the letter into his pocket, picked up his hat, and left the office. He would, heremembered, pass a postbox on his way home.

《现代英文选评注》

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