



西南联大英文课
FRESHMAN READINGS IN ENGLISH

国立西南联合大学建校80周年纪念版

陈福田编 罗逸民等译

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FRESHMAN READINGS IN ENGLISH

英汉双语版

陈福田编
罗逸民等译

西南联大英文课本首次完整呈现

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纪念
国立西南联合大学建校八十周年



当年的西南联大



当年的西南联大

序

西南联大的历史虽然不到十年，却成为中国教育史上的一座丰碑，堪称世界教育史上的奇迹。在这样一种战火纷飞、艰苦卓绝的条件下，她在不同的学科中培养了大批未来的国家栋梁之才，真可谓群星灿烂，蔚为奇观。如果我们问，当今中国外国语言文学界，为何不能像早期西南联大外文系那样，培养出诸如钱锺书、曹禺、穆旦、李赋宁、王佐良、许国璋那样的大师级人物？这个问题确实会困惑许多人。如果仅仅说那是一个产生大师的时代，这恐怕缺乏足够的说服力。陈寅恪先生在纪念王国维碑文里强调的“独立之精神，自由之思想”恐怕是一个重要原因。这种“精神独立”和“思想自由”释放出来的人文关怀和学术氛围聚集了一批学识卓越的教授，在他们的教导下，学生放眼世界，以报效国家为己任，发奋学习，勤于思考，最终成为国家之栋梁之才。

在西南联大外文系的那些学养深厚的教授中，系主任陈福田是其中一位。他主编的《西南联大英文课》课本（原名《大学一年级英文教本》），将先进的教育理念融入到英语教学之中，在提升英语阅读技能，欣赏英语范文、西方经典之外，更重要的是传递了一种深切的人文关怀和高尚的道德情操。阅读这类教材，学生学到的不是一鳞半爪的语言知识，或者猎奇的故事情节。在这里，学生知道何为教育，何为学，如何学，为谁学，如何学有所为。在这里，学生的英文能力得以加强，健全人格得以培养，精神世界得以升华。放眼当今中国之外语界，具有如此境界的英语教材恐已微乎其微。

《西南联大英文课》课本是为培养通识人才、博雅之士而编写的。它着眼未来，追求内涵，厚积薄发，与时下中国外语界鱼龙混杂的英文速成教材相比，具有天壤之别。这部教材有几个特色。

首先，它扎根于中国社会的土壤之中。课文选材旨在培养中国未来的文化精英，为改革旧制、构建中国的现代性而做好铺垫。在教材的前三篇课文中，编者向我们展示了西方学者眼中的中国，意在唤起西方的注意和中国国民的觉醒。《贫瘠的春天》摘自诺贝尔文学奖获得者赛珍珠的小说《大地》。当春天来临时，生活在水深火热之中的农民老刘却看不到希望，甚至对自己活着都不感到庆幸。第二、三篇《负重的牲口》《河之歌》均出自英国戏剧家、小说家毛姆的文集《在中国的屏风上》。课文讲述了挑夫和纤夫不堪重负的犹如牲口般的生活。

他们不停地上上下下，伴随着无尽的劳役响起有节奏的呐喊：嘿，哟——嗨，哟。他们赤着脚，光着膀子，汗水顺着脸颊直流。歌声里渗透着痛苦的呻吟。这是一种绝望的叹息，撕心裂肺，惨绝人寰。这是灵魂在极度痛苦中的呐喊，只不过带着音乐的节奏罢了。那最后的音符是对人性的终极哭诉。生活太难，太残酷，这是最后的绝望的反抗。那就是河之歌。（P26）

在这样一种社会语境的参照体系中，受教育者看到的是自己生活中的真实画面，看到的是自己千千万万需要得到拯救的同胞。编者希望学习者不要沉溺于象牙塔之中，而是要直面血淋淋的现实，献身于社会改造之中，铸造“修身、齐家、治国、平天下”的博大胸怀。

第二，它立足于教育之上。教材所选范文均是为了服务教育这个大的目标。在这个方面，所选课文有：《通识教育》《民主社会中教育之功用》《教育的目的》《什么是大学？》《通识学院的理论》等。

什么是教育？英国博物学家托马斯·亨利·赫胥黎给出如下定义：

我认为教育就是对自然法则智慧的展现，这种展现不仅仅指各种事物及其蕴含的力量，而且也包括人类和他们的各个方面，以及热切希望和这些自然法则和谐相处的情感与意志的塑造。因此，在我看来，这就是所谓的教育。（P218）

记得在九十年代，中国的高等学校掀起了一阵素质教育（实为通识教育）的高潮，教育部还对之进行大力的推广。后来有些高校还发出培养复合型人才呼声。其实，后者依旧停留在简单的技术教育层面，它关注的不是思想的训练，而是技术的叠加。它只是工具理性层面的产物，似乎把外语加上几门专业课程，合格的复合型外语人才和专业翻译人才便新鲜出炉了。其实，这不过是一个美好的愿望而已。而在上个世纪的三十年代，陈福田先生的英语课本就已经将经典的教育理念运用于英语教学之中，用经典的文章来启发学生的思维，在今天看来，这仍然是发聋振聩之举。

如果有人要问，通识教育与技术教育的区别在何处？受过通识教育的人应该是什么样的？针对这些问题，我们完全可以在《西南联大英文课》中找到满意的答案。

在技术学校，学生们为一份特定的工作做准备，大部分停留在感性活动的层面，做别人可以理解的工作。在职业学校，学生们倒是处在思想和原则的领域之内，但他们仍然局限于某一特定的人类旨趣，他们的认知活动也仅基于此。但是大学之所以相对于这两类学校被称为“通识学院”，是因为它的教育不是由特定的兴趣所主宰，它不局限于任何单个的人类使命，不是孤立地理解人类的种种努力，而是将人类活动当作整体，将这种理解置于彼此的联系之中，置于与总体经验即我们所谓的人们的生活的关联之下。

（P643）

我认为，一个接受过通识教育的人应该是这样的：他年轻时受到的训练可以使其身体服从自己的意志，就像一台机器一样轻松而愉悦地从事一切工作；他的心智好比一台敏锐、冷静而有逻辑性的引擎，每个部分能力相当，有条不紊地运行着；他又如一台蒸汽机，待于效力各种工作，纺织思想之纱，铸就心智之锚；他的大脑中充满着知识，既有关于大自然的重要真理和知识，也有自然界运行的基本规律；他并不是一个不正常的苦行人，他的生活中总是充满生机和热情，但他的激情永远受制于强大的意志力和敏感的良好；他学会去热爱一切美好的事物，不论是自然之美还是艺术之美；他憎恨所有的丑恶，并做到尊人如待己。（P220-221）

透视目前中国外语教育之现状，许多外语学院变成了职业的训练场，教师忙于专业教学，灌输学科的专业知识，教学与研究都离开了学问的原起点。更有甚者，思想已经淡出，学术已经褪色，技术有统领学术的势头。如果是创新技术，倒还无可厚非，问题是许多技术和方法无非西方的舶来品。遗憾的是这种简单的重复应用并没有让我们的一些教授心虚，其中还会有人觉得自己已手握倚天剑屠龙刀，可以发令于学术界。在这种气候下，博雅教育的生态环境必将遭到践踏，学生得到的教育不过是工具训练而已。

即便对于专业学者和人文学者，《通识学院的理论》一文中都有这么一段精彩的论述：

现在如果有人选择只关注自己的业务领域我并不反对，但如果一个人这样做是因为他不懂其他业务领域的知识，或是因为他不了解使他的业务变得有理据、有意义的任何相关领域的知识，那我们就可以说虽然此人很专注于自己的业务，但他并不通晓，并不理解它们。这样的人，从今天所要求的“通识教育”的角度看，与不懂自己买卖的买卖人和只从事自己专业的职业人士没有本质差别。（P648）

这种论述来自学术界的一个普遍的看法：真正的学者只关心自己的学术研究，甚至是两耳不闻窗外事。“如果一位学者冒险去探索自己领域与周围领域的关系，他很容易成为知识普及工作者、文人、思辨者，或者最不好的结果是变得与科学研究背道而驰。”（P648）在中国的外语界，不是没有持这样观点的学者，这也许是中国学术界为寻求规范而需要共同度过的一个阵痛时期。归根结底，这只是一种片面和不成熟的表现。首先，知识首先体现为网状的整体，就像一个蜘蛛网一样，一切均指向其中心原点；或者说，知识由中心的原点出发，无限地指向未来，而知识的每个节点都在其中发生作用。其次，在当今的学术界，传统学科已趋向饱和，学术研究和发现已接近瓶颈，同为这个时代的学者，如果谁持有通识和博雅的教育，就更容易发现新的增长点，产生新的理论和知识。课文中有这样一段描写：“他与他们一样将自己封闭于狭窄的个人兴趣之内，而从来不花脑力从整体上理解自己的经验。遗憾的是，我们大学里越来越多的席位都被这些仅有特定兴趣，掌握专业化知识的人占据。”（P648）这种理解来自一个世纪以前的西方学者、教育家，我们不得不感叹我们在教育理念上与西方的一些先哲相比，还存在一定的差距。

第三，课本由经典构成。全书共收录四十三篇课文，涉及文学、教育学、政治学、哲学等。该书选文

多样，有小说、散文、论说文、传记等。所选英文文章，必出自大家之手，如毛姆、赛珍珠、兰姆、梭罗、爱伦·坡、罗素等，其中不乏中国的作者，如胡适、林语堂。这些文章不仅语言优美，更重要的是，它们充满了深邃的思想、睿智的对话和审美的体验。

经典对大学教育十分重要，它是文化记忆的基本元素。经典需要一代又一代学者的解读、阐释、重构。在无穷循环的阐释与演绎中，经典犹如美酒佳酿，时间越长，其味越醇。经典作家的声誉独立于大众读者而存在，经典作品的甘醇伴随每一位接受过博雅教育之士的生命中的每一个时刻，须臾不曾分离。课本选有《经典之所以为经典》一文，可以告诉学生为何要读经典，如何去读经典：

所谓经典著作，就是那些作品，它们能够给那些对文学表现出持久且浓厚兴趣的少数人带来快乐。这种快乐感之所以存在，是因为这类少数人愿意体验新的快感，于是怀揣一颗永无止境的好奇心，投入于永不止步的再发现当中。成就一部经典之作并不倚仗于伦理道德。经典作品能够流芳百世，并不是因为其遵循了某套标准，也不是因为其备受关注而免受疏忽，而是因为经典作品是快乐的源泉。（P385-386）

其实，陈福田先生主编的《西南联大英文课》课本本身就是一个经典。编者高屋建瓴，以超人的学识，以深邃的思想，荟集了人文社会科学的优秀文章。这些文章具有跨学科的、多层次的特色，都是可读性极强的范文。阅读这些文章，能给人以震撼，能给人以感悟，能给人以启迪，能给人以方向，能给人以力量。课本不仅仅是针对西南联大的学生，而是面向未来的中国教育。中译出版社发现这部教材，并深入挖掘，重新编辑，邀请清华大学、北京大学、南开大学、北京外国语大学等多校教师联合翻译其中的英文课文，编辑成英汉双语课本，这于中国外语界，甚至中国教育界，都是一件功德无量的事情。

是为序。

罗选民
2016年岁末写于广外云溪居

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1

BARREN SPRING

By Pearl S. Buck



BARREN SPRING, from *The First Wife and Other Stories*, by Pearl Sydenstricker Buck, New York, The John Day Company, 1933, pp. 279-283.

Pearl Sydenstricken Buck (1892-1973), American novelist. Her parents were missionaries in China, so she was brought up in our country. She was married, first, to John Lossing Buck, at one time professor of Rural Economics at the University of Nanking. This early part of her life she included in her biography of her mother, in her novel *The Exile*, published in 1935. In the same year she divorced her husband to marry her present husband Richard J. Walsh, owner of the John Day Publishing House. She still writes under the name of Mrs. Pearl S. Buck. *The Good Earth*, generally considered as her best novel on China, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1931 for being the best novel published for that year in America.

Liu, the farmer, sat at the door of his one-room house. It was a warm evening in late February, and in his thin body he felt the coming of spring. How he knew that the time had now come when sap should stir in trees and life begin to move in the soil he could not have told himself. In other years it would have been easy enough. He could have pointed to the willow trees about the house, and shown the swelling buds. But there were no more trees now. He had cut them off during the bitter winter when they were starving for food and he had sold them one by one. Or he might have pointed to the pink-tipped buds of his three peach trees and his six apricot trees that his father had planted in his day so that now, being at the height of their time, they bore a load of fruit every year. But these trees were also gone. Most of all, in any other year than this he might have pointed to his wheat fields, where he planted wheat in the winter when the land was not needed for rice, and where, when spring was moving into summer, he planted the good rice, for rice was his chief crop. But the land told nothing, this year. There was no wheat on it, for the flood

had covered it long after wheat should have been planted, and it lay there cracked and like clay but newly dried.

Well, on such a day as this, if he had his buffalo and his plow as he had always had in other years, he would have gone out and plowed up that cracked soil. He ached to plow it up and make it look like a field again, yes, even though he had not so much as one seed to put in it. But he had no buffalo. If anyone had told him that he would eat his own water buffalo that plowed the good land for him, and year after year pulled the stone roller over the grain and threshed it at harvest he would have called that man idiot. Yet it was what he had done. He had eaten his own water buffalo, he and his wife and his parents and his four children, they had all eaten the buffalo together.

But what else could they do on that dark winter's day when the last of their store of grain was gone, when the trees were cut and sold, when he had sold everything, even the little they had saved from the flood, and there was nothing left except the rafters of the house they had and the garments they wore? Was there sense in stripping the coat off one's back to feed one's belly? Besides, the beast was starving also, since the water had covered even the grass lands, and they had had to go far afield to gather even enough to cook its bones and flesh. On that day when he had seen the faces of his old parents set as though dead, on that day when he had heard the crying of his children and seen his little daughter dying, such a despair had seized him as made him like a man without his reason, so that he had gathered together his feeble strength and he had done what he said he never would; he had taken the kitchen knife and gone out and killed his own beast. When he did it, even in his despair, he groaned, for it was as though he killed his own brother. To him it was the last sacrifice.

Yet it was not enough. No, they grew hungry again and there was nothing left to kill. Many of the villagers went south to other places, or they went down the river to beg in the great cities. But he, Liu the farmer, had never begged. Moreover, it seemed to him then that they must all die and the only comfort left was to die on their own land. His neighbor had come and begged him to set forth with them; yes, he had even said he would carry one of the old parents on his back so that Liu might carry the other, seeing that his own old father was already dead. But Liu had refused, and it was well, for in the next two days the old mother was dead, and if she had died on the way he could only have cast her by the roadside lest the others be delayed and more of them die. As it was he could put her safely into their own ground, although he had been so weak that it had taken him three days to dig a hole deep enough for her little old withered body. And then before he could get her buried he and his wife had quarreled over the poor few clothes on the old body. His wife was a hard woman and she would have buried the old mother naked, if he had let her, so as to have the clothes for the children. But he made her leave on the inner coat and trousers; although they were only rags after all, and when he saw the cold earth against his old mother's flesh—well, that was sorrow for a man, but it could not be helped. Three more he had buried somehow, his old father and his baby daughter and the little boy who had never been strong.

That was what the winter's famine had taken from them. It would have taken them all except that in the great pools lying everywhere, which were left from the flood, there were shrimps, and these they had eaten raw and were still eating, although they were all sick with a dysentery that would not get well. In the last day or so his wife had crawled out and dug a few sprouting dandelions. But there was no fuel and so they also were eaten raw. But the bitterness was good after the tasteless flesh of the raw shrimps. Yes, spring was coming.

He sat on heavily, looking out over his land. If he had his buffalo back, if he had his plow that they had burned for fuel, he could plow the land. But when he thought of this as he did many times every day, he felt helpless as a leaf tossed upon the flood. The buffalo was gone; gone also his plow and every implement of wood and bamboo, and what other had he? Sometimes in the winter he had felt grateful that at least the flood had not taken all the house as it had so many other houses. But now suddenly it came to him that he could be grateful for nothing, no, not even that he had his life left him and the life of his wife and the two older children. He felt tears come into his eyes slowly as they had not even come when he buried his old mother and saw the earth fall against her flesh, bared by the rags which had comforted him that day. But now he was comforted by nothing. He muttered to himself.

"I have no seed to plant in the land. There the land lies! I could go and claw it up with my hands if I had the seed and the land would bear. I know my good land. But I have no seed and the land is empty. Yes, even though spring comes, we must still starve!"

And he looked, hopeless, into the barren spring.

Notes

late February, towards the end of the month of February; the latter part of February.

thin, because he had not had enough to eat all through the winter.

Did you read any significance into the words *sat* and *one-room* of the previous line?

In this sentence, how did Mrs. Buck avoid repeating the words *the coming of spring*?

it would have been easy enough in other years to know that spring was coming, for *he could have pointed* to the swelling buds on his willow trees, to the pink-tipped buds of his three peach trees and his six apricot trees, to his wheat fields; but, this year, there were no more trees and the land told nothing.

swelling buds, one of the many signs of the approach of spring.

What about *pink-tipped buds*?

in his day, in his lifetime; when he was full of vigor.

at the height of their time, having reached the period of growth when these fruit trees should be bearing the most fruit.

“the land lay there cracked and it lay there like clay only newly dried.”

if he had, but he did not have them.

He ached. He wanted very much to work, but he lacked the seeds and the implements.

their store of grain, their stock or supply of grain.

rafters, the sloping timbers of the roof of a house.

Was there sense in stripping the coat off one's back to feed one's belly? If Farmer Liu did not feed his belly (stomach), he would starve to death; if he stripped the coat off his back and sold the clothes for money to buy food for his belly, he would freeze to death from the cold. Farmer Liu thought that it was more sensible for him to keep his clothes on and try to get food by some other means, by killing his starving buffalo, for example. So he killed the animal.

faces set, faces took on a hard expression, became motionless as in death.

last, utmost; extreme; supreme; greatest.

down the river. What river must this be that flows by *great cities*?

his own father, his neighbor's own father.

hard, hard-hearted; not easily influenced emotionally; unfeeling.

cold. Two meanings: cold in the sense of low temperature, for in winter the ground is actually very cold; cold in the emotional sense, in that the earth was not sympathetic, was unfeeling, unmoved, apathetic.

shrimps, 虾.

dysentery, 赤痢—a disease of the bowels, with inflamed mucous membrane and intestinal glands, griping pains, and mucous and bloody evacuations.

sprouting dandelions, dandelions which were beginning to put forth shoots, to grow. The dandelion is a yellow-flowered composite plant with widely toothed leaves. It grows wild, especially in well-kept lawns, where it is a pest. Sprouting dandelions show that spring was coming.

heavily, sadly; despondently; dolefully; melancholically.

as a leaf tossed upon the flood. This is a mode of expressing abstract (not concrete) ideas by words which suggest pictures or images and is known as a *figure of speech*. This particular figure of speech that we give here is a *simile*, which is an imaginative comparison between objects essentially unlike, except in certain aspects, and declares that A is *like* B, or, “he felt helpless *as* a leaf tossed upon the flood.” A simile may be condensed into a *metaphor*, which imaginatively identifies one object with another, and ascribes to the one qualities of the other. A metaphor assumes that A is B, or, “he was a leaf tossed upon the flood.” A metaphor may usually be expanded into a simile.

he could be grateful for nothing. Why could he be grateful for nothing? Why was he comforted by nothing? Why did tears come now when they had not even come when he buried his old mother?

Questions

1. How did Farmer Liu know that spring was coming? In other years what signs could he have pointed to?
2. What had seemed to him “the last sacrifice”?
3. What further sacrifices did he have to make?
4. Summarize all that the winter's famine had taken?
5. Why the title “Barren Spring”?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《贫瘠的春天》一文选自赛珍珠所著《第一任妻子和其他故事》，纽约约翰·戴出版公司1933年出版，279—283页。

【作者简介】

赛珍珠（1892—1973），美国小说家，因其父母曾在中国传教而生长于中国。她的首任丈夫卜凯曾任金陵大学（现南京大学前身）农业经济学教授。赛珍珠在其1935年出版的为母亲所写的传记《流亡者》中提及了自己的这段早年经历。是年，她与卜凯离婚，并嫁给后来的丈夫，约翰·戴出版公司的所有人理查德·沃尔什。她以赛珍珠的笔名创作的小说《大地》1931年获普利策奖，被评为当年在美国出版的最佳小说，也被认为是赛珍珠关于中国的小说中最出色的一部。

1 贫瘠的春天

农民老刘坐在自己只有一间房的门口。那是二月末的一个温煦的黄昏，他瘦削的身体已经感知到春天的来临。他怎会知道正是这时候树木的汁液开始颤动，泥土中的生命开始苏醒呢？他无法给自己一个答案。可是在往年，这本是一件极容易的事情。他本可以指着屋子四周的柳树，给大家看就要抽条的嫩芽。但是现在树已经没有了，严冬饥荒时被他全砍了，一棵一棵地卖了。或者他本来还可以指着父亲年轻时亲手栽种的三株桃树和六棵杏树，给大家看那粉嫩的花苞。这些果树正值壮年，每年都会结下累累的果实。但是这些树也没有了。最重要的是，往年他还会指着麦地给大家看。在这块地上，他冬天种麦子，因为那个时令没法种水稻；快入夏时，他就会插秧种稻子，而且收成很好。水稻是他田里的主要农作物。但是今年地里啥也没有。没有离离的麦子，因为该种麦子的时候，田地被洪水淹没了，现在地都开裂了，像刚干不久的黏土一样。

好吧，在这样一个日子里，要是还和往年一样，他的水牛还在，耕犁还在，他应该早已经出门去耕种那片已经开裂的土地了。他很想念犁地，想念平整耕田的样子，是的，就算他连一颗可以播撒的种子也没有。但如今他没有水牛了。要是先前有人劝他把他的水牛宰了吃，他一定会痛骂那个人是个王八犊子。他的水牛可是耕地能手，丰收时还可以帮拉石磨碾谷子。但这都是过去时了。他已经吃掉了自己的水牛。他和他的妻子、父母还有四个孩子一起把水牛给吃了。

但是，在那个昏暗的冬日里，他们吃完了储藏的最后一点粮食，树也砍光了卖钱，能卖的都卖了，连从洪水中救出的那一点点东西也都卖了，除了房梁和身上的衣服，什么都没有剩下，他们还能怎么办？剥掉衣服来填肚子有意义吗？而且当时牲口也已快饿死了，因为洪水已淹没草地，连煮牲口的骨和肉所需的柴草也得走很远才能捡够。那一天，他看到自己年迈的父母面如死灰，听到孩子们哭泣不停，眼见小女儿奄奄一息，他被一阵惨痛的绝望钳住，变得失去了理智，然后鼓起虚弱的气力，做了他说过永远不会做的事情。他到厨房拿起刀，走出去，把自己的牲口给宰了。那一刻他绝望地呻吟着，好像亲手杀了自己的兄弟。对他而言，这是最后的牺牲。

但这还不够。是的，他们又开始遭受饥饿的折磨了，但已经没有什么可杀的了。村子里很多人南下投奔别的地方，或者到河流下游的大城市去乞讨。但农民老刘绝不乞讨。而且他觉得反正大家迟早都要死，死在自己的土地上是剩下的唯一的安慰。邻居来求他，让他跟他们一起动身；是的，他的邻居看到自己的老父亲已命归黄泉时，甚至提出愿意跟老刘一道背他的父母赶路。但老刘拒绝了。这样也不错，因为两天以后他老母亲就死了。要是死在半路上，他只能把尸体扔在路边，否则还得耽误其他人的时间，然后就会有更多人因此死去。现在呢，虽说他身体已经十分虚弱，花了整整三天才挖出一个够深的土穴来掩埋母亲干瘪的身躯，但毕竟他可以把她安好地埋葬在自己的土地上。就在母亲下葬之前，他和老婆吵了一架，就为老人尸体上那点可怜的衣服。他老婆是个硬心肠的女人，假如老刘同意的话，她就要让婆婆光着身子下葬，这样一来扒下来的衣服就可以给孩子们穿。但是老刘还是给母亲穿了内衣和裤子离开了，尽管那都已经是破布了。当他看到冰冷的泥土盖在老母亲的皮肉上时——喔，这对一个男人来说是一种悲哀，但是又有什么办法呢？然后他又亲手将他的老父亲、幼小的女儿和一个从未长结实的小儿子一个个埋入泥土。

这就是这场冬日的饥荒从他们身边所夺走的。饥荒还差点夺走所有人的性命，幸亏洪水过后，随处可见的水塘里发现了小虾，他们便捞来生吃，虽然都因此得了一种难以痊愈的痢疾，但他们一直这样吃到现在。大概在最后一天，他老婆挣扎着出去，挖到了一些刚发芽的蒲公英，因为没有柴火，所以也只能生吃了。味儿苦，但在吃腻了没有滋味的生虾后，这苦味倒还感觉不错。是的，春天来了。

他一屁股坐下，望着外面自己的土地。要是他能要回他的水牛，如果他没有把耕犁当柴火烧了，他现在就能耕地了。每当他想到这些（他每天都想很多遍），他就觉得十分无助，就像扔进洪水的一片孤叶。水牛不在了，犁也不在了，连一根木头一节竹子都没有剩，他还有什么呢？冬天里，有时候他还会心存一丝感激，至少洪水没有把他所有的房屋都冲坏，尽管也冲毁了很多人家的房子。但现在，他突然意识到没有什么值得他感激的，没有，甚至他都不感激自己还活着，自己的老婆还活着，还有老大老二两个孩子。他感觉到泪水慢慢涌上眼眶，就算在埋葬母亲那天，看着泥土撒落在母亲的躯体上时，他都没有掉过一滴眼泪，他甚至还因为母亲辞世时尚有破布遮体而感到安慰。但现在，他无以慰藉。他喃喃自语：

“我没有种子可以种地。土地就在那儿！我要是有种子，我会用我的双手去刨地，土地就会有收成。我

知道我的地肥。但我没有种子，地里什么也没有。是的，春天来了，可我们还会挨饿！”他呆望着这贫瘠的春天，没有一丝希望。

（罗选民 译）

2

THE BEAST OF BURDEN

By W. Somerset Maugham



THE BEAST OF BURDEN, from *On a Chinese Screen*, by William Somerset Maugham, New York, George H. Doran Company, 1922, pp. 77-79.

William Somerset Maugham (1874-1965), English dramatist and novelist. In 1921, Mr. Maugham traveled through China. His impressions of places and persons he recorded in his book of delightful sketches *On a Chinese Screen*, from which book THE BEAST OF BURDEN and THE SONG OF THE RIVER were taken.

At first when you see the coolie on the road, bearing his load, it is as a pleasing object that he strikes the eye. In his blue rags, a blue of all colors from indigo to turquoise and then to the paleness of a milky sky, he fits the landscape. He seems exactly right as he trudges along the narrow causeway between the rice fields or climbs a green hill. His clothing consists of no more than a short coat and a pair of trousers; and if he had a suit which was at the beginning all of a piece, he never thinks when it comes to patching to choose a bit of stuff of the same color. He takes anything that comes handy. From sun and rain he protects his head with a straw hat shaped like an extinguisher with a preposterously wide, flat brim.

You see a string of coolies come along, one after the other, each with a pole on his shoulders from the ends of which hang two great bales, and they make an agreeable pattern. It is amusing to watch their hurrying reflections in the padi water. You watch their faces as they pass you. They are good-natured faces and frank, you would have said, if it had not been drilled into you that the oriental is inscrutable; and when you see them lying down with their loads under a banyan tree by a wayside shrine, smoking and chatting gaily, if you have tried to lift the bales they carry for thirty miles or more a day, it seems natural to feel admiration for their endurance and their spirit. But you will be thought somewhat absurd if you mention your admiration to the old residents of China. You will be told with a tolerant shrug of the shoulders that the coolies are animals and for two thousand years from father to son have

carried burdens, so it is no wonder if they do it cheerfully. And indeed you can see for yourself that they begin early, for you will encounter little children with a yoke on their shoulders staggering under the weight of vegetable baskets.

The day wears on and it grows warmer. The coolies take off their coats and walk stripped to the waist. Then sometimes in a man resting for an instant, his load on the ground but the pole still on his shoulders so that he has to rest slightly crouched, you see the poor tired heart beating against the ribs: you see it as plainly as in some cases of heart disease in the out-patients' room of a hospital. It is strangely distressing to watch. Then also you see the coolies' backs. The pressure of the pole for long years, day after day, has made hard red scars, and sometimes even there are open sores, great sores without bandages or dressing that rub against the wood; but the strangest thing of all is that sometimes, as though nature sought to adapt man for these cruel uses to which he is put, an odd malformation seems to have arisen so that there is a sort of hump, like a camel's, against which the pole rests. But beating heart or angry sore, bitter rain or burning sun notwithstanding, they go on eternally, from dawn till dusk, year in year out, from childhood to the extreme of age. You see old men without an ounce of fat on their bodies, their skin loose on their bones, wizened, their little faces wrinkled and apelike, with hair thin and grey; and they totter under their burdens to the edge of the grave in which at last they shall have rest. And still the coolies go, not exactly running, but not walking either, sidling quickly, with their eyes on the ground to choose the spot to place their feet, and on their faces a strained, anxious expression. You can make no longer a pattern of them as they wend their way. Their effort oppresses you. You are filled with a useless compassion.

In China it is man that is the beast of burden.

“To be harassed by the wear and tear of life, and to pass rapidly through it without the possibility of arresting one's course, —is not this pitiful indeed? To labor without ceasing, and then, without living to enjoy the fruit, worn out, to depart, suddenly, one knows not whither, —is not that a just cause for grief?”

So wrote the Chinese mystic.

Notes

coolie, an unskilled hired laborer or porter. The word is probably derived from the Hindu word *kuli* or *quli*.

pleasing object. The first and the second paragraphs tell what things are pleasing in the coolie.

indigo to turquoise, deep violet-blue to light green-blue.

trudges, walks wearily, with his feet dragging the ground.

causeway, a raised walk or road, across wet and marshy ground.

suit. The short coat and the trousers make a suit of clothes.

all of a piece, all of the same color, because taken from one piece of cloth.

patching, putting a piece of cloth on to mend or repair a hole or rent in the clothing.

extinguisher, a hollow cone for extinguishing, putting out, a candle or other flame.

preposterously, unusually; absurdly; very, very.

string of coolies, line of coolies one following the other.

bales, packages of merchandise usually done up in canvas and corded or metal-hooped.

agreeable picks up the word *pleasing* in the second line of the first paragraph.

padi.*Paddy* is the more usual English form of this word, but *padi* is the correct Malay form.*Padi* is the Malay for *rice*, whether growing or cut, whether in the straw or in the husk. By extension, especially in the adjectival use, the word has come to mean rice in general.

good-natured, inclined to please or to be pleased.

frank, undisguised; open; outspoken; sincere; candid.

drilled into you, taught repeatedly to you; told time and again to you; disciplined into you.

oriental, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Koreans, and others of the Far East or the Orient. The Orient is the place where the sun rises, in the east.

inscrutable, wholly mysterious, incapable of being penetrated or searched into or understood; incomprehensible; not given to expressing their emotions frankly or candidly. The Occidentals or foreigners from the West generally regard us Orientals of the East as a race of people who do not show our emotions on our faces and are therefore inscrutable or not easily understood by them.

banyan tree, an East Indian moraceous tree, the branches of which send out numerous aërial roots that grow down to the soil and form props or additional trunks, often until a single tree covers so large an area that it will shelter thousands of men; so called by the British in allusion to the use of the space sheltered by the tree as a market-place by the native merchants, or banians.

wayside shrine, a small place of worship by the side of the road.

absurd, silly; weak-minded; foolish.

old residents, foreigners who have lived in our country for many years. Sometimes they are called Old China Hands, although, strictly speaking, the term ought to apply to business men who have been here for a long time.

with a tolerant shrug of the shoulders, as if you had said something that was absolutely wrong, but that they were making allowances for your being a newcomer to China, and were going through all this bother, really unnecessary bother, of getting you to see the truth of the whole matter.

yoke, a frame fitted to a person's shoulders and back for the carrying of heavy packs; also a pole used for the carrying of suspended baskets.

staggering, tottering, swaying, unable to remain steady in walking and standing, because of the heavy loads they were carrying.

wears on, continues on and on; drags on.

stripped to the waist, naked, without any covering, from head to waist.

crouched, bent low or stooped over, with bent legs.

out-patients' room of a hospital, the room in a hospital where the out-patients (outside patients; sick persons who do not live or remain in the hospital) receive treatment.

distressing, causing severe physical or mental strain to the onlooker.

scars, marks remaining on the body after the wounds or ulcers have been healed.

open sores, places where the skin and flesh are ruptured, broken apart, bruised, or diseased, so as to be open to view.

bandages, flexible strips of cloth used in wrapping up wounds.

dressings, treatment of a wound with remedies, bandages, and other things.

the wood of the pole.

an odd malformation, an unusual, abnormal growth on the body.

hump, an out-swelling protuberance, sometimes swelled or pushed beyond the adjacent or near-by surface. In the case of these coolies, this hump is a deformity, a malformation, caused by using that part of the human body too much for the carrying of excessively heavy burdens; but with camels these humps are regular features. Our Chinese camels have two humps while those of Arabia are one-humped and are called dromedaries.

wizened, of shriveled or dried-up appearance.

wrinkled. A wrinkle is a furrowlike crease or depression or ridge in the skin, generally that in the brow, and especially of the kind produced by age.

apelike, like an ape or monkey. The faces of monkeys are very much wrinkled and wizened.

totter, walk unsteadily because of the heavy burdens; stagger.

to the edge of the grave, until they die.

sidling, moving with one side foremost; moving sidewise.

strained, stretched tight, as if in pain, laboring under hardships.

wend, proceed on; go on.

their effort, the effort that they make; their hard exertion.

useless compassion. Compassion, suffering with another, sorrow or pity for another's distress or misfortunes, is useless in the case of this author because there is nothing that he personally can do to relieve or better the existing conditions.

harassed, wearied; made tired.

wear and tear of life, loss or injury to which anything is subjected in the course of use.

arresting, stopping.

to enjoy the fruit, to have satisfaction in the fruits of your labor; to make use of the consequence of your labor; to take delight in what results from your labor.

worn out modifies the person who is departing, who is dying.

This passage is taken from Herbert Giles's *Chuang Tzu*, from the chapter entitled "The Identity of Contraries," to be found on page 15 of the 1889 edition of that book.

庄子，齐物论：“与物相刃相靡其行尽如驰而莫之能止不亦悲乎终身役役而不见其成功繭然疲役而不知所归可不哀耶。”

mystic, one who believes in the doctrine that the ultimate nature of reality or the divine essence may be known in an immediate insight differing from all ordinary sensation or ratiocination (reasoning, or the mental process of exact thinking).

Questions

1. Describe the coolie on the road as “a pleasing object”? Why “object”?
2. Describe a string of coolies showing how they at first form “an agreeable pattern” but later grow “distressing to watch”?
3. Why is your compassion useless?
4. What is a beast of burden? Name some beasts of burden.

参考译文

【作品简介】

《负重的牲口》一文选自毛姆所著《在中国的屏风上》，纽约乔治·H. 多兰公司1922年出版，77—79页。

【作者简介】

威廉·萨默塞特·毛姆（1874—1965），英国戏剧家、小说家。1921年，毛姆游历中国，将他对中国风土人情的见闻记于文字，并出版风格轻快的散文集《在中国的屏风上》。

2 负重的牲口

刚开始看到有苦力挑着重担在路上行走，你会觉得这是个愉悦的场景，冲击着你的眼球。他穿着破衣烂衫，一身蓝，从靛蓝、天蓝到泛白的乳蓝，但很应景。他费力地走在稻田间狭窄的田埂上，又或是爬上绿色的山丘，一切都显得那么自然。他上身不过一件短外套，下身一条裤子。倘若他有一套起先还是浑然一体的衣服，但后来要打补丁时，他不会想到要选用同一颜色的布块，手头什么方便就拿什么补。为了遮阳避雨，他戴了顶草帽，隆起的部分像个灭火器，帽檐又宽又平，看上去有些怪异。

你看见一长溜苦力走过来，一个接一个，每个人肩上挑一个担子，两头挂着两个大包，构成一幅惬意的图景。从水中的倒影看他们匆匆忙忙的样子十分逗笑。他们路过时你观察他们的脸，要不是东方人神秘莫测的说法已植入人心，你肯定会说他们面容温厚坦诚。当他们到了路边的神祠，在菩提树下放下重担，躺下来，快乐地抽烟聊天，而且如果你也尝试扛过他们一天要挑三十里路的重担，你会很自然地敬佩他们的忍耐力和精神。但是如果你跟人说，你对这些中国长者心生钦佩之感，人们会耸耸肩，觉得你有些荒谬可笑，然后宽容地告诉你，这些苦力都是牲口。两千年来，他们祖祖辈辈都是挑重担的，所以他们干得很开心也不足为奇。事实上，你自己都能看到他们打很小的时候就开始挑担了，因为你会遇到小孩子肩头扛着扁担，两头挂着菜筐，踉踉跄跄地蹒跚前行。

日子一天天过去了，天气变暖，这些苦力脱掉上衣，光着膀子走着。有时一个苦力要停下来休息，便把两头的包放地上，扁担还留在肩头，这样他就要稍稍蜷蹲着休息一下，这个时候你会看到他那可悲疲惫的心脏在肋骨间跳动。你看得一清二楚，样子恰似在医院门诊室看见心脏病人的心脏跳动一样。看到这一幕会让人有些许莫名的伤感。然后你再看他们的脊背，担子长年累月的压迫，留下深红的疤痕，有时甚至有溃口的疮疤，很大，没有绷带包扎，没有衣服阻挡，直接就在木扁担上摩擦。但最奇怪的是，就好像大自然力图让人适应他被交予的这些残酷用途，一种反常的畸形出现了，苦力们肩上会隆起一个包，就像驼峰一样，这样担子就可以顶在上面。但是尽管心在狂跳，疤在怒吼，不管苦雨还是烈日，他们永远都行在路上，从黎明到黄昏，年复一年，从童年到迟暮。你看到那些老人骨瘦如柴，皮肤松弛地耷拉在骨头上，干瘪枯槁，脸上满是皱纹，像瘦猴一样，头发灰白稀疏，在重担之下跌跌撞撞，一直走向坟墓的边缘，那是他们最后休息的场所。但苦力们仍在赶路，不能算跑，也不能算走，就是快速地侧身而行，眼睛一直盯着地面，好选个下脚的地方，脸上露出紧张焦虑的神情。他们继续前行时，你眼前再也不是什么惬意的图景了。他们的那种疲于奔命的努力让你感到压抑，内心充满怜悯，但又什么忙都帮不上。

在中国，人就是负重的牲口。

“被生活损耗、折磨，然后迅速走完生命历程，根本得不到休息——这不是很可怜吗？苦苦地干，没个完了，然后还没活到享受劳动果实的日子，就疲惫地突然逝去，也不知道会落个什么归宿——这能够不令人悲哀吗？”

那位中国的神秘主义者^[1]如是写道。

（罗选民 译）

^[1]指庄子。上段引文的文言原文参见注释。

3

THE SONG OF THE RIVER

By W. Somerset Maugham

THE SONG OF THE RIVER, from *On a Chinese Screen*, by William Somerset Maugham, New York, George H. Doran Company, 1922, pp. 129-130.

You hear it all along the river. You hear it, loud and strong, from the rowers as they urge the junk with its high stern, the mast lashed alongside, down the swift running stream. You hear it from the trackers, a more breathless chaunt, as they pull desperately against the current, half a dozen of them perhaps if they are taking up a wupan, a couple of hundred if they are hauling a splendid junk, its square sail set, over a rapid. On the junk, a man stands amidships beating a drum incessantly to guide their efforts, and they pull with all their strength, like men possessed, bent double; and sometimes in the extremity of their travail they crawl on the ground, on all fours, like the beasts of the field. They strain, strain fiercely, against the pitiless might of the stream. The leader goes up and down the line and when he sees one who is not putting all his will into the task he brings down his split bamboo on the naked back. Each one must do his utmost or the labor of all is vain. And still they sing a vehement, eager chaunt, the chaunt of the turbulent waters. I do not know how words can describe what there is in it of effort. It serves to express the straining heart, the breaking muscles, and at the same time the indomitable spirit of man which overcomes the pitiless force of nature. Though the rope may part and the great junk swing back, in the end the rapid will be passed; and at the close of the weary day there is the hearty meal and perhaps opium pipe with its dreams of ease. But the most agonizing song is the song of the coolies who bring the great bales from the junk up the steep steps to the town wall. Up and down they go endlessly, and endless as their toil rises their rhythmic cry. He, aw-ah, oh. They are barefoot and naked to the waist. The sweat pours down their faces and their song is a groan of pain. It is a sigh of despair. It is heart-rending. It is hardly human. It is the cry of souls in infinite distress, only just musical, and that last note is the ultimate sob of humanity. Life is too hard, too cruel, and this is the final despairing protest. That is the song of the river.

Notes

junk, Chinese sailing vessel with high poop and little or no keel.

trackers, boatmen who walk along the edge of the river and pull the boat up the river against the river current. They are called trackers because they track or follow the path along the shore.

chaunt, or **chant**, a short or simple melody characterized by the reciting of an indefinite number of syllables to one tone; the reciting of words in musical monotonies.

current, the flow of water in the river.

wupan, literally *wu pan* or five planks, a boat the bottom of which is made up of five planks laid side by side; just as the sampan is literally *san pan* or three planks.

rapid, a swift running part of the river where the surface is usually broken up by obstructions of piles of rocks.

amidships, in or towards the middle of a ship especially with regard to her length.

incessantly, continuing or following without interruption; unceasing;uninterrupted.

like men possessed, like men influenced, controlled, dominated powerfully—said especially of demons and spirits that are evil.

bent double, with body bent over into stooping or curled-up position, into an inverted V position.

travail, labor; toil; severe exertion.

on all fours, crawling on hands and knees, the four alluding to the four limbs, the two arms and the two legs.

beasts of the field, animals that work in the field.

pitiless, because the stream shows no pity.

Why does the leader beat the man who is not putting all his will into the task?

vehement, acting with great force; furious; violent.

turbulent, in commotion; violently agitated or disturbed; tumultuous.

straining, pressed to extremes; doing its utmost; forced to exert itself to the greatest possible extent; making violent efforts.

breaking, ready to come apart, usually with suddenness and violence.

indomitable, not to be subdued; unconquerable; unyielding.

part, break apart.

their rhythmic cry, their chaunt.

barefoot, not wearing shoes on their feet.

naked to the waist, stripped to the waist; without any clothing down to the waist.

sweat or **perspiration** is moisture that comes out through the pores of the body due, in this instance, to the hard work that the laborers are doing.

despair, desperation; hopelessness; the giving up of all hope.

heart-rending, it tears our hearts apart; it twists sympathy out of us.

hardly, scarcely; barely; almost not.

infinite, vast; immense; inexhaustible; unlimited.

ultimate sob of humanity, the last, final sob of human beings, beyond which no other sob can be so distressing.

protest, solemn declaration of opinion against some act.

Questions

1. Who sang the song of the river?

2. Why is it called “the song of the river”? How does it resemble the river's flow?

3. What is the meaning of the song?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《河之歌》一文选自毛姆所著《在中国的屏风上》，纽约乔治·H. 多兰公司1922年出版，129—130页。

3 河之歌

沿着河流一路都可以听到这歌声。这是桨手的歌声，响亮有力。他们奋力地划着木船，顺急流而下，船尾翘得老高，桅杆猛烈地摆动。这是纤夫的号子声，他们在拼尽全力逆流拉船时，声音会更加急促，让人透不过气来。如果拉的是乌篷船，那可能有十几个人；如果拉的是扬着横帆的华丽大木船过急流，那就得有几百人。船中央站着一个汉子不停地击鼓，给他们助威，让他们使劲。于是纤夫们使出浑身气力，就像被魔咒驱使般，腰弯成了九十度。有时在极度费力的情况下，他们就全身趴地匍匐前进，像地里的牲口。顶着河水无情的阻力，他们拉呀，拉呀，拼命地拉。领头的在队伍前后来回奔走，看到有人没有拼尽全力，就用劈开的竹条抽打他们裸露的脊梁。每个人都必须全力以赴，否则所有的努力就白费了。就这样他们还唱着激昂又热切的号子，这是汹涌澎湃的河水的号子。我不知道如何用言语来描述这股劲儿，这里带着心脏的拉扯，肌肉的撕裂，还有人们克服无情大自然时所表现出的不屈不挠的精神。虽然绳子可能断开，大船可能又会被荡回，但他们最终能涉过湍流，在疲惫的一天结束后，热闹地吃上一顿饱饭，也许还可以抽一枪鸦片，舒服地幻想一番。然而最令人揪心的是岸上的苦力唱的歌，他们得背着从船上卸下的大包，沿着陡峭的台阶，一直走到城墙那里。他们不停地上上下下，伴随着无尽的劳役响起有节奏的呐喊：嘿，哟——嗨，哟。他们赤着脚，光着膀子，汗水顺着脸颊直流。歌声里渗透着痛苦的呻吟。这是一种绝望的叹息，撕心裂肺，惨绝人寰。这是灵魂在极度痛苦中的呐喊，只不过带着音乐的节奏罢了。那最后的音符是对人性的终极哭诉。生活太难，太残酷，这是最后的绝望的反抗。那就是河之歌。

（罗选民 译）

4

BIRTH OF A SISTER

By Tan Shih-hua

BIRTH OF A SISTER, from *A Chinese Testament*, purporting to be the autobiography of Tan Shih-hua, as told to Sergiei Mikhailovich Tretiakov, New York, Simon and Shuster, 1934, Chapter XI.

Tan Shih-hua (Teng Hsi-hua) was a student under Sergiei Tretiakov, a teacher of the Russian language in Peiping and known also for his *Roar China*, a dramatic episode in nine scenes.

My uncle's school moved to another temple—a little larger than the old one, but further away from our house. To prevent me from getting too tired, walking to and from the school, he took me to live with him, and sent me home every Saturday. He adopted the European method of holidays. In his school, just as in the public schools, we had one day a week for rest. In private schools the pupils had to sit over their books from one Chinese holiday to another, and holidays in China are as rare as springs in a desert.

One week day I was called out from the class. Our maid was waiting for me. I gathered that something must be wrong with my mother. We had a maid in the house only on days when mother was unable to work. I walked home in a great hurry. On the way the maid told me news which I had not expected at all.

“Your mother has borne you a sister.”

I was glad; I had always been so lonely at home.

The maid turned me over to my grandmother. Craftily and solemnly the old woman led me into mother's room. My mother was lying silent on her bed. She was pale and thin. Her arms were stretched out on the cover. A funny little bit of a bed stood next to hers. Something wrapped in white and made entirely of little balls and wrinkles was in it.

“A little girl,” said my grandmother.

I wanted to touch my little sister, but my grandmother would not let me. Having failed in this, I decided to go immediately to a store and get her some sweets. My grandmother sat down on my mother's bed and released her high, thin laughter. She would stop, look at me, then laugh again. I paid dearly for those sweets. My grandmother loved to tease me.

I said to her, “It is nice to have a girl.”

“No, it is very bad,” she said. “Here in Szechwan, we have to give a dowry with the bride. It is just an expense. It would be different if we were living in Kiangsu—there people pay the bride's family.”

I did not agree with my grandmother. But she did not care. She was laughing again, probably remembering those sweets.

Careful not to spill it, the maid brought my mother a bowl of boiled chicken. Every woman in China gets boiled chicken for a few days after her labor. Chicken is good. I looked longingly at the bowl. Mother put me next to her on

the bed, and we ate the chicken together.

Taking away the empty bowl, my grandmother looked at me, and said seriously and in a businesslike manner, “Really, Shih-hua, it would not be bad if your mother bore you a sister or a brother every year; then you would eat chicken quite often.”

A month later, our house was buzzing with relatives. Such a lot of them. My mother was walking about, sweet and affable, but still white and thin, although she had not worked all that month. She entered the sitting room with my little sister in her arms, and all the relatives, one after another, came up to her and touched the little big-eyed girl, whose small stomach was covered with a red flannel apron—a protection against the cold. The relatives argued about whose nose the little girl was going to have, whose eyes, whose mouth. They wished her good fortune.

“May she grow up to be as intelligent as her mother.”

“May she become a good hostess.”

“May she be the most beautiful bride in Hsien-Shih.”

“She will be a famous authoress.”

This last wish was expressed by my elder uncle. I knew it because, being himself fond of writing, he always said the same thing to every new-born baby.

The inspection was over, the little girl was wrapped up again and carried away. The relatives presented my mother with gifts. There were eggs in woven baskets, cackling hens, bags of sugar, selected rice—beautiful rice, which one would like to string on a thread and wear for a necklace, so beautiful it was—and sweets. . . .

My grandmother glanced from the bag of sweets to me, and began laughing again.

The procession of relatives moved to the dining room. At the table, the return gifts from our family were distributed, each relative receiving two red eggs. I was sad; we did not have enough money, so I could not stick a gilt-paper hieroglyphic meaning “luck” on the eggs.

A year later, on my sister's birthday the same relatives again crowded into our house. A red tablecloth was put on a table in the sitting room, and all sorts of objects were spread out: a needle and thread, a saucepan, a teapot, a paint-brush, an inkpot, a knife, a book of verses, a book of stories, a flexible fencing-foil, a piece of printed silk.

Then the little girl, who, in her embarrassment, was trying to stick her foot into her mouth, was brought to the table, to see what object she would pick up first. If she takes a brush, she will be an authoress; if she grabs at a saucepan, she will be a housewife; if she touches silk, she will be a well-dressed woman; if she picks up a foil, she will make herself famous as a heroine or a chieftain.

I don't know what object my little sister chose. Judging by the fact that she is now in Peking University, and shows a great deal of interest in literature, she must have chosen a brush or a book. However, she was a niece of two teachers. So many books and so much stationery were piled up that day on the red cloth that the insignificant needle and thread had no chance of getting into the hands of little Shih-kuen.

In those days, she was the important person in the house. But I did not mind. I was grown up. I was six years older than she.

Notes

European method of holidays, having one day of rest a week.

public schools, in our country, the schools established by the city, provincial, or national government where every

qualified person can get a free education; the opposites of private school which are maintained by private individuals or bodies for the education of private students.

springs or places where water wells up from the earth are *rare* (hard to find), because so few, in a desert.

one week day, any day in the week but not Sunday.

cover, the quilt or bed-cover.

Why *little balls* and *wrinkles*?

some sweets, some sweet candy for the new-born baby to eat. Of course we know that babies of that age do not eat candy, but how was the little brother to know that? It was cruel of the grandmother to laugh at the young lad. Still, we must excuse her for she was only an ignorant old woman.

paid dearly, suffered much teasing; was often teased because of his mention of going to the store to get the baby some candy.

On what occasion did the grandmother tease him, a little later in the story?

dowry, the money, goods, or estate which a woman brings with her to her husband in marriage; dot.

labor, childbirth; the giving birth to children, because of the pains that attend childbirth.

longingly, with eager desire.

Why *businesslike manner*?

buzzing, noisy because there were so many of them around.

What is this occasion mentioned here, that happens a month later, after the birth of the child?

affable, gracious; courteous; sociable.

Hsien-Shih, their home village in Szechwan.

cackling, making sharp broken noises.

gilt-paper, paper golden-yellow colored.

hieroglyphic, word; pictorial symbol or emblematic figure.

flexible fencing-foil, soft sword used for fencing or sword-exercising.

embarrassment, not knowing what to do.

stationery, writing paper. *Stationery* is not *stationary*, which means “standing still.”

Shih-kuen, the name of the sister.

Questions

1. Notice the customs mentioned in connection with the birth of the sister, the celebration a month later, and the sister's birthday a year later.
2. How much older than his sister was the writer?

3. In what ways does the essay reveal the age of the brother?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《妹妹的出生》选自《一个中国人的遗嘱》一书，据说该书是邓惜华向谢尔盖·米哈伊洛维奇·特列季亚科夫口述的自传，由约西蒙与舒斯特出版公司1934年出版。本文选自该书第十一章。

【作者简介】

邓惜华是北平俄语教师谢尔盖·特列季亚科夫的学生。谢尔盖因其九幕剧《咆哮吧！中国》而著名。

4 妹妹的出生

叔叔的学校搬到了另一座庙——比以前那座稍微大一点，不过离我家更远了。叔叔怕我往返学校太累，就让我跟他住在一起，每个星期六才能回家。叔叔学校采用的是欧洲节假日制度，和公立学校一样，每周休息一天。而在私立学校，学生除中国节假日外只能潜心读书，但中国的节假日又少得仿佛沙漠里的甘泉。

有一天，我被叫出了课堂，是家里的女佣在等我。我想，一定是母亲生病了，因为只有在母亲没法做家务的时候家里才会雇女佣，于是急忙往家赶。路上，女佣跟我说的消息完全出乎我的意料。

“你妈给你生了个妹妹。”

真高兴，因为我在家里一直很孤单。

女佣把我带到奶奶面前，只见奶奶表情严肃，她很快把我带进了母亲的房间。母亲静静地躺在床上，脸色苍白，身体瘦弱，胳膊放在被子外面。一张小床紧挨着奶奶和母亲，小床看起来很好玩，里面有个东西用白布包着，圆鼓鼓的，皱巴巴的。

“是个女孩儿。”奶奶说道。

我想摸一摸小妹妹，但奶奶坚决不让。既然不能摸，我决定马上去商店给她买几块糖果。奶奶在妈妈的床沿上坐了下来，大声地笑了，那笑声又尖又细。一会儿她停下，看看我，接着又笑起来。要知道，我为这些糖果花了很多钱，奶奶总爱拿这件事打趣。

我对奶奶说：“有个女孩儿真好。”

“不，太不好了。”奶奶回答，“要知道，在咱们四川，需要给新娘准备嫁妆，所以生女孩只会赔钱。如果住在江苏就不一样了——那里的人会给新娘家很多钱的。”

我并不同意奶奶的看法，不过她并不在意，又笑了起来，可能又想起了那些糖果。

女佣为母亲端来一碗鸡汤，小心翼翼地，生怕洒出来。在中国，每个女人在生完孩子的头几天都会喝鸡汤的。鸡汤味道鲜美，我眼巴巴地盯着那个碗，母亲便让我挨着她坐在床上跟她一起喝。

奶奶拿走空碗的时候看着我，严肃而认真地说道：“说的也是，惜华，如果你妈每年都给你生个妹妹或弟弟的话，那也不错，这样你就能经常吃鸡肉了。”

妹妹满月的时候，我家因为亲戚们的到来而变得热闹起来。我家亲戚可真多，母亲到处打着招呼，对每一个人都那么亲切友善，不过依然显得苍白瘦弱，尽管她那个 month 一点活儿也没干。然后，母亲抱着我的小妹妹走进客厅，亲戚一个接一个地来到她身边，摸摸那个大眼睛的小女孩。妹妹小小的肚子上盖着红色的法兰绒肚兜，以防着凉。亲戚们议论着妹妹的鼻子、眼睛和嘴巴像谁，并送上了美好的祝福。

“长大后一定像妈妈一样聪明。”

“一定成为好当家。”

“一定成为本县市最美的新娘。”

“一定会成为有名的作家。”

最后一个祝福来自我的大伯。我知道，这是因为他自己喜欢写东西，他对每个新出生的婴儿都会这么说。

每个人都看过妹妹以后，她又包起来抱走了。亲戚们把礼物送给母亲，有装在编织篮中的鸡蛋、咯

咯叫的母鸡、几袋糖、精挑细选的大米——好漂亮的大米啊，让人想用线穿起来当项链戴，真的很漂亮——还有很多糖果……

奶奶的目光从那袋糖果转向我，又笑了起来。

亲戚们涌进餐厅。餐桌旁，每个亲戚都得到了我们家的回礼：两个红鸡蛋。我很难过，因为家里并不富裕，我不能在鸡蛋上粘上一张带有表示“幸运”字样的金纸。

一年后，我妹妹生日那天，同一批亲戚再次来到我家。客厅的桌子铺上了红布，上面摆着各种物件：针线、炖锅、茶壶、画笔、墨水瓶、刀子、诗集、故事书、柔软的钝剑、印花绸。

小妹妹正努力把自己的脚塞进嘴里，就被抱到了桌子边，看看她首先选什么物件。如果拿起毛笔，就会成为作家；如果抓住炖锅，就为家庭主妇；如果摸到绸子，就会不愁穿戴；如果拿剑，就会成为著名的英雄或首领。

我不知道小妹妹选的是什么。鉴于她目前在北京大学就读，并对文学表现出浓厚兴趣，我猜她当时选的一定是毛笔或书之类的。不过，要知道她有两个当老师的叔叔。那天，红布上堆了那么多书和文具，不起眼的针线根本没机会跑到我的妹妹小惜娟手上。

那些天，惜娟是家里的重要人物。不过我并不介意，毕竟我长大了，比她大六岁。

（彭萍 译）

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

By Charles Lamb



A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG, from *Essays of Elia*, by Charles Lamb.

Charles Lamb (1775-1834), English essayist and humorist. This essay was first published in the *London Magazine*, September, 1822. It is considered to be his best narrative essay.

The story is not original with Lamb but is found in many places in literature. Porphyry (233-304), Greek scholar and Neoplatonist, has this story in his *De abstinentin*, IV, 15. Lamb may have gotten it from Manning (as he says). The Chinese dressing is of course largely Lamb's invention. Lamb is said to have received several gifts of pigs after the publication of the essay, and in a letter dated "Twelfth Day, '23" he thanks a farmer and his wife for such a gift.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the

utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? —not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away from his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?”

“O, father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!”—with suchlike barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were closely watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, —to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's townhouse was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Notes

manuscript, composition written by hand, as an ancient book.

my friend M., Thomas Manning, an Orientalist, an Eastern traveler and linguist. Lamb was introduced to him by Lloyd in 1799, and a lifetime friendship resulted.

obliging, helpful; civil; kind.

raw, not cooked; in the natural state.

Abyssinia, in East Africa. In Bruce's *Travels in Abyssinia* (Chap. VII) there is an account of the cutting of steaks from a live cow which was afterwards driven on to the evening encampment.

not obscurely hinted at, very plainly referred to; clearly mentioned.

Confucius, 孔夫子, our greatest sage (551-478 B.C.)

Mundane Mutations, Lamb's equivalent for 易经.

designates, names; indicates by name.

golden age, an era of perfect happiness, a period of great prosperity and progress or of the flowering of civilization.

literally, following the "letter" or the exact words; giving a strict construction or translation.

roasting, cooking by exposure to radiant heat before a fire or in an oven, open or close.

broiling, cooking by direct exposure to heat over a fire. Meat is roasted before the fire on a spit; it is broiled over a flame on a gridiron.

the elder brother. Lamb says that people learned to broil first, and to roast afterwards. Hence broiling is the elder brother.

swineherd, keeper of swine or pigs.

as his manner was, as was his usual practice.

mast, any kind of nut, used collectively, especially as food for pigs.

Bo-bo, 宝宝.

lubberly, clumsy and awkward.

youngsters, young boys; lads.

kindling, catching on fire; igniting.

conflagration, fire, especially a large destructive fire.

mansion, house; abode; dwelling place. To avoid repeating the word *cottage*, Lamb resorts to other words like *mansion*, *tenement*, *makeshift of a building*. It is also humorous to turn a *cottage* into a *mansion*.

reduced to ashes, burned completely down to the ground till nothing was left of the house but the ashes.

sorry, shabby; wretched; very mean sort of.

antediluvian, of the period before the Deluge or Great Flood; hence, old, out-of-date, antiquated.

makeshift of a building, temporary building; any sort of house.

fine litter, excellent group; a number of good pigs brought forth at a birth.

new-farrowed, new-born. To farrow (to bring forth young) is used only of sows.

perished, were killed; died.

esteemed a luxury, looked upon as something very special and desirable; valued or prized as especially delicious and tasteful.

from the remotest periods that we read of, from the most ancient time; from the very beginning of history.

utmost consternation, extreme paralyzing sense of calamity; absolute dismay; greatest fear of punishment.

wringing his hands, writhing and twisting his hands, not knowing what to do.

smoking remnants, what was left of the pig but which was still giving forth smoke, still burning.

one of those untimely sufferers, one of those pigs which have met death before their time, before they ought to die.

assailed his nostrils, was carried to his nose. He smelt the odor of burnt pig and the smell was something strange to him.

accident, unexpected trouble; unintentional act.

negligence, carelessness due to bad habit; lack or want of proper care.

firebrand, properly, a piece of burning wood, but here, a boy who through carelessness sets fire to objects.

premonitory moistening, a slight wetting of his lower lip which suggested or warned him of the coming of more. When we smell something fragrant or strong, our saliva starts to flow.

nether, lower; under.

booby fashion, awkward, clumsy, stupid fashion.

crumbs, small pieces.

scorched, burnt.

crackling, the well-browned, crisp skin of roast pork.

slow, stupid; dull.

surrendering himself, abandoning himself; indulging himself excessively.

cramming, eating greedily by shoving and forcing the food down his throat.

beastly fashion, crude, clumsy, greedy fashion, like a wild beast.

sire, father.

retributory cudgel, short thick stick to be used in punishing the lad.

rain, let fall like rain; beat without stopping.

rogue, rascal; a good-for-nothing person.

hailstones, small roundish masses of ice precipitated from the clouds.

heeded not, did not pay any more attention to than; did not notice.

tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, the satisfaction that he felt in his belly; the enjoyment that was his as he ate the roast pork.

callous, indifferent and unfeeling, because his attention was directed elsewhere.

inconveniences, discomfort; pain.

those remote quarters, his shoulders. His shoulders were at some distance from his belly, and at that moment, he was more interested in feeding his belly than he was in paying attention to anything that was happening to other parts of his anatomy.

lay on, continue to beat him; keep on beating him.

becoming a little more sensible of his situation, feeling the pain now and realizing that his father was beating him.

dialogue, conversation between two persons.

graceless whelp, shameless dog, depraved “puppy” or “cub,” used in contempt. The father was comparing his son to a dog.

burned me down three houses. *Me* is equivalent to *to my sorrow*, a Latin construction which Lamb often uses.

be hanged to you! an imprecation or spoken curse, invoking or calling down evil upon the person addressed; in this case, wishing the other person the ill fortune of being hanged.

ears tingled with horror. When we hear something horrible, our ears feel a prickling or stinging sensation.

beget, give birth to.

scent, sense of smell.

sharpened, make keen; so developed that he could now smell out quickly.

raked out, drew out; pulled out from among the débris or wreckage.

rending it asunder, tearing it apart; pulling the pig to pieces.

main force, force exerted to the full; sheer strength.

barbarous ejaculations, harsh-sounding exclamations.

abominable, detestable; loathsome.

wavering, undecided; uncertain; not having made up one's mind.

applying the same remedy, that is, putting his fingers into his mouth.

make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, no matter how much he pretended to be displeased.

tedious, tiresome; wearisome to read.

mess, food.

dispatched, eaten up; consumed.

enjoined, commanded; prohibited; forbidden.

stoned, killed by throwing stones at them.

improving upon the good meat, cooking the natural flesh.

chastising, punishing; beating.

indulgent, disposed to please or favor; not so inclined to punish.

trial, law court's investigation of and decision in a cause.

Peking, 北京.

an inconsiderable assize town, a small town where was held a court of assize, the periodical sessions of the judges of the higher courts in every county of England.

evidence, that which is legally submitted to a competent tribunal as a means of ascertaining the truth of any alleged matter of fact under investigation before it.

obnoxious, evil or harmful; objectionable.

verdict, decision; judgment; the finding or judgment of the jury on the matter submitted in trial.

pronounced, passed; given.

foreman of the jury. The jury is the body of men or women sworn to give a true answer, or verdict, on some matter submitted to them, especially such a body legally chosen to inquire into any matter of fact, and to render a verdict according to the evidence. The number of jurors ranges from 12 to 23. The chairman of the jury is called the foreman.

culprits, persons accused of, or arraigned for, a crime in court.

box, the place where the jurors sit.

against the face of all the facts, acting contrary to all the evidence given.

the clearest charge. Before allowing the jury to leave the court to go to a secret room to confer over the case, the judge usually summarizes the whole case from the evidence submitted and charges the jury to deliberate carefully over the case, sometimes even suggesting very strongly what verdict is expected.

reporters, newspaper representatives.

simultaneous verdict. The usual practice calls for the jurors to retire to another room and there consult together over the verdict. Such consultations may last for hours; some have lasted for days. In this particular instance, the jurors remained where they sat, and without consulting among one another they returned a judgment, a verdict; of *Not Guilty*. They thus freed both father and son from the accusation of guilt.

winked at, seemed to overlook; pretended not to see; did not pay attention to.

manifest iniquity, the great injustice that was so evident; the miscarriage of justice that was so clearly shown.

privily, privately; secretly without letting others know.

his Lordship's, the judge's. Judges are addressed by the title of Lords.

took wing, spread; became known to all.

enormously dear, very expensive; tremendously costly.

insurance offices, business concerns that, for a stipulated consideration, a sum of money called the premium, undertake to indemnify or guarantee another person against loss. According to Lamb, the insurance offices had to stop doing business.

Why?

sage, a profoundly wise man.

Locke, John (1632-1704), the English philosopher, who wrote the "Essay Concerning Human Understanding."

consuming, burning; setting afire.

dress, prepare. You dress a chicken by taking off all of its feathers and cleaning up its insides.

rude form, primitive, very simple, coarse form.

gridiron, a barred metal utensil for broiling food over coals.

spit, slender, pointed rod to hold roasting meat.

Questions

1. Point out the elements of humor in the title and the first three sentences.
2. How did Bo-bo happen to set fire to the cottage?
3. How did Bo-bo discover that roast pig is good to eat?
4. Why was Ho-ti filled with horror at the sight of his son eating pig? 5. How did Ho-ti become converted to pig eating?
6. Why did Ho-ti want the new food kept a secret?
7. How was their secret finally discovered?
8. Why were Ho-ti and Bo-bo found not guilty?

9. How did the custom of eating roast pig spread?

10. When did the burning of houses stop?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《论烤猪》一文选自查尔斯·兰姆所著《伊利亚散文集》。

【作者简介】

查尔斯·兰姆（1775—1834），英国散文家、幽默作家。这篇散文首发在1822年9月的《伦敦杂志》上，被认为是他的最佳叙事散文。故事并非兰姆的原创，在许多文学作品中都有提及，例如希腊学者、新柏拉图主义者波菲利（233—304）在他的著作《禁食动物论》第四卷第15章里就收入了这个故事。兰姆可能是从好友托马斯·曼宁那里听说的这个故事（正如他自己所说的那样）。当然，故事所披的那层中国外衣是兰姆杜撰出来的。据说这篇文章发表以后，兰姆收到了好几头烤猪礼物，在一封标明“1823年1月12日”的信笺中，他感谢一个农夫和他的妻子送给他的礼物。

5 论烤猪

我的朋友曼宁曾热心地给我朗读并讲解过一部中国书的手抄本。上面说，人类在最初七万年里茹毛饮血，从活的野兽身上生吞活剥，大嚼大吃，跟今天的阿比西尼亚人的做派毫无二致。他们的大圣人孔夫子在他那部《春秋》第二章里非常明确地提到一个人类的黄金时代，被称为“厨芳”^[1]，字面意思就是“厨师的芳辰”。这部手抄本接着写道，烤肉，或者不如说烧肉（我认为它是猪肉烹饪中的老大）的技术，是人在无意之中发现的。情况是这样的：一天清早，养猪人何悌像往常那样，去树林里给猪采集橡果，就把小屋交给他那个笨笨傻傻的大儿子宝宝照看。那么大的孩子一般都爱玩火，宝宝也不例外。宝宝玩起火来，谁料火花四溅溅到一捆干草上，干草见火就着，火势蔓延，他们那间可怜的庭院全都被点着了，最后化为一片灰烬。被烧的除了茅草屋（那只是没发大水以前草草搭建起来的一间极其简陋的小屋，你可以想象的），更重要的是，刚刚生下的一窝膘肥体壮的小猪，至少有九头，也都烧死了。根据我们读过的远古时期的记载，中国猪在整个东方一直被奉为食品里的珍品。当时的宝宝吓得惊慌失措，主要不是因为房子被烧掉了，因为那种房子，他父亲和他只要拿上几根干树枝，花上一两个钟头，就能轻而易举地再盖起来。他惊慌失措，是因为小猪被烧死了。面对着一具还冒着烟的意外丧生的小猪尸体，他搓着手，一筹莫展，就在这时，一股以前从来没有闻到过的气味飘进了他的鼻孔。这味道是从哪儿来的呀？——自然不是被烧的房子的味道——那种味道他以前又不是没闻到过——因为，这个爱玩火的倒霉孩子，绝对不是第一次由于粗心大意闯下这种祸。而且，这更不像他所熟悉的香草、杂草或鲜花的味道。同时，好像有了一种预感似的，口水顺着他那下嘴唇一个劲儿地往下流。他怎么想，也想不明白。接下来，他弯下身子，摸了摸那头小猪，看看还有没有一点生命体征。结果他的手指被烫了，他赶快把手指头缩了回来，放到嘴边，傻傻地吹着。几片烧焦的猪皮碎片碰巧粘在他的手指上，就这样，生平第一次（的确，这也是人类第一次，因为在他以前谁也没有尝到过）——他尝到了——脆脆的猪皮的香味！他又摸了摸猪，此时猪的身体已经不那么烫手了，可是他还是有点条件反射似的又舔了舔手指。他那迟钝的大脑这才慢慢回过味来：原来，扑鼻的香味来自于这头被烧了的小猪，被烧过的小猪吃起来的味道还那么香。他完全沉醉在自己这个新发现的快乐里了，把烧熟了的小猪连皮带肉一大把一大把地扯下来，像野兽似的狼吞虎咽地往嘴里塞——这时候，他父亲大人手里拿着打人的棍棒，从还在冒烟的橡椽中间走进来了，一看家里的惨状，手里的棍棒像下冰雹似的密集地打在那个淘气的小肩膀上，可是宝宝就像被苍蝇叮了几口似的，理也不理。他肚子所感受到的快乐让他对于距离肚子那么远部位的疼痛几乎麻木无感了。不管他父亲怎么打，也无法让他舍弃那头小猪。直到他把那头小猪全吃下肚，他才意识到自己的处境。就这样，父子之间有了下面这场对话。

“你个没羞没臊的小崽子，你刚才狼吞虎咽地在吃什么？就因为你搞的恶作剧，房子都烧了三次了，你还嫌不够吗？你个该死的，你刚才一定是在吃火，吃——我也不知道你在吃什么，我问你，你往嘴里塞的是什么东西啊？”

“哦，爸爸，小猪，小猪！你一定要过来尝尝烧过的猪有多香。”

何悌听了，吓得耳朵里嗡的一声。他骂他的儿子，也骂自己生了这么一个儿子，竟然吃烧过的猪。

宝宝的嗅觉在这个早晨变得异常敏锐。他迅速又搜出一头小猪，一撕两半儿，把小半个硬塞进何悌的手里，大声说：“吃，吃，吃烧猪吧，爸爸，你尝一口——哦，老天爷！”——他一边这么粗野地喊叫着，一边把那一半往自己嘴里塞，吃得好像都噎住了的样子。

何悌把这种该死的玩意儿抓在手里，浑身关节都在打战，他心里犹豫着，究竟要不要把儿子当作一个反常的小怪物处死；这时，烧得脆脆的猪皮把他的手指烫了一下，就像他的儿子一样，而他也一样把手指放到了嘴边吹，结果尝到了烧猪的滋味。此时的他虽然嘴上还硬说不好吃，其实心里清楚那味道确实很香。最后（手抄本此处的描述有点冗长乏味），父子二人索性坐下来大快朵颐，最后把剩下的那窝小猪很快就吃了个精光。

何悌对着宝宝千叮咛万嘱咐，严令禁止他泄露秘密，否则那些街坊邻居肯定要把他们当作一对邪恶的坏人用石头砸死，因为他们竟敢改变上帝赐给他们的美食。尽管这样，千奇百怪的流言还是传开了。有人发现，何悌家的茅屋被火烧的频率比往常要高。从那时起，他们家火灾不断：有时大白天突然起火，有时深夜里起火。常常是母猪一下崽，何悌家的房子就一定会着火；更引人注意的是何悌的做法，他非但没有为此责罚他的儿子，而且看来对他反而更加纵容。后来，他们受到了严密的监视，那个可怕的秘密终于被

发现了，于是，父子二人都被传唤到了北京，那时的北京还只是一个无足轻重的巡回裁判城市。提供了证据，那种可憎可恶的食物也被送上了法庭，但在判决之前，陪审团团长请求把据以控告罪犯的烧猪肉拿到陪审席上审查。然后，他摸了摸，陪审员们也都摸了摸；他们的手指都被烫了，就像宝宝和他父亲曾经被烫过一样，不仅如此，他们很自然地一个个也都把手指伸到了嘴边去吹；结果，在所有的证据面前，在法官明明白白的指控面前，——让法庭上所有的人，包括市民、外乡人、记者和一切旁听者全都大吃一惊的是——陪审团既没有离开席位，也没有商议，就一致做出了“无罪”的裁决。

那位法官是个狡猾的家伙，对于这种明显不合法律程序的决定装聋作哑。刚一退庭，他就鬼鬼祟祟地或卡或要，把那些小猪全都据为己有。还没过几天，有人发现法官老爷的公馆就着了火。不仅如此，这种事就像长了翅膀，四面八方都能看到火光冲天。这一地区的劈柴和生猪价格飞涨，保险公司纷纷关门大吉。一天一天过去，人们盖的房子愈来愈简陋，到后来简直叫人担心：建筑这门学问恐怕不久就要在人间失传。这样，点房子烧猪的习惯就流传下来了，那个手抄本写道，随着时间的推移，某位类似我国的洛克那样的大贤人诞生了，这才发现，猪肉也好，别的什么动物的肉也好，要想烹制为食品（或者，用他们的说法，烧熟），根本不需要把整幢房子都陪着烧掉。于是，原始的烤肉架出现了。把肉串起来或用铁叉烤肉的办法，在一两个世纪以后也出现了，不过在哪个朝代我可记不清。那部手抄本在结束时写道，人类的那些最有用、最是一目了然的技艺，就是这样一步一步慢慢地发展起来的。

（张白桦 译）

^[1]此处为音译。兰姆所说的出处不确。

6

AN OPTIMIST LOOKS AT CHINA

By Hu Shih



AN OPTIMIST LOOKS AT CHINA, by Hu Shih, in the *Asia Magazine*, March 1935.

Hu Shih, 胡适 (1891-1962), China's best-known scholar and teacher.

It is in the direction of abolishing the numerous evils of the old tradition that China has achieved the greatest success in the past few decades. She has successfully prohibited the foot-binding which has been a terrible curse to Chinese womanhood for at least a thousand years. The hereditary absolute monarchy has been overthrown, and with it are gone all those institutions which for centuries have been its paraphernalia: the imperial household with its unlimited number of wives and concubines, the institution of eunuchism, the parasitic nobility born to power, and many others. With the revision of Chinese law and the reform of legal procedure, the ancient tortures and inhuman punishments were abolished. The opening of new schools marked the disappearance of the mechanical and exacting form of literary composition, known as the Octopartite, which had been required as the standard form in all state examinations, and for the mastery of which the best years and energies of the whole educated class of the past six centuries had been sacrificed.

These are a few of the more fundamental departures from the old tradition. They are not merely isolated items of reform; they are indicators of fundamental changes in attitudes toward the most important phases of life. The binding of women's feet, for example, was not merely an isolated institution of extreme cruelty and brutality, but also the clear and undeniable evidence of a general attitude toward womanhood which ten centuries of native religion and moral philosophy had failed to condemn and rectify. The abolition of foot-binding, therefore, is not merely the passing away of an inhuman institution, but an indication of the coming of an entirely new attitude toward womanhood. In that sense, it is veritably a moral revolution.

This revolution with regard to womanhood, which began with the agitation of Christian missionaries against foot-binding, has been going on all these years. It includes the opening of schools for girls, the gradual spread of coeducation in practically all universities and colleges, the entrance of women into professional and even official life, the recognition under the new Civil Code of their equal rights to inherit property with their brothers, and the rapid changes in the law and custom concerning marriage and divorce. The revolution is far from completion; but it has already achieved in a few decades what twenty-five centuries of Confucianist humanitarianism and twenty centuries of Buddhist mercy had never dreamed of achieving. May we not call this a great progress?

Notes

decades. A decade is a ten-year period.

prohibited, prevented or forbade the practice of foot-binding.

curse, a thing whose effects are disastrous.

a thousand years. When was foot-binding introduced?

hereditary absolute monarchy, a government where all authority was in the hands of an emperor who, when he died, passed the power over to a successor, most usually his eldest son.

overthrown, cast out from power; put an end to.

centuries. One hundred years make a *century*.

paraphernalia, accessories, institutions which have grown up with and have been closely allied with the hereditary absolute monarchy; odds and ends of equipment that went along with that system of government.

the imperial household, the domestic establishment of the emperor.

concubines, secondary wives.

eunuchism. A eunuch is a castrated male person, originally as one in charge of a harem or employed in a palace as a chamberlain or manager. Eunuchism is the practice of instituting such persons.

parasitic nobility, the class of nobles who by birth or rank inherit certain privileges which Dr. Hu Shih claims they do not deserve and ought not have. Because these nobles have a living which they do not have to labor for, because these nobles live on the fat of the land merely because they are nobles and without having to work for that living, Dr. Hu calls them parasites, animals living in or on other animals from which they draw their nutriment or food.

revision, changing by amending or correcting.

legal procedure, mode of conducting matters in a law court.

exacting, demanding strictly correct observance of certain rules.

Octopartite, consisting of eight parts. The 八股 is referred to here, in which the candidate, after introducing his theme, must treat it in four paragraphs, each consisting of two members, made up of an equal number of words and sentences. The theme was always chosen from the Four Books (四书) or the Five Classics (五经). The writer could not express any opinion of his own or at variance with those opinions expressed by Chu Hsi and his school. This form of evil was instituted by the Emperor T'ai Tsu of the Ming dynasty in 1371.

past six centuries, since 1371.

sacrificed, given up for. The educated class had given up everything else, had not done anything else, because they

had to prepare for this particular form of state examination.

departures, going away; deviations from; setting out on a course of action different from that of the past.

isolated items of reform, items of improvement or change for the better that stand apart or are not connected with other changes. Dr. Hu claims that all these changes are not unconnected.

indicators, indications or signs that show or point out.

rectify, make or set right; correct from a wrong, erroneous, or false state; amend.

veritably, truly; deserving the name apart from all exaggeration.

co-education, joint education, especially of both sexes in the same institution.

Confucianist humanitarianism. Confucius (551-478 B.C.) was concerned with human (not divine) interests; hence his doctrine may be called humanitarianism. Confucius taught 仁义道德.

Buddhist mercy. Gautama Buddha (557-480 B.C.) founded Buddhism on the doctrine of mercy (慈悲). Buddhism came into our country in the year 68 A.D., during the reign of Ming Ti of the Later Han dynasty (后汉明帝).

Questions

1. In what direction has China achieved the greatest success in the past few decades?
2. What are the departures from the old tradition indicating of?
3. What does the revolution in regard to womanhood include?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《乐观看中国》，作者胡适，1935年3月载于《亚细亚杂志》。

【作者简介】

胡适（1891—1962），中国最著名的学者和教师之一。

6 乐观看中国

过去数十年间，中国在抛弃很多传统恶习方面取得了巨大成功。中国已成功废除缠足。要知道，至少一千年来，缠足一直是中国妇女可怕的梦魇。世代沿袭的君主专制制度已经被推翻，与之相关的整个体系也随之瓦解：妻妾成群的皇室、太监、生来就拥有特权并靠他人供养的贵族等等，都已不复存在。随着中国法律的修订和法律程序的改革，古代的酷刑和非人性的惩罚措施已得到废止。新式学校的开放，标志着“八股文”这种机械严苛的写作形式已经消失。所有的科举考试都曾以八股文为标准。过去六百年以来，为了精通八股文，整个受教育阶层浪费了最美好、最具活力的年华。

上述改革只是其中的一小部分，都是对旧传统更为深刻的背离。它们绝不仅是孤立的变革，更显示了人们在对重要人生阶段的态度上的根本转变。例如，妇女缠足，不仅是极端残忍和野蛮的陋习，还清晰而确凿地证明了对待妇女的普遍态度。上千年来，中国的宗教和道德哲学并未对此予以谴责和纠正。因此，废止缠足，不仅仅意味着废止了一项残忍的陋习，还预示着一种对待妇女的全新态度正在形成。从这个意义上讲，这是一次真正的道德革命。

这场关于妇女的革命源自基督教传教士发起的反缠足运动。近年来，该运动一直在持续，包括：开设女校，几乎所有大学和学院都逐渐建立了男女同校制度，妇女开始就业甚至从政，新民法承认女性拥有与其兄弟同等的继承权，与婚姻和离异相关的法律和风俗也发生了迅速的变化。这场革命远未结束，但是在过去数十年间取得的成就却是两千五百多年倡导仁义道德的儒家和两千年来倡导慈悲为怀的佛家所没有想到的。我们能不称之为巨大的进步吗？

（彭萍 译）

7 THE END OF LIFE

By Lin Yutang



THE END OF LIFE, being the first section of the last chapter “Epilogue” of Lin Yutang’s *My Country and My People*, published in New York by the John Day Publishing Company, 1935.

Lin Yutang, 林语堂 (1895-1976), Chinese philologist and author. His *My Country and My People* has won for him both in America and England the reputation of being one of the ablest interpreters of China and her civilization.

In the general survey of Chinese art and Chinese life, the conviction must have been forced upon us that the Chinese are past masters in the art of living. There is a certain whole-hearted concentration on the material life, a certain zest in living, which is mellower, perhaps deeper, anyway just as intense as in the West. In China the spiritual values have not been separated from the material values, but rather help man in a keener enjoyment of life as it falls to our lot. This accounts for our joviality and our incorrigible humor. A heathen can have a heathenish devotion to the life of the present and envelop both spiritual and material values in one outlook, which it is difficult for a Christian to imagine. We live the life of the senses and the life of the spirit at the same moment, and see no necessary conflict. For the human spirit is used to beautify life, to extract its essence, perhaps to help it overcome ugliness and pain inevitable in the world of our senses, but never to escape from it and find its meaning in a life hereafter. When Confucius said in reply to a question by a disciple on death, “Don’t know life—how know death?” he expressed there a somewhat bourgeois, unmetaphysical and practical attitude toward the problems of life and knowledge which has characterized our national life and thinking.

This standpoint establishes for us a certain scale of values. In every aspect of knowledge and of living, the test of life holds. It accounts for our pleasures and our antipathies. The test of life was with us a racial thought, wordless and needing no definition or giving of reasons. It was that test of life which, instinctively I think, guided us to distrust civic civilization and uphold the rural ideal in art, life and letters, to dislike religion in our rational moments,

to play with Buddhism but never quite accept its logical conclusions, and to hate mechanical ingenuity. It was that instinctive trust in life that gave us a robust common sense in looking at life's kaleidoscopic changes and the myriad vexatious problems of the intellect which we rudely ignored. It enabled us to see life steadily and see life whole, with no great distortions of values. It taught us some simple wisdom, like respect for old age and the joys of domestic life, acceptance of life, of sex, and of sorrow. It made us lay emphasis on certain common virtues, like endurance, industry, thrift, moderation, and pacificism. It prevented the development of freakish extreme theories and the enslaving of man by the products of his own intelligence. It gave us a sense of values, and taught us to accept the material as well as the spiritual goods of life. It taught us that, after all is said and done, human happiness is the end of all knowledge. And we arrange ourselves to make our lives happy on this planet, under whatever vicissitudes of fortune.

We are an old nation. The eyes of an old people see in its past and in this changing modern life much that is superficial and much that is of true meaning to our lives. We are a little cynical about progress, and we are a little bit indolent, as are all old people. We do not want to race about in a field for a ball; we prefer to saunter along willow banks to listen to the bird's song and the children's laughter. Life is so precarious that when we know something truly satisfies us, we hold on to it tight, as a mother hugs her baby close to her breast in a dark, stormy night. We have really no desire for exploring the South Pole or scaling the Himalayas. When Westerners do that, we ask, "What do you do that for? Do you have to go to the South Pole to be happy?" We go to the movies and theaters, but in the heart of our hearts we feel that a real child's laughter gives us as much real joy and happiness as an imaginary child's laughter on the screen. We compare the two and stay at home. We do not believe that kissing one's own wife is necessarily insipid, and that other people's wives are necessarily more beautiful because they are other people's wives. We do not ache to reach the foot of the mountain when we are in the middle of the lake, and we do not ache to be at the top of the hill when we are at its foot. We drink what wine there is in the pot and enjoy what scenery there is before our eyes.

So much of life is merely a farce. It is sometimes just as well to stand by and look at it and smile, perhaps better than to take part in it. Like a dreamer awakened, we see life, not with the romantic color of yesternight's dream, but with a saner vision. We are more ready to give up the dubious, the glamorous and the unattainable, but at the same time to hold on to the few things that we know will give us happiness. We always go back to nature as an eternal source of beauty and of true and deep and lasting happiness. Deprived of progress and of national power, we yet throw open our windows and listen to cicadas or to falling autumn leaves and inhale the fragrance of chrysanthemums, and over the top there shines the autumn moon, and we are content.

For we are now in the autumn of our national life. There comes a time in our lives, as nations and as individuals, when we are pervaded by the spirit of early autumn, in which green is mixed with gold and sadness is mixed with joy, and hope is mixed with reminiscence. There comes a time in our lives when the innocence of spring is a memory and the exuberance of summer a song whose echoes faintly remain in the air, when as we look out on life, the problem is not how to grow but how to live truly, not how to strive and labor but how to enjoy the precious moments we have, not how to squander our energy but how to conserve it in preparation for the coming winter. A sense of having arrived somewhere, of having settled and having found out what we want. A sense of having achieved something also, precious little compared with its past exuberance, but still something, like an autumn forest shorn of its summer glory but retaining such of it as will endure.

I like spring, but it is too young. I like summer, but it is too proud. So I like best of all autumn, because its leaves are a little yellow, its tone mellow, its colors richer, and it is tinged a little with sorrow and a premonition of death. Its golden richness speaks not of the innocence of spring, nor of the power of summer, but of the mellowness and kindly wisdom of approaching age. It knows the limitations of life and is content. From a knowledge of those limitations and its richness of experience emerges a symphony of colors, richer than all, its green speaking of life and strength, its orange speaking of golden content, and its purple of resignation and death. And the moon shines over it, and its brow seems white with reflection, but when the setting sun touches it with an evening glow, it can still laugh cheerily. An early mountain breeze brushes by and sends its shivering leaves dancing gaily to the ground, and you do not know whether the song of the falling leaves is the song of laughter or of parting tears. For it is the Song of the Spirit of Early Autumn, the spirit of calm and wisdom and maturity, which smiles at sorrow itself and praises the exhilarating, keen, cool air—the Spirit of Autumn so well expressed by Hsin Ch'ichi:

“In my young days,
I had tasted only gladness,
But loved to mount the top floor,
But loved to mount the top floor,
To write a song pretending sadness.

“And now I've tasted
Sorrow's flavors, bitter and sour,
And can't find a word,
And can't find a word,
But merely say, ‘What a golden autumn hour! ’”

Notes

conviction, firm belief; being convinced.

past masters, people having practiced skill.

zest, keen enjoyment; gusto; relish.

mellow, made softer or more genial by experience.

joviality, the act of being merry, joyous, or jolly.

incurable humor, sympathetic laughter which is so strong that it is beyond correction.

heathen, pagan; irreligious person.

the life of the present, living only for the present moment; not caring about the past or the future.

envelop, combine in one wrapper; include.

extract its essence, take out from life its essential element.

a life hereafter, a life after this life that we are living.

disciple, a follower who has learned to believe in the doctrine of his teacher.

“Don't know life—how know death?”“未知生焉知死， ”—Confucius's *Analect*.

bourgeois, of the class between the gentry and the laborers, a class addicted to comfort and respectability.

unmetaphysical, not abstract and not related to metaphysics, which is the science of being and the theory of knowledge.

scale of values, a graded system of measuring relative worth, importance, utility, desirability, etc.

civic civilization, civilization built up around a city; the civilization that has grown up with the growth of cities.

letters, literature.

robust, strong and healthy.

kaleidoscopic, varied and many-colored. A kaleidoscope is a tube in which figures are produced by reflections of pieces of colored glass and varied by rotation of the tube.

myriad, vastly numerous.

vexatious, annoying; distressing; disturbing.

distortions, twisted or pulled out of shape.

pacifism, love of peace; advocacy of the abolition of war.

freakish extreme theories, queer radical ideas, that run to extremes.

vicissitudes of fortune, irregular changes of luck; uncertainty as to how things may turn out.

superficial, not going deep; of or on the surface only; of not much true meaning.

cynical, sneering; incredulous.

indolent, lazy; slothful.

saunter, walk in a leisurely way.

precarious, uncertain; insecure; dependent on circumstances or unknown causes or conditions.

Himalayas, the mountain system 1,600 miles long between India and Tibet. The highest peak of this system is Mount Everest, 29,002 feet high. Several have been the attempts on the part of alpine climbers to scale to the top of the mountain, but as yet none of these attempts have been successful.

on the screen, thrown on the screen in a theater.

insipid, tasteless; uninteresting; dull.

farce, absurdly futile proceeding, pretense, mockery.

yesternight's, last night's.

dubious, uncertain; doubtful.

glamorous, of magical enchantment; of delusive or alluring beauty and charm.

cicadas, insects noted for the prolonged shrill sound made by the male.

content, satisfied.

pervaded, spread through; permeated; saturated.

reminiscence, remembrance; act of recalling past experiences.

exuberance, luxuriance; overflow; excess.

squander, spend wastefully; scatter.

shorn, the past participle of *shear*, strip bare; cut off as with sword or clip off as with shears.

premonition of death, forewarning that death is not so far off, that death is in the offing.

symphony of colors, harmony of colors; such a delightful mixing of colors that one color brings out the richness of another.

resignation, uncomplaining endurance of sorrow or other evil.

exhilarating, enlivening; gladdening.

Hsin Ch'i-chi, 辛弃疾（稼轩）, poet, Sung dynasty, died 1198.

“少年不识愁滋味爱上层楼爱上层楼为赋新词强说愁。而今识尽愁滋味欲说还休欲说还休却道天凉好个秋。”（稼轩词，卷四，十九页）

Questions

1. In what way are the Chinese “past masters in the art of living”?
2. What scale of values results from the Chinese practical attitudes towards the problems of life and knowledge?
3. How is the Chinese viewpoint colored by the fact that the nation is old?
4. What is the spirit of early autumn? How does it characterize Chinese life?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《生活的目的》是林语堂所著《吾国与吾民》最后一章《结语》的第一部分，该书由纽约的约翰·戴出版公司1935年出版。

【作者简介】

林语堂（1895—1976），中国语言学家、作家。因《吾国与吾民》一书在美国和英国声誉鹊起，跻身中国及中国文明的最佳阐释者之列。

7 生活的目的

在概述了中国的艺术与生活之后，我们不得不承认中国人的确是精通生活艺术的大师。他们全心全意地致力于物质生活，其热忱决不下于西方，并且更为成熟，或许还更为深沉。在中国，精神的价值并未与物质的价值相分离，反而帮助了人们更好地享受自己命定的生活。这就解释了为什么我们具有一种快活的性情和根深蒂固的幽默。一个无宗教信仰的人会对现世的世俗生活抱有一种粗野的热忱，并且融物质与精神两种价值于一身，这在基督徒是难以想象的。我们能够同时生活在感官世界和精神世界之中，而不认为两者一定会有什么冲突。因为人类的精神是被用来美化生活，提炼生活的精华，或许还能帮助生活克服感官世界中不可避免的种种丑恶和痛苦，而不是用来逃避生活，或在来世找寻生活的意义。孔子在回答一位弟子关于死亡的问题时说：“未知生，焉知死？”这句话表达了一种对于生命和知识问题的庸俗、具体而实用的态度，而正是这种态度造就了我们现在国民生活及思维的特征。

这一立场为我们树立了多层级的价值尺度。这种生活标准适用于知识和人生的方方面面，解释了我们喜好与憎恶某一事物的原因。这种生活标准已经融入我们的民族意识，不需要任何文字上的说明、界定或阐释。我认为也正是这种生活标准促使我们在艺术、人生和文学中本能地怀疑城市文明，而崇尚田园理想；促使我们在理智的时刻厌恶宗教，涉猎佛学但从不完全接受其合乎逻辑的结论；促使我们憎恶机械发明。正是这种对于生活的本能信仰，赋予我们一种坚定的常识，面对生活的万千变化以及智慧的无数棘手问题，可以做到岿然不动。它使我们能够沉着地、完整地看待生活，并维系固有的价值观念。它也教会了我们一些简单的智慧，比如尊敬老人，享受家庭生活的乐趣，接受生活，接受性别差异，接受悲哀。它使我们注重这样几种寻常的美德：忍耐、勤劳、节俭、中庸与和平主义。它使我们不至于发展某些怪异极端的理论，不至于成为自己智慧产品的奴隶。它赋予我们一种价值观，教会我们同时接受生活给予我们的物质和精神财富。它告诉人们：归根结底，只有人类的幸福才是一切知识的最终目标。于是我们得以在命运的浮沉中调整自己，欣欣然生活在这个行星之上。

我们是一个古老的民族。在老人看来，我们民族的过去以及变化万端的现代生活，有不少是浅薄的，也有不少确实触及了生活的真谛。同任何一个老人一样，我们对进步有所怀疑，我们也有点懒散。我们不喜欢为一只球在球场上争逐，而喜欢漫步于柳堤之上，听听鸟儿的鸣唱和孩子的笑语。生活是如此动荡不安，因而当我们发现了真正令自己满意的东西，我们就会抓住不放，就像一位母亲在黑暗的暴风雨之夜里紧紧搂住怀中的婴孩。我们对探险南极或者攀登喜马拉雅山实在毫无兴趣，一旦西方人这样做，我们会问：“你做这件事的目的何在？你非得到南极去寻找幸福吗？”我们会光顾影院和剧场，然而内心深处却认为，相比荧幕上的幻象，现实生活中儿童的嬉笑同样能给我们带来欢乐和幸福。如此一来，我们便情愿待在家里。我们不认为亲吻自己的老婆必定寡淡无味，而别人的妻子仅仅因为是别人的妻子就显得更加楚楚动人。我们在身处湖心之时并不渴望走到山脚下去，我们在山脚下时也并不企求登至山顶。我们信奉今朝有酒今朝醉，花开堪折直须折。

人生在很大程度上不过是一场闹剧，有时最好做个超然的旁观者，或许比一味参与要强得多。我们就像一个刚刚醒来的睡梦者一样，看待人生用的是一种清醒的眼光，而不是带着昨夜梦境的浪漫色彩。我们乐于放弃那些捉摸不定、令人向往却又难以达到的东西，同时紧紧抓住不多的几件我们清楚会给自己带来幸福的东西。我们常常喜欢回归自然，以之为美和真正的、深沉的、长久的幸福的永恒源泉。尽管丧失了进步与国力，我们还是能够打开窗子，聆听金蝉的鸣声，欣赏秋天的落叶，呼吸菊花的芬芳。秋月朗照之下，我们感到心满意足。

我们现在身处民族生活的秋天。在我们生命中的某一时刻，无论是民族还是个人，都为新秋精神所渗透：绿色错落着金色、悲伤交织着欢乐、希望混杂着怀旧。在这一时刻，春天的单纯已成记忆，夏日的繁茂已为空气中微弱回荡着的歌吟。我们看待人生，不是在筹谋怎样发展，而是去考虑如何真正地活着；不是怎样奋发劳作，而是如何珍惜当下的宝贵时光尽情享受；不是如何挥霍自己的精力，而是养精蓄锐应对冬天的到来。我们感到自己已经到达某个地方，安顿了下来，并找到了自己想要的东西。我们还感到已经获得了某种东西，这与过去的荣华相比尽管微不足道，却像是褪去了夏日繁茂的秋林一样，仍然有些余晖在继续放光。

我喜欢春天，可它过于稚嫩；我喜欢夏天，可它过于骄矜。因而我最喜欢秋天，喜欢它泛黄的树叶、成熟的格调和斑斓的色彩。它带着些许感伤，也带着死亡的预兆。秋天的金碧辉煌所展示的不是春天的单

纯，也不是夏天的伟力，而是接近高迈之年的老成和睿智——明白人生有限因而知足，这种“生也有涯”的感知与丰富的人生经验变幻出和谐的秋色：绿色代表生命和力量，橘黄代表金玉的内容，紫色代表屈从与死亡。在月光照耀下，秋天陷入沉思，露出苍白的神情；而当夕阳的余晖抚摸她面容的时候，她仍然能够爽悦地欢笑。山间的晨风拂过，枝杈间片片颤动着的秋叶舞动着飘向大地，你真不知道这落叶的歌吟是欣喜的欢唱还是离别的泪歌，因为它是新秋精神的歌吟：镇定、智慧、成熟。这种歌吟用微笑面对悲伤，赞颂那种令人振奋、敏锐而冷静的神情——这种秋的精神在辛弃疾的笔下表现得最为恰切：

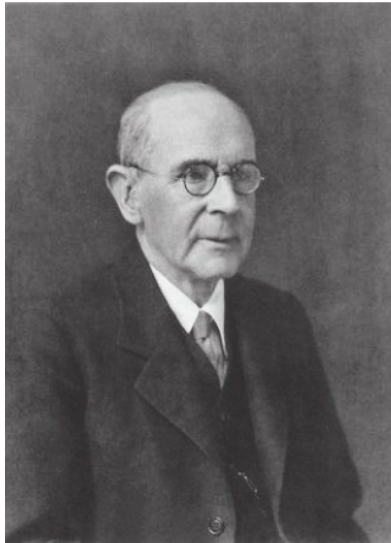
少年不识愁滋味，爱上层楼。爱上层楼，为赋新词强说愁。
而今识尽愁滋味，欲说还休。欲说还休，却道天凉好个秋。

（佚名 译）

8

A SACRED MOUNTAIN

By G. Lowes Dickinson



A SACRED MOUNTAIN, from *Appearances: Being Notes of Travel*, by G. Lowes Dickinson, published by G. Allen.

Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson (1862-1932), English philosopher who spent a lifetime as fellow at King's College, Cambridge University. Dickinson rose to international fame with his *Letters from a Chinese Official: Being an Eastern View of Western Civilization* (1901). He called himself a socialist in that he was moved by a profound dislike of the existing social disorder, but he looks rather to the past than to the future, to things of the spirit rather than to continued material progress. The views of such a man upon the Orient was certain to be sympathetic and penetrating; sent thither by the trustees of the Albert Kahn Traveling Fellowships, he made a striking brief report upon the spiritual and cultural estates of India, China, and Japan in *An Essay on the Civilizations of India, China, and Japan*.

It was midnight when the train set us down at Taianfu. The moon was full. We passed across fields, through deserted alleys where sleepers lay naked on the ground, under a great gate in a great wall, by halls and pavilions, by shimmering, tree-shadowed spaces, up and down steps, and into a court where cypresses grew. We set up our beds in a veranda, and woke to see leaves against the morning sky. We explored the vast temple and its monuments—iron vessels of the T'ang age, a great tablet of the Sungs, trees said to date from before the Christian era, stones inscribed with drawings of these by the Emperor Chien Lung, hall after hall, court after court, ruinous, overgrown, and the great crumbling walls and gates and towers. Then in the afternoon we began the ascent of Tai Shan, the most sacred mountain in China, the most frequented, perhaps, in the world. There, according to tradition, legendary emperors worshiped God. Confucius climbed it six centuries before Christ, and sighed, we are told, to find his native state so small. The great Chin Shih Huang was there in the third century B. C. Chien Lung in the eighteenth century covered

it with inscriptions. And millions of humble pilgrims for thirty centuries at least have toiled up the steep and narrow way. Steep it is, for it makes no detours, but follows straight up the bed of a stream, and the greater part of the five thousand feet is ascended by stone steps. A great ladder of eighteen flights climbs the last ravine, and to see it from below, sinuously mounting the precipitous face to the great arch that leads on to the summit, is enough to daunt the most ardent walker. We at least were glad to be chaired some part of the way. A wonderful way! On the lower slopes it passes from portal to portal, from temple to temple. Meadows shaded with aspen and willow border the stream as it falls from green pool to green pool. Higher up are scattered pines. Else the rocks are bare—bare, but very beautiful, with that significance of form which I have found everywhere in the mountains of China.

To such beauty the Chinese are peculiarly sensitive. All the way up, the rocks are carved with inscriptions recording the charm and the sanctity of the place. Some of them were written by emperors; many, especially, by Chien Lung, the great patron of art in the eighteenth century. They are models, one is told, of calligraphy as well as of literary composition. Indeed, according to Chinese standards, they could not be the one without the other. The very names of the favorite spots are poems in themselves. One is “the pavilion of the phoenixes”; another “the fountain of the white cranes.” A rock is called “the tower of the quickening spirit”; the gate on the summit is “the portal of the clouds.” More prosaic, but not less charming, is an inscription on a rock in the plain, “the place of the three smiles,” because there some mandarins, meeting to drink and converse, told three peculiarly funny stories. Is not that delightful? It seems so to me. And so peculiarly Chinese!

It was dark before we reached the summit. We put up in the temple that crowns it, dedicated to Yü Huang, the “Jade Emperor” of the Taoists; and his image and those of his attendant deities watched our slumbers. But we did not sleep till we had seen the moon rise, a great orange disk, straight from the plain, and swiftly mount till she made the river, five thousand feet below, a silver streak in the dim gray levels.

Next morning, at sunrise, we saw that, north and east, range after range of lower hills stretched to the horizon, while south lay the plain, with half a hundred streams gleaming down to the river from the valleys. Full in view was the hill where, more than a thousand years ago, the great T’ang poet Li Tai-p’o retired with five companions to drink and make verses. They are still known to tradition as the “six idlers of the bamboo grove”; and the morning sun, I half thought, still shines upon their symposium. We spent the day on the mountain; and as the hours passed by, more and more it showed itself to be a sacred place. Sacred to what god? No question is harder to answer of any sacred place, for there are as many ideas of the god as there are worshipers. There are temples here to various gods: to the mountain himself; to the Lady of the mountain, Pi Hsia-yüen, who is at once the Venus of Lucretius—“goddess of procreation, gold as the clouds, blue as the sky,” one inscription calls her—and the kindly mother who gives children to women and heals the little ones of their ailments; to the Great Bear; to the Green Emperor, who clothes the trees with leaves; to the Cloud-compeller; to many others. And in all this, is there no room for God? It is a poor imagination that would think so. When men worship the mountain, do they worship a rock, or the spirit of the place, or the spirit that has no place? It is the latter, we may be sure, that some men adored, standing at sunrise on this spot. And the Jade Emperor—is he a mere idol? In the temple where we slept were three inscriptions set up by the Emperor Chien Lung. They run as follows:

“Without labor, O Lord, Thou bringest forth the greatest things.”

“Thou ledest Thy company of spirits to guard the whole world.”

“In the company of Thy spirits Thou art wise as a mighty Lord to achieve great works.”

These might be sentences from the Psalms; they are as religious as anything Hebraic. And if it be retorted that the mass of the worshipers on Tai Shan are superstitious, so are, and always have been, the mass of worshipers anywhere. Those who rise to religion in any country are few. India, I suspect, is the great exception. But I do not know that they are fewer in China than elsewhere. For that form of religion, indeed, which consists in the worship of natural beauty and what lies behind it—for the religion of a Wordsworth—they seem to be preëminently gifted. The cult of this mountain, and of the many others like it in China, the choice of sites for temples and monasteries, the inscriptions, the little pavilions set up where the view is loveliest—all go to prove this. In England we have lovelier

hills, perhaps, than any in China. But where is our sacred mountain? Where, in all the country, the charming mythology which once in Greece and Italy, as now in China, was the outward expression of the love of nature?

“Great God, I'd rather be

A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;

So might I, Standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.”

That passionate cry of a poet born into a naked world would never have been wrung from him had he been born in China.

And that leads me to one closing reflection. When lovers of China—“pro-Chinese,” as they are contemptuously called in the East—assert that China is more civilized than the modern West, even the candid Westerner, who is imperfectly acquainted with the facts, is apt to suspect insincere paradox. Perhaps these few notes on Tai Shan may help to make the matter clearer. A people that can so consecrate a place of natural beauty is a people of fine feeling for the essential values of life. That they should also be dirty, disorganized, corrupt, incompetent, even if it were true—and it is far from being true in any unqualified sense—would be irrelevant to this issue. On a foundation of inadequate material prosperity they reared, centuries ago, the superstructure of a great culture. The West, in rebuilding its foundations, has gone far to destroy the superstructure. Western civilization, wherever it penetrates, brings with it water-taps, sewers, and police; but it brings also an ugliness, an insincerity, a vulgarity never before known to history, unless it be under the Roman Empire. It is terrible to see in China the first wave of this Western flood flinging along the coasts and rivers and railway lines its scrofulous foam of advertisements, of corrugated iron roofs, of vulgar, meaningless architectural form. In China, as in all old civilizations I have seen, all the building harmonizes with and adorns nature. In the West everything now built is a blot. Many men, I know, sincerely think that this destruction of beauty is a small matter, and that only decadent aesthetes would pay any attention to it in a world so much in need of sewers and hospitals. I believe this view to be profoundly mistaken. The ugliness of the West is a symptom of disease of the soul. It implies that the end has been lost sight of in the means. In China the opposite is the case. The end is clear, though the means be inadequate. Consider what the Chinese have done to Tai Shan, and what the West will shortly do, once the stream of Western tourists begins to flow strongly. Where the Chinese have constructed a winding stairway of stone, beautiful from all points of view, Europeans or Americans will run up a funicular railway, a staring scar that will never heal. Where the Chinese have written poems in exquisite calligraphy, they will cover the rocks with advertisements. Where the Chinese have built a series of temples, each so designed and placed so as to be a new beauty in the landscape, they will run up restaurants and hotels like so many scabs on the face of nature. I say with confidence that they will, because they have done it wherever there is any chance of a paying investment. Well, the Chinese need, I agree, our science, our organization, our medicine. But is it affectation to think they may have to pay too high a price for it, and to suggest that in acquiring our material advantages they may lose what we have gone near to lose, that fine and sensitive culture which is one of the forms of spiritual life? The West talks of civilizing China. Would that China could civilize the West!

Notes

Taianfu, 泰安府, 山东省, a city in Shantung Province, at the foot of Tai Shan (泰山), the sacred mountain.

alleys, very narrow streets.

shimmering, trembling, quivering, or faint, diffused light.

court, or **courtyard**, a space inclosed by walls or buildings; quadrangle.

cypresses, 柏树, straight, coniferous tree with shuttle-shaped mass of dark foliage. In the West, cypresses are

usually associated with graves; in our country they grow in temples or around graves.

veranda, open portico or colonnade along the side of a house with roof supported on pillars.

T'ang age, 唐朝, the golden age of Chinese literature and art, under the rule of the T'ang dynasty (618-907).

the Sung, 宋朝, a later dynasty (960-1126), note for its philosophers.

before the Christian era, before the birth of Jesus Christ; any time before Christ, B.C.

Chien Lung, 乾隆 (1736-1796), perhaps the most illustrious of the emperors of the Ching dynasty (清朝, 1644-1911). Chien Lung was a great patron of the arts; he himself wrote a vigorous calligraphy.

legendary emperors, emperors who are famous or exist only in legends.

his native state, the province in which he was born, Shantung.

Chin Shih Huang, 秦始皇, the founder of the Chin dynasty (246-206 B.C.).

pilgrims, persons who journey to sacred places as an act of devotion.

detours, roundabout ways; roads that depart from and then rejoin the direct route.

bed of a stream, bottom of a stream; the ground over which a stream flows.

ravine, deep, narrow gorge; deep, narrow opening between hills; a depression in the ground worn out by running water, larger than a gully and smaller than a valley.

sinuously mounting, going upward in winding curves.

precipitous face, cliff or rock-face that is or looks so steep that one could fall headlong from top to bottom.

daunt, frighten into giving up his purpose.

to be chaired, to be carried in sedan chairs.

aspen, 摇白杨树, trees of the poplar family with tremulous leaves.

border, be a border or edge to.

significance of form, expressiveness of form; form that is very significant or expressive.

sanctity, sacredness or saintliness.

calligraphy, beautiful handwriting.

poems, metrical or beautiful sounding in themselves.

quickeningspirit, spirit that animates or inspires.

prosaic, suitable for prose, which is commonplace or dull or unromantic as compared to poetry, so it is commonly assumed.

mandarins, formerly, Chinese officials.

converse, chat or talk.

crowns, sits on the top of the mountain, just as a crown is on the head of the king.

Taoists, 道教徒, followers of one of the chief religious sects of our country.

disk, circular object.

Li Tai-p'o, 李太白 (701-762), famous poet of the T'ang dynasty.

symposium, ancient Greek drinking party, now more commonly used to denote a philosophical or other friendly discussion.

Pi Hsia-yüen, 碧霞云.

the Great Bear, 北斗, Ursa Major, the Dipper, a northern constellation of stars seven in number, two of which point to the Pole Star.

Psalms, a book of the Old Testament of the Bible, often called the Psalms of David, because they are the songs chanted by King David in praise of his God.

Hebraic is the adjective of the noun Hebrew, Jew. Hebraic here refers to the religion of the Jewish people, to the Holy Bible of the Christians, which is a history of the aspirations of the Jewish people. King David, author of the Psalms, Jesus, all the people of the Bible are Hebrews.

retorted, said by way of answer.

Wordsworth, William (1770-1850), English romantic poet, worshiper of Nature.

cult, study and pursuit of worship.

mythology, body of myths or primitive tales imaginatively describing or accounting for natural phenomena, especially by personification.

suckled, fed from the breast or udder. A *pagan* is a person who does not acknowledge Jehovah, Christ, nor Allah. The poet says that he would much rather be a pagan brought up in a religious creed that is out of fashion, that is out of date, . . .

forlorn, forsaken; in pitiful condition.

"pro-Chinese," a foreigner who favors or sides with the Chinese.

candid, unprejudiced; free from dissimulation or reserve.

insincere paradox. A paradox is a statement that is contrary to the generally accepted opinion, that conflicts with preconceived notions of the reasonable or possible. When Mr. Dickinson makes the statement that China is more civilized than the modern West, he states an opinion that seems to be contrary to the generally accepted opinion that China is not as civilized as the modern West. People suspect that he is not sincere when he makes such a statement.

unqualified. You qualify statement by putting limitations to or modifying it. An unqualified sense is a meaning that has not had this limitation or modification put on.

irrelevant, not concerned with the matter in hand; not pertinent to.

superstructure, what rests on a foundation; a building in relation to its foundations.

water-taps, the tubular plug with internal valve by which the flow of water from a pipe can be allowed or checked.

sewers, covered underground drains for carrying off the refuse of houses or towns.

the Roman Empire, established by Augustus (27 B.C.), divided by Theodosius (A.D. 395) into western and

eastern. Western down till 1806.

scrofulous, the adjective of the noun *scrofula*, a constitutional disease with glandular swellings.

corrugated iron roofs, iron sheetings bent into wavy ridges, used to cover the roofs of buildings, especially buildings for manufacturing and other industrial purposes.

blot, blemish; something that spoils or mars the beauty and perfection.

decadent aesthetes, lovers or appreciators of beauty who cling to theories that are declining or dying.

Western tourists, holiday travelers from the West; Occidental travelers.

funicular railway, railway worked by cable and stationary engine.

advertisement, billboards with pictures and writing painted or printed on, in glaring colors, to advertise a particular kind of goods.

paying investment, a business investment that pays profits in return for the capital that you have put into the project.

affectation, artificial or studied display of modesty.

Questions

1. How was the way wonderful?
2. How do the Chinese show that they are peculiarly sensitive to such beauty?
3. When men worship the mountain, what is it that they worship?
4. For what sort of religion do the Chinese seem to be pre-eminently gifted ?
5. On what did we Chinese rear the superstructure of a great culture? What does Western civilization bring?
6. Is the destruction of beauty a small matter? What have we Chinese done to Tai Shan? What would the West do to Tai Shan, given the inducement?
7. Why does the author say, "Would that China could civilize the West!"

参考译文

【作品简介】

《圣山》一文选自高兹沃斯·洛斯·狄金森所著《面面观：旅途琐记》，阿伦出版公司出版。

【作者简介】

高兹沃斯·洛斯·狄金森（1862—1932），英国著名哲学家，他终身就职于剑桥大学国王学院，并因出版《来自中国官员的信札：东方人眼中的西方文明》（1901）而享有国际声誉。狄金森称自己是社会主义者，他的转变是出于对当时混乱社会秩序的极度不满。但他关注的是过去，而不是未来，是精神世界，而

不是持续的物质进步。此人对于东方的观点定是富有同情且充满洞见的。狄金森由阿尔伯特·卡尔旅行奖学金的委托人派到中国，并在《论印度、中国、日本的文明》一文中对三个国家精神及文化财富做了简短而出色的报告。

8 圣山

火车到达泰安府时已是子夜时分，其时月满如盘，我们越过田野，穿过几条裸躺着一些睡客的旧巷子，之后跨进了一座嵌在高墙上的大门。途经之处，厅堂、凉亭三三两两，又路过几处空地，那里月光如泄、树影斑驳。上下了一段台阶后，我们终于到达了一座柏树成群的庭院。当夜，我们便是一条游廊里休憩，翌日清晨一睁眼，看到头顶的树叶似乎与天相接。我们先行游览了巍峨的寺庙，参观遗迹——这里有唐代的铁器，宋朝的石碑，还有据说在公元前就生长于此的古木，以及刻满乾隆御笔的石碑和一间间破败不堪的厅堂。另外，一座座院落杂草丛生，偶有残垣断壁、大门和高塔。下午，我们便开始登泰山，此山是中国众山之首，也大抵是世界上最常为游人所造访的名山。相传泰山是上古帝王祭天的地方。听说孔夫子于公元前六世纪就曾登顶并感叹“登泰山而小天下”。伟大的秦始皇也于公元前三世纪至此，而乾隆皇帝则于十八世纪在这里题词铭文。三千年来，数百万谦卑的香客在这条陡峭而狭窄的山路上艰难跋涉。山路陡峭因其从无迂绕，而是沿一条小河的河床径直而上，通过石阶沿着山体一路爬上，约有五千英尺高。泰山十八盘有双崖夹道，犹如天门云梯，自下向上望去，蜿蜒耸立，险峻丛生，直到与天穹相接，这足以让任何一个狂热的旅者望而却步。我们比较有幸，可以在部分路段乘轿子通过。旅程异常精彩，路过那些平缓的山坡，我们途经了一道道大门和一座座庙宇。杨树叶的影子点缀着草地，成荫的柳树环绕着小溪，溪水一路上好像从一片碧绿的水塘落入了另一片碧绿的水塘。地势较高处散种着几棵松树。此外还有光秃秃的岩石，虽然光秃，却也极美，充满了奇形意趣，这与我在其他地区的山中所见到的一样。

中国人更宜于欣赏此类美景。沿山路而上，岩石上镌刻着文字，它们记载的是泰山的魅力与神圣。这其中有些出自帝王之手，十八世纪伟大的艺术赞助人乾隆皇帝便题字不少。到此的游人被告知，那些文字既是书法艺术之经典，又是文学创作之范例。实际上，据中国标准来看，书法艺术与文学创作彼此依存，浑然一体。最受游客青睐的景点，其名字本身就充满诗意。有亭曰“凤凰亭”、有泉称“白鹤泉”、有塔名“灵岩塔”、有山顶之门叫作“云门”。另有更为朴实却魅力不减的一处景致是块刻着“三笑处”的石头，因为有官员聚集于此饮酒时畅谈了三个极其有趣的故事而得名。很有意思吧？的确，中国人颇具谐趣。

登峰之时天已暮黑，于是我们就在山顶的寺庙里留宿。这庙是为道教神祇玉皇大帝而建，因此，我们就在玉帝和他身边诸位神明的塑像注视下休息，但直到月亮升起之时我们方才入睡。那是一轮橙色的圆月，从地平线上升起，轻盈地爬上天空，月光从五千英尺的山顶一泄如注，将山底流淌的河流映成了一条银色的带子。

翌日清晨日出之时，只见北边和东边山群叠嶂，绵延不绝，一直伸向地平线；而南边则地势平坦，五十多条小溪闪着光芒从山谷奔向河流。放眼望去，百山坐落，千峰林立。一千多年前，唐代著名诗人李白与五位友人一同退隐于此，饮酒作诗，史称“竹溪六逸”。我有时在想，他们相聚之时大概也沐浴在这晨光之中吧。我们在山上停留了一整日。随着时间的消逝，这里愈发显现出“神圣之地”的端倪。但何为“神”呢？在这“神圣之地”，此类问题总是难以回答，因为有多少敬神者，就有多少关于神的理解。泰山的寺庙为不同的“神”而建，有的为泰山本身而建，有的为泰山娘娘——碧霞元君而建。泰山娘娘就像卢克莱修为之献上颂词的维纳斯女神——一处碑文称她泽被万物，霞光万丈，宛如青天——是一位慈祥的母亲，为女人送子添女，为孩子祛除病痛。有的为北斗星君而建；有的建给青帝，因为他为树木披上绿装。也有建给追云者的，或建给其他神仙。在这诸庙宇中，难道没有天神之位吗？如果真的这样认为，就太缺乏想象力了。当人们膜拜泰山时，他们敬拜的是山上的岩石，还是山之灵魂，或是那无实地寄放的神明？我们相信，日出中站立于此进行敬拜之人，他们敬拜的是后者。那么玉皇大帝只是一座神像吗？在我们留宿的庙宇中，有三行乾隆皇帝的题词：

佐天生万物，护国福蒸民，造万世福祉。

这些诗行好似《诗篇》的文字一样，它们的宗教色彩不亚于任何一段希伯来文字。倘若众人在泰山的拜神被以“迷信”之名反对，那么从古至今任何地方的拜神都应以迷信论之。世上任何国家的宗教信徒都是少数人，我想印度则是个明显的例外。但我无法理解中国的宗教信徒为何少于世上任何一国。中国人对华夏兹华斯式的宗教有着特别的天赋，那种宗教崇尚的是自然之美和美之后所隐藏之物。人们对泰山和中国其他名山的仰慕、寺院和庙宇的选址、精美的石刻以及建立于秀丽景色中的各种亭台楼阁都印证了这种天

赋。在英格兰，我们的山之秀美堪比中国的任何一座，但我们的“圣山”位居何处？在古希腊、意大利、现今的中国等所有国度都有迷人的神话传说，那么人类对自然之爱的外在表现又在何处寻觅呢？

伟大的神啊，
我宁愿是个，
沉浸于旧教规的异教徒，
站在这令人神怡的草原，
看着那缓解我内心之苦的世界。

若是生在中国，这位出生于赤裸世界的诗人绝不会发出那样动情的呐喊。

以上游历便引发了我这最后的反思。当那些热爱中国的人——如今在东方被蔑称为亲华派——宣称中国比现代西方更加文明时，坦率却对真相一知半解的西方人都对这个有失坦诚的谬论提出质疑。然而，这些关于泰山的文字或许有助于澄清这一事实。一个将自然之美视为神圣的民族一定是一个能够很好感知生活核心价值的民族，尽管这个民族可能会是肮脏、混乱、腐败、无能的——即使果真如此也无关宏旨，况且从广义上讲这远非实情。数百年前，他们在尚未高度富足的物质基础上建立了伟大的文化上层建筑。西方人则在重建物质文明的同时毁坏了上层建筑。西方文明所渗透的地方不仅带来了象征着现代文明的水龙头、下水管和警察，还带来了由罗马帝国首开先河的丑陋、虚伪和庸俗。中国的第一次“西潮”顺着铁路、河流和海岸将病态的广告、波纹状的铁屋顶、庸俗而毫无意义的建筑形式卷入中国，此景令人痛惜。如同在许多古老文明中一样，我在中国看到的建筑，都与自然和谐统一，并为自然之景增添色彩。如今，西方所建的一切都是败笔。我知道许多人都真心认为这种对美的破坏无所谓，他们以为在当下对下水道和医院需求量如此之大的世界，只有颓废的艺术家才会着眼于美。我认为此言甚为荒谬。西方世界之丑陋是灵魂痼疾之表征。这暗示着西方人行为的目的已隐藏于手段之后而难见其貌。而在中国，情况恰好相反，尽管达到目的之手段并不富足，但目的本身却明晰可见。试想中国人如何对待泰山，而不久之后当西方游客大量涌入泰山时，西方人又会有何举动？中国人修筑蜿蜒石径，从任何角度看上去都美不胜收，而美国人和欧洲人只会在石径上方架构索道，看上去就像一道永难愈合的显眼的伤疤。中国人用优雅的书法在山岩上作诗，西方人则会在上面写满广告。中国人在山上修建寺庙，每一座都像是为美景锦上添花，而西方人则在山上经营餐馆和旅店，好比自然之美颜上多了许多疥疮。我可以自信地讲，西方人定会如此为之，因为他们已经在任何有机会投资的地方采取了相同的举动。不错，中国人需要我们的科学、组织和医药，但倘若认为中国人必须为此付出极高的代价，或者认为在获取我们物质优势的同时，中国也势必同样丢弃我们几乎丢弃的那种精神生活形式——一种优秀而细腻的文化——那就是我们自以为是了。西方总是大谈启蒙中国，而我愿中国也能启迪西方。

（罗选民 译）

9

FRAGMENTS FROM A FLOWER DIARY

By Nora Waln

FRAGMENTS FROM A FLOWER DIARY, by Nora Waln, from *The Atlantic Monthly* magazine, Vol. CLIV, No. 1, July, 1934, pp. 50-53.

Nora Waln, an American lady who came to China, married an Englishman, lived in Nanking, and who contributes to *The Atlantic Monthly* on Chinese subjects. Her book *The House of Exile*, describing her life in a Chinese family, has been very favorably received.

“Habits and customs differ, but all peoples have the love of flowers in common.”

—Chinese Proverb.

I

It was in northern Hopei. The clouds had failed to gather in their season, and the time of showers has passed without rain. Parched by the midsummer sun, the earth was a dull beige in color. We had traveled three days over plains, valleys, and hills and seen nothing green except in the artificially irrigated plots near hamlets.

The ancient stone-paved trail led up along a narrow ledge. We waited at the foot for a line of pack coolies to come down. They were heavily laden with inland produce which they were transporting to the coast for foreign export. The containers roped on their backs towered high above their heads. Yet, despite his burden, the foremost man swerved out suddenly to the very edge of the cliff, and, as they came on, each of the nine men behind him did the same.

When they had passed us, we began our climb. My pack coolie was before me. When I came up to the place round which the others had swerved, he had squatted down and was pouring the last of the contents of his drinking canteen into a crevice in the paving. There, through the dust between the stones, a wild rose had grown—a slender fragile tendril with five pale leaves and an open flower. A perfect flower, beautifully tinted, and sweetly fragrant. “It is from such a one as this,” my coolie said, “that we learn fortitude.”

II

It was in the province of Kwangtung. The temple had once been beautifully furnished, but was now dirty and neglected. I chided the abbot concerning the dust on a Buddha's face. He did not answer me immediately. He led me across two courtyards and along a dark narrow passage.

At the end of the passage he opened a door and motioned to me to pass him and go through it. Beyond the door, I stood in a tiny garden above a deep ravine. All was neat and tidy there. No weeds grew in the rich, much-worked loam. A low wall of carefully placed rocks kept the garden from sliding down the mountain side.

In his garden, the abbot spoke to me, saying, "The furniture on an altar is but the symbol of religion . . . in the face of a flower the heart of God is revealed."

I had no answer. At my feet were tall white lilies, each with a golden heart. Over my head a magnolia was in bloom.

Lifting a clump of pansies with a careful trowel, the abbot planted them in an earthen pot, "Take this home," he said. "If you are one who sincerely seeks the truth, by living with a flower you will find it."

III

Bald-the-third, my serving matron, was stiff with anger. A filthy beggar had erected a mat shed against the wall of our residence at Nanking, and settled down to live just by the gate which led from our garden to the hill path.

He would have to go, she declared. Disease would be carried over the wall by every breeze. We should all be sick. Probably Small Girl would die of cholera.

Bald-the-third went out to clear him away. Sometime later I discovered her seated on the sewing-room floor hemstitching a sheet, an occupation she often uses to calm herself when she has been overwrought.

"Has the beggar gone?" I asked.

"No—he is still there," she answered.

"Oh! He defeated you in argument, did he?" I pressed her.

"I did not speak to him," she said. "He has a sprig of jasmine growing in a broken pot, and has given it the least drafty place in his miserable shelter. He certainly hadn't much tea, but he was sharing what he had with the flower. I do not think that such a man will do us any harm. People can be too concerned regarding physical health and neglect the health of the spirit. I've sent him out a gift of rice and fish."

IV

The Chinese love of flowers has been rewarded by genius in their cultivation. Certainly this is a transcendent capacity for taking trouble. Aided by their lovers' patient skill, blossoms open for their festivals all over the land despite the diversity of climate which makes the weather below zero in some districts when it is swelteringly hot in others.

Flowers are coddled, nursed, and coaxed. They are fed religiously. There is a vast lore of wisdom passed orally from generation to generation concerning the whims and peculiarities of different plants—also a voluminous detailed gardening literature in which the observations of centuries are garnered. In the House of Exile library there are forty books, considered classics, on the culture of chrysanthemums only, and nearly as many relating to dwarf trees.

In heat, plants are sheltered in the coolest places in the homestead, and shades are erected for blossoming trees, vines, and flowers which are stationary. I have seen people sit all through the breathless tropic noon fanning a drooping flower. In cold, plants are housed in paper shelters, their roots set in loam warmed by subterranean air pipes heated by buried charcoal.

These are constructed to-day exactly as decreed by a ruler of the State of Wei who lived more than two thousand years ago. He ordered that they should be so simply designed that even the poorest and the stupidest of his people might make one. In the most severe weather, florists clothe buds in little paper coats perforated with

breathing holes.

Although they perform an infinite amount of toil in bringing their flowers to perfection, florists charge astonishingly low prices. A florist once explained this to me. He told me that a country in which flowers—a necessity for the refinement of the heart—were priced so as to make them a luxury was a country which had yet to learn the first principles of civilization.

V

According to Chinese legend, a flower presides over each month of the year, celebrating her anniversary on the fifth day after the rise of the new moon. It is usual for a minstrel, when he knocks at a homestead gate on a flower birthday, to ask to come in and sing the flower's ballads. Many tea shops have a story-teller as an attraction to patrons; and, passing on a flower's day, I have often heard the blind man entertaining the laborers, who gather round him when the day's toil is done, with the flower's fables.

Narcissus is hostess of the first month, violet of the second, peach blossom of the third, which is a favorite month for weddings. In China the peach blossom is the wedding flower as the orange blossom is in America, and in ancient times marriage was celebrated with a festival at the season of the flowering of the peach orchards. Peony gives her name to the fourth month, but rose presides over the month. This is because "the peony is the millionaire's flower, symbol of riches and power; but the lovely rose belongs to everyone, as she graces cottage and palace impartially with her beauty."

The gentle jasmine is hostess of the fifth month. The lotus, symbol of purity because she grows out of the mud and is not soiled, reigns over the sixth month; balsam, famous for healing virtues, over the seventh; cassia flower, so small but so fragrant, over the eighth; chrysanthemum, beloved of scholars, over the ninth. Bright cheerful marigold is hostess of the tenth month; camellia of the eleventh; the flowering winter plum, whose petals are like the snowflakes, of the twelfth.

And that no flower shall feel neglected, just because there are not enough months for all, a Birthday of All Flowers is celebrated on the twelfth day of the second month.

On All Flowers' Day it is polite to make "flower calls," taking gifts of seeds and slips to one's friends. Every flower birthday is an appropriate occasion for a party. It is not even necessary to possess a garden to give a blossom tea. I know a Chinese lady in Peiping, an invalid with neither the means nor the strength to achieve a garden, who has a blossom tea every year. A branch of her neighbor's wisteria extends over her courtyard wall, and each spring, when the wisteria flowers, she asks her friends to come. One year the wisteria did not bloom. She had her party, gay as the previous ones, in memory of the blossoms.

Wealthy families, who can, often give parties which are magnificent flower shows. These usually begin in the morning and last until well into the evening. After sunset the homestead is lit with silk lanterns placed to show each plant or flowering tree to the best advantage. Good manners permit one to go for as long or as short a time as one chooses.

Chinese people do not like to cut their flowers, and seldom do. The flowers displayed at a party are growing, either in pots or in the ground. Poetry and art through the centuries have endowed each tree, vine, and plant with a symbolic significance, and the cultured are guided by this in their arrangement. In the home of a scholar one is certain to see the "three friends"—that is, the bamboo, the pine, and the plum—grouped together.

The purpose of a flower party is to view the flowers, and tables for cards or mah jongg are considered in bad taste. Sometimes there is an open-air stage on which actors play the flower classics. At one party I attended, the little children of the house, dressed in flower costumes, danced a flower ballet of their own improvisation. Often someone who reads well is asked to read flower poetry.

Flower picnics are also popular. The Lins give an orchard party when the fruit trees bloom each year. Friends

make up travel parties and go from all over China to admire the azaleas near Ningpo. When the lovely lotus opens her tulip-shaped blossoms in the shallow bays of the water highways, families in every province give boat picnics.

When I was preparing to attend the first flower festival to which I was invited, my mother-by-affection spoke to me about my dress, "One should honor the occasion by care in one's costume." Shun-ko said, "But according to an ancient rule of decorum observed by the refined of heart, it is impolite to outdress the flowers. The flower-party gown should be dainty, clean, delicate in color, and fashioned on simple lines. A new fashion, however lovely, is out of place at a flower's party. The courteous hostess and her guests remember that it is to celebrate the flowers that people are gathered, and to wear a gown which distracts attention from the blossoms is rude."

VI

I had been abroad for six months. Shortly after my return I needed a length of silk. I went to the place where Shih, the silk merchant, had opened a new shop just before I went away. The place was closed and appeared uninhabited. I made inquiry and I was told that he had gone back to his old address, where his father and his grandfather before him had done business.

I found him there. When I had made my selection and my bargain, over a cup of tea, I asked why he had left the Big Horse Road. He replied that it was not a good location.

"It is such a prominent place," I said in astonishment. "Didn't you find that you had more customers there than here?"

"A merchant," he informed me, "lives the major part of his life with his customers. The place was too prominent. Many came in just because it was convenient. They had long purses and they paid, but money is not everything."

The merchant's son, a boy of fourteen and heir to the business, further enlightened me. "This place is better for the future of our house," he said. "On the Big Horse Road there was one who came who let the breath of February blow in on a flowering plum tree which we had set on the counter for the delight of gentlefolk."

VII

I had lost my way and I had need to ask a policeman for direction. I drew my car up to the curb and waited. The policeman was occupied. Dressed in the splendid uniform copied from the city of San Francisco in which the American-educated governor of the town had clad all his republican police, this one was busy. Using his teapot as a watering can, he was watering the phlox which he had placed around his stance on the modern concrete road.

When he had finished, he gave me the information I requested. But before he signaled the permission for me to move on into the traffic he made a statement and asked a question: "There is no day in the year when flowers fail to bless China with their lovely charm," and, "Is this also so in the Outer World?"

Notes

all peoples, all races or nations; the persons who make up all the different races or nations of the world.

Hopei province, 河北省.

in their season, at the proper time; at the time when rain should have fallen.

parched, dried and shiveled up.

beige, natural brown color.

artificially irrigated plots, small areas of ground which the farmers had watered or irrigated with water drawn from wells, hence by artificial and not natural means.

hamlets, small groups of cottages in the country.

ledge, narrow horizontal surface projecting from a wall or cliff or other vertical surface.

pack coolies, burden carriers who pack or carry the bundles on their backs.

inland produce, agricultural or natural products from the interior of our country.

foreign export, sending out to foreign countries.

containers, baskets or bags holding or containing the produce that were carrying.

foremost man, the leader; the carrier who led the procession.

swerved, turned aside.

squatted, seated himself on the ground with his knees drawn up and his heels close to or touching his hams, the back part of his thighs.

canteen, a small vessel or flask used by soldiers or travelers for carrying water.

crevice, a narrow opening or crack resulting from a split or crack in the stone paving.

fragile, easily broken; of delicate make-up.

tendrils, the slender, leafless spirally coiling organ of climbing plants, serving as a means of attachment to a supporting body or surface.

tinted, colored slightly.

fortitude, passive courage; firmness in confronting danger or in enduring trouble.

Kwangtung, 广东省.

chided, rebuked; blamed; found fault.

abbot, the head man of a temple; the monk who has charge of a temple.

much-worked loam, well-looked-after soil. Loam is mixture of clay and soil.

lilies, 百合花之类. A lily is any plant, flower, or bulb of a genus (*Lilium*) of herbaceous plants having scaly bulbs, whorled or scattered leaves, and showy flowers.

magnolia, 木兰属 (如玉兰), any of a genus (*Magnolia*) of trees having aromatic bark and large, often fragrant, white, pink, or purple flowers.

pansies, 蝴蝶花, that well-known garden plant (*Viola tricolor*) and flower.

Bald-the-third, an old amah or serving woman that Nora Waln took from the House of Exile to be her serving matron after her marriage to her English husband.

Nanking, 南京.

Small Girl, 小姐.

cholera, 霍乱, billious disorder with diarrhea and vomiting.

hemstitching, ornamenting the head of a hem or border of a garment or sheet by drawing out a few parallel threads and fastening the cross threads in small groups.

sheet, the broad piece of cloth used for bedding. Sheets keep the mattress and blankets from being dirtied.

overwrought, overexcited; overworked mentally.

pressed, kept on urging her; kept on asking her.

sprig of jasmine, small shoot of the jasmine plant.

least drafty place, the place where no current of air can harm the plant.

transcendent, of supreme merit or capacity.

diversity, difference.

swelteringly hot, so oppressively hot with the heat that people suffer under it.

coddled, treated with excessive tenderness; pampered.

coaxed, treated gently, by flattering or fondling.

religiously, with religious care; scrupulously or conscientiously.

lore of wisdom, body of traditions and facts on the subject; supply of experience and knowledge together with sagacious judgment.

orally, by word of mouth.

voluminous, running to many volumes or great length.

garnered, gathered for preservation; stored.

House of Exile. Nora Waln wrote *The House of Exile*, published by Little, Brown and Company of Boston, U.S.A., in 1933. "The House of Exile" is the name given by Nora Waln to the home of the Lin family. Of the home life of this family she has jotted down the most intimate details.

dwarf trees, trees whose growth has been stunted so that they are not up to their natural size.

shades, a shelter or roof that has been erected to ward off the rays of the sun.

breathless, unstirred by wind; dead.

subterranean, underground.

perforated, pierced through with holes.

ballads, simple songs; sentimental song of several verses sung to the same melody.

patrons, customers who frequent the shops.

blind man, the story-teller or entertainer is usually blind and makes a living out of singing ballads and telling stories.

millionaire, rich person; possessor of a million of money or more.

slips, cutting from a plant for grafting or planting.

invalid, a person weak and infirm, especially one in chronic ill health.

symbolic significance, meaning which is regarded by general consent as naturally typifying or representing or recalling something by possession of analogous qualities or by association in fact or thought.

the cultured, persons trained and refined in matters of understanding and manners and taste.

mah jongg, 麻雀, the Chinese game for four played with 136 pieces called tiles.

in bad taste, bad conduct; unbecoming the occasion; not conforming to good taste or conduct.

open-air stage, a stage in the open air, out on the grass lawn, not one confined within the four walls of a hall.

ballet, an artistic dance performed as a form of entertainment.

improvisation, getting up; composition; making up.

picnics, an excursion or outdoor pleasure party in which the members partake of refreshments carried usually by themselves.

the Lins, with whom Nora Waln stayed in the House of Exile.

Ningpo, 宁波, in Chekiang province.

mother-by-affection, not her real mother, but Shun-ko of the Lin family. Nora Waln came to love Shun-ko very affectionately, so she came to call her her mother-by-affection.

decorum, the usages required by decency or good manners.

outdress, be more prettily dressed; be dressed in more beautiful colors so as to outdo the flowers.

out of place, not in good taste, unbecoming; in bad taste.

distracts, takes the attention away from.

rude, offensive; insolent; in bad taste.

abroad, away from China; in some foreign country.

a length of silk, a piece of silk long enough to make a dress.

Big Horse Road, 大马路.

location, place to carry on business.

long purses, more than enough money; purses for holding money which are long and therefore can hold more than the usual amount of money.

the breath of February, the cold wind of February.

gentlefolk, persons of gentle, or good, family.

San Francisco, the main seaport in central California, the western-most state of the U.S.A.

watering can, vessel for watering plants.

stance, stand or platform on which the policeman stands.

Outer World, other countries of the world; the world outside of our country.

Questions

1. How do the incidents told in sections I, II, and III illustrate the opening quotation?
2. How do the Chinese show genius in the cultivation of flowers?
3. What are the flowers of the different months?
4. What customs are observed on All Flowers' Day?
5. How do sections VI and VII further illustrate the opening quotation?
6. Do you see any significance in the selection of the rose in section I to teach fortitude; in the selection of white lilies with golden hearts, a magnolia, and a clump of pansies in section II; the jasmine in section III; the flowering plum in section VI; and the phlox in section VII?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《花事记忆》，作者诺拉·沃恩，载于1934年7月出版的《大西洋月刊》杂志，第154卷，第1期，50—53页。

【作者简介】

诺拉·沃恩，女，美国人，丈夫是英国人。她曾到访中国，住在南京，给《大西洋月刊》提供有关中国的稿件。著有《寄庐》一书，描绘其在中国家庭的生活，广受好评。

9 花事记忆

“每个民族的风土人情各不相同，但是所有民族对花的喜爱是相同的。”

——中国谚语

一

河北北部。云朵还没来得及如期聚集，雨季便已经过去了。在仲夏烈日的炙烤下，褐色的大地一片苍茫的景象。在平原上、山谷里和山丘间走了三天，除了村落附近灌溉过的土地，再没有见到绿色。

沿着古老的石头小径向上，就到了一处狭窄的岩架。一队挑夫正从这里下来，于是我们在下头等了一会儿。压在他们身上的是要运到海边出口海外的内陆土产。巨大的箱子通过绳子绑在背上，比脑袋都要高出许多。尽管负重艰难，领头的那位还是一下就侧过身去站到了悬崖边上，后面的九位也依样照做，继续行进。

等他们都过去了，我们就开始向上攀登。我的挑夫走在前面。等到我也走到大家都通过的转弯处，我看到他已经蹲在那儿，把水罐里最后几滴水洒到了路边的石缝里。原来在那乱石间的尘土中，有一株野玫瑰。纤细修长的藤蔓上点缀着五片萧疏的叶和一朵绽放的花。完美的花朵，层层渲染，吐露着芬芳。“就是从这样的花身上，”我的挑夫说道，“我们学会了坚韧。”

二

广东省。曾经富丽堂皇的庙宇，如今脏乱不堪，无人照料。我向住持抱怨佛像脸上的积尘。他没有马上回答，而是领着我穿过两个庭院，沿着一条黑暗狭窄的通道向前走。

来到通道的尽头，他打开一扇门，示意我先过去。出了门，我踏进了一座深谷之上的小花园。一切都收拾得井井有条。精心打理的肥沃土壤上连杂草也无处可寻。在紧挨着山崖的一侧，还特意用石块堆砌了一座矮墙，守护着花园。

在花园里，住持对我说：“祭坛的摆设不过是宗教的符号……而在花的面前才能见到自性。”

我无言以对。脚下，百合花亭亭玉立，洁白的花瓣与金色的花蕊相得益彰。头顶上，一株玉兰正在盛开。

住持小心地铲起一小丛蝴蝶花，移到一个瓦盆里。“带回家去吧，”他说，“如果你想要心怀诚意，寻求真理，那么与花同在，就一定能找到。”

三

我的女佣变得怒气冲冲，因为有个脏兮兮的乞丐在我们南京的居所墙外搭了个草棚，就这样在连接花园和山间小路的门边住下了。

她说这人必须得搬走，不然风会裹挟着他的病菌飘到墙里来。到时候我们都得遭殃，小姐说不定还要死于霍乱。

然后她就出去了，要赶他离开。但过了一会儿，我见她坐在缝纫室地板上缝起被单来了。通常在心神

不宁的时候，她会用这个办法来平息自己。

“要饭的走了吗？”我问。

“没有——他还在那里。”她回答。

“哦！你没吵过他，是不是？”我追问道。

“我没跟他讲话。”她说，“那个人拿破盆种了一小枝茉莉，放在草棚里风最小的地方。茶他肯定没多少，但是他把这仅有的东西拿出一些分给了花。我觉得这种人不至于伤害我们。人不能成天想着身体健康，反倒把精神健康给忽略了。我还给他拿了点儿米和鱼。”

四

中国人爱花，在种花方面也有如天助。这当然是一种苦心孤诣的境界。在爱花人的悉心呵护下，鲜花得以盛放在全国各地。要知道各处的气候天差地别，某些地区正值零度以下的寒冬之时，另一些地区已是闷热难耐。

花就这样被娇惯、伺候和抚弄着，被虔诚地供奉着。大量有关不同植物秉性的智慧结晶世代口耳相传——另外还有一套详尽的园艺文献汇集了几百年以来的观察记录。在寄庐图书馆，光是有关菊花种植的经典著作就有四十本，跟盆景有关的著述数量也不相上下。

天热起来，人们会把植物挪到院子里最阴凉的地方，并且给那些无法移动的开花树木、藤蔓和花草搭起遮阳篷。在闷得喘不过气来的酷热中午，我还曾经见到有人一直坐在那里，给一株耷拉下来的花扇风。到了寒冷的季节，又用纸把植物罩起来防冻，木炭提供的热气则通过地下空气管源源不断地输送到根部周围的土壤中。

今时今日的这些构造完全来自两千多年前卫国王所颁布的法令。他要求这些构造的设计必须简单，让最贫穷和最笨拙的人也能做出来。在最恶劣的天气，花匠用带有呼吸孔的小纸袋给花苞一个个穿上衣服。

尽管花匠为了让花草保持最好的姿态而殚精竭虑，但他们收取的费用低得令人吃惊。一位花匠曾经跟我解释过这是为什么。他说花草乃是修身养性之道，如果哪个国家把花草作为奢侈品来定价，那么这个国家恐怕连文明最基本的原则都还没有弄明白。

五

在中国的传说中，每月都有一种月令花，在新月之后的第五天庆祝。诗人常常在花期到来之日敲开院门，要求进屋吟诵花的诗歌。许多茶铺都有一个讲故事的人来吸引顾客。在花的节日，我常在路过的时候，听到盲眼说书人在给下了工聚过来的人们讲花的寓言。

正月的女主人是水仙花，二月是紫罗兰，三月是桃花，而三月是婚礼最多的月份。桃花在中国是婚礼的象征，正如橙花之于美国婚礼一样。在中国古代，人们会在桃花花期的节日中庆祝美好的姻缘。四月用牡丹来命名，但玫瑰才是这个月真正的主人。因为“牡丹是富贵人家的花，象征着财富和权力；而可爱的玫瑰则属于每一个人，她的美丽优雅在乡野和庙堂面前毫无分别。”

温柔的茉莉是五月的女主人。荷花出淤泥而不染，是纯洁的化身，主持六月；有治疗功效的凤仙花主持七月；娇小却馨香扑鼻的桂花主持八月；深得文人喜爱的菊花居于九月。明亮欢快的金盏花是十月的女主人；十一月的则是山茶花；冬季开花的梅花，花瓣就像雪花一样，是属于十二月的花。

哪种花都不能被忽视，但因为一年不过十二个月，于是在农历二月十二设有百花节。

百花节的礼仪是走亲访友，互相赠送花的种子作为礼物。花的生日适宜聚会。甚至不需要花园就可以

举办花茶聚会。我认识北平一位体弱多病的中国小姐，既没有财力也没有精力来料理一座花园，但是每年都举办花茶聚会。邻居家有一枝紫藤爬进了她的院墙。每年到了紫藤开花的时候，她就请朋友们来做客。有一年紫藤并没有开花，她仍然兴高采烈地举办了聚会，以纪念往年的花开景象。

有能力的富裕人家，往往在聚会时举办盛大的花卉展览。通常从清晨开始一直持续到傍晚。日落之后院子里会点起丝绸做的灯笼，让大家尽情地欣赏花木之美。只要举止得当，逗留时间的长短全凭个人的选择。

中国人不喜欢插花，因此很少这么做。聚会上展示的花朵，或盆栽，或地栽，都仍在生长。几百年以来的诗词绘画已经给每一种树木、藤蔓和植物赋予了象征意义，植物的摆放也受此影响。在文人的家里，一定会见到“三友”——也就是竹、松、梅——放置在一起。

赏花会的目的是为了观赏鲜花，而玩纸牌或者打麻将则被视为下品。有的时候，会搭起露天戏台表演那些赏花经典节目。有一回我参加了一个赏花会，那家的小孩穿上了花衣服，跳了一段即兴花舞。往往还会请擅于吟诵的人献上有关花的诗歌。

花宴也颇受欢迎。林家在每年果树开花的时节会举办果树节。友人们会结伴同游，从各地赶到宁波附近观赏杜鹃花。美丽的荷花在河中的浅湾打开郁金香形状的花骨朵时，各省的家庭也会把席设在船上。

我第一次受邀参加花卉节日的时候，干妈告诉我着装的礼仪。“这样的场合每个人都要盛装出席。”顺阁说，“但是根据古老的礼仪，不宜穿得比花还要艳丽。出席赏花会的打扮应该讲究、干净、素雅、落落大方。奇装异服在花会上是不合时宜的。彬彬有礼的女主人与宾客们都知道，相聚是为了庆祝花开，衣着打扮如若分散了人们对花的注意力，是粗鲁无礼的。”

六

我出国了六个月。回来后不久，想要买一匹丝绸。在我走之前，姓施的丝绸店主刚刚开了一间新店，所以我就去那里找他。店门关着，好像没有人。我打听了一下，得知他回到老店那里去了，那儿也是他的父亲和祖父曾经经营的地方。

我果然在那里找到了他。选完布料，谈定价钱，他给我沏了杯茶。我问他为何离开大马路，他说那地方不好。

“那地方多繁华，”我很是惊讶，“你不觉得那儿客人更多吗？”

“做生意的人，”他告诉我，“生活的很大一部分是跟顾客打交道。那地方太繁华了。很多人光顾是因为方便。他们拿着长钱夹，付钱也很爽快，但钱并不是全部。”

店家十四岁的儿子，也是继承生意的人，又给我举了个例子。“从长远来说，这个地方对我们家更好。”他说道，“在大马路的店里，我们在柜台上放了榆叶梅，给高雅人士欣赏，但是有人竟然让二月的冷风吹到花上来了。”

七

有一回我迷了路，不得不向巡捕问路。于是我把车停到路边等待，巡捕还在忙着打理手头的事务。他身上穿的制服效仿的是三藩市的警察服制，这个镇子的镇长是在美国受的教育，所以让他的共和国警察都穿上这种制服。岗哨建在现代的水泥路上，边上种上了夹竹桃，此时他正用茶壶给花朵浇水。

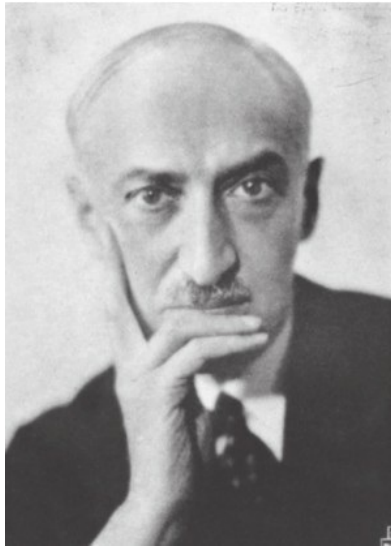
打理完毕，他给我指了路。在示意我可以继续上路之前，他跟我说：“一年里面每一天中国都有鲜花的庇佑。”然后问道，“在外国也是如此吗？”

(郑文博 译)

10

A WORD TO YOUTH

By Andre Maurois



A WORD TO YOUTH, by Andre Maurois, in *The Atlantic Monthly* magazine, Vol. CLII, No. 4, pp. 397, 398, October, 1933.

Andre Maurois (1885-1967), French author, whose fame rests on *Ariel*, a life of Shelley, the English poet.

A questionnaire is, generally speaking either a nuisance or a bore. But once in a while one comes along that inspires thinking. At such times the interrogated blesses his examiner. This is what I felt one morning recently when I was asked to answer the following:

1. What is the most valuable lesson life has taught you?
2. To a young person in whom you were interested, what advice would you give which would help him to keep his balance in the most difficult experiences of his life?

There we have two beautiful problems. Let us give them a little thought.

I

Adolescence is the most difficult period of life, because then every defeat seems final. Let the youth live but a little longer and he will learn life's first, most valuable lesson—that nothing is final.

"Things adjust themselves, more or less badly," Disraeli used to say dolefully. Not a very consoling thought, put that way. For it is quite as true that things turn out well. More often still, many actions have no results—they come to naught. A few weeks slip into a few months; and of a situation that seemed at the time to have no possible solution nothing remains but a faint memory, a confused picture, a regret.

The man or woman who has lived through the experience of an unendurable present transformed into a blurred past has more power to face affliction. "A wretched power," the romantic youth will say, "a power made up of indifference and skepticism. Rather than that, gave me my weakness and my suffering."

The youth is mistaken. Men and women who have reached maturity have not become indifferent. If even in love they know the passion is fleeting, that very thought makes the experience acute, more ardent. "Nothing is sadder than a second love," Goethe said. "But a third comes and soothes the other two."

I speak here not only of personal problems and private sorrows. In political life it is especially true that long-faced prophets of misfortune unsettle inexperienced young men. Now here again a longer life teaches that events straighten themselves out by time and circumstance. And a wise old Italian diplomat used to say to the young men who surrounded him. "Don't ever say, 'This is very serious.' For sixty years I have been hearing that things are very serious."

As a matter of fact, how can a human situation possibly be otherwise than serious? It is very serious to be a man, to live, to carry on. And yet it is also true that, as the Italian minister suggested, life is very simple, very beautiful; and that it has been going on now for some millions of years.

"The hollow optimism of words," some will think. In present sorrow the mere abstract idea of future relief is comfortless. But life itself shows us the way to more active solace. We learn that we can cut loose from its most painful moments. Flee the place of grief and the ache will heal. Twenty miles . . . the thought of not seeing for some time those who have wounded us . . . and little by little unhappy memories fade. Better still, even without stirring from the spot, escape from torment is possible by the enjoyment of reading, of music, and of some form of creation. The function of Art in life is to substitute for futile and painful concentration upon oneself the serene and selfless contemplation of Beauty.

Life's second lesson—at least for me—is that few people are wholly evil. In his first years of contact with strangers, the youth who has known only the mild life of the family circle is frightened by the cruelty, selfishness, jealousy, which he thinks he meets at every turn. His pessimism is not entirely unfounded: humanity can be appallingly base. But as we come to know people better we find that they are capable of kindness, of enduring tenderness, of great heroism. Then we begin to realize that what is really fear of life is shielding itself behind the armor of crime. What seems revenge is really suffering. And, most frequent of all, ignorance is judging and acting blindly. The English writer, Charles Lamb, said one day, "I hate that man." "But you don't know him," a listener objected. "Of course I don't," said Lamb. "Do you think I could possibly hate a man I know?"

"What is the most valuable lesson life has taught me?" A passionate belief in human nature, in spite of her crimes, in spite of her madness. For that madness is a result: it is not a cause.

II

We must come to the second question, "What advice would you give to a young friend which would help him to keep his balance in the most difficult experiences of his life?"

That's a question for a book, not for an essay. I think I should begin by insisting on the necessity for discipline. It is not well for a man or a woman to be ceaselessly seeking the whys and wherefores of everything. That a life may be happy, it must be based on fixed principles. I would almost say that it is of little importance what those principles are so long as they are solid, steady; and that we accept them without compromise. I am not speaking here of doctrinal creeds. "That," says the poet Byron, "is an affair between a man and his Maker." I am speaking of actions

self-imposed, of building upon a solid base, of living by strict discipline. The discipline of a religious life, the discipline of work, of every kind of sport—these are all sane and wholesome, provided they are whole-heartedly believed in.

Another condition making for mental and moral balance seems to me to be unity in the plan, continuity in the pattern. A young person is tempted by every possibility, and the possibilities are infinite. Limiting himself to a choice irks him. He wants to have every kind of friend; to take every possible journey; to embrace all learning; to embark upon every kind of career; to experience every kind of love. But one of life's conditions is that he must limit himself; he *has* to choose. Then, and only then, can he live deeply and steadily.

These, I think, would be my answers—if I were to answer.

Notes

questionnaire, a set of questions submitted to a number of persons, as in making investigations.

bore, that which is tiresome, tedious, tiring, fatiguing, annoying.

the interrogated, the person who is being questioned.

his examiner, the person who is asking questions.

his balance, his sanity, steadiness, composure, equilibrium.

adolescence, the period of growing up, between childhood and manhood (14 to 25) or womanhood (12 to 21); youth.

every defeat seems final. Whenever youth meets with difficulties in his attempt to carry out a project, whenever he is frustrated in anything, he assumes that the defeat is final, that nothing else can be done in that matter, that it is of no use to attempt anything further.

Disraeli, Benjamin (1804-1881), Jewish author and statesman, twice British prime minister.

naught, nothing.

a blurred past, a picture of the past which is indistinct and confused.

affliction, pain; suffering; grief; trouble.

indifference, absence of attention or interest.

skepticism, not inclined to accept currency or authority as proving the truth of opinions.

fleeting, passing rapidly.

Goethe, German author (1749-1832).

long-faced prophets, pessimistic people foretelling or predicating bad of the future.

optimism, inclination to take bright views.

solace, comfort in distress or disappointment.

creation, act of producing; act of bringing into existence.

futile, useless; frivolous.

pessimism, the opposite of optimism; inclination to take gloomy views.

appallingly base, morally extremely low; despicable; mean.

enduring tenderness, tenderness which endures, which is lasting.

heroism, qualities characteristic of a hero or heroine, as courage or bravery.

shielding, hiding; protecting; screening.

armor of crime. Crime is the armor or protective covering which hides or screens a fear of life.

discipline, training of the kind that produces self-control, orderliness, obedience, and capacity for coöperation.

the whys and wherefores, the explanation; the reasons for.

That a life may be happy, in order that a life may be happy.

without compromise, without agreement attained by mutual concession; without having to yield up any part of our original principles.

doctrinal creeds, formulas of faith or opinions on certain dogmas or teachings.

Byron, George Gordon (1788-1824), English poet.

continuity in the pattern, uninterrupted connection or succession in design or plan.

irks, annoys; bores; troubles; wearies.

Questions

1. What two questions set the author thinking?
2. What three lessons does he suggest in answer to the first?
3. What two pieces of advice does he give in answer to the second?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《致青年》，作者安德烈·莫洛亚，载于1933年10月出版的《大西洋月刊》杂志，第152卷，第4期，397—398页。

【作者简介】

安德烈·莫洛亚（1885—1967），法国作家，以其为英国诗人雪莱所作的传记《爱俚尔》而著称。

10 致青年

通常来说，问卷调查要么惹人厌烦，要么乏味无聊。不过，偶尔会有一两份问卷发人深省。这种情况下，被提问者会感激调查者。几天前的一个早晨，当有人请我回答下面这两个问题时，我就很感激调查者：

1. 你人生中最宝贵的教训是什么？
2. 如果请你给一位年轻朋友一点建议，来帮助他平稳度过生命中最艰难的时期，你会给他什么建议？

这两个问题问得好，让我们来想一想。

—

青少年时期是一个人的生命中最艰难的一段时期，因为在这个时期，每次失败都像是终结。如果这个青年长大一些，他将学到的人生最宝贵的第一个教训——任何失败都不是终结。

“事情会多多少少向坏的方面发展。”迪斯雷利曾悲哀地说。这么表述的话，这个想法确实不令人宽慰。虽然事情也确实可能往好的方面发展，但更多时候，很多努力都白费了，毫无结果。这种糟糕的情况会延续几周几个月，当时似乎没有任何解决办法，到后来只留下淡淡的回忆、混乱的画面和深深的惋惜。

如果有人曾经历过难以承受的挫折或痛苦，而后这些经历变成了模糊的过去，那么这个人将更有力量面对痛苦。“那是不幸带来的力量，”浪漫的青年会说，“一种由冷漠和怀疑构成的力量。我不要这种力量，让我软弱和痛苦吧。”

这个年轻人错了。那些成熟的男女并没有变得冷漠。即使在恋爱中，他们也知道激情转瞬即逝；这种认识使得他们对爱情的感受更敏锐，更强烈。“第二次爱情最悲伤，”歌德曾说，“但第三次爱情来临时，会抚慰并弥补前两次爱情的遗憾。”

我在这里谈的不仅仅是个人问题和个人忧伤。在政治生活中，也是如此。那些拉长着脸的先知，预言各种不幸的发生，扰乱了那些没有生活经验的年轻人的心。同样，如果再年长几岁，生活会教导我们，很多事情随着时间推移和环境变化，自己会理顺自己。一位睿智的意大利老外交官过去常对他身边的年轻人说：“永远不要说‘这很严重’。六十年来，我一直听见人们说事情非常严重。”

事实上，人生在世，有哪件事情不严重呢？做人、活着、坚持，都很严重。尽管如此，正如那位意大利外交官所说，生活也非常简单，非常美丽。这也是不容置疑的，因为生命已经延续了上百万年了。

“空洞的乐观主义论调。”有人会说。在当前的悲愁中，“将来就好了”的想法并不能带给我们多少安慰。但生活本身教给我们用更积极的方法治疗伤痛。我们学会了怎么摆脱最痛苦的时刻。离开伤心地，痛苦就可以得到医治。逃到二十英里以外……想有一段时间不用看到那些伤害我们的人……一点一点地，那些痛苦的记忆就慢慢消退了。更好的一点是，即使不离开伤心地，我们也可以通过阅读、听音乐，以及某种形式的创造性活动，摆脱痛苦的折磨。艺术在生活中的作用，就是让我们不再专注于自身——这既痛苦又毫无意义，而是让我们在对美的沉思中进入宁静和忘我的状态。

生活给我的第二个教训是，极少有人是完全邪恶的。年轻人只知道平和的家庭生活，所以在他们最初接触陌生人的几年里，对碰到的残忍、自私、嫉妒等负面现象感到恐惧害怕，他们觉得到处都是这样的人。年轻人的悲观也不是完全没有理由：人性的确可以低劣到惊人的程度。但是，随着我们对他人的了解增多，我们会发现，他们也能表现出友善、持久的温柔，甚至是英勇。这时，我们开始意识到，生活中真正可怕的，是把犯罪当成保护自己的盔甲。所谓的报仇其实是真正的遭罪。而且，盲目地判断和行动意味着无知。英国作家查尔斯·兰姆曾说：“我恨那个人。”“但你根本不认识他。”一个听众反驳道。“我当然不认

识他，”兰姆回答，“你认为我可能恨一个我认识的人吗？”

“生活教给我的最宝贵的教训是什么？”是对人性的坚定信念。尽管人会犯罪，人会疯狂，但我依然对人性充满信心。因为疯狂是果，不是因。

二

现在，让我们来回答第二个问题：“如果请你给一位年轻朋友一些建议，来帮助他平稳度过生命中最艰难的时期，你会给他什么建议？”

这个问题需要一本书才能回答，一篇文章回答不了。但如果要我勉为其难地回答的话，首先我要强调约束自己的重要性。一个人无休止地探求每件事的前因后果并不好。要生活得幸福，就必须建立在严格的原则之上。我甚至要说，是什么原则并不重要，重要的是，这些原则是可靠的、稳定不变的；而且我们不能打折扣。我在这里说的并不是宗教信条。诗人拜伦说：“教义是一个人和他的创造者之间的事。”我说的是那些自愿的行为，必须建立在稳固的基础之上，依照严格的原则生活。宗教生活的原则、工作的原则、每一种活动的原则——这些都一样有益，只要你全心全意信奉这些原则。

达到心理平衡和道德完善的另一个条件，在我看来，是计划的一致性和延续性。年轻人会受到各种机会的诱惑，而机会是无限的。限制一个年轻人的选择会激怒他。他想拥有各种朋友，踏上每一次可能的旅行，拥抱所有的学问，尝试每一种事业，经历各种爱情。但生活的一个条件是，人必须限制自己；他必须做出选择。那时，而且只有那时，他才能够深入生活，稳步向前。

我想，这些就是我对这两个问题的回答——如果要我回答的话。

（余苏凌 译）

11

A PAIR OF WOODPECKERS

A PAIR OF WOODPECKERS, by an anonymous contributor, in *The Atlantic Monthly* magazine, Vol. CLII. No. 5, pp. 637, 638, November. 1933.

I had been reading in Hudson's *Green Mansions* that very afternoon, and as I walked along the highway that stretched like a gray sword slash through the exuberant foliage with which a wet June had clothed the forest of broad-leaved maple, alder, willow, and ash that had taken possession of the logged-off land beyond my ranch, I recalled the graceful antics of a couple of birds that the mythical Abel observed during his flight with Rima to the land of her birth.

As if to continue my mind picture, I saw before me a pair of woodpeckers behaving in an extraordinary way. The male was clinging to the side of a dead alder stub, apparently making love in a most excited fashion to his mate, only the head and shoulders of whom were visible. Seeing me, he dipped away, woodpecker fashion, among the trees that rose like green thunderheads above the general level of the forest.

The female remained, still showing only the head and neck from behind the stub, and eyed me in that breathless, frozen stillness so characteristic of a frightened bird. Three automobiles roared past like huge demented beetles, but she did not stir.

Shouldering my way into the rank brake ferns, I came within twenty feet of her. She was still watching my every movement when the male returned and with much pomp and ceremony proffered her a fat white grub. The acceptance of the choice morsel was accompanied by so much chattering on both sides, and elaborate curtsying on the part of the male, that I concluded that "the sauce to meat is ceremony" among woodpeckers quite as much as among Scotch thanes.

Making my way still farther into the ferns, I discovered that the female was really on her nest, from which her head and neck projected, although I knew from the many holes in "punky" maples I had investigated as a boy that the excavation was a good six inches deep, and that she was occupying its mouth for some special reason. When on the job, she undoubtedly was incubating eggs.

I soon discovered why she was not sitting on those eggs. As in all well-regulated families, each member of the partnership had assumed certain duties. She was to hatch the eggs, and he, in vulgar phrase, was to "bring home the bacon." Apparently he was not fulfilling his part of the agreement. He had scarcely disappeared into the forest when she began a rapid, high-keyed chatter, evidently begging for more grubs. She kept this up for several minutes, occasionally opening her mouth wide, as if gasping for breath. When, in spite of her coaxing, the male did not return, she changed her tactics. Pitching her voice on a much lower key, she kept up a staccato calling that reverberated through the forest.

Still her provider did not appear. Apparently the cold weather was not producing the usual crop of grubs. With her neck thrust far out of the hole, she called peremptorily again and again, occasionally tilting her head to listen. Disappointed, she flounced back into the nest, remained there for a few moments, and then, reappearing, began all over again the high-keyed coaxing. When at the end of a good twenty minutes the male did come bustling back with a grub, she snatched it from his beak, swallowed it whole, and before it was fairly down began to scold him like a fishwife.

Somewhat abashed, the male withdrew to a dead branch on the other side of the stub; but she sensed the fact that he was loafing there, and craning her head round as far as she could without falling out of the nest, resumed her recriminations.

Like most fathers when under fire, his woodpeckership assumed an indifferent air, as if to say, "I don't mind your senseless chatter in the least"; but the head was no sooner withdrawn than he made off into the forest through a drizzle that had increased to a downpour. He had scarcely disappeared before out again came the head with the red crown and pale orange stripes above the eyes curved like Mephistophelean eyebrows, and the coaxing began all over again. I noticed that the opening was slightly V-shaped at the bottom, that it faced away from the prevailing storms but toward the sun.

Again Father Woodpecker did not return at the expected time (apparently at the end of every ten minutes), and again Madam Woodpecker flounced about as is the immemorial custom of angry females. She snapped viciously at a long-legged fly that was unwise enough to light within reach of her sharp black beak; then in sheer vexation she tried to eat fragments of the punky wood about the edge of the nest. These she would taste for a little and then spit out disgustedly.

Suddenly her mood changed. She sat quite still, and, as if she had never seen me before, regarded me with gentle curiosity, occasionally winking her dark eyes in a most charming fashion. Then she cocked her head to one side and listened, and, although my dull ears could distinguish no sound different from the subdued and all-pervading murmur of the forest, began once more the high-keyed chatter. In a few moments a sadly bedraggled woodpecker came undulating through the rain, and once more clung to the stub at the side of the nest. But his spouse was now too angry to take the silver-gray fly proffered her. Raising her voice to something like a scream, she turned loose upon him a torrent of abuse before she swallowed it, and as soon as it was down resumed her tongue-lashing.

But masculine endurance has its limitations, even among woodpeckers. The faithful provider, dripping and bedraggled after a prolonged hunt for grubs in some cheerless corner of the forest, suddenly flicked his tail, and, flying up a few yards to the dead branch of a fire-blasted maple, began to "talk back." He was drab, unlovely, smaller than his smartly decorated partner, and with the compact and thoroughly utilitarian body which characterizes an age-old serving class, from insects to men. What he said was short, crisp, and, I suspect, very much to the point.

And right there came an exhibition of the superior nature of female intelligence. Madam quickly withdrew into the nest, doubtless resolved to remain there until the storm should blow over. Father Woodpecker, perceiving that he lacked an audience, angrily jerked his wet wings a few times, apparently to convince himself that he really was of some importance, and then dipped into the woods again in search of more grubs.

Notes

Hudson's "Green Mansions." William Henry Hudson (1841-1922), English naturalist and author, whose *Green Mansions* is his classic romance of the tropical forest.

sword slash, path as if made by the slash or cut of a sword.

exuberant foliage, abundant cluster of leaves, flowers, and branches.

logged-off land, land in which the trees have been logged-off or cut.

antics, grotesque postures, movements, or tricks.

woodpeckers, 啄木鸟, birds having spiny tail feathers used to aid in climbing, or resting on, tree trunks, and a hard chisel-like bill used to drill into trees for insects.

stub, tree stump; the short, blunt remnant of a tree.

dipped away. The flight of a woodpecker is a succession of dips and rises, a series of concave curves.

thunderheads, rounded masses of cumulus cloud, with shining edges, often seen before a thunderstorm.

demented, crazy or mad; deprived of reason.

beetles. The shape of automobiles is likened to that of beetles.

rank, luxuriant or coarse in growth; overgrown.

brake ferns, any of various ferns with remotely compound fronds; ferns growing close together.

proffered, offered for acceptance.

grub, larva of insect, caterpillar, maggot.

curtsying, feminine salutation by bending knees and lowering body.

“the sauce to meat is ceremony.” Ceremony adds relish to a meal. A certain amount of formality makes the meal more enjoyable.

Scotch thanes, in Scotland, members of a rank between ordinary freemen and hereditary nobles.

“punky,” having rotten wood.

incubating eggs, hatching eggs by sitting on them.

“bring home the bacon,” return home with the food that he has gone forth to seek; return home in victory.

staccato, abrupt and sharp.

reverberated, echoed.

her provider, her husband, the one who secures food for the family.

peremptorily, stubbornly; commandingly; dictatorially.

tilting, turning up at a sharp angle.

flounced, went with violent or agitated motion.

high-keyed coaxing, persuasion in a high tone of voice.

fishwife, woman selling fish, noted for her ability to scold.

loafing, spending time in idleness.

craning, stretching the neck forward like a crane.

woodpeckership, a humorous title given to the woodpecker, supposing him to be dignified and of high rank.

drizzle, fine, dense drops of rain.

downpour, heavy fall of rain.

Mephistophelean, like Mephistopheles, in the German Faust legend, the personification of the devil, to whom Faust sells his soul.

immemorial, ancient beyond memory, very old.

cocked, stuck up jauntily or defiantly.

sadly bedraggled, distressingly wet, with his feathers hanging down.

undulating, gently rising and falling; dipping and rising.

torrent of abuse, violent flow of rebuking or scolding language.

utilitarian, useful.

storm, violent disturbance; dispute.

Questions

1. How does the author make this little sketch a commentary on human married life?
2. Would it have been as good without the comparison?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《一对啄木鸟》，作者佚名，载于1933年11月出版的《大西洋月刊》杂志，第152卷，第5期，637、638页。

11 一对啄木鸟

那天下午，读罢赫德森的《绿厦》，我沿着公路溜达。公路在我农场的另一边，那是在木伐林毁后新建的。曾经，湿润的六月让森林里的大叶枫、赤杨、柳树和栲树枝繁叶茂、郁郁葱葱。如今远望去，延伸至远方的公路好比一把灰色的利剑，将整片绿荫密林从中一劈两半。此时，我脑海中浮现出那对优雅有趣的鸟儿形象，就是赫德森的小说中埃布尔带着莉玛奔向她出生之地时看到的那一对。

画面似乎在脑中继续浮现，我看到眼前有一对举止奇特的啄木鸟。雄鸟紧抓杨树干枯的树干，雌鸟仅露出头和肩。显然，它们正用最富有激情的方式，享受交配的乐趣。一发现我，雄鸟用它特有的飞行方式从林中俯冲而下，起伏间飞进了像绿色砧云一般高出森林的树丛中。

此时，雌鸟留在树干后，只露出头和颈，盯着我，屏住气息，纹丝不动，俨然一幅惊弓之鸟状。三辆汽车呼啸而过，犹如发疯的巨型甲虫，而她还是丝毫未动。

我挤进了茂密的风尾蕨中，距她已不到二十英尺。雌鸟依然紧盯着我的一举一动。这时，雄鸟归来，为她献上一条又肥又白的肉虫，其感觉显得极为荣耀。吃上一口，双方就要唧喳上好一会儿，此外，他还充分展示了作为雄性应有的礼节。总之，“在席面上最让人开胃的就是主人的礼节。”苏格兰乡绅如此，啄木鸟也一样。

我继续向风尾蕨里头走去，发现雌鸟实际上就在她的窝里。她从那儿探出头和颈部。我小时候就研究过不少枯萎枫树上的小洞，很清楚这些小洞足足有六英寸深，而且当雌鸟堵在洞口时，一定有某种特殊原因。要问她在做什么，那一定在孵蛋了。

很快我发现，雌鸟并没在孵蛋。在一个井然有序的家庭里，每位成员要承担起一定的义务。因此，她负责孵蛋，而他呢，通俗点说就要负责“养家糊口”。他的任务显然没有完成。因为他离去的身影还没完全消失在林中，雌鸟就发出又急又尖的叫声，显然企盼着更多的食物。接下来的好几分钟里，她一直这样，偶尔嘴巴张得很开，好似喘不过气来。千呼万唤之后，他还没回来，这时雌鸟便换了手段，把叫声压低，声音断断续续地在树林间回荡。

可是，为她觅食者并没回来。显然，天凉的时候虫子不如平日多。她的脖子伸出洞口很长，一遍又一遍呼唤着他，显得非常紧迫。她还时不时地歪着头倾听外面的动静。她失望了，愤然回身待在巢中。不一会儿，她再次出现在洞口，又一遍遍发出尖锐的呼唤声。足足过了二十分钟后，雄鸟叼着条肉虫，风尘仆仆地赶了回来。她从他嘴里夺下肉虫，囫囵吞下。不过，美味还没进到胃里，她便像泼妇一样斥责起自己的丈夫。

雄鸟感到有些无所适从，便飞到了树干另一边的枯树枝上，避避风头。而她以为雄鸟去那里游手好闲了，于是便站稳脚跟，伸出头去，转动着脖子，继续斥责唠叨。

像多数被数落了的爸爸们一样，雄性啄木鸟看起来跟平时一样淡定，如同在说：“你就唠叨吧，反正我压根不当回事儿。”然后，雄鸟飞进了森林，她也就马上把头缩回窝里了。雄鸟刚飞走时还是毛毛细雨，而这会儿已然暴雨倾盆。雄鸟的身影还没完全消失在林子里，红冠头顶就探出洞口，双眼上方的浅橙色条纹好似两道冷峻的横眉，她又开始不停地发出尖锐的叫声了。我注意到洞口下缘略成V字形，既可向阳采光，又可避风遮雨。

啄木鸟爸爸这次还是没能在预期的十分钟内返回，于是啄木鸟妈妈便发挥了怨妇的老派做法，开始愤怒而焦躁。有只不知好歹的长足虻刚掠过她的嘴边，就被她那黑锐利的喙恶狠狠地钳住。纯粹是怒火中烧，她居然还要吃洞口枯木的碎屑。可稍作品尝之后，她就感到无比的恶心，开始吐了出来。

突然间，她性情大变，静坐在那里，好似从没见过我，眼中流露出些许温柔和好奇，时不时还眨眨眼眸，娇媚迷人。继而，她又把头伸向另一边，侧耳倾听些什么。不过，我的耳朵迟钝，没能从森林里充满的轻言细语中分辨出什么来。而听到动静的她又开始了新一轮的高声尖叫。不一会儿，只见一只啄木鸟羽毛不整，可怜兮兮地在雨中起伏颤悠，再次停落在窝边的枯树干上。不过这回，他的夫人已经气过头了，

压根不睬他带来的银灰色飞虫，而是发出更尖锐的声音，貌似在嚎叫。冲他一通数落后，她才开始享受觅来的食物。然后虫子刚刚下肚，就又继续对他喋喋不休。

不过，凡事总有个度，即便是啄木鸟也不例外。雄鸟兢兢业业，在森林的某个阴郁角落为她长时间觅食，归来时已浑身湿透、面容憔悴，而今受到这般数落，他突然抖了抖羽毛，飞到几码外干枯的红枫树枝上，开始“反唇相讥”。相比他那毛色靓丽的伴侣，他显得朴素单调，平淡无奇，个子矮小，身体紧实而有效用，一看就是一辈子伺候人家的。从昆虫到人类，无一例外。他出口简单干脆，我猜一定是一针见血了。

接下来啄木鸟妈妈便展现了其高超的博弈天分。她迅速撤回到窝里，无疑是决心待到“暴风雨”结束。啄木鸟爸爸发现没了听众，气得抖了几下湿透的翅膀，显然感觉自己还是很重要的，无人可以取代。于是，他又俯冲进入林子觅食去了。

（罗选民 译）

THE BATTLE OF THE RED AND THE BLACK ANTS

By Henry David Thoreau



THE BATTLE OF THE RED AND THE BLACK ANTS, From *Walden*, by Henry David Thoreau, Chapter XII, “Brute Neighbors.”

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862), American philosopher. Thoreau built himself a hut in the woods near Walden Pond in Walden, Massachusetts, U.S.A., and did only enough work to keep himself alive. He spent most of his time observing things about him.

One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a “duellum” but a “bellum,” a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my woodyard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand and the black imperialists on the other hand. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces in a little sunny valley amid the chips; now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise on his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident

that their battle-cry was “Conquer or die.”

In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. He drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the show and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference.

Notes

wood-pile, collection of firewood, heaped in a pile.

stumps, the part of the tree that remains after the trunk and the branches have been cut off, usually a little of the trunk left protruding from the ground and the roots. Thoreau's wood-pile is made up of these upturned stumps now dry and ready to be chopped up and burned.

contending, fighting; struggling.

chips, the thin pieces that fly out when one is chopping wood. These chips lay strewn over the whole ground, in Thoreau's woodyard.

incessantly, without stopping.

combatants, fighters; warriors; contenders.

“duellum” and “bellum.” *Duellum* is a contest between two persons, while *bellum* is the Latin word for war, a contest between two races, a war between many persons.

pitted, matched in a fight; fighting; set in a pit to fight.

legions. The legion was a body of soldiers, from 3,000 to 5,000 men, forming the principal unit of the ancient Roman army. The word is used here to denote a military force or army.

Myrmidons. According to Greek mythology, the Myrmidons were a fierce Thessalian tribe, in northeast Greece, who colonized the island of Ægina. Homer immortalized them as the warriors of Achilles, the great Greek hero. They were said to be descendants of ants (Greek *myrmex*=ants), metamorphosed into men. In this essay, the Myrmidons are taken as representatives of the best type of fighters.

hills and vales, the uneven ground of his woodyard.

internecine war, war to the death; war in which neither side was willing to yield, in which the ultimate result would be destruction of both sides.

Why did the author use *red* with *republicans*, and *black* with *imperialists*?

resolutely, decidedly; steadfastly; full of resolution and determination.

life went out, they were no longer alive; they were killed.

sun went down, night came, when it was the custom in ancient times to stop the battle. After a night of rest, the

battle was continued the next morning.

vise, a tool or device having two jaws, closing by a screw, lever, cam, and the like. Here, the jaws of the ants are compared to the jaws of the vise.

adversary, opponent; enemy.

feelers, organs in the ant for testing things by touch or for searching for food. You might call them the arms of the ants.

to go by the board, to go over the board or side of the ship; hence, figuratively, to suffer complete destruction or overthrow.

dashed, flung; threw; knocked.

divested, taken away from him; removed from him.

members, feelers and other parts of ants.

pertinacity, stubbornness; obstinacy. That species of dog known as bulldog, with its large jaws and stocky body, is noted for its stubbornness. Once a bulldog has his jaws on any part of your anatomy, he will not let loose, even if beaten to death with a stick.

manifested, showed; displayed.

dispatched, put to death; sent out of the world.

return with his shield or upon it. This is the well-known charge or parting instruction of a Spartan mother to her son upon his departure to war. The meaning of the mother is very clear. Her son was either to return from the war victorious and honored, or to die fighting bravely for his country. It was the custom then to place the bodies of dead heroes upon their shields to convey their corpse home for burial. Return with your shield victorious and alive; or, be carried back upon your shield, honored among the dead. This story comes down to us through Plutarch, in whose "Apothegms of the Laconian Women," the story appears thus: "Another (Spartan mother) on handing her boy his shield, exhorting him, said, 'My son, either this or upon this.'" This truly Laconic exhortation is generally extended to read as Thoreau gives it. Sparta is in Laconia, in the southern part of ancient Greece. The Spartans were noted for their military organization and vigorous discipline and steady valor. The Spartans were likewise known for expressing much in a few words. This concise mode of expressing oneself is now called "laconic."

three united for life. The two red ants and the one black ant were biting one at the other and were so closely embraced together that they seemed to make one ant instead of being three separate ants.

locks and cements serve the purpose of linking things together or of fusing them. Now, however, these three ants were fused together closer than any cement could fuse them, and locked tighter together than any lock could unite them. They have found an attraction that is superior to the attraction of locks and cement, that puts the other things to shame.

eminent, high above the ground, in an elevated position.

excite the show, make the show more exciting; rouse the fighters to a more fervent pitch of excitement.

Questions

1. Show by what means Thoreau magnifies the battle of the ants so as to decrease the difference between ants and men.

参考译文

【作品简介】

《红蚂蚁大战黑蚂蚁》一文选自亨利·戴维·梭罗所著《瓦尔登湖》的第十二章《禽兽为邻》。

【作者简介】

亨利·戴维·梭罗（1817—1862），美国哲学家。梭罗在马萨诸塞州瓦尔登的瓦尔登湖附近的森林给自己盖了个小屋，干的活儿只够维持生存就适可而止。他把大部分时间都花在了观察周围的事物上。

12 红蚂蚁大战黑蚂蚁

有一天，我出门到我的木材堆去，更确切地说，是树根堆。我看见了两只大蚂蚁在争斗，一只红的，另一只是黑的，比红的大许多，差不多有半英寸那么长。双方一交手，就谁也不肯放松，搏斗着，扭打着，在木片上不停地滚来滚去。再向远处看去，我惊叹不已，木材堆上这样厮杀的勇士四处可见，看来不是“单挑”，而是“群架”，是一场发生在两个蚂蚁族群之间的战争。红蚂蚁总是挑战黑蚂蚁，通常是两只红蚂蚁对一只黑蚂蚁。我的堆木场上所有的斜坡和山谷上四处可见这些能征善战的弥尔弥冬军团，地上躺满已死的和快死了的蚂蚁，有红蚂蚁，也有黑蚂蚁。这是我亲眼目睹的唯一一场战役，是我第一次踏上正在酣战中的战地。这一场两败俱伤的生死对决，一方是红色的共和党，一方是黑色的保皇派。双方都在进行殊死搏斗，尽管耳畔不闻嘶吼，我从来没有看到人类的士兵这样奋不顾身。

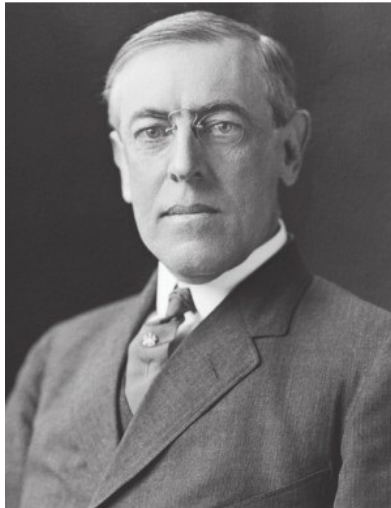
在一片阳光灿烂的木片小山谷里，一对蚂蚁死死地抱住了对方，此时正值正午，艳阳高照，它们准备战斗到日落，或者战斗到生命的最后一刻。那精瘦的红色勇士像老虎钳一样紧紧咬住死敌的额头不放。双方在战场上滚来滚去，红色勇士在咬断对方的一根触须以后，又咬定了对手另一根触须的根部，一刻也不肯放松。而更强壮的黑蚂蚁则把对手甩过来甩过去。我凑近了看个仔细，发现红蚂蚁的身体有几个部位已经被黑蚂蚁扯掉了。它们比斗牛犬斗得还要顽强。双方都没有一丝一毫的退却表现，显然他们的战争口号是“不成功便成仁”。

在小山谷的山腰上出现一只红蚂蚁独行侠，显而易见，它斗志昂扬，要么是刚刚置一个对手于死地，要么就是刚刚投入战斗。大约是后者，因为它的四肢健全完好。它的母亲命令它要么手持盾牌胜利归来，要么躺在盾牌上被抬回来。它冲了过来，与对手拉开约半英寸的距离，等时机一到，就向黑武士扑了上去，一下咬住对方的右前腿，完全不顾对手会在自己身上哪个部位反咬一口。所以，此时是三只蚂蚁黏在一起生死搏命，好像产生出一种新的迷人的黏合剂似的，让所有的锁链和水泥都自愧不如。这时，我如果看到他们各自的军乐队，在突起的木片上演奏国歌来助阵，鼓舞那些奄奄一息的斗士，我也不会感到惊奇。甚至我自己都已经血脉偾张，把它们视为人类了。你越想就越觉得它们和人类没有什么不同。

（张白桦 译）

13 LIBERTY

By Woodrow Wilson



LIBERTY, from *The New Freedom*, by Woodrow Wilson, New York, Doubleday, Page and Company, 1919.

Woodrow Wilson (1856-1924), American political scientist and historian, president of the United States of America during the Great World War of 1914-1918, prime promoter of the League of Nations.

In THE LIBERTY OF A PEOPLE'S VITAL ENERGIES is given the whole chapter from which these four paragraphs are taken.

What is liberty?

I have long had an image in my mind of what constitutes liberty. Suppose that I were building a great piece of powerful machinery, and suppose that I should so awkwardly and unskilfully assemble the parts of it that every time one part tried to move it would be interfered with by the others, and the whole thing would buckle up and be checked. Liberty for the several parts would consist in the best possible assembling and adjustment of them all, would it not? If you want the great piston of the engine to run with absolute freedom, give it absolutely perfect alignment and adjustment with the other parts of the engine, so that it is free, not because it is let alone or isolated, but because it has been associated most skilfully and carefully with the other parts of the great structure.

What is liberty? You say of the locomotive that it runs free. What do you mean? You mean that its parts are so assembled and adjusted that friction is reduced to a minimum, and that it has perfect adjustment. We say of a boat skimming the water with light foot, "How free she runs," when we mean, how perfectly she is adjusted to the force of the wind, how perfectly she obeys the great breath out of the heavens that fills her sails. Throw her head up into the wind and see how she will halt and stagger, how every sheet will shiver and her whole frame will be shaken,

how instantly she is “in irons,” in the expressive phrase of the sea. She is free only when you have let her fall off again and have recovered once more her nice adjustment to the forces she must obey and cannot defy.

Human freedom consists in perfect adjustments of human interests and human activities and human energies.

Notes

buckle, be out of adjustment; distort by bending.

piston, the disk or short cylinder of wood or metal, fitting closely with the tube in which it moves up and down, used in steam engine or pump to impart or receive motion by means of a piston rod.

alignment and adjustment, arrangement in a line or lines, until the parts are in the positions that they ought to assume.

locomotive, the piece of powerful machinery that he has been using as illustration; any engine that moves about by the operation of its own mechanism, as a steam engine, for example.

skimming . . . with light foot, gliding along the surface of the water smoothly and easily.

the great breath out of the heavens, the wind or breeze.

Throw her head up into the wind, turn the ship around so that the head of the ship will be directly against the direction of the wind.

“in irons,” in nautical language, incapable of coming about or filling away—said of a sailing vessel when, in tacking, she comes up head to the wind and will not fill away on either tack. *Irons* is here used in the sense of iron fetters, chains, or shackles, which prevent the ship from moving about freely.

in the expressive phrase of the sea, in the expressive language used by sailors; in expressive nautical language.

fall off again, swing around again within being held to a course by the helm; swing freely again.

nice, precise; exact; minutely accurate.

Questions

1. Is human freedom individual or social?
2. Are you satisfied with Mr. Wilson's illustrations of freedom?
3. Are obedience and service compatible with liberty?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《论自由》一文选自伍德罗·威尔逊所著《新自由》，纽约道布尔戴·佩奇出版公司1919年出版。

【作者简介】

伍德罗·威尔逊（1856—1924），美国政治学学者、历史学家，第一次世界大战期间（1914—1918）任美国总统。他同时也是国际联盟成立的首要推动者。本文的四段选自《新自由》一书中《民族生命力的解放》一章。

13 论自由

何为自由？

长久以来，我一直思忖，到底是什么铸就了自由？试想，我正在安装一台高性能设备，但由于手笨眼拙、技不从心，导致机器运转时，零件之间相互干扰，最终只好逼停安检。对于这些零件来说，他们的自由不就是能够实现最优组配及相互契合吗？想要引擎活塞自由运动，不受一点阻力，就需要使零件之间精密配合、完美协作。因此，活塞的自由不是源自放任不管或孤立运行，而是因为它能够与庞大结构中的其他部件巧妙相连、精心运作。

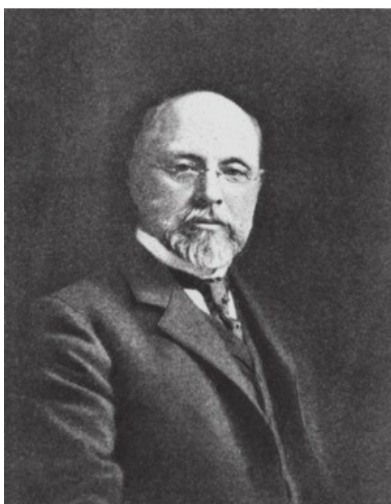
何为自由？有人说就好比火车，它能够自由疾驰。什么意思呢？就是说火车所有零件经过最优组合、调整后，其间的摩擦会降至最小，进而实现完美配置，所以能够自由飞驰。又有人说就好比帆船，常言道：船行水面犹如凌波微步，“看它乘风破浪，多么畅行自由啊！”也就是说，船能完美地借用风力，与上苍之息协同一致，进而扬帆远航。当逆风而行时，伴随着海的音符，船时而屹立于浪尖，时而摇曳在风中，船的每一块材料都在颤抖，船体本身也被撼动，随时都会被风所困。只有待风平浪静，她能再次与外力协同一致，这时她才算是自由了。

人类的自由体现为兴趣、活动、精神三者的完美协调。

（罗选民 译）

14 WHAT IS SCIENCE?

By Ira Remsen



WHAT IS SCIENCE? from an article in *Science Magazine*, reproduced in Maurice Garland Fulton's *Writing Craftsmanship*, New York, MacMillan and Company, 1929, pp. 229-232.

Ira Remsen (1846-1927), American chemist and educator; professor of chemistry, John Hopkins University, 1876-1913; president of the same university, 1901-1912. Discoverer of saccharine; founder of the *American Chemical Journal*.

First, then, what is science? Surely there can be no difficulty in answering this, and yet I fear that, if I should pass through this or any other audience with the question, I should get many different answers.

A certain lady, whom I know better than any other, has told me that, should she ever be permitted to marry a second time, she would not marry a scientific man, because scientific men are so terribly accurate. I often hear the same general idea expressed, and it is clear that accuracy is one attribute of science according to prevailing opinions. But accuracy alone is not science. When we hear a game of baseball or of whist spoken of as thoroughly scientific, I suppose the idea here, too, is that the games are played accurately; that is, to use the technical expression, without errors.

Again, there are those who seem to think that science is something that has been devised by the Evil One for the purpose of undermining religion. The idea is not so common as it was a few years ago, when the professors of scientific subjects in our colleges were generally objects of suspicion. The change which has come over the world in this respect within my own memory is simply astounding. In general terms, an agreement has been reached between those who represent religion and those who represent science. This agreement is certainly not final, but it gives us a *modus vivendi*, and the clash of arms is now rarely heard. Religion now takes into consideration the claims of science, and science recognizes the great fundamental truths of religion. Each should strengthen the other, and in

time, no doubt, each will strengthen the other.

Probably the idea most commonly held in regard to science is that it is something that gives us a great many useful inventions. The steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone, the trolley car, dyestuffs, medicines, explosives—these are the fruits of science, and without these science is of no avail. I propose farther on to discuss this subject more fully than I can at this stage of my remarks, so that I may pass over it lightly here. I need only say now that useful inventions are not a necessary consequence of scientific work, and that scientific work does not depend upon useful applications for its value. These propositions, which are familiar enough to scientific men, are apt to surprise those who are outside of scientific circles. I hope before I get through to show you that the propositions are true.

Science, then, is not simply accuracy, although it would be worthless if it were not accurate; it is not devised for the purpose of undermining religion; and its object is not the making of useful inventions. Then what is it?

One dictionary gives this definition: “Knowledge; knowledge of principles and causes, ascertained truths or facts . . . Accumulated and established knowledge which has been systematized and formulated with reference to the discovery of general truths or the operation of general laws, . . . especially such knowledge when it relates to the physical world, and its phenomena, the nature, constitution, and forces of nature, the qualities and functions of living tissues, etc.”

One writer says: “The distinction between *science* and *art* is that science is a body of principles and deductions to explain the nature of some matter. An art is a body of precepts with practical skill for the completion of some work. A science teaches us to know; an art, to do. In art, truth is means to an end; in science, it is the only end. Hence the practical arts are not to be classed among the sciences.” Another writer says, “Science and art may be said to be investigations of truth; but one, science, inquires for the sake of knowledge; the other, art, for the sake of production; and hence science is more concerned with higher truths, art with the lower; and science never is engaged, as art, is, in productive application.”

Science, then, has for its object the accumulation and systematization of knowledge, the discovery of truth. The astronomer is trying to learn more and more about the celestial bodies, their motions, their composition, their changes. Through his labors, carried on for many centuries, we have the science of astronomy. The geologist has, on the other hand, confined his attention to the earth, and he is trying to learn as much as possible of its composition and structure, and of the processes that have been operating through untold ages to give us the earth as it now is. He has given us the science of geology, which consists of a vast mass of knowledge carefully systematized and of innumerable deductions of interest and value. If the time shall ever come when, through the labor of the geologist, all that can possibly be learned in regard to the structure and development of the earth shall have been learned, the occupation of the geologist would be gone. But that time will never come.

And so I might go on pointing out the general character of the work done by different classes of scientific men, but this would be tedious. We should only have brought home to us in each case the fact that, no matter what the science may be with which we are dealing, its disciples are simply trying to learn all they can in the field in which they are working. As I began with a reference to astronomy, let me close with a reference to chemistry. Astronomy has to deal with the largest bodies and the greatest distances of the universe; chemistry, on the other hand, has to deal with the smallest particles and the shortest distances of the universe. Astronomy is the science of the infinitely great; chemistry is the science of the infinitely little. The chemist wants to know what things are made of and, in order to find this out, he has to push his work to the smallest particles of matter. Then he comes face to face with facts that lead him to the belief that the smallest particles he can weigh by the aid of the most delicate balance, and the smallest particles he can see with the aid of the most powerful microscope, are immense as compared with those of which he has good reason to believe the various kinds of matter to be made up. It is for this reason that I say that chemistry is the science of the infinitely little.

Thus I have tried to show what science is and what it is not.

Notes

pass through, ask; put the question.

terribly, very.

attribute, essential or necessary property or characteristic.

prevailing, current; commonly or generally accepted.

baseball, the American national game, with nine players to a side or team.

whist, a card game for four players (those opposite being partners), played with a pack of 52 cards.

technical expression, the term that is especially appropriate to the particular art, science, business, profession, etc.

the Evil One, the Devil; Satan.

undermining religion, used figuratively to mean subverting or weakening insidiously or secretly the influence of religion; ruining in an underhanded way the good influence of religion.

astounding, amazing; wonderful; surprising.

modus vivendi, the Latin expression meaning a mode or manner of living; hence, a temporary arrangement of affairs until disputed matters could be settled.

clash of arms, struggle; conflicting contention; argument.

trolley car, an electric car, called trolley car because of the overhead device (a grooved wheel at the end of a pole, pressed upward in rolling contact with the overhead wire; or a wire bow in sliding contact) for taking off current in electric traction.

pass over it lightly, barely mention the matter here; do not take the subject up fully at this point of the talk.

ascertained, learned for a certainty by trial, examination, or experiment; made certain to the mind.

systematized, arranged methodically according to a definite plan.

formulated, reduced down to, expressed in, a formula; set forth systematically.

phenomena, things that are perceived or that appear; occurrences. The singular of this word is *phenomenon*.

functions, the activities that are proper to living tissues.

deductions, explicit knowledge, reasoned from the general to the particular or from the implicit to the explicit, as in a geometrical demonstration.

precepts, instructions or commands intended as rules of action or conduct.

astronomer, a person who is interested in the science of the heavenly bodies, the science of astronomy.

celestial, of or pertaining to the sky or the visible heavens.

geologist, one interested in geology, the science of the earth's crust, its strata, and their relations and changes.

untold ages, ages or years beyond count; so many years that one cannot count how many; many, many, many years ago.

tedious, wearisome; tiresome; long and wearying.

brought home to us, convinced into us.

disciples, follower; adherent; believer.

universe, all existing things; the whole creation.

balance, weighing apparatus with central pivot, beam, and two scales.

microscope, an optical instrument, consisting essentially of a lens or combination of lenses, for making enlarged images of minute objects.

Questions

1. What three mistaken notions are commonly held as to what is science?
2. What characteristic of science is emphasized in the definitions given in paragraphs 6-8?
3. What is the one thing that all scientists are trying to do?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《何为科学》一文原载于《科学杂志》。后收入毛理斯·加兰德·富尔顿编辑的《写作之技艺》，纽约麦克米伦公司1929年出版，229—232页。

【作者简介】

里拉·雷姆森（1846—1927），美国化学家、教育家，1876—1913年任约翰·霍普金斯大学化学教授，1901—1912年任该校校长。其主要贡献为发明糖精和创立《美国化学学刊》。

14 何为科学？

到底何为科学？要回答这个问题并不难。不过，如果这个问题由不同的人来回答，答案恐怕就会五花八门。

同我非常要好的一位女士曾对我说，假如允许她再婚的话，她不会选择搞科学的男人，因为科学男精确到吓人。我也经常听到一些类似的说法，显然主流观点认为，精确是科学的一种属性。反过来，仅有精确并不代表科学。当我们听到有人形容棒球或桥牌相当“科学”时，我想其意是说游戏玩法比较精确，用行话说，就是“严谨无误”。

也有人认为，科学是撒旦为了破坏宗教而设计之物。这种观点早年较常见，以至于当时我们学校搞科研的教授们都被视为撒旦的帮凶，现今这种看法已不多见了。就此回想起来，世界变化之大，令我着实感叹。总体而言，科学界和宗教界算是达成了共识。尽管此种共识并非最终定论，但至少提供了一些权宜之计，使双方鲜有冲突发生。现在宗教考虑到了科学的诉求，而科学也认可宗教伟大的基本真理。二者理应互为强化，毫无疑问，双方最终将会实现互帮互助。

对于什么是科学这个话题，可能最常见的观点就是：能带给我们很多实用发明的就是科学。比如，蒸汽机、电报、电话、电车、染料、药物、炸药等等，这些都是科学的成果。当然，如果没有这些成果，那“科学”的名头也就徒然虚无。后文中我会就该话题展开讨论，在这里我只是简单一提，一带而过。现在，我只需强调，实用发明不是科学工作的必然产物，即科学工作的价值并不取决于那些实用发明。这些观点对科学界的内行来说耳熟能详，但会让非科学界的外行人愕然惊讶。在此，我希望向你们阐明清楚这一观点的正确性。

不精确，科学就没有价值可言。但是，科学不仅仅是实现精确这么简单。科学不是破坏宗教之物，其目的也不是搞实用发明。那科学到底是什么呢？

有部字典对科学的定义是：一切知识，包括各种原理、事物成因及确定的真理或事实；.....根据所发现的一般真理或运行的普通法则进行系统整理及归纳总结，进而实现知识的积累和建立，.....尤其是涉及物质世界及其现象、本质、构成，有关于自然的力量，有关于活体组织的特征及功能等等。

有位作家写道：“科学与艺术的区别在于科学是一套解释原则和演绎系统，用于说明某些物质的本质，而艺术则是一套具有实践技能的规律，其目的为了完成某些工作。科学教给我们‘是什么’；艺术教给我们‘怎么做’。比如真理，在艺术中，它是我们实现某个目标的手段；而在科学里，它是我们追求的唯一目标。因此，艺术实践不能算作科学。”另外一位作家写道：“可以说，科学和艺术都是进行真理探寻，而前者注重的是知识，后者关心的则是作品。所以，和艺术相比，科学更关乎高层面的真理，不会参与到生产应用当中去。”

就目的而言，科学是要积累知识、系统化知识，以及发现真理。天文学家不断尝试研学天体知识，了解其运动、构成和变化。通过天文学家若干世纪的努力工作，方有今日的天文科学。与天相对，地理学家关注的是大地，尽其所能地了解地质成分和结构，并试图搞清楚在无历史记载时期地质构造如何变化才形成今日之模样。地理学家将大量的知识精心系统化，并形成无数有趣且有意义的推演，所有这些铸就了地理科学。如果有一天，经过地理学家的努力，所有关于地质结构和发展过程的知识都被掌握了，那么，地理学家这一行也就不复存在了。不过，那一天永远不会来到。

我还可以继续指出科学界各领域学者所做工作的总体特点，不过那样太乏味了。我们只需要深刻认识到一个事实：无论科学中的哪个领域，科学工作者总会尝试获取该领域中的所有知识。我以天文学的例子开始，现在举个化学的例子来收尾。天文学研究的是宇宙中最遥远的距离和最大的天体，与之相对，化学研究的是宇宙中最短的距离和最小的粒子。天文学是研究无穷大的科学，而化学是研究无穷小的科学。化学家想要了解物质的成分，因此，他们不断探索，直至物质构成的最小粒子。然而，摆在眼前的事实使化学家相信，借助最精密的仪器能够计量的最小粒子和借助性能最强大的显微镜能够观察到的最小粒子，相比他们所认为的理应是构成物质的最小粒子，依然庞大无比。正是基于这一点，我才认为化学是研究无穷小的科学。

这样我就试图表明了什么是科学，什么不是科学。

（罗选民 译）

15

THE DURABLE SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE

By Charles W. Eliot



THE DURABLE SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE, from *The Durable Satisfactions of Life*, by Charles William Eliot, 1910.

Charles William Eliot (1834-1926), American educationalist; teacher of mathematics and chemistry at Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1853-1896; president of Harvard University, 1869-1909; the man who introduced the elective system of studies into American colleges. *The Durable Satisfactions of Life* was the last book published by President Eliot.

For educated men what are the sources of the solid and durable satisfactions of life? I hope you are all aiming at the solid, durable satisfactions of life, not primarily the gratifications of this moment or of to-morrow, but the satisfactions that are going to last and grow. So far as I have seen, there is one indispensable foundation for the satisfactions of life—health. A young man ought to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. That is the foundation for everything else, and I hope you will all be that, if you are nothing more. We have to build everything in this world of domestic joy and professional success, everything of a useful, honorable career, on bodily wholesomeness and vitality. This being a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal involves a good deal. It involves not condescending to the ordinary barbaric vices. One must avoid drunkenness, gluttony, licentiousness, and getting into dirt of any kind, in order to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. Still, none of you would be content with this achievement as the total outcome of your lives. It is a happy thing to have in youth what are called animal spirits—a very descriptive phrase; but animal spirits do not last even in animals; they belong to the kitten or puppy stages. It is a wholesome thing to enjoy for a time, or for a time each day all through life, sports and active bodily exercise. These are legitimate enjoyments, but, if made the main object of life, they tire. They cease to be a source of durable satisfaction. Play must be incidental in a satisfactory life.

What is the next thing, then, that we want in order to make sure of durable satisfactions in life? We need a strong mental grip, a wholesome capacity for hard work. It is intellectual power and aims that we need. In all the professions—learned, scientific, or industrial—large mental enjoyments should come to educated men. The great distinction between the privileged class to which you belong, the class that has opportunity for prolonged education, and the much larger class that has not that opportunity is that the educated class lives mainly by the exercise of intellectual powers and gets therefore much greater enjoyment out of life than the much larger class that earns a livelihood chiefly by the exercise of bodily powers. You ought to obtain here, therefore, the trained capacity for mental labor, rapid, intense, and sustained. That is the great thing to get in college, long before the professional school is entered. Get it now. Get it in the years of college life. It is the main achievement of college life to win this mental force, this capacity for keen observation, just inference, and sustained thought, for everything that we mean by the reasoning power of man. That capacity will be the main source of intellectual joys and of happiness and content throughout a long and busy life.

But there is something more, something beyond this acquired power of intellectual labor. As Shakespeare puts it, “the purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation.” How is that treasure won? It comes by living with honor, on honor. Most of you have begun already to live honorably and honored, for the life of honor begins early. Some things the honorable man cannot do, never does. He never wrongs or degrades a woman. He never oppresses or cheats a person weaker or poorer than himself. He is honest, sincere, candid, and generous. It is not enough to be honest. An honorable man must be generous and I do not mean generous with money only. I mean generous in his judgments of men and women, and of the nature and prospects of mankind. Such generosity is a beautiful attribute of the man of honor.

How does honor come to a man? What is the evidence of the honorable life? What is the tribunal which declares at last, “This was an honorable man”? You look now for the favorable judgment of your elders, —of parents and teachers and older students; but these elders will not be your final judges, and you had better get ready now in college to appear before the ultimate tribunal, the tribunal of your contemporaries and the younger generations. It is the judgment of your contemporaries that is most important to you; and you will find that the judgment of your contemporaries is made up alarmingly early, —it may be made up this year in a way that sometimes lasts for life and beyond. It is made up in part by persons to whom you have never spoken, by persons who in your view do not know you, and who get only a general impression of you; but always it is your contemporaries whose judgment is formidable and unavoidable. Live now in the fear of that tribunal, —not an abject fear, because independence is an indispensable quality in the honorable man. There is an admirable phrase in the Declaration of Independence, a document which it was the good fashion of my time for boys to commit to memory. I doubt if that fashion still obtains. Some of our public action looks as if it did not. “When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.” That phrase—“a decent respect”—is a very happy one. Cherish “a decent respect to the opinions of mankind,” but never let that interfere with your personal declaration of independence. Begin now to prepare for the judgment of the ultimate tribunal.

Look forward to the important crises of your life. They are nearer than you are apt to imagine. It is a very safe protective rule to live to-day as if you are going to marry a pure woman within a month. That rule you will find a safeguard for worthy living. It is a good rule to endeavor hour by hour and week after week to learn to work hard. It is not well to take four minutes to do what you can accomplish in three. It is not well to take four years to do what you can perfectly accomplish in three. It is well to work intensely. You will hear a good deal of advice about letting your soul grow and breathing in without effort the atmosphere of a learned society or place of learning. Well, you cannot help breathing and you cannot help growing; these processes will take care of themselves. The question for you from day to day is how to learn to work to advantage, and college is the place and now is the time to win mental power. And, lastly, live to-day and every day like a man of honor.

Notes

durable, enduring; lasting; that which does not wear out or decay soon.

gratifications, the giving of pleasure and satisfaction; pleasures.

indispensable, absolutely necessary or requisite.

wholesomeness, healthfulness, soundness of body and mind and morals.

vitality, power of enduring or continuing; vital force or animation.

condescending, deferring; stooping or descending; giving in to.

gluttony, excessive eating; eating too much; extravagant indulgence of the appetite for food.

licentiousness, lack of restraint; lawlessness; immorality.

animal spirits, figuratively, as applied to human beings, *animal* stresses the ascendancy, the dominant control, of the animal nature. Spirits are animal that pertain to the merely sentient, the feeling, part of a creature, as distinguished from the intellectual, rational, spiritual part. *Spirits* is here used in the sense of temper, liveliness, energy, vivacity, courage, and qualities of the like nature.

kitten or puppy stages, childhood stages; days of early childhood.

incidental, occupying as inferior position; playing an unimportant part; subordinate.

grip, power or force to hold securely.

prolonged education, education that is lengthened in time; schooling that we continue for many years without interruption.

livelihood, means of supporting life; maintenance; living sustenance.

professional school, where the student is given training in one of the learned or skilled professions, such as engineering, law, medicine, religion, and education.

inference, a truth or proposition drawn from another which is admitted; conclusion; deduction.

sustained, maintained or carried on; keep from discontinuing.

“the purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation,”from Shakespeare,*Richard II*, I, i, 177, 178. The most important thing that we can get out of life is an unblemished, irreproachable, spotless reputation. Reputation is the estimation in which a person is held by his contemporaries.

degrades, cheapens; dishonors; shames; humiliates.

candid, free from undue bias; fair; just; impartial; frank.

generous, liberal; noble; magnanimous; characterized by generosity.

attribute, characteristic quality; that which is recognized as appropriate to the person or office.

tribunal, court of justice; the group of qualified persons who pass judgment.

“This was an honorable man,”from Shakespeare,*Pericles*, IV, vi, 54.

ultimate tribunal, that court that passes the final judgment; the group whose judgment is most important to a person.

contemporaries, persons who belong to the same time.

alarmingly early, very, very early; so early as to be alarming.

abject fear, a fear that casts a person down in spirit or hope; fear that reduces to a low condition; slavish fear; cringing and groveling fear.

Declaration of Independence, the American Declaration of Independence adopted on July 4, 1776, in which the American colonists declared their independence of their mother-country England.

decent respect, proper respect; kind and reasonable respect; respect which would be in good taste and decorous.

crises, the plural form of *crisis*, decisive moment; turning point; time of difficulty or danger.

safeguard, proviso or stipulation or quality or circumstance that tends to prevent some evil or guard against trouble; protection.

Questions

1. What are the three sources of the durable satisfactions of life?
2. What is involved in being a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal?
3. What is the main achievement of college life?
4. What are the attributes of the man of honor?
5. Why is the judgment of your contemporaries most important to you ?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《对生活的持久满足》一文选自查尔斯·W. 艾略特所著《对生活的持久满足》,1910年出版。

【作者简介】

查尔斯·W. 艾略特（1834—1926），美国教育家。1853—1896年在哈佛大学和麻省理工学院任教，教授数学及化学；1869—1909年任哈佛大学校长；正是他把选修课制度引入美国大学。《对生活的持久满足》是艾略特校长出版的最后一本书。

15 对生活的持久满足

对于受过教育的人，什么可以带来生活中稳定而持久的满足呢？我希望大家的目标都是获得稳定而持久的满足，即那些能延续很久并不断增长的满足，而非那些眼下或明天就能得到的东西。在我看来，满意的生活的一个必不可少的基础是：健康。一个年轻人必须是一个洁净的、健康的、充满活力的生命。这是一切的基础；如果你们没有别的成就，我希望你们至少做到这一点。要想家庭幸福，成为成功的专业人士，开创有益的、高尚的事业，这一切都要建立在身体健康和充满活力的基础上。而要想成为一个洁净、健康、充满活力的生命，涉及颇多。首先，你必须戒掉日常生活中的恶习，如醉酒、暴饮暴食、纵欲放荡，或者其他不良嗜好，这样才能做到洁净、健康并充满活力。当然，如果这就是你人生的全部成就的话，你肯定不会满意。年轻时具有所谓的“动物精神”，是一件可喜之事。这个词语非常形象，但动物精神在动物身上也不可能持久，它只是幼崽阶段的特征。体育和积极的健身，在人生的某个阶段或每天的某个时间来进行，是有益的。这些是合情合理的娱乐；但是，如果将之作为人生的主要目标，则会让你厌倦。它们就不再带给你持久的满足。娱乐终究只能作为满意生活的调味品。

那么，要在生活中获得持久满足，还需要什么呢？需要强大的心理素质，以及从事艰苦工作的能力。我们需要思考能力和目标。在所有行业中——无论是学术界、科技界还是工业界——能够获得巨大的精神愉悦的人都是那些接受过良好教育的人。你们所属的特权阶层，即有机会获得长期教育的阶层，与大多数人所属于那个没有机会接受长期教育的阶层相比，显著区别就在于知识阶层主要依靠思考能力生存，因此比之主要靠体力劳动生存的大众阶层，他们能获得更大的生活乐趣。因此，你们应该通过训练获得这种从事脑力劳动的能力——从事快速的、高强度的、持续的脑力劳动的能力。这是你们在进入专业学习之前，在大学期间应该学到的重要能力。现在就马上行动，在大学生活中掌握它。你们在大学里的主要任务，就是获得这种思考能力，这种进行细心而敏锐的观察、做出公正的推论以及持续思考的能力，获得我们称之为“理性”的东西。这种能力是我们在漫长而忙碌的人生中获得思想乐趣、幸福及满足的主要源泉。

当然，除了获得这种从事智力劳动的能力之外，还需要点别的。正如莎士比亚所说，“无瑕的名誉是世间最纯粹的珍宝。”名誉这种财富如何获得？当然来自于过有尊严的生活，靠尊严生活。你们中大多数人已经开始过有尊严的生活，并受到尊重；因为尊严在生活中很早就开始了。有些事情，高尚的人不能做，也永远不会做。高尚的人从不欺侮妇女，也不会压迫或欺骗一个比他弱小或贫穷的人。他诚实、真诚、坦率、慷慨。仅有诚实不够。一个高尚的人必须慷慨大度；我指的不仅仅是在金钱方面慷慨。我指的是在对别人的评判，以及对人类天性和前景的评判上慷慨大度。这种慷慨大度是高尚之人身上的美好特征。

一个人是怎么获得尊敬的？高尚生活的凭证是什么呢？那个最终宣判“这是一个高尚的人”的特别法庭，是由什么人组成的呢？现在，你们寻求长辈——父母、老师和学长们——的肯定；但这些比你年长的人将不是你人生的最终裁判。你最好现在，在上大学时，就为将来的终极审判做准备——那个终极审判团是由你的同代人及你的子孙后代组成的。你的同代人对你的评判是最重要的，而且你会发现，你的同代人很早就开始评判你了，早得令你吃惊。可能今年以某种方式对你形成的一个评价，会持续一生，并持续到死后很多年。对你的评判，一部分是那些从未跟你说过话的人做出的，或者那些你认为根本不认识你的人做出的，或者是那些对你仅有个大概印象的人做出的。但你的同代人会评判你，这是不可避免的，而且影响巨大。所以现在，就怀着对最终审判的恐惧生活，——不是那种凄惨可怜的恐惧，因为高尚之人的精神是独立的。在我生活的那个年代，男孩子们都以背诵《独立宣言》为时尚。我不知道这种时尚是否还存在。但我们的公众生活表明，这已经不再是时尚了。在《独立宣言》中，有段话说得极妙：“在人类历史的进程中，当一个民族必须解除其与另一个民族之间业已存在的政治联系，并依照自然的法则和自然之神的意旨，在世界列国中接受独立和平等的地位时，出于对人类公意的应有尊重，需要把他们不得不独立的原因公布于众。”这句话中有个词语——“应有尊重”——用得好。珍惜“对人类公意的应有尊重”，但决不让他干涉或妨碍你个人的“独立宣言”。现在就开始为最终审判做准备吧。

此外，对你人生中的重大危机要有前瞻性。这些危机会比你想象的更早出现。好好生活，就好像自己在一个月內就要跟一个纯洁的女孩结婚；这是一条安全生活法则。它就像一堵防护墙，保护你过有价值的生活。另一条有用的法则是，长期不懈地努力工作。三分钟能做完的事，不要用四分钟。在三年里能彻底完成的工作，不要用四年。认真紧张地工作至为重要。你会听到许多建议，说什么让你的灵魂成长啦，在学术团体或学习场所的氛围中轻松呼吸啦。不错，你当然会呼吸，你当然会成长；这些过程会自然发生。

但你每一天要思考的应该是如何学习以提升自我。大学就是你获得思想能力的地方，现在就是最好的时间。最后一点，今天，并且每天都过高尚的生活。

（余苏凌 译）

16

THE IMAGINARY INVALID

By Jerome K. Jerome



THE IMAGINARY INVALID, from Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men Is a Boat*, Boston, Henry Holt and Company. Reproduced in Robert I. Fulton's *Standard Selections*, pp. 354-357.

Jerome Klapka Jerome (1859-1927), English humorist and playwright. He has a reputation for genial humor, of which the selection given is not a bad example.

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch—hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into—some fearful, devastating scourge I know—and, before I had glanced half down the list of “premonitory symptoms,” it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for a while, frozen with horror; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever—read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it—wondered what else I had got; turned up St. Vitus's Dance—found, as I expected, that I had that too,—began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom and so started alphabetically—read up ague, and learned that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was housemaid's knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After a while, however, less grasping feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid's knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need to "walk the hospitals," if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only thing that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. "What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two diseases each." So I went straight up and saw him, and he said:

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said:

"I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is brief, and you might pass away before I had finished. But I will tell you what is not the matter with me. I have not got housemaid's knee. Why I have not got housemaid's knee, I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I have got."

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then he opened me and looked down me, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it—a cowardly thing to do, I call it—and immediately afterward butted me with the side of his head. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's and handed it in. The man read it and then handed it back. He said he didn't keep it.

I said:

"You are a chemist?"

"I am a chemist. If I were a coöperative store and family hotel combined I might be able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me."

I read the prescription. It ran:

"1 lb. beefsteak, every 6 hours.

I ten-mile walk every morning.

I bed at 11 sharp every night.

And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand.”

Notes

British Museum, the national repository in London for treasures in literature, science, and art. The library is added to each year by the copyright law requiring the deposit of a copy of every book and other publication printed in the United Kingdom.

ailment, illness; sickness; indisposition.

touch, twinge or light attack of fever.

hay fever, an inflammatory affection of the mucous membranes of the eyes, nose, or air passages, usually occurring in spring or late summer.

indolently, lazily; idly; in a habitually idle manner. *Idle* (opposed to *busy*) emphasizes the fact of inactivity or lack of occupation; *lazy* suggests disinclination to effort or work; *indolent* implies a habitual love of ease and a settled dislike of activity; *slothful* (now bookish) implies excessive and sluggish indolence.

distemper, ailment; sickness; malady.

devastating, destructive disease; a severe calamity or affliction.

premonitory symptoms, perceptible or noticeable change, in the body or its functions, indicating disease.

frozen with horror, in great fear or abhorrence.

listlessness, indifference; not caring nor desiring.

typhoid fever, an infectious feverish, often fatal, disease due to a bacillus or germ introduced usually with food or drink, and marked by intestinal inflammation or swelling, and ulceration.

St. Vitus's Dance, or **chorea**, a disease attended with convulsive twichings.

sift it to the bottom, examine it most critically and minutely, so as to know or eliminate one element from another.

ague, a malarial fever attended by fits of chills, fever, and sweating, which occur at regular intervals.

acute stage, critical point in the development of the disease.

Bright's disease, any of several forms of kidney disease attended with albumin in the urine.

modified form, not so severe form; milder form.

cholera, a disease, rapidly developed and commonly fatal, due to a spirillum or spirally curved gem called the *comma bacillus* and characterized by vomiting, rice-water discharge, cramps, and collapse.

diphtheria, a feverish infectious disease in which the air passages, especially the throat, becomes coated with a false membrane. It is caused by a specific bacillus.

plodded, read; worked.

twenty-six letters of the alphabet, from A to Z.

housemaid's knee, inflammation and swelling of the sac over the knee-cap.

a sort of slight, a kind of intentional contempt; a sort of neglect.

invidious reservation, unjust or offensive holding back.

pharmacology, the science of drugs.

gout, a constitutional disease marked by painful inflammation of the fibrous and ligamentous parts of the joints.

zymosis, an infectious disease caused by fermentation.

acquisition, gain; useful specimen for them to study.

diploma, a document certifying the completion of work required by an educational institution, and the granting of some honor, privilege, or power.

pulse, the throbbing in the arteries due to the contractions of the heart.

a hundred and forty-seven to the minute, that many heart beats to the minute make too fast a heart beat; abnormally fast heart beat.

scarlet fever, an acute contagious feverish disease marked by inflammation of the narrow passage from mouth to pharynx and a scarlet rash.

clutched hold of my wrist, to feel my pulse.

butted, struck with his head.

prescription, a written direction for the preparation and use of a medicine; also the medicine.

coöperative store, a store or shop where the owners make their purchases and share in the profits and losses.

beefsteak, a slice of beef meat, especially from the hind quarter, suitable for broiling and frying.

stuff up your mind, fill or cram your head; bother.

Questions

1. What book was the “imaginary invalid” reading? What effect did it have upon him?
2. What is the meaning of the doctor's prescription?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《妄想的病人》一文，选自哲罗姆·K. 哲罗姆所著《三人同舟》，由波士顿的亨利·霍尔特公司出版。后收入罗伯特·I. 富尔顿主编的《标准选集》，354—357页。

【作者简介】

哲罗姆·K. 哲罗姆（1859—1927），英国幽默作家和剧作家。他因亲切的幽默而闻名，本文就是一个不坏的例证。

16 妄想的病人

我还记得那天，到大英博物馆去查阅有关接触性花粉症治疗方面的资料，我猜我大概得了这种小病。我取下一本医书，一口气读完了所有要读的内容。然后，我慵懒地、漫不经心地随便翻着书，泛泛地研究起其他疾病来。我忘记了全神贯注地研究的第一种瘟病是什么病——我知道，是一种可怕的、毁灭性的灾难——没等把一连串的病征兆看完一半的时候，我便意识到自己肯定得了这种病。

我惊恐万状，万分绝望，没精打采呆坐了好一会儿。然后又拿起那本书，翻了起来。翻到伤寒——看了看它的各种症状——我发现我又得了伤寒——一定已经染病在身好几个月了，竟然还蒙在鼓里——不知道我还患上其他什么疾病没有；翻到舞蹈病——我发现，正如我预料到的那样，我也患有这种疾病——就这样，我开始对自己的病情产生了兴趣，并决定一查到底，于是我开始按字母顺序逐个排查——翻到疟疾，了解到自己已经出现了疟疾的某些症状，大约在两个星期后就会进入急性发作期；翻到肾小球肾炎，我心中稍微感到一丝安慰，因为我发现我得的只是其中较轻的一种，就目前状况而言，我的生命还可以延续一些年。此外，我还染上了霍乱，并伴有严重的并发症；而我好像是先天性白喉患者。我认认真真地按照26个字母挨个检查了一遍，得出的结论是，我唯一没有得上的疾病就是骺前囊炎。

起初，我还挺受打击的，心里好像还有那么几分失落。为什么我没有得上骺前囊炎呢？这一缺憾岂不让人不快？不过，过了一会儿，我那贪婪的感觉渐渐平复下来。我回过味来了，从药理学讲，我已经把药理学上所罗列的其他各种常见疾病都得了，于是我变得没那么自私了，决定没有得上骺前囊炎也可以接受。反正痛风已经处于恶性晚期了，它好像是在我毫无知觉的情况下找上了我；而我显然是在孩提时期就染上了发酵病。鉴于发酵病是字母表中能查到的最后一种疾病名称，我得出一个结论，我没什么别的病了。

我坐在那里陷入了沉思。我想，从医学角度来看，我一定是一个非常有趣的病例；对于医学院的教学课堂来说，我更是一个极为难得的病例！医学院的学生们有了我的话，他们就没必要再“去医院”实习了。倘若他们有了我的话，我一个人就是他们的“实习医院”。他们只需围着我走一走，然后就可以领他们的毕业证了。

我不知道自己究竟还能活多久，我想自查一下。我摸了摸自己的脉搏。一开始，我一点脉象都没摸到。接下来，脉搏突然跳了起来。我掏出怀表，测算脉搏的次数，大概每分钟147次。我又摸了摸心脏，却感受不到心脏的跳动。心脏已经停止跳动了。我劝自己相信心脏想必还在那里，想必还在跳动，只是我这种现象无法解释罢了。我把自己上半身从腰部到头部拍了个遍，还稍微拍了拍身体的侧面和后背，可我却什么也没有摸到，什么也没听到。我想看看自己的舌头，我尽量把舌头伸得长长的，闭上一只眼睛，用另一只眼来检查。我只能看见自己的舌尖，而这么做唯一的收获就是：我比以前更加确信我得了猩红热。

于是，我去看病，我的私人医生是一位老朋友。平时，每当我觉得我生病的时候，他就会摸摸我的脉搏，看看我的舌头，再不咸不淡地谈谈天气；所以我觉得我现在去找他看病是对他的报答。我心中暗想：“医生需要的就是临床实践，他有了我这样的病人，比拥有一千七百个常见的普通病人得到的临床实践机会还要多，因为这些病人每个人也只能身患一到两种疾病。”于是我径直去找他。他问我：“你哪里不舒服？”

我答道：“亲爱的伙计，我不会告诉你我得了什么病，浪费你的时间。生命短暂，在我还没说完以前，你就可能离世了。不过，我可以告诉你我没有得什么病，我没有得骺前囊炎。至于我为什么没有得骺前囊炎呢？我说不清楚；然而事实就摆在这里，我没有得骺前囊炎。可是，除此之外，什么病我都有。”

我还把自己是如何发现这些疾病的过程一五一十地讲给他听了。

接下来，他解开我的衣服，俯视着我。他紧握着我的一只手腕，我没料到他会敲打我的胸部——我称之为胆小鬼的做法——又马上把侧着的脸贴到我的身上。最后，他坐下来，开了一个处方，然后把处方折起来递给我。我接了过来揣进兜里，走了出去。

我没有打开处方看，就径直来到一家最近的药店把处方递了过去。药剂师看了看处方，又将它退了回

来。他说他不收这种处方。

“你是药剂师吧？”我问道。

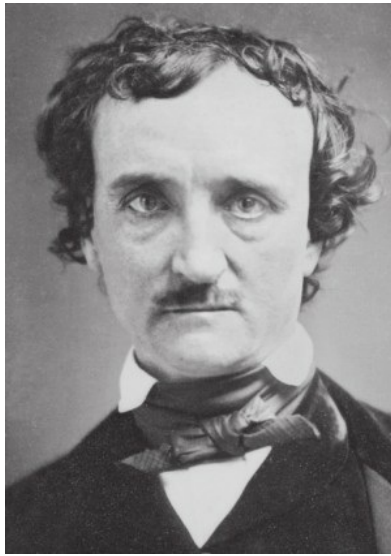
“我是药剂师啊。如果我经营一个合作商店兼家庭旅馆的话，我倒是可以为你效劳。可我只是一个药剂师，我爱莫能助。”

我看了看那处方，只见上面写道：“一磅牛排，每隔六小时服用一次；每天早晨散步十英里；每天晚上十一点整准时上床睡觉。此外不要满脑子都装些你不明白的东西。”

（张白桦 译）

THE TELL-TALE HEART A MURDERER'S CONFESSION

By Edgar Allan Poe



THE TELL-TALE HEART, by Edgar Allen Poe, in his *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, 1840, and reprinted in Robert I. Fulton's *Standard Selections*, pp. 426-431.

Edgar Allen Poe (1808-1849), American author. He is one of the world's greatest writers of short stories; his stories have always had special appreciation in France.

True! —nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object, there was none. Passion, there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid my life of him forever.

Now, this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! and then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I

could see him as he lay upon the bed. Ha! —would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked) I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his evil eye.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed crying out—“Who’s there?”

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no! —it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until at length a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man’s face or person; for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the spot.

Now, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man’s heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed; I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man’s terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! Do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous; so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst.

And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound could be heard by a neighbour! The old man’s hour had come! With a loud yell I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If you still think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected anything wrong.

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I now to fear? Then entered three men who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and the officers had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled—for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them at length to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. But ere long I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct; it continued and gained definitiveness—until at length I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I grew very pale; but I talked more fluently and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. O God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder. And still the men chatted pleasantly and smiled. Was it possible they heard not?

They heard! —they suspected! —they knew! —they were making a mockery of my horror! this I thought and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! —and now—again! —hark I louder! louder! louder! louder!

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed—tear up the planks! here! here! it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

Notes

healthily, sanely, not madly; like a sane, healthy person.

haunted, remained with me to bother me.

object, ulterior motive for killing the old man; something that he had hoped to get from the killing of the old man.

passion, strong emotion, like an outburst of anger, or hatred.

gold, money or riches.

vulture, large bird allied to hawks, eagles, falcons, but having weaker claws, and the head usually naked. Vultures live largely on carrion, the dead or putrefying body or flesh of animals.

film, dull, transparent layer or cover.

my blood ran cold, within me was the feeling of fear.

take the life, killed.

caution, care; watchfulness.

foresight, prudent care for the future, looking ahead.

dissimulation, hiding of his true feelings under a false front; feigning.

latch, the catch which holds the door closed; the moveable piece which holds the door in place, though it be not bolted.

cautiously, guardedly, carefully so as to avoid danger.

hinges, the joint on which the door turns or swings.

creaked, make a sharp, prolonged squeaking sound.

chuckled, laughed in a suppressed manner, as from inward satisfaction.

startled, moved suddenly as in surprise, fear, or alarm.

black as pitch. Pitch, which occurs naturally as asphalt, is a black, thick, sticky substance.

shutters, the moveable covers or screens of windows.

stifled, suppressed; smothered; choked.

overcharged, filled too full.

causeless, as not caused by anything.

crevice, a narrow opening resulting from a crack or split.

chilled the very marrow in my bones, put me in the greatest fear. *Marrow* is the soft tissue which fills the cavities of most bones.

enveloped, wrapped; covered completely.

stimulates, excites; spurs on.

refrained, held back; curbed myself.

tattoo, beating sound.

muffled, deadened, as if something had been wrapped around it.

vex, annoy; disturb.

corpse, dead body.

pulsation, beat; throb.

stone dead, very much dead; as lifeless as a stone.

waned, grew diminished; decreased; drew to a close.

dismembered, tore apart, limb from limb; cut limb from limb.

planks, heavy thick boards.

scantlings, the small beams that support the planks.

detected, discovered; found out.

light heart, a happy heart, a heart not burdened by care or worry ; the opposite of a *heavy heart*.

perfect suavity, faultless, complete agreeableness; very pleasing politeness; great courtesy of manners.

foul play, dishonorable conduct, especially implying murder.

lodged, given to; placed.

deputed, sent; ordered.

premises, the building.

heightened voice, louder, more excited voice.

grated, moved the chair across the boards so as to make a harsh and rasping sound.

mockery, derision or sport or jest of his horror.

agony, extreme pain.

derision, ridicule, insult, scorn.

hypocritical, false, deceiving, dissembling.

villains, scoundrels; rascals.

dissemble, pretend; disguise ; feign; conceal.

Questions

1. What causes the murderer to kill the old man?
2. How does he plan the murder?
3. What sound finally incites him to the deed?
4. How does he hide the corpse?
5. How does he meet the police?
6. Why does he betray himself? Was he mad?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《泄密的心》一文选自埃德加·爱伦·坡所著《奇谈怪论集》，后收入1840年由罗伯特·I. 富尔顿主编的《标准选集》，426—431页。

【作者简介】

埃德加·爱伦·坡（1808—1849），美国作家。他是世界上最伟大的短篇小说作家之一，他的故事在法国一直大受欢迎。

17 泄密的心

没错儿！——我以前一直神经过敏，神经过敏得非常非常厉害，现在也是这样；可你为什么要说我疯了？听着！看我给你讲整个过程的时候，有多健康——有多淡定。

这念头最初是怎么钻进我的脑袋里的，我可说不来；可是一旦有了这个念头，就昼思夜想，魂牵梦绕。动机？根本没有。盛怒？根本没有，我爱那老头，他从来没有冤枉过我，他从来没有侮辱过我，我也不贪图他的金银财宝。我想是他的那只眼睛惹的祸吧！对，就是那只眼睛！他长了一只鹰眼——淡蓝色的，蒙着层薄膜。那只眼只要看我一眼，我就感到毛骨悚然；因此我心里就渐渐地——一点一点地——打定了主意，要这个老头的命，好永远地摆脱那只眼睛。

看，问题来了。你以为我疯了。疯子可是什么也不懂。只可惜你当时没看见我。只可惜你没看见我干得是多么智慧——行事多么谨慎——多么有远见——我干活的时候多么会掩饰！在我杀死老头前一个星期里，对他空前的体贴。每天晚上半夜的时候，我把他门锁一扭开门——哦，多么轻手轻脚啊！接下来，我把房门拉开一条缝，宽窄正好可以探进脑袋，就用一盏昏暗的灯塞进门缝，灯上罩得严严实实，严实得连一丝灯光都透不出来，然后我把头再伸进去。哦，你若是看见我多么巧妙地探进头去的话，一定会哈哈大笑的！我慢慢探着头——特别，特别慢，以免惊醒熟睡的老头。我花了一个小时，才把整个脑袋探进门缝里，正好看见他躺在床上。哈！——难道疯子会有这样的智慧？我头一伸进房里，就小心翼翼地——哦，那么小心——小心地打开了灯罩，因为铰链会发出声音——我将灯罩掀开一条缝，这样一道细细的灯光就可以正好射在鹰眼上。我这样一连干了整整七夜——天天夜里都在午夜时分——可是我发现那只眼总是闭着；这样一来，我就下不了手，因为惹我生气的不是老头本人，是他那只带薄膜的眼睛。

到了第八天晚上，我比往日还要小心翼翼地打开了房门。想想看，我就在房外，一点一点地打开门，可是他对于我的这种秘密行动和阴谋诡计，连做梦都没想到。想到这里，我禁不住咯咯地笑出了声；他可能是听到了；因为他仿佛大吃一惊，在床上突然翻了个身。这下你以为我会退缩了吧——可是我没有退缩。他生怕强盗抢劫，把百叶窗关得紧紧的，所以房里一片漆黑，我知道他看不见门缝，于是继续一点一点地从容不迫地推着门。

我刚探进头，正要动手掀开灯上罩子的时候，大拇指在锡皮扣上一滑，老头一下子从床上坐起身来，大喊一声道：“谁在那里？”

我一动不动，一声不吭。整整一个小时，我连肌肉都没动一下，与此同时，我也没听到他躺下的声音。

不久，我听到一声轻轻的呻吟，我知道只有恐惧至极才会这么呻吟。既不是痛苦的呻吟，也不是悲叹——哦，不是！——那是在吓得魂飞魄散时，不由自主地从心灵深处发出的这么一声低低的呻吟。我倒是对这种声音心领神会。我知道他刚刚听到轻微的那声响动，在床上翻身以后，就一直大睁着双眼躺着。他心里的恐惧在逐渐升级。他一直在安慰自己这是一场虚惊，却一直没能奏效。

我非常耐心地等了好长时间，既然没有听到他躺下的声音，于是决定将灯罩掀开一条小缝，极小，极小的一道缝。我动手掀开灯罩——你可能想象不出，有多么，多么鬼鬼祟祟，——最后终于射出一道微弱的光，仿佛蛛丝，从那道缝里射出，照在鹰眼上。

那只眼睁着呢——睁得好大，好大；我一看，不禁怒火中烧。我看得一清二楚——整个眼睛只是一团暗淡的蓝，蒙着一层可怕的薄膜，让我毛骨悚然，不寒而栗；可是，我却看不见老头的脸庞和身体；因为我凭着直觉，让灯光正好射在那只鬼眼睛上了。

此时，我耳边传来低沉的、单调的、短促的声音，就好像把一块表包裹在布里发出的声音。我对这种声音也很熟悉。这是老头的心跳声。我的火气更大了，如同士兵听到了战鼓咚咚，士气大增一样。

即便在这时，我依然克制着自己，纹丝不动。我连大气都不喘一下。我提着灯，一动不动。我让灯光尽量稳稳地射在鹰眼上。与此同时，吓人的扑通扑通心跳声越来越大了。一秒比一秒快，一秒比一秒大。

老头的恐惧一定已经到了极限！我说，心跳声越来越大，一秒钟比一秒钟大！你听明白了没有？我早就告诉过你，我神经过敏；我确实神经过敏。此刻正是鸦雀无声的午夜时分，古屋里一片死寂，耳听得这种古怪的声音，让我不由自主地毛骨悚然。可是几分钟以后，我依然克制着自己，纹丝不动地站着。然而心跳声竟然愈来愈大，愈来愈大！我看，那颗心一定是要爆炸了。

此时，我又产生了一个新的焦虑——邻居恐怕会听到这心跳声！老头的死期到啦！我大吼一声，扯开灯罩，跳进屋里。他尖叫了一声——只叫了那么一声。就在那一刹那，我一把把他拖到地板上，把沉重的大床压在他身上。接下来，看到已经万事大吉，我开心地笑了。可是，几分钟过去了，闷声闷气的心跳声还在响个不停。这倒也没惹我生气；墙外是听不见的。后来终于没动静了。老头死了。我把床挪开，审视着尸体。我把手放在他胸口，停留了好几分钟。心脏不再跳动了。他死透了。那只眼睛再也不会惹我烦了。

你还当我发疯的话，等我给你讲讲我藏匿尸体所采取的明智的预防措施，你就不会这么想了。夜色阑珊，我要抓紧时间干，却不能弄出动静来。我先将尸首肢解开来。

然后，我再撬起屋里的三块地板，将肢解后的尸体都藏在两根间柱当中。接下来，我把木板归位，干得那么巧妙，那么机智。人的眼睛都看不出有丝毫破绽——就连他的眼睛也看不出。

大功告成，一切就绪，已经四点钟——夜色沉沉，如同子夜。钟表报时，临街的大门外传来一阵敲门声。我心情愉快地下楼去开门，——我现在还有什么好怕的呢？门外进来三个人，他们做了自我介绍说是警官，绝对的和颜悦色。有个街坊在夜里听到一声尖叫，疑心出了不轨之事，报告了警察局，这三位警官就奉命前来搜查楼里的各个屋子。

我满脸堆笑，——有什么好怕的呢？我对这三位先生表示欢迎。我说，那声尖叫是我刚才做梦时发出的。我提到老头不在家，到乡下去了。我带着三位来客在家里上上下下走了个遍。我请他们搜查——仔细搜查。我最后还领着他们进了老头的卧房里，指给他们看他的家私都完好无损，原封没动。我心里有谱，还热情洋溢地端进几把椅子，请他们在这间房里歇脚，与此同时，我自鸣得意，还胆大包天地端了把椅子，专门在埋着冤鬼尸体的地方坐了下来。

警官们心满意足了。我的所作所为让他们心悦诚服。我也异常轻松自在。可是没过多久，我就觉得自己脸色越来越苍白，恨不得他们马上离开。我头痛欲裂，还觉到耳朵里嗡嗡的响；可是他们还坐着，还在东拉西扯。嗡嗡声更清楚了；嗡嗡声在继续，听起来愈发清楚了；我最后终于发现原来声音不是来自耳朵里。

不消说，我此时的脸色已经特别苍白了；可我的话说得更溜了，嗓门也提高了。可那嗡嗡声越来越大——我该如何是好呢？这是一种低沉的、模糊的、短促的声音——就像包裹在棉布里的一块表发出的声音。我开始气喘吁吁了；——可是这三位警官竟然没听到。我说话的语速更快了，——情绪更热烈了；可是响声却在持续增大。他们为什么还不走呢？我拖着沉重的脚步在房里踱来踱去，仿佛他们三人的看法给我火上浇油似的；可响声还在持续增大。哦，上帝啊！我该如何是好呢？我唾沫星子四溅——我胡言乱语——我破口大骂！我摇晃自己的座椅，在木板上摩擦，可是那个响声却盖过所有的声音，还在持续增大。那个响声越来越大——越来越大——越来越大。可是那三个人还在愉快地东拉西扯，嘻嘻哈哈。难道他们听不见吗？

他们听见了！——他们怀疑了！——他们知道真相了！——正在嘲笑我这样吓破了胆呢！——我刚才就是这么想的，现在还是这么想。可怎么着都比这种痛苦好忍受！怎么着都比这种嘲笑好受！我再也受不了这种皮笑肉不笑啦！我觉得再不尖叫就要死了！——听啊——又来了！——我听到那响声越来越大！越来越大！越来越大！越来越大！越来越大！越来越大！

“坏蛋！”我大声尖叫，“别装啦！我认罪！——撬开地板！这里！这里！——是他那颗可恶的心的心跳声！”

（张白桦 译）

18

THE WIDOW AND HER SON

By Washington Irving



THE WIDOW AND HER SON, by Washington Irving, in his *Sketch Book*, 1820.

Washington Irving (1783-1859), American author. He was the first American to be generally recognized abroad as a man of letters. A good deal of his importance in American literature is definitely historical. His prose still possesses a quiet charm and delightful undercurrent of kindly humor. The essays “Rip Van Winkle” and “The Legend of Sleepy Hollow” are his best pieces.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church, which stood in a country filled with ancient families, and contained, within its cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations. Its shadowy aisles, its moldering monuments, its dark oaken paneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of Nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us:

Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,

The bridal of the Earth and Sky!

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of Nature, which I experience nowhere else; and, if not a more religious, I think I am a better

man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the trace of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of Heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer, —habitually conning her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart, —I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to Heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still, sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard, where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow.

While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased, — the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummerly of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased, "George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation, "Nay, now, —nay, now, —don't take it so sorely to heart!" She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm

could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more; my heart swelled into my throat, my eyes filled with tears; I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part, in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on Earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! They have friends to soothe, pleasures to beguile, a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound; their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure; their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe; the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy; the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; —these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

Notes

congregated, accumulated; assembled.

moldering, overgrowing with mold, a minute fungus growth; moldering used in the sense of decaying, uncared for.

oaken paneling, thin, perhaps rectangular, board made of oak, set in a surrounding frame.

reverend, to be held in respect and esteem.

departed years, past ages; times gone by.

meditation, serious contemplation; reflection; close thought.

repose, quiet ; rest ; peace; tranquillity.

pensive, dreamily or somewhat sadly thoughtful; musing.

Nature, the Universe; the existing system of things in time and space.

charmed down, subdued by some secret power; allayed; assuaged; calmed; smoothed down.

natural religion, inborn feeling of piety.

frigidity, coldness.

pomp, love of display; show.

poor worms, poor creatures; the people worshiping in the church.

prostrate, powerless; lying at the mercy of God.

decrepit, broken down with age; weak; infirm; worn-out.

infirmities, weaknesses; feebleness of health.

abject, beggarly; sunk to a low and pitiful condition.

lingerings, remnants; something slow in disappearing.

scrupulously, implying the utmost nicety and exactness.

trivial, ordinary; commonplace.

prayer book, a book containing devotional prayers.

palsied, paralyzed; shaky; withered.

far before, getting there ahead of.

clerk, the layman who reads the responses printed in the prayer book.

swell, the increase in the tones of the church organ.

loitering, lingering; sauntering; idling.

knoll, mound or small round hill.

yew trees, large coniferous trees with dark green foliage.

coeval, of the same age.

Gothic spire, church spire built after the Gothic model, an architectural style developed in northern France, and spread through western Europe from about 1160 to the 15th century. Gothic architecture gives the onlooker a sense of slenderness and the vertical.

rooks, black hoarse-voiced bird of the crow tribe nesting in colonies.

wheeling; flying around it; wheeling or revolving around it.

remote and neglected, off to one corner and not taken care of.

indigent, needy; poor.

huddled, thrown together; crowded together.

obsequies, the last duty rendered to the dead; burial ceremony.

pall, the heavy cloth used to cover a coffin, hearse, or tomb.

sexton, the man who takes care of the church building.

mock mourners, sham attendants at a funeral; those who put on a sad countenance at funerals because they feel that they have to, and in some funerals because they are hired to mourn.

trappings, garb; dress.

affected woe, make-believe woe; grief that is worn for show.

train, procession.

parson, priest; preacher.

surplice, an outer vestment or garment of white linen worn especially by clergy of the Roman Catholic Church and of churches of the Anglican Communion.

service, church service or ceremony.

survivor, the one who has outlived the dead person, in this case, the mother.

penniless, poor; without a penny.

shuffled, read through in careless fashion; carried through.

mummery, farce; ridiculous or empty show; mockery.

rocking, swaying back and forth.

convulsive. Violent and involuntary contractions of the muscles are called convulsive motions.

yearnings, longing desires.

withering, terrible; shriveling in the heart; gradually killing all feeling in the heart.

revery, or **reverie**, daydreams; lost in thought; musing.

glazed eyes, glassy eyes, eyes that can express no more of grief.

wildness, turbulent, ungoverned excitement.

CORDS, small rope.

consolation, comfort; expressions of sympathy.

sorely, grievously.

justling, upsetting; disturbing by rocking or tipping.

barbarous, rude; foreign; cruel; inhuman; brutal.

dispersed, scattered; gone away.

quitting, leaving; going away from.

destitution, being without the loved person; not in possession of something that is vitally needed.

beguile, while away; divert; replace other emotions.

dissipate, drive off or break up.

elastic, easily recovering; buoyant.

green and ductile affections, young, immature, flexible, easily led feelings.

twine round, wind about; follow; chase after.

appliances, devices; weapons; tools.

wintry day, cold outlook; hopeless and gloomy prospects; a future that promises no bright prospects.

after-growth, later or subsequent growth; joys which come later than usual.

impotency, feebleness; lack of power or vitality.

Questions

1. Why is the author a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the week?
2. What lone voice rose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk? Why?
3. Why was the funeral service an act of charity?
4. Why could the author see no more?
5. What sorrows make us feel the impotency of consolation?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《孤儿寡母》一文选自华盛顿·欧文1820年出版的作品《见闻札记》。

【作者简介】

华盛顿·欧文（1783—1859），美国作家，也是公认的第一位享有国际声誉的美国作家。他在美国文学史上举足轻重的地位与历史息息相关。不仅如此，他的散文还具有沉静的魅力，隐含着令人愉快的善意幽默。《瑞普·凡·温克尔》和《睡谷的传说》是他最好的作品。

18 孤儿寡母

住在乡村的这段日子里，我常常去村里古老的教堂做礼拜。这个村子居住着很多古老的家族，在教堂冷冰冰、静悄悄的耳堂中，聚集了许多代贵族的骨灰。那阴暗的耳堂、日渐剥落的纪念碑、深橡木色的护墙板，全都笼罩着过往岁月的苍凉，让人顿生敬畏之心。这似乎是一个很适合庄重地静思冥想的地方。在乡村，星期日也同样宁静得如此圣洁；在大自然面前，一切都显得这般沉静，每一种躁动的激情都会得到安抚，让人觉得灵魂深处对自然的尊奉会缓缓地从中涌出。

甜美的日子，如此纯洁，如此宁静，如此明丽
是大地与天空的婚礼

我不想装成一个人所说的虔诚的人，然而，身处周边平静祥和、景致优美的乡村教堂，在这里做礼拜，我有一种在别处不曾有过的特殊感觉。比起其余六天的我，星期日这一天，如果说我并没有变得更虔诚，那么，可以说，我肯定是更好了。

然而，在教堂里，我不断地被周围芸芸众生的冷漠与浮夸抛回到这个现实的世界。在所有的教众中，看上去完全像个真正虔诚的基督徒那样谦卑恭顺的，唯有一位垂垂老矣的贫苦妇人。岁月与疾病的重负压弯了她的腰，但是，除了让人卑贱的贫穷，从她的外表，隐约可见的是那挥之不去的尊严。她的衣着虽然极其寒酸，却干干净净，整整齐齐。她还得到了一点点微不足道的敬重：不需要坐在村里穷人中间，而是独自坐在神坛的台阶上。她似乎已历经沧桑，除了对天堂的渴望没有别的向往。我看到她虚弱地起身弯着腰祈祷，习惯性地诵读着祈祷书，虽然眼花手抖得已经不能阅读，却很明显已经铭记于心；这时候，我相信，远在上天听到牧师的唱和、风琴的乐音、唱诗班的颂咏之前，这位贫穷老妇颤抖的声音早已传到了天堂。

我喜爱在乡村教堂消磨时光。这座教堂选址得当，令人心旷神怡，常吸引我前往。它坐落在一个小丘上，一条小溪绕着它缓缓流过，拐了个美丽的弯，然后蜿蜒伸向远方一片柔软的草地。教堂的周围生长着一些看起来跟它一样古老的紫杉树。它那高耸的哥特式尖顶轻盈地穿过紫杉林直插天空，周围常会有白嘴鸦、乌鸦盘旋翻飞。一个静寂、晴朗的清晨，我坐在林中，看见两名工人在挖掘墓穴。他们在墓地最偏僻、最容易被忽视的角落里选了一小块地。那个角落散落了一些无名的坟墓，仿佛那些穷困潦倒、无依无靠的灵魂都挤到一起，在地下相聚了。他们告诉我，新坟是为一位穷寡妇的独子准备的。

我思忖着这延伸至尘土的世俗等级差别，这时丧钟敲响，宣布葬礼开始了。这是穷人的葬礼，无关乎逝者的尊严。几个村民抬着最简陋的棺木，棺材上既没有棺罩也没有其他的遮盖物。教堂司事一脸冷漠地走在队伍的前面。没有装腔作势的哭丧人来虚饰亲人的痛苦，只有一位真正的哀悼者跟在棺木后面虚弱地蹒跚而行。她是死者那年迈的母亲，那位我见过的坐在神坛台阶上的贫穷老妇人。一位寒微的朋友搀扶着她，尽量安慰着她。屈指可数的几个住在附近的穷人也加入了送葬的队伍；村里一些孩子手牵手跑着，一会儿傻乐得不管不顾地大喊大叫，嘻嘻哈哈，一会儿又停下来，带着孩子的好奇，盯着这位肝肠寸断的送葬人。

送葬队伍到达墓地时，牧师穿着白色的法衣，手里捧着祈祷书，由教堂执事陪伴着，从教堂的门廊里走了出来。这个简短的葬礼只是一次慈善活动。逝者一贫如洗，遗属身无分文。所以，仪式在草草地进行着，在走形式，冷漠而无情。脑满肠肥的牧师出了教堂的门，只走了几步就停了下来，墓地送葬的人们几乎听不到他的声音，我也从来没有听说过有这样的葬礼：本应该是庄严、感人的仪式，却变成这样一场冷漠的哑剧。

我走近墓地。灵柩已安放在地上，棺盖上刻着逝者的名字和年龄——“乔治·萨默斯，二十六岁”。这位可怜的母亲在他人的搀扶下跪倒在棺木前，干枯的双手紧紧地握着，像是在祷告。可是，从她那微微摇晃的身体和颤抖的嘴唇，我能感受到，她是怀着一个母亲对儿子的无限慈爱凝视着儿子这最后的遗容的。

仪式结束了，准备把棺木放入墓穴。一阵喧闹吵嚷那么粗暴地打断了母亲的哀痛和慈爱之情。牧师的

口气冷冷的，例行公事地下了指令，人们用铁锹铲起沙石；站在自己深爱的至亲的墓穴前，这种撞击声是最让人受不了的声音。周围的喧闹似乎把这位母亲从痛苦的出神回想中唤醒。她抬起呆滞的眼睛，有些胡乱地环顾周围。看到有人拿着绳子走过来准备把棺木放入墓穴，她绞着双手，恸哭失声。在一边照顾她的穷妇人抓住她的胳膊，使劲地想把她从地上拽起来，低声地劝慰道：“不要这样，好啦。不要这样，好啦。不要太伤心啦。”她只能摇摇头，绞着双手，就像那些谁也安慰不了的人一样。

他们把棺木慢慢放进墓穴，绳子嘎吱嘎吱地响着，似乎让她肝肠寸断。但是，棺木意外地碰到了什么阻碍物，母亲的全部慈爱一下子爆发了，好像她的儿子会受到了伤害似的，却不知，人世间的一切痛苦绝对不会降临到他身上了。

我实在不忍继续围观了，我的心胀到了喉咙，我热泪盈眶。我感到自己好像正扮演着一个残忍的角色，袖手旁观孤儿寡母骨肉分离的哀痛。于是，我信步走向教堂墓地的另一边，一直等到葬礼散了才离开。

看到这位母亲拖着沉重的脚步吃力地离开了墓地，把仅存的心爱——自己的儿子留在黄土中，回到沉寂而贫穷的生活中去，我为她而心痛不已。我想，富人们会有什么痛楚呢？他们有朋友的安慰，可以追欢卖笑，拥有一个可以转移注意力、消解痛苦的世界。年轻人会有什么忧伤呢？他们正值成长期，他们开朗的精神会很快冲破所承受的压力，充满活力和弹性的眷恋很快就会缠绕到新的对象身上。可是，那些穷人呢？他们没有外在的疏解途径。那些老人呢？他们的生命往好了说不过是人生的冬季，已经无法再有成长的快乐。一个寡妇呢？她已经是风烛残年，孤苦无助，一贫如洗，刚刚在葬礼上与自己晚年最后的慰藉——独子生离死别。这些苦痛确实是我们感觉爱莫能助的。

（张白桦 译）

19

THE CHAMPION SNORER

From the "Burlington Hawkeye"

The CHAMPION SNORER, by an anonymous writer, taken from the *Burlington Hawkeye*.

It was the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside, it was as dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping car people slept. Or tried it.

Some of them slept like Christian men and women, peacefully, sweetly, and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these the man in lower number three was the worst.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of these tournaments of snoring, a sleeping car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and everybody was in bed. O, no! There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had had a taste of sleep, just to see how nice and pleasant it was; and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific

"Gu-r-r-rt!"

that opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however; and, trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long-drawn

"Gw-a-h-h-hah!"

that sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting in breathless suspense to hear the worst; and the sleeper in "lower three" went on in long-drawn, regular cadences that indicated good staying qualities,

"Gwa-a-a-h! Gwa-a-a-h! Gahwayway! Gahway-wah! Gahwa-a-ah!"

Evidently it was going to last all night; and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows, and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low, muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunderstorm. Pretty soon "lower three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

"Gwook!"

which sounded as though his nose had got mad at him and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death, —nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural

“Gurroch!”

Then he paused again for breath; and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorious

“Kowpff!”

that nearly shot the roof off the car. Then he went on playing such fantastic tricks with his nose, and breathing things that would make the immortal gods weep, if they did but hear him. It seemed an utter, preposterous impossibility that any human being could make the monstrous, hideous noises with its breathing machine that the fellow in “lower three” was making with his. He then ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut; he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night and all the day through he told his story:

“Gawoh! gurrah! gu-r-r-! Kowpff! Gawaw-wah! gawah-hah! gwock! gwart! gwah-h-h-h woof!”

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how they might slay him, morning dawned, and “lower number three” awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that made the sleeping car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and “lower number three” stood revealed. Great Heavens!

It was a fair young girl, with golden hair, and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn.

Notes

the Cedar Rapids sleeper, the train with sleepers, sleeping cars, running between Burlington, in southeast Iowa, and Cedar Rapids, in east Iowa. Iowa is one of the north central states of the United States of America.

demons, evil spirits.

malignantly, tending to do harm or to inflict suffering.

hideously, detestably, horribly; revoltingly.

fiendishly, wickedly or cruelly; diabolically.

mission, errand; message; task; duty.

lower number three, number three compartment, the lower sleeping berth.

snore, breathe deeply during sleep and making a rough, hoarse, vibratory noise.

a sleeping car is one of these tournaments of snoring because the passengers who are asleep seem to be trying to outsnore one another.

diabolism, action befitting the Devil; fiendishness; maliciousness.

winged, breathing demon. The Devil and his followers are pictured as having wings, because they were angels in heaven before they revolted against God and were kicked out of Heaven into Hell.

blasted, blighted; killed.

curdled, congealed; thickened; destroyed.

accidental, happening by chance; fortuitous.

cadences, rhythm; rhythmical flow or modulation of sound; intervals.

staying, enduring; lasting for a period of time.

profane, abusive; treating with disrespect, irreverence; blasphemous.

spiteful, malicious; showing ill will or malice.

strangled, choked to death by squeezing the throat.

guttural, vocal sounds made in the throat.

stentorious, loud; powerful.

fantastic, quaint; queer.

preposterous, contrary to nature, reason, or common sense; absurd; utterly and glaringly foolish.

ranges of the nasal gamut, all the notes that can be made through the nose.

chromatic scale, smaller intervals of the musical scale.

variations, changes; modifications.

pandemonium, abode or dwelling of devils; hell.

toilet, the act of dressing, including combing the hair and other necessary acts.

hunted fawn. She seemed to be as frightened as a deer that was being hunted.

Questions

1. Did this selection make you laugh? How often and why?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《呼噜王》，作者不详，选自《伯灵顿鹰眼报》。

19 呼噜王

这是一辆锡达拉皮兹卧铺车。外面黑得伸手不见五指，卧铺车厢里面，人们在睡觉，或者试图睡着。

有些人睡得像基督徒，平静、甜美，而且悄无声息。

另一些人则睡得像魔鬼，凶恶、丑陋，而且冷酷无情，好像要完成令他人彻夜不眠的使命。

这些人中，三号下铺那位是最糟糕的。

他的鼾声真是闻所未闻。即使是在像卧铺车这样呼噜锦标赛的宝地，这也是我们听过的最有条不紊的呼噜。大家还没关灯上床就寝，这边就开始鼾声大作。噢不！这家伙是更冷血的魔头。当所有人刚刚入眠正在品尝梦乡的甜美时，他破门而入，像一个张开双翼的活生生的魔鬼，让人整夜无法安宁。

他那响亮的“咕噜噜”的开场白让车厢中每一个人睁开双眼。但我们还指望这只是偶然，他不会再接再厉，那么还可以原谅。可接着他用一声悠长的“呱哈哈”的声浪摧毁了我们的希望，使那些饱含安宁善意的谅解顿时灰飞烟灭。听上去此人绝不会就此善罢甘休。每个无法入眠的人都抬高了头，足足有一分钟，大家悬着心屏息等待最糟的情况。三号下铺却开始一长串抑扬顿挫、品质稳定并且余音袅袅的呼噜声。

“咕哇——哈！咕哇——哈！咕哇——哈！咕哇——哈！”

很明显今夜他是打算没完没了的了。疲倦的人们倒向枕头却了无睡意，有人开始咒骂。低沉含混的喃喃自语像是遥远雷暴的回声。很快，三号下铺玩起了新花样。他突然吐出一声“咕呜——咔”，听上去好像他的鼻子要愤而罢工。然后他停顿了一下，在我们开始期望他要么睡醒，要么被勒死的时候——随便哪个都行——他带着喉音的一声“咕噜兮”让每个人都失望之极。

然后他停顿片刻，调整呼吸，厚积薄发地发出响亮的“咔——噗”，几乎把车厢顶都掀掉了。接着他继续用鼻子玩着各种匪夷所思的技巧，呼吸声惊天地泣鬼神，如果诸神能听到的话。任何人要用自己的呼吸器官发出像三号下铺这位仁兄用鼻子所发出的那种震天动地的可怕噪音几乎是不可能的。他在鼻腔各个部位游走，在鼾声的半音阶上下颤动；他穷尽各种微妙、令人生畏的变化，直到他的鼻子听上去应该早已脱节并散落一地。他就这样没日没夜地讲述自己的故事：“呱呜！呱啦！咕——！咔噗！嘎哇——哈！喔哇！喔特！喔——喔噗！”

正当其他乘客商量如何干掉这家伙的时候，拂晓来临，三号下铺终于醒了。每个人都盯着门帘，想看看把卧铺车厢搅成一锅粥的到底是何方神圣。梳洗完毕，门帘打开，“三号下铺”站在大家面前。老天爷！

那是个漂亮的年轻姑娘，金色的头发，羞怯恳求的目光，就像一只被追捕的小鹿。

（张萍 译）

20

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

By Thomas Henry Huxley



A LIBERAL EDUCATION, by Thomas Henry Huxley, as reprinted in Roger Sherman Loomis's *Freshman Readings*, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925, pp. 301-305.

Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-1895), English biologist who lectured widely and wrote extensively.

What is education? Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education? —of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves—of the education which, if we could mold the fates to our own will, we would give our children? Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet, it is a plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players, in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are

the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly born in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarse monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for anyone, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honors in nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears were boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with wilful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her displeasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education—which has not only prepared a

man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards which nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

Notes

ideal, answering to our highest conception; perfect type; actual thing as standard for imitation.

liberal education, education that is befitting or worthy of a man of free birth; education that is not restricted.

discrepant, different; contrary; in disagreement.

chess, a game of pure skill played upon a chessboard with chessmen, the players moving alternately until the king on one side is so attacked that he cannot escape. The chessmen are named king, queen, bishop, knight, castle (or rook), and pawns.

primary, chief; of first importance; of the greatest importance.

the moves of the pieces, how to move the pieces, as each piece has a fixed path.

notion of a gambit. Gambit is a chess opening in which the first player voluntarily gives up a pawn or a piece for the sake of an advantage in position. Hence, a person who possesses the notion of gambit is one who has the ingenious quality to grasp the opportunities of life.

giving and getting out of check. Check is the word of warning denoting that the king is in danger. One who has a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check, therefore, is one who knows how to outdo an adversary when he is attacked, and how to surpass him in any situation.

disapprobation, act of passing unfavorable judgment upon.

never makes the smallest allowance for ignorance, one who never makes the smallest allowance for mistakes due to ignorance is one who never entertains the slightest error or wrong committed as a result of lack of knowledge or information on any subject.

stakes, sum of money or its equivalent which is wagered or pledged between two parties in any gamble.

checkmate is the exclamation made by a chessplayer when he makes a move that puts the opponent's king in check from which there is no escape. Here, checkmate means complete defeat.

metaphor, figure of speech by which a word or phrase literally denoting one kind of subject or idea is applied to another by way of suggestion, a suggestion of likeness or analogy between them; a compressed simile.

Retzsch, Moritz (1779-1857), German painter, etcher, and designer.

mocking fiend, the devil who is ridiculing contemptuously, who is defying, his opponent.

Adam. According to Genesis, the first book of the Bible, “God created man in his own image” on the sixth day. This man was Adam.

Eve. Later God took a rib from Adam and made of it a woman, to be the mate of man. “Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living.”

monitors, persons who offer advice or serves warning; senior schoolboys placed in authority of the class.

susceptible, made sensitive to; exposed to; given over to.

Test-Acts. In English history, the Test-Act was a statute passed in 1673 requiring persons holding office, civil or military, or positions of trust under the crown, to take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, renounce under oath the right to take arms against the king, and receive communion under the Church of England. This act was partially repealed in 1828.

Those who take honors, those who win distinction, such as academic distinction.

“Poll.” In Cambridge University, England, the poll (collective) are the students who “go up” for, or obtain, a pass or ordinary degree (poll degree), that is, a degree without honors.

plucked. Originally an English university slang meaning rejection from the university for some deficiency or misdemeanor; but, now only, rejection for failure to pass in an examination.

extermination, utter destruction; death.

compulsory education, the system of education in which every child is enforced or compelled to attend school.

visited as sharply, punished as severely and suddenly.

boxed, struck with the hand or fist, especially on the ear or on the side of the head.

intervenes, interferes; breaks in to take a part.

artificial education, education that is artificial because it is obtained by human skill and labor, in opposition to natural education.

anticipation, act of introducing beforehand; an education that teaches the students beforehand how to make use of natural education.

spin the gossamers, deal with very delicate matters, perhaps somewhat airy. A gossamer is a light filmy substance, like the webs of small spiders, floating in calm air or spread over grass.

forge the anchors, deal with coarser matters, undoubtedly more stable and substantial. Anchors are used to moor ships to the bottom of the sea, and are heavy and large.

stunted ascetic. An ascetic is one who devotes himself to a solitary and contemplative life, with rigorous discipline of the self, as by celibacy, fasting, and self-mortification. Such extreme self-denial stunts or checks the otherwise normal man and his development.

to come to heel, to obey, just as a hunting dog is trained to follow closely at the heel of his master when commanded to do so.

the servant of a tender conscience, obeying a moral sense of right and wrong that is easily touched or moved.

to hate all vileness. A man who has had a liberal education is one who has learned that not only must he not be

satisfied merely to be good, but also that he must take an aggressive attitude and hate all evil, try to eradicate evil.

beneficent mother, mother doing good or showing active kindness.

her mouthpiece, spokesman, one who speaks for Nature.

her conscious self, Nature represented as conscious, through his conscious thought; Nature shown as being aware of external things, Nature with mental faculties alive and awake because he is wide awake.

her minister, the person employed by Nature to carry out her purposes; her agent.

Questions

1. What is Huxley's first definition of a liberal education?
2. How much does he include under “the laws of nature”?
3. What instruction other than that received in school does one receive?
4. Why is Nature's education insufficient?
5. What is the object of artificial education?
6. What is Huxley's final definition of a liberal education?
7. What kind of man has had a liberal education?
8. What will be the relationship of such a man to nature?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《通识教育》，作者托马斯·亨利·赫胥黎，选自罗杰·舍曼·卢米斯编写的《一年级读本》，由波士顿的霍顿·米夫林公司1925年出版，301—305页。

【作者简介】

托马斯·亨利·赫胥黎（1825—1895），英国博物学家，曾广泛演说，并有丰厚著述。

20 通识教育

何谓教育？特别是在我们心中，真正的通识教育理想是什么？如若一切能够重来，我们会让自己接受这样的教育吗？如若命运能够掌握在自己手中，我们会让自己的孩子接受这样的教育吗？我不了解你们对此有何看法，但是我想吐露自己的想法，并希望我们的观点不要有太大分歧。

假使真的存在这么一种情况，即我们每个人的生命和财产有一天要由自己在象棋比赛中的输赢决定，那么，你们不认为我们的首要任务是对象棋进行一定的学习吗？比如，至少要学习每个棋子的名称和走法、掌握开局棋法、谙熟各种“将军”及“被将军”的策略等。另外，如果一个父亲或一个国家放任他的儿子或人民，在长大或成熟后竟不分卒马，那么，你们不认为我们应当对这样的父亲和国家嗤之以鼻吗？

然而，一个基本事实显而易见，即我们及与我们相关的每个人的生命、财产和幸福，都取决于我们对某个游戏规则的了解程度，这些规则比象棋规则更难、更复杂。这场游戏持续了多久我们无从知晓，但我们每个男男女女都是这场游戏的参与者，各自进行着对弈。这场游戏中，棋盘就是整个世界，棋子则是宇宙现象，游戏规则便是我们所说的自然法则。游戏中我们虽然看不见对方，但我们都知道，对方是秉着公平、公正以及耐心来对弈的。但是，在付出代价之后，我们才知道对方从不放过我们的丝毫过错，对我们的疏漏也不做点滴宽容。游戏中，强者会被慷慨地授予最高奖励，从而使强者愉悦万分，而弱者只有慢慢地被将死，无人同情。

我所做的这番比喻，会让你们想起雷茨施的那幅名画，画中将人生描述为人类与撒旦的一场象棋博弈。将这幅画中阴险的恶魔替换成镇定自若、坚强无比的天使，他只为爱而战，宁愿输的是自己——我认为这正是对人类生活的真实描绘。

我所说的教育就是学会这场大型游戏的规则。换句话说，我认为教育就是对自然法则智慧的展现，这种展现不仅仅指各种事物及其蕴含的力量，而且也包括人类和他们的各个方面，以及热切希望和这些自然法则和谐相处的情感与意志的塑造。因此，在我看来，这就是所谓的教育。任何自命为“教育”之物都必须符合这一标准。否则，无论面临多大的权威和势力，我都不会称其为教育。

必须记住一点，严格来说没有哪个人是没有受过教育的。举一个极端的例子吧。假设一个成人如同亚当一样在他各种官能最佳时突然降生到这个世界，然后尽其所能去做事。那么，他“未接受教育”的状态会持续多久呢？不到五分钟。因为大自然会随时通过他的眼睛、耳朵、触觉来告诉他周围事物的特征，他所感知到的疼痛和舒适会告诉他什么该做，什么不该做。渐渐地，这个人就受到了教育。尽管这种教育范围比较狭窄，且缺乏与人互动及成就感，但对适应周边环境来说，这种教育比较真实、彻底和充分。

而且，对于这个孤独而生的亚当来说，如果他遇到了另一个“亚当”，或者如果更幸运的话，遇见了夏娃，那么，一个更大更新、具有社会性质且包罗道德现象的世界就会出现。从这种新的人际关系中引发的欢乐和悲伤都会使世上所有其他事物黯然失色。幸福和悲伤会取代快感和痛感这种粗浅的表达。但是，对行为举止的塑造还要靠观察他人行为的自然结果，或者靠人的自然本性。

世界对于我们每个人来说都曾是新鲜和陌生的，就像当初对于亚当一样。并且，早在我们受到其他任何教育影响之前，大自然就支配着我们，对我们的生活无时无刻不进行教育并施加影响，使我们的行为大致遵循自然法则，从而避免我们可能因为过分地逆反自然而被其淘汰。即使一个人年至松鹤、寿比南山，我也不认为这种教育方式对他来说是过时的。对于每个人而言，世界都如最初时一样无比新颖。在那些用眼睛观察世界的人看来，那里充满了奇珍异物，奥妙难言。大自然就好比一所伟大的大学，在这里我们每个人都是学员，大自然总是对我们进行耐心的教导。不过，在大自然这所大学里并没有测试或考查制度。

在那里，能够获得荣誉并学会和服从支配人与事物法则的那些人，会成为这个世界上真正伟大而成功的人。相比之下，大部分人只是鹦鹉学舌，他们所学知识只是保证他们能够通过考试。而那些不学无术的人则会被淘汰，这样就再也无法挽回。被大自然所淘汰就意味着灭亡。

因此，从大自然角度而言，强制义务教育并不是个难题。关于这个问题的议案早已制定完成并获得通过。但是像其他强制性立法一样，自然的立法是残酷的，一旦违反则需要付出巨大代价。无知就像故意逆

反一样要受到严厉的惩罚，无能则如同犯罪一般要付出相同的代价。大自然的惩罚方式甚至不是先予以打击，再以理相劝，而是直接予以无言的打击。你只能自己去找出被打的原因。

我们通常所称的教育（因为这种教育有人为介入，我在此将其称为“人为教育”以示区分），其目的在于弥补自然教育在方法上的缺陷，同时为孩子接受大自然的教育做好准备，使他们不至于无知、无能或逆反，也帮助他们了解自然不悦时的各种迹象，不至于毫无准备地接受未来的惩罚。总而言之，所有人为教育应该是对自然教育的预期。通识教育就是一种人为教育。这种教育方式不仅教导人们避免违反自然规律这样的罪恶行为，还教导人们利用并感恩于自然的赏赐，因为大自然用她的自由之手散播赏赐，就如同散播各种惩罚一样。

我认为，一个接受过通识教育的人应该是这样的：他年轻时受到的训练可以使其身体服从自己的意志，就像一台机器一样轻松而愉悦地从事一切工作；他的心智好比一台敏锐、冷静而有逻辑性的引擎，每个部分能力相当，有条不紊地运行着；他又如一台蒸汽机，待于效力各种工作，纺织思想之纱，铸就心智之锚；他的大脑中充满着知识，既有关于大自然的重要真理和知识，也有自然界运行的基本规律；他并不是一个不正常的苦行人，他的生活中总是充满生机和热情，但他的激情永远受制于强大的意志力和敏感的良好良知；他学会去热爱一切美好的事物，不论是自然之美还是艺术之美；他憎恨所有的丑恶，并做到尊人如待己。

我认为，只有这样的人，才有资格称为接受过通识教育，因为他已经和自然互为相融，互利互用，和谐与共。他们将会相处得很好，自然界永远是他的慈母，而他也会成为慈母的喉舌，化身为她的意识，变为她的代理人和传声筒。

（罗选民 译）

THE FUNCTION OF EDUCATION IN DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY

By Charles W. Eliot

THE FUNCTION OF EDUCATION IN DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY, from Charles William Eliot's *Educational Reforms: Essays and Addresses*, New York, The Century Company, 1909, pp. 401-407.

Charles William Eliot (1834-1926), American educationalist, president of Harvard University, 1869-1909. This is an address delivered before the Brooklyn Institute on October 2, 1897.

What the function of education shall be in a democracy will depend on what is meant by democratic education.

Too many of us think of education for the people as if it meant only learning to read, write, and cipher. Now, reading, writing, and simple ciphering are merely the tools by the diligent use of which a rational education is to be obtained through years of well-directed labor. They are not ends in themselves, but means to the great end of enjoying a rational existence. Under any civilized form of government, these arts ought to be acquired by every child by the time it is nine years of age. Competent teachers, or properly conducted schools, now teach reading, writing, and spelling simultaneously, so that the child writes every word it reads, and, of course, in writing spells the word. Ear, eye, and hand thus work together from the beginning in the acquisition of the arts of reading and writing. As to ciphering, most educational experts have become convinced that the amount of arithmetic which an educated person who is not some sort of computer needs to make use of is but small, and that real education should not be delayed or impaired for the sake of acquiring a skill in ciphering which will be of little use either to the child or to the adult. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, then, are not the goal of popular education.

The goal in all education, democratic or other, is always receding before the advancing contestant, as the top of a mountain seems to retreat before the climber, remoter and higher summits appearing successively as each apparent summit it reached. Nevertheless, the goal of the moment in education is always the acquisition of knowledge, the training of some permanent capacity for productiveness or enjoyment, and the development of character. Democratic education being a very new thing in the world, its attainable objects are not yet fully perceived. Plato taught that the laborious classes in a model commonwealth needed no education whatever. That seems an extraordinary opinion for a great philosopher to hold; but, while we wonder at it, let us recall that only one generation ago in some of our Southern States it was a crime to teach a member of the laborious class to read. In feudal society education was the privilege of some of the nobility and clergy, and was one source of the power of these two small classes. Universal education in Germany dates only from the Napoleonic wars; and its object has been to make freeman. In England the system of public instruction is but twenty-seven years old. Moreover the fundamental object of democratic education—to lift the whole population on a higher plane of intelligence, conduct, and happiness—has not yet been perfectly apprehended even in the United States. Too many of our own people think of popular education as if it were only a protection against dangerous superstitions, or a measure of police, or a means of increasing the national productiveness in the arts and trades. Our generation may, therefore, be excused if it has but an incomplete vision of the goal of education in a democracy.

I proceed to describe briefly the main elements of instruction and discipline in a democratic school. As soon as the easy use of what I have called the tools of education is acquired, and even while this familiarity is being gained, the capacity for productiveness and enjoyment should begin to be trained through the progressive acquisition of an elementary knowledge of the external world. The democratic school should begin early in the very first grades—the

study of nature; and all its teachers should, therefore, be capable of teaching the elements of physical geography, meteorology, botany, and zoölogy, the whole forming in the child's mind one harmonious sketch of its complex environment. This is a function of the primary-school teacher which our fathers never thought of, but which every passing year brings out more and more clearly as a prime function of every instructor of little children. Somewhat later in the child's progress toward maturity the great sciences of chemistry and physics will find place in its course of systematic training. From the seventh or eighth year, according to the quality and capacity of the child, plane and solid geometry, the science of form, should find a place among the school studies, and some share of the child's attention that great subject should claim for six or seven successive years. The process of making acquaintance with external nature through the elements of these various sciences should be interesting and enjoyable for every child. It should not be painful but delightful; and throughout the process the child's skill in the arts of reading, writing, and ciphering should be steadily developed.

There is another part of every child's environment with which he should early begin to make acquaintance, namely, the human part. The story of the human race should be gradually conveyed to the child's mind from the time he begins to read with pleasure. This story should be conveyed quite as much through biography as through history; and with the descriptions of facts and real events should be entwined charming and uplifting products of the imagination. I cannot but think, however, that the wholly desirable imaginative literature for children remains, in large measure, to be written. The mythologies, Old Testament stories, fairy tales, and historical romances on which we are accustomed to feed the childish mind contain a great deal that is perverse, barbarous, or trivial; and to this infiltration into children's minds, generation after generation, of immoral, cruel, or foolish ideas is probably to be attributed, in part, the slow ethical progress of the race. The common justification of our practice is that children do not apprehend the evil in the mental pictures with which we so rashly supply them. But what should we think of a mother who gave her child dirty milk or porridge, on the theory that the child would not assimilate the dirt? Should we be less careful of mental and moral food materials? It is, however, as undesirable as it is impossible to try to feed the minds of children only upon facts of observation or record. The immense product of the imagination in art and literature is a concrete fact with which every educated being should be made somewhat familiar, such products being a very real part of every individual's actual environment.

Into the education of the great majority of children there enters as an important part their contribution to the daily labor of the household and the farm, or, at least, of the household. It is one of the serious consequences of the rapid concentration of population into cities and large towns, and of the minute division of labor which characterizes modern industries, that this wholesome part of education is less easily secured than it used to be when the greater part of the population was engaged in agriculture. Organized education must, therefore, supply in urban communities a good part of the manual and moral training which the coöperation of children in the work of father and mother affords in agricultural communities. Hence the great importance in any urban population of facilities for training children to accurate handwork, and for teaching them patience, forethought, and good judgment in productive labor.

Lastly, the school should teach every child, by precept, by example, and by every illustration its reading can supply, that the supreme attainment for any individual is vigor and loveliness of character. Industry, persistence, veracity in word and act, gentleness and disinterestedness should be made to thrive and blossom during school life in the hearts of the children who bring these virtues from their homes well started, and should be planted and tended in the less fortunate children. Furthermore, the pupils should be taught that what is virtue in one human being is virtue in any group of human beings, large or small—a village, a city or a nation; that the ethical principles which should govern an empire are precisely the same as those which should govern an individual; and that selfishness, greed, falseness, brutality, and ferocity are as hateful and degrading in a multitude as they are in a single savage.

The education thus outlined is what I think should be meant by democratic education. It exists to-day only among the most intelligent people, or in places singularly fortunate in regard to the organization of their schools; but though it be the somewhat distant ideal of democratic education, it is by no means an unattainable ideal. It is the reasonable aim of the public school in a thoughtful and ambitious democracy. It, of course, demands of a kind of teacher much above the elementary-school teacher of the present day, and it also requires a larger expenditure upon the public school than is at all customary as yet in this country. But that better kind of teacher and that larger expenditure are imperatively called for, if democratic institutions are to prosper, and to promote continuously the

real welfare of the mass of the people. The standard of education should not be set at the now attained or the now attainable. It is the privilege of public education to press toward a mark remote.

Notes

function, the work that education is designed to do; the natural and proper action of education.

cipher, do sums in arithmetic. Reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic are called the 3 R's.

diligent, hard-working, industrious, steady in application, attentive to duties.

rational, sensible; intelligent; having reason or understanding; not absurd or foolish.

simultaneously, all at the same time; all taking place at one time.

computer, a person whose duty requires a knowledge of figures and computing.

impaired, weakened; damaged.

popular education, education for the mass of people; democratic education.

of the moment, of the time that affords an opportunity; of the present.

Plato (427-347 B.C.) , the eminent Greek philosopher, made such a statement in his *Republic*.

laborious, laboring; doing unskilled labor.

model commonwealth, the body of people constituting a state or politically organized community that serves as an example for imitation. Plato's *Republic* is an attempt at presenting such an organization.

extraordinary, beyond or out of the common order or method; not usual, customary, regular, or ordinary.

one generation ago. Around 1865 when the American Civil War ended. The average time in which children are ready to replace parents is reckoned at one third of a century or at thirty years as a time measure.

our Southern States, the southern states of the United States of America.

feudal society. In medieval Europe, society was based on the relation between vassal and superior arising from the holding of lands in feud.

clergy, the body of men set apart, by due ordination, to the service of God, in the Christian church, in distinction from the laity.

Napoleonic wars. The wars against the encroachments of Napoleon were fought in the years between 1799 and 1815.

twenty-seven years old, that is, since 1870.

meteorology, the science or the branch of physics treating of the atmosphere and its phenomena, especially its variations of heat and moisture, its winds and storms, and others.

entwined, twisted or wreathed together or around; included.

mythologies. Mythology treats of myths, which are stories, the origins of which are forgotten, that ostensibly relate historical events, which are usually of such character as to serve to some practice, belief, institution, or natural phenomenon. A myth may be a person or thing existing only in imagination, or whose actual existence is not

verifiable. Here, the reference is to the myths of Greece and Rome, and those of the Teutonic tribes—to such stories as those of Zeus and his Olympian comrades.

Old Testament stories, stories from the Old Testament of the Bible, such as the story of the crossing of the Red Sea, that of the sun and moon standing still at the command of Joshua and others too numerous to relate.

fairy tales, as those given in Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales.

historical romances, those of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, of Æneas and his wanderings and many others.

perverse, turned away from the right; willfully erring; wicked;perverted.

infiltration, penetrating gradually.

porridge, a food made by boiling some leguminous or farinaceous substance in water or milk to form a broth or thin pudding.

assimilate, absorb or appropriate as nourishment.

urban, of or pertaining to a city or town.

precept, any commandment, instruction, or order intended as a rule of action or conduct, especially a command respecting moral conduct.

industry, habitual diligence in any employment or pursuit; constant or close application or attention, especially to some business or enterprise;hard work.

veracity, that which is true; habitual observance of truth.

disinterestedness, freedom from selfish motive; not biased or prejudiced.

savage, an uncivilized person; a person of brutal cruelty or uncontrolled passions or barbarous ignorance.

imperatively, urgently.

now attained, that which we now have.

now attainable, that which we now can have, regardless as to whether we have it or have it not at the present.

Questions

1. Are people educated when they have learned their three R's?
2. What is always the goal of the moment in education? Why only of the moment?
3. Why has our generation an incomplete vision of the goal of education in a democracy?
4. What are the main elements of instruction and discipline in a democratic school?
5. Through what studies should a child make acquaintance with external nature?
6. How should a child learn the story of the human race?
7. Why must city schools provide handiwork?

8. What ethical training should the school give?

9. Why is popular education peculiarly essential in a democracy?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《民主社会中教育之功用》一文选自查尔斯·W. 艾略特所著《教育改革：论文和演说集》，纽约世纪公司1909年出版，401—407页。

【作者简介】

查尔斯·W. 艾略特（1834—1926），美国教育家，1869—1909年担任哈佛大学校长。本文是他1897年10月2日在布鲁克林研究所前发表的演讲词。

21 民主社会中教育之功用

民主社会中教育之功用取决于民主教育之意义。

古往，教育于吾民大众莫过于教人诵读、授人文书、传人算术。如今，勤勉之士视之为“工具”而已，只需努力得当，假以时日，即可实现理性教育。然工具本身并非教育之目标，乃是受教育者为实现“享受理性生存”这一伟大目标之手段。任何文明政体下，孩童至九岁时便应习得此诸般技艺。时下，称职之师或规范之校皆同时教授阅读、写作及拼写。如此一来，孩童依照所读进行书写，当然，也于书写时拼读文字。因而，初始习得阅读、写作等技艺时，耳、眼、手则予协调并用。至于算术，多数教育专家坚信，受教育之人，除非专业于计算，其所需运算量甚小。无论在孩童时期或成人阶段，算术鲜有用武之地，故不应以延缓甚至牺牲真正教育为代价而习得此种鸡肋之技。至此，阅读、写作、算术皆不入大众教育之标的。

不论民主抑或其他教育，其标的总是随受教育者进步而后移，好比登山者眼中之山顶总不断后移。当攀上眼前之峰顶时，更远山脉、更高顶峰则相继涌现。言虽如此，目前教育目标仍是获取知识、锻炼产力、学会鉴赏及塑造性格。民主教育乃新生领域，其功能及目标尚未能得到完全领会。以柏拉图之见，模范联邦体中，劳动阶级不需接受任何教育。对柏拉图此等大哲学家而言，此观点似乎非比寻常；然虑及吾辈，尚表疑惑。不妨回想，仅一代人之前，于美国南方诸州之内教授劳动阶层人民阅读乃犯法之事。在封建社会，受教育乃贵族与牧师之特权，亦为其获得权利之源泉。在德国，全民教育源于拿破仑战争，目标为培养自由公民。在英格兰，此等公众教育体系仅存廿七年之久，且其最主要目标是使大众民智、民行、民乐上升一个层次，但此目标即便在美国也未得到充分领会。多数民众认为，大众教育不过是危险迷信活动之预防，治安管治之手段，抑或提高国家艺术及贸易产率之方式。故而，吾辈如若对民主国家教育之目标理解不透彻，实乃情有可原。

继而，将简述民主学校教学与学科两大主题。如若能轻松上手且娴熟运用上文所言之“工具”，即可逐步获取外部世界基础知识以提升产力及培养乐趣。民主学校应在第一学年初始开设关于自然之学习，且所有教师应具备能力教授自然地理、气象学、植物学、动物学等基础知识。学生所学知识会作为整体在头脑中构成他们所处复杂环境的和谐轮廓。此即小学教师之价值功用，吾辈前人未曾有所意识。然年复一年，孩童启蒙师的早期价值功用会变得愈加明晰。在孩童迈向成熟之途中，化学、物理此等重要学科会在其系统训练中有所体现。据孩童之才干与能力，自第七或第八年，平面几何、立体几何、形式科学会在众多学习科目中占有一席之地，某些主要科目甚或需要连续学习六七载。通过各种学科知识来了解外在自然世界，于每位学生而言皆应有趣而快乐。此过程愉悦充盈、苦痛未沾，且孩童之读、写、算技能可获稳步提升。

此外，孩童应予早期了解自身所处环境之另一面——人类本身。人类故事应在孩童开始享受阅读之时就逐渐灌输于他们头脑中。传记文学与历史叙述两种灌输方式应予以并重，且对现实和真实事件之描写需穿插一些跌宕起伏、引人入胜的想象元素。然而，不禁思虑，完全符合意愿之想象性儿童文学作品在相当程度上有待创作。以往，神话传说、圣经故事、童话奇谈、历史演义等被习惯性用于填充孩童精神世界，但其中些许内容是违逆、野蛮且琐碎的。将此等愚蠢、残忍或有悖道德之邪恶思想灌输于一代代孩童内心，成为人类伦理发展进程缓慢原因之一。而当这些思想被轻率地置于孩童面前时，他们并不会理解其中之邪恶，这使得人们认为这种做法理所应当。好比一位母亲，她自认为孩童不会吸收脏物，从而喂食其不干净牛奶或米粥，对此，我们做何感想？从口食物品到精神食粮，我们应放肆标准，任意进食吗？然而，仅靠观察或记录事实来填充孩童精神世界之做法既不合理亦不可能。艺术与文学中通过想象而得的大量产物是每个受教育之人都应或多或少熟悉的具体事实，此类产物是每个个体所处真实环境中的一部分。

对多数孩童而言，他们能否在家里和田间，或至少在家里出活出力也构成教育之重要部分。人口向城市或大型城镇快速聚集，以及作为工业现代化标志的分工细化导致了一个严重后果，即比起过去大部分人口从事农业活动的时代，保障这种有益健康的教育已日趋困难。因而，系统性教育必须在城市社区安排大量的动手能力训练与品性道德教育，而在农业社区中，孩童与父母协同承担工作，以完成此部分教育。故而，城市中的教育机构应当训练孩童在生产劳动中如何做到手工精细、耐心耐性、思虑筹划及正确判断，这些尤为重要。

最后，课堂教学应利用阅读中所提供的规则、例子和图解予以施教，确保每个孩童的最高培养目标是

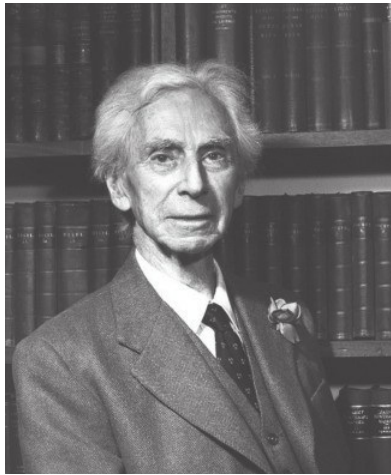
富有活力与魅力的性格。受益于良好家教的孩童自小便在言行上做到勤勉、坚韧、诚实，心中也已知晓公正、礼让这些品格，学校教育应让这些品格继续兴旺、传播。而对其他缺乏上述得体言行及优良品格的孩童，教育职责在于将其植入童心，并悉心发扬。另外，应让孩童明晓，品行美德于己于人、于国于民皆同行同德、同心同理。小至某个村落，大到一个城邦，治国之道德准则同样适用于规约个人行为，故寄生于群体或个人的自私、贪婪、虚伪、无情、凶残都是令人生厌及丧失体面的低劣人格。

以上略述之教育即前面言及的民主教育。此类教育理念只存在于现今最聪慧者当中或组织方式非凡突出的部分学校。尽管民主教育仍旧遥远，但绝不意味其遥不可及。在一个富有雄心及深度思想的民主国家，民主教育乃公办教学之合理目标。当然，师资与经费是两大问题，首先需要一批水平远超现今普通小学教员的教师，其次，还需投入比惯常更大的开支。如若民主制度想要繁荣发展，民众切实福利想要持续提高，则师资与经费的投入成必然之势。另外，教育标准不应以既成现有或触手可及的原则来制定，因公共教育之优势在于朝更远目标而迈进。

（罗选民 译）

WHAT SHALL WE EDUCATE FOR?

By Bertrand Russell



WHAT SHALL WE EDUCATE FOR? by Bertrand Russell in his *Education and the Good Life*, as reprinted in Walter Lippmann and Allan Nevins: *A Modern Reader*, Boston, D. C. Heath and Company, 1936, pp. 473-477.

Bertrand Russell (1872-1970), later Earl Russell, English journalist, public speaker, and political thinker. After 1918 he lectured at Peking University. While traveling, lecturing, and studying the civilizations of Soviet Russia, China, the United States, and Europe, he has hammered out in detail his view of the future of mankind—lucidly expressed in *Proposed Roads to Freedom*, *Education and the Good Life*, and *The Prospects of Industrial Civilization*. He believes in combining industrialism with leisure, individual liberty, and the cultivation of art. He believes that this new civilization may easily be created if mankind will but establish three bases for it: first, a more equal distribution of goods; second, the abolition of war; third, the acceptance of a stationary or but slowly rising level of population.

Traditional Chinese education was, in some respects, very similar to that of Athens in its best days. Athenian boys were made to learn Homer by heart from beginning to end; Chinese boys were made to learn the Confucian classics with similar thoroughness. Athenians were taught a kind of reverence for the gods which consisted in outward observances and placed no barrier in the way of free intellectual speculation. Similarly, the Chinese were taught certain rites connected with ancestor-worship, but were by no means obliged to have the beliefs which the rites would seem to imply. An easy and elegant skepticism was the attitude expected of an educated adult; anything might be discussed, but it was a trifle vulgar to reach very positive conclusions. Opinions should be such as could be discussed pleasantly at dinner, not such as man would fight for. Carlyle calls Plato “a lordly Athenian gentleman, very much at his ease in Zion.” This characteristic of being “at his ease in Zion” is found also in Chinese sages, and is, as a rule, absent from the sages produced by Christian civilizations, except when, like Goethe, they have deeply imbibed the spirit of Hellenism. The Athenians and the Chinese alike wished to enjoy life, and had a conception of enjoyment which was refined by an exquisite sense of beauty.

There were, however, great differences between the two civilizations, owing to the fact that, broadly speaking, the Greeks were energetic and the Chinese were lazy. The Greeks devoted their energies to art and science and mutual extermination—in all of which they achieved unprecedented success. Politics and patriotism afforded practical outlets for Greek energy: when a politician was ousted he led a band of exiles to attack his native city. When a Chinese official was disgraced he retired to the hills and wrote poems on the pleasures of country life. Accordingly, the Greek civilization destroyed itself, but the Chinese civilization could be destroyed only from without. These differences, however, seemed not wholly attributable to education, since Confucianism in Japan never produced the indolent cultured skepticism which characterized the Chinese literati, except in the Kyoto nobility, who formed a kind of Faubourg Saint Germain.

Chinese education produced stability and art; it failed to produce progress or science. Perhaps this may be taken as what is to be expected of skepticism. Passionate beliefs produce either progress or disaster, not stability. Science, even when it attacks traditional beliefs, has beliefs of its own, and can scarcely flourish in an atmosphere of literary skepticism. In a pugnacious world, which has been unified by modern inventions, energy is needed for national self-preservation. And without science democracy is impossible: the Chinese civilization was confined to the small percentage of educated men and the Greek civilization was based on slavery. For these reasons the traditional education of China is not suited to the modern world, and has been abandoned by the Chinese themselves. Cultivated eighteenth-century gentlemen, who in some respects resembled Chinese literati, have become impossible for the same reasons.

Modern Japan affords the clearest illustration of a tendency which is prominent among all the Great Powers—the tendency to make national greatness the supreme purpose of education. The aim of Japanese education is to produce citizens who shall be devoted to the state through the training of their passions, and useful to it through the knowledge they have acquired. I cannot sufficiently praise the skill with which this double purpose has been pursued. Ever since the advent of Commodore Perry's squadron the Japanese have been in a situation in which self-preservation was very difficult; their success affords a justification of their methods, unless we are to hold that self-preservation itself may be culpable. But only a desperate situation could have justified their educational methods, which would have been culpable in any nation not in imminent peril. The Shinto religion, which must not be called in question even by university professors, involves history just as dubious as Genesis; the Dayton trial pales into insignificance beside the theological tyranny in Japan. There is an equal ethical tyranny; nationalism, filial piety, Mikado-worship, etc., must not be called in question, and, therefore, many kinds of progress are scarcely possible. The great danger of a cast-iron system of this sort is that it may provoke revolution as the sole method of progress. This danger is real, though not immediate, and is largely caused by the educational system.

We have thus in modern Japan a defect opposite to that of ancient China. Whereas the Chinese literati were too skeptical and lazy, the products of Japanese education are likely to be too dogmatic and energetic. Neither acquiescence in skepticism nor acquiescence in dogma is what education should produce. What it should produce is a belief that knowledge is attainable in a measure, though with difficulty; that much of what passes for knowledge at any given time is likely to be more or less mistaken, but that the mistakes can be rectified by care and industry. In acting upon our beliefs, we should be very cautious where a small error would mean disaster; nevertheless, it is upon our beliefs that we must act. This state of mind is rather difficult: it requires a high degree of intellectual culture without emotional atrophy. But though difficult, it is not impossible; it is in fact the scientific temper. Knowledge, like other good things, is difficult, but not impossible; the dogmatist forgets the difficulty, the skeptic denies the possibility. Both are mistaken, and their errors, when widespread, produce social disaster.

Doctor Arnold's system, which has remained in force in English public schools to the present day, had another defect: namely, that it was aristocratic. The aim was to train men for positions of authority and power, whether at home or in distant parts of the Empire. An aristocracy, if it is to survive, needs certain virtues; these were to be imparted at school. The product was to be energetic, stoical, physically fit, possessed of certain unalterable beliefs, with high standards of rectitude, and convinced that it had an important mission in the world. To a surprising extent, these results were achieved. Intellect was sacrificed to them, because intellect might produce doubt. Sympathy was sacrificed, because it might interfere with governing "inferior" races or classes. Kindliness was sacrificed for the sake of toughness; imagination, for the sake of firmness.

In an unchanging world the result might have been a permanent aristocracy, possessing the merits and defects of the Spartans. But aristocracy is out of date, and subject populations will no longer obey even the most wise and virtuous rulers. The rulers are driven into brutality, and brutality further encourages revolt. The complexity of the modern world increasingly requires intelligence, and Doctor Arnold sacrificed intelligence to "virtue." The battle of Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton, but the British Empire is being lost there. The modern world needs a different type, with more imaginative sympathy, more intellectual suppleness, less belief in bulldog courage and more belief in technical knowledge. The administrator of the future must be the servant of free citizens, not the benevolent ruler of admiring subjects. The aristocratic tradition embedded in British higher education is its bane. Perhaps this tradition can be eliminated gradually; perhaps the older educational institutions will be found incapable of adapting themselves. As to that, I do not venture an opinion.

The American public schools achieve successfully a task never before attempted on a large scale: the task of transforming a heterogeneous selection of mankind into a homogeneous nation. This is done so ably, and is, on the whole, such a beneficent work, that on the balance great praise is due to those who accomplish it. But America, like Japan, is placed in a peculiar position, and what the special circumstances justify is not necessarily an ideal to be followed everywhere and always. America has had certain advantages and certain difficulties. Among the advantages were: a higher standard of wealth; freedom from the danger of defeat in war; comparative absence of cramping traditions inherited from the Middle Ages. Immigrants found in America a generally diffused sentiment of democracy and an advanced stage of industrial technique. These, I think, are the two chief reasons why almost all of them came to admire America more than their native countries. But actual immigrants, as a rule, retain a dual patriotism: in European struggles they continue to take passionately the side of the nation to which they originally belonged. Their children, on the contrary, lose all loyalty to the country from which their parents have come and become merely and simple Americans. The attitude of the parents is attributable to the general merits of America; that of the children is very largely determined by their school education. It is only the contribution of the school that concerns us.

In so far as the school can rely upon the genuine merits of America, there is no need to associate the teaching of American patriotism with the inculcation of false standards. But where the Old World is superior to the New, it becomes necessary to instill a contempt for genuine excellencies. The intellectual level in Western Europe and the artistic level in Eastern Europe are, on the whole, higher than in America. Throughout Western Europe, except in Spain and Portugal, there is less theological superstition than in America. In almost all European countries the individual is less subject to herd domination than in America: his inner freedom is greater even where his political freedom is less. In these respects the American public schools do harm. The harm is essential to the teaching of an exclusive American Patriotism. The harm, as with the Japanese, comes from regarding the pupils as means to an end, not as ends in themselves. The teacher should love his children better than his state; otherwise he is not an ideal teacher.

Notes

Athens, the capital city of ancient Greece, the center of Greek culture.

Homer, who lived about the ninth century before Christ, the greatest of the Greek epic poets, credited with being the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

barrier, obstacles; anything that impedes the progress.

skepticism, suspension of judgment, questioning the truth of facts and the soundness of inferences; incredulous criticism.

vulgar, coarse; low; characteristic of the common people.

Carlyle, Thomas (1795-1881), Scottish essayist and historian.

Plato (427-347 B.C.) , Greek philosopher.

at his ease in Zion. Zion was the holy hill of ancient Jerusalem, in Jewish theology, but by extension came to mean the Heavenly Jerusalem or the Kingdom of Heaven. Here, the word means heavenly kingdom. A man who is at his ease in heaven is a very self-possessed man, a man who is very composed, who looks at life steadily and calmly.

Goethe (1749-1832) , German poet and author.

imbibed, drunk in; assimilated; taken in and made part of his own.

mutual extermination, killing off one another; rooting out one another.

literati, men of letters; the learned class.

the Kyoto nobility, those who belong to the noble families of Kyoto, the western capital of Japan. These nobles were the most aristocrat of their kind and took on a cultured skepticism.

Faubourg Saint Germain, in the suburban part of Paris, the aristocratic quarter of Paris.

pugnacious, disposed to fight; quarrelsome.

cultivated eighteenth-century gentlemen. English eighteenth-century gentlemen developed the nice graces of conduct, avoided passionate outburst, tried to be cultivated, civilized.

advent, arrival.

Commodore Perry, Matthew Calbraith (1794-1858) , American naval officer who sailed his squadron of ships into the Bay of Tokyo in 1852 and opened Japan to western influence.

culpable, blameworthy; can be held to blame.

imminent, about to happen soon; impending.

Shinto religion, “way of the gods,” Japanese religion partly ousted by Buddhism, but now the national religion.

dubious, unreliable; questionable.

Genesis, the first book of the Christian Bible, deals with the formation of the earth and of all the living things. This explanation of the genesis or origin of things we do not agree with to-day.

the Dayton trial. A teacher was arrested and put on trial for teaching the theory of evolution in a class in biology in a high school in Dayton, in the southwestern part of the state of Ohio, one of the central states of the United States of America. Because of the nature of the accusation against the teacher, the trial attracted nation-wide interest in America, and some of the ablest legal authorities of America took part in the court trial. The teacher was found guilty of teaching doctrines contrary to the laws of that part of the country, laws which insisted that only the explanation as given in the Book of Genesis of the Bible should be taught to the young.

Mikado-worship, worship of the Mikado, the emperor of Japan.

etc., the abbreviation for the Latin *et cetera*, meaning “and others.”

cast-iron system, a system that is as rigid, unadaptable, hard to change or mold, as cast iron.

acquiescence, an agreement that is understood without being said; a tacit agreement.

rectified, put right; corrected; amended.

emotional atrophy, wasting away the emotions through imperfect nourishment; emotional emaciation.

Doctor Arnold's system. Dr. Thomas Arnold (1795-1842), English historian and teacher, master of Rugby, one of the select middle schools of English (public schools, these select middle schools of England are called) was in the main responsible for the path that these public schools of England have followed all these years.

the Empire, the British Empire.

imparted, taught; communicated.

stoical, possessed of great self-control or fortitude or austerity.

the Spartans, natives of Sparta, especially with allusion to the supposed characteristics of Spartans, their endurance, their simplicity, their stoicism.

the battle of Waterloo, fought on June 18, 1815, at Waterloo, 9 miles southeast of Brussels, Belgium, where Napoleon was so decisively defeated and finally captured. The Duke of Wellington led the victorious armies, and the English officers under him were all graduates of the public schools of England, the Duke himself being a graduate from Eton Public School. The English officers attributed their success to their early training in rugby and cricket, especially to the lessons in fair play and courage.

bulldog courage. The bulldog, a powerful and courageous large-headed smooth-haired breed of dog, is noted for being tenacious and courageous. The English claim that they possess that sort of bulldog courage and tenacity.

bane, poison or cause of ruin.

heterogeneous, diverse in character; composed of diverse elements.

homogeneous, consisting of parts all of the same kind; uniform.

cramping traditions, customs or beliefs handed down that are difficult to accept and therefore hinder progress.

immigrants, persons who come into a country. Those who leave a country are known as emigrants.

a dual patriotism, a double or twofold patriotism. The immigrants to America are still loyal to their mother country, the country that they have left behind them, and at the same time they have come to be loyal to America, the country of their adoption. This being loyal to two countries at the same time is called dual patriotism.

inculcation, impression; learning; acquiring.

Old World, Europe and England; different from the New World, which is America.

instill, infuse; develop gradually.

herd domination, control as determined by the large mass of people. The word *herd* is here used in a contemptuous sense, implying that such domination is not desirable.

Questions

1. Compare traditional Chinese education with that of Athens in its best days. What are the great differences between the two civilizations?
2. Why is the traditional education of China not suited to the modern world?
3. What is the aim in Japanese education?

4. What is the defect with the Japanese type of education?
5. What is the aim of the English type of education?
6. What defect do we find with this English system?
7. What task has the American public school system successfully achieved?
8. What two advantages has America had?
9. What three difficulties confront American schools?
10. What should the teacher love better, his children or the state?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《教育的目的》一文选自伯特兰·罗素所著《教育与美好生活》，后收入沃尔特·李普曼及阿兰·内文斯编写的《现代读本》，由波士顿的D. C. 赫斯出版公司1936年出版，473—477页。

【作者简介】

伯特兰·罗素（1872—1970），现称罗素伯爵，英国记者、公共演说家、政治思想家。1918年曾在北京大学发表演讲。在游历、讲学与研究苏俄、中国、美国和欧洲文明的过程中，详细描绘了他对人类未来的思考——并在《通往自由之路》《教育与美好生活》，以及《工业文明之将来》三本著作中深入浅出地阐述了这一思考。他主张将工业主义与休闲、个人自由和艺术修养结合起来，认为如果人类可以建立三个基石，就可以轻而易举地建立起这种新型文明：首先，更加公平的商品分配；第二，消除战争；第三，接受稳定但缓慢增长的人口水平。

22 教育的目的

传统的中国教育在有些方面与鼎盛时期的雅典教育非常相似。雅典的学子必须通篇背诵荷马的著述，而中国的学子也要熟读儒家的经典。雅典人被教导在礼仪举止中必须表现出对众神的尊敬，但是并不阻碍自由的思想中出现的怀疑。同样地，中国人要学习与供奉祖先相关的礼仪，但并不表示他们必须信奉这些礼仪的含义。受过教育的成年人理应自由且恰当地有所怀疑；任何事情都值得讨论，而只有凡夫俗子才会妄下定论。各种真知灼见应该是餐桌上愉快的谈资，而不是面红耳赤争取来的东西。卡莱尔认为柏拉图是“高贵的雅典绅士，在理想国悠然自得”。从中国的圣贤身上，同样能看到这种“在理想国悠然自得”的品格。而这份悠然自得往往是基督教文明的圣人所不具备的，除非他们像歌德那样深得希腊精神的精髓。雅典人和中国人一样希望享受生活，而且他们对于享受生活的理解中还融入了一份精致的审美品位。

但是，在这两种文明之间也有着巨大的差异。从广义上说，这些差异源自这样一个事实：希腊人精力旺盛，中国人懒散。希腊人把精力倾注在艺术、科学和战争上——在所有这些方面他们都取得了空前的成就。政治与爱国精神给希腊人提供了宣泄的实用途径：被罢黜的政客会带着一队流放者发起反攻。而在中国的官员遭到罢免之后，则会归隐山林，吟诗作赋，从田园生活中寻找乐趣。相应地，希腊文化自我摧毁，而中国文明只可能被外部力量所破坏。但是这些差异似乎并不全然是因为教育，因为在日本，儒家教育就没有带来中国文人身上那种慵懒得成了气候的怀疑主义。只有京都是个例外，在那里形成了类似巴黎圣日尔曼法布街的贵族圈子。

中国的教育带来了稳定和艺术，却不能产生进步或科学。也许这正是怀疑论的必然结果。激进的观念带来的要么是进步，要么是灾难，但绝不是稳定。科学在对传统观念进行攻击时，拥有的是科学的信念。而在怀疑论的文化氛围中，这种信念是难有一席之地的。在一个借助现代发明才得以统一的充满争斗的世界上，国家要自我保护就必须充满活力。没有科学就没有民主：中国的文明局限于一小部分文人，而希腊文明的基础是奴隶制。正是因为这些原因，中国的传统教育难以适应现代世界，也为中国人自身所摒弃。十八世纪的绅士们在某些方面跟中国文人很是相似，现在也同样难以为继了。

在所有主要国家中，现代日本最清晰地表明了这样一种趋势——教育的终极目标是为了强国。日本教育的目的是通过调动热情培养国民为国献身的意识，并通过他们掌握的知识为国家效力。这种一石二鸟的高超技巧当得起任何称赞。自佩里舰长率领舰队远征以来，日本人一直处境艰难，危在旦夕；而如今他们取得的成功证明那些方法是行之有效的，除非我们认为寻求自保本身应当受到谴责。然而，日本的教育方法只有在濒临绝境时才是正当的，任何一个国家如果没有陷入同样的境地，便难逃指摘。神道教的内容连大学教授也不可置疑，但是里面包含的历史就像《创世记》一样未必可信；跟日本的神学统治相比，美国的代顿审判案都不免相形见绌。伦理道德上的统治也是如此；民族主义、孝道、天皇崇拜等等通通不允许讨论。因此，日本在许多方面难以取得进步。僵化的统治制度可能导致一种巨大的危险，就是一旦要取得进步，就会引起革命。尽管还没有到一触即发的地步，但是这种危险是真实存在的，并且主要是由教育体系引发的。

当代日本的缺陷跟古代中国恰好相对。中国文人疑虑重重，而且懒散，而日本人接受教育以后，变得太过教条和精力过剩。恪守怀疑或者恪守教条都不应当是教育所追求的成果。教育应当造就的是一种信念，那就是尽管需要克服一些困难，但知识是可以设法获得的；在某个时间点，许多冒充知识的东西可能或多或少带来误解，但这些错误可以通过细心和勤奋得到纠正。基于信念来采取行动时，在小错可能带来大祸的地方，我们就要小心翼翼；但无论如何，一切行动都应当以信念作为基础。这样的心态很难达到：既要有较高程度的智识，又要保持热情不会消退。尽管困难重重，仍是可以实现；事实上这就是科学的心态。知识正如其他美好的事物一样，虽难求，却并非不可得。教条主义者忘记了困难，而怀疑论者否认了实现的可能。二者都有误解，一旦这些误解大规模扩散，社会就会遭殃。

至今英国公立学校实行的仍是阿诺德博士的教育体系，但这一体系却有着另一种缺陷：它是贵族式的。其目的是为大英帝国本土或是遥远的海外领地培养有权有势的官员。贵族阶级如果想延续下来，必须拥有美德；而这些美德是在学校传授的。学校对人的培养目标是精力充沛、坚忍克制、体魄强健、具有某些坚定不移的信念、刚正不阿，并且坚信自己在这个世界上担负着重要的使命。让人惊讶的是，上述目标都得到了实现。但为此却抛弃了思辨，因为思辨产生怀疑；抛弃了同情，因为同情心会干扰对“劣等”民族或阶级的统治；抛弃了善良，选择了铁石心肠；抛弃了想象力，选择了一意孤行。

假使世界一成不变，具备斯巴达人优缺点的贵族或许能得以代代相传。但是贵族已经落后于时代，即使是最富智慧、最具美德的统治者也无法让黎民百姓俯首听命了。于是统治者采取了暴力统治，而暴行进一步引发了起义。现代世界的复杂越来越需要智慧，而阿诺德博士却为所谓的“美德”牺牲了智慧。在伊顿公学的操场上，滑铁卢战役或许能够打赢，但是大英帝国却将一败涂地。现代世界需要一种新的人才，需要更多富于想象力的同情心，更善于思辨的随机应变，少一些对凶狠蛮力的迷信，多一些对技术知识的信心。未来的管理者应当成为自由公民的仆人，而不是大众称颂的明君。英国高等教育中的贵族化传统埋下了祸根。或许这种传统可以逐渐消除；或许古老的教育机构无法适应新的形势。对此我不敢妄加评论。

美国的公立学校进行了一项前所未有的大规模创举，并大获成功：将不同种族的人转变为一个民族。这一创举完成得十分巧妙，而且整体上非常有益，那些成就创举的人实在值得称颂。但是美国跟日本一样，处境非常特殊，在特殊处境下合理正当的事业未必适用于每时每地。美国拥有特定的优势，也面临特别的困难。其优势包括：相对富足；免于战败的危险；相对免于中世纪遗留传统的束缚。移民们眼中的美国弥漫着民主的氛围和相对发达的工业技术水平，我认为这是几乎所有移民逐渐推崇美国甚于祖国的两个主要原因。但是一般而言，真正的移民保有双重的爱国主义：在欧战期间，他们总是旗帜鲜明地站在祖国一边。他们的孩子则不再忠于父母的祖国，而是彻底地成了美国人。父母的态度要归因于美国的优势；而孩子的态度则很大程度上由学校教育决定。我们所关心的正是学校发挥的作用。

若学校教育可以取材于美国确实具备的优点，此时当然没有必要传授那些错误的标准，来干扰美国爱国主义的灌输。但是在讲到欧洲旧世界比美国新世界优越之处时，就非得装作对真正的卓越漫不经心的样子。西欧的知识水平和东欧的艺术造诣整体上都比美国高出一筹。除了西班牙和葡萄牙，整个西欧也不像美国那么迷信。在几乎所有的欧洲国家中，个人都不像美国人那样容易盲从：即使政治自由少于美国，但是内心却更加自由。在这些方面，美国公立学校的做法是有害的。这种害处决定了传授的内容是排他性的美国爱国主义。同日本学校一样，这种错误根源在于将学生当作实现目的的工具，而非目的本身。教师应当热爱学生甚于热爱国家，否则就不是理想的教师。

（郑文博 译）

23

THE STRENGTH OF DEMOCRACY

By Walter Lippmann



THE STRENGTH OF DEMOCRACY, by Walter Lippmann, in *To-day and To-morrow*, March 30, 1933, as reprinted in Lippmann and Nevins's *A Modern Reader*, Boston, D. C. Heath and Company, 1936, pp. 73, 74.

Walter Lippmann, formerly associate editor of the *New Republic* and editor of the *New York World*, was then on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*, writing articles ("To-day and To-morrow") which are syndicated nationally in America. He has written a number of books, of which *A Preface to Morals* is perhaps the most widely read.

The triumph of Hitler has reduced still further the domain of popular government in the world, and it is but natural that men should wonder whether it can hope to survive anywhere. Yet this impression that autocracy is sweeping the world is something of an optical illusion. The fact is that thus far at least the old democracies have withstood the impact of war and revolution and deep financial disorder. Wide as is the extension of autocracy to-day, except in one important country, it is no more widely extended than it was before the war. The exception is Italy, and Italy happens to be the one Great Power which had most recently achieved its national unity and had had the shortest experience in the conduct of representative government. For the rest it may be said that the Fascist and Communistic victories of the last fifteen years have been won only where democracy had not yet been established.

Thus in Russia the dictatorship of Lenin and Stalin was founded on the collapse of czarism. Japan, of course, has never had more than a faint imitation of popular government. The dictatorships of Central Europe and of the Balkan peoples had never known even one generation of political liberty and political responsibility. Hitler has overthrown a republic which was half strangled from the hour of its birth. But the old democracies of Scandinavia, of Switzerland, and of France, of Britain and of the Dominions, and of the United States, are still in being: the peoples which knew democracy in the nineteenth century, the peoples who have lived under the heritage of liberalism, have not fallen into disorder and have not surrendered to dictators.

A wise man once remarked that revolutions do not overthrow governments; governments collapse and revolutions ensue. The history of the last fifteen years offers impressive proof of this generalization. Kerensky did not overthrow the Czar. Kerensky attempted to organize a government on the ruins of the czarist regime. He failed and Lenin organized a government.

The German republicans did not overthrow the Hohenzollerns. The Kaiser had fled and his government was demoralized. The Weimar system failed to provide a government. In a half-dozen inconclusive elections the German people proved to themselves that they had not yet learned to make representative government effective. Only then did Hitler come into power.

The crises of the last few years have revealed the essential differences between the democracies which have a capacity to endure and the democracies which have not had it. The ineffective democracies disintegrate in a storm. Solid democracies are capable of uniting their forces, of concentrating power in an emergency, and then of relaxing when the crisis has been surmounted. The first great democracy to demonstrate this capacity was France in 1926. Confronted with what appeared to be an uncontrollable inflation, political power was concentrated in the hands of Poincaré, and order was restored. The second democracy to prove its strength was the British. In 1931, confronted with what might easily have become a catastrophe, the British people concentrated authority and mastered the danger. The third democracy to vindicate itself is our own during the last few weeks.

It is entirely misleading to look upon the concentration of national authority which took place in France in 1926, in Great Britain in 1931, and in the United States in 1933, as part of the tide of autocracy which has been sweeping over Asia and over Europe. What has happened in these three nations is the exact opposite of what has happened where there has been a collapse in dictatorship. The French, the British, and ourselves have been able to fortify democracy because popular government was inherently strong. Fascism has been overthrowing democracy where it is inherently weak.

Thus we are entitled to believe that democracy, once it is solidly founded in the traditions of a people, may be the toughest and most enduring of all forms of government. The generation through which we have lived seems to have given substantial proof that while popular government is difficult to establish, and must be learned by living with it, once established it will stand through very foul weather indeed.

Notes

Hitler, Adolf, head of the Nazi party and dictator of Germany.

domain, realm; sphere of influence; dominion; territory.

autocracy, absolute government.

an optical illusion, produced by too implicit confidence in the evidence of sight. Such illusions, such false beliefs, are not to be trusted.

Fascist, principles and organization of the patriotic and anti-Communist movement in Italy started during the Great War, culminating in the virtual dictatorship of Signor Mussolini, and imitated by Fascist or blackshirt organizations in other countries. The word comes from the Italian *fascio*, bundle, group.

Communist, the vesting of property in the community, each member working according to his capacity and receiving according to his wants. Russia has been trying out the Communist form of government for the past two decades.

dictatorship, absolute, rulership, especially where the ruler suppresses or succeeds a republican government. Such rule is usually temporary or irregular.

Lenin, Nikolay. Real name Vladimir Ilich Ulanov, Russian Bolshevik leader (1870-1924). After the collapse of

the Czarist régime in Russia, Lenin took control of Russia.

Stalin (1879-1953), real name Yosif Visarionovitch Dzhugashvili; The name Stalin, Russian for “steel” as attribute to his iron durability, was an “underground” name. Dictator of Russia.

czarism, government headed by the Czar, the emperor of Russia.

the Dominions, the title given to Canada, New Zealand and other British colonies.

liberalism, form of government favorably disposed to democratic reforms and abolition of privilege.

ensue, happen afterwards; result; follow.

Kerensky, Aleksandr Foodorovich (1881-1970), Russian revolutionary leader, premier 1917.

régime, method of government.

Hohenzollerns, the Prussian family that ruled Germany before its collapse after the Great War. The *Kaiser* or emperor of Germany, Kaiser William II (1859-1941), was king of Prussia and emperor of Germany from 1888 to 1918, when he abdicated his throne.

the Weimar system. After the abdication of William II, the National Assembly at Weimar was held to draft a Constitution and to build up a German Republic. This Republic was doomed to failure from the very start, because it was weak and it was open to intrigues.

inconclusive, not decisive or conclusive.

disintegrate in a storm, separate into many parts whenever a commotion arises.

crisis, time of acute danger or suspense; turning point or decisive moment.

surmounted, overcome; conquered.

inflation, abnormal increase of the currency, especially by the issue of inconvertible legal-tender notes.

Poincaré, Raymond (1860-1934), French statesman and president 1913-1920.

catastrophe, disastrous end or ruin.

our own. Lippmann, an American, is here speaking of his own country the United States of America.

inherently, in itself; fundamentally; existing or abiding in.

very foul weather, very bad disturbance; very critical moment.

Questions

1. Why is the impression that autocracy is sweeping the world something of an optical illusion?
2. Of what generalization does the history of the last fifteen years offer impressive proof?
3. How have the last few years revealed the essential differences between the democracies which have a capacity to endure and those which have not had it.
4. Why is it entirely misleading to look upon the concentration of national authority in France, England, and America as part of the tide of autocracy which has been sweeping over Asia and Europe?

5. What are we finally entitled to believe of democracy?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《民主的力量》，作者沃尔特·李普曼，载于1933年3月30日的《今天与明天》。后收入李普曼及内文斯编写的《现代读本》，由波士顿的D. C. 赫斯出版公司1936年出版，73—74页。

【作者简介】

沃尔特·李普曼，曾任《新共和报》助理编辑和《纽约世界》编辑，在此文写成时正供职于《纽约先驱论坛报》（《今天与明天》栏目），所写稿件被出售给全美各刊。他写过不少作品，其中《道德绪论》可能是拥有读者最多的。

23 民主的力量

希特勒的胜利进一步压缩了世界上民主政权的生存空间。人们自然要思考民主政权是否有希望在这个世界上任何地方都生存下来。然而，独裁政权横扫世界，给人带来的印象不过是海市蜃楼。事实上，至少现存老牌民主政权经历了战争的冲击、革命的洗礼和重度财政紊乱的侵扰。当前独裁政权覆盖范围颇广，实则扩张程度相比战争打响前没有增长多少。仅有一个重要国家是例外，那就是意大利。意大利近来才完成国家统一，成为强权大国，而且就实施代议制政府而言，意大利经验最少。至于其余独裁政权，可以说过去十五年法西斯和共产主义仅在没有建立民主制度的地区取得了胜利。

列宁和斯大林在俄国的独裁就是建立在沙皇政府崩溃的基础上。日本也只是粗略模仿了民主政体的形式，就止步不前了。而中欧和巴尔干人民的专政统治者连一代人的政治自由和政治责任都不清楚。希特勒所推翻的共和国自诞生以来就半死不活。但是，如斯堪的纳维亚、瑞士、法国、英国及其自治领和美国，这些老牌民主政权尚存：那些了解十九世纪民主、生活在自由主义后续影响下的人们，并没有陷入混乱之中，亦没有向独裁者卑躬屈膝。

有位智者曾指出，革命并不推翻政府；而是政府崩溃，革命随之而来。近十五年历史充分证明了上述概括。克伦斯基没有推翻沙皇。克伦斯基欲在沙皇政权的废墟上重组政府，他失败了，而列宁组建了政府。

德国那些拥护共和的革命党人没有推翻霍亨索伦王朝，而是德国皇帝出逃，致使其政府意志消沉。魏玛体系未能给德国带来一个政府。经过一系列有始无终的选举，德国人证明了自己还未学会如何高效运作代议制政府。也就是在此期间，希特勒掌握了权利。

过去的数年危机让民主政权间的显著区别得以显现：有些有能力承受，有些则无力应对。低效民主政权在危机风暴中解体；稳固的民主政权则能在危机时刻团结力量，集中权力，消除危机后能够放松下来。首先要列举的是1926年的法国，其伟大的民主政权展现了上述能力。面对看似失控的通货膨胀，政权集中至普恩加莱的手上，后来秩序恢复了。能展现如此能力的第二个民主政权是英国的政权。1931年，面对可能一触即溃的局面，英国人集中权力，控制住了险情。第三个民主政权则是我们自己的政权，过去几周里它证明了自己的能力。

把1926年法国、1931年英国和1933年美国的国家集权视为席卷亚欧独裁大潮的一部分，这样的观点完全是误解。上述三国所发生的情况和有些国家恰恰相反，三个国家的统治阶层并没有崩溃、变为独裁。法国、英国还有我们国家能强化民主，因为民主政权一直以来非常牢固。被法西斯推翻的民主政权，则一向脆弱不堪。

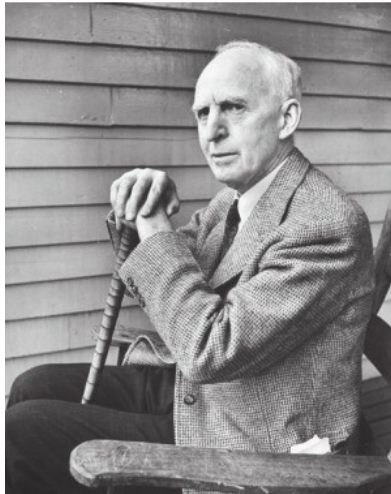
所以，我们理应相信，只要在一个民族传统里，民主根深蒂固，其政府可能是众多政府形式中最稳固，最能久经考验的一种。我们一代人的经历似乎从根本上证明了：民主政府的建立很不容易，要不断地去经历、去吸取经验，一旦民主政府建立，它将能够承受暴风骤雨。

（罗选民 译）

24

TECHNOLOGICAL CIVILIZATION

By Charles A. Beard



TECHNOLOGICAL CIVILIZATION, by Charles A. Beard, in his *Whither Mankind?*, Longmans, Green and Company, publishers;reprinted in Lippmann and Nevins's *A Modern Reader*, Boston, D.C.Heath and Company, 1936, pp. 166, 167.

Charles A. Beard (1874-1948), American historian, taught politics at Columbia University from 1907 to 1917. He went to Japan in 1922 to direct the Institute for Municipal Research in Tokyo, and next year was adviser to Viscount Goto, Japanese Minister for Home Affairs, after the great earthquake. Thereafter he devoted himself to writing and to activity in the affairs of civic and learned organizations.

What is called Western or modern civilization by way of contrast with the civilization of the Orient or medieval times is at bottom a civilization that rests upon machinery and science as distinguished from one founded upon agriculture or handicraft commerce. It is in reality a technological civilization. It is only about two hundred years old, and, far from shrinking in its influence, is steadily extending its area into agriculture as well as handicrafts. If the records of patent offices, the statistics of production, and the reports of laboratories furnish evidence worthy of credence, technological civilization, instead of showing signs of contraction, threatens to overcome and transform the whole globe.

Considered with respect to its intrinsic nature, technological civilization presents certain precise characteristics. It rests fundamentally on power-driven machinery which transcends the physical limits of its human directors, multiplying indefinitely the capacity for the production of goods. Science in all its branches—physics, chemistry, biology, and psychology—is the servant and upholder of this system. The day of crude invention being almost over, continuous research in the natural sciences is absolutely necessary to the extension of the machine and its market, thus forcing continuously the creation of new goods, new processes, and new modes of life. As the money for learning comes in increasing proportions from taxes on industry and gifts by the captains of capitalism, a steady

growth in scientific endowments is to be expected, and the scientific curiosity thus aroused and stimulated will hardly fail to expand—and to invade all fields of thought with a technique of ever-refining subtlety. Affording the demand for the output of industry are the vast populations of the globe; hence mass production and marketing are inevitable concomitants of the machine routine.

For the present, machine civilization is associated with capitalism, under which large-scale production has risen to its present stage, but machine civilization is by no means synonymous with capitalism—that ever-changing system of exploitation. While the acquisitive instinct of the capitalist who builds factories and starts mass production is particularly emphasized by economists and is, no doubt, a factor of immense moment, it must not be forgotten that the acquisitive passion of the earth's multitudes for the goods, the comforts, and the securities of the classes is an equal, if not a more important, force, and in any case is likely to survive capitalism as we know it. Few choose nakedness when they can be clothed, the frosts of winter when they can be warm, or the misery of bacterial diseases when sanitation is offered to them. In fact, the ascetics and flagellants of the world belong nowhere in the main stream of civilization—and are of dubious utility and service in any civilization.

Though machine civilization has here been treated as if it were an order, it in fact differs from all others in that it is highly dynamic, containing within itself the seeds of constant reconstruction. Everywhere agricultural civilizations of the pre-machine age have changed only slowly with the fluctuations of markets, the fortunes of governments, and the vicissitudes of knowledge, keeping their basic institutions intact from century to century. Pre-machine urban civilizations have likewise retained their essential characteristics through long lapses of time. But machine civilization based on technology, science, invention, and expanding markets must of necessity change—and rapidly. The order of steam is hardly established before electricity invades it; electricity hardly gains a fair start before the internal combustion engine overtakes it. There has never been anywhere in the world any order comparable with it, and all analogies drawn from the Middle Ages, classical antiquity, and the Orient are utterly inapplicable to its potentialities, offering no revelations as to its future.

Notes

technological civilization, a civilization that rests upon machinery, upon the industrial arts.

patent offices, the offices from which patents are issued. A patent is a government grant conferring to the inventor the exclusive privilege of making or selling a new invention.

credence, belief.

intrinsic nature, nature of the thing in and of itself naturally; inherent nature; essential nature.

concomitants, accompanying things; things that go along together with.

capitalism, dominance exerted by private capitalists, persons who possess capital or funds used in production.

synonymous, identical or coextensive in sense and usage with another of the same language.

exploitation, utilizing others to serve one's own ends; making undue use of others.

acquisitive instinct, innate impulse to acquire things.

ascetics, those who practice severe self-discipline; severe abstinents.

flagellants, those who scourge themselves, who flog themselves, to cleanse themselves of sin.

dynamic, active, potent, energetic.

fluctuations, irregular variations; rise and fall; lack of stability.

analogies, reasoning from parallel cases; drawing conclusions from cases which seem to agree or to be similar.

potentialities, capacity of coming into being or action; latent powers;possibilities.

Questions

1. On what does modern or Western civilization rest?
2. How do we know that this modern civilization is extending its area of influence?
3. What precise characteristics does technological civilization present?
4. What are inevitable concomitants of the machine routine?
5. With what is technological civilization associated?
6. Is the acquisitive instinct of the earth's multitudes a more important force than the acquisitive instinct of the capitalist?
7. In what way is machine civilization dynamic? What can we say of the future of this civilization?

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【作品简介】

《技术文明》一文选自查尔斯·奥斯丁·比尔德所著《人类去往何处?》，由朗文·格林出版公司出版。后收录入李普曼及内文斯编写的《现代读本》，由波士顿的D. C. 赫斯出版公司1936年出版，见于166—167页。

【作者简介】

查尔斯·奥斯丁·比尔德（1874—1948），美国历史学家，于1907年至1917年在哥伦比亚大学教授政治学，1922年赴日本任东京市政研究所所长。次年大地震后成为日本内务部部长后藤子爵的顾问，之后他投身于写作、公民事务及学术团体的活动。

24 技术文明

相比东方或中世纪文明，什么是西方或现代文明呢？根本上讲，前者以农业或手工艺商业为基础，后者则立足于机械和科学之上。其实这就是技术文明。迄今，它只有两百多年历史，其影响力不但没有减弱，反而稳步延伸到农业和手工业领域。如果从专利局登记簿、产量数据还有实验报告提供的可信证据来看的话，技术文明毫无萎靡迹象，反而虎视眈眈，要征服、改变全世界。

考虑到技术文明的内在本质，该文明表现出若干具体特征。从根本上说，技术文明依赖动力驱动的机械装置，这类装置超越了人工操作者的身体极限，能够无限地成倍增加商品生产力。科学在其分支学科里，包括物理、化学、生物、心理学等，起着支撑及服务本体系的作用。粗制滥造的年代已经过去，自然科学的持续研究绝对是机械发展和市场拓展的必要条件，这样才能不断推出新产品、提供新工艺、营造新的生活方式。科研经费的相应增长得益于工业税收和资本主义巨头的赠予，如此一来，便引发和刺激了大家对科学的好奇心。这种好奇心会蔓延，带着一种前所未有的敏感嗅觉介入到思想的各个领域。工业产出满足全球众多人口的需求，因此，伴随机械时代而来的必然是大规模生产与营销。

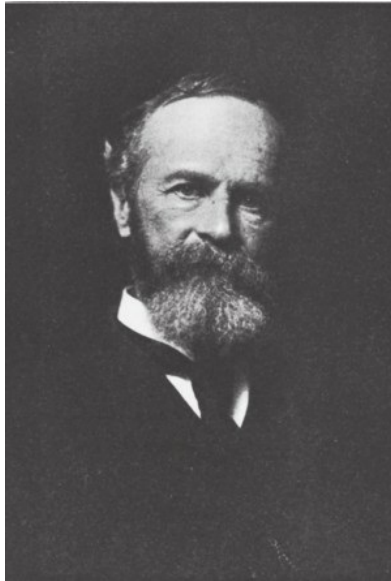
目前，机械文明与资本主义关联一起，促使大规模生产发展到了现今阶段。而机械文明绝不是资本主义，不是一个不断变化的剥削系统。资本家开设工厂并进行大量生产，经济学家特别强调其追求利益的本能，但这毫无疑问也是一个巨大推动力。必须谨记，大多数人们追求物品等级、舒适度及安全感的熱情是相同的，这构成了上述的那种重要推动力。据我们了解，资本主义很可能就是在这种推动力下得以存在。能有衣穿，人们就不会选择光着身子；可以取暖，人们就不会选择受寒挨冻；能享受干净卫生的环境，人们就不会选择被病痛恶疾缠身。事实上，世上的苦行者和自咎者不属于主流文明，而且在所有文明中，他们的作用和贡献也值得怀疑。

在此我们把机械文明看作一种秩序，但实际上，这种秩序不同于其他，其本身具有活力及不断重构的属性。机械文明之前是农业文明时代，那时候的农业文明只是随市场波动、政府更迭、知识更新而缓慢改变，以确保其文明结构世代完整。同样，前机械时代的城市文明，也在长期的发展过程中保留了重要特征。而基于技术、科学、发明还有市场扩张的机械文明必须做出改变，而且要快速改变。电力刚一介入，蒸汽就建立了自己的地位。电力方才崭露头角，内燃机就独领风骚了。世上任何地方的任何秩序都无法与之相比，中世纪、古代经典还有东方世界的所总结的规律都无法解释其内涵，也无法启示其未来。

（罗选民 译）

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF THE COLLEGE-BRED

By William James



THE SOCIAL VALUE OF THE COLLEGE-BRED, by William James, published in *McClure's Magazine*, Vol. XXX, p.419. Reprinted in Scott and Zeitlin, *College Readings in English Prose*, New York, MacMillan Company, 1920, pp. 137-144.

William James (1842-1910), American psychologist and philosopher, the brother of Henry James (1843-1916), novelist and essayist. In 1890 William James published his epoch-making *Principles of Psychology* in which the germs of his philosophy are already discernible. His fascinating style, his broad culture and cosmopolitanism made him the most influential American thinker of his day.

Of what use is a college training? We who have had it seldom hear the question raised—we might be a little nonplused to answer it offhand. A certain amount of meditation has brought me to this as the pithiest reply which I myself can give: The best claim that a college education can possibly make on your respect, the best thing it can aspire to accomplish for you is this—that it should *help you to know a good man when you see him*. This is as true of women's as of men's colleges; but that it is neither a joke nor a one-sided abstraction I shall now endeavor to show.

What talk do we commonly hear about the contrast between college education and the education which business or technical or professional schools confer? The college education is called higher because it is supposed to be so general and so disinterested. At the “schools” you get a relatively narrow practical skill, you are told, whereas the “colleges” give you the more liberal culture, the broader outlook, the historical perspective, the philosophic atmosphere, or something which phrases of that sort try to express. You are made into an efficient instrument for doing a definite thing, you hear, at the schools; but, apart from that, you may remain a crude and smoky kind of

petroleum, incapable of spreading light. The universities and colleges, on the other hand, although they may leave you less efficient for this or that practical task, suffuse your whole mentality with something more important than skill. They redeem you, make you well-bred; they make “good company” of you mentally. If they find you with a naturally boorish or caddish mind, they cannot leave you so, as a technical school may leave you. This, at least, is pretended; this is what we hear among college-trained people when they compare their education with every other sort. Now, exactly how much does this signify?

It is certain, to begin with, that the narrowest trade or professional training does something more for a man than to make a skilful practical tool of him—it makes him also a judge of other men's skill. Whether his trade be pleading at the bar or surgery or plastering or plumbing, it develops a critical sense in him for that sort of occupation. He understands the difference between second-rate and first-rate work in his whole branch of industry; he gets to know a good job in his own line, as soon as he sees it; and getting to know this in his own line, he gets a faint sense of what good work may mean anyhow, that may, if circumstances favor, spread into his judgments elsewhere. Sound work, clean work, finished work; feeble work, slack work, sham work—these words express an identical contrast in many different departments of activity. In so far forth, then, even the humblest manual trade may beget in one a certain small degree of power to judge of good work generally.

Now, what is supposed to be the line of us who have the higher college training? Is there any broader line—since our education claims primarily not to be “narrow”—in which we also are made good judges between what is first-rate and what is second-rate only? What is especially taught in the colleges has long been known by the name of the “humanities,” and these are often identified with Greek and Latin. But it is only as literatures, not as languages, that Greek and Latin have any general humanity value; so that in a broad sense the humanities mean literature primarily, and in a still broader sense, the study of masterpieces in almost any field of human endeavor. Literature keeps the primacy; for it not only *consists* of masterpieces, but is largely *about* masterpieces, being little more than an appreciative chronicle of human master-strokes, so far as it takes the form of criticism and history. You can give humanistic value to almost anything by teaching it historically. Geology, economics, and mechanics are humanities when taught with reference to the successive achievements of the geniuses to which these sciences owe their being. Not taught thus, literature remains grammar, art a catalogue, history a list of dates, and natural science a sheet of formulas and weights and measures.

The sifting of human creations! —nothing less than this is what we ought to mean by the humanities. Essentially this means biography; what our colleges should teach is, therefore, biographical history, that not of politics merely, but of anything and everything so far as human efforts and conquests are factors that have played their part. Studying in this way, we learn what types of activity have stood the test of time; we acquire standards of the excellent and durable. All our arts and sciences and institutions are but so many quests of perfection on the part of men; and when we see how diverse the types of excellence may be, how various the tests, how flexible the adaptations, we gain a richer sense of what the terms “better” and “worse” may signify in general. Our critical sensibilities grow both more acute and less fanatical. We sympathize with men's mistakes even in the act of penetrating them; we feel that pathos of lost causes and misguided epochs even while we applaud what overcame them.

Such words are vague and such ideas are inadequate, but their meaning is unmistakable. What the colleges—teaching humanities by examples which may be special, but which must be typical and pregnant—should at least try to give us, is a general sense of what, under various disguises, *superiority* has always signified and may still signify. The feeling for a good human job anywhere, the admiration of the really admirable, the disesteem of what is cheap and trashy and impermanent—this is what we call the critical sense, the sense for ideal values. It is the better part of what men know as wisdom. Some of us are wise in this way naturally and by genius; some of us never become so. But to have spent one's youth at college, in contact with the choice and rare and precious, and yet still to be a blind prig or vulgarian, unable to scent out human excellence or to divine it amid its accidents, to know it only when ticketed and labeled and forced on us by others, this indeed should be accounted the very calamity and shipwreck of a higher education.

The sense for human superiority ought, then, to be considered our line, as boring subways is the engineer's line and the surgeon's is appendicitis. Our colleges ought to have lit up in us a lasting relish for the better kind of man, a

loss of appetite for mediocrities, and a disgust for cheap Jacks. We ought to smell, as it were, the difference of quality in men and their proposals when we enter the world of affairs about us. Expertness in this might well atone for some of our awkwardness at accounts, for some of our ignorance of dynamos. The best claim we can make for the higher education, the best single phrase in which we can tell what it ought to do for us, is, then, exactly what I said: it should enable us to *know a good man when we see him*.

That the phrase is anything but an empty epigram follows from the fact that if you ask in what line it is most important that a democracy like ours should have its sons and daughters skilful, you see that it is this line more than any other. "The people in their wisdom"—this is the kind of wisdom most needed by the people. Democracy is on its trial, and no one knows how it will stand the ordeal. Abounding about us are pessimistic prophets. Fickleness and violence used to be, but are no longer, the vices which they charge to democracy. What its critics now affirm is that its preferences are inveterately for the inferior. So it was in the beginning, they say, and so it will be world without end. Vulgarly enthroned and institutionalized, elbowing everything superior from the highway, this, they tell us, is our irremediable destiny; and the picture-papers of the European continent are already drawing Uncle Sam with the hog instead of the eagle for his heraldic emblem. The privileged aristocracies to the foretime, with all their iniquities, did at least preserve some taste for higher human quality and honor certain forms of refinement by their enduring traditions. But when democracy is sovereign, its doubters say, nobility will form a sort of invisible church, and sincerity and refinement, stripped of honor, precedence, and favor, will have to vegetate on sufferance in private corners. They will have no general influence. They will be harmless eccentricities.

Now, who can be absolutely certain that this may not be the career of democracy? Nothing future is quite secure; states enough have inwardly rotted; and democracy as a whole may undergo self-poisoning. But, on the other hand, democracy is a kind of religion and we are bound not to admit its failure. Faiths and utopias are the noblest exercise of human reason, and no one with a spark of reason in him will sit down fatalistically before the croaker's picture. The best of us are filled with the contrary vision of a democracy stumbling through every error till its institutions glow with justice and its customs shine with beauty. Our better men *shall* show the way and we *shall* follow them; so we are brought round again to the mission of the higher education in helping us to know the better kind of man whenever we see him.

The notion that a people can run itself and its affairs anonymously is now well known to be the silliest of absurdities. Mankind does nothing save through initiatives on the part of inventors, great or small, and imitation by the rest of us—these are the sole factors active in human progress. Individuals of genius show the way, and set the patterns, which common people then adopt and follow. *The rivalry of the patterns is the history of the world*. Our democratic problem thus is statable in ultra-simple terms: Who are the kind of men from whom our majorities shall take their cue? Whom shall they treat as rightful leaders? We and our leaders are the x and the y of the equation here; all other historic circumstances, be they economical, political, or intellectual, are only the background of occasion on which the living drama works itself out between us.

In this very simple way does the value of our educated class define itself; we more than others should be able to divine the worthier and better leaders. The terms here are monstrously simplified, of course, but such a bird's-eye view lets us immediately take our bearings. In our democracy, where everything else is so shifting, we alumni and alumnæ of the colleges are the only permanent presence that corresponds to the aristocracy in older countries. We have continuous traditions, as they have; our motto, too, is *noblesse oblige*; and, unlike them, we stand for ideal interests solely, for we have no corporate selfishness and wield no powers of corruption. We ought to have our own class-consciousness. "*Les intellectuels!*" What prouder club-name could there be than this one, used ironically by the party of "red blood," the party of every stupid prejudice and passion, during the anti-Dreyfus craze, to satirize the men in France who still retained some critical sense and judgment! Critical sense, it has to be confessed, is not an exciting term, hardly a banner to carry in processions. Affections for old habit, currents of self-interest, and gales of passion are the forces that keep the human ship moving; and the pressure of the judicious pilot's hand upon the tiller is a relatively insignificant energy. But the affections, passions, and interests are shifting, successive, and distraught; they blow in alteration while the pilot's hand is steadfast. He knows the compass, and, with all the leeways lie is obliged to tack toward, he always makes some headway. A small force, if it never lets up, will accumulate effects more considerable than those of much greater forces if these work inconsistently. The ceaseless whisper of the more permanent ideals, the steady tug of truth and justice, give them but time, *must* warp the world in

their direction.

This bird's-eye view of the general steering function of the college-bred amid the driftings of democracy ought to help us to a wider vision of what our colleges themselves should aim at. If we are to be the yeast cake for democracy's dough, if we are to make it rise with culture's preferences, we must see to it that culture spreads broad sails. We must shake the old double reefs out of the canvas into the wind and sunshine, and let in every modern subject, sure that any subject will prove humanistic, if its setting be kept only wide enough.

Stevenson says somewhere to his reader: "You think you are just making this bargain, but you are really laying down a link in the policy of mankind." Well, your technical school should enable you to make your bargain splendidly; but your college should show you just the place of that kind of bargain—a pretty poor place, possibly—in the whole policy of mankind. That is the kind of liberal outlook, of perspective, of atmosphere, which should surround every subject as a college deals with it.

We of the colleges must eradicate a curious notion which numbers of good people have about such ancient seats of learning as Harvard. To many ignorant outsiders, that name suggests little more than a kind of sterilized conceit and incapacity for being pleased. In Edith Wyatt's exquisite book of Chicago sketches called *Every One His Own Way*, there is a couple who stand for culture in the sense of exclusiveness, Richard Elliot and his feminine counterpart—feeble caricatures of mankind, unable to know any good thing when they see it, incapable of enjoyment unless a printed label gives them leave. Possibly this type of culture may exist near Cambridge and Boston, there may be specimens there, for priggishness is just like painter's colic or any other trade disease. But every good college makes its students immune against this malady, of which the microbe haunts the neighborhood-printed pages. It does so by its general tone being too hearty for the microbe's life. Real culture lives by sympathies and admirations, not by dislikes and disdains—under all misleading wrappings it pounces unerringly upon the human core. If a college, through the inferior human influences that have grown regnant there, fails to catch the robust tone, its failure is colossal, for its social function stops; democracy gives it a wide berth, turns toward it a deaf ear.

"Tone," to be sure, is a terribly vague word to use, but there is no other, and this whole meditation is over questions of tone. By their tone are all things human either lost or saved. If democracy is to be saved it must catch the higher, healthier tone. If we are to impress it with our preferences, we ourselves must use the proper tone, which we, in turn, must have caught from our own teachers. It all reverts in the end to the action of innumerable imitative individuals upon each other and to the question of whose tone has the highest spreading power. As a class, we college graduates should look to it that *ours* has spreading power. It ought to have the highest spreading power.

In our essential function of indicating the better men, we now have formidable competitors outside. *McClure's Magazine*, the *American Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly* and, in its fashion, the *World's Work*, constitute together a real popular university along this very line. It would be a pity if any future historian were to have to write words like these: "By the middle of the twentieth century the higher institutions of learning had lost all influence over public opinion in the United States. But the mission of raising the tone of democracy, which they had proved themselves so lamentably unfitted to exert, was assumed with rare enthusiasm and prosecuted with extraordinary skill and success by a new educational power; and for the clarification of their human sympathies and elevation of their human preferences, the people at large acquired the habit of resorting exclusively to the guidance of certain private literary adventures, commonly designated in the market by the affectionate name of 'ten-cent magazines.'"

Must not we of the colleges see to it that no historian shall ever say anything like this? Vague as the phrase of knowing a good man when you see him may be, diffuse and indefinite as one must leave its application, is there any other formula that describes so well the result at which our institutions *ought* to aim? If they do that, they do the best thing conceivable. If they fail to do it, they fail in very deed. It surely is a fine synthetic formula. If our faculties and graduates could once collectively come to realize it as the great underlying purpose toward which they have always been more or less obscurely groping, a great clearness would be shed over many of their problems; and, as for their influence in the midst of our social system, it would embark upon a new career of strength.

Notes

hear the question raised, hear the question brought up or asked.

nonplused, puzzled; reduced to hopeless perplexity.

offhand, without previous study or preparation; extempore.

pithiest, most forceful; concise; most terse.

on your respect, in your particular case; with respect to you.

aspire, desire earnestly; hope.

women's as of men's colleges, because very often there are separate colleges for men and women.

abstraction, theory; an idea stripped of its concrete accompaniments, sometimes visionary.

historical perspective, the faculty of seeing into things from a point of view that is based upon the evidence or investigation of history.

petroleum, rock oil, kerosene.

suffuse, overspread, as with a fluid, tinge, or tint; fill.

“good company” of you mentally, so train your mind that you are a more pleasant companion to talk with.

boorish or caddish mind. Boorish refers to gross lack of breeding or to rudeness of manner; caddish refers to low-brow, presuming, mean, vulgar manners. A person with a boorish or caddish mind is one who is not fit companion to talk with because his interests are so narrowed down to the mean and vulgar things of life.

how much does this signify? How much of this is true, worth while?

pleading at the bar, that is what the lawyer does.

second-rate, second class; not of the best.

first-rate, first class; of the best.

in his own line, in his own field of interest or business; in his own profession.

slack, loose, careless.

sham, unsound, false.

beget, give birth to; produce; give rise to.

line of us, our interest; that which concerns us.

“narrow,” not broad in scope or view; illiberal.

“humanities,” the branches of polite learning, especially the ancient classics; those studies which aim to appeal to our reason, polite literature having to do with human beings and teaching a reasoned attitude towards life.

masterpieces, the best works; the best things written.

primacy, prime or first, as in time, place, rank, etc.; hence, excellency, supremacy.

being little more than, a little bit more than; being somewhat more than.

chronicle, record, history.

successive achievements, accomplishments which follow one after the other.

The sifting of human creations! Taking that which human beings have brought into existence and separating the finer things from the coarser things.

biography, the lives of persons as a branch of literature.

politics, dealing with the laws and organization of the state and also with the administration of the state and its laws.

stood the test of time, made trial of for a length of time and have been found excellent.

durable, of lasting quality; strong.

quests of perfection, looking for, searching for perfection.

gain a richer sense, come better to appreciate.

less fanatical, more tolerant.

pathos, that quality of human experience which awakens feelings of pity, sympathy, and tender sorrow.

lost causes, causes which have not had a successful issue; unsuccessful causes.

misguided epochs, ages which have suffered because those who were leaders had been misguided, had a wrong or mistaken idea as to where their duty lay.

pregnant, having a hidden meaning; significant; suggestive.

disesteem, low estimation, inclining to dislike.

cheap and trashy, of low esteem and worthless or useless.

impermanent, not permanent.

ideal values, values which answer to one's highest conception.

blind prig or vulgarian. A person who is unwilling or unable to understand or judge, and is narrowly and self-consciously engrossed in his own mental or spiritual attainments is a blind prig. A vulgarian is a coarse, unrefined person.

scent out, discern; begin to suspect the presence or existence of; detect out.

divine it, foresee, predict, conjecture it.

its accidents, its accessories; the things which are not essential to the main thing but serve instead to hide that important thing.

ticketed, distinguished with descriptions; carrying a label to distinguish it from others.

shipwreck, disaster.

appendicitis, inflammation of the vermiform appendix.

cheap Jacks. A cheap Jack is a dealer in low-priced goods, especially goods of an inferior or shoddy make; hence, a cheap, impertinent, or low-bred fellow.

atone, make reparation, compensation, or amends for a crime or an offense.

dynamos, mechanical devices for converting mechanical energy into electrical energy.

epigram, a bright or witty thought, tersely expressed.

“The people in their wisdom,” the people in full possession of their wisdom; the people acting wisely.

pessimistic prophets, people who take the least hopeful view of the future.

inveterately, habitually.

world without end, eternally.

irremediable destiny, that which is in store for us in the future, and that which cannot be remedied, changed.

Uncle Sam with the hog instead of the eagle for his heraldic emblem. The United States of America is referred to as Uncle Sam: according to a story which lacks proof, the name arose from the circumstance that the initials U. S. (United States) marked on certain casks of provisions at Troy, New York, purchased for the American army in the war of 1812, were facetiously interpreted as “Uncle Sam,” the nickname of Mr. Samuel Wilson, government inspector. The eagle is the emblem of the United States; hence in drawing the hog, a greedy, gluttonous and filthy animal, instead of the eagle to represent the United States, the suggestion of coarseness and absence of refinement is implied.

to the foretime, of the past.

vegetate, lead a passive existence without initiative or exertion of body or mind.

sufferance, tolerance; consent.

utopias. Utopia is an imaginary island, represented by Sir Thomas More (1478-1535) in his book *Utopia*, as enjoying approximate perfection in politics, laws, etc.; hence, utopias are places or states of ideal perfection. Utopia itself means “no such place.”

fatalistically, in the manner of one who believes the doctrine that all things are subject to fate—that the appointed lot or allotted life of an individual is foredoomed or predetermined.

croaker, one who grumbles or complains unreasonably; one who habitually forebodes evil.

glow, from intense heat within; *shine*, by emitting or reflecting light.

brought round again, come back again.

anonymously, without a leader or a name.

initiatives, first steps; leads; things done by an inventor.

patterns, those which are to be, or are fit to be, copied or imitated.

rivalry, competing; vying; being rivals.

statable, can be stated.

ultra-simple, extremely simple; easily intelligible.

cue. The cue is the last word or words of a speech, or the ending of any action in a play, as indicating the time for the next person to speak or act. Taking their cue means succeeding in order of time, rank, sequence, etc.

bird's-eye view, the view that can be embraced at a glance, hence, a general view, not one that enters into minute details.

take our bearings, find out where we stand; show us where we are.

shifting, changing in form or character; changeable.

alumni are the male graduates of a college or other institution of learning; *alumnæ* are the female graduates. *Alumnus* and *alumna* are the corresponding singular forms.

noblesse oblige, nobility obliges, —often used to denote the obligation of the honorable and generous behavior associated with high rank or birth.

corporate, united, combined into one group; group.

class-consciousness, thoughts and feelings that belong to us as a class.

“Les intellectuels,” applied ironically by the “red bloods” to Zola, Clemenceau and other intellectual leaders of France who stood up for Dreyfus.

ironically, expressing a sort of humor, ridicule, or light sarcasm, which adopts a mode of speech the intended implication of which is the opposite of the literal sense of the words, as when expressions of praise are used where blame is meant.

“red blood,” the anti-Semitic and other strongly nationalistic groups in France which were in favor of keeping Dreyfus in Devil's Island (the French penal colony), primarily because he is a Jew. These men brought the strongest pressure to bear on the officials to prevent them from reopening the case, especially in 1896.

anti-Dreyfus craze. Alfred Dreyfus (1859-1935), a captain in the French army, of Jewish parentage, was accused of selling army secrets and convicted in 1894. In 1896 evidence was shown that Major Esterhazy was the traitor. The affair became a public issue. Only the decline of nationalism permitted the eventual reversal of the verdict in 1906. In the World War, Dreyfus rose to the rank of lieutenant general and was awarded the Legion of Honor. Zola, for his famous attack on the government “J'accuse,” was imprisoned. Clemenceau also fought for the condemned man.

satirize, bring ridicule; assail with satire.

judicious pilot, sensible and prudent guide through a difficult or unknown course.

tiller, a lever of wood or metal fitted to the rudder-head and used for turning the rudder of a ship from side to side.

distraught, crazed with grief; beset with doubt or mental conflict.

leeways, the lateral movements of a ship to the leeward of her course; the deviations from the course indicated by the line of her keel which she makes by drifting to leeward.

tack, to change the direction of a vessel when sailing closely-hauled, by putting the helm alee and shifting the sails so that she will come up into the wind and then fall off on the other side until she proceeds at about the same angle to the wind as before, but on the opposite tack—a tack on a vessel is the direction in which the vessel sails.

tug, a laborious pulling or straining; hence, a severe stress.

warp, pull ship by means of a rope; haul along by a rope.

yeast cake for democracy's dough. A yeast cake is a mealy or doughy cake impregnated with live germs of the yeast plant, used for raising bread. Dough refers to the soft mass of moistened flour or meal, kneaded or unkneaded, but not yet baked. Hence the clause means that we must be the uplifters, the persons to improve and move the mass

of humanity.

double reefs, doubling over or together of those parts of a sail which are taken in or let out by means of the reef points, in order to regulate the size of the sail.

canvas, a sail or a collection of sails of a vessel; a coarse, heavy cloth of hemp or flax, spread to catch the wind by means of which a vessel is driven forward in the water.

Stevenson, Robert Louis (1850-1894), Scottish essayist, romancer, and poet.

eradicate, root out; pluck up by the roots; destroy utterly.

Harvard University, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S. A. America's foremost seat of learning, founded in 1636. William James was professor of psychology and philosophy at Harvard.

sterilized conceit, personal vanity that has been rid of microbes even; conceit that is very particular and exclusive.

Edith Wyatt (1873-1958), American author. Her home is in Chicago. Her *Every One His Own Way* was printed in 1901.

a couple, a wedded or engaged pair.

Richard Elliot, one of the main characters in Edith Wyatt's book.

feminine counterpart, wife.

caricatures, grotesque representations of persons by overemphasis on characteristics.

Cambridge and Boston, where Harvard University is located.

priggishness. A prig is a person who is narrowly or self-consciously engrossed in his own mental or spiritual attainments.

painter's colic, a paroxysmal pain in the abdomen, due to spasm, obstruction, or distention of some one of the hollow viscera.

trade disease, illness, sickness, or ailment pertaining to a particular trade.

pounces, swoops down and seizes.

human core. The core is the central part of anything; the essential part; hence, the heart or soul of the human being.

regnant, prevalent, predominant, ruling.

robuster, more vigorous.

gives it a wide berth, keeps far away from it.

"tone," prevailing character of morals, sentiments, etc., which gives a general effect of the whole.

reverts, turns back, goes back; returns.

spreading power, power of spreading and influencing others.

McClure's Magazine, etc., are all American magazines of a very popular nature and therefore not of the highest literary merit.

popular university, a place of higher learning for the mass of people. clarification, act or process of making clear.

“ten-cent magazines,” popular magazines, commonly trashy or sensational, and sold for ten cents, so that all may buy them to read.

synthetic, formed by artificial synthesis—the art or process of making or “building up” a compound by a union of simpler compounds or of its elements.

groping, feeling our way as in the dark; proceeding tentatively.

Questions

1. From what point of view is Mr. James considering the value of college education?
2. What does he mean by the phrase “help you to know a good man when you see him”?
3. What contrast is usually made between colleges and business, technical, or professional schools? How far do such schools develop critical sense?
4. What is meant by the humanities? When is a study of humanity?
5. What should be gained from a study of the humanities?
6. Why is it important to recognize superiority?
7. Why is it important in a democracy that the people should know good men? What do critics of American democracy claim?
8. What are the sole factors active in human progress?
9. Explain the meaning of “The rivalry of the patterns is the history of the world.”
10. How may the democratic problem be stated?
11. How does the value of the educated class then define itself?
12. In what way may the group of college graduates be compared with the autocracy in older countries?
13. How is the function of the college-bred in a democracy like that of the pilot on a ship?
14. By what does real culture live?
15. What is meant by “tone”?
16. How are certain magazines competing with the college-bred in indicating the better men?
17. In conclusion, what formula describes best the results at which colleges ought to aim?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《大学生的社会价值》，作者威廉·詹姆斯，载于《麦克卢尔杂志》第30卷，419页。后收入斯科特及泽特林编写的《大学英语散文选读》，纽约麦克米伦公司1920年出版，137—144页。

【作者简介】

威廉·詹姆斯（1842—1910），美国心理学家、哲学家。其弟为亨利·詹姆斯（1843—1916），小说家，散文家。1890年，威廉·詹姆斯发表划时代作品《心理学原理》时，其哲学思想之萌芽已清晰可辨。他独具特色的风格、广阔的文化视野和世界主义思想使其成为当时美国最具影响力的思想家。

25 大学生的社会价值

大学教育有何用途？我们接受了大学教育，但很少听到过这个问题——一时间要给出答案，恐怕多少有些茫然。考虑良久后，我能给出的最为简明扼要的回答就是：大学教育的理想追求，期望为你达成的最佳成就便是——帮助你在遇见贤达时能有知人之明。这句话既适用于男校，也适用于女校；但它绝非戏言，更不是以偏概全的空洞辞藻。

有关大学教育和商学院、技校或专科院校教育的差别，我们平常听到的说法是什么样的？大学之所以唤作高等教育，是因为其通识性与非功利性。你被告知，在“院校”中掌握的是一门相对狭窄的实用技能，而“大学”赋予你更加自由的文化、广阔的视野、历史的视角、哲学的氛围，或是类似的词汇描述的东西。你听到的是，院校能让你成为完成特定事项的有效工具；但是仅此而已，就像呛人的原油一样无法传播光亮。大学和学院则不然，尽管它们让你在应对这种或那种实用任务时没那么熟练，但是却向你的整个头脑注入比技能更为重要的东西。它们重新塑造你，让你拥有良好的修养；培养你的心智，让你成为思想上的“知音”。在这里如果你暴露出粗俗不堪的本性，学校不会像技校那样坐视不管。至少表面上看是这样的；这也是从大学里出来的人宣称的大学教育的独到之处。那么，这种说法究竟有多少可信度呢？

首先，即使是最狭义的职业或专门训练当然也不止培养熟练工那么简单——它还让人能够对他人的才能做出判断。不管是律师、医生、泥瓦匠还是管道工，这些训练让其具备对该项职业的辨别能力。他通晓整个行业中优和劣的差别；在本职工作完成得好时，一眼便知；并且凭借对自身领域的把握，大致地知道优秀到底是什么，在合适的情况下便能举一反三，对其他领域也做出判断。精益求精、干净利落、圆满完成；敷衍了事、消极怠工、漏洞百出——这些词汇表明在众多不同的工作中都有同样的对比。那么，到目前为止，即使是最卑微的手工艺人也可以发挥微小的力量，来判断普遍意义上工作的优劣。

既然如此，我们这些受到高等教育的人应该以什么为本业呢？有没有更宽广的领域——既然我们的教育宣称力避“狭隘”——通过教育我们是否也能够很好地辨别优劣？大学所开设的课程长久以来被称作“人文学”，而所谓人文学往往等同于希腊语和拉丁语。但是希腊语和拉丁语仅仅在作为文学，而非语言的时候，才有普遍的人文价值；因此广义上的人文学主要指文学，继续推而广之，则指对人类在几乎任何领域创造的经典所进行的研究。文学占据首位，是因为文学不仅由杰作组成，在很大程度上也是关于杰作的，若以批评和形式的形式出现，那么简直就是人类伟大成就的欣赏史。你可以借由历史的视角赋予几乎任何事物人文价值。在教学的时候若关注天才们相继取得的科学成就，那么地质学、经济学和力学也可以成为人文学。相反，则会将文学教成语法，艺术教成目录，历史教成日期列表，或是把自然科学变成公式、重量和度量组成的表单。

对人类创造的精挑细选！——我们对人文学的理解必在此之上。从根本上说，这意味着传记；因此我们的大学应当讲授的是传记历史，不仅是政治，而是有关人类努力和成就的任何事物和一切事物。依此展开研究，我们就知道何种活动经受住了时间的检验，从而取得衡量卓越与持久的标准。所有的艺术、科学和机构都不过是人类对完美孜孜不倦的追求；在看到卓越的不同类型，检验的多种多样，适应的灵活变化时，我们就对普遍意义上的“更好”和“更坏”有了更深的理解。批判能力就变得多一分敏锐，少一分偏执。即使在纠正他人的偏误时，也能够将心比心；即使在为胜利的一方喝彩时，也可以对功败垂成和崎岖年代的痛苦感同身受。

虽然表述尚不确切，观点也有待完善，但意思是显而易见的。大学——讲授人文学所举案例或许特殊，但必须是典型而富有深意的——至少应该力图拨开重重迷雾，让我们至少在普遍意义上知晓高贵一直以来并将继续承担的含义。对一切人类杰作的感知，对值得仰慕之事的仰慕，对廉价、低劣和昙花一现的蔑视——所谓批判意识即是如此，是对理想价值的渴求。这是更为高级的智慧。在这方面有些人天性聪慧，有些人却永远难以企及。但是如果年轻人进了大学，接触了精选、稀有而珍贵的事物，却仍然愚昧庸俗，做不到去芜存菁，只有等别人做好了标记说明，三令五申之后才有所察觉，那么这才真正是高等教育的灾难和悲剧。

因此，追求人的高贵应当视作我们的本业，正如乏味的地铁之于工程师，阑尾炎之于外科医生。大学应当让我们心中始终保有对贤达的向往，对平庸之辈的漠视，以及对贩夫走卒的鄙视。在应对纷繁复杂的事务时，我们应当留意人们品格与意见的不同。擅长于此或许能补偿我们对事物的不知所措，弥补我们对

原动力的无知。我们对大学教育的最高要求，最能概括高等教育目的的正是我说过的那句话——让我们在遇见贤达时能有知人之明。

之所以说这句话并非空洞的辞藻是因为，如果你问在我们这样的民主中，最该让人们在哪方面拥有才能，你就会发现这一方面脱颖而出。“人尽其才”——这正是人们最需要的智慧。民主正经历一场试验，没有人知道它将如何渡过难关。我们周围有太多悲观的预言家。他们曾经给民主安上反复无常和暴力的罪名，但如今已经不再如此。批评家们现在的论调是，民主习惯性地倾向于底层。他们因此宣称，民主起步如此，并将照此状不断向世界扩散。他们告诉我们，粗俗登上了王位并且体制化，将所有的高雅推到一旁，这将是我们的无药可救的宿命；欧洲大陆的画报在描绘美国时，已经用猪替掉了老鹰的标志。过去高高在上的贵族，纵使恶贯满盈，至少沿袭了一部分对人类高贵品质的追求，并通过保留下来的传统，推崇某种形式的雅致生活。但是，在质疑者看来，一旦民主占了统治地位，高贵便成了某种看不见的教会，失去了荣誉、优先和偏爱，真诚和雅致便只有在私人的角落苟延残喘，不再拥有广泛的影响力，沦为与人为害的怪癖。

那么，谁敢断言这可能不是民主事业呢？未来的事情是难以确定的；有些国家已经从内部变得腐朽；民主作为一个整体也有可能经历自我毒害。但是，就另一方面而言，民主是一种宗教，我们必定不会承认它的失败。信仰和乌托邦是对人类理性最高尚的锻炼，稍有理性的人都不会在抱怨者描绘的图景面前坐以待毙。我们中间最优秀的人头脑里更是充满民主逆流而上的愿景，历经艰难，直至其正义的制度和习俗放出美丽的光芒。精英们应当指明道路，我们应当紧紧相随；这样我们就又回到了高等教育帮助我们在遇见贤达时能有知人之明这一使命。

如今大家已经知道，民众可以自我运行和管理事务是最荒唐的无稽之谈。大小事务，若没有创造者开辟道路、其他人追随模仿，人类会一事无成——这些是人类进步过程中唯一发挥作用的要素。天才们指引道路、建立模式，普通人采纳效法。模式间的斗争构成了世界历史。因此民主的问题可以用最简洁的表达来描述：谁为大部分人带来启发？谁应当成为领袖人物？这里我们和我们的领袖分别代表方程式中的x和y；其余一切历史环境，不论是经济、政治，还是知识上的，都只不过是生活戏剧上演的背景罢了。

受教育阶层用这样一个简单的方式定义自身价值：我们比其他人更有能力预见谁可以成为更可敬可佩的领袖人物。这当然是极端简化后的说法，但是纵览全局让我们可以迅速定位。在我们的民主中，其他一切事物都在变化，只有我们这些大学校友成为稳定的存在，与旧国度的贵族一脉相承。跟贵族一样，我们沿袭传统；而我们的口号也正是“位高则任重”；与贵族不同之处在于，我们只代表理想的利益，因为我们不会徇私舞弊，也不会贪赃枉法。我们应当抱有阶层自觉性。“知识分子！”没有比这个集体名词更加充满自豪感的了，但是那些满脑子愚蠢的偏见和冲动的“血性”阶层却在“反德雷福斯狂热”中，用这个称号来讽刺法国那些仍然保有批判意识和判断力的人！必须承认，批判意识并非一个激动人心的词语，更不会成为游行中高举的横幅。对于旧习惯的喜好、自私的潮流、狂热的风潮是让人类这艘大船前行的力量；而睿智的船长在舵柄上施加的力量相对而言则微不足道。但是这些喜好、热情和利益是在不断变化、交替和错乱的；就在这此消彼长之中，船长的手却是稳定的。他对罗盘了然于心，并且在偏航时抢风行驶，奋力向前。再微弱的力量，如果持之以恒，相比起那些虽然强劲但却时断时续的力量而言，其效果都将是更为可观的。更加恒久的理想信念有如微风轻轻吹拂，真理和正义坚持不懈地引领道路，那么假以时日，必能扭转乾坤。

在民主的起伏中来纵观大学生发挥的总体引领作用，可以帮助我们从更广阔的视角来看待大学本身的目标。如果我们要成为民主这个面团的酵母，如果我们要通过文化的偏好来推动民主，我们就必须保证文化鼓起风帆。我们就必须将折叠风帆打开接受风和阳光的洗礼，接受现代学科进入——如果视野足够宽广，那么任何学科都将是人文的。

史蒂文森曾经这样写道：“你认为自己只是在谈判，其实却在人类进程中建立了一个联系。”当然了，技校理应教会你得心应手地讨价还价，但是大学应当向你展现出人类进程中这种谈判的场所——可能是个破烂不堪的地方。这应当是围绕大学每一门学科的通识观、视角和氛围。

身处大学的我们应当消除一个不少人关于哈佛等古老学府的奇怪观念。在很多无知的旁观者看来，这个名字不过意味着固执自负和难以取悦。在伊迪斯·怀亚特描写芝加哥的书《各行其是》中，有一对夫妇代表着一种独一无二的文化，即理查德·艾略特和他的妻子，他们见到任何美好的事物都无从辨别，若没有一个印出来的标签，欣赏就无从谈起——这二人正是对人类的讽刺影射。这类文化可能就存在于哈佛校园附近，那里恐怕找得到一些典型人物，因为自命不凡就好像画家的疝气或其他各种职业病一样。但是每所好

的大学都避免让学生沾染上这类顽疾，避免让病菌扩散到附近的书本：它们调动物体基调活跃起来，让病菌难以为继。真正的文化兴盛之道在于同理心与敬畏心，而非厌恶和鄙夷，即能够突破重重伪装，直达人类心灵深处。如果一所大学在人类恶习的控制之下，无法创造蓬勃的氛围基调，就将因丧失社会功能而一败涂地；民主会对它敬而远之，视而不见。

当然，“基调”这个词太过模糊，但是也没有其他的选择，而此处全部思考正是有关基调的问题。人类的所有事物正是因基调而丢失，或是留存。若要留住民主，就必须抓住更为高尚和健康的基调。如若我们要让民主如愿发展，就必须使用恰当的基调。而我们正是从自己的老师那里继承基调。最终一切都回到无数个体的相互模仿，回到何种基调拥有最大影响力这一问题上来。作为一个阶层，大学毕业生应当力图使我们的基调得到传播。这种基调应当拥有最高的传播力。

在辨识贤达之人这一本质功能之中，我们现在也遇到了来自外界的劲敌。《麦克卢尔杂志》《美国杂志》《科里尔周刊》，以及类似的《环球作品》，在这一领域共同打造了一所真正的平民大学。如果将来哪位历史学家写了接下来这段话，那可真是一桩憾事：“二十世纪中叶，高等学府对于美国的公众意见已全然丧失了影响力。这些学府已经证实了自己无力承担起提高民主基调这一使命，取而代之的是一股新兴的教育力量，带着无与伦比的热情，并用非凡的能力和成就付诸实践：为了满足同理心，提升人生品位，大众已经习惯完全听命于某些私下开展的文学行动，市场上通常把它们亲切地统称为‘十美分杂志’。”

难道我们不应该力图避免历史学家说出这样的话来吗？尽管“遇见贤达能有知人之明”这样的表述还不够明了，在实际运用中也难免困惑与不确定，但是还能找到其他方法来很好地描述高等学府应有的使命吗？如果大学做到了这一点，那么就做了想象中最好的事情。如果没有办到，那么就一事无成。这确实是一个不错的综合表述方法。如果有朝一日大学的师生能够集体认识到，它便是自己一直以来在摸索的伟大目标，那么很多问题将有望得到解决；并且鉴于他们在社会体系中的影响力，也将开辟一番全新的蓬勃事业。

（郑文博 译）

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LIBERTY AND DISCIPLINE

By Abbot Lawrence Lowell



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Abbott Lawrence Lowell (1856-1943), American educator, president of Harvard University, 1909-1933. He is distinguished as an authority on the science of government and is the author of many books and articles in this field.

We are living in the midst of a terrific war in which each side casts upon the other the blame for causing the struggle; but in which each gives the same reason for continuing it to the bitter end—that reason being the preservation from destruction of the essential principle of its own civilization. One side claims to be fighting for the liberty of man; the other for a social system based on efficiency and maintained by discipline. Of course the difference is one of degree. No one believes in permitting every man to do whatever he pleases, no matter how it may injure his neighbor or endanger the community; and no country refuses all freedom of action to the individual. But although the difference is only of degree and of emphasis, it is none the less real. Our own people have always asserted their devotion to the principle of personal liberty, and in some ways they have carried it farther than any other nation. It is not, therefore, useless to compare the two principles that we may understand their relative advantages, and perceive the dangers of liberty and the conditions of its fruitfulness.

Americans are more familiar with the benefits of discipline, in fact, than conscious of them in theory. Anyone who should try to manage a factory, a bank, a railroad, a ship, a military company, or an athletic team, on the principle of having every employee or member of the organization take whatever part in the work, and do it in whatever way seemed best in his own eyes, would come to sudden grief and be mercilessly laughed at. We all know that any enterprise can be successful only if there is coördination of effort, or what for short we call team play; and that this can happen only if the nature of each man's work, and the way he is to perform it, is arranged with a view to

the whole, so that each part fitting into its place contributes its proper share to the total result. Experience has taught us that the maximum efficiency is attained where the team play is most nearly perfect, and therefore, the subordination of the individual to the combined action is most nearly complete. Then there is the greatest harmony of action, and the least waste by friction or working at cross purposes. But everyone is aware that such a condition does not come about of itself. Men do not fit into their places in a team or organization spontaneously. Until they have become experts they do not appreciate the relation of their particular work to the plan as a whole; and even when they have become familiar with the game or the industry, they are apt to overestimate their own part in it, or disagree about the best method of attaining the result. Everyone likes to rule, and when Artemus Ward suggested that all the men in a regiment should be made Brigadier Generals at once to avoid jealousy, he touched a familiar weakness in human nature. He was not obliged to explain the joke, because no one fails to see the absurdity of having everybody in command. But that would be exactly the situation if nobody were in command. If there is to be a plan for combined action, somebody must have power to decide what that plan shall be; and if the part of every performer is to be subordinated to the common plan, somebody must have authority to direct the action of each in conformity with the plan. Moreover, that authority must have some means of carrying its directions into effect. It must be maintained by discipline; either by forcing those who do not play their parts rightly to conform to the general plan, or by eliminating them from the organization.

This principle of coördinated effort maintained by discipline applies to every combination of men where the maximum efficiency for a concrete object is desired, be it a business, a charity, or a whole state. It is a vitally important principle which no people can afford to lose from sight, but it is not everything. Whether it conduces to the greatest happiness or not is a question I leave on one side, for I am now discussing only effectiveness. Yet even from that standpoint we have left something out of account. The principle would be absolutely true if men were machines, or if the thing desired were always a concrete object to be attained by coöperation, such as the building of a railroad, the production of wealth, the winning of victory in war or on a playing field. But men are human beings and the progress of civilization is a thing far too complex to be comprised within any one concrete object or any number of such objects depending on combined effort. This is where the advantages of liberty come in.

Pasteur, one of the greatest explorers of nature and benefactors of the age, remarked that the value of liberty lay in its enabling every man to put forth his utmost effort. In France under the ancient monarchy men were very nearly born to trades and professions or at least large portions of the people were virtually excluded from many occupations. The posts of officers in the army were generally reserved for men of noble rank. The places of judges were purchased, and were in fact largely hereditary, and so on through much of the higher grade of employments. The Revolution broke this system down, and Napoleon insisted that the true principle of the French Revolution was the opening of all careers to talent; not so much equality as freedom of opportunity. Under any system of compulsion or restraint a man may be limited to duties unsuited to his qualities, so that he cannot use the best talents he possesses. The opportunities in a complex modern civilization are of infinite variety, subtle, elastic, incapable of being compassed by fixed regulations for attaining definite objects. The best plan for perfecting the post office, if strictly followed, would not have produced the telegraph; the most excellent organization of the telegraph would not have created the telephone; the most elaborate system of telephone wires and switchboards would not have included the wireless. The greatest contributions to knowledge, to the industrial arts, and to the comforts of life have been unforeseen, and have often come in unexpected directions. The production of these required something more than a highly efficient organization maintained by discipline.

Moreover—what is nearer to our present purpose—believers in the principle of liberty assert that a man will put forth more effort, and more intelligent effort, if he chooses his own field, and works in his own way, than if he labors under the constant direction of others. The mere sense of freedom is stimulating in a high degree to vigorous natures. The man who directs himself is responsible for the consequences. He guarantees the result, and stakes his character and reputation on it. If after selecting his own career he finds that he has chosen wrongly, he writes himself down a fool. The theory of liberty, then, is based upon the belief that a man is usually a better judge of his own aptitudes than anyone else can be, and that he will put forth more and better effort if he is free than if he is not.

Both these principles, of discipline and of liberty, contain much truth. Neither is absolutely true, nor can be carried to its logical extreme, for one by subjecting all a man's actions to the control of a master would lead to slavery, the other by leaving every man free to disregard the common welfare would lead to anarchy. In America we

are committed, as it were, to err on the side of liberty; and it is my purpose to consider here what are the dangers and conditions of liberty in the American college. It is in college that young men first enjoy the pleasure of liberty and assume its responsibilities. They sometimes think themselves still under no little restriction, because they cannot leave the college during term time without permission, and must attend the lectures, examinations, and other duties; but these are slight compared with the restraints which will surround any busy man in after life. There is no better place than college to learn to use freedom without abusing it. This is one of the greatest opportunities of college life, the thing that makes strong men stronger and sometimes weak men weaker than before.

Liberty means a freedom of choice in regulating one's conduct. If you are free to attend a lecture, but not free to stay away from it, then it is compulsory. You have no liberty whatever in the matter. A man of wealth has no freedom about paying taxes. He is obliged to pay them. But he has freedom about giving money away to relieve distress, or for other charitable purposes, because he may give or not as he pleases. A man is at liberty to be generous or mean, to be kindly or selfish, to be truthful or tricky, to be industrious or lazy. In all these things his duty may be clear, but he is free to disregard it. In short, liberty means freedom to do wrong as well as to do right, else it is no freedom at all. It means freedom to be foolish as well as to be wise, to prefer immediate self-indulgence to future benefit for oneself or others, liberty to neglect as well as to perform the duties of the passing hour that never comes again. But if liberty were used exclusively to do wrong, it would be intolerable, and good sense would sweep it from the earth. The supposition on which liberty is based, the condition on which it exists, is that men will use it for right more than for wrong; that in the long run they will do right more often, and do more that is good, than under a system of restraint.

Mark this, liberty and discipline are not mutually exclusive. Liberty does not mean that good results can ever be attained without discipline. If rightly used it means only that regulation by others is replaced by self-discipline no less severe and inexorable. The man who does not force himself to work when he is disinclined to do so will never achieve anything worth doing. Some really industrious men affect to do only what they like, never working save when the spirit moves them; and occasionally such men deceive themselves in trying to deceive others. If not, they have usually schooled themselves to want what they ought to want. Self-discipline has brought their inclinations as well as their conduct into a happy subjection to their will. But, in fact, labor carried anywhere near the point of maximum productivity, the point where a man puts forth his utmost effort, is never wholly pleasurable, although the moral force required to drive oneself at top speed varies much in different people. An idle disposition, however, is no sufficient excuse for shirking. Many years ago a stingy old merchant in Boston lay dying. The old miser turned to the brother sitting by his bedside and said: "John, I wish I had been more generous in giving away money in my life. But it has been harder for me than for most men to give money; and, John, I think the Lord will make allowance for differences in temperament." Thus do we excuse ourselves for self-indulgence.

How many men in every American college make an effort to get through with little to spare, win a degree, and evade an education? Not an insignificant number. How many strive earnestly to put forth their utmost effort to obtain an education that will develop their intellectual powers to the fullest extent, and fit them in the highest possible degree to cope with the problems they will face as men and as citizens? Again not an insignificant number, but are they enough to satisfy Pasteur's aspirations, or even to justify his idea of the object of liberty?

Everywhere in the higher education of Europe, whether the system is one of freedom or restraint, whether as in Germany a degree is conferred only on men who have real proficiency, or as in Oxford and Cambridge a mere pass degree is given for very little real work, everywhere the principle of competition is dominant for those who propose to make a marked success in life. Let us take the countries which claim to be fighting in this war for liberty. A student at Oxford or Cambridge knows that his prospects, not only of a position in the university, but at the bar, in permanent public employment and political life, are deeply influenced by, and in many cases almost dependent upon, his winning a place in the first group of scholars at graduation. The man who gets it plays thereafter with loaded dice. It gives him a marked advantage at the start, and to some extent follows him ever afterwards. Of course, there are exceptional men who by ability come to the front rank without it, but on the whole they are surprisingly few. Mr. Balfour is sometimes referred to as a man who did not distinguish himself at Cambridge, and Sir Edward Grey is said to have been an incorrigibly poor scholar at Balliol in Oxford, yet both of them won third-class honors, which is not far from what we should consider ~~Φ~~ *DBK* rank. To mention only men who have been prominent in public life, Peel, Cardwell, Sherbrooke, Gladstone, Harcourt, Bryce, Trevelyan, Asquith, Haldane, Milner, Simon,

Ambassador Spring-Rice, and many more won honors of the first class at one of the two great English universities; while a number of other men distinguished in public life, such as Disraeli, Chamberlain, and Lloyd-George, did not go to Oxford or Cambridge. It would not be difficult to add a long list of judges, and in fact, as an Oxford man once remarked to me, high honors at the university have been almost a necessity for reaching the bench. No doubt the fact that men have achieved distinction at their universities is a test of their ability; but also the fact that they have done so is a direct help at the outset of their careers.

If we turn to France we find the same principle of competition in a direct form though working in other channels. The *Ecole Centrale*, the great school of engineering, and the *Beaux Arts*, the great school of architecture and art, admit only a limited number of students by competitive examination; and the men who obtain the highest prizes at graduation are guaranteed public employment for life. Europeans believe that preëminence in those things for which higher education exists is a measure of intellectual and moral qualities; and the fact that it is recognized as such tends to make it so, for the rewards attached to it make ambitious and capable young men strive for it, and put forth their utmost effort in the competition. Let us hope that some day our colleges, and the public at large, will recognize more fully than they do to-day the value of excellence in college work as a measure of capacity, as a promise of future achievement, and thereby draw out more effort among the undergraduates. It is already the case to a large extent in our professional schools, and ought to be the case in our colleges, if a college education is really worth the money and labor expended on it.

At present the college is scholastically democratic. The world rarely asks how a man got in, or how he graduated. It is enough that he did graduate somehow. Bachelor degrees, whether indicating high scholarship or a minimum of work, are treated by the public as free and equal; and what is worse they are far too much so treated by the colleges and universities themselves. Now, the requirement for a college degree cannot be more than a minimum, and in the nature of things a rather low minimum, requiring on the part of men with more than ordinary ability a very small amount of work; far less than is needed to call forth their utmost effort.

This is one of many illustrations of the well-known fact that education moves slowly, and follows rather than leads the spirit of the time. We live in a strenuous age, a time of activity and energy. I think it was Bagehot who remarked that the change of habits was evident even in the casual greeting of friends. He says that we ask a man whom we have not met for some time, "What have you been doing since I saw you last?" as if we expected him to have been doing something. I remember some time ago reading a story in a magazine about travelers in a railroad train, who were stopped at a customhouse to have their baggage examined, and found, that, instead of holding clothes, their bags and trunks contained the works they had done in life. It was the last judgment, and several well-meaning persons found their many pieces of luggage sadly empty. A gentleman among the number came forward to explain that they had supposed their duty to consist in avoiding sin, and they had done so; that their lives had been spent in pleasures, for the most part wholly innocent, and that this was all they had understood to be required of them.

The story illustrates a change of attitude which has come over the world, and men who have passed fifty have seen it come in, comparing the generation that went before them with that which has followed them. Thou shalt is quite as important as thou shalt not. Professor Munro in speaking in a college chapel some time ago on the importance of positive as well as negative morality remarked that most people if asked the meaning of the fourth commandment would think only of its forbidding work on Sunday; whereas its opening words are "Six days shalt thou labor." We live not only in a strenuous world, but in the most strenuous part of the world. Innocent leisure is no longer quite respectable here, except in college; and it is getting not to be respectable there—except in study.

Most of us feel that the American college is a very precious thing. It is a clean and healthy place, morally, intellectually, and physically. I believe that no large body of young men anywhere in the world live on the whole such clean lives, or are cleaner or more honorable in thought. The college is a place where a man may, and where many a man does, develop his character and his mental force to an almost indefinite extent; where he may, and often does, acquire an inspiration that sustains him through life; where he is surrounded by influences that fit him, if he will follow them, for all that is best in the citizen of a republic. The chief defect in the American college to-day is that it has not yet been stirred by the strenuous spirit of the age, the spirit that dignifies the principle of liberty, or at least it has been stirred mainly in the line of what are called student activities. These are excellent things in

themselves, to be encouraged in full measure, but they do not make up for indolence and lack of effort in the studies which are, after all, the justification for the existence of the college. Let us put this matter perfectly plainly. The good sense of the community would never approve of having young men devote the whole of their best four years to the playing field, or to those other accessories of college life, the management of athletic or other organizations, or writing for college papers. These, as I have said, are excellent as accessories, but if they were the whole thing, if instruction and study were abolished, the college would soon be abolished also. What, then, in a land of restless activity and energy is likely to be the future of a college in which a large part of the undergraduates regard extra-curriculum activities as the main interest, and education as an accessory; and where a smaller, but not inconsiderable fraction regard all activity as irksome? If our young men cannot answer that question themselves, let them ask some man who is not himself a college graduate but has worked his way up in the world by his diligence, perseverance, pluck, and force of character.

The danger that under a system of liberty men will fail to put forth their utmost effort lies not merely, or perhaps mainly, in a lack of moral force. It is due quite as much to a lack of moral and intellectual vision, an inability to see any valuable result to be accomplished by the effort. This is particularly true in college. Many a man who intends to work hard thereafter in his profession or business, tries to get through college with a small amount of study. He is fully aware that in his future career he will make no use of a knowledge of the force of the Greek aorist, of the properties of a regular parallelopipedon, or of the effect of the reign of Edward the First on English constitutional history; and hence he is inclined to think these things of no great practical consequence to him. In no form of human productivity of far-reaching importance is the direct practical utility of every step in the process visible to the man who takes it. The workman in a factory may not know why he mixes certain ingredients in prescribed proportions, why he heats the mixture to a certain temperature, or why he cools it slowly. It might be difficult to explain it to him; and he does these things because they are ordered by the boss.

The difficulty of perceiving the connection between the means and the end is greater in the case of education, as distinguished from mechanical training, than in almost anything else, because the processes are more subtle, more intangible, less capable of accurate analysis. In fact the raw material that is being worked up is not the subject matter of the work but the mind of the worker himself; and the effect on his mind is not from day to day perceptible. His immediate task is to learn something, and he asks himself whether it is really worth learning; whereas the knowledge he acquires is not of the first importance, the vital question being how much he has improved in the ability to acquire and use it. At school the process is equally obscure, but the boy learns his lessons because he is obliged to do so. If he is a good boy he learns them well, because, although blind to the meaning of it all, he knows it is his duty. He does not seek to understand the process; and I recall now with amusement the ridiculous attempts we sometimes made in our school days to explain to our girl friends why it was worth while to study Latin. Many a boy who has ranked high at school, without asking himself the use of studying at all, does little work in college, because he asks himself why he should make the effort and cannot answer the question. The contrast illustrates the difference between a system of discipline and one of liberty. In both the relation of the work of the day and the result to be attained is invisible, but the motive power is not the same.

Under a system of external discipline the motive power is supplied by the habit of obedience, enforced where necessary by penalties. For the good man the habit or duty of blind obedience is enough. As Colonel Mudge expressed it when he received a mistaken order to charge and sprang forward to lead his regiment at Gettysburg. "It is murder, but it is the order." Some of the greatest examples of heroism in human history have been given in this way. But blind obedience cannot be the motive power where liberty applies, and a man must determine his own conduct for himself. In the vast number of actions where the direct utility of each step cannot be seen, he must act on general principles, on a conviction that the particular step is part of a long process which leads forward to the end. The motive power of liberty is faith. All great enterprises, all great lives, are built upon and sustained by an overmastering faith in something.

Faith is based upon imagination which can conceive things the eye cannot behold. Young people are prone to think of imagination as fantastic, the creation by the mind of impossible forms and events, distortions of nature, or caricatures of man. But it is a higher imagination which pictures invisible things as they are, or as they might really be. Historic imagination does not people the past with impossible beings doing senseless acts, but with living men who thought and acted as men do not think and act to-day, but actually did under conditions that have long passed

away. The true reformer is not he who portrays an ideal commonwealth which could never be made to work, but the man whose imagination has such a grasp on the springs of human nature that he can foresee how people would really conduct themselves in conditions yet untried, and whose plans work out as he designed them.

If faith is thus based upon imagination, its fruition requires a steadfastness of purpose that is not weakened by discouragements or turned aside by obstacles that shut out the view and cast dark shadows across the path. The doubter, who asks himself at every stage whether the immediate effort is really worth while, is lost. Prophecy confidently of him that he will never reach his goal.

President Pritchett in a walking tour in Switzerland asked a mountaineer about the road to the place whither he was bound. The man replied that he had never been there, but he knew that was the path which led to it. Such is the pathway to the ventures of life. None of us has ever been over the road we intend to travel in the world. If we believe that the way we take leads to our destination we must follow it, not stopping or turning back because a curve in the mountain trail obscures the distant scene, or does not at the moment seem to lead in the right direction. We must go on in faith that every step along the road brings us nearer, and that the faster we walk the farther we shall go before night falls upon us. The man who does not feel any reason for effort because he cannot see the direct utility of the things he learns has no faith in a college education; and if he has no faith in it he had better not waste time on it, but take up something else that he has faith in, or that is better suited to men of little faith.

Every form of civilization is, not only at its inception and in critical times, but always and forever, on trial. If it proves less effective than others it will be eliminated, peacefully or forcibly, by a gradual process of change or by a catastrophe. Now the test of a civilization based on liberty is the use men make of the liberty they enjoy, and it is a failure not only if men use it to do wrong, but also if they use it to do nothing, on as little as is possible to maintain themselves in personal comfort. This is true of our institutions as a whole and of the American college in particular. A student who has no sustaining faith in the education he can get there; who will not practice the self-discipline needed to obtain it; who uses his liberty to put forth not his utmost, but the least possible, effort; who uses it not to acquire, but to evade, a thorough education, fails to that extent in his duty to himself, to his college, to his country, and to the civilization he inherits. The man who uses his liberty to put forth his utmost effort in college and throughout his life, not only does his duty, but is helping to make freedom itself successful. He is working for a great principle of human progress. He is fighting the battle of liberty and securing its victory in the civilization of mankind.

Never have I been able to understand—and even less than ever in these terrible days, when young men, on whom the future shone bright with hope, sacrifice from a sense of duty their lives, the welfare of those dearest to them, and everything they care for—less than ever can I understand how any man can stand in safety on a hillside and watch the struggle of life in the plain below without longing to take part therein; how he can see the world pass by without a craving to make his mark, however small, on his day and generation. Many a man who would be eager to join a deadly charge if his country were at war, lacks the insight or imagination to perceive that the warfare of civilization is waged not more upon the battlefield than in the workshop, at the desk, in the laboratory, and the library. We have learned in this stress of nations that men cannot fight without ammunition well made in abundance; but we do not see that the crucial matter in civilization is the preparedness of young men for the work of the world; not only an ample supply of the best material, but a product molded on the best pattern, tempered and finished to the highest point of perfection. Is this the ideal of a dreamer that cannot be realized; or is it a vision which young men will see and turn to a virile faith?

Notes

a terrific war, the Great World War 1914-1918.

our own people, the people of the United States of America.

fruitfulness, bearing fruit or success; becoming productive of results.

employee, person who is employed by another.

coördination of effort, bringing all of our effort into proper relation.

team play, playing together as a team; coördination of effort.

working at cross purposes. A cross purpose is a counter or opposing purpose. Working at cross purposes suggests disagreement among the workers.

Artemus Ward (1727-1800), a general in the American revolutionary army.

regiment, unit in the army composing of many battalions; corresponding to our Chinese 团.

Brigadier Generals, officers in the army commanding a brigade, 旅; rank corresponding to the 少将 of our army.

charity, an institution founded by a gift for some beneficial public use, as a hospital, a school.

conduces, leads, contributes.

comprised, included; contained.

Pasteur, Louis (1822-1895), French chemist who first suggested Pasteurism, the treatment, to prevent certain diseases as hydrophobia by inoculations with virus of gradually increasing strength, and likewise devised the process of Pasteurization for preventing or checking fermentation in fluids, as wine, milk, by exposure to a temperature of 55-70 degrees centigrade.

the Revolution, the French Revolution of 1789-1799.

Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821), emperor of France, 1804-1814, and March-June, 1815, when he met final defeat at Waterloo.

careers, opportunities in any calling or undertaking.

talent, persons of ability or skill.

talents, superior intelligence and ability.

stakes, bets, wagers, ventures, gambles.

aptitudes, natural or acquired capacity for a particular purpose; general fitness.

anarchy, state of society where there is no law or supreme power; hence, a state of lawlessness or political disorder. Anarchy implies the total absence or suspension of government.

in after life, in the business and professional world after his graduation from college.

abusing, misusing; putting to a wrong or bad use.

industrious, implying habitual devotion to labor; busy; assiduous.

self-indulgence, gratification of one's appetites; satisfying one's desires.

the passing hour, the present moment; the hour that is passing.

inexorable, unyielding, relentless, not to be persuaded by entreaty or prayer.

disinclined, unwilling to do something; averse or indisposed.

affect, pretend.

schooled, disciplined; trained.

shirking, avoiding an obligation or the performance of a duty; avoiding or evading meanly, unfaithfully, or by fraud.

stingy, grudging in spending money; niggardly; miserly.

cope, encounter, meet with.

proficiency, advanced knowledge or skill; expertness.

Oxford and Cambridge, the two greatest of the English Universities.

mere pass degree, degree given to those who merely do the minimum amount of work, who merely pass or get by in their school work.

at the bar, in the legal profession; as a lawyer.

the first group, the highest group in the class; the best scholars.

plays thereafter with loaded dice, has a distinct advantage thereafter in public life. Dice, which are small cubes marked with spots from one to six and are used in gambling games, are loaded when they have been so tampered with, by the addition of weight on one of the faces, that they will roll only certain winning numbers in the hands of the cheating player. He who plays with loaded dice has a distinct advantage over the other players and wins their money.

Mr. Balfour, Arthur Jones (1848-1930), British statesman and essayist, foreign secretary, 1916.

Sir Edward Grey (1862-1933), British statesman, foreign secretary, 1905.

incorrigibly, bad beyond correction; irreclaimably.

Balliol is one of the colleges of Oxford.

Φ B K, Phi Beta Kappa, an honor society in American universities that elect the highest tenth of the senior class (and a lower percentage of juniors) into membership. The Phi Beta Kappa Society stands therefore for the highest scholastic achievements in the American college.

Peel, Sir Robert (1788-1850), British statesman, prime minister in 1834.

Cardwell, Viscount Edward (1813-1886), British statesman, supporter of Peel, secretary of the Treasury in 1845, war secretary, 1868, 1874.

Sherbrooke, Viscount Robert Lowe (1811-1892), British statesman, home secretary, 1873.

Gladstone, William Ewart (1809-1898), prime minister, 1868, 1880, 1886, 1892. One of England's greatest political figure, 61 years in parliament.

Harcourt, Sir William George Granville Venables Vernon (1827-1904), British statesman and lawyer; served under Gladstone and Rosebery.

Bryce, Viscount James (1838-1922), English historian and diplomat. Ambassador to the United States of America, 1909-1913. Author of *The American Commonwealth* (1888).

Trevelyan, Sir George Otto (1838-1928), English historian and politician. Wrote *American Revolution* (4 volumes, 1899-1907).

Asquith, Herbert Henry (1852-1928) , British statesman, prime minister, 1908-1916.

Haldane, Richard Burdon (1856-1928) , British statesman and philosophical writer. Lord Chancellor, 1912-1915, again in 1924.

Milner, Alfred (1854-1925) , English statesman, high commissioner for South Africa and governor-general of the Cape Colony in 1897.

Simon, Sir John Allsebrook (1873-1954) , English statesman and jurist. Foreign secretary, 1931, then secretary of the Treasury.

Ambassador Spring-Rice, Sir Cecil Arthur (1859-1918) , British diplomat, ambassador to the United States, 1913-1918.

Disraeli, Benjamin (1804-1881) , British statesman and author, Prime minister, 1867, 1874-1880, great Tory and imperialist.

Chamberlain, Joseph (1836-1914) , British statesman, colonial secretary, 1895.

Lloyd-George, David (1863-1945) , British prime minister, 1916-1922.

the bench, office or dignity of a judge in a judiciary court.

The Ecole Centrale, the Central School, the great school of engineering.

Beaux Arts, the beautiful arts, the school of art and architecture.

bachelor degrees, the first degree taken in a college.

Bagehot, Walter (1826-1877) , English author.

casual, careless.

customhouse, the building where customs and duties are paid.

the last judgment, the judgment to be passed by God at the end of the world; the judgment passed by God on a person after his death.

Thou shalt, you shall; you must.

Professor Munro, William Bennett (1875-1957) , professor of American history and government at Harvard University.

college chapel, chapel or church services held in the college chapel.

the fourth commandment of the Ten Commandments of the Bible (Old Testament, Book of Exodus, XX: 1-17) : “Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath unto Jehovah thy God: in it thou shalt do no work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days God made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore Jehovah blessed the Sabbath Day, and hallowed it.”

strenuous spirit, the spirit of strenuous work; the spirit of working at a thing strenuously.

accessories, something additional or subordinate.

extra-curriculum, that which is outside or beyond the regular course of study; the outside activities of students in

college.

irksome, wearisome; tedious; distasteful.

Greek aorist, a tense of the Greek verb which denotes simply that an action or occurrence took place in an indefinite past time

regular parallelopipedon, a six-sided prism whose faces are parallelograms.

Edward the First (1239-1307), king of England, 1272-1307. He gave a tremendous impetus to the development of law and the courts. He was forced to confirm the Magna Carta granted by John and Henry III.

ingredients, those components or parts that go into the making of a combination or mixture.

boss, the master workman or superintendent; a manager.

intangible, unsubstantial; that which cannot be touched or grasped.

study Latin, study the Latin language, the language of the Romans.

Colonel Mudge, one of the American Civil War (1861-1865) commanders.

Gettysburg, a very bloody battle fought July 1-3, 1863, between the North and the South in the American Civil War.

prone, inclined; disposed.

fantastic, extravagantly fanciful.

distortions, twisted out of natural or regular shape.

caricatures, ludicrous exaggerations or distortions of characteristic or peculiar features.

fruition, coming to completion; accomplishment; achievement of results.

President Pritchett, Henry Smith (1857-1939), American astronomer and educator. President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, president since 1906 of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching (1930 president emeritus).

mountaineer, dweller amongst mountains; one skilled in mountain climbing.

inception, beginning, commencement, initiation.

catastrophe, a final event, usually calamitous; sudden calamity.

craving, strong need or desire; great longing.

insight, penetration into character or circumstances with understanding.

crucial, decisive; of the nature of a supreme trial or final choice.

preparedness, state of being prepared; readiness; specifically, a state of military and naval preparation for defense in the case of possible hostilities.

tempered, toughened and hardened to the proper degree. Steel is tempered by dipping the article into water at a certain temperature.

virile, masterful, forceful, powerful, vigorous.

Questions

1. What was the issue over which the World War was fought as stated by Lowell?
2. To which principle have Americans always asserted their devotion?
3. In what kind of activity is coördinated effort maintained by discipline necessary?
4. Where and why is there a limit to the principle of discipline?
5. What does Pasteur say of the value of liberty?
6. What elements in progress cannot be produced by discipline?
7. Upon what is the theory of liberty based?
8. What would be the result of following either principle, discipline or liberty, to its logical conclusion?
9. To what aspect of his subject does Lowell limit his discussion?
10. Why is the American college a good place to learn to use freedom without abusing it?
11. What does liberty mean?
12. What is the condition on which it exists?
13. Does liberty exclude discipline?
14. Why is scholastic distinction more highly regarded in Europe than in America?
15. What change in the college is needed to follow the spirit of the age ?
16. Why do men often fail to put forth their utmost effort under a system of liberty?
17. Why is it difficult in the case of education to see the connection between the means and the end?
18. Under a system of discipline what furnishes the motive power?
19. What is the motive power under a system of liberty?
20. Upon what is faith based?
21. What is the test of a civilization based on liberty? How is this true of the American college?
22. Why is the crucial matter in civilization preparedness?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《自由与约束》，作者阿伯特·劳伦斯·洛维尔，载于1916年7月《耶鲁评论》第五卷，741页。后收入莫里斯·加兰·富尔顿编辑的《民族理想与问题》，纽约麦克米伦公司1918年出版，269—282页。

【作者简介】

阿伯特·劳伦斯·洛维尔（1856—1943），美国教育家，1909—1933年间任哈佛大学校长，是政府科学领域的杰出权威，一生在该领域著述颇丰。

26 自由与约束

我们正身处一场大战的弥漫硝烟中，对峙双方互相谴责，互不引咎。然而，双方又秉持着相同的理由，将战争推向更残酷的局面——双方均认为自己在捍卫自身文明的基本原则，使其免于被摧毁。一方宣称，为人类自由而战；另一方宣称，为基于效率、靠纪律约束维持的社会体系而战。当然，二者不同之处在于度。无人认同人人纵其所欲，这种纵欲有时甚至会伤及毗邻或危及集体；另一方面，也无一国限制个人行动的全部自由。然而，尽管不同之处仅在于程度与侧重，差别依然存在。美利坚人民对个人自由原则的维护始终不渝，比任何国家都执行得更彻底。因此，比较前述两种原则并非无用之举，因为我们能够由此认识两者的相对优势，认清实现有限自由的条件与无限自由的危害。

其实，美国人更为熟知的是纪律约束的实际益处，而非它的理论意义。任何一个管理工厂、银行、铁路、船舶、军队或运动队的人，若本着让每位员工或成员都恣意而为的原则行事，所面临的将是骤然的悲痛与无情的嘲笑。我们都知道，只有齐心协力才能事有所成，即简称为团队协作；而只有当每个人的工作实质及其完成工作的方式都顾及整体利益，才能各司其职，最后实现整体效果，以致成功。经验告诉我们，最高效率源于几乎完美的团队协作，所以个体行为服从整体行动是最为重要的，由此才能最大程度上达到行动的和谐统一，避免产生摩擦与浪费。众所周知，和谐运作并非自然产生，人们适应团队也并非自然而然。他们不会像专家那样，理解其个体工作与整体计划的和谐关系，即使他们对从事的工作已深知熟虑，也会高估自己发挥的作用，对产生结果的最佳方案持有异议。每个人都想做指挥者，正如阿蒂默斯·沃德所说，为了消除嫉妒，应立即将全团的人都升为旅长。他一语道破人类本性的弱点。他无须解释这句笑话，任何人都明白，全兵皆官是荒诞无稽的。但若无人指挥，便会演变成人人指挥的局面。如果需要某一协同合作的方案，就需要有人制定计划；如需要个人的作用服从整体方案，就需要有人指挥个体协同一致。此外，指挥者还需指挥方法，以生实效。这就靠约束的力量，迫使不听命者服从整体方案，否则清其出局。

靠约束维系的齐心协力原则可运用到任何追求具体目标、期冀最高效率的人类群体中，无论是商业生意、慈善事业，还是整个国家。这一原则至关重要，无法视而不见，但并非不灭真理。我们姑且不论它是否带来最大程度的幸福感，现在仅探讨效率问题。即使以该角度审视，仍有未考虑周到的因素，因为人类并非机器。这一原则确实适用于通过协作而实现具体目标，如修建铁路、创造财富、赢得战场或运动场上的胜利，然而，人终究是人。人类文明的进程过于复杂，并非具体目标所能包括，也并非全靠协同一致的目标所能实现。至此，自由的优势显现出来。

最伟大的自然探索者及时代馈赠者之一，巴斯德，曾说过自由的可贵之处在于它能使每个人都倾尽全力。在法国古代君主制下，人们几乎生来就是商人和专职工作者，而很多职位都将大多数的人排除在外。军官职位通常是给贵族保留的。法官职位是买来的，而事实上大多是继承的。许多高级职位亦是如此。法国大革命推翻了这一体系，拿破仑认为法国大革命的真正原则在于将所有职业面向有识之士开放；与其说是平等不如说是机会自由。在任何一个具有强制力或约束力的体系中，一个人会受限于不适合其才能的职务而无人尽其才。复杂的现代文明中，机会变化无穷、难以预料，并非一成不变。若是严守邮局的操作规则，则不会发明出电报。电报的最佳组织管理也不会发明出电话，而电话线路的复杂系统与交换台是不会带来无线设施的。对知识、工艺及舒适生活的最大贡献是无法预见的，经常是意想不到的。这些事物的出现，所需要的不仅是以约束力为继的高效组织。

此外，与当前所论更接近的是，坚信自由原则的人断言，相较于长久在他人指挥下行事，一个人若是选择自己的领域，以自己的方式去做，就会努力付出更多的智慧和才能。仅自由的感受，就能焕发出极大的干劲儿。自我行事的人，要对自己的所作所为负责，要保证最终效果，付之于自身的人格和名誉。若之后发现自己选择的职业是错误的，他咎由自取。因此自由的理论出发点是，认为一个人比其他所有人都能更好地判断自身的天赋所在，并且自由的人将付出更大和更好的努力。

约束原则和自由原则均有道理，但二者均不是绝对真理，也不可能操作至极。因为若一个人的所有行动都受控于一个主人，他将成为奴隶。反之，如果让所有人都自由自在而无视公众利益，将导致无政府状态。在美国，我们允许出于自由而犯错。因此，我要在此讨论的是，美国大学中自由的条件和自由的危险都有什么。在大学，年轻人第一次尝到了自由的喜悦，也承担起了自由的责任。有时他们也觉得自己受到很大约束，因为未经允许，他们不得在学期中离校，他们必须上课、参加考试，或履行其他义务。但是与

毕业后受制于其他束缚的人相比，这些显得微不足道。再没有比校园更能享受自由的地方了。这是校园生活的最大的优越性，因此而使强者更强，或使弱者更弱。

自由意味着对调整自身行为的自由选择。如果你可以自由地上某个课程，但不能自由缺席，那么课程是必修的。在这件事上，你就没有自由。富人付税是没有自由的，他必须交税；但富人可以自由决定是否捐钱解除痛苦，或者赞助其他慈善事务，因为捐与不捐全在他是否愿意。是慷慨大方还是吝啬小气，是善良仁慈还是自私自利，是真诚务实还是狡猾多变，是勤奋上进还是好逸恶劳，面对这些，人们都有选择的自由。在所有这些事情中，须尽职责无可争辩，而人们亦可自由地选择不予理会。简而言之，自由意味着可以做错或是做对，否则自由就无从谈起。在愚蠢与智慧之间的选择，在及时行乐与自己或他人前途利益之间的选择，在虚度光阴还是恪尽职守之间的选择，都意味着自由。然而，倘若仅将自由用于去做错事，则不可容忍；正义良知也会将其清除于世。自由的前提和存在的条件在于，人们以自由多行正事而非错事。长远而看，正事居多，好事居上，而这种效果是纪律约束体系下不能实现的。

请注意，自由与约束二者并非互相排斥。自由并不意味着没有约束就能取得好的效果。如果恰当运用，自由就意味着以同样严格的自我约束取代他人的规章制度。一个人如果从不强迫自己做不愿意做的事，他将永远不会做出有价值的事情。一些非常勤劳的人只做他们喜欢做的事情，从不做不想做的事情，而这样的人时常是在自欺欺人。若非如此，那么他们通常便是让自己去追求应该追求的。自我约束使他们的喜好和行为服从于他们的意志，但事实上，高效生产离不开辛苦劳作，一个人付出最大努力，并不是最愉快的，尽管驱使人们努力工作的道德力量是因人而异的。然而，自我放纵不足以做逃避责任的理由。很多年前在波士顿，一个吝啬的老商人行将就木。这个老守财奴对坐在他床边的兄弟说：“约翰，我希望我一生中曾经慷慨捐赠，但是我总是比其他人更不愿意出钱。所以，约翰，我想上帝会宽容对待人之性情各不相同。”由此，我们为自己的自我放纵找到了理由。

在美国各所大学中有多少人但求将将通过，获得学位，而未曾真正体验教育？为数不少。又有多少人不懈余力地去获取教育，从而最大程度地开发智力潜能，以便将来能够最大程度地适应需要，处理问题？还是为数不少。但是他们是否实现了巴斯德的理想，或者能够佐证他视为目标的自由吗？

欧洲任何地方的高等教育，无论是自由体系的还是约束体系的；无论是在德国，学位只授予真正精通学业的人，还是在牛津和剑桥，对无所建树的人仅授予普通学位；对那些立志建功立业的人，竞争原则无处不在。让我们以这场战争中声称自由而战的国家为例。一个牛津或剑桥的学生，很清楚他的前途深受他在毕业之时名列前茅的学业的影响，包括大学的教职、法庭职位、永久公职及政治生涯中的职位，学业优异者从毕业开始就会独占优势，一帆风顺。当然也有例外，有人凭其能力也会在后来工作中高就，但这种情况极少。贝尔福先生经常被举例说明是一位在剑桥没能出类拔萃的人，还有爱德华·格雷爵士，也被认为是牛津大学巴利奥学院的无可救药的劣等学生，然而，这两人都曾获得与美国大学优等生荣誉相当的三等功勋。很多人都在英国两所最著名大学的任意一所获得了一等荣誉称号，并成为公共事业中的杰出人物，例如皮尔、卡德韦尔、舍布鲁克、格莱斯顿、哈考特、布赖斯、特里维廉、阿斯奎斯、霍尔丹、米尔纳、西蒙、史培林-莱斯大使等。还有一些在公共事业中出人头地的人，如迪斯雷利、张伯伦和劳合·乔治，他们并未曾上牛津和剑桥大学。至于法官，我也可以列出一个长长的名单。实际上，一位剑桥人士曾对我评论说，在大学里获得最高荣誉，是今后高就的必要条件。毫无疑问，在大学里学业优异，就证明了他们的能力很强，也从一开始就对他们的职业生涯产生了直接帮助。

在法国，我们发现，尽管运作不尽相同，竞争原则依然强劲有效。最著名的工程学院，名称中央学校，和最著名的建筑艺术学校，名称高等艺术学院，都是通过竞争考试而录取极少数的学生；而那些毕业时学业优异、获得最高奖励的学生，将获得终身公共职业就业的保障。欧洲人认为，高等教育所产生的优异学业是衡量毕业生智慧才能和人格品质的标准。这已形成共识，众所周知。因此，胸怀大志、才华横溢的年轻人都为此而努力奋斗，并在竞争中竭尽全力。我们希望，今后在大学和社会公众之中形成一种共识，即优异的学业代表一个人的能力和未来发展，以促使本科生更为之努力。这种共识在职业学校已产生影响，在大学也应如此，以突出高等教育的价值。

目前，大学是学术民主的。无人过问学生如何入学、如何毕业，他只要终于毕业就好。学士学位，无论标志着学业优异还是勉强毕业，都被公众认为是等同的。不幸的是，众多大学对该问题的认识也是如此。现在，对大学学位不应仅限于最低要求，不应该是通过普通能力和一般努力就能获取的，学生还应付出更大的努力。

这就是众所周知的高等教育发展缓慢的原因之一，教育走在时代的后面而不是引领时代的精神。我们

身处在一个奋斗的时代，一个需要努力拼搏的时代。大概是白芝浩曾评论说，现在，改变习惯、适应变化甚至在朋友间的寒暄中也很明显。他说，当我们见到一个好久不见的人，会问“从上次见面以来，你一直在做什么”，好像我们期待他一直在做些什么。记得以前我在一本杂志中读到一个故事，是关于火车上的旅行者受到海关的检查，打开他们的箱子发现，里面装的是他们一生中的成果，而不是衣物。那是对他们一生的定论。有一些普通、善良的人发现他们的行李箱竟是空的，他们中的一位绅士上来解释，说他们先前给自己制定的责任在于不犯罪，他们已经做到了，一生是在愉快中度过的，很多时候是单纯平静的。这就是他们所理解的对自己的要求。

这个故事阐明了一种普世观点的转变，年逾五旬的人看到了这种转变，比较了他们的上一代和他们的下一代之间的变化。你将如何与你将不如何都是一样的。不久前，门罗教授在大学教堂演讲，评论正面与负面道德问题的重要性时说，如果问到圣经十诫的之第四诫的意思时，多数人只会想起它的意思是禁止在星期天工作，而这一诫的开头句却是“你应工作六天”。我们不仅身处于一个奋斗的世界，而且身处在世界最艰难的地方。在此，除非在大学，否则逍遥闲暇是不受尊敬的；即便在大学这也将不受尊敬了，除非是在书房。

我们多数人都认为，美国大学是难得可贵的地方，它是一块净土，使学生的道德、才能和体质得到发展。我相信，世界上没有任何地方能胜过这里，使广大年轻人健康地生活，精神上更感到快乐和骄傲。在大学这个地方，人人可以也能够最大限度地得到个性的发展、知识的强化。一个人可以也能够获得灵感，并为之奋斗一生。他周围的人都是国家素质最高的公民，只要追随他们的脚步，便可受益终身。现在，美国大学的主要问题在于，它未能受到时代奋斗精神的鼓舞，而恰是这种精神重申了自由原则。校园现在仅是充满了活跃的学生活动，这些活动本身是好的，能鼓励学生全面发展，但却未能弥补学生学业中的懒散和松弛——学业上的进取方能体现大学存在的意义。一言以蔽之，有理智的大学不会赞成让年轻人将自己一生中最美好的四年光阴全部投洒在运动场上，或校园生活的其他辅助活动上，或运动员的训练和其他组织活动中，或是校报编辑中。所有这一切，正如我所说的，都是很好的辅助活动，但不是大学的真正意义所在。如果大学的学习与教育被抛却，那么大学就会很快消失。如果很多本科生视课程以外的活动为他们的主要兴趣，视教育为辅助，只有少部分人认为那些学生活动令人厌烦，那么，这种充满无休止的学生活动的校园，发展下去的前景如何呢？如果我们的年轻人不能回答这一问题，就让他们从一个没有大学文凭，却依靠刻苦勤奋、坚持不懈、坚忍不拔取得成功的人那里寻找答案。

在自由的体系下，人们可能不会竭尽全力，主要（却不仅仅）是因为缺少道德约束力。这是由于人们缺少一种道德和思想方面的见识，看不到努力奋斗所换来的价值和成果。这个问题在大学中尤为突出。愿意毕业后在职业上有所发展的人，只求毕业，得过且过。他完全清楚，他所学的关于希腊动词的不定过去式、规则平行六面体的性质、爱德华一世统治对英国宪法史的作用等知识，对他将来的职业生涯是没有用的。因此，他不想学习这些没有实际用途的知识。具有深远意义的人类成果，无法在学习过程中的每一步都带来实用价值。就如同一个工厂的工人或许不知道为什么他按照配方混合一些成分，为什么他给混合物升温加热，或为什么进行冷处理。对他解释也许是困难的，而他如此去做只是在执行命令。

在教育问题上，更难以看出培养方式和最终结果之间的关系。教育与机械性的训练不同，与其他很多事物也不尽相同，因为教育的过程更微妙不定、难以捉摸、难以确切分析。实际上，教育加工的主要对象不是所加工的原材料，而是加工者自身的思想，但这种影响并非每日可见。他的直接任务是学习一些东西，而他会问自己这些内容是否值得学习：他所获得的知识并非第一重要的，关键的问题在于，他的学习能力有多少进步。在学校，这一过程同样不甚直观，但学生仍在学习，因为他必须去学。他若是个好学生，就会学得很好，因为尽管不知意义所在，他依然以此为贵，不去追求对过程的理解。我想起一件好笑的事情：我们上学的时候，有时会向女朋友解释为什么有必要学习拉丁语。很多学生曾在中学时名列前茅，却不知道自己的用处；在大学期间得过且过，因为他问自己为什么需要付出努力，却不能回答这个问题。这种对照向我们展示了约束的体系和自由的体系之间的区别：在两种情况下，日常的工作和结果之间的关系都不是直观可见的，但是原动力并非相同。

在外部约束的体系下，原动力来于服从，必要时通过处罚进行增强。对于一个守规矩的人来说，绝对服从的习惯或责任足矣。马奇上校曾接到错误命令，要求领着他的团在葛底斯堡向前冲进，但诚如他所说，“那是谋杀，可那是命令。”人类历史上一些伟大的英雄主义范例就是如此造就的。然而，在自由适用之处，绝对服从无法成为原动力。此时，一个人需要决定自己的行为。在很多行动中，每一步的直接功用不可见，他必须按一些普遍的原则采取行动，相信每一步是漫长过程的一部分，可以带他走向终点。自由的原动力是信念，所有伟大的事业、伟大的人生都建立在统一坚定的信念之上并由此维持发展。

信念是建立在想象之上的，想象则超脱于眼见之物。年轻人喜欢奇特的想象，在大脑中创造出不可能的形式和内容，想象出扭曲的自然和荒唐的人类。但更高层次的想象会展现看不见的事物的原貌，或是它们可能的实际情况。历史性的想象并不是反映过去的不可能的人物和他们不可理喻的行为，而是反映活生生的人。他们的思想和行动与今天的现实有所不同，但在遥远过去的环境条件下，那是他们的真实反应。真正的改革者不是描绘不切实际的理想共和国的人，他的想象应该能够抓住人类本性的关键，能够预见人们在某些假设条件下的真实反应，而他的规划也能够依照他的设计实施。

如果信仰是如此建立在想象之上，它的实现便需要稳定的目标，无论前景是否光明，都要不畏挫折，不怕阻碍。怀疑者会迷失方向，因为他每走一步都会问自己收获的直接效果是否与付出相当。可以肯定，他永远无法实现自己的目标。

普里切特校长在瑞士散步的时候，问一位登山人，他所走的路是否正确。那人回答说他没去过那个地方，但是他知道那是必经之路。人生冒险的道路也是如此。在这个世界上，我们想要去的道路都是未曾踏足过的。若我们相信这条路通向我们的目的地，我们就必须沿着这条路坚定不移、义无反顾地走下去，因为蜿蜒的山路会阻挡前景，有时似乎也并未朝着正确的方向延伸。我们必须坚定信心，相信路上的每一步都带我们接近目标。我们走得越快，就能在夜幕降临前走得越远。一个人若是因为看不到所学事物的直接用处，而找不到努力的理由，他便是对大学教育没有一种信念。若是如此，他就最好不要在大学教育上浪费时间，而是将精力置于他有信念的事情上，或者转向一些适于信念缺失的人的事情。

所有形式的文明不仅是在发展的初期和关键阶段，而是在整个发展历程中都在不断受到质疑。若一种文明的成效逊于其他文明，就会平和地或暴力地、逐渐地或骤然地被淘汰于世。对基于自由的文明的检验，是看人们如何利用自己所享有的自由。如果人们不仅利用自由去做错事，还利用自由而无所事事，尽最小的努力但求维持个人的一点点舒适，那么这种文明就是失败的。这种情况在全国是普遍的，在美国大学里尤为典型。一个学生如果对从大学所受到的教育没有恒久的信念，没有坚持必需的自律去获得教育，却利用自由付出不是最大的而是最小的努力，不是去获得而是逃避受到全面的教育，那么他就未能对自己、对学校、对国家、对他所继承的文明尽到他的责任。与此相反，一个人如果利用自由，在大学及其一生中付出最大的努力，他便不仅尽到了责任，还使自由实现了自身价值。他是为人类进步的一个伟大法则而努力，他是为自由而战，为保证它在人类文明中的胜利而战。

在这战争的日子里，许多前途无量的年轻人在自身责任感的驱使下，放弃自己的人生、他们亲人的切身利益，放弃他们关心的一切。我永远不能理解，在这些日子里更加、更加不能理解，为什么一个人能够安全地站在山坡上，观望下面平原上生命的奋斗，而并不想加入其中；为什么看到世界的迁移，而不想对他的时代留下自己哪怕是很小的痕迹。很多人在国家陷入战争的时刻，会急不可待地投入到解除国难之中，却不能预见或想象到，文明的战争不是在战场上展开的，而应该在研讨会上、书桌旁、实验室和图书馆里。我们知道，在大战之时，士兵们没有充足的弹药就不可能战斗，却看不到，文明的关键在于迎合世界的需要，培养年轻的一代。我们不但要提供充足的、最好的原料，而且要以最好模式打造最高质量的、最完善的产品。这是梦想家不可实现的幻想吗，还是年轻一代可以预见并以极大热忱去实现的愿景？

（苗菊 译）

THE LIBERATION OF A PEOPLE'S VITAL ENERGIES

By Woodrow Wilson

THE LIBERATION OF A PEOPLE'S VITAL ENERGIES, by Woodrow Wilson, from his *The New Freedom*, New York, Doubleday, Page and Company, 1913. As reprinted in Maurice Garland Fulton's *National Ideals and Problems*, pp. 301-310.

Woodrow Wilson (1856-1924), American political scientist and historian, president of the United States of America during the World War, prime promoter of the League of Nations.

No matter how often we think of it, the discovery of America must each time make a fresh appeal to our imaginations. For centuries, indeed from the beginning, the face of Europe had been turned toward the east. All the routes of trade, every impulse and energy, ran from west to east. The Atlantic lay at the world's back door. Then, suddenly, the conquest of Constantinople by the Turk closed the route to the Orient. Europe had either to face about or lack any outlet for her energies; the unknown sea at the west at last was ventured upon, and the earth learned that it was twice as big as it had thought. Columbus did not find, as he had expected, the civilization of Cathay; he found an empty continent. In that part of the world, upon that new-found half of the globe, mankind, late in its history, was thus afforded an opportunity to set up a new civilization; here it was strangely privileged to make a new human experiment.

Never can that moment of unique opportunity fail to excite the emotion of all who consider its strangeness and richness; a thousand fanciful histories of the earth might be contrived without the imagination daring to conceive such a romance as the hiding away of half the globe until the fulness of time had come for a new start in civilization. A mere sea captain's ambition to trace a new trade route gave way to a moral adventure for humanity. The race was to found a new order here on this delectable land, which no man approached without receiving, as the old voyagers relate, you remember, sweet airs out of woods aflame with flowers and murmurous with the sound of pellucid waters. The hemisphere lay waiting to be touched with life—life from the old centers of living, surely, but cleansed of defilement, and cured of weariness, so as to be fit for the virgin purity of a new bride. The whole thing springs into the imagination like a wonderful vision, an exquisite marvel which once only in all history could be vouchsafed.

One other thing only compares with it; only one other thing touches the springs of emotion as does the picture of the ships of Columbus drawing near the bright shores—and that is the thought of the choke in the throat of the immigrant of to-day as he gazes from the steerage deck at the land where he has been taught to believe he in his turn shall find an earthly paradise, where, a free man, he shall forget the heartaches of the old life, and enter into the fulfilment of the hope of the world. For has not every ship that has pointed her prow westward borne hither the hopes of generation after generation of the oppressed of other lands? How always have men's hearts beat as they saw the coast of America rise to their view! How it has always seemed to them that the dweller there would at last be rid of kings, of privileged classes, and of all those bonds which had kept men depressed and helpless, and would there realize the full fruition of his sense of honest manhood, would there be one of a great body of brothers, not seeking to defraud and deceive one another, but seeking to accomplish the general good!

What was in the writings of the men who founded America—to serve the selfish interests of America? Do you find that in their writings? No; to serve the cause of humanity, to bring liberty to mankind. They set up their standards here in America in the tenet of hope, as a beacon of encouragement to all the nations of the world; and

men came thronging to these shores with an expectancy that never existed before, with a confidence they never dared feel before, and found here for generations together a haven of peace, of opportunity, of equality.

God send that in the complicated state of modern affairs we may recover the standards and repeat the achievements of that heroic age!

For life is no longer the comparatively simple thing it was. Our relations one with another have been profoundly modified by the new agencies of rapid communication and transportation, tending swiftly to concentrate life, widen communities, fuse interests and complicate all the processes of living. The individual is dizzily swept about in a thousand new whirlpools of activities. Tyranny has become more subtle, and has learned to wear the guise of mere industry, and even of benevolence. Freedom has become a somewhat different matter. It cannot, —eternal principle that it is, —it cannot have altered, yet it shows itself in new aspects. Perhaps it is only revealing its deeper meaning.

What is liberty?

I have long had an image in my mind of what constitutes liberty. Suppose that I were building a great piece of powerful machinery, and suppose that I should so awkwardly and unskilfully assemble the parts of it that every time one part tried to move it would be interfered with by the others, and the whole thing would buckle up and be checked. Liberty for the several parts would consist in the best possible assembling and adjustment of them all, would it not? If you want the great piston of the engine to run with absolute freedom, give it absolutely perfect alignment and adjustment with the other parts of the machine, so that it is free, not because it is let alone or isolated, but because it has been associated most skilfully and carefully with the other parts of the great structure.

What is liberty? You say of the locomotive that it runs free. What do you mean? You mean that its parts are so assembled and adjusted that friction is reduced to a minimum, and that it has perfect adjustment. We say of a boat skimming the water with light foot. "How free she runs," when we mean, how perfectly she is adjusted to the force of the wind, how perfectly she obeys the great breath out of the heavens that fills her sails. Throw her head up into the wind and see how she will halt and stagger, how every sheet will shiver and her whole frame be shaken, how instantly she is "in irons," in the expressive phrase of the sea. She is free only when you have let her fall off again and have recovered once more her nice adjustment to the forces she must obey and cannot defy.

Human freedom consists in perfect adjustments of human interests and human activities and human energies.

Now, the adjustments necessary between individuals, between individuals and the complex institutions amidst which they live, and between those institutions and the government, are infinitely more intricate to-day than ever before. No doubt this is a tiresome and roundabout way of saying the thing, yet perhaps it is worth while to get somewhat clearly in our mind what makes all the trouble to-day. Life has become complex; there are many more elements, more parts, to it than ever before. And, therefore, it is harder to keep everything adjusted—and harder to find out where the trouble lies when the machine gets out of order.

You know that one of the interesting things that Mr. Jefferson said in those early days of simplicity which marked the beginnings of our government was that the best government consisted in as little governing as possible. And there is still a sense in which that is true. It is still intolerable for the government to interfere with our individual activities except where it is necessary to interfere with them in order to free them. But I feel confident that if Jefferson were living in our day he would see what we see: that the individual is caught in a great confused nexus of all sorts of complicated circumstances, and that to let him alone is to leave him helpless as against the obstacles with which he has to contend; and that, therefore, law in our day must come to the assistance of the individual. It must come to his assistance to see that he gets fair play; that is all, but that is much. Without the watchful interference, the resolute interference, of the government, there can be no fair play between individuals and such powerful institutions as the trusts. Freedom to-day is something more than being let alone. The program of a government of freedom must in these days be positive, not negative merely.

Well, then, in this new sense and meaning of it, are we preserving freedom in this land of ours, the hope of all the earth?

Have we, inheritors of this continent and of the ideals to which the fathers consecrated it—have we maintained them, realizing them, as each generation must, anew? Are we, in the consciousness that the life of man is pledged to higher levels here than elsewhere, striving still to bear aloft the standards of liberty and hope, or, disillusioned and defeated, are we feeling the disgrace of having had a free field in which to do new things and of not having done them?

The answer must be, I am sure, that we have been in a fair way of failure—tragic failure. And we stand in danger of utter failure yet except we fulfil speedily the determination we have reached, to deal with the new and subtle tyrannies according to their deserts. Don't deceive yourselves for a moment as to the power of the great interests which now dominate our development. They are so great that it is almost an open question whether the government of the United States can dominate them or not. Go one step further, make their organized power permanent, and it may be too late to turn back. The roads diverge at the point where we stand. They stretch their vistas out to regions where they are very far separated from one another; at the end of one is the old tiresome scene of government tied up with special interests; and at the other shines the liberating light of individual initiative, of individual liberty, of individual freedom, the light of untrammelled enterprise. I believe that that light shines out of the heavens itself that God has created. I believe in human liberty as I believe in the wine of life. There is no salvation for men in the pitiful condescensions of industrial masters. Guardians have no place in a land of freemen. Prosperity guaranteed by trustees has no prospect of endurance. Monopoly means the atrophy of enterprise. If monopoly persists, monopoly will always sit at the helm of the government. I do not expect to see monopoly restrain itself. If there are men in this country big enough to own the government of the United States, they are going to own it; what we have to determine now is whether we are big enough, whether we are men enough, whether we are free enough, to take possession again of the government which is our own. We haven't had free access to it, our minds have not touched it by way of guidance, in half a generation, and now we are engaged in nothing less than the recovery of what was made with our own hands, and acts only by our delegated authority.

I tell you, when you discuss the question of the tariffs and of the trusts, you are discussing the very lives of yourselves and your children. I believe that I am preaching the very cause of some of the gentlemen whom I am opposing when I preach the cause of free industry in the United States, for I think they are slowly girding the tree that bears the inestimable fruits of our life, and that if they are permitted to gird it entirely nature will take her revenge and the tree will die.

I do not believe that America is securely great because she has great men in her now. America is great in proportion as she can make sure of having great men in the next generation. She is rich in her unborn children; rich, that is to say, if those unborn children see the sun in a day of opportunity, see the sun when they are free to exercise their energies as they will. If they open their eyes in a land where there is no special privilege, then we shall come into a new era of American greatness and American liberty; but if they open their eyes in a country where they must be employees or nothing, if they open their eyes in a land of merely regulated monopoly, where all the conditions of industry are determined by small groups of men, then they will see an America such as the founders of this Republic would have wept to think of. The only hope is in the release of the forces which philanthropic trust presidents want to monopolize. Only the emancipation, the freeing and heartening of the vital energies of all the people will redeem us. In all that I may have to do in public affairs in the United States I am going to think of towns such as I have seen in Indiana, towns of the old American pattern, that own and operate their own industries, hopefully and happily. My thought is going to be bent upon the multiplication of towns of that kind and the prevention of the concentration of industry in this country in such a fashion and upon such a scale that towns that own themselves will be impossible. You know what the vitality of America consists of. Its vitality does not lie in New York, nor in Chicago; it will not be sapped by anything that happens in St. Louis. The vitality of America lies in the brains, the energies, the enterprise of the people throughout the land; in the efficiency of their factories and in the richness of the fields that stretch beyond the borders of the town; in the wealth which they extract from nature and originate for themselves through the inventive genius characteristic of all free American communities.

That is the wealth of America, and if America discourages the locality, the community, the self-contained town, she will kill the nation. A nation is as rich as her free communities; she is not as rich as her capital city or her metropolis. The amount of money in Wall Street is no indication of the wealth of the American people. That indication can be found only in the fertility of the American mind and the productivity of American industry.

everywhere throughout the United States. If America were not rich and fertile, there would be no money in Wall Street. If Americans were not vital and able to take care of themselves, the great money exchanges would break down. The welfare, the very existence of the nation, rests at last upon the great mass of the people; its prosperity depends at last upon the spirit in which they go about their work in their several communities throughout the broad land. In proportion as her towns and her countrysides are happy and hopeful will America realize the high ambitions which have marked her in the eyes of all the world.

The welfare, the happiness, the energy and spirit of the men and women who do the daily work in our mines and factories, on our railroads, in our offices and ports of trade, on our farms and on the sea, is the underlying necessity of all prosperity. There can be nothing wholesome unless their life is wholesome; there can be no contentment unless they are contented. Their physical welfare affects the soundness of the whole nation. How would it suit the prosperity of the United States, how would it suit business, to have a people that went every day sadly or sullenly to their work? How would the future look to you if you felt that the aspiration had gone out of most men, the confidence of success, the hope that they might improve their condition? Do you not see that just so soon as the old self-confidence of America, just so soon as her old boasted advantage of individual liberty and opportunity, is taken away, all the energy of her people begins to subside, to slacken, to grow loose and pulpy, without fiber, and men simply cast about to see that the day does not end disastrously with them?

So we must put heart into the people by taking the heartlessness out of politics, business, and industry. We have got to make politics a thing in which an honest man can take his part with satisfaction because he knows that his opinion will count as much as the next man's, and that the boss and the interests have been dethroned. Business we have got to untrammel, abolishing tariff favors, and railroad discrimination, and credit denials, and all forms of unjust handicaps against the little man. Industry we have got to humanize, —not through the trusts but through the direct action of law guaranteeing protection against dangers and compensation for injuries, guaranteeing sanitary conditions, proper hours, the right to organize, and all the other things which the conscience of the country demands as the workingman's right. We have got to cheer and inspirit our people with the sure prospects of social justice and due reward, with the vision of the open gates of opportunity for all. We have got to set the energy and the initiative of this great people absolutely free, so that the future of America will be greater than the past, so that the pride of America will grow with achievement, so that America will know as she advances from generation to generation that each brood of her sons is greater and more enlightened than that which preceded it, know that she is fulfilling the promise that she has made to mankind.

Such is the vision of some of us who now come to assist in its realization. For we Democrats would not have endured this long burden of exile if we had not seen a vision. We could have traded; we could have got into the game; we could have surrendered and made terms; we could have played the rôle of patrons to the men who wanted to dominate the interests of the country—and here and there gentlemen who pretended to be of us did make those arrangements. They couldn't stand privation. You never can stand it unless you have within you some imperishable food upon which to sustain life and courage, the food of those visions of the spirit where a table is set before us laden with palatable fruits, the fruits of hope, the fruits of imagination, those invisible things of the spirit which are the only things upon which we can sustain ourselves through this weary world without fainting. We have carried in our minds, after you had thought you had obscured and blurred them, the ideals of those men who first set their foot upon America, those little bands who came to make a foothold in the wilderness, because the great teeming nations that they had left behind them had forgotten what human liberty was, liberty of thought, liberty of religion, liberty of residence, liberty of action.

Since their day the meaning of liberty has deepened. But it has not ceased to be a fundamental demand of the human spirit, a fundamental necessity for the life of the soul. And the day is at hand when it shall be realized on this consecrated soil—a New Freedom—a Liberty widened and deepened to match the broadened life of man in modern America, restoring to him in very truth the control of his government, throwing wide all gates of lawful enterprise, unfettering his energies, and warming the generous impulses of his heart—a process of release, emancipation, and inspiration, full of a breath of life as sweet and wholesome as the airs that filled the sails of the caravels of Columbus and gave the promise and boast of magnificent Opportunity in which America *dare not fail*.

Notes

conquest of Constantinople by the Turk. In 1453, after a stirring siege, Constantinople fell to the Turks under Mohammed II.

unknown sea at the west, the Atlantic Ocean.

Columbus, Christopher (1436? or 1446-1506) , Genoese sea captain who discovered America in 1492.

Cathay, an old name for China; Cataya, of Tatar origin, from the Khatan or Kitan, who ruled in northern China in the 10th and 11th centuries; an old name said to have been introduced by Marco Polo.

half the globe, the American half of the globe.

the race, the human race, the people of Europe, in this particular case.

to found, to take the first steps or measures in erecting or building up;furnish the materials for beginning; originate.

delectable, highly pleasing; delightful.

pellucid, being transparent; clear.

defilement, pollution, foulness, dirtiness, uncleanliness.

vouchsafed, bestowed, conceded.

choke in the throat. Why?

the bright shores, of America, bright because the immigrants are happy at the thought that they have now arrived in a country where the future is bright with hopes.

steerage deck, in a passenger vessel the section occupied by passengers paying the smallest fares and receiving admittedly inferior accommodations, now usually on the lower deck in the bows.

an earthly paradise, a place of bliss on this earth; a place of supreme felicity or delight on this earth.

the oppressed, the people who have been oppressed in their own home land.

defraud, cheat.

tenet, any opinion, dogma, belief, or doctrine, held as true.

beacon, a signal, especially a signal fire on a pole, building, or other eminence, to notify of the approach of an enemy; hence, enlightenment, inspiration.

widen, make wider, enlarge, expand.

fuse, unite or blend, as if melted together.

guise, external appearance, especially in respect to dress or costume;hence, shape, semblance.

roundabout, circuitous, indirect; going around in a circle.

Mr. Jefferson, Thomas (1743-1826) , author of the American Declaration of Independence, third president of the United States of America.

nexus, bond of connection; tie, link.

fair play, equal conditions for all.

trusts, organized associations of several companies for purpose of defeating competition, the shareholders in each company transferring all or most of the stock to a central committee and losing their voting power while entitled to the profits.

disillusioned, free from an illusion or deception.

except we, unless we.

deserts, what he deserves; merits or demerits; that which is deserved.

an open question, matter on which differences of opinion are legitimate.

diverge, extend from a common point in different directions; lead away from one another.

vistas, mental views or prospects, extending over a series of events, thoughts, or the like.

untrammelled, not confined or impeded; freed of anything which impedes or obstructs activity, progress, or freedom.

wine of life, the blood that maintains life in our bodies.

condescension, voluntary descent from one's rank or dignity in intercourse with an inferior.

atrophy, a wasting away from want of nourishment; diminution in bulk or slow emaciation of the body or of any part.

monopoly, exclusive possession of the trade in some commodity; exclusive possession, control, or exercise of a thing.

tariffs, customs or duties to be paid on imports or exports.

girding, killing by encircling or cutting away the bark all around.

philanthropic, benevolent; loving, one's fellow-men; humane. The word is used ironically here. Trust presidents spend a small part of their ill-gotten gains to establish philanthropic institutions and at the same time prevent their fellow-beings from enjoying a larger share of the profits that are made in the business through the toil of the workers.

Indiana, one of the central states of the United States of America.

multiplication, multiplying, increasing rapidly.

New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, American cities.

sapped, exhaust the vigor of.

self-contained town, a town that is compact or complete in itself, that can take care of its own needs.

metropolis, large city.

Wall Street, the chief financial center of the United States of America, Wall Street, in New York City, where the Stock Exchange and the large banks are located.

sullenly, gloomily, dismally.

pulpy, like the soft succulent part of any fruit.

heart, courage, spirit.

heartlessness, cruelty, pitilessness, lack of feeling.

untrammel, free, release.

tariff favors, tariff rates made favorable to certain groups or interests.

railroad discrimination, rates on railroads that are lowered to favor certain groups; rates discriminating in favor of this group and against that group.

credit denials, credit given to one person and denied another, so that he who receives credit has the advantage in business over the person who is denied money in the bank. Credit is money entered in the books of the bank and put at the disposal of the person to whom the credit has been extended.

handicaps, disadvantages that render success in competition more difficult.

humanize, render humane; soften; refine or civilize.

guaranteeing, securing, warranting.

inspirit, put spirit into, encourage.

brood, group, generation.

Democrats, members of the Democratic Party of the United States of America. President Wilson was a Democrat, as was is President Roosevelt then.

traded, come to terms with the other political power, the Republicans, who were then in power, by trading or exchanging interests.

got into the game, taken a part in politics; have had a share in government.

privation, being deprived or destitute of something, especially of something required or desired.

imperishable, not subject to decay, indestructible; enduring permanently.

palatable, agreeable to the palate or taste, savory; acceptable, pleasing.

blurred, made indistinct; effaced; made dim.

foothold, a hold for the feet; place where one may tread or stand; hence, established place; basis for operation; foundation.

teeming, filled to overflowing with people.

unfettering, loosening from fetters or restraint; unchaining; liberating.

emancipation, act of setting or making free; hence, deliverance from any onerous and controlling power or influence.

caravels, vessels. In the 15th and the 16th centuries, a small vessel with broad bows, high narrow poop, three or four masts, and usually lateen sails on the two or three aftermasts. Columbus had two caravels with him on his great voyage.

Questions

1. Why does the story of the discovery of America appeal to the imagination?
2. Why has America appealed to the immigrant?
3. What was the ideal of the men who founded America?
4. Why is it difficult to keep that ideal in the present world?
5. What is liberty?
6. Why must law come to the assistance of the individual more than formerly?
7. From what is liberty in danger?
8. Upon what does the greatness of America depend?
9. Where do the vitality and wealth of America lie?
10. What is the underlying necessity of all prosperity?
11. What reforms of politics and industry are suggested?
12. How has the meaning of liberty changed since America was founded?

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【作品简介】

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伍德罗·威尔逊（1856—1924），美国政治学者、历史学家。第一次世界大战期间任美国总统，国际联盟的主要推动者。

27 民族生命力的解放

无论多少次，每当想到美洲的发现，我们总会浮想联翩。几个世纪以来，确切地说是自始以来，欧洲一直把面孔扭向东方。所有贸易路线，每次冲动、每股能量，都从西方延伸向东方。大西洋曾经位于世界的后门。突然，土耳其人占据了君士坦丁堡，关闭了通向东方的道路。欧洲若不转身，其能量将无处宣泄；最终欧洲人冒险进入西方那片未知的海洋，于是地球人知道了那里比先前想象的要大上一倍。哥伦布未能如其所愿找到华夏文明，却发现了一块空旷的大陆。在世界的那片区域，在那个新发现的半球上，人类在其历史的后期得到了一个机会，开创新的文明；在这里，人类莫名其妙地获得了特权，进行前所未有的实验。

只要想到那片陌生与富庶的土地，想到那个绝无仅有的机会来临的时刻，所有人必定会心潮澎湃；构想地球有上千种神奇的历史需要想象力，但是，半个地球一直隐藏起来，直到新的文明开端的时机成熟才显露出来，这个想法需要更大胆的想象力。一位海上船长追寻新商路的简单雄心，让位于人类的精神历险。这个种族将在这片令人欣喜的土地上建立新秩序。你应该记得，正如老航海家所说，凡是接近这片土地的人都曾享受那清新的空气，那空气来自鲜花似火、清水潺潺的林间。这个半球在那里静静地等待，等待生命的触碰——那生命来自古老的生活中心，洗尽了污浊，褪去了疲惫，才与新娘般的纯洁相配。整个景象清晰地浮现在想象中，在所有的历史中，这优美的奇迹上天仅能赐予一次。

唯有另一件事可与之相提并论，只有这件事可以与哥伦布的船队靠近明亮海岸的画面一样令人心潮澎湃——那就是今天的移民从甲板上看到陆地时不禁哽咽，他相信在那里能找到一个人间天堂。他，一个自由人，将忘记以往的心痛，开始在那个世界达成希望。一艘艘西行的船只难道不曾把一代代在其他土地上饱受压迫人们的希冀带到这片土地吗？当美国的海岸线出现在视野中的时候，他们的内心是怎样地狂跳呀！他们一直认为，居住在那里的人们最终会消灭国王及特权阶级，挣脱一切压迫人民、剥夺希望的锁链，拥有堂堂正正的人的感觉，和许许多多的兄弟一道，为了共同的利益而奋斗，不再尔虞我诈。

创立美国的伟人在宣言中写过什么？——为美国那些自私的利益集团服务吗？里面有这样的词句吗？没有，而是要服务于人类的事业，让全人类得到自由解放。他们在美国这里以希望为信条树立了标准，它是一盏灯火，给世界各国人民带来鼓舞；这片海岸上纷至沓来的人们抱着以前从未有过的希冀，带着以前从不敢奢望的自信，历经几代在这里找到了一片拥有和平、机遇、平等的避难所。

上帝给我们带来启示，在纷繁复杂的现代事务中，我们可以重建那些标准，重现那个英雄时代的伟大成就！

因为生命不再像以前那样简单了。人与人之间的关系被便捷的通讯和交通工具深刻地改变了，人们生活的联系更加紧密，社区扩大，兴趣融合，生活的一切过程变得复杂。每个人都在数以千计的新活动的漩涡中旋转，头晕目眩。暴政变得更加隐秘，披上了工业甚至慈善的伪装。自由也与以往有所不同，虽是不能改变的永恒原则，却呈现出新的面貌，又或许只是展现了更深刻的意义。

何谓自由？

我的心目中一直有一个自由的意象。假如我正在建造一台庞大而强劲的机器，对部件组装却非常笨拙生疏，以致每当一个部件快要活动时，都会遭到其他部件的干扰，整个机器也会被固定住并接受检查。对那些零件来说，自由就是把它以最好的方式组合起来、妥善调整，对吗？如果你想让引擎的巨大活塞完全自由地运动，就要让它和机器的其他部件完美地调和起来，这样它就获得了自由，不是因为它被孤立起来，而是因为它与那个庞大结构的其他部分巧妙而精细地结合在了一起。

何谓自由？你会说到自由奔跑的火车头。那是什么意思呢？你的意思是：它的部件经过组合调整，将摩擦减至最小，它们经过了完美的调整。我们会说到一艘轻快掠过水面的船只。“她跑得多么自由呀！”我们的意思是，她完美地顺应了风力，完美地顺从了鼓起船帆的来自天堂的气息。倘若她逆风而行，便会停滞蹒跚，每片船板都会颤抖，船的框架也会摇晃，用海上的形象表达方法来说，她马上就会像“戴上镣铐”一样。只有当她转向顺风，再次顺应她必须遵从、无法挑衅的力量，她才会获得自由。

人类的自由在于人类的利益、活动与能量之间的完美调和。

现在，人与人之间、人与生活于其中的复杂机构之间、机构与政府之间，都面临着必要的调整，这种调整比以往任何时候都更加微妙。毫无疑问，这种说法迂回婉转而令人生厌，然而，把造成今天麻烦的原因考虑清楚还是值得的。生活变得复杂了，它比以往任何时候都拥有更多元素、更多部件。因此，调和一切比以往更加困难了，而且当机器出现故障时，找到故障所在也比以往更加困难。

众所周知，杰斐逊先生早年在谈到早期政府的简单特点时说过一句耐人寻味的话，那就是，最好的政府是管理最少的政府。这话今天仍然有几分道理。除非为了保障自由的目的，政府若干涉我们的个人活动，仍然是难以容忍的。但是我有信心，如果杰斐逊生活在我们这个时代，他会看到我们所目睹的景象：个人在各种复杂环境中被纷繁的关系所困扰，若任其独自处置这些关系，他就会在必须解决的障碍面前感觉无助；因此，我们今天的法律必须为个人提供援助。法律必须确保个人得到公平的待遇，仅此而已，却不易做到。没有政府密切关注、坚决干涉，个人与托拉斯等强大的机构之间就不会有公平竞争。今天的自由不仅仅是任其自生自灭。今天，政府的自由计划必须是积极的，而不仅仅是消极的。

那么，在这个新的意义下，在我们这片承载着整个地球的希望的地球上，我们是否在维护自由呢？

作为这片大陆和先辈们神圣理想的继承者，我们是否履行了每一代人必须履行的责任，维护并实现了这些理念？既然知道这里的人们比其他任何地方的人都拥有更高的目标，我们是否还在为捍卫自由和希望的标准而努力？或者在经受了挫折、幻想破灭之后，我们是否为自己曾经拥有一片自由领域却未能开拓进取而倍感羞愧？

我认为答案一定是，我们经历了地地道道的失败——悲剧一般的失败。如果我们不能迅速地将决心付诸行动，对以新的隐蔽形式出现的暴政没有给予应有的处理，我们就面临着全面溃败的危险。对于左右我们发展的主要利益集团的力量，一刻也不要自欺欺人。这些利益集团力量强大，乃至美国政府能否对其有效控制仍然是个未知的问题。如果再进一步，让他们组织化的力量永久持续下去，那时恐怕就无法回头了。在我们的脚下，出现了岔路。它们延伸到远方，彼此互不相通。在一条路的尽头，是政府与特殊利益集团勾结的龌龊景象；而另一条路的尽头，闪耀的是个体主动、自由、不受羁绊、积极进取的解放之光。我相信，那光明来自上帝所创造的天堂。我相信人类自由，我视它如生命的美酒。工业巨头的屈尊怜悯不会拯救人类。在自由人民的土地上，无须为卫士留出位置。托管机构所保障的繁荣是没有长久的前景的。垄断意味着进取精神的衰退。如果垄断继续存在，它将永远掌握着政府。我不奢望垄断会自我克制。如果这个国家有人力量强大，足以拥有美国政府，那么他们就会这么做；我们现在必须确定的是，我们是否足够强大，是否足够勇敢，是否足够自由，能夺回原本属于我们的政府。十多年来，我们不能自由地进入政府，我们的思想也没能通过引导而与之接触，现在我们所投身的事业恰恰是夺回我们用双手创造的东西，令它只通过我们委派的权威代表行使权力。

告诉你吧，当你讨论关税和托拉斯时，你在讨论的正是你自己和子女的生活。我相信，当我提倡在美国实行自由产业时，我所提倡的恰恰是一些我所反对的先生们的事业。因为我认为他们在慢慢地束缚结出我们生命中丰硕果实的树木，如果任由他们把树木完全束缚起来，大自然会向人类报复，树木必将枯亡。

我并不会因为美国现在拥有杰出的人才，就相信美国强大、高枕无忧。美国的强大程度，与能否确保下一代大量涌现杰出人才息息相关。美国的财富在于那些尚未出生的婴儿；也就是说，如果这些孩子看到太阳的那天，是充满机遇的一天，是他们能够自由发挥能力的一天，那么国家才算得上富有。如果他们睁开眼睛，眼前是一块没有特权的土地，那么我们将步入美国强大自由的新时代；但是如果他们睁开眼睛时，这块国土只能让他们成为雇工甚至失业，垄断仅仅略有收敛，所有的工业条件仍由少数人决定，那么他们看到的是会令这个民主国家的创立者哭泣的美国。唯一的希望是释放慈善托拉斯总裁们希望垄断的权力。唯有解放，使所有人的重要能力都得到释放与鼓励，我们才能获得拯救。在美国公共事务中我有许多要做的，其中之一就是建造我在印第安纳参观过的城镇，那些古老的美国风格的城镇，它们拥有并运营着自己的产业，充满希望与快乐。我更愿意看到那种城镇的数量增加，防止国家产业大范围集中，以致城镇无法拥有这些产业。你们知道美国的生命力所在。它的生命力不在纽约，也不在芝加哥；圣路易斯发生的任何事情也不会将其削弱。美国的生命力在于整个国民的智慧、精力、进取精神；在于工厂的效率、绵延到城镇以外的田野的富庶；在于从大自然所获取的财富以及通过发明天赋所创造的财富，而这种发明天赋是所有自由的美国社区所具有的。

那是美国的财富，如果美国打压那片区域、那个社区、那个自给自足的城镇，将会扼杀这个国家。国

家的富有程度即其自由社区的富有程度，而不是首都或者都市的富有程度。华尔街的金钱并不能代表美国人民的财富。唯有美国土地上所有美国人民都拥有丰富的思想，美国工业拥有很高的产出效率，才能说明美国的富庶。如果美国并不富有而肥沃，华尔街就不会拥有金钱。如果美国人缺乏生命力，不能妥善地管理自己，那些庞大的金钱交易机构就会崩溃。福利是国家的存亡之本，归根结底在于人民大众；国家是否繁荣，取决于广袤国土上的人民在各自社区里工作的精神状态。如果城镇和乡村都充满幸福与希望，美国就会实现远大的抱负，这远大的志向是美国在全世界人民眼中的标志。

每天在矿山、工厂、铁路、办公室、贸易口岸、农场、海上辛勤工作的男男女女，他们的福利、幸福、精力与精神状态，是一切繁荣的必要基础。没有健康的生活，就没有健康；如果得不到满足，满足感就荡然无存。他们的物质福利影响到整个国家的稳固。如果每天上班大家都悲伤沮丧，何谈美国的繁荣，何谈繁忙的事业？如果你发觉多数人已经丢掉期望，丧失了成功的信心，抛弃了改变境遇的希望，那么，你认为未来会如何？你不曾看到吗，当美国昔日的自信，还有昔日引以为傲的自由与机会被剥夺之时，美国人民的所有力量都开始衰弱、松懈、疲软乏力，再没有一点个性，而人们却在苦苦寻找，希望白昼没有灾难般地随之消失。

所以我们必须消除政治、商业和工业中的无情因素，使人们重拾勇气。我们必须改变政治，使正直的人能从中感到满足，因为他知道他的意见会和其他人的一样重要，老板和利益集团已经不再高高在上。我们必须清除商业障碍，废除关税优惠、铁路歧视、信贷拒绝，以及针对弱势人士的所有形式的不公正待遇。我们应让工业更有人情味，不是通过托拉斯，而是通过直接的法律行为，这些法律保护工人免遭危险，获得损害赔偿，保障卫生条件、适当的工作时间、组织的权利，以及国家正义所要求的其他工人权利。我们必须展现社会正义与公平回报的确定前景，提供对一切人开放的机会之门，以此来鼓舞、激励我们的人民。我们必须使这个伟大民族的生命力和主动性获得绝对自由，未来的美国才会比以往更加强大，美国的自尊才会随着成就而增长，经过一代又一代人的努力进步，美国会看到：每代儿女都比他们的父辈更加杰出、更加开明，美国正在履行她向全人类做出的承诺。

这就是我们一些人现在致力实现的愿景。假如没有愿景，我们民主党人是无法承受漫长流放的巨大压力的。我们可能会进行交易，可能融入这场博弈之中，可能投降妥协，可能去支持那些希望控制国家利益的人——还有随处可见的假托为了我们而做出那些安排的先生们。他们不能忍受贫困。你们也永远不能忍受，除非心中有不灭的食粮，足以延续生命与勇气，足以维持精神的愿景——我们面前放好了一张桌子，上面摆满了甜美的水果，那是希望之果、想象力之果，那些看不见的精神是唯一使我们在这个枯燥乏味的世界不会晕倒、继续生存下去的东西。你曾认为那些最先踏上美国土地的人们的理想已经模糊，但它们一直保留在我们的思想中。那一群群人在一片荒芜中寻找立足之地，因为他们抛在身后的强大富庶的国家已经忘记了何为人类自由——思想自由、宗教自由、居住自由、行动自由。

从他们那时起，自由的意义得到了深化。但是它依然是人类精神的基本要求，灵魂生活重要的必需品。在这片神圣的土地上，新自由实现之日已不遥远，其意义得到了扩展与深化，这与现代美国人的生活范围扩大相适应。它使美国人真正重新控制政府，敞开所有鼓励合法进取的大门，释放他们的能量，温暖内心慷慨的冲动——这是一个释放、解放、鼓舞的过程，充满生命的气息，它就像鼓起哥伦布船帆的空气一样清新而健康，给美国不会错失的伟大机遇带来承诺与自豪。

（李春江 译）

28

HABIT

By William James

HABIT, by William James, in his *The Principles of Psychology*, 1890. Reprinted in Rudolph W. Chamberlain's *Progressive Readings in Prose*, New York, Doubleday, Page and Company, 1923, pp. 22-26.

“Habit a second nature! Habit is ten times nature,” the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one can probably appreciate as well as one who is a veteran soldier himself. The daily drill and the years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct.

“There is a story, which is credible enough, though it may not be true, of a practical joker, who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, ‘Attention!’ whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man’s nervous structure.”

Riderless cavalry-horses, at many a battle, have been seen to come together and go through their customary evolutions at the sound of the bugle call. Most trained domestic animals, dogs and oxen, and omnibus- and car-horses, seem to be machines almost pure and simple, undoubtingly, unhesitatingly doing from minute to minute the duties they have been taught, and giving no sign that the possibility of an alternative ever suggests itself to their mind. Men grown old in prison have asked to be readmitted after being once set free. In a railroad accident to a traveling menagerie in the United States some time in 1884, a tiger, whose cage had broken open, is said to have emerged, but presently crept back again, as if too much bewildered by his new responsibilities, so that he was without difficulty secured.

Habit is thus the enormous flywheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance, and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein. It keeps the fisherman and the deck hand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveler, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counselor at law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the “shop,” in a word, from which the man can by and by no more escape than his coat sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. On the whole, it is best he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.

If the period between twenty and thirty is the critical one in the formation of intellectual and professional habits, the period below twenty is more important still for the fixing of *personal* habits, properly so called, such as vocalization and pronunciation, gesture, motion, and address. Hardly ever is a language learned after twenty spoken without a foreign accent; hardly ever can a youth transferred to the society of his betters unlearn the nasality and other vices of speech bred in him by the associations of his growing years. Hardly ever, indeed, no matter how much

money there be in his pocket, can he even learn to *dress* like a gentleman-born. The merchants offer their wares as eagerly to him as to the veriest “swell,” but he simply *cannot* buy the right things. An invisible law, as strong as gravitation, keeps him within his orbit, arrayed this year as he was the last; and how his better-bred acquaintances contrive to get the things they wear will be for him a mystery till his dying day.

The great thing, in all education, is to *make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy*. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. *For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can*, and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the lighting of every cigar, the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties not yet ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very hour to set the matter right.

In Professor Bain's chapter on “The Moral Habits” there are some admirable practical remarks laid down. Two great maxims emerge from his treatment. The first is that in the acquisition of a new habit, or the leaving off of an old one, we must take care to *launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible*. Accumulate all the possible circumstances which shall reënforce the right motives; put yourself assiduously in conditions that encourage the new way; make engagements incompatible with the old; take a public pledge, if the case allows; in short, envelop your resolution with every aid you know. This will give your new beginning such a momentum that the temptation to break down will not occur as soon as it otherwise might; and every day during which a breakdown is postponed adds to the chances of its not occurring at all.

The second maxim is: *Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life*. Each lapse is like the letting fall of a ball of string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind again. *Continuity* of training is the great means of making the nervous system act infallibly right. As Professor Bain says:

“The peculiarity of the moral habits, contradistinguishing them from the intellectual acquisitions, is the presence of two hostile powers, one to be gradually raised into the ascendant over the other. It is necessary, above all things, in such a situation, never to lose a battle. Every gain on the wrong side undoes the effect of many conquests on the right. The essential precaution, therefore, is so to regulate the two opposing powers that the one may have a series of uninterrupted successes, until repetition has fortified it to such a degree as to enable it to cope with the opposition, under any circumstances. This is the theoretically best career of mental progress.”

The need of securing success at the *outset* is imperative. Failure at first is apt to dampen the energy of all future attempts, whereas past experience of success nerves one to future vigor. Goethe says to a man who consulted him about an enterprise but mistrusted his own powers: “Ach! you need only blow on your hands!” And the remark illustrates the effect on Goethe's spirits of his own habitually successful career. Professor Baumann, from whom I borrow the anecdote, says that the collapse of barbarian nations when Europeans came among them is due to their despair of ever succeeding as the newcomers do in the larger tasks of life. Old ways are broken and new ones not formed.

The question of “tapering-off,” in abandoning such habits as drink and opium-indulgence, comes in here, and is a question about which experts differ within certain limits, and in regard to what may be best for an individual case. In the main, however, all expert opinion would agree that abrupt acquisition of the new habit is the best way, *if there be a real possibility of carrying it out*. We must be careful not to give the will so stiff a task as to insure its defeat at the very outset; but, *provided one can stand it*, a sharp period of suffering and then a free time, is the best thing to aim at, whether in giving up a habit like that of opium, or in simply changing one's hours of rising or of work. It is surprising how soon a desire will die of inanition if it be *never* fed.

“One must first learn, unmoved, looking neither to the right nor left, to walk firmly on the straight and narrow

path, before one can begin 'to make oneself over again.' He who every day makes a fresh resolve is like one who, arriving at the edge of the ditch he is to leap, forever stops and returns for a fresh run. Without *unbroken* advance there is no such thing as *accumulation* of the ethical forces possible, and to make this possible, and to exercise us and habituate us in it, is the sovereign blessing of regular work."

A third maxim may be added to the preceding pair: *Seize the very first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain.* It is not the moment of their forming, but in the moment of their producing *motor effects*, that resolves and aspirations communicate the new "set" to the brain. As the author last quoted remarks:

"The actual presence of the practical opportunity alone furnishes the fulcrum upon which the lever can rest, by means of which the moral will may multiply its strength, and raise itself aloft. He who has no solid ground to press against will never get beyond the stage of empty gesture-making."

No matter how full a reservoir of *maxims* one may possess, and no matter how good one's *sentiments* may be, if one have not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to *act*, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved. And this is an obvious consequence of the principles we have laid down. A "character," as J. S. Mill says, "is a completely fashioned will"; and a will, in the sense in which he means it, is an aggregate of tendencies to act in a firm and prompt and definite way upon all the principal emergencies of life. A tendency to act only becomes effectively ingrained in us in proportion to the uninterrupted frequency with which the actions actually occur, and the brain "grows" to their use. Every time a resolve or a fine glow of feeling evaporates without bearing practical fruit is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge. There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed. Rousseau, inflaming all the mothers of France, by his eloquence, to follow Nature and nurse their babies themselves, while he sends his own children to the foundling hospital, is the classical example of what I mean. But every one of us in his measure, whenever, after glowing for an abstractly formulated Good, he practically ignores some actual case, among the squalid "other particulars" of which that same Good lurks disguised, treads straight on Rousseau's path. All Goods are disguised by the vulgarity of their concomitants, in this work-a-day world; but woe to him who can only recognize them when he thinks them in their pure and abstract form! The habit of excessive novel reading and theater going will produce true monsters in this line. The weeping of a Russian lady over the fictitious personages in the play, while her coachman is freezing to death on his seat outside, is the sort of thing that everywhere happens on a less glaring scale. Even the habit of excessive indulgence in music for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted enough to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon the character. One becomes filled with emotions which habitually pass without prompting to any deed, and so the inertly sentimental condition is kept up. The remedy would be, never to suffer oneself to have an emotion at a concert, without expressing it afterward in some active way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world—speaking genially to one's aunt or giving up one's seat in a horse car, if nothing more heroic offers—but let it not fail to take place.

These latter cases make us aware that it is not simply *particular lines* of discharge, but also *general forms* of discharge, that seem to be grooved out by habit in the brain. Just as, if we let our emotions evaporate, they get into a way of evaporating; so there is reason to suppose that if we often flinch from making an effort, before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone; and that, if we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time. Attention and effort are, as we shall see later, but two names for the same psychic fact. To what brain processes they correspond we do not know. The strongest reason for believing that they do depend on brain processes at all, and are not pure acts of the spirit, is just this fact, that they seem in some degree subject to the law of habit, which is a material law. As a final practical maxim, relative to these habits of the will, we may, then, offer something like this: *Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day.* That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance which a man pays on his house and goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But if the fire *does* come, his

having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

The physiological study of mental conditions is thus the most powerful ally of hortatory ethics. The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time!" Well! he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course, this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning, to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his business, the *power of judging* in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together.

Notes

second nature. Nature is one's natural endowment or essential character, as, natural impulse or action, instinct or native constitution, intrinsic or inborn nature. Hence, second nature means one's real nature, something that has become so much a part of the individual that he cannot escape from it.

Duke of Wellington, Arthur Wellesley (1769-1852), British general responsible for the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo.

"There is a story . . . ," from Huxley's *Elementary Lessons in Physiology*, Lesson XII.

practical joker. A practical joke is a joke put into practice, the fun consisting in what is done rather than in what is said, especially a trick played on a person. He who practices such witticisms is called a practical joker.

gutter, a small channel at the side of a road or elsewhere to lead off surface water.

cavalry-horses, horses belonging to the cavalry or that branch of the army which serves on horseback.

customary evolutions, the evolutions that they have been accustomed to go through.

bugle call, a summons on a bugle, as to call soldiers to duty. The bugle is a brass or copper wind instrument curved and somewhat high-pitched.

omnibus- and car-horses, horses employed to draw such vehicles. The omnibus is a heavy four-wheeled public vehicle designed to carry a comparatively large number of people; a car is a vehicle adapted to the rails of a railroad.

menagerie, a collection of wild or foreign animals in cages or inclosures kept especially for exhibition, as with a circus.

flywheel, a heavy wheel for opposing and moderating by its inertia any fluctuation of speed in the machinery with which it involves.

ordinance, order.

walks, occupations.

deck hand, a common sailor.

nurture, bringing up; fostering care.

strata. A stratum is a body of sedimentary rock or earth of one kind formed by natural causes and consisting usually of a series of layers lying between beds of other kinds. Here, social strata refer to the different groups that make up a society.

mannerism, a recurrent trick of style or behavior.

cleavage, division, way in which a thing tends to split.

“shop,” one's occupation or business as a topic of conversation, especially when introduced unseasonably.

set like plaster, grown hard, become fixed like plaster.

fixing, making or becoming rigid.

vocalization, act of vocalizing or forming into voice; giving intonation or resonance to.

nasality, in speaking, having the twang described as speaking through the nose.

veriest, the superlative of *very*; most very; most actual, veritable, real.

“swell,” a slang expression to mean a stylish or ultrafashionable person.

orbit, social group within which he moves. An orbit is the path described by a heavenly body in its revolution around another body. Here, a man's social group within which he moves.

contrive, manage.

ally, one joined to another by alliance, treaty, or league.

automatic, acting of itself; having an inherent power of action or motion.

the effortless custody of automatism, habit.

nothing is habitual but indecision, having no habit except the habit of not being able to make up his mind on any decision.

express volitional deliberation, in which he must every time make up his mind definitely before he carries out the act.

ingrained, deeply rooted.

Professor Bain's chapter on “The Moral Habits.” Alexander Bain (1818-1903), Scottish psychologist and educator. The quotation is from his *The Study of Character*, 1861.

maxims, general truth drawn from science or experience; principle; rule of conduct.

his treatment, his book, his way of dealing with the subject.

launch ourselves, set ourselves going; start out.

initiative, first step, origination.

incompatible, inconsistent with; opposed in character to; discordant to.

a public pledge, make a promise in public, before others; swear not to do a thing in front of many others.

momentum, the force of motion acquired by a moving body as a result of the continuance of its motion by virtue of inertia; impetus.

breakdown, stoppage; collapse; failure of a thing.

undoes, annuls; unties or unfastens or loosens.

wind, coil around.

contradistinguishing, distinguishing by a contrast.

ascendant, higher position.

outset, start, beginning.

imperative, urgent, obligatory, necessary.

dampen, discourage; depress; chill.

nerves, gives strength, vigor, courage to; supplies one with physical or moral force.

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von (1749-1832), German author.

mistrusted, had no faith in his own powers.

Ach, ah, an exclamation, expressive of surprise, pity, complaint, entreaty, contempt, threatening, delight, triumph, etc., according to the manner of utterance. Here, it is used to express the ease with which the enterprise can be carried out.

anecdote, a particular or detached incident or fact of an interesting nature; a biographical incident or fragment.

“tapering-off,” stopping gradually; ceasing little by little.

a sharp period, an abrupt, intense, period of suffering.

inanition, want of fullness; emptiness; exhaustion from lack of food; fasting.

“One must first learn . . . ,” from J. Bahnsen *Beitrage zu Characterologie*, Vol. I, p.209.

the straight and narrow path, the path which conforms to justice and rectitude, with special reference to some peril or misfortune.

“to make oneself over again,” to reform, to change for the better.

resolve, resolution, determination.

for a fresh run. He must make the preliminary run again because he was timid and stopped before making the leap and therefore wasted the previous run.

habituate, make habitual, make into a habit.

motor effects, physical movements; consciousness of action.

fulcrum, the support, as a wedge-shaped piece or a hinge, about which a lever turns.

to press against, to stand on.

With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved. Possession of a determination to act in a certain way or to do a certain thing, yet never acting upon it, is but to prepare the way for misery, anguish, turmoil, or wickedness.

J. S. Mill, John Stuart (1806-1873), English philosopher and political economist.

“grows,” develops, becomes larger and fuller.

evaporates, disappears, does not come to fruit.

discharge, relief of load; unloading.

nerveless, destitute of strength or courage; without nerves; lacking vigor; powerless; weak; inert.

weltering sea of sensibility and emotion. A weltering sea is one which rises and falls tumultuously; rocks and tosses; hence, restless, boundless space or extent of one's feeling or consciousness.

Rousseau, Jean Jacques (1712-1778), French philosopher and author. He advocated going back to nature; he proposed that parents should nurture their own children.

foundling hospital, an institution for infants found after their parents have deserted or exposed them.

“other particulars,” other details, perhaps not so inviting.

concomitants, associates, companions.

inertly, sluggishly, slowly, weakly.

flinch, draw back; wince.

psychic, pertaining to the mind, mental as contrasted to the physical.

gratuitous, offered free; extra; not called for by the circumstances.

ascetic, rigid in self-denial and devotions.

winnowed, separated and driven off; blowing the chaff away from the seed.

chaff, the glumes or husks of grain and grasses separated from the seed by threshing and winnowing.

hortatory ethics, moral conduct or teaching which counsels, advises, or incites or encourages.

theology, the science of God or of religion.

Rip Van Winkle. Joseph Jefferson (1829-1905), American actor, seeking an original play for himself, made a dramatization of Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle*. He first played this role in London in 1865. This drama delighted American playgoers for two generations.

dereliction, failure in duty; a neglect or omission as if by wilful abandonment.

Questions

1. How is habit a conservative agent?

2. What period is most important for the fixing of personal habits?
3. How can we make our nervous system our ally?
4. What are the two great maxims quoted from Professor Bain?
5. What is the third maxim suggested?
6. Why is action necessary?
7. What final practical maxim is given?
8. What encouragement may youth find in a physiological study of mental conditions?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《习惯》一文选自威廉·詹姆斯1890年出版的作品《心理原则》。后收入鲁道夫·W. 钱伯伦编写的《散文进阶读本》，纽约道布尔戴·佩奇出版公司1923年出版，22—26页。

28 习惯

“习惯乃第二天性！习惯是十倍的天性。”据说威灵顿公爵曾作此论断，此语的真切之处，唯老兵领悟最深。日复一日的严格操练，年复一年的纪律约束，影响了他们的大多数行为，造就了全新的人。

“有这样一则故事，未必真实，却也可信。有人搞恶作剧，看见一位退伍老兵拿着晚餐回家，突然大喊：‘立正！’那老兵闻声竟然立即垂臂而立，结果，手中的羊肉和土豆都掉进了地沟。由此可见，军营的训练多么彻底，其影响已经深入老兵的神经结构之中。”

在许多战役中，曾看到无人骑乘的战马集合起来，在战斗的号角声中继续进行日常演练的动作。多数经过驯化的动物，如狗、牛和驾车的马匹，简直就像机器一样，纯粹而简单，时时刻刻在完成人类教给它们的活计，既不置疑，也不犹豫，也没有迹象看出头脑中有什么其他想法。在监狱中渐渐老去的犯人，获释后竟请求重返狱中。1884年，美国一个行进中的野生动物兽笼遭遇了一场铁路交通事故，据说一只老虎从被撞开的虎笼中逃脱，但似乎是对新的责任感到恐惧，很快就返回笼中，因此把这只老虎重新关好不费吹灰之力。

因此，习惯是社会巨大的飞轮，也是社会最宝贵的守护力量。习惯，使我们服从法律的约束，使财富的宠儿免遭心存妒忌的贫民暴动的侵扰。习惯，使处境最为艰难、最令人嫌恶的社会阶层免于被那些原本要对其肆意践踏的人们抛弃。它使渔夫和水手在海上度过严冬；使矿工甘处黑暗之中，农夫固守在小木屋中和孤零零的农场上，度过冰天雪地的季节；它保护我们免遭沙漠和冰封地带土著的入侵。它使我们注定要凭借所接受的养育或者早期的选择开展生命的战役，尽力实现不分时宜的追求，因为除此之外，我们别无选择，而且重新来过已经为时太晚。它使不同的社会阶层彼此隔绝。到了二十五岁，在年轻的商旅人士、医生、牧师、律师身上，可以看到职业行为方式已经根深蒂固了。你会看到一道道印迹贯穿他们的性格、思路、偏见、行为方式，总而言之，这个年轻人渐渐地无法挣脱，就像衣袖上无法立即形成新的褶皱一样。总的来说，他最好还是不要挣脱。我们多数人到了三十岁，性格已经像石膏一样凝固定型，不会再软化松动了。对世界来说，这也是件好事。

如果说二十到三十岁之间是形成思维和专业习惯的关键阶段，那么二十岁以下对于所谓个人习惯的定型是更加重要的，比如声调、发音、手势、动作以及称呼方式。二十岁后习得的语言难免会带有外国口音；进入自己本不属于的上流社会的青年人，几乎无法丢弃成长过程中养成的鼻音或者其他不良语言习惯。甚至无论口袋里揣了多少金钱，他都学不会如何像一位天生的绅士那样穿衣打扮。尽管商人像对待社会精英一样热情地向他推销商品，但是他总是无法买到恰当的商品。像引力一样强大的无形法则，使他无法脱离自己的轨道，年复一年地穿着同样的衣装；而出身高贵的人们如何得到他们身上的衣服，这对他来说是一个谜，至死都无法解开。

所有教育的重要之处，就是使神经系统成为我们的朋友，而不是敌人。对我们习得的技能，它会提供支持资助，并与其带来的收益安然共处。因此，我们必须尽早地使尽可能多的有益行为成为自动、习惯的活动，像防范瘟疫一样防止不利的做法形成固定模式。日常生活中越多的具体事务交给毫不费力的自动监管，我们思想的力量就会更多地得以释放，发挥其应有的作用。最可怜的人只有一种习惯：犹豫。无论是点燃一只雪茄，品尝一杯美酒，乃至每天的作息时间，开始每一件工作，都要经过深思熟虑。有些事本该习惯成自然，根本不应察觉到它们的存在，而这种人却把一半时间花在做决定或者后悔上。各位读者，如果您的日常工作还没有潜移默化地成为自己的一部分，就从此刻开始改正吧。

在《道德习惯》一章中，贝恩教授提出了令人钦佩的中肯的评论。他的解决方案阐明了两大准则。第一个准则是，在获取一个新习惯或者抛弃一个旧习惯时，我们必须尽可能果断而坚决地全力以赴。尽可能多创造有利于强化正确动机的情形；刻意把自己置身于鼓励新做法的条件之中；使自己的精力与旧做法互不相容；在条件允许的情况下采取公开承诺；总之，利用你所知道的一切手段来辅助你的决定。这将给你崭新的开端带来巨大动力，半途而废的诱惑不会那么快出现；打破习惯的日子推迟一天，这种诱惑再次出现的机会就减少一分。

第二条准则就是：新习惯没有在你的生命中根深蒂固之前，不要容许例外发生。每次松懈就像把手中正在仔细缠绕的线团松开；一次失误需要多倍的努力才能弥补。持续训练是唯一确保神经系统正确行动的

重要方法。正如贝恩教授所说：

“与获取知识显著不同，道德习惯的特别之处是存在两种敌对的力量，若一种力量逐渐占上风，便会压倒另一种力量。在这种情况下，首先必须做到的就是一场战役也不要输掉。错误的一方一旦获胜，就会把正确一方多次取得的成果消耗殆尽。因此，必须慎重调整这两种敌对的力量，让正确一方不断取得一个又一个成功，直到多次重复使其得以巩固，以便无论在任何情况下，都能与敌对力量抗衡。理论上来说，这是思想进步的最佳历程。”

在起步阶段，必须确保成功。若开局失利，将会消弭未来努力的能量，反之，前期的成功将使人未来精力充沛。有人向歌德咨询一项事业，却怀疑自己的能力，歌德对他说：“嗨！你只要往手上吹口气就行了！”这句话说明了事业上习惯性的成功，对于歌德的情绪态度产生了深远的影响。我是从鲍曼教授那里听到这则轶事的，他说欧洲人到来的时候，野蛮民族便土崩瓦解了，这是因为他们悲观绝望，而新来的欧洲人却在面临生命中重要的任务时充满了求胜的信心。旧模式被打破了，而新模式还未建立起来。

戒除酗酒、吸毒之类的陋习时，“渐进式”方案带来了一些问题。对此，专家们存在一定分歧，也未就具体案例的最佳方案达成共识。但总体来说，所有专家都会同意，如果确有可能坚持下去，迅速养成一个新习惯是最佳方法。我们一定要注意，不要让意志面临一个一开始就注定会失败的艰巨任务。无论是戒除吸食鸦片的习惯，还是仅仅改变作息时间，如果能够经受考验，最佳的处理方法是先忍受一段痛苦时期，然后再经历一段自由时期。如果欲望不能得到满足，它很快就会因饥饿而消亡，这真是令人惊奇。

“在没有‘脱胎换骨’之前，必须首先学会心无旁骛，不要左顾右盼，在笔直而狭窄的小路上稳步前行。每天下一个新的决心，就如同每次跑到准备跨越的壕沟边缘时，都会停下脚步，转身再次助跑。若没有持续的前进，就不会有道德力量的积聚。要做到这点，践行并习惯此道，唯有通过持续的工作带来极大益处。”

除了前面的两个准则之外，还可以增加第三条准则：每当做出决定后，每逢产生有助于形成所渴望的习惯的情绪时，就抓住第一个机会立即行动。决定和渴望把新的“习惯模式”传递给大脑，并不是发生在它们形成之时，而是在产生行动效果之际。正如前面所引的作家所说：

“实际机会的出现，为杠杆提供了支点，通过它，道德意志可以增加其力量，把自己高高举起。而不能为支点提供坚实支撑的人，只会停留在空洞摆姿态的阶段。”

一个人不论信奉多少准则，也不论思想多么敏锐，若不抓住每个机会采取行动，其个性将无缘改善。仅仅有良好的意愿，如谚语所说，就会铺就一条通向地狱之路。这是我们制定的原则会带来的显而易见的结果。正如J. S. 密尔所说，“性格是得到完全塑造的意志”。意志，在他所指的意义上，是在生活中主要遇到的所有紧急情况下，所采取的一切坚定、明确的行动倾向。行动的倾向在我们心中根深蒂固的程度，与行动实际不间断发生的频率成正比，而且大脑也随着它们的使用而“成长”。决心或美好的感觉没有产生实际结果就烟消云散了，这比失去一个机会还要糟糕；它将阻碍决心与情绪找到正常的流注渠道。性格最可鄙的一类人，是缺乏勇气的感伤主义者和空想家，一生都在感性与情感的海波中翻滚，而从未做出一件真正有男子气魄的事迹。卢梭便是一个经典的例子：他用卓越的口才煽动法国所有的母亲崇尚自然，亲自养育子女，而他自己却把孩子送到育婴堂。就我们每个人而言，若在心中萌发朦胧抽象的善意后，却在实际情况中，只看到丑陋的“其他特殊情况”，看不到背后掩藏的可以行的善，那便是某种程度上重蹈了卢梭之路。在这平凡的世界中，所有的善都会被伴随左右的粗俗所掩饰；但若仅能识别以纯粹抽象的形式存在的善，就未免太可悲可叹了。沉溺于阅读小说和观看戏剧，就会产生此类恶魔。俄罗斯妇人为戏剧中的虚拟人物哭泣垂泪，却不顾门外等候她的车夫在座位上冻得要死，这种事情时有发生，却不太引人注目。既不是演员，也没有欣赏天赋的人，其沉溺音乐的习惯或许对性格产生削弱的效果。如果一个人产生的感情习惯性地不引发任何行动，其怠惰的情绪状态将保持下去。补救的方法是，不要在音乐会上放纵感情，除非事后以某种积极的方式将其表达出来。让表达成为世界上最起码的行动吧——如果做不出英雄壮举，那就和颜悦色地对姑母说话，或者在马车上起身让座——但是一定要表达。

后面的几个例子使我们清楚了：习惯在大脑中所刻下的印痕，不仅仅包括流注的具体渠道，还包括流注的一般形式。如果任由情绪无端消失，情绪就会进入无端消失的模式；同样，有理由相信，倘若本该努力时我们却退缩不前，努力的能力很快就会消失，而我们还浑然不觉；而且，如果我们任由注意力涣散，不久之后，注意力就再也无法集中了。后面我们将会看到，注意与努力只不过是同一个心理事实的两个不同的名字而已。它们对哪些大脑活动过程做出响应，尚不得而知。它们并非纯粹的精神活动，而是要依赖

大脑活动过程。这种看法的最有力证明是：它们在某种程度上为习惯法则——一个实实在在的法则——所制约。最后一个实际准则和这些意志习惯有关，我们可以提供如下建议：通过每天做一点无关紧要的锻炼，让努力的机制在头脑中得以保留。也就是说，在琐碎而无足轻重的时点，保持坚忍、勇敢；每天做一两件不愿意做的事；当真正需要的时候，你就能够经受住考验，不会手足无措、毫无条理了。这种坚忍行为就像是为房子和货物所上的保险。缴纳这笔款项此时对他毫无益处，甚至可能永远都不会带来回报。但是倘若火灾真的降临，他所购买的保险将把他从废墟中拯救出来。在琐碎小事上注意培养习惯，使自己拥有集中的注意力、坚定的意志、自我克制的人，也是一样。四面楚歌之时，他仍会像巨塔一样耸立，而那些意志不坚的人则像谷壳一样在风中飘散无踪了。

因此，对精神状况进行生理研究，会为激励伦理学提供最为有力的支持。神学已向我们启示，死后需要承受地狱之苦，但现世习惯性地以错误方式塑造性格会带来更多的灾难。如果年轻人能够意识到，不久之后他们就会被习惯所驱使，那么他们就会更加关注自己在习惯形成时期的行为。我们在编织自己的命运，不论是好还是坏，不会重来。一点善举、一个恶行，都会留下不小的痕迹。杰斐逊剧中的醉汉瑞普·凡·温克尔每次失职都会安慰自己：“这次不算！”好吧！就算他自己不去计算，慈爱的上苍也不去计算，但冥冥中的力量还是会毫厘不爽地计算的。在他的神经细胞和纤维之间，无数分子在默默地计数、录入和储存，当下一次诱惑来临之时，就会对他不利。在严格的科学意义上，我们所做的任何事都不会完全磨灭。当然，这有好的一面，也有坏的一面。一杯一杯地饮酒，我们会成为积习难改的酒鬼；同样，一次一次的行动，一个小时又一个小时的工作，可以使我们成为品德高尚的圣人，成为实践或科学领域的权威与专家。无论教育的过程如何，年轻人都不必对教育的结果感到忧虑。只要在工作日的每个小时都认真而忙碌地工作，结果自然会水到渠成。完全可以确定的是，某天清晨醒来，他会发现自己已成为一代人中的佼佼者，无论他选择了什么样的追求目标。在他完成一项项具体工作的时候，对此类问题的判断力会在他的身上默默地积聚，形成一种永不消失的财富。年轻人应该尽早知道这个真理，因为比起所有其他因素，若对此一无所知，可能会令刚刚踏上艰巨职业生涯的年轻人产生更多的胆怯与懦弱。

（李春江 译）

29

WHY A CLASSIC IS A CLASSIC

By Arnold Bennett



WHY A CLASSIC IS A CLASSIC, by Arnold Bennett, from his *Literary Taste, How to Form It*, New York, George H. Doran Company. Reprinted in Chamberlain and Bolton, *Progressive Readings in Prose*, pp. 37-39.

Arnold Bennett (1867-1931), English novelist, best known for his *Old Wives' Tales*, a realistic study of the pottery-manufacturing Staffordshire. WHY A CLASSIC IS A CLASSIC was written in 1909 and shows Mr. Bennett at his best in freeing a time-worn subject from cant phrases and wearisome formality.

The large majority of our fellow citizens care as much about literature as they care about aëroplanes or the program of the Legislature. They do not ignore it; they are not quite indifferent to it. But their interest in it is faint and perfunctory; or, if their interest happens to be violent, it is spasmodic. Ask the two hundred thousand persons whose enthusiasm made the vogue of a popular novel ten years ago what they think of that novel now, and you will gather that they have utterly forgotten it, and that they would no more dream of reading it again than of reading Bishop Stubbs's *Select Charters*. Probably if they did read it again they would not enjoy it—not because the said novel is a whit worse now than it was ten years ago; not because their taste has improved—but because they have not had sufficient practice to be able to rely on their taste as a means of permanent pleasure. They simply don't know from one day to the next what will please them.

In the face of this one may ask: Why does the great and universal fame of classical authors continue? The answer is that the fame of classical authors is entirely independent of the majority. Do you suppose that if the fame of Shakespeare depended on the man in the street it would survive a fortnight? The fame of classical authors is originally made, and it is maintained, by a passionate few. Even when a first-class author has enjoyed immense success during his lifetime, the majority have never appreciated him so sincerely as they have appreciated second-rate men. He has always been reënforced by the ardor of the passionate few. And in the case of an author who has

emerged into glory after his death, the happy sequel has been due solely to the obstinate perseverance of the few. They could not leave him alone; they would not. They kept on savoring him, and talking about him, and buying him, and they generally behaved with such eager zeal, and they were so authoritative and sure of themselves, that at last the majority grew accustomed to the sound of his name and placidly agreed to the proposition that he was a genius; the majority really did not care very much either way.

And it is by the passionate few that the renown of genius is kept alive from one generation to another. These few are always at work. They are always rediscovering genius. Their curiosity and enthusiasm are exhaustless, so that there is little chance of genius being ignored. And, moreover, they are always working either for or against the verdicts of the majority. The majority can make a reputation, but it is too careless to maintain it. If, by accident, the passionate few agree with the majority in a particular instance, they will frequently remind the majority that such and such a reputation has been made, and the majority will idly concur: "Ah, yes. By the way, we must not forget that such and such a reputation exists." Without that persistent memory-jogging the reputation would quickly fall into the oblivion which is death. The passionate few only have their way by reason of the fact that they are genuinely interested in literature, that literature matters to them. They conquer by their obstinacy alone, by their eternal repetition of the same statements. Do you suppose they could prove to the man in the street that Shakespeare was a great artist? The said man would not even understand the terms they employed. But when he is told ten thousand times, and generation after generation, that Shakespeare was a great artist, the said man believes—not by reason, but by faith. And he, too, repeats that Shakespeare was a great artist, and he buys the complete works of Shakespeare and puts them on his shelves, and he goes to see the marvelous stage effects which accompany *King Lear* or *Hamlet*, and comes back religiously convinced that Shakespeare was a great artist. All because the passionate few could not keep their admiration of Shakespeare to themselves. This is not cynicism; but truth. And it is important that those who wish to form their literary taste should grasp it.

What causes the passionate few to make such a fuss about literature? There can be only one reply. They find a keen and lasting pleasure in literature. They enjoy literature as some men enjoy beer. The recurrence of this pleasure naturally keeps their interest in literature very much alive. They are forever making new researches, forever practicing on themselves. They learn to understand themselves. They learn to know what they want. Their taste becomes surer and surer as their experience lengthens. They do not enjoy to-day what will seem tedious to them to-morrow. When they find a book tedious, no amount of popular clatter will persuade them that it is pleasurable; and when they find it pleasurable no chill silence of the street crowds will affect their conviction that the book is good and permanent. They have faith in themselves. What are the qualities in a book which give keen and lasting pleasure to the passionate few? This is a question so difficult that it has never yet been completely answered. You may talk lightly about truth, insight, knowledge, wisdom, humor, and beauty. But these comfortable words do not really carry you very far, for each of them has to be defined, especially the first and last. It is all very well for Keats in his airy manner to assert that beauty is truth, truth beauty, and that that is all he knows or needs to know. I, for one, need to know a lot more. And I never shall know. Nobody, not even Hazlitt nor Sainte Beuve, has ever finally explained why he thought a book beautiful. I take the first fine lines that come to hand—

The woods of Arcady are dead,

And over is their antique joy—

and I say that those lines are beautiful because they give me pleasure. But why? No answer! I only know that the passionate few will broadly agree with me in deriving this mysterious pleasure from these lines. I am only convinced that the liveliness of our pleasure in those and many other lines by the same author will ultimately cause the majority to believe, by faith, that W. B. Yeats is a genius. The one reassuring aspect of the literary affair is that the passionate few are passionate about the same things. A continuance of interest does, in actual practice, lead ultimately to the same judgments. There is only the difference in width of interest. Some of the passionate few lack catholicity, or, rather, the whole of their interest is confined to one narrow channel; they have none left over. These men help specially to vitalize the reputations of the narrower geniuses, such as Crashaw. But their active predilections never contradict the general verdict of the passionate few; rather they reënforce it.

A classic is a work which gives pleasure to the minority which is intensely and permanently interested in literature. It lives on because the minority, eager to renew the sensation of pleasure, is eternally curious and is therefore engaged in an eternal process of rediscovery. A classic does not survive for any ethical reason. It does not survive because it conforms to certain canons, or because neglect would not kill it. It survives because it is a source of pleasure, and because the passionate few can no more neglect it than a bee can neglect a flower. The passionate few do not read “the right things” because they are right. That is to put the cart before the horse. “The right things” are the right things solely because the passionate few *like* reading them. Hence—and I now arrive at my point—the one primary essential to literary taste is a hot interest in literature. If you have that, all the rest will come. It matters nothing that at present you fail to find pleasure in certain classics. The driving impulse of your interest will force you to acquire experience, and experience will teach you the use of the means of pleasure. You do not know the secret ways of yourself: that is all. A continuance of interest must inevitably bring you to the keenest joys. But, of course, experience may be acquired judiciously or injudiciously, just as Putney may be reached *via* Walham Green or *via* St. Petersburg.

Notes

perfunctory, done merely as a duty; performed mechanically and as a thing of rote or carelessly and superficially; marked by indifference.

spasmodic, acting or proceeding fitfully or intermittently; lacking continuity of effort, production.

Bishop Stubbs's “Select Charters.” William Stubbs (1825-1901), English bishop and historian, professor of modern history at Oxford, 1866-1884. His most famous work is his *Constitutional History of England* (1874-1878).

whit, bit, iota.

classical authors, writers of the first rank, especially in literature and art, classical because their works have become classics.

Shakespeare, William (1564-1616), the greatest of the English poets and dramatists.

sequel, that which follows, continuation; hence, consequence, effect, result.

savoring, tasting, relishing.

placidly, calmly, quietly.

memory-jogging, calling to mind; reminding.

stage effects, stage sceneries and tricks intended to produce certain impressions.

“King Lear” or “Hamlet,” both plays by Shakespeare, both tragedies.

cynicism, sneering at goodness and given to tearing off the veil from human weakness; mental state, opinion, or conduct of a person who believes that human conduct is directed, either consciously or unconsciously, wholly by self-interest or self-indulgence.

tedious, tiresomely long and slow and dull.

popular clatter, noisy talk of the multitude.

Keats, John (1795-1821), English romantic poet.

airy manner, loose irresponsible way; reasoning in a superficial way.

beauty is truth, truth beauty, from Keats's "Ode to the Grecian Urn" (1820) 11, 49-50.

Hazlitt, William (1778-1830), English critic and miscellaneous writer.

Sainte Beuve, Charles Augustin (1804-1869), French literary critic.

The woods of Arcady are dead, And over is their antique joy—These are the opening lines of "The Song of the Happy Shepherd" by William Butler Yeats (1865-1939), Irish poet and author.

The woods of Arcady. Arcady is another spelling for Arcadia, a Utopia of poetical simplicity and innocence, named after a pastoral and mountainous district of the Peloponnesus, in Greece, a district fabled to be the idyllic. By the four words "The woods of Arcady" is meant poetry and poetic inspiration, because within the forests of Arcadia is to be had such inspiration.

their antique joy, the happiness which they (the woods of Arcady) experienced in olden times. Yeats is lamenting the dearth, the lack, of good poetry to-day; he even claims that people do not derive any happiness from poetry any more.

catholicity, liberality and universality of sentiment.

one narrow channel, a passage that is not wide; hence, a mind or disposition that is not broad, that confines itself to very narrow interests.

vitalize, endow with life or vitality; give life to.

Crashaw, Richard (1613? -1649), English poet.

predilections, previous likings.

put the cart before the horse, do things in the reverse order; take effect for cause.

hot interest, ardent, strong interest.

judiciously, sensibly, prudently.

Putney, a parish of Wandsworth borough, in the environs of London, England.

Walham Green, in Fulham, north of Putney and across the river Thames, on the direct route from the heart of London to Putney.

St. Petersburg, the name of the capital of Russia in the Czarist days, now changed to Leningrad. To take the direct route from London via Walham Green to Putney would be to take the judicious way, the sensible thing to do; to go to Putney from the heart of London by way of St. Petersburg would be to take a most roundabout way, a most injudicious way, not the sensible thing to do. Experience may be acquired judiciously or injudiciously.

Questions

1. How much do most people care about literature?
2. By whom is the fame of classical authors made and maintained?
3. How do the "passionate few" keep the renown of genius alive from generation to generation?
4. Why is this minority so occupied with literature?

5. What is a classic?

6. What is the one primary essential to literary taste?

参考译文

【作品介绍】

《经典之所以为经典》一文选自阿诺德·本涅特所著《文学品位之修养》，纽约乔治·H. 多兰公司出版。后收入钱伯伦及博尔顿编写的《散文进阶读本》，37—39页。

【作者简介】

阿诺德·本涅特（1867—1931），英国小说家，最为人们知晓的作品是《老妇人的故事》，该作品是对制造陶器的斯塔福德郡的现实刻画。《经典之所以为经典》写于1909年，展示了本涅特将一个“旧题”从套话和令人厌倦的写作程式中解放出来的最高艺术。

29 经典之所以为经典

我们大部分民众对文学的关心程度犹如他们对飞机或立法的态度，不忽视也不十分漠视。但他们对文学的兴趣却是微不足道且敷衍了事的，即使这种兴趣可能会十分强烈，但也只是一时兴起。在二十万人中做个调查，十年前他们的热情曾使一部小说盛行一时，现今，当问及他们对那部小说的印象时，你会发现他们已经将其彻底遗忘，而且他们宁可阅读斯塔布斯主教的《宪章精选》，也不会想起再次阅读那本小说。即使他们开卷重阅，也可能不会乐在其中了——并不是因为这本小说的可读性不如十年前，也不是因为人们的鉴赏力有所精进——而是因为人们没有足够的实践来依赖自己的品位获取持久的快乐。连他们自己也不知道，明天将有什么带给他们快乐。

面对这个问题，有人可能会问：经典作家享有的那伟大而普世的声誉为何能够延续？答案在于：经典作家的声誉独立于大众读者而存在。试想一下，如果莎士比亚的声誉仅仅依靠大街上的普通民众来维持，你能指望这种声誉持续多久呢？经典作家的声望，源起并维系于少数对他们情有独钟的读者。有时某位一流作家在其一生中获得了巨大成功，然而，人们对他表现出的真诚欣赏可能还不及对某个二流作家。他的声誉得以巩固是因那些热情的少数读者。而有些作家在其死后才被冠以荣誉，这样乐观的结果也仅仅是因为少数人的坚持不懈。这类少数人无法也永不会将他们的“偶像”遗忘，而是继续讨论他，品味他，购买他的经典作品，表现得极其热衷。他们相信自己的权威判断并充满自信，最终，其他大多数人也耳濡目染，都对这位作家的名字耳熟能详，进而自然地认可其文学天赋。其实，大部分人并不真正在乎其是否为经典。

正因为少数人对文学的执着和热情，文学巨匠的声誉才得以代代相传。这些少数人孜孜不倦，凭借着浓重的好奇心和无限的热情，不断地挖掘天才，极少使得文学巨匠遭到埋没。而且，这些少数人总是在支持或反对大众的观点。大众可以制造声望，但却无心将其维持下去。倘若在某特定情形下，少数人与大众的观点达成一致，他们也会不断地提醒大众，某种声誉已经建立。而大众也会敷衍地同意道：“哦，是的。顺便说一下啊，我们绝不能忘了某某声誉存在着。”若没有少数人持久的记忆，经典作家的声望就会迅速埋没殆尽。这些少数人坚信自己对文学的热情，以及文学对于他们的重要性。他们仅凭自身的坚持和反复强调同一个观点来征服大部分人。你想象过这么一幅场景吗？这些少数人走向大街向平民证明莎士比亚是一位伟大的文学艺术家。而平民甚至都无法理解这些少数人使用的言辞术语。但是，如果继续口口相传、代代因袭，那么这些平民就会认可莎士比亚是个伟大的文学艺术家，这种认可并非源于理性，而是出自信仰。而且，他还会重复前人的观点，认为莎士比亚是一位伟大的文学艺术家，会购买莎士比亚的文学作品，放到家里的书架上，也会去剧院欣赏《李尔王》或《哈姆雷特》的舞台剧，然后笃定莎士比亚就是一位文学大师。所有这些的发生只是因为那些少数人不愿将对莎士比亚的膜拜局限于自身。这并非愤世嫉俗，而是实事求是。而且，对于那些想塑造自己文学品位的人而言，明白这一点极为重要。

是什么让这些狂热的少数人对文学如此热衷？答案只有一个：他们能从文学中获得强烈而持久的乐趣。他们痴迷于文学，就像有些人沉醉于啤酒。这种乐趣的反复重现自然而然地维系着他们对于文学的热情。他们总是孜孜不倦地开展新研究，并身体力行去展开实践。他们学着理解自我，明确自己真正想要什么。随着经验的生长，他们对文学的鉴赏越发可靠。他们不会去欣赏一部未来可能使他们感到无趣的作品。当他们发现一本书索然无味时，任何舆论的喧嚣都不能使他们认为此书富有一丝乐趣。相反，当他们发觉那本书趣味盎然时，任何来自众人的冷漠都无法改变他们对此书的永久认可。他们对自己的鉴赏力充满了信心。什么样的文学作品会为少数人带来那强烈而持久的乐趣呢？这个问题难以回答，到现在都没人能给出确切的答案。你可能会轻率地认为应该是作品中的真理、洞见、智慧、幽默和美感。但是这些美辞并不能使你体会到那种乐趣，因为每个词都需要有确切的含义，尤其是何为“真理”，何为“美感”。不错，济慈用他轻快的文风证明了真理即是美感，美感即是真理，而这也正是他所了解或需要了解的全部。但我而言，我需要了解更多。即便如此，我也很难真正理解它们的含义。任何人，包括黑兹利特和圣伯夫，到最后都没能解释为什么一本文学作品可以被称优美。我手头有两句文学作品中的诗句——

阿卡狄的森林已然死亡，
它们那古朴的欢乐也已结束。^[1]

我认为这两句诗十分优美，因为它们让我心情愉悦。但为什么会这样？没有答案。我只知道，那些痴迷于文学作品的少数人大体上能与我达成共识，他们能从这些诗行中获得神秘的快乐。我们从同一个作家的这些诗行和其他诗行中体会到的快乐，会使得大众坚信威廉·巴特勒·叶芝是一个文学巨匠，对此我深信不疑。令人欣慰的是，这些少数文学爱好者所表现出来的志趣始终如一。在实践中，坚持一类兴趣的可以最终形成具有共性的观点，不同的只是兴趣的广度。这些少数人中，有些人的兴趣由于缺乏广泛性，常常局限于某一狭窄领域内，从而所剩寥寥。因此他们对作家声誉的促进作用也仅能作用于更有局限性的作家，如克拉肖。但是，这些人的文学偏好并不会和其他少数文学爱好者的文学主张相违背，相反，是对他们文学主张的巩固。

所谓经典著作，就是那些作品，它们能够给那些对文学表现出持久且浓厚兴趣的少数人带来快乐的作品。这种快乐感之所以存在，是因为这类少数人愿意体验新的快感，于是怀揣一颗永无止境的好奇心，投入于永不止步的再发现当中。成就一部经典之作并不倚仗于伦理道德。经典作品能够流芳百世，并不是因为其遵循了某套标准，也不是因为其备受关注而免受疏忽，而是因为经典作品是快乐的源泉。狂热的少数人绝不会对经典视而不见，就像蜜蜂绝不会对花朵视而不见一样。这类少数人不会因为作品内容是正确的就去阅读它们，换句话说不会犯本末倒置的错误。中意的作品之所以中意仅仅因为它们为少数人所阅读，这些人是因为的确喜爱文学，而去阅读经典的文学作品。因此，我的观点是：文学品位的一个基本要素就是对文学的极度热爱。你做到了这一点，那剩下的则是水到渠成。目前，你没有在某些经典文学作品中获得快乐，这并无大碍。你对文学的兴趣，会驱使你获得更多经验。这些经验会教你运用快乐的方法，那就是你本人也不知道的快乐秘诀，仅此而已。持久的兴趣一定会带给你强烈的快乐感。但是，经验的获得既可能是明晰顺理，也可能无章可循，就如同去帕特尼，既可以经由沃尔瑟姆·格林，也可以经由圣彼得堡一样。

（罗选民 译）

^[1]这两句为叶芝的《快乐的牧人之歌》一诗的开篇。此处引用傅浩译文。

30

EVOLUTION

By John Galsworthy



EVOLUTION, by John Galsworthy, in his *The Inn of Tranquillity*, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912. As reprinted in Chamberlain and Bolton, *Progressive Readings in Prose*, pp. 45-47.

John Galsworthy (1867-1933), English novelist, is well known among present-day English writers of plays and novels subtly analyzing the upper and the middle classes of England and revealing the conditions which largely determine them. Of his novels *The Patrician*, dealing with class distinctions and conventions, and *The Man of Property*, studying the passion for possession in the Forsyte family, are best known. *Strife*, a powerful account of the evil and the futility of a strike, and *Justice*, an indictment of the English legal system, are two of his finest plays. *Evolution* (1910) is a characteristic essay in its treatment of a changing phase of society and is typical of the exposition which combines the informality of the essay with the narrative interest of fiction.

Coming out of the theater, we found it utterly impossible to get a taxicab; and, though it was raining slightly, walked through Leicester Square in the hope of picking one up as it returned down Piccadilly. Numbers of hansoms and four-wheelers passed, or stood by the curb, hailing us feebly, or not even attempting to attract our attention, but every taxi seemed to have its load. At Piccadilly Circus, losing patience, we beckoned to a four-wheeler and resigned ourselves to a long, slow journey. A sou'westerly air blew through the open windows, and there was in it the scent of change, that wet scent which visits even the hearts and towns and inspires the watcher of their myriad activities with thought of the restless Force that forever cries: "On, on!" But gradually the steady patter of the horse's hoofs, the rattling of the windows, the slow thudding of the wheels, pressed on us so drowsily that when, at last, we reached home we were more than half asleep. The fare was two shillings, and, standing in the lamplight to make sure the coin was a half-crown before handing it to the driver, we happened to look up. This cabman appeared to be a man of about sixty, with a long thin face, whose chin and drooping gray mustaches seemed in permanent repose on the up-

turned collar of his old blue overcoat. But the remarkable features of his face were the two furrows down his cheeks, so deep and hollow that it seemed as though that face were a collection of bones without coherent flesh, among which the eyes were sunk back so far that they had lost their luster. He sat quite motionless, gazing at the tail of his horse. And, almost unconsciously, one added the rest of one's silver to that half-crown. He took the coins without speaking; but, as we were turning into the garden gate, we heard him say:

“Thank you; you've saved my life.”

Not knowing, either of us, what to reply to such a curious speech, we closed the gate again and came back to the cab.

“Are things so very bad?”

“They are,” replied the cabman. “It's done with—is this job. We're not wanted now.” And, taking up his whip, he prepared to drive away.

“How long have they been as bad as this?”

The cabman dropped his hand again, as though glad to rest it, and answered incoherently:

“Thirty-five year I've been drivin' a cab.”

And, sunk again in contemplation of his horse's tail, he could only be roused by many questions to express himself, having, as it seemed, no knowledge of the habit.

“I don't blame the taxis, I don't blame nobody. It's come on us, that's what it has. I left the wife this morning with nothing in the house. She was saying to me only yesterday: ‘What have you brought home the last four months?’ ‘Put it at six shillings a week,’ I said. ‘No,’ she said, ‘seven.’ Well, that's right—she enters it all down in her book.”

“You are really going short of food?”

The cabman smiled; and that smile between those two deep hollows was surely as strange as ever shone on a human face.

“You may say that,” he said. “Well, what does it amount to? Before I picked you up, I had one eighteenpenny fare to-day; and yesterday I took five shillings. And I've got seven bob a day to pay for the cab, and that's low, too. There's many and many a proprietor that's broke and gone—every bit as bad as us. They let us down as easy as ever they can; you can't get blood from a stone, can you?” Once again he smiled. “I'm sorry for them, too, and I'm sorry for the horses, though they come out the best of the three of us, I do believe.”

One of us muttered something about the Public.

The cabman turned his face and stared down through the darkness.

“The Public?” he said, and his voice had in it a faint surprise. “Well, they all want the taxis. It's natural. They get about faster in them, and time's money. I was seven hours before I picked you up. And then you was lookin' for a taxi. Them as take us because they can't get better, they're not in a good temper, as a rule. And there's a few old ladies that's frightened of the motors, but old ladies aren't never very free with their money—can't afford to be, the most of them, I expect.”

“Everybody's sorry for you; one would have thought that—”

He interrupted quietly: “Sorrow don't buy bread. . . . I never had nobody ask me about things before.” And, slowly moving his long face from side to side, he added: “Besides, what could people do? They can't be expected to support you; and if they started askin' you questions they'd feel it very awkward. They know that, I suspect. Of course, there's such a lot of us; the hansoms are pretty nigh as bad off as we are. Well, we're gettin' fewer every day,

that's one thing.”

Not knowing whether or no to manifest sympathy with this extinction, we approached the horse. It was a horse that “stood over” a good deal at the knee, and in the darkness seemed to have innumerable ribs. And suddenly one of us said: “Many people want to see nothing but taxis on the streets, if only for the sake of the horses.”

The cabman nodded.

“This old fellow,” he said, “never carried a deal of flesh. His grub don't put spirit into him nowadays; it's not up to much in quality, but he gets enough of it.”

“And you don't.”

The cabman again took up his whip.

“I don't suppose,” he said without emotion, “any one could ever find another job for me now. I've been at this too long. It'll be the workhouse, if it's not the other thing.”

And hearing us mutter that it seemed cruel, he smiled for the third time.

“Yes,” he said slowly, “it's a bit 'ard on us, because we've done nothing to deserve it. But things are like that, so far as I can see. One thing comes pushin' out another, and so you go on. I've thought about it—you get to thinkin' and worryin' about the rights o' things, sittin' up here all day. No, I don't see anything for it. It'll soon be the end of us now—can't last much longer. And I don't know that I'll be sorry to have done with it. It's pretty well broke my spirit.”

“There was a fund got up.”

“Yes, it helped a few of us to learn the motor drivin'; but what's the good of that to me, at my time of life? Sixty, that's my age; I'm not the only one—there's hundreds like me. We're not fit for it, that's the fact; we haven't got the nerve now. It'd want a mint of money to help us. And what you say's the truth—people want to see the end of us. They want the taxis—our day's over. I'm not complaining; you asked me about it yourself.”

And for the third time he raised his whip.

“Tell me what you would have done if you had been given your fare and just sixpence over?”

The cabman stared downward, as though puzzled by that question.

“Done? Why, nothing. What could I have done?”

“But you said that it had saved your life.”

“Yes, I said that,” he answered slowly; “I was feelin' a bit low. You can't help it sometimes; it's the thing comin' on you, and no way out of it—that's what gets over you. We try not to think about it, as a rule.”

And this time, with a “Thank you, kindly!” he touched his horse's flank with the whip. Like a thing aroused from sleep the forgotten creature started and began to draw the cabman away from us. Very slowly they traveled down the road among the shadows of the trees broken by lamplight. Above us, white ships of cloud were sailing rapidly across the dark river of sky on the wind which smelled of change. And, after the cab was lost to sight, that wind still brought to us the dying sound of the slow wheels.

Notes

taxicab, a motor cab or car, fitted with a taximeter that registers the distance covered by the car and at the same time

registers the fare.

Leicester Square and **Piccadilly**, the names, respectively, of a well-known street crossing and of a street in London.

hansoms, a kind of horse carriage named after its English inventor J. A. Hansom. A hansom has two wheels, while four-wheelers have four wheels.

curb, the edging of upright stones set along the margin of the street to separate the sidewalk from the roadbed.

sou'westerly, southwesterly. The wind blew from the southwest.

half-crown, an English coin worth two and a half shillings.

furrows, deep lines on the face.

coherent, attached or stuck together; sticking to the bones.

done with, finished.

incoherently, without agreement to the question asked; inconsistently.

Thirty-five year. The uneducated cab-driver uses *year* where his better educated cousin would use *years*.

I don't blame nobody, meaning, *I don't blame anybody*.

short of food, lacking in food; destitute of food; without food.

eighteenpenny, an adjective here, denoting a fare of eighteen pence or one and a half shillings.

bob, slang in England for a shilling. Bob is the plural as well as the singular form of the word.

broke, bankrupt, ruined, without money.

very free, very liberal or generous with their money.

“stood over,” leaned over. The horse was weak; its legs could hardly support the weight of the body; and therefore the knees were bent out to an unusual degree.

innumerable ribs, because it was so skinny and emaciated, therefore the ribs stood out very plainly.

grub, food.

workhouse, in England, a poorhouse where able-bodied poor are maintained at public expense and made to do work.

'ard, hard.

broke, crushed, destroyed, shattered, took away.

fund, a sum of money raised to help them.

mint of money, a very large sum of money, enough to fill a mint, the place where money is coined.

low, low in spirit, depressed, ready to give up, dispirited.

flank, the side of the horse, between the ribs and the hip.

Questions

1. Explain why this story is called “Evolution.”
2. Describe and characterize the cabman.
3. Do you know of any similar tragedies of evolution?
4. Would the idea of this story be as effectively expressed in ordinary essay form?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《时代变迁》一文选自约翰·高尔斯华绥所著《宁静的旅馆》，纽约博纳出版社1912年出版。后收入钱伯伦及博尔顿编写的《散文进阶读本》，45—47页。

【作者简介】

约翰·高尔斯华绥（1867—1933），英国著名小说家、剧作家，善于分析英国上层及中产阶级，揭示造成他们行为方式的原因。著名小说有《贵族》《有产业的人》等；《贵族》描写阶级界限及社会习俗，《有产业的人》刻画福尔赛家族对占有财富的热情。代表剧作有《冲突》《公义》等。《冲突》生动有力地描写了一场罢工，揭露其邪恶与无益；《公义》则控诉了英国的司法体制。《时代变迁》（1910年）描写了处于变化中的英国社会，把散文的随意和小说的精心叙述结合起来，是这方面的代表作。

30 时代变迁

走出剧场，我们发现根本叫不到出租汽车。尽管在下着小雨，我们还是走过莱斯特广场，希望能叫到一辆从繁华的皮卡迪利大街返回的出租车。不少两轮和四轮马车从我们身边经过，或者停在马路边，小声招呼我们，或者干脆根本不想引起我们的注意。但每辆出租汽车上似乎都有乘客。走到皮卡迪利广场，我们终于失去了耐心，招手叫了一辆四轮马车，开始了一段漫长的旅程。一阵西南风透过敞开的窗户吹进来，风中有种变化的气息，那种湿漉漉的气息浸入人们的心灵，浸入大街小巷，使得那些注视着这个城市万千变化的人们禁不住地想到有一种躁动不安的力量永远在召唤人们：继续，继续。但渐渐地，马蹄稳定的嗒嗒声，风吹窗户发出的乒乓声，车轮缓慢沉闷的轧轧声，使我们昏昏欲睡；当我们终于到家时，几乎都睡着了。车费是两先令，我们站在灯光下看清一枚硬币是半克朗，把它递给马车夫之前，我们正好抬起头来。马车夫大约六十岁的年纪，瘦长脸，下巴和下垂的灰色胡须似乎永远贴在他蓝色旧外套的立领上。但他脸上最突出的特征，是脸颊上两道深陷的皱纹，犁沟似的，看上去脸上全是骨头，没有肉。眼睛也深深地凹陷下去，没有光泽。他坐在那儿一动不动，盯着马尾巴。几乎是下意识地，我们中间有个人把剩下的硬币也给了他。他拿着钱，没有说话。但是，当我们要走进园门时，听到他说：

“谢谢你们，你们救了我的命呀。”

听到车夫这样突兀的话，我们都不知道该怎么回答。所以，又关上大门，回到马车旁边。

“情况真的这么糟糕吗？”

“是啊，”车夫说道，“完了——马车夫完了。现在，人们不需要我们了。”他拿起马鞭，准备赶车离开。

“这么糟糕有多久了？”

马车夫又放下了扬起的马鞭，好像很高兴让手休息一下，答非所问地说：

“三十五年了，我当了三十五年马车夫呀。”

然后，又盯着马尾巴沉思起来。别人问他很多问题，似乎才能激起他的表达愿望；他对这个习惯并不自知。

“我不怪出租汽车，我谁也不怪。我们受到冲击了，就是这样。今天早上我离开家时，没给老婆一分钱。我老婆昨天对我说：‘过去四个月，你给了家里多少钱？’‘一周六先令吧。’我说。‘不对，’她说，‘是七先令。’哦，她是对的——她把所有的进项都记在了本上。”

“你们真的连饭也吃不饱了？”

车夫苦笑了一下。在他有着两道深陷皱纹的脸上挤出的笑容，无疑是人间最奇怪的笑容了。

“可以这么说。”他答道，“哎，总共能挣多少钱呢？我拉到你们这趟活之前，今天挣了十八便士的车费。昨天挣了五先令。每天的租车费要七先令，这还算低的。许多车主已经破产了，没了——情况跟我们一样糟糕。他们轻易地抛弃了我们，因为石头里榨不出血，对吧？”他再次苦笑了，“我也为他们感到难过，也为这些拉车的马儿感到难过，不过我相信，三者中马儿的命运会是最好的。”

我们中有个人低声说，公众都爱乘坐出租汽车。

马车夫转过脸，盯着黑暗深处。

“公众？”他说，声音里有些许惊讶。“哎，大家都想坐出租汽车。这很自然。出租汽车跑得快，时间就是金钱嘛。今天我等了七个钟头才拉上你们这趟活。而当时你们也在等出租汽车。人们叫不到出租汽车时，才坐我们的马车，所以他们通常都气哼哼的。有一些老太太倒是害怕汽车，但老太太花钱都很节俭——她们中大多数都奢侈不起呀，我猜。”

“大家都为你们感到难过；人们应该早就想到——”

他平静地打断说：“难过不能当饭吃……以前从来没人问过我这些问题。”他慢慢地摇了摇头，补充道，“此外，人们能做什么？你不能指望别人养活你。如果他们开始问你生计的问题，他们会感到尴尬。我猜，他们也知道这一点。当然，我们人数太多了；两轮马车的情况跟我们差不多。不过，干我们这行的人数在不断减少，这倒是真的。”

我们不知道该不该对马车夫这行的消亡表示同情，便走过去看拉车的马儿。马儿老了，瘦骨嶙峋，膝盖部分弯曲变形得很厉害。在黑暗中看上去尽是肋骨。突然，我们中间有人说：“很多人在街上只想看到出租汽车，如果他们为这些马儿想想就好了。”

马车夫点点头。

“这个老伙计，”他说，“一直都很瘦。如今，草料也让它打不起精神。草料不算好，但够它吃。”

“而你们却不够吃。”

马车夫再次扬起马鞭。

“我想，”他不带感情地说，“现在没人能帮我找到别的工作了。干这一行太久了。不是等死，就是进济贫院。”

听到我们小声说这也太残酷了，他第三次苦笑了。

“是啊，”他缓慢地说，“这对我们是有点残酷，因为我们啥也没做，不应该遭这样的报应。但在我看来，事情就是这样：一件新事物出现了，老的就要被淘汰，循环往复。我想过了——你可以整天坐在这儿，思考事情该不该如此，为此发愁。但我觉得这样做毫无意义。我们不久就完了——要不了多久。没想到，这一行完了我会这样难过，几乎心灰意冷。”

“不是有一项帮助马车夫的基金吗？”

“是有这么个基金，帮助我们中的一些人学习开汽车。但我这么大岁数了，这对我有什么用呢？六十岁了，不是我一个人这么大岁数了——有几百个像我这样的人。我们不适合开汽车了，这是事实。我们没那个胆量了。帮助我们需要大量的钱。您刚才说的是事实——人们不想再看到我们了，大家都想坐出租汽车。我不是在抱怨，是你们自己要问我的。”

他第三次扬起了马鞭。

“告诉我，如果别人付了你的车费，并且只多给了你六便士，你会做什么？”

马车夫盯着地面，似乎对这个问题感到迷惑。

“做什么？为什么问这个，什么也做不了。我能做什么呢？”

“可是你刚才说，我们给你的那点钱救了你的命。”

“是的，我说过这话。”他慢慢答道，“我刚才情绪有点低落。有时人禁不住有这种感觉。有什么东西向你袭来，找不到出路——这让你崩溃。我们通常竭力不去想它。”

这次，说了句“真诚地谢谢你们”，车夫用马鞭拍了拍马儿的侧腹。马儿刚才被遗忘了，这会儿像从梦中被惊醒了，开始拉着马车往前走。马车走得很慢，路灯照在树上，在马路上投下影影绰绰的影子。抬头望去，白帆似的云朵，在黑色河流般的天空上乘着风儿疾驰而过，从风中我们嗅出一种时代变迁的味道。马车渐渐看不见了，风儿仍然把缓慢的车轮声传到我们耳际，这声音渐行渐远，直到完全消失。

（余苏凌 译）

31

FIGHTING IN GALLIPOLI

By John Masefield



FIGHTING IN GALLIPOLI, by John Masfield, in his *Gallipoli*, London, The MacMillan Company, 1916. Reprinted in Chamberlain and Bolton, *Progressive Readings in Prose*, pp. 256-259.

John Masfield (1878-1967), English poet laureate (1930), regarded generally as the greatest living English poet, has also produced prose of unusual merit. Among his outstanding poems are the tragic narrative, “Dauber”; the war poem, “August, 1914”; and the sailor lyrics, “Salt Water Ballads.” His prose includes “Gallipoli” (1916), an account of the Dardanelles expedition, in which he himself took part; and “The Mainsail Haul,” a group of sea yarns. In this selection from *Gallipoli* is illustrated Masfield’s ability to record events sympathetically and vividly. *Gallipoli* is a conscious literary effort to celebrate a noble failure in a prose epic surcharged with emotion.

Let the reader imagine himself to be facing three miles of any very rough broken sloping ground known to him, ground for the most part gorse-thyme-and-scrub-covered, being poor soil, but in some places beautiful with flowers (especially “a spiked yellow flower with a whitish leaf”) and on others green from cultivation. Let him say to himself that he and an army of his friends are about to advance up the slope towards the top, and that as they will be advancing in a line, along the whole length of the three miles, he will only see the advance of those comparatively near to him, since folds or dips in the ground will hide the others. Let him, before he advances, look earnestly along the line of the hill, as it shows up clear, in blazing sunlight only a mile from him, to see his tactical objective, one little clump of pines, three hundred yards away, across what seem to be fields. Let him see in the whole length of the hill no single human being, nothing but scrub, earth, a few scattered buildings, of the Levantine type (dirty white with roofs of dirty red) and some patches of dark Scotch pine, growing as the pine loves, on bleak crests. Let him imagine himself to be more weary than he has ever been in his life before, and dirtier than he has ever believed it possible to be, and parched with thirst, nervous, wild-eyed and rather lousy. Let him think that he has not slept for

more than a few minutes together for eleven days and nights, and that in all his waking hours he has been fighting for his life, often hand to hand in the dark with a fierce enemy, and that after each fight he has had to dig himself a hole in the ground, often with his hands, and then walk three or four roadless miles to bring up heavy boxes under fire. Let him think, too, that in all those eleven days he has never for an instant been out of the thunder of cannon, that waking or sleeping their devastating crash has been blasting the air across within a mile or two, and this from an artillery so terrible that each discharge beats as it were a wedge of shock between the skull bone and the brain. Let him think, too, that never, for an instant, in all that time, has he been free or even partly free from the peril of death in its most sudden and savage forms, and that hourly in all that time he has seen his friends blown to pieces at his side, or dismembered, or drowned, or driven mad, or stabbed, or sniped by some unseen stalker, or bombed in the dark sap with a handful of dynamite in a beef tin, till their blood is caked upon his clothes and thick upon his face, and that he knows, as he stares at the hill, that in a few moments, more of that dwindling band, already too few, God knows how many too few, for the task to be done, will be gone the same way, and that he himself may reckon that he has done with life, tasted, and spoken and loved his last, and that in a few minutes more may be blasted dead, or lying bleeding in the scrub, with perhaps his face gone and a leg and an arm broken, unable to move but still alive, unable to drive away the flies or screen the ever-dropping rain, in a place where none will find him, or be able to help him, a place where he will die and rot and shrivel, till nothing is left of him but a few rags and a few remnants and a little identification disk flapping on his bones in the wind. Then let him hear the intermittent crash and rattle of the fire augment suddenly and awfully in a roaring, blasting roll, unspeakable and unthinkable, while the air above, that has long been whining and whistling, becomes filled with the scream of shells passing like great cats of death in the air; let him see the slope of the hill vanish in a few moments into the white, yellow and black smokes of great explosions shot with fire, and watch the lines of white puffs marking the hill in streaks where the shrapnel searches a suspected trench; and then, in the height of the tumult, when his brain is shaking in his head, let him pull himself together with his friends, and clamber up out of the trench, to go forward against an invisible enemy, safe in some unseen trench expecting him.

The Twenty-ninth Division went forward under these conditions on the 6th of May. They dashed on, or crawled, for a few yards at a time, then dropped for a few instants before squirming on again. In such an advance men do not see the battlefield. They see the world as the rabbit sees it, crouching on the ground, just their own little patch. On broken ground like that, full of dips and rises, men may be able to see nothing but perhaps the ridge of a bank ten feet ahead, with the dust flying in spouts all along it, as bullets hit it, some thousand a minute, and looking back or to their flanks they may see no one but perhaps a few men of their own platoon lying tense but expectant, ready for the sign to advance while the bullets pipe over them in a never-ending birdlike croon. They may be shut off by some all-important foot of ground from seeing how they are fronting, from all knowledge of what the next platoon is doing or suffering. It may be quite certain death to peep over that foot of ground in order to find out, and while they wait for a few instants shells may burst in their midst and destroy a half of them. Then the rest nerving themselves, rush up the ridge, and fall in a line dead under machine-gun fire. The supports come up, creeping over their corpses, get past the ridge, into scrub which some shell has set on fire. Men fall wounded in the fire, and the cartridges in their bandoliers explode and slowly kill them. The survivors crawl through the scrub, half-choked, and come out on a field full of flowers tangled three feet high with strong barbed wire. They wait for a while, to try to make out where the enemy is. They may see nothing but the slope of the field running up to a sky line, and a flash of distant sea on a flank, but no sign of any enemy, only the crash of guns and the pipe and croon and spurt of bullets. Gathering themselves together their brave men dash out to cut the wire and are killed; others take their places and are killed; others step out with too great a pride even to stoop, and pull up the supports of the wires and fling them down, and fall dead on top of them, having perhaps cleared a couple of yards. Then a couple of machine guns open on the survivors and kill them all in thirty seconds, with the concentrated fire of a battalion.

The supports come up, and hear about the wire from some wounded man who has crawled back through the scrub. They send back word, "Held up by wire," and in time the message comes to the telephone which has just been blown to pieces by a shell. Presently when the telephone is repaired, the message reaches the gunners, who fire high-explosive shells on to the wire, and on to the slopes where the machine guns may be hidden. Then the supports go on over the flowers and are met midway by a concentrated fire of shells, shrapnel, machine guns, and rifles. Those who are not killed lie down among the flowers and begin to scrape little heaps of earth with their hands to give protection to their heads. In the light sandy marl this does not take long, though many are blown to pieces or hit in the back as they scrape. As before, they cannot see how the rest of the attack is faring, nor even where the other

platoons of the battalion are; they lie scraping in the roots of daffodils and lilies, while bullets sing and shriek a foot or two over their heads. A man peering from his place in the flowers may make out that the man next to him, some three yards away, is dead, and that the man beyond is praying, the man beyond him cursing, and the man beyond him out of his mind from nerves or thirst.

Long hours pass, but the air above them never ceases to cry like a live thing with bullets flying. Men are killed or maimed, and the wounded cry for water. Men get up to give them water and are killed. Shells fall at regular intervals along the field. The waiting men count the seconds between the shells to check the precision of the battery's fire. Some of the bursts fling the blossoms and bulbs of flowers into the bodies of men, where they are found long afterwards by the X rays. Bursts and roars of fire on either flank tell of some intense moment in other parts of the line. Every feeling of terror and mental anguish and anxiety goes through the mind of each man there, and is put down by resolve.

The supports come up, they rise with a cheer, and get out of the accursed flowers into a gulley where some men of their regiment are already lying dead. There is a little wood to their front; they make for that, and suddenly come upon a deep and narrow Turk trench full of men. This is their first sight of the enemy. They leap down into the trench and fight hand to hand, kill and are killed, in the long grave already dug. They take the trench, but opening from the trench are saps, which the Turks still hold. Men are shot dead at these saps by Turk sharpshooters cunningly screened within them. Bullets fall in particular places in the trench from snipers hidden in the trees of the wood. The men send back for bombs, others try to find out where the rest of the battalion lies, or send word that from the noise of the fire there must be a battery of machine guns beyond the wood, if the guns would shell it.

Presently, before the bombs come, bombs begin to drop among them from the Turks. Creeping up, the men catch them in their hands before they explode and fling them back so that they burst among the Turks. Some have their hands blown off, other their heads, in doing this, but the bloody game of catch goes on till no Turks are left in the sap, only a few wounded groaning men who slowly bleed to death there. After long hours, the supports come up and a storm of high explosives searches the little wood, and then with a cheer the remnant goes forward out of the trench into the darkness of the pines. Fire opens on them from snipers in the trees and from machine guns everywhere; they drop and die, and the survivors see no enemy, only their friends falling and a place where no living thing can pass. Men find themselves suddenly alone, with all their friends dead, and no enemy in sight, but the rush of bullets filling the air. They go back to the trench, not afraid, but in a kind of maze, and as they take stock and count their strength there comes the roar of the Turkish war cry, the drumlike proclamation of the faith, and the Turks come at them with the bayonet. Then that lonely remnant of a platoon stands to it with rapid fire, and the machine gun rattles like a motor cycle, and some ribald or silly song goes up, and the Turks fail to get home, but die or waver and retreat and are themselves charged as they turn. It is evening now; the day has passed in long hours of deep experience, and the men have made two hundred yards. They send back for supports and orders, link up, if they are lucky, with some other part of their battalion, whose adventures, fifty yards away, have been as intense, but wholly different, and prepare the Turk trench for the night. Presently word reaches them from some far-away H. Q.

(some dugout five hundred yards back, in what seems, by comparison, like peaceful England) that there are no supports, and that the orders are to hold the line at all costs and prepare for a fresh advance on the morrow. Darkness falls, and ammunition and water come up, and the stretcher bearers hunt for the wounded by the groans, while the Turks search the entire field with shell to kill the supports which are not there. Some of the men in the trench creep out to their front, and are killed there as they fix a wire entanglement. The survivors make ready for the Turk attack, certain soon to come. There is no thought of sleep; it is too cold for sleep; the men shiver as they stare into the night; they take the coats of the dead, and try to get a little warmth. There is no moon and the rain begins. The marl at the bottom of the trench is soon a sticky mud, and the one dry patch is continually being sniped. A few exhausted ones fall not into sleep but into nervous dreams, full of twitches and cries, like dogs' nightmares, and away at sea some ship opens with her great guns at an unseen target up the hill. The terrific crashes shake the air; someone sees a movement in the grass and fires; others start up and fire. The whole irregular line starts up and fires, the machine guns rattle, the officers curse, and the guns behind, expecting an attack, send shells into the woods. Then slowly the fire drops and dies, and stray Turks, creeping up, fling bombs into the trench.

Notes

gorse-thyme-and-scrub-covered, covered by gorse, thyme, and scrub. *Gorse* is a spiny, thorny evergreen shrub of the bean family with yellow flowers. Its scientific name is *Ulex europæus*; it is common in Europe; it is also called *furze* and *whin*. *Thyme* is any of a genus (*Thymus*) of menthaceous plants, especially the common garden species (*Thymus vulgaris*), with pungent, aromatic leaves, or a wild creeping species (*Thymus serpyllum*). *Scrub* refers to vegetation consisting chiefly of dwarf or stunted shrubs, often thick and impenetrable.

“a spiked yellow flower with a whitish leaf,” the gorse flower.

folds or dips, the uneven ground.

tactical objective, the point that the military unit must reach; the destination towards which military maneuvers are directed.

Levantine, pertaining to the Levant, the countries washed by the eastern part of the Mediterranean and its contiguous waters.

Scotch pine, also known as the Scotch fir, is the pine of northern Europe, where it is extensively used for building purposes.

parched, dry and hot.

lousy, infested with lice.

heavy boxes of ammunition.

wedge, a piece of wood or metal tapering to a thin edge, used in splitting wood, rocks, and in raising heavy bodies.

dismembered, torn from limb to limb; torn or cut into pieces.

drowned, while trying to land from the transports.

sniped, to be shot at individually, especially at long range or from cover. A sniper is a soldier who does such shooting, or sniping.

stalker, a soldier on the other side who is approaching stealthily or under cover; a sniper.

sap, the covered trench or tunnel, or, more frequently, the narrow trench used by one side to approach the enemy's trenches.

dynamite in a beef tin, the explosive dynamite, made of nitroglycerin absorbed in a porous material, and packed in a small beef can or container, to increase its explosive effect.

caked, formed or hardened into a cake or mass.

dwindling, becoming less; decreasing; becoming smaller and smaller. **rot**, decompose; decay.

identification disk, the disk or small flat circular plate, on which is stamped the soldier's name, sometimes only a number, to serve the purpose of identification. The disk is usually worn around the neck of the soldier.

intermittent, coming and going at intervals; periodic.

shrapnel, a shell containing small round projectiles, a bursting charge and a fuse to produce explosion at a given instant, named after a British general Henry Shrapnel (1761-1842).

trench, a more or less extended narrow ditch or excavation, the earth from which is thrown up in its front to form a parapet.

clamber, climb, as by scrambling on hands and feet.

the Twenty-ninth Division, of the British army, engaged in fighting against the Turks in Gallipoli Division, 一师.

squirming, wriggling; writhing; twisting about with contortions like an eel or worm.

flanks, the right or left of an army.

platoon, a subdivision of a company, commanded by a lieutenant, 一排.

fronting, opposing face to face; facing.

machine gun, a cannon of a small-arm caliber for rapid, continuous

firing, and operated by mechanism, 机关枪.

supports, the supporting troops; the soldiers that are detailed to support, help the front line soldiers.

battalion, an infantry command of two or more companies, the tactical infantry unit, 一营.

high-explosive shells, shrapnel shells.

marl, a crumbling deposit, chiefly clay and calcium carbonate; earth, used poetically.

faring, doing; coming along.

daffodils and lilies, tuberous plants. The daffodil is a kind of narcissus with large yellow single or double flowers.

maimed, physically injured seriously; wounded; deprived of the use of a member, so as to be incapacitated in fighting.

Turk trench, the trench which the Turks, their enemy, were holding.

maze, daze; perplexity; confusion of thought.

take stock, count over how many men they have left who can carry on fighting.

bayonet, a weapon of the dagger kind made to fit on the muzzle end of a rifle, 刺刀.

ribald, obscene or coarsely offensive in language.

H.Q., the abbreviation for *Headquarters*, the quarters or residence of the chief officer, the place from which orders are issued.

dugout, hole dug into the ground, so as to be safe from enemy observation and enemy artillery fire.

at all costs, no matter what it may cost in lives; even at the greatest sacrifices.

on the morrow, on the next morning; to-morrow.

stretcher bearers, the hospital or Red Cross nurses or attendants who carry stretchers for carrying the disabled or dead. A stretcher is a litter, usually of canvas stretched on a wooden frame.

wire entanglement, wire strung up in front of the trenches to entangle or impede the progress of the enemy.

Questions

1. What were the conditions under which the soldier had existed eleven days and nights before the battle? By what means does the author make this description especially vivid?
2. Describe the advance of the Twenty-ninth Division on May 6.
3. How much ground was gained during the day?
4. Does war appear worth the cost?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《加利波利战役》一文选自约翰·梅斯菲尔德所著《加利波利》，伦敦麦克米伦公司1916年出版。后收入钱伯伦及博尔顿编写的《散文进阶读本》，256—259页。

【作者简介】

约翰·梅斯菲尔德（1878—1967），英国桂冠诗人（1930），公认为英国当代最伟大的诗人，也是一位杰出的散文作家。他的著名诗篇包括悲剧叙事诗《画匠》，战争诗歌《1914年8月》，以及海员抒情诗《盐水谣》。他的散文包括：《加利波利》（1916），描述的是他本人参加的达达尼尔海峡的远征；以及《主帆拉》，描述了一组海上轶事。这篇节选自《加利波利》的文章充分展现了梅斯菲尔德用他的同情之心和生动语言描写战事的能力。在《加利波利》这一具有浓郁情感的散文史诗中，他刻意运用文学手法描绘了一场极具悲壮色彩的失败。

31 加利波利战役

读者可以想象，自己正面对以往见过的任意一条极其难行的坡路，这条三英里长的路上灌木丛生，尽管土地贫瘠，有的地方却开着美丽的金雀花和百里香（尤其还有带穗的黄色花朵配着发白的叶子），还有的地方则是绿色的耕地。他和战友们组成的队伍将排列成行，上坡而行，向山顶挺进。在这漫长的三英里路上，他只能看到身边近处的人，坑洼起伏的地面则将其他人遮挡起来。挺进前，他沿着山路一眼望去，耀眼的阳光之下，行进目标是那样的清晰，看上去也就一英里的距离。那是一簇松树，在三百英尺远的地方，隔着一片似乎是农田的地方与他们相望。他还看到，整条山路荒无人烟，只有灌木丛、土地，和几幢散落的黎凡特式的建筑（脏旧的白屋配着脏旧的红屋顶），还有几片深色的苏格兰松树，在凄冷的山顶上无拘束地蔓延。读者可以想象，自己一生中从未如此精疲力竭，如此肮脏不堪，虱子满身、饥渴中烧，极度恐惧、怒目狰狞。在整整十一天的日日夜夜里，他未曾睡上几分钟，总是在为自己的生命而战，经常在黑暗中同凶残的敌人赤膊相战，每次搏斗后，他都必须徒手挖一个地洞，然后冒着炮火，走三四英里的土路，背上来沉重的弹药箱。读者可以想象，在那十一天里，他无时无刻不处在隆隆炮声中，无论是醒着还是睡着，那毁灭性的巨大爆炸声总会划破一两英里外的天空。那可怕的火炮每次发射产生的震撼力，就如同一把凿子，将人的头盖骨和大脑剥离。读者可以想象，在那段时间里，他无时无刻不在死亡线上挣扎，残酷的死亡随时可能在瞬间夺走他的性命；在那段时间里，他常常看到战友就在自己身边被炸成碎片，或身躯不全，或溺水身亡，或精神失常，或被暗中的跟随者以枪狙杀，或是被暗道里牛肉罐头盒中的炸药炸得鲜血直流，而战友们的血浆溅在他的衣服和脸上，结成厚块。他望着山坡，知道一会儿的工夫，战友们还会如此丧命，队伍还在减员，越来越少——天知道少得是否还能再战。就连他也认为自己已经到了生命的最后时刻，已经最后一次品味了人生、表达了情感、释放了爱意。几分钟之后，他也会被炸死，或者横躺在灌木丛中淌着血，也许脸被炸没、腿被炸断、胳膊被炸掉，欲动不得、欲死不能，轰不走苍蝇也遮不得雨，只在那无人觅处，无人拯救，唯有死去、腐烂、枯干，剩下几片烂布、几块残骸，身份牌在他的尸骨之上随风晃动。读者可以听到，那断断续续的炮火声又突如其来，喧嚣怒吼发出了巨响轰鸣声，那声音难以描述也难以想象；呼啸声不眠不休，响彻天空，炮弹飞梭的尖厉声音划破天空，仿若一只带来死亡的巨大猛兽。读者可以目睹，山坡瞬间消失在白色、黄色、和黑色的战火硝烟中，一股股白色的硝烟在山坡上留下条条痕迹，那是榴霰弹在轰炸可能的战壕。在那一片动乱中，他的大脑似乎也在跟着颤动。这时，他竭尽全力与战友爬出战壕，冒着危险继续向前挺进，那些看不见的敌人正掩藏在某一战壕里等待着他。

五月六日，第二十九师就是在这种条件下向前挺进的。他们快速前冲，或匍匐前进，一次行进几码远，隐藏片刻后继续前移。在这种行军状态下，士兵们看不到整个战场，只能如兔子一般，蹲在地上，仅看到面前的一小片天地。地面断裂，遍地坑洼，人们只能看清前方十英尺处的土岗，那里尘土飞扬，一分钟足有上千发子弹打中土岗。回望两侧，他们只能看到自己队伍的若干人，紧张地等待着前进的号令。子弹在空中呼啸而过，飞鸣声不绝于耳。他们身处的角落看不到任何线索，无法得知前方将面临的情况，也不知后方部队的状况。若想从角落向外观望以弄清形势，便注定是死路一条。他们多停留了一下，这时炮弹却落入他们中间，毁掉了半边队伍。余下的士兵们鼓起勇气，冲上土岗，却在机枪的扫射中倒下了一排。接上来的援兵从那些尸体上爬过去，越过土岗，进入炮弹轰击下燃烧的灌木丛。结果，士兵们又倒在燃烧的火中，他们身上携带的弹药着火爆炸，士兵们慢慢在燃烧中死亡。幸存者爬出灌木丛，被烟火呛得几乎窒息，终于到达一片三英尺高的带铁钉的铁丝网面前，铁丝网上缠满了花朵。他们停下来，试图判断敌人的位置，但只看到倾斜的地面伸向天边，远处一侧的海水闪亮，却不见敌人的踪影，只听到炮击声和子弹的呼啸声。士兵们鼓足勇气，冲上去断开铁丝网而被击毙，接替的人也连续被击毙，还有上来的人铤而走险，腰也不弯地冲上去，拔掉铁丝网的支撑，而倒在扯断的铁丝网上死去，如此扫清了几码远的死亡线。然而，接下来一个营的火力集中起来，在机关枪的扫射下，所有的幸存者在三十秒钟内全部丧命。

援兵终于上来了，有受伤的士兵经过着火的灌木丛爬了回来，告知前方受到了铁丝网的阻拦，他们发出消息“在铁丝网处受阻”。消息尚未发到，电话就被炮弹炸飞了。电话一修好，炮手便得到消息，开始强力炮击铁丝网，并向有可能埋伏着机关枪的坡路扫射。援兵随即越过花朵缠绕的铁丝网，却又在前进的途中遭到炮弹、榴霰弹、机关枪和步枪集中火力的阻击。未被打死的士兵们躺下藏在花中，用手挖出一点儿小土堆以挡住头部。不消多久，他们便将松散的沙土堆成小堆，但在这期间，仍有不少人被炸成碎片或击中背部。如之前的情况一样，他们看不到炮火的形势，也看不到其他部队在哪儿。他们躺在那儿挖着水仙花、百合花根部的土，子弹从他们的头上方一两英尺高的地方呼啸而过。一个士兵透过花丛向四周窥视，或许在他身旁三码远的地方，一个士兵已经死了，远处另一个正在祈祷，挨着他的另一个士兵正在咒骂，

而更远处的一个士兵在紧张和饥渴中已经疯狂。

漫长的几个小时过去了，然而在他们的上方，子弹飞梭呼啸，尖叫声从未停止。士兵们死的死，残的残，还有受伤的在呼唤着要水。给他们送水的士兵就这样中弹倒地。战场上每隔一段时间，炮弹便如暴风雨般袭来。等候中的士兵们卡着表，来判断炮弹袭击所间隔的时间。炸弹把花朵和花骨朵崩进士兵的尸体内，很长时间之后，人们才通过X光找到了这些尸体。战场两侧，炮火的爆炸声、咆哮声响成一片，可见整个战线其他战场上的鏖战正在白炽化。每一个士兵都在经历着战争的恐怖所带来的精神折磨和痛苦，又靠着信念和决心继续坚持。

援兵赶到了，士兵们跳起来欢呼，从那些可憎的花丛中挣脱出来，跳入一条躺着他们同团战友尸体的沟壑。他们向前方的一小片树林进军，蓦然发现，面前有一条又深又窄的土耳其士兵的战壕，那里满是敌人，这是他们第一次看到了敌人。他们跳入战壕，与敌人赤膊相战，就在这条已经挖好的长长的坟墓里，杀死敌人或被敌人杀死。他们占领了战壕，然而战壕深处还有暗道，土耳其的枪手们狡诈地隐藏在暗道里，将士兵们击毙在那里。隐藏在树林中的狙击手也向战壕四处射击。士兵们向后方请求炸弹支援，其他人则试图找到其余部队的位置，或者发出消息告知，从枪声判断，树林远处肯定有一排机关枪的火力，请求枪击援助。

然而，未等到己方炸弹的援助，土耳其人的炸弹就向他们袭来。士兵们爬起来，用手抓住尚未引爆的炸弹，反向扔回土耳其人的队伍。有的士兵手被炸掉，有的头被炸飞，但这种逮住炸弹扔回敌营的游戏一直进行着，最终炸光了暗道里的土耳其人，只剩下几个被炸伤的在暗道里呻吟流血，慢慢死去。过了很久，援兵终于到达，炮火开始连续轰炸小树林。战壕里余下的士兵们喊着冲进前方黑暗的松树林，却遭到林中狙击手的袭击，四处都是机关枪的扫射。士兵们倒的倒，死的死，而幸存者看不到敌人，只见到战友们倒下，前方无人生还。士兵们突然感到孤立无援，只见战友们的死去，不见敌人的踪影，而空中子弹喧嚣。他们于是返回战壕，不是出于恐惧，而是因为混乱。当他们清点力量的时候，突然响起土耳其人撕破天空的疯狂呐喊、震撼天际的铿锵誓言，随后土耳其人端着刺刀冲向他们。仅剩下的一个排的士兵们迅猛反击，机关枪像飞驰的摩托车般突突作响，连续开火。土耳其人发出咒骂声和怪叫声，但是，他们绝路一条，有的死，有的仓皇撤退，却在转身中被自己人打死。傍晚时分到来，胆战心惊的白天终于过去了，士兵们向前推进了两百码的距离。他们请求援助和指令，如果幸运的话，还能够与同营的其他队伍取得联系，并在土耳其人的战壕里准备过夜。在五十码开外的地方，同营的那些队伍也经历了不同的紧张战斗。很快，他们接到远处司令部的命令（司令部在大概五百码以外的掩体内，相对而言，如同祥和的英格兰一样安全平静），告知没有增援，仍要不惜一切代价守住阵地，准备次日新一轮挺进。夜幕降临，弹药和水送了上来，抬担架的人通过呻吟声寻找受伤的士兵。此时，土耳其人炮击整个战场，以阻杀实不存在的增援。有的士兵爬出战壕，露出半身，拉起防护的铁丝网，却中弹倒下。剩余的幸存者做好准备，抵抗即将到来的土耳其人的再次进攻。士兵们没有睡意，寒冷中也不可能入睡，只有瞪着夜空瑟瑟发抖，从尸体上剥下衣服御寒。漆黑的天上没有月亮，又下起了雨，战壕里的沙土变成了泥浆，只有枪弹连续击中的小块地方是干燥的。几个身心俱疲的士兵坠入梦乡却噩梦连连，不断抽搐着发出神经质的叫喊，仿佛做噩梦的狗儿。远处海面上的行船，对着山上看不清的目标开炮，那爆炸声撼动了周遭的空气。有人看到草中有动，开枪射击，其他人便跟着射击。整个战壕陆陆续续开火，机关枪展开扫射，士兵们叫骂着，后方则向着树林开火，以防敌人从背面进攻。慢慢地，枪声衰竭，土耳其散兵们爬了上来，向战壕投掷炸弹。

（苗菊 译）

32

THE HALF MILE

By T. O. Beachcroft

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T. O. Beachcroft is one of the younger writers of England.

Saturday noon. The town-hall clock boomed the hour in the distance. All over the town hooters called to each other from street to street. From the gates of twenty different potteries men, women, boys, and girls streamed. Ones and twos grew to a steady flow, then died away again to ones and twos.

Andrew Williamson, a dipper at the Royal Chorley, was stopped at the gate by old Jones the doorkeeper.

"So long, Andrew," he said, "good luck for the half mile."

Andrew glanced at him, and looked away self-consciously.

"How did you know I was running?"

"Oh, I takes an interest," said Joe, "used to run a half mile myself."

"Go on?" said Andrew, "I never knew."

"I was good for one fifty-eight," said the old man. "That was good going in those days."

"Go on?" said Andrew again, "but that's class running. That's a class half mile."

"Oh, I dunno, plenty on 'em do it now!"

"Well, I wish I could. That's my ambition: to get inside two minutes, I've never beaten two four yet!"

"Well, this is just the day for it," the veteran told him. "You have a nice trot round first: get some good summer air into your lungs: you'll win."

"But I've never run in a class race," Andrew persisted. "I've only done Club races. I can't hope for more'n a place; look who's running."

"Who?" said Jones.

"Well, there's six of us in the final. Let's see: Joe Brewster, the cross-country man, he can run a four thirty mile, and now he wants to try the half."

"Well, *he'll* never do minutes," said Jones, "take it from me."

"Then there's Perry, him as ran at the 'Three Clubs' meet at Derby last week. He did two four then."

“Well, who else?”

“There's that Redbrooke, the Cambridge Blue. I ain't got an earthly.”

“He's a fine runner,” said Jones, “but d'you think he's trained in May? Not likely; it'll be his first time out—trial spin like. Are you trained?”

“Pretty good,” said Andrew, “been at it evenings all the month. Had a good race a week ago.”

“Take it from me,” Jones told him slowly, “stick to Redbrooke. He'll come up at the end of the first quarter. You watch 'im. Don't mind what the others do. And don't run on the outside round bends.”

“Well, I know enough for that,” said Andrew.

“Ah, you know, you know,” said Jones. “Well, good luck, lad.”

Andrew turned back again as he was going. “If I could ever beat two minutes,” he said a little self-consciously, “it'd mean—oh, well, a hellova lot.”

Andrew left him and went alone into the square garden to eat his sandwiches. It was a bright early summer day, yet now that he was alone he felt chilly with nerves. He had a forty minutes' bus ride to the ground, and he meant to get there early. The half mile was timed for three.

What chance had he got? He had won his heat in two six the evening before, but that meant nothing. Joe Brewster was behind him, but he'd only paced out, he knew. Perry and Redbrooke had tied the other heat in two five. There was nothing to go by. Dreadful if he found himself outclassed and run off his legs. He had never been up against a class man before—a fellow like Redbrooke.

Once in the bus he tried his best not to think of the race. No good getting too much of a needle. Yet it was a big chance.

Why, if he did well, if he was placed in the race to-day, his name would be in the *Sentinel*. The old uns would like to see that, too. If he could beat two minutes—well, he would some day, before he died. That would be doing something really big. It would give him confidence. It would make him stronger altogether.

The bus jogged along with such pleasant fancies. Andrew reached the ground, bag in hand, at half past one. It gave him a queer feeling to see “Sixpence Entrance” on the gates, and “This stand a shilling,” and the like. It made him feel very responsible that people should pay to come to the sport that he was providing. He was practically the first comer in the changing room. He changed slowly, putting his clothes on a bench in the corner. He put on his spiked shoes with elaborate care and went out on the track. It was three laps to the mile instead of the four he was used to. Pity: every strangeness was a little disturbing in a race. There were not four corners either, but two long straights with a long semicircular sweep at each end.

Andrew found the half mile start, and took his bearing. He trotted round half a lap, took one or two sprints, then some breathing exercises. He paced up the back straight. That was where he must come up to the front. He determined to make a real sprinting start, and get an inside berth at all costs. No need for old Jones to tell him not to run on the outside round bends. It was past two by now. One or two people were coming into the stands, the first event being at 2.30. When he got back to the changing room he found it full of a noisy jostling crowd. He felt rather strange, and out of it. If only he could get it over. Three quarters of an hour to wait still. On a table a naked body was being massaged. Andrew waited his turn for a rub. This seemed really professional.

“Your turn, sir,” said the rubber.

Andrew stripped off his vest.

“Might as well take your bags off, too.”

He divested himself a bit shyly, and lay face downwards on the table.

“Front side first, old man,” said the rubber.

It seemed a bit indecent, but Andrew turned over.

The man pommelled his stomach, then his back, then his buttocks, his thighs, and his calves, rubbing in a strong-smelling oil that gingered up his skin and made his nerves tingle. Good.

He saw Brewster and Perry talking and made a remark to them about the half mile, but they did not seem to remember who he was. He found himself a seat alone. If only he could get it over.

A red-faced man thrust the door open.

“All out for the hundred,” he shouted.

“Know who that is?” someone said. “That’s Major Cunliffe—the old international.”

The hundred-yards men trooped out. There were four or five heats in the hundred. Andrew watched out of the changing room window, but he couldn’t concentrate and took no stock of what happened. He was acutely miserable.

At last the hundred yards was finished. A minute or so dragged by. Andrew stood up and sat down again and fastened his shoes for the fifth time. Then the door burst open and Major Cunliffe looked in again:

“All out for the half mile!”

At the same time he heard a bell ringing outside. It sounded fateful. It meant *next event due*. All over the ground people were turning over their programs and reading the names. As the clangor died away Andrew felt something approaching terror. He sprang to his feet and crossed towards the door.

Now a new awkwardness arose. Why did none of the other half milers move? He waited for a moment for them to join him, but each man of them seemed to have found some last-minute adjustment to a shoe or bandage.

“Well,” said Brewster, “I suppose we’d better be moving.”

“Wait a bit, Joe,” said Perry, “I must get my ankle strap on.”

Andrew hovered miserably in the doorway of the changing room. Why couldn’t they buck up and get it over? If only he could get it over. At last, finding it ridiculous to hold the door open any longer, he went through it and waited outside in the concrete passage. He certainly could not walk on to the track without the others, nor could he go back into the changing room. He leant against the wall trying to think of nothing.

What could the others be doing? “Oh, come on,” he murmured, “come *on!*” Next time he would know better than to get up before the other men in his race were on the move.

The sunlight end of the passage was suddenly eclipsed and the Major brushed by him.

“Where *are* those half milers?” he said genially to Andrew.

“I think—” began Andrew, but found an answer was not expected.

The Major opened the door, and Andrew caught a glimpse of the bunch of them standing and talking as if the race meant nothing.

“Everyone out for the half mile—come on,*please*,” said the Major.

This time they came and with beating heart Andrew joined them.

“Well, Brewster,” said the Major, “what are you going to show us to-day?”

“Don't expect you'll notice me,” said Brewster, “after the gun's gone. I shall try and stick to young Redbrooke for the first six hundred, anyhow. I only want to see what I can do!”

It sounded splendidly casual, but Andrew had a strong feeling that what Brewster meant was: “I rather fancy myself as a class half miler, so just watch me. I believe I can beat Redbrooke. I'm not troubling about the rest, anyhow.”

Andrew stepped gingerly along the track. He felt rather better at being in the open air. Then he glanced behind him at the grand stand. He received a shock. It was full—full of banks of people looking at him, waiting to see him run.

As with the bell, the audience rushed on Andrew with a terrific new meaning. He had often seen large crowds at sports meetings. He had sat with them and watched the runners and the few officials in the center of the ground. The center of the ground had always appeared to be part of the whole picture with the crowd.

It had never occurred to him for a moment that to step in the arena was to break that unit. Now the whole picture was crowd and nothing else. Wherever he raised his eyes on all sides of him, he saw nothing but a bank of staring faces, a mob of hats and faces.

With eyes fixed on the ground, he left the track and began to walk across the grass towards the start. The half mile, being a lap and a half, led off at the farthest point from the grand stand. The half lap brought it round to the stand just at the stage where the race was getting into its stride, when everybody was beginning to feel the collar and those who meant business were jostling for places in front. The remaining complete lap brought the finish round to the grand stand again.

Andrew's path took him into the middle of the ground; here the crowd was less imminent. The summer was still new enough to greet the senses with surprise. He stepped lightly on the elastic turf. The grass breathed out delicious freshness. For years afterwards that fragrance was to set Andrew's nerves tingling with the apprehension of this moment.

The lively air fanned his head and throat. It played about his bare legs.

Andrew saw the other half milers were trotting round the track. Occasionally one would shoot forward in a muscle-stretching burst. Andrew tried a high-stepping trot across the grass to flex his own legs, but was too self-conscious to keep it up.

He reached the starting point first. Another agonizing wait followed. The others were still capering round the ash path. Would he never get it over? Surely the tension of nerves must rack the strength from his limbs? At last the starter approached.

“Jolly day for a trial spin,” he told Andrew. “Makes me feel an old fool to be out of it. I envy you boys.”

Andrew felt too miserable to answer. He nodded.

“If you want a place,” said a starter, “take my advice and watch Redbrooke. He'll probably try and take Brewster off his legs early—he knows he can't sprint, you see.”

Andrew nodded again. Of course it was a foregone conclusion that only Redbrooke and Brewster were in the race. No one had a thought for him.

The others began to arrive. Andrew stripped off his sweater. Again he was premature. The others waited. All were silent now.

Redbrooke was strolling across the ground with one of the officials. He looked up and broke into a brisk trot.

The air still freshened Andrew's face. Across the ground he could hear the murmur of the crowd. A paper boy was shouting.

Still none of the runners spoke. In silence, one by one, they took off blazers and sweaters. The well-known colors of Brewster's club appeared—a red and black band round the chest. Redbrooke cantered up unconcerned.

“Sorry,” he said, and emerged from his blazer in Achilles Club colors. Andrew glanced at his plain white things, longer and tighter than Redbrooke's.

The runners eyed each other as they took their places on the track. Redbrooke was a shade taller than Andrew and perfectly formed. His corn-colored hair was a disheveled crop, paler in hue than the tan of his face. His limbs flashed with youth and strength. His poise was quick as flame.

No wonder he can run, thought Andrew. He must win.

“I shall say on your marks—set—and then fire.”

At last, thought Andrew. His heart was beating in his throat now.

A second toiled by.

Andrew dropped to his knee for a sprinting start.

“Set!”

His knee quivered up from the track. It was toes and knuckles now, a balance quivering with tautness.

Crash.

Scurry. Shoulders jostling. Mind out.

Andrew shot clear, going at top speed. He swung into the inside place. So far so good. He'd got his inside place, and the lead too. Was he to make the running? He settled down to a stride, fast but easy.

He breathed calmly through his nose. Although the race had started he still felt very nervous—an exhilarating nervousness now. He saw each blade of grass where out turf edge met track. A groundsman set down a whitewash pail.

Andrew realized he was cutting out too fast a pace. He swung into a slower stride. So far all had gone according to plan, and he began to take courage.

As they approached the pavilion for the first time and the second long corner of the race, he found Perry was creeping up on his outside. Andrew was surprised and a little worried. In all the half miles he had run before the pace he had set would have assured him the lead. He decided to make no effort, and Perry passed stride by stride and dropped into the lead. Andrew continued at his own pace, and a gap of a yard or two opened.

As they came on to the bend there was a sudden sputter of feet and Andrew found that Brewster had filled the gap. Others were coming up and he realized that the whole field was moving faster than he was. He quickened up slightly and swung out tentatively to pass Brewster again. Before he could pass, the corner was reached. He at least knew better than to run on the outside round the curve; so he slackened again to pull back into the inside. But in the very thought of doing so, the runner behind closed smoothly and swiftly up to Brewster, and Andrew saw that Redbrooke had got his inside berth. Andrew had to take the curve on the outside. “Blinking fool” he told himself.

Old Jones and one or two other experienced runners in the crowd caught each other's eyes for a moment; the rest of the audience had no notion of the little display of bad technique that Andrew had given.

So they went round the long curve. Perry in the lead and still pressing the pace; Brewster second, with no very

clear notion of what the pace ought to be, and determined not to lose Perry; Redbrooke keeping wisely within striking distance, and Andrew bunched uncomfortably on the outside of Redbrooke with two others.

By the time they came out of the long bend and completed the first half of the race Andrew was thoroughly rattled. Never had he felt such a strain at this stage of a half mile. Already it was difficult to get enough air; he was no longer breathing evenly through his nose. Already a numbing weakness was creeping down the front of his thighs. Hopeless now to think of gaining ground. With relief he found he was able to drop into the inside again behind Redbrooke. They had now been running for about one minute—it seemed an age. Could he possibly stick to it for another period, as long again? The long stretch of straight in front of him, the long sweep of curve at the end of the ground that only brought you at the beginning of the finishing straight. Then the sprint. Already he felt he could not find an ounce of sprint.

Pace by pace he stuck to it watching Redbrooke's feet.

But even now he must quicken up if he was to hold Redbrooke. At each step Redbrooke's back was leaving him. He struggled to lengthen but it was useless. Redbrooke was moving up to the front. Now he was equal with Brewster; now with Perry; now he was in the lead.

How easy Redbrooke's move down the back straight looked from the grand stand. "Pretty running," people told each other. "Just the place to come up." "Nicely judged." "See how he worked himself through from the last corner."

And this was the very place at which Andrew had meant to move up himself. He remembered nothing of his plans now. It was impossible to increase his effort. One of the men behind came smoothly by and dropped into the gap that Redbrooke had left in front of him. The sixth man came up on his outside. There was a kind of emptiness at his back. He was running equal last.

Now they came into the final curve before the finishing straight. His legs seemed powerless. He grunted for breath. The weakness in his thighs had grown to a cramping pain. And all the time with dull despair he saw Redbrooke going up, now five yards clear, now eight. Perry had dropped back to third, and Brewster was chasing Redbrooke.

Dark waves of pain swept over Andrew. Hopeless. Hopeless.

Still he must keep running with control. He must force his legs to a smooth long stride. This was the worst part of any race; nightmare moments, when the only hope was a last frenzied dash, yet still the body must be forced along with conscious control.

"Come on," he told himself, "another fifty yards—guts, man—guts."

Had only Andrew known what the others were feeling, he would have taken courage. The whole pace of the first quarter, thanks to Andrew's own excitement, had been faster than anyone cared for. Redbrooke, untrained as he was, had found himself badly winded at the quarter-mile mark. He, too, doubted whether he could have any punch left at the finish. He determined, therefore, to make a surprise effort early, when he still had a powerful sprint in him. As soon as they came into the curve, he stepped on the gas as hard as he could, three hundred yards from home, and steamed away. He jumped a lead of five, eight, ten yards before Perry or Brewster realized what was happening. It was a thing the crowd could follow better than the men in the race.

Now as they came into the straight, Andrew thought Redbrooke was gathering himself for a final dash. Far from it; he was hanging on for grim death. His sparkling effort had died right away. His stride was nerveless. The sprinting muscles in his thighs had lost every ounce of their power. He was struggling and asking himself at every stride: "Can I, can I, can I—surely those steps are drawing nearer—can I last it?"

Perry was desperately run out. Brewster had already been chasing Redbrooke hard for the last thirty yards, but could not find any pace at all.

Andrew alone of the field had he known it had been nursing his remnant of strength round that grueling bend. Only forty yards to go now and he could throw all he had into a last desperate effort. Keep it up just a moment more. Thirty yards to the straight now—twenty—suddenly his control was shattered. He was fighting in a mindless fury of effort for every ounce of strength in him.

In ten yards he saw his whole fortune in the race change. He *had* got a sprint then! The man on his outside vanished. He raced round the outside of the fellow in front hand over fist as he came into the straight. In another few yards he had the faltering Perry taped.

He had already run into third place. New strength surged through his limbs. “Come on, come on: up, you can catch Brewster. Level. Feel him struggling. He can't hold you. Got him!”

Far, far off, a distant frenzied pain, somewhere: someone else's pain. Miles away a face on the side of the track.

Second now. Second, and he could catch Redbrooke. But could he catch him in time? They were past the start of the hundred yards now: a bare hundred to go. Could he? Could he? The first brilliance of his sprint had gone. He was fighting again an agonizing weakness that dragged his legs back. But he was doing it, foot by foot. Fists clenched, to force speed-spent muscles.

Split seconds dragged strange length out. The straight went on and on. Five yards behind, now four, now three.

Redbrooke heard him, then felt him: two yards behind, now at his shoulder. He racked himself for a new effort. Together they swept past the hundred-yards finish, ten yards from the half-mile tape, with the dull roar of the crowd in their ears. Redbrooke saw he was beaten but stuck to it till the last foot.

Then Andrew led.

A splendour of gladness as he watched the stretch of white wool break on his own chest.

“You've done it, you've done it!” Incredible precious moment.

Then he dropped half conscious on the track.

Strong arms plucked him up, and walked him to the grass. “Well done, very fine finish,” he heard. Down again, sitting now. The world swam round you. There was Redbrooke, standing up, not so done then.

Ache, how those legs ache and your thigh muscles, too—must stand up, hell, what does it matter though when you won!

Redbrooke came over to Andrew smiling and controlled.

“Well done,” he said, “you had me nicely.”

“Ow,” said Andrew, still panting, “muscles in my thighs.” He got up and limped about. His legs felt absurd. The muscles in his haunches hurt abominably.

Redbrooke smiled. “I know that feeling,” he said, “comes of running untrained!”

“Oh, I had trained a bit,” said Andrew, “a fair amount really. Do you know what the time was?”

“One fifty-nine and two fifths,” Redbrooke told him. “I was just inside two minutes. I must say I think we did fairly well for the first effort of the season.”

“One fifty-nine and two fifths,” said Andrew, “was it really?”

One of the judges joined them.

Others came up. They all said the same.

“Why on earth didn't you sprint before?”

“No idea I could,” explained Andrew.

Brewster joined the group.

“Well, that's my last half mile,” he said. “Never had to move so fast in my life before.”

But he was obviously pleased. He had finished about ten yards behind Redbrooke and must have done about two two or two three.

Now Andrew began to enjoy himself thoroughly. Gloriously relaxed in mind and body, gloriously contented, he watched the other events. He made new friends. Then he went in and soaked himself in a steaming bath and smoked, shouting to Brewster in the next compartment. Life was very kind.

He came out on to the ground, chatted with everyone he saw: discussed his race a dozen times: had three or four beers: spent a few shillings with wild extravagance. He saw, to his amazement, Redbrooke turn out again for the quarter and fight another grueling finish to win by inches in fifty-one and a fifth seconds. Andrew was the first to pat him on the back.

“Great work,” he said. “How you managed it after that half beats me!”

“Oh, well,” said Redbrooke, “it loosened me up. Why didn't you come, lazy devil?”

In the bus going home, Andrew leant back and puffed deeply at his pipe. Alone for the first time, he went over the race in his mind. Well, he had done it. He could tackle anything on earth now.

After all running was a thing men had always done. Football, other games, came and went. A good runner was a good runner for all time—with hundreds and hundreds of years of kinship behind him. And he, Andrew, was a good runner. A class runner. One fifty-nine. Damn good!

His head was slightly swimming with fatigue and excitement and beer. He leant back and sighed—as happy as it is possible to be on this planet.

Notes

hooters, whistles of the various potteries.

potteries, shops or factories where earthen ware is made.

Royal Chorley, the name of the pottery where Andrew worked as dipper.

the half mile, the half mile or the 880-yds. race.

self-consciously, as if conscious of oneself as an object of the observation of others.

one fifty-eight, one minute fifty-eight seconds, for the half mile.

class running, good running; high-class running.

two four, two minutes four seconds for the half mile.

trot, a jogging pace, not so fast, for warming up.

Club races, races conducted by various clubs, organizations, or associations.

final, a deciding heat, or trial.

cross-country, generally a long-distance race over country roads.

four thirty mile, running a mile in 4 minutes 30 seconds.

Cambridge Blue, a Cambridge University athlete who has made the varsity team.

earthly, chance; possibility.

trial spin like, like trying or testing out.

stick, follow closely and persistently.

come up, come or spring forward.

first quarter, first quarter mile.

on the outside round bends, on the outside edge of the race track, path or course.

a hellova lot, a slang expression meaning “a great deal,” a-hell-of-a-lot.

sandwiches, a sandwich consists of two slices of bread usually buttered and having a thin layer of meat, cheese, or the like, spread between them. Named after Lord Sandwich.

paced out, in racing, one's rate of movement, or speed is called the pace, which is generally a slow, regular, or measured pace. Hence, *paced out* means to pace or follow behind, without intending to pass the person in front.

run off his legs, to cause his legs to be tired; hence, to cause him to run himself out at the start, and thus exhaust him before he could finish the race.

too much of a needle, nervous; vexed; disquieted, too excited, too much on an edge.

“Sentinel,” the name of the local newspaper.

“uns,” ones. The old uns are his parents.

jogged, moved slowly, leisurely, or monotonously.

“Sixpence Entrance,” entrance for spectators who pay sixpence for a seat in the arena.

“This stand a shilling,” entrance for those who pay a shilling for a seat. The seats or bleachers are known as the stand.

changing room, room where the athletes change into their uniforms.

spiked shoes, shoes with spikes, pointed irons, or nails of special design, set with the points downward fastened to the sole of a runner's shoe to prevent slipping.

three laps to the mile instead of the four. The size of the ordinary track field is so laid out that a runner going four times around the track covers distance equivalent to a mile. A three laps to the mile course is, therefore, a trifle larger track field than the ordinary one, so that three laps make the mile.

start, the starting point of the race.

sprints, short runs at top speed.

back straight, the section of a race track between the last turn and the winning post.

jostling, crowding or bumping together.

massaged, treated by means of rubbing, stroking, kneading or tapping with the hand or an instrument.

rub, massage.

bags, loose-fitting garments; especially, in England, ordinary loose trousers.

pommeled, beat with the fists; beat soundly.

buttocks, the part at the back of the hip, which in man forms one of the protuberances on which he sits.

gingered, enlivened; animated; inspirited.

international, a runner who has participated in international track competitions.

next event due, time for the next race to start.

programs, usually, printed or written lists of the features composing a performance, with the names of the performers.

hovered, hung about.

eclipsed, caused the obscuration of; hidden.

brushed, touched or rubbed in passing.

after the gun's gone, after the starter of the race has fired his gun in starting the race.

six hundred, 600 yards.

casual, incidental; having the air of a chance occurrence.

banks, tier upon tier; layer upon layer.

arena, any place of public contest or exertion.

a lap and a half, one and one-half times around the track field.

feel the collar, feel the strain; feel the pace.

imminent, near at hand.

elastic turf, springy race course.

muscle-stretching burst, breaking forth in such a speed that the muscles stretched beyond their ordinary tension.

flex, bend; loosen.

capering, skipping; jumping.

ash path, the runner's path, or course, which is paved with ash, the earthy or mineral parts of combustion, as of wood or coal.

take Brewster off his legs early, this is, take Brewster by surprise by beating him at the start of the race.

premature, arriving before the proper or usual time.

cantered, ran at an easy gait.

his blazer, his light jacket, —usually of wool, or silk and of a bright color, for wear at tennis, cricket, or other sport.

Achilles Club colors, the colors of the club of which he is a member, the Achilles Club.

disheveled crop, disarranged or ruffled hair that is cut loose or short.

on your marks, set, and then fire, the regular signals given at the start of races.

tautness, tightness.

scurry, hasten away.

Mind out, be sure to get clear of the other runners.

tentatively, experimentally.

“Blinking fool,” big fool. Andrew realized that he had made a mistake and he was scolding himself.

bad technique, not good style of performance; poor execution.

cramping pain, a pain in the muscles in form of a cramp-spasmodic and painful involuntary contraction of a muscle or muscles.

guts, that quality of being strong, powerful, and having a capacity for exertion and endurance, whether physical, intellectual, or moral.

winded, put out of breath; rendered scant of wind by violent exertion.

quarter-mile mark, the half-way mark of the half-mile race.

punch, power; energy; “guts.”

grueling, exhausting the capacity or endurance.

mindless, out of one's mind; heedless; not controlled by his mind or reason.

taped, bettered; beaten.

speed-spent, exhausted by running rapidly or at great speed.

white wool, a piece of string, thread, or worsted stretched across the finishing line and broken by the first man to finish the race.

haunches, the hind quarters.

compartment, one of the parts into which an inclosed portion, or space is divided, as by partitions, or lines; next booth.

beers, glasses of brewed liquor made with malted grain, with or without other starchy material, and with hop or other substances to give a bitter flavor; in Great Britain, and the United States, beer frequently signifies the lighter kinds and all the heavier kinds of malted liquors.

Questions

1. Who was Andrew?
2. What were his thoughts and feelings (a) before the race, (b) during the race, (c) after the race?
3. What did Andrew gain from winning the race?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《半英里》，作者T.O. 比奇克罗夫特，选自迈克尔·罗伯茨编辑的《新国家》，伦敦霍加斯出版社1933年出版，72—85页。

【作者简介】

T.O. 比奇克罗夫特是英格兰最年轻的作家之一。

32 半英里

星期六，正午时分，远处市政厅时钟的报时声沉重地响了起来，全城每条街道上的陶瓷厂里汽笛声此起彼伏。男男女女——有成年的，也有未成年的，从二十家陶瓷厂的大门口，鱼贯而出。开始还是三三两两的，很快就形成了一股稳定的人流，然后又三三两两地消失了。

安德鲁·威廉姆森是皇家乔力陶瓷厂的一名浸涂工，他在大门口被守门人琼斯给拦住了。

他说道：“再见，安德鲁，祝你跑半英里交好运。”

安德鲁扫了他一眼，目光不自在地移开了。“你怎么知道我要跑半英里比赛呢？”

乔解释道：“哦，我对这种比赛有兴趣，我以前也跑过半英里比赛。”

安德鲁追问道：“说下去，可我怎么从来没听说过呢？”

老人答道：“我跑过一分五十八秒的好成绩，这在过去算是不错的成绩了。”

“然后呢？”安德鲁继续追问道，“那可是高级赛跑比赛，高级半英里比赛。”

“哦，我不知道，现在不少人都能取得这样的成绩。”

“哎呀，我真希望我能取得这样的成绩，我的理想是：挺进两分钟。到现在为止，我还从来没有突破过二分四秒呐！”

“喔，这只是个时间问题。”老手给他打气，“先在附近好好慢跑热热身，吸点夏天的新鲜空气，你就赢定了。”

“可我从来没参加过高级赛跑啊。”安德鲁还是忧心忡忡，“我只参加过俱乐部组织的赛跑，我不敢奢望取名次拿奖，你也看看参赛的选手啊。”

“都有谁？”琼斯问道。

“嗯，决赛有六个人，咱们一个一个地说：乔·布鲁斯特，是个越野选手，他一英里能跑四分三十秒，现在他想跑半英里。”

“哦，他再少也绝对不会少几分钟，”琼斯斩钉截铁地断言，“我敢担保。”

“还有佩里，他参加上个星期‘三个俱乐部’在德比合办的大赛，跑了二分四秒。”

“嗯，还有谁？”

“还有雷德布鲁克，是剑桥大学校队的，我根本就没机会。”

“他是个优秀的赛跑选手，”琼斯评论道，“可是，你觉得他在五月训练过吗？不大可能。这可能是他第一次跑，就像测试似的。你训练过吗？”

“认真训练过，”安德鲁说道，“这个月每天晚上都训练，上周参加了一个比赛，成绩还不错。”

“听我的，”琼斯一字一顿地对他说，“紧紧咬着布鲁斯特。他会在快到440码的时候领跑。你只要盯着他就行，别人不用管。不要跑弯道外圈。”

“嗯，这我懂。”安德鲁答道。

“啊，你懂，你懂。”琼斯说道，“那就好，祝你好运，小伙子。”

安德鲁边走边回过头来。“只要我能跑进二分，”他有点不自在地说道，“那就意味着，很多。”

安德鲁离开了他，独自一人走进广场花园吃三明治。这是个晴朗的初夏，可是他却因为紧张和孤独感到凉飕飕的。他坐了四十分钟的公共汽车去运动场，他想早点到那里，半英里比赛时间定在三点。

他有多少胜算？他已经在前一天晚上的分组赛中以二分六秒的成绩出线，可这却没有任何意义。乔·布鲁斯特在他的后面，但他是在保存实力。佩里和雷德布鲁克在另一场分组赛中打了个平手，成绩都是二分五秒。谁都不可小觑。最怕的是自己开始会用力过猛，最后腿疲劳得无法完成比赛。他以前从来没有跟雷德布鲁克这样的高级赛跑选手对过阵。

上了公共汽车以后，他尽量克制自己不去想比赛。太紧张一点用处也没有。可这是个千载难逢的机会啊。

哎呀，他要是跑好了，今天取得了名次，他的名字就会上当地的报纸《哨兵》。家里的老人也愿意看到这样的结果。假如他可以跑进二分钟，嗯，将来总有一天，在他有生之年，他会做到的。那将是不起的成就，会给他信心，会让他大体上有影响力了。

伴随着这样愉快的幻想，公共汽车慢吞吞地走着。安德鲁一手提着包，在一点半的时候抵达了运动场。看到诸如六便士看台座位入口和一先令看台座位入口这样的设施，都让他感觉怪怪的。还让他感觉自己有很大责任，因为观众需要为看自己比赛买票。实际上，他是第一个进更衣室换衣服的赛手。他慢吞吞地换着，把衣服放到角落里的一张长凳上。他小心翼翼地穿上了钉子鞋，走到外面的跑道上。他以前习惯在普通运动场跑，普通运动场跑四圈是一英里，而这个运动场是三圈一英里。可惜啊：赛跑中的每个陌生之处都是一个小的干扰因素。不仅如此，这个运动场不是方形的，而是有两条直道，两端是长长的半圆形跑道

安德鲁找到了半英里起跑线，判明了一下方位。他慢跑了半圈，冲刺了一两次，然后做了做呼吸训练。他在终点直道上踱来踱去。他在这里必须冲到前面。他决意起跑冲刺要做好，然后不惜任何代价抢到里道的位置。用不着老琼斯告诉，他也知道不能跑弯道的外圈。此时已经是两点多了，有一两个人进了看台。第一场比赛两点半开始。他回到更衣室，发现里面到处都是人，吵吵嚷嚷，你推我搡的。他感觉很不自在，就又出来了。还要等四十五分钟，但愿他能熬过去。桌子上赤身躺着一个人，按摩师在给他按摩。安德鲁排队等着按摩。这似乎挺专业的。

“该你啦。”按摩师招呼他。

安德鲁脱下了背心。

“把裤子也脱了。”

他有点不好意思地把松松垮垮的休闲裤脱了下来，趴在了桌子上。

“先按摩正面，老兄。”按摩师说道。

这似乎有些不雅，不过安德鲁还是翻过身来。

按摩师把他的肚子敲得砰砰响，接着敲他的背，然后敲他的臀部，还有他的大腿、小腿，涂抹一种味道很冲的油，增强皮肤的活力，刺激神经。不错。

他看到布鲁斯特和佩里在说话，就过去攀谈，说了句与半英里比赛有关的话，可是他们似乎已经记不起来他是谁了。他找了个座位独自坐着。但愿能早点熬过去。

一个红脸汉猛地把门打开。

“百码比赛的都出来。”他大声喊道。

“知道他是谁吗？”有人说道，“他是卡利夫少校，参加过国际田径赛的老选手。”

百码比赛的选手急匆匆地出去了。有四五场预赛的样子。安德鲁透过更衣室的窗户向外望去，却无法集中注意力，看不出赛况。他特别难受。

最后，百码比赛结束了。一分钟，或者大约一分钟慢吞吞地过去了。安德鲁站起来又坐下，第五次把鞋带系紧。接下来，门猛地被推开了，卡利夫少校第二次朝屋里看了看，大声喊道：“半英里的都出来！”

与此同时，他听到外面铃声大作，听起来命运攸关。这意味着下一场比赛的开始。运动场上的所有观众都在翻看节目单，在读节目单上运动员的名字。随着叮叮当当的铃声渐渐消失，安德鲁感到恐怖也渐渐逼近了。他一跃而起，穿过更衣室直奔门口。

此时，又遇到一个新的尴尬情况：为什么其他赛跑手没起身？他等了一会儿，想跟他们一起走，可是他们似乎都有鞋或者绑带要在这最后一分钟整理。

“喂，我想我们最好上场吧。”布鲁斯特说。

“稍等，乔，”佩里说道，“我一定要戴上护膝。”

安德鲁痛苦地在更衣室的门口徘徊。他们为什么不赶紧出来跑完算了？他恨不得马上跑完比赛，省得受煎熬了。最后，他发觉再这么拉着门很傻，于是他出了门走到外面的混凝土过道上。他自然不能独自一人上跑道，也不能再回更衣室，于是他靠着墙，尽量把思想放空。

别人都在干什么？“哦，不要胡思乱想，”他低声自言自语，“哦，不要胡思乱想！”下次比赛他会找个合适的时间起身，不会在其他赛跑手之前就起来了。

走廊尽头的阳光隐去了，少校从他身边擦过。

“那些跑半英里的人在哪里？”他态度和蔼地问安德鲁。

“我想……”安德鲁开了口，却发现他根本没想听他回答。

少校打开了门，安德鲁瞥到里面的人在站着说东道西，好像根本没把比赛当回事儿。

“跑半英里的都上场——请大家快点儿。”少校说道。

这次他们出来了，安德鲁心跳如捣，加入了他们的队伍。

“啊，布鲁斯特，”少校问道，“你今天要给我们秀什么啊？”

“没指望你注意到我，”布鲁斯特答道，“发令枪一响，第一个600码我就争取咬住小雷德布鲁克，我就是想看看我的能力！”

这听起来很随意，可安德鲁强烈地感觉到了布鲁斯特的言外之意：“我认为自己是半英里的高级赛跑手。我坚信自己可以跑过雷德布鲁克。我对剩下的人都不屑一顾。”

安德鲁小心翼翼地踏上了跑道。在户外，他感觉好多了。然后，他扫了眼身后巨大的看台，心中大为震惊，只见看台上座无虚席，密密麻麻的，观众都在看他，等着看他跑。

随着铃声响起，看台上的观众让安德鲁的心中涌起了一种新的可怕意味。对于运动会上的人山人海，他早已司空见惯。他曾经跟这些观众坐在一起，观看运动场中央的赛跑手和屈指可数的官员。运动场中央是人山人海这幅画面不可分割的组成部分。

他从来没想到过自己踏进竞技场那一刻这个画面就被打破了。此时，这幅画里只有人山人海，别无他物。不论他朝四面八方哪个方向看，只能看到一张张人脸，一双双盯着他的眼睛和一堆堆的帽子。

他眼睛盯着地面，离开跑道穿过草地向起跑线走去。半英里比赛，赛程一圈半，所以起跑线距离大看台最远。半圈之后所到达的看台，正是比赛进入精彩阶段的地方，到时候，人人都会开始有紧张感，那些

认真的人开始你追我赶，奋勇争先。跑完剩下的整整一圈以后，又会回到大看台所在的地方。

安德鲁沿着脚下的路走向运动场的中部，这里离人山人海就没有那么近了。夏天依然新鲜，依然可以给感官带来惊喜。他轻轻地踏上有弹性的草皮。青草闻起来有清新的味道。此后多年，只要一闻到青草的清新味道，都会让他想起这一刻，让他心生忐忑。

清新的空气拍打着他的头和喉咙，在他裸露的双腿上嬉戏。

安德鲁看到其他半英里赛跑手在跑道附近慢跑，时不时会有人舒展着肌肉向前冲刺。安德鲁想高抬腿慢跑来活动下双腿，可是感觉太不自在，腿抬不起来。

他率先来到起跑点，紧接着是另一场痛苦的等待。其他人还在跑道附近蹦蹦跳跳。比赛什么时候才能开始啊？神经紧张肯定会对四肢的力量有损害吧？最后，发令员终于来了。

“今天是个试跑的好天气，”他对安德鲁说道，“让我觉得退出很傻，我羡慕你们这些小子。”

安德鲁太痛苦了，说不出话来，于是他点了点头算是回答。

“你要是想得个名次，”一个发令员说道，“就听我给你支招，看住雷德布鲁克，他可能会在一开始就超过布鲁斯特，让布鲁斯特大吃一惊。你看，那是因为他知道自己没有能力冲刺。”

安德鲁又点了点头。当然，这是一个预料之中的结局，比赛里只有雷德布鲁克和布鲁斯特，谁也不会想到他。

其他人开始陆陆续续地到了。安德鲁脱掉了羊毛衫。这次他又来早了。其他人还在等。大家现在都不说话了。

雷德布鲁克跟一个官员漫步穿过运动场。他抬头看了看，然后突然轻快地慢跑起来。

安德鲁脸上还有清风拂面。人海里的低语声穿过运动场，传到他的耳畔。一个报童在大声叫卖。

赛跑手们中依然没有一个人说话。他们一个接一个地默默脱掉了运动夹克和羊毛衫。大家熟知的布鲁斯特所属俱乐部的标志服色出现了，胸部有带状的红黑色。雷德布鲁克脚步轻快地跑了过来，状态放松。

“对不起。”他说道。他穿着阿基里斯俱乐部服色的运动夹克。安德鲁扫了一眼自己朴素的白色运动服，比雷德布鲁克的长而紧。

赛跑手们互相审视着，在跑道上各就各位。雷德布鲁克比安德鲁稍微高一点，身材完美。他蓬松的玉米色头发剪得短短的，比他棕褐色的脸色淡一号。他的四肢闪耀着青春和力量的光芒。他的一举一动迅疾如火。

难怪他这么能跑，安德鲁暗想，他必胜无疑。

“我会说各就各位——预备——然后放枪。”

终于开始了，安德鲁想。此刻他的心都快要从嗓子眼里跳出来了。

一秒钟艰难地挨过去了。

安德鲁跪下来准备起跑冲刺。

“预备！”

他的膝盖在跑道上打战，现在是靠脚趾和关节在保持平衡，他由于紧张在颤抖。

撞击。

你追我赶。摩肩接踵。一定要和其他赛跑手拉开距离。

安德鲁摆脱了别人，疾驰向前，全速前进。他转向里道。迄今为止，一切顺利。他已经占据了里道，而且还领先。他会赢得这场比赛吗？他已经适应了大步跑，速度快却很轻松。

他平静地用鼻子呼吸。尽管比赛已经开始了，他还是感到紧张万分，不过，此刻是一种令人兴奋的紧张了。他看着与跑道相接的草皮上每个青草的叶片。一个体育场管理员把一个白色涂料桶放了下来。

安德鲁意识到自己跑得有些过快，于是他转换成慢速大步。迄今为止，一切都在按计划按部就班地进行，他也开始有了信心。

就在他们第一次接近观众席和第二个长长的直道拐角的时候，他发现佩里慢慢地在他的外道出现了。安德鲁吃了一惊，不由得心生忧虑。在他以往所跑过的半英里比赛中，只要按照既定的步伐跑，就保证可以领先。他决定保持步伐不变，而佩里一大步接着一大步地从他身边过去了，开始领先。安德鲁继续按照自己的步伐跑，与佩里拉开了一两码的距离。

就在他们往弯道上跑的时候，突然响起了噼啪噼啪的脚步声，安德鲁发现布鲁斯特填补了他与佩里之间的空白。其他人都纷纷靠近，他意识到整个场上的赛跑手都比他跑得快。他稍稍加快了速度，试探着从外圈想再次超过布鲁斯特。就在他要赶超的时候，弯道到了。他还不至于笨到在弯道的时候跑外圈，于是他再次放慢步伐返回里道。可是就在他这么做的一瞬间，后面的赛跑手不费吹灰之力地靠近并且迅速赶上了布鲁斯特，安德鲁这才意识到雷德布鲁克已经抢占了里道。安德鲁只得在转弯的时候跑外圈了。“大傻瓜！”他对自己说道。

那一刻，人山人海里的琼斯和一两个经验丰富的赛跑手心领神会地交换了一下目光，其余观众对于安德鲁表现出的这个小的技术性失误没有概念。

就这样，他们绕起了那个长长的弯道。佩里领先，步伐依然紧迫；布鲁斯特第二，对于应该跑什么样的步伐没有特别清晰的概念，只是下定决心不输给佩里；雷德布鲁克明智地保持在攻击距离以内，而安德鲁和另外两个赛跑手则不舒服地在雷德布鲁克的外圈挤着。

他们跑出长长的弯道，完成了一半赛程的时候，安德鲁彻底乱了阵脚。他以前跑半英里赛从来没有这么紧张过。氧气不够，连呼吸都困难了。他此刻不是在用鼻子平稳地呼吸了。已经有一种让人吃惊的衰弱感在大腿的正面出现了。现在想占优势已经没有希望了。让他欣慰的是，他又转回了里道，跟在雷德布鲁克的后面了。现在他们跑了大约一分钟——却好像过去了好长时间。他还能不能保持这个速度再坚持这么一段时间？在他面前，长长的直道延展开来，直道的尽头是运动场那片长长的弯道，弯道过后才到终点直道。然后是冲刺，而他已经感到连一点点冲刺的力量都没有了。

他看着雷德布鲁克的双脚，跟着跑，一步又一步。

而此刻，要跟住雷德布鲁克，他必须加快速度了。每跑一步，雷德布鲁克的背影就离他远一些。他挣扎着把步伐迈大，可是却无济于事。雷德布鲁克已经遥遥领先。他跟布鲁斯特齐头并进了。他跟佩里齐头并进了。他领先了。

从大观众席上看，雷德布鲁克在非终点直道上跑得是多么轻松自如啊！“跑得真好看！”人们交头接耳，“正是该加速的地方。”“判断准确！”“看他怎么渐入佳境，跑最后的弯道吧。”

而这也是安德鲁要提速的地方。他此时已经把自己之前的种种计划忘了个一干二净。加速已经是不可能的了。后面的人中有一个轻松地从他身旁跑过，填补了雷德布鲁克与他之间留下的空白。第六个人跑到了他的外圈。背后有一种空荡荡的感觉，他此时跑在最后面。

此刻，他们跑到了终点直道前的最后弯道上了。他的腿好像一点力气也没有了。他喘不上来气，嘴里咕哝着。大腿的无力感变成了抽筋似的痛感。与此同时，他一直眼睁睁地看着与雷德布鲁克距离越来越远，此时是整整五码，此时是八码，不由得隐隐感到绝望。佩里落回第三名了，布鲁斯特在追赶雷德布鲁克。

模模糊糊的隐痛阵阵袭来，安德鲁感到无助，无助。

他还要跑得节制。他要强迫自己的双腿迈轻松自然的大步。当他唯一的希望就是最后的疯狂冲刺时，他的身体却还必须被迫有节制地跑下去，这是赛跑最难熬的时候，是噩梦时刻。

“加油，”他告诫自己，“再跑五十码——勇气，老兄——勇气。”

若是安德鲁知道别人此时此刻的感觉的话，他就会信心百倍了。在比赛的第一个四分之一赛程里，幸亏安德鲁自己兴奋起来了，他比别人跑得快，而别人也没有在意。雷德布鲁克由于缺乏节制，感觉在四分之一英里的标志处就已经上气不接下气了。他也怀疑自己是否有力量做最后的冲刺了。于是，他决定趁着自己还有冲刺的力气，提前来个出人意料的加速。他们一到弯道，在距离赛跑终点三百码的地方，他就使出最大的力气踩加速器，高速前进。在佩里和布鲁斯特还弄清楚怎么回事之前，他已经领先了五码、八码、十码。对于这一切，观众比参加比赛的人看得更清楚。

他们此时都上了直道，安德鲁以为雷德布鲁克在重整旗鼓做最后的冲刺。而事实恰恰相反，他在苦苦地死撑，苟延残喘。他那欢快的步伐已经转瞬不再，他的大步已经迈得毫无生气，大腿的冲刺肌肉已经一点点力量都没有了。他在挣扎，每迈一大步都要问自己：“我行吗？我行吗？我行吗？毫无疑问，每一步都离终点越来越近了。我能坚持到最后吗？”

佩里已经跑得筋疲力尽了。在最后三十码，布鲁斯特一直拼命追赶雷德布鲁克，却根本找不到节奏。

在拐那个能把人累死的弯道时，整个运动场上唯一懂得合理使用剩余体力的人是安德鲁。只剩四十码了，他现在可以拼尽全力，放手一搏了。再次加速。此刻距离直道是三十码——二十码，突然，他的自控土崩瓦解了。他在用体内的全部力量疯狂地拼搏。

在距离直道十码的时候，他看到自己在比赛中的命运彻底反转了。他已经成功冲刺了一次！他外道上那个人看不见了。上了直道以后，他从外道击败了前面的那个人。又跑过了几码，他击败了摇摇晃晃的佩里。

他已经跑到了第三名。他四肢力量倍增。“加油，加油：加速，你能追上布鲁斯特。齐头并进。能感觉到他在挣扎。他跑不过你。把他拿下！”

在遥远，遥远的某个地方，有一种狂乱的剧痛：别人的剧痛。几英里以外的跑道旁有一张脸。

此刻该拿下第二个人了，第二个人，他能追上雷德布鲁克。可他能及时追上吗？他们此刻已经跑过了一百码的起跑线：只剩一百码了。他能吗？他能吗？他的第一个辉煌的冲刺已经完成了。身体痛苦而虚弱，他要再一次跟拖后腿的身体做斗争。而他正在一步一步地做。他紧握着拳头，强迫冲刺得筋疲力尽的肌肉奋起。

奇怪的是，时间分秒不差地在延长，直道在延长。还落后五码，此刻四码，此刻三码。

雷德布鲁克听到了他的声音，接着感觉到他在逼近：在后面两码处，此刻在肩并肩。他再一次拼尽全力发力。他们一起快速跑过一百码的终点线，距离半英里终点线的棉线还有十码，耳畔是看台观众低沉的吼叫声。雷德布鲁克看到自己被击败了，却也跟到了最后一步。

接下来，安德鲁领先了。

长长的白色的羊毛终点线被自己的胸撞开，面对辉煌的战绩，他满心欢喜。

“你成啦，你成啦！”这是令人难以置信的珍贵瞬间。

接着，他昏昏沉沉地倒在了跑道上。

几个强壮的胳膊把他拉了起来，搀扶着他走向草地。“干得好，冲刺非常漂亮！”他听到有人说。他又倒了下来，这次是坐了下来。周围天旋地转。雷德布鲁克依然站着，还没有累坏。

疼，这双腿，还有大腿肌肉多疼啊！必须站起来，见鬼！就算你赢了又怎样？

雷德布鲁克向安德鲁走了过来，脸上带着笑容，表情克制。

“干得好，”他说道，“把我赢得很漂亮。”

“啊唷，”安德鲁叫道，还气喘吁吁的，“我的大腿肌肉。”他起身，一瘸一拐地走来走去。他感觉腿怪怪的。臀部的肌肉疼得可怕。

雷德布鲁克笑了。“我知道这种感觉，”他说道，“是缺乏训练造成的！”

“哦，我有过一点点训练，”安德鲁说道，“实际上有一定的量呢。你知道比赛成绩吗？”

“一分五十九秒零四，”雷德布鲁克告诉他，“我刚刚进二分。我必须说我们为第一季赛事取得了不错的成绩。”

“一分五十九秒零四，”安德鲁说道，“真的吗？”

一个裁判向他们走了过来。

其他人走了过来。他们说的都一样。

“你不早冲刺，到底是什么原因？”

“我不知道有没有冲刺的能力。”安德鲁解释道。

布鲁斯特加入了这群人。

“嗯，这是我最后一次参加半英里比赛。”他说道，“我这辈子从来都没有被迫跑得这么快过。”

可是，显而易见，他很高兴。他在雷德布鲁克后面到达终点，距离雷德布鲁克大约十码，所以成绩大约是二分二秒或者二分三秒。

此时，安德鲁完完全全地开心起来。身心特别愉快和放松，心满意足地观看其他比赛。他交了不少新朋友。然后，他走进更衣室，泡在蒸汽浴里，抽着烟，跟隔间的布鲁斯特大声说着话。生活真是美好。

他再次来到运动场上，跟见到的每个人聊天，一次又一次地讨论他参加的这场比赛；他喝了三四杯啤酒，还奢侈地花了几先令。他惊讶地看到，雷德布鲁克又在四分之一英里比赛中出现了，成绩是五十一秒零二，以微弱优势夺取了另一个累人的比赛的第一名。安德鲁第一个过去拍了拍他的后背。

“了不起的成绩。”他说道，“我纳闷你跑完半英里以后怎么还能取得这么好的成绩！”

“哦，这个，”雷德布鲁克答道，“这场比赛让我放松了。你为什么不参加，懒鬼？”

在坐公共汽车回家的路上，安德鲁靠在椅背上一口又一口使劲儿抽着烟斗。他第一次独自把比赛的过程在脑子里过了一遍。嗯，他跑赢了。此刻，他觉得世界上的任何事都不在话下。

说到底，赛跑是人们常做的事情。足球等其他比赛来了又去了。一个优秀的赛跑手是超越时代的，几百年，几千年以后，还会有他这样的赛跑手。而他，安德鲁，是一个优秀的赛跑手，一个高级赛跑手。一分五十九秒，太棒啦！

因为疲劳和兴奋，又喝了点啤酒，他的头有点晕眩。他靠在椅背上，轻叹了一口气，感觉像是这个星球上最幸福的人。

（张白桦 译）

33

THE LONG SHADOW

By John Hampson



THE LONG SHADOW, by John Hampson, in Michael Roberts' *New Country*, pp. 97-100.

John Hampson, whose real name is John Hampson Simpson, is another of the new generation of writers. He has written several books, of which *Saturday Night at the Greyhound* (1931) is his first.

What can I do? she wondered. Slow tears kept welling in her eyes, then rolling gently down her cheeks, gathering into large drops at her chin before they fell unheeded to her lap as the child's voice went on:

"... didn't know! It was dreadful. We never were real friends, but because she lived near us, we often walked home together. It seemed such a silly thing to quarrel over. I didn't break the point of her pencil on purpose, but she said that I did. We said horrid things, both of us. At last I told her, 'I shan't walk with you any more.' 'Who wants you to, anyway?' she said, 'besides, my brother isn't a thief.' I was furious and shouted at her, 'You liar, ' then she laughed, shrugging her shoulders, saying, 'Ask anybody! They'll tell you. Anybody! Ask your mother! ' Sylvia is horrid, I couldn't ever speak to her again. I started to cry and ran away from her as fast as I could. She called after me, 'Prison! Prison; they put him in prison! ' "

"When I got home I crept upstairs to bathe my eyes, they were so red. I could not believe that what she said was true. Mother, how dreadful! Don't cry, dear. Don't cry! Don't! That's why I couldn't eat. I did try but when the food was in my mouth, it choked me. I kept looking at Tom. I did not want to, but I kept looking at him. Things came back to me then; I remembered the time he went away, and how you were sad, and wouldn't talk about him. Then Florrie left and you did not have a maid for ever such a long time.

"I was only a little girl, wasn't I, mother? And then Tom came back home again. He didn't go to business for a

long time, did he? When people came to see us, he used to jump up and go to his bedroom.

“I kept remembering things like that. Even then I could not believe what Sylvia had told me was true. It was too horrible to believe, so I got up from the table and rushed out of the room so that you would not see I was crying. When you followed me upstairs, I couldn't tell you. I wanted to.

“I knew Sylvia would tell everyone. So I had to go to school this afternoon, it was no good trying to put it off, it would have been horrible waiting for to-morrow. It's over now. That's why I told Daddy, when he wanted me to stay away from school, that I mustn't miss any marks for being absent. You see why I had to go, don't you, Mother, dear? It's not fair. I never did anything. Why should they look down at me? Or be sorry for me? I don't want their pity. Oh, Mother! Mother! She was standing by the school porch, Sylvia was, I mean. She stared at me, but I hurried by; my head up. I did not speak to her, but I hoped she would not tell. Hope and hoped. In the lobby I said ‘Our Father which art in Heaven’ as I took my hat and coat off, but all the time . . . I knew . . . she'd tell. . . . I walked into the classroom with my head in the air, speaking to no one. Inside I felt cold and sick though I kept hoping. . . . Sylvia sat the other side of the room; I watched her, though. For a long time she worked at the essay. It was about Irish Peasant Customs; between the words I wrote I looked up to see what she was doing. Soon she had finished; and catching my eye when next I looked she nodded. Her eyes were queer. I felt cold again as I saw her write something on a scrap of paper, which she rolled into a ball slowly, then she passed it to Dora Green. Holding the paper ball under her desk, Dora unscrewed it, reading it with her head bent forward, then she looked across at me. My face was hot, I turned my head away. It was no use watching any more, I knew that soon they would all be staring at me.

“I wrote on and on; anything. I don't think I shall get any marks for the essay. Then I heard Miss Neal ask crossly, ‘Doris Lowe, what has Betty Sharp just handed to you?’ Doris held up the little piece of paper, and said, her voice faltering, ‘This note, Miss Neal.’ She had to take it out to the desk. I watched Miss Neal's face flush as she read the paper. She frowned at Doris and asked angrily: ‘Who wrote this?’ Doris did not know, she stood first on one foot and then on the other, while Miss Neal went from desk to desk, asking each girl: ‘Did you write this note that I have just taken from Doris?’

“Suddenly, Sylvia stood up. It was nearly her turn to answer. She said, ‘I wrote it, Miss Neal. It's true.’ Miss Neal said, ‘I do not wish to know anything about that. Please go to Miss Wade. Tell her that I sent you, and say that I shall come along to see her in a few moments.’ As Sylvia got slowly to her feet, Miss Neal came over to me. I put my head down on the desk and cried and cried. Miss Neal said, ‘Come along to the rest room, my dear,’ and I stood up. I couldn't see very well, things were misty. Miss Neal put her arms round my shoulders, guiding me. I did not know she was so decent . . . so kind. She nursed me for a while, like you used to Mother, stroking my hair. I couldn't stop crying though, not for a long while. At last she patted my head and left me. Then Miss Wade came. She knew about Tom. I mustn't worry about it she said. Then she suggested I would be better at home for the rest of this afternoon, and so I came.

“Fancy Sylvia telling them like that, Mother. How could she? I shall be glad when I leave school, I shall be glad then! I did not know Tommy had been in prison! I did not know. . . .”

Tears trickled steadily down the woman's cheeks. She kept wondering “What can I do? What can I do?” the child's voice broke through to her consciousness again: “didn't know! I only broke her pencil. . . .”

Notes

Sylvia, the girl with whom she had quarreled.

him in prison, her brother Tom.

lobby, a passageway, especially when used also as a waiting room.

“Our Father which art in Heaven,” the opening sentence of the Lord's prayer (The Christian Bible, the New Testament, Matthew, Chapter VI, 9-13) .

Miss Neal, the classroom teacher.

Miss Wade, the principal of the school.

things were misty, because tears were coming into her eyes.

fancy, imagine; think of.

the woman's, the mother's.

Questions

1. What is the shadow? On whom did it fall?
2. In similar cases, what is the usual attitude of society, Sylvia's or the teachers'.

参考译文

【作品简介】

《长长的阴影》，作者约翰·汉普森，选自迈克尔·罗伯茨编辑的《新国家》，97—100页。

【作者简介】

约翰·汉普森，真名为约翰·汉普森·辛普森，二十世纪三四十年代的新生代作家。当时已经出版多部作品，其中《灰狗巴士上的周六夜》（1931年）是第一部。

33 长长的阴影

我能做什么呢？她问自己。眼泪不断地从她眼里慢慢涌出，然后顺着脸颊缓缓落下，在下巴处聚成一大滴一大滴，再在不经意间落到她膝盖上。女儿的声音还在继续：

“……不知道呀！太可怕了。我们从来就不是真正的朋友，只是因为她家离我们家近，我们经常一起走回家。为这件事争吵真愚蠢。我不是故意弄断了她的铅笔尖儿，但她说我是故意的。我们两个都说了一些可怕的话。最后，我对她说：‘我再也不想跟你一起走回家了。’“谁稀罕你跟我一起走回家呀？”她说，‘另外，我哥哥又不是小偷。’我愤怒地大声对她喊道：‘你这个骗子！’她大笑起来，耸耸肩，只是说：‘去问随便谁吧！他们会告诉你。问随便谁！问你妈妈！’西尔维娅太恐怖了，我再也没法跟她说话了。我开始哭，并且跑得远远的。她在我背后大喊：‘监狱！监狱！他们把他关进了监狱！’

“回到家，我冲上楼梯用水冲洗我哭红的眼睛。我不敢相信她说的是真的。妈妈，这多么可怕！别哭，宝贝。别哭！别！这就是我为什么吃不下饭的原因。食物在我嘴里，我想吃，但噎住了。我一直看着汤姆。我不想看他，但却一直看着他。这时我想起来了；我想起他离开的时候，您多么难过，以后也不愿谈起他。然后，家里的女佣弗洛丽也走了，之后您很久都没有女佣。

“我那时只是个小姑娘，对吧，妈妈？后来汤姆又回家了，他很久都没有工作，对吧？当家里有客人来时，他就站起来回卧室了。

“我不断回想起这些事情。即使这时，我仍然不敢相信西尔维娅说的是真的。这事太可怕了，所以我从桌旁站起来，冲出房间，这样您就看不见我在哭。当您跟着我上了楼，我想对您说，可说不出口。

“我知道西尔维娅会到处宣扬这件事。所以今天下午我必须去学校处理这件事，拖延时间没什么好处，等到明天后果将非常可怕。现在一切都结束了。这就是为什么，当爸爸叫我别去学校时，我告诉他我绝不能因为旷课丢分。您理解我必须去学校，对吧，妈妈？这不公平，我什么也没做。为什么他们要瞧不起我？或者为我感到难过？我不需要他们的同情。哦，妈妈！妈妈！她站在学校大楼的门廊旁，我说的是西尔维娅。她盯着我，我匆忙从她身旁走过去，高昂着头。我没有跟她说话，但我希望她没有说出去。一直这么希望着。在大厅里，当我摘下帽子、脱下大衣时我念着主祷文‘我们在天上的父’，但心里一直想着这件事……我就知道……她会说出去。我走进教室，高昂着头，跟谁也不说话。但内心却感到冷飕飕、病怏怏的，尽管心里一直希望……西尔维娅坐在教室的另一边；但我观察着她。好长时间她都在写那篇作文，关于爱尔兰农民习俗的；我在写作文的间歇，就看一眼她在做什么。不久她写完了，我再次看她时，她捕捉到了我的眼神，并点点头。她的眼神很古怪。当我看到她在一张纸片上写东西时，我又感到心里冷飕飕的。她把这张纸片慢慢地卷成一团，然后递给了多拉·格林。多拉把纸团拿在课桌下面，打开了，低着头看了一眼，然后望着我。我的脸热得发烫，我转过头去。再观察她们已经没什么用了，我知道，过一会儿大家都会盯着我看。

“我写呀写呀，不停地写，瞎写一通。我知道这篇作文我得不了什么分了。然后，我听见尼尔小姐（我们的老师）生气地问：‘多丽丝·洛尔，贝蒂·夏普刚才把什么递给了你？’多丽丝拿出一张小纸片，支支吾吾地说：‘是这张纸条，尼尔小姐。’她把纸条递给尼尔小姐。我看到尼尔小姐看了纸条后脸红了。她皱着眉头看着多丽丝，生气地问：‘这是谁写的？’多丽丝也不知道是谁写的，她踮起脚看看这个，又看看那个。尼尔小姐从一张课桌走到另一张课桌，挨个问每一个女孩：‘多丽丝手里的那张纸条，是你写的吗？’

“突然，西尔维娅站了起来。马上就轮到她回答尼尔小姐的问题了。她说：‘是我写的，尼尔小姐。这是真的。’尼尔小姐说：‘我不想知道这种事情。你去找一下韦德小姐。告诉她是我让你去的，并说我一会儿就过去。’当西尔维娅慢慢站起身时，尼尔小姐走到我身边。我趴在桌上不停地哭。尼尔小姐说：‘到休息室来，亲爱的。’我站了起来。我眼里都是泪水，看什么都模模糊糊的。尼尔小姐搂着我的肩膀，领着我走。我从前不知道她如此正派……如此善良。她安慰了我一会儿，像您常做的那样，轻抚我的头发。但我还是止不住地又哭了一会儿。最后，她拍拍我的头，离开了。然后韦德小姐来了，她知道汤姆的事。她告诉我不必担心这件事。然后，她建议我回家，说今天下午剩下的时间我待在家里会好受一些。所以我回来了。

“想想西尔维娅到处宣扬这事，妈妈。她怎么能这样？离开学校时我会很高兴，那时我会很高兴！我不

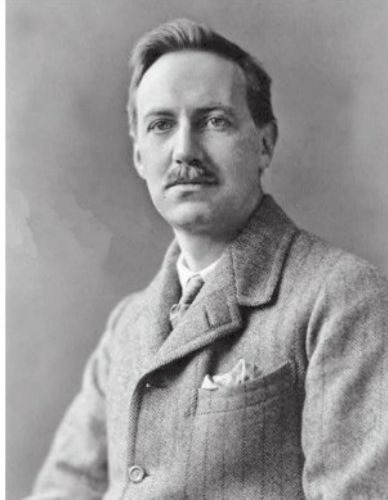
知道汤米进过监狱！我不知道呀……”

眼泪在妇人的脸上缓缓流淌。她不断地问自己：“我能做什么？我能做什么？”女儿的声音再次传来，进入她的意识：“不知道呀！我只是弄断了她的铅笔尖儿……”

（余苏凌 译）

34
THE FIELD WHERE THE SATYRS DANCED

By Lord Dunsany



THE FIELD WHERE THE SATYRS DANCED, by Lord Dunsany, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, an American magazine, Vol. CXXI, pp. 830,831, June, 1928.

Lord Dunsany, the 18th Baron Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett (1878-1957), Irish dramatist and author of several collection of tales. His work is in fantastic vein; his characters god and men. His style is Biblical in its simplicity.

There is a field above my house in which I sometimes walk in the evening. And whenever I go there in summer I always see the same thing, very small and far off, the tiniest fraction of the wide view that one has, and not appearing until one has looked for it a little carefully—a field surrounded by woods, a green space all among shadows, which suggested to me, the very first time I saw it, an odd idea. But the idea was so evanescent, and floated by so like a traveling butterfly, that by the time I went again a few days later to look at the view at evening I barely remembered it. But then the idea came again, coming as suddenly as a wind that got up soon after sunset, bringing the chill of night a little before its time. And the idea was that to that field at evening satyrs slipped out of the woods to dance on the grass.

This time I did not forget the idea at all; on the contrary it rather haunted me, but down in the valley it grew to seem so unlikely that one put it away as one puts away lumber of old collections, scarcely counting it any more, though knowing that it was there.

And then one evening, the nightingale's song being over for many days, and hay ripening, it struck me that if I wanted to see the wild roses I must go soon or they would all be over, and I should have to wait another year to see what we can only see for a limited number of times; so I went up to the field again behind my house, on the hill. It is a perfectly ordinary field, even though at one end the hedge has run a bit wild and is one bank of wild roses. I do not

know why one calls it an ordinary field, nor why one sometimes feels of another field that it lies deep under enchantment, yet ordinary it was; one felt sure of that as one walked in it.

On my way to the wild roses at the far end of the field, with my back to the view of the valley, I almost felt as though something behind me and far away were beckoning. For a moment I felt it and the feeling passed, and I walked on toward the wild roses. Then it came again, and I turned round to look; and there was the view over the valley the same as it ever looked, rather featureless from the loss of the sunlight and not yet mysterious with night. I moved my eyes left-handed along the far ridge. And soon they fell on the field where the satyrs danced. Of this I was certain: they danced there. Nothing had changed in the view; the far field was the same as ever, a little mysterious around its edges and flat and green in the middle, high up on the top of a hill; but the certainty had grown and become immense. It was just too far to see if anything moved in the shadows, too far to see if anything came from the wood, but I was sure that this was a dancing ground for those that lurked in the dark of the distant trees, and that they were satyrs. And all things darkened towards the likely hour, till the field was too dim to see at that great distance, and I went home down the hill. And that night and all the next day the certainty remained with me, so that I decided that evening to go to the field and see.

The field where the satyrs danced was some way from my house, so I started a little before sunset, and climbed the far hill in the cool. There I came by a little road scarce more than a lane that ran deep through a wood of Spanish chestnut and oak, to a great road of tar.

Down this I walked for a bit, while the twentieth century streamed by me, with its machinery, its crowds, and its speed; flowing from urban sources. It was as though for a while I waded in a main current of time. But soon I saw a lane on the other side of it that ran in what should be the direction of my field; and I crossed the road of tar, and soon I was in a rural quiet again that time seemed scarcely to bother about. And so I came to the woods that I knew surrounded the field. Hazel and oak they were and masses of dogwood, on the right, and on the left they were thinning down to a hedge; and over the hedge I suddenly saw the field.

Ahead of me, on the far side of the field, the wood was dense and old. On my right lay, as I have said, oak, hazel, and dogwood, and on the left, where the field dipped down to the valley, I saw the tops of old oaks. It was an idyllic scene amongst all that circle of woods. All the more so by contrast with the road of tar. But the moment I looked at the field I realized that there was nothing unearthly about it. There were a few buttercups growing in a very sparse crop of hay; dog daisies farther off and patches of dry brown earth showing through, and unmistakably over the whole field an ordinary air of every day. Whatever there is in enchantment is hard to define, or whatever magic is visible from the touch of fabulous things, but amongst these buttercups and dog daisies and poor crop of hay it certainly was not.

I looked up from the field over the tops of the oaks that grew on the slope of the valley, to be sure by looking across that I had come to the right field. If I could see, and only just see, the field of the wild roses, then this field and these woods must be the ones that I sought. And sure enough, I saw the unmistakable hills from which I had come, and the woods along the top of them, and above these woods a field. For a moment I could not be sure. So strange it looked, so haunted, —not by shadows, for the sun was long set, but by a certain darkness gathering under the hedges while the gloaming still shone on its center, —that I did not immediately know it. And, as I watched it and recognized it by many landmarks as my very ordinary field, the mystery deepened and deepened, until before the gloaming faded away it was obviously touched by that eeriness that is never found far from the haunt of fabulous things.

It was too far to get there to-night, and I looked once more at the field by whose edges I stood, to see if anything lurked at all of the magic that it had. No, nothing; it was all gone. At this moment a rustic boy skipped out of the wood and came over the field towards me. And something about him made him seem so much at home in that field and so knowing of all its neighboring shrubs and shadows that, clinging still to a last vestige of my fancy, I hailed him, and he pricked up his ears. Then I asked, just as I might have asked if the busses were running: “Do the satyrs dance here to-night?”

“Here? No!” he said with such certainty that I knew for sure I was wrong.

I mumbled something like that I thought they were going to.

“No,” he said, shaking his head and pointing away to my field of wild roses, gleaming only faintly now, a dim gray green before nightfall, “they are dancing there to-night.”

Notes

evanescent, fleeting; quickly fading in impression or appearance.

satyrs, Greek woodland deities in human form with horse's ears and tail (or, as represented by the Romans, with goat's ears, tail, legs, and budding horns) . Satyrs are, in other words, spirits that live in woods.

lumber, disused or discarded articles that still take up room.

nightingale's song. The nightingale is noted for the sweet song of the male, often heard at night during the breeding season.

hay ripening, in autumn.

the likely hour, twilight.

in the cool, weather of twilight.

road of tar, a road paved with tar or asphalt.

the twentieth century, our present civilization with our automobiles, and masses of people going from one place to another, and the great speed with which automobiles are driven on the roads.

dogwood, a low shrub of the genus *Cornus*.

idyllic scene, pleasing and picturesque in its natural simplicity.

unearthly, supernatural; not of this earth.

buttercups, yellow-flowered crowfoot of the genus *Ranunculus*.

dog daisies, plants with fleshy leaves and pink and white flowers, of the aster family.

haunted, inhabited with supernatural spirits.

gloaming, twilight.

landmarks, conspicuous marks on the land that serve to locate or identify the place.

eeriness, strangeness, weirdness.

rustic boy, country lad.

busses, automobile busses, contracted from the word omnibus.

Questions

1. What does this story mean?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《萨梯跳舞的田野》，作者邓萨尼勋爵，载于1928年6月出版的《大西洋月刊》杂志第141卷，830、831页。

【作者简介】

邓萨尼勋爵，第18世男爵爱德华·约翰·莫顿·德拉克斯·普伦基特（1878—1957），爱尔兰剧作家，也创作过几部故事集。他的作品充满奇幻色彩，作品的主角既有神也有人，作品具有圣经风格，非常简洁。

34 萨梯^[1]跳舞的田野

从我的房子向高处走有一片田野，我傍晚有时会在那里散步。夏天，无论什么时候去，总能看到相同的东西，很小，离我很远，即使视力绝佳，如果不仔细看一点也发现不了——那是一块树木环绕的田野，是树荫中的一片翠绿。我第一次看见它就生出一种古怪的念头，不过这种念头如此短暂，仿佛一只翩翩的蝴蝶瞬间飞走了。几天以后，傍晚再次看到这片田野，我几乎不记得那个古怪的念头了。不过后来，古怪的念头又出现了，如同日落后忽然刮起的风，早早地带来夜的寒意。这个念头就是：傍晚时分，萨梯会轻巧地走出森林，在这片田野的草地上翩翩起舞。

这一次，我不仅没有忘记这个念头，反而被它紧紧地缠住。不过，待我走进山谷，这个念头又变得如此令人讨厌，想把它抛在一边，就像一堆旧的东西，尽管知道就在那里，却几乎不去碰它。

好多天没有听到夜莺的歌声了，草渐渐枯黄。这天傍晚，我突然觉得，如果想要欣赏野蔷薇，就必须马上出发，否则花儿就要凋谢了，要想欣赏某个季节才能看到的東西，就不得不再等一年。因此，我再次前往房子后面小山上的田野。这是一片极为普通的田野，尽管它尽头的树篱有点杂乱，长满了野蔷薇。不知道为什么称之为一片普通的田野，也不知道为什么有时会觉得另一片田野更加迷人，尽管那片田野也同样普通；在里面走一走一定会有这样的感觉。

在去欣赏田野尽头野蔷薇的路上，我背对着山谷，似乎感觉到身后有什么东西，远远地在向我招手。有那么一阵子，我真的感觉到了这种东西，但一会儿这种感觉又消失了，于是我继续朝野蔷薇走去。然后这种感觉又来了，我转过身去，山谷的景色还是老样子，因为没有日光而显得平淡无奇，并没有因为夜色而变得神秘。我的目光沿着左侧遥远的山脊移动，很快就发现了萨梯跳舞的田野。有一点我深信不疑：很多萨梯在那里翩翩起舞。景色还是从前的样子，遥远的田野没有任何变化，高高的山丘顶部，四周笼罩着一丝神秘，中间则是一片平坦的绿色；可是，这种深信不疑的感觉越来越强，变得无可抗拒。只不过因为距离太远，分辨不出有什么东西在影影绰绰中移动；也是因为距离太远，也看不出有什么东西从树林中出来，可是我深信，那里就是舞场，潜伏在远方阴暗树林中的精灵们就在那里跳舞，这些精灵就是萨梯。随着夜幕的降临，一切变得越来越暗，直到看不清远处那片昏暗的田野，我便下山往家里走去。那天晚上以及之后的一整天，我始终坚信自己的发现，因此决定傍晚时分再去探个究竟。

萨梯跳舞的田野离我的房子有一段距离，因此我在日落之前就出发了。伴着凉风，我登上了远处的山丘，然后沿着一条狭窄的小径穿过一片西班牙板栗树和橡树组成的树林，来到一条柏油大路。

沿着这条路走了一小段，我仿佛与二十世纪擦肩而过——它的机械、它的人群和它的速度。有一阵子，我仿佛跋涉在时代的大潮中，可是很快就看到了大路另一侧的小径，看方向应该通往我要去的田野；我穿过大路，很快再次融入乡村的宁静，一种仿佛从来没有被时代破坏过的宁静。我来到环绕田野的树林。那是一片榛子树和橡树组成的树林，右侧是山茱萸，这些植物向左变得稀疏，一直延伸到树篱。越过树篱，那片田野就映入了眼帘。

前面，在田野的尽头，树林茂密而古老。右侧，如我前面所说，是橡树、榛子树和山茱萸，左侧是向下延伸至山谷的田野，我看到了老橡树的树梢。这是依偎在树林中的一片田园风光，尤其是和那条大路比起来，更是如此。可是，就在看到这片田野的那一刻，我意识到它并不神秘。几枝毛茛矗立在稀疏的干草间，处长着雏菊，草丛间露出一块块褐色土地，干干的。毫无疑问，司空见惯的空气每天掠过这片田野。很难确定到底是什么散发着如此的魅力，与奇特的东西接触能看出某种神奇，但从毛茛和雏菊以及收成不佳的干草中当然不可能做到。

我的目光从田野转向山谷斜坡，掠过橡树的树梢，向前面看去，确定自己没有走错。如果我能看到而且只要看到长着野蔷薇的田野，那么这片田野和树木一定是我曾经一直寻找的。千真万确，我看到了那些明白无误的山丘，我就是从那里来的，又看到了山丘上的树林以及树林上方的田野。但有一会儿我又无法确定。那片田野看起来如此陌生，充满神秘色彩——不是因为阴影，毕竟太阳早就落山了，而是因为树篱下正在聚集的某种黑暗，在这片黑暗的中心，薄暮依然闪着微光——我没有很快认出它来。而且，就在我观察那片田野，通过许多标识辨认出我那片非常普通的田野时，这种神秘感越来越强，薄暮褪尽之前，那片田野显然笼罩在这种神秘之中，而这种神秘从来都与难以置信的东西密不可分。

那个地方实在太远，今晚去不了，我再次看了看身边的这片田野，想看一看是否有什么东西潜伏在它所拥有的全部神奇之中。没有，什么都没有，一切都消失了。这时，一个乡下男孩从树林里跳出来，穿过田野向我奔来。他看起来就像在自己家中一样，好像对周围的灌木和阴影如此熟悉。我怀着对自己幻想的最后一丝希望跟他打招呼，这时男孩竖起了耳朵。我问他，就像问是否还有公交车一样：“萨梯今晚在这里跳舞吗？”

“在这儿？不！”男孩回答得如此肯定，我知道自己一定弄错了。

我咕哝着说，原认为他们会在这里跳舞。

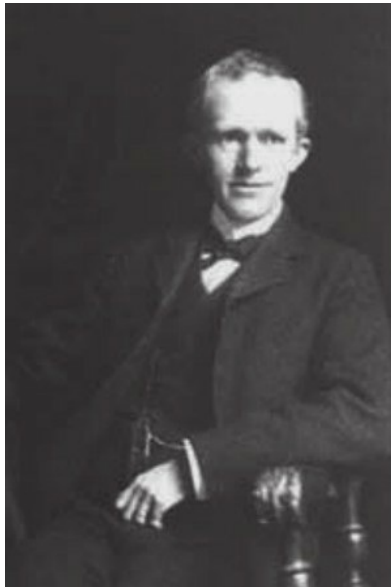
“不。”男孩一边说着，一边摇头，指着我要去的那片长着野蔷薇的田野，只见那里若明若暗，在日暮前呈现出灰暗的绿色。“他们今晚在那里跳舞。”

（彭萍 译）

^[1]森林之神，具人形而有羊的尾、耳、角等，性嗜嬉戏，好色。

EVERY MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE

By Samuel McChord Crothers



EVERY MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE, by Samuel McChord Crothers, from his "The Dame School of Experience," 1920.

Samuel McChord Crothers (1857-1927), American essayist and Unitarian clergyman. In 1894 he went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, as pastor of the First Parish. He has kept alive the literary traditions of old Boston—the earnest culture, the whimsical imagination, the pleasant aloofness from the mad rush of the Gilded Age. The delightful whimsicality of Charles Lamb and the genial optimism of Holmes invest Mr. Crother's essays with a charm that defies analysis.

Several years ago a young man came to my study with a manuscript which he wished me to criticize.

"It is only a little bit of my work," he said modestly, "and it will not take you long to look it over. In fact it is only the first chapter in which I explain the Universe."

I suppose that we have all had moments of sudden illumination when it occurred to us that we had explained the Universe, and it was so easy for us that we wondered why we had not done it before. Some thought drifted into our mind and filled us with vague forebodings of omniscience. It was not an ordinary thought, that explained only a fragment of existence. It explained everything. It proved one thing and it proved the opposite just as well. It explained why things are as they are, and if it should turn out that they are not that way at all, it would prove that fact also. In the light of our great thought chaos seems rational.

Such thoughts usually occur about four o'clock in the morning. Having explained the Universe, we relapse into

satisfied slumber. When, a few hours later, we rise, we wonder what the explanation was.

Now and then, however, one of these highly explanatory ideas remains to comfort us in our waking hours. Such thought is that which I here throw out, and which has doubtless at some early hour occurred to most of my readers. It is that every man has a natural desire to be somebody else.

This does not explain the Universe, but it explains that perplexing part of it which we call Human Nature. It explains why so many intelligent people, who deal skilfully with matters of fact, make such a mess of it when they deal with their fellow creatures. It explains why we get along as well as we do with strangers, and why we do not get on better with our friends. It explains why people are so often offended when we say nice things about them, and why it is that, when we say harsh things about them, they take it as a compliment. It explains why people marry their opposites and why they live happily ever afterwards. It also explains why some people don't. It explains the meaning of taste and its opposite.

The tactless person treats a person according to a scientific method as if he were a thing. Now, in dealing with a thing you must first find out what it is, and then act accordingly. But with a person, you must find out what he is and then carefully conceal from him the fact that you have made the discovery. The tactless person can never be made to understand this. He prides himself on taking people as they are without being aware that that is not the way they want to be taken.

He has a keen eye for the obvious, and calls attention to it. Age, sex, color, nationality, previous condition of servitude, and all the facts that are interesting to the census-taker, are apparent to him and are made the basis of his conversation. When he meets one who is older than he, he is conscious of the fact, and emphasizes by every polite attention the disparity in years. He has an idea that at a certain period in life the highest tribute of respect is to be urged to rise out of one chair and take another that is presumably more comfortable. It does not occur to him that there may remain any tastes that are not sedentary. On the other hand, he sees a callow youth and addresses himself to the obvious callowness, and thereby makes himself thoroughly disliked. For, strange to say, the youth prefers to be addressed as a person of precocious maturity.

The literalist, observing that most people talk shop, takes it for granted that they like to talk shop. This is a mistake. They do it because it is the easiest thing to do, but they resent having attention called to their limitations. A man's profession does not necessarily coincide with his natural aptitude or with his predominant desire. When you meet a member of the Supreme Court you may assume that he is gifted with a judicial mind. But it does not follow that that is the only quality of mind he has; nor that when, out of court, he gives you a piece of his mind, it will be a piece of his judicial mind that he gives.

My acquaintance with royalty is limited to photographs of royal groups, which exhibit a high degree of domesticity. It would seem that the business of royalty when pursued as a steady job becomes tiresome, and that when they have their pictures taken they endeavor to look as much like ordinary folks as possible—and they usually succeed.

The member of one profession is always flattered by being taken for a skilled practitioner of another. Try it on your minister. Instead of saying, "That was an excellent sermon of yours this morning," say, "As I listened to your cogent argument, I thought what a successful lawyer you would have made." Then he will say, "I did think of taking to the law."

If you had belonged to the court of Frederick the Great you would have proved a poor courtier indeed if you had praised His Majesty's campaigns. Frederick knew that he was a Prussian general, but he wanted to be a French literary man. If you wished to gain his favor you should have said that in your opinion he excelled Voltaire.

We do not like to have too much attention drawn to our present circumstances. They may be well enough in their way, but we can think of something which would be more fitting for us. We have either seen better days or we expect them.

Suppose you had visited Napoleon in Elba and had sought to ingratiate yourself with him.

“Sire,” you would have said, “this is a beautiful little empire of yours, so snug and cozy and quiet. It is just such a domain as is suited to a man in your condition. The climate is excellent. Everything is peaceful. It must be delightful to rule where everything is arranged for you and the details are taken care of by others. As I came to your dominion I saw a line of British frigates guarding your shores. The evidences of such thoughtfulness are everywhere.”

Your praise of his present condition would not have endeared you to Napoleon. You were addressing him as the Emperor of Elba. In his own eyes he was Emperor, though in Elba.

It is such a misapprehension which irritates any mature human being when his environment is taken as the measure of his personality.

The man with a literal mind moves in a perpetual comedy of errors. It is not a question of two Dromios. There are half a dozen Dromios under one hat.

How casually introductions are made, as if it were the easiest thing in the world to make two human beings acquainted! Your friend says “I want you to know Mr. Stifflekin,” and you say that you are happy to know him. But does either of you know the enigma that goes under the name of Stifflekin? You may know what he looks like and where he resides and what he does for a living. But that is all in the present tense. To really know him you must not only know what he is but what he used to be; what he used to think he ought to be and might be if he had worked hard enough. You must know what he might have been if certain things had happened otherwise, and you must know what might have happened otherwise if he had been otherwise. All these complexities are a part of his own dim apprehension of himself. They are what make him so much more interesting to himself than he is to anyone else.

It is this consciousness of the inadequacy of our knowledge which makes us so embarrassed when we offer any service to another. Will he take it in the spirit in which it is given?

That was an awkward moment when Stanley, after all his hardships in his search for Dr. Livingstone, at last found the Doctor by a lake in Central Africa. Stanley held out his hand and said stiffly, “Dr. Livingstone, I presume?” Stanley had heroically plunged through the equatorial forests to find Livingstone and to bring him back to civilization. But Livingstone was not particularly anxious to be found, and had a decided objection to being brought back to civilization. What he wanted was a new adventure. Stanley did not find the real Livingstone till he discovered that the old man was as young at heart as himself. The two men became acquainted only when they began to plan a new expedition to find the source of the Nile.

The natural desire of every man to be somebody else explains many of the minor irritations of life. It prevents that perfect organization of society in which everyone should know his place and keep it. The desire to be somebody else leads us to practice on work that does not strictly belong to us. We all have aptitudes and talents that overflow the narrow bounds of our trade or profession. Every man feels that he is bigger than his job, and he is all the time doing what theologians called “works of supererogation.”

The serious-minded housemaid is not content to do what she is told to do. She has an unexpended balance of energy. She wants to be a general household reformer. So she goes to the desk of the titular master of the house and gives it a thorough reformation. She arranges the papers according to her idea of neatness. When the poor gentleman returns and finds his familiar chaos transformed into a hateful order, he becomes a reactionary.

The serious manager of a street railway company is not content with the simple duty of transporting passengers cheaply and comfortably. He wants to exercise the functions of a lecturer in an ethical culture society. While the transported victim is swaying precariously from the end of a strap he reads a notice urging him to practice Christian courtesy and not to push. While the poor wretch pores over this counsel of perfection, he feels like answering as did Junius to the Duke of Grafton, “My Lord, injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but insults admit of no compensation.”

A man enters a barber shop with the simple desire of being shaved. But he meets with the more ambitious

desire of the barber. The serious barber is not content with any slight contribution to human welfare. He insists that his client shall be shampooed, manicured, massaged, steamed beneath boiling towels, cooled off by electric fans, and, while all this is going on, that he shall have his boots blacked.

Have you never marveled at the patience of people in having so many things done to them that they don't want, just to avoid hurting the feeling of professional people who want to do more than is expected of them? You watch the stoical countenance of the passenger in a Pullman car as he stands up to be brushed. The chances are that he does not want to be brushed. He would prefer to leave the dust on his coat rather than to be compelled to swallow it. But he knows what is expected of him. It is a part of the solemn ritual of traveling. It precedes the offering.

The fact that every man desires to be somebody else explains many of the aberrations of artists and literary men. The painters, dramatists, musicians, poets, and novelists are just as human as housemaids and railway managers and porters. They want to do "all the good they can to all the people they can in all the ways they can." They get tired of the ways they are used to and like to try new combinations. So they are continually mixing things. The practitioner of one art tries to produce effects that are proper to another art.

A musician wants to be a painter and use his violin as if it were a brush. He would have us see the sunset glories that he is painting for us. A painter wants to be a musician and paint symphonies, and he is grieved because the uninstructed cannot hear his pictures, although the colors do swear at each other. Another painter wants to be an architect and build up his picture as if it were made of cubes of brick. It looks like brickwork, but to the natural eye it doesn't look like a picture. A prose writer gets tired of writing prose and wants to be a poet. So he begins every line with a capital letter, and keeps on writing prose.

You go to the theater with the simple-minded Shakespearean idea that the play is the thing. But the playwright wants to be a pathologist. So you discover that you have dropped into a gruesome clinic. You sought innocent relaxation, but you are one of the nonelect and have gone to the place prepared for you. You must see the thing through. The fact that you have troubles of your own is not a sufficient claim for exemption.

Or you take up a novel expecting it to be a work of fiction. But the novelist has other views. He wants to be your spiritual adviser. He must do something to your mind, he must rearrange your fundamental ideas, he must massage your soul, and generally brush you off. All this in spite of the fact that you don't want to be brushed off and set to rights. You don't want him to do anything to your mind. It's the only mind you have and you need it in your own business.

But if the desire of every man to be somebody else accounts for many whimsicalities of human conduct and for many aberrations in the arts, it cannot be lightly dismissed as belonging only to the realm of comedy. It has its origin in the nature of things. The reason why every man wants to be somebody else is that he can remember the time when he was somebody else. What we call personal identity is a very changeable thing, as all of us realize when we look over old photographs and old letters.

The oldest man now living is but a few years removed from the undifferentiated germ plasm, which might have developed into almost anything. In the beginning he was a bundle of possibilities. Every actuality that is developed means a decrease in the rich variety of possibilities. In becoming one thing it becomes impossible to be something else.

The delight in being a boy lies in the fact that the possibilities are still manifold. The boy feels that he can be anything that he desires. He is conscious that he has capacities that would make him a successful banker. On the other hand, there are attractions in a life of adventure in the South Seas. It would be pleasant to lie under a bread-fruit tree and let the fruit drop into his mouth, to the admiration of the gentle savages who would gather about him. Or he might be a saint—not a commonplace modern saint who does chores and attends tiresome committee meetings, but a saint such as one reads about, who gives away his rich robes and his purse of gold to the first beggar he meets, and then goes on his carefree way through the forest to convert interesting robbers. He feels that he might practice that kind of unscientific charity, if his father would furnish him with the money to give away.

But by and by he learns that making a success in the banking business is not consistent with excursions to the

South Seas or with the more picturesque and unusual forms of saintliness. If he is to be in a bank he must do as the bankers do.

Parents and teachers conspire together to make a man of him, which means making a particular kind of man of him. All mental processes which are not useful must be suppressed. The sum of their admonitions is that he must pay attention. That is precisely what he is doing. He is paying attention to a variety of things that escape the adult mind. As he wriggles on the bench in the schoolroom, he pays attention to all that is going on. He attends to what is going on out of doors; he sees the weak points of his fellow pupils, against whom he is planning punitive expeditions; and he is delightfully conscious of the idiosyncrasies of the teacher. Moreover, he is a youthful artist and his sketches from life give acute joy to his contemporaries when they are furtively passed around.

But the schoolmaster says sternly, "My boy, you must learn to pay attention; that is to say, you must not pay attention to so many things, but you must pay attention to one thing, namely, the second declension."

Now the second declension is the least interesting thing in the room, but unless he confines his attention to it he will never learn it. Education demands narrowing of attention in the interest of efficiency.

A man may, by dint of application to a particular subject, become a successful merchant or real-estate man or chemist or overseer of the poor. But he cannot be all these things at the same time. He must make his choice. Having in the presence of witnesses taken himself for better or worse, he must, forsaking all others, cleave to that alone. The consequence is that, by the time he is forty, he has become one kind of man, and is able to do one kind of work. He has acquired a stock of ideas true enough for his purposes, but not so transcendently true as to interfere with his business. His neighbors know where to find him, and they do not need to take a spiritual elevator. He does business on the ground floor. He has gained in practicality, but has lost in the quality of interestingness.

The old prophet declared that the young men dream dreams and the old men see visions, but he did not say anything about the middle-aged men. *They* have to look after the business end.

But has the man whose working hours are so full of responsibilities changed so much as he seems to have done? When he is talking shop is he "all there"? I think not. There are elusive personalities that are in hiding. As the rambling mansions of the old Catholic families had secret panels opening into the "priest's hole," to which the family resorted for spiritual comfort, so in the mind of the most successful man there are secret chambers where are hidden his unsuccessful ventures, his romantic ambitions, his unfulfilled promises. All that he dreamed of as possible is somewhere concealed in the man's heart. He would not for the world have the public know how much he cares for the selves that have not had a fair chance to come into the light of day. You do not know a man until you know his lost Atlantis, and his Utopia for which he still hopes to set sail.

When Dogberry asserted that he was "as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina" and "one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him," he was pointing out what he deemed to be quite obvious. It was in a more intimate tone that he boasted, "and a fellow that hath had losses."

When Julius Cæsar rode through the streets of Rome in his chariot, his laurel crown seemed to the populace a symbol of his present greatness. But gossip has it that Cæsar at that time desired to be younger than he was, and that before appearing in public he carefully arranged his laurel wreath so as to conceal the fact that he had *had* losses.

Much that passes for pride in the behavior of the great comes from the fear of the betrayal of emotions that belong to a simpler manner of life. When the sons of Jacob saw the great Egyptian officer to whom they appealed turn away from them, they little knew what was going on. "And Joseph made haste, for his bowels did yearn upon his brothers; and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out and refrained himself." Joseph didn't want to be a great man. He wanted to be human. It was hard to refrain himself.

What of the lost arts of childhood, the lost audacities and ambitions and romantic admirations of adolescence? What becomes of the sympathies which make us feel our kinship to all sorts of people? What becomes of the early curiosity in regard to things which were none of our business? We ask as Saint Paul asked of the Galatians, "Ye

began well; who did hinder you?"

The answer is not wholly to our discredit. We do not develop all parts of our nature because we are not allowed to do so. Walt Whitman might exult over the Spontaneous Me. But nobody is paid for being spontaneous. A spontaneous switchman on the railway would be a menace to the traveling public. We prefer someone less temperamental.

As civilization advances and work becomes more specialized, it becomes impossible for anyone to find free and full development for all his natural powers in any recognized occupation. What then becomes of the other selves? The answer must be that playgrounds must be provided for them outside the confines of daily business. As work becomes more engrossing and narrowing the need is more urgent for recognized and carefully guarded periods of leisure.

The old Hebrew sage declared, "Wisdom cometh from the opportunity of leisure." It does not mean that a wise man must belong to what we call the leisure classes. It means that if one has only a little free time at his disposal, he must use that time for the refreshment of his hidden selves. If he cannot have a Sabbath rest of twenty-four hours, he must learn to sanctify little Sabbaths, it may be of ten minutes' length. In them he shall do no manner of work. It is not enough that the self that works and receives wages shall be recognized and protected; the world must be made safe for our other selves. Does not the Declaration of Independence say that every man has an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness?

To realize that men are not satisfied with themselves requires imagination, and we have had a terrible example of what misfortunes come from the lack of imagination. The Prussian militarists had a painstaking knowledge of facts, but they had a contempt for human nature. Their tactlessness was almost beyond belief. They treated persons as if they were things. They treated facts with deadly seriousness, but had no regard for feelings. They had spies all over the world to report all that could be seen, but they took no account of what could not be seen. So, while they were dealing scientifically with the obvious facts and forces, all the hidden powers of the human soul were being turned against them. Prussianism insisted on highly specialized men who have no sympathies to interfere with their efficiency. Having adopted a standard, all variations must be suppressed. It was against this effort to suppress the human variations that the world fought. We did not want men to be reduced to one pattern. And against the effort to produce a monotonous uniformity we must keep on fighting. It was of little use to dethrone the Kaiser if we submit to other tyrants of our own making.

Notes

illumination, spiritual or mental enlightenment.

forebodings, forewarnings; presentiments.

omniscience, all-knowing; knowing everything.

relapse, slip or fall back into the former state or condition.

Human Nature, man's natural endowment or essential character.

make such a mess, do so badly; muddle up; make such mistakes.

tactless, characterized by want of tact. Tact is the nice discernment of the best course of action under given conditions, especially ability to deal with others without giving offense.

the obvious, that which is easily discovered, seen, or understood; that which is in full view.

census-taker, is he who is delegated to make an official enumeration of the population of a locality, generally with classified social and economic statistics.

disparity, difference; inequality.

in years, in age.

at a certain period in life, at an advanced age; when one is old in years.

sedentary, inactive; confined to the chair.

callow, unfledged; immature; green.

precocious maturity, matured much more rapidly than is natural; abnormal development in physical and mental traits, so that the youth is beyond what is natural.

literalist, one who is inclined to follow the letter, or literal sense, or literal interpretations.

talk shop, talk about one's business or occupation, especially when introduced unseasonably.

royalty, kings and emperors, and their immediate family.

domesticity, conforming to domestic or household life.

practitioner, one actually engaged in the practice of a profession.

cogent, appealing forcefully to the reason; convincing; telling; effective.

Frederick the Great, Frederick II (1712-1786), king of Prussia (1740-1786), the man who made Prussia one of the great powers of the world. He encouraged art and architecture; he wrote much in prose; all of his writing is in French. He invited Voltaire to stay in the Prussian court, an unhappy experience it proved for Voltaire.

courtier, one in attendance at the court of a prince.

His Majesty's campaigns, Frederick the Great's success in battle.

Voltaire, Jean François Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694-1778), the celebrated French philosopher and author.

Napoleon in Elba. After the Treaty of Paris in 1814, Napoleon was exiled to the Island of Elba off the coast of Tuscany, from which he escaped in 1815, only to be defeated in Waterloo after his too brief Hundred Days' Reign.

British frigates, the British warships were there to keep Napoleon from escaping.

Dromios, two Dromios, twin servants to twin brothers in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*.

Mr. Stifflekin, any other name would do as well.

Stanley, Henry M. (1841-1904) and David Livingstone (1813-1873) were both African explorers. Stanley, as correspondent of the *New York Herald*, found Livingstone in 1869 in the heart of Africa, after Livingstone had been reported lost for many years. Stanley tells the story vividly in his book *How I Found Livingstone* (1872).

equatorial, belonging near the equator.

source of the Nile, the head of the Nile River, which flows through Egypt and empties into the Mediterranean Sea.

minor irritations, the small matters that cause momentary impatience or anger.

theologians, persons well-versed in theology, the science of God or of religion; preachers.

“works or supererogation,” doing more than duty requires.

unexpended balance of energy, enough energy left over.

titular master, in name the master, implying that he may not be the real master, because his wife may be the actual ruler of the home.

familiar chaos. His desk was formerly in a bad mess, but he knew where everything was to be found. Hence, familiar chaos.

hateful order. Everything was now in proper order after the housemaid had straighten things out, but to the master that orderliness was hateful, because now he knew not where to look for his things.

reactionary, one who seeks to undo political, here household, progress; one who seeks to turn order into disorder.

ethical culture, for teaching the passengers the proper moral feelings and conduct.

counsel of perfection, advice on how to be perfect.

Junius, the pseudonym of an English political writer (1768-1777) considered by many to be Sir Philip Francis (1740-1818). Mr. Tang Leang-li (汤良礼) calls himself Junius Sinicus (Chinese Junius) in the *People's Tribune*.

Duke of Grafton, Henry Augustus Fitzroy, third Duke of Grafton, censured by Junius, in the article quoted, for escorting a woman of questionable morals to the theater and thus insulting all the sisters, wives, and mothers of the regular patrons of the theater.

client, the customer who is employing the services of the barber.

stoical, not giving sign of any feeling or emotion.

Pullman car, sleeping car in American railways are called Pullman cars, after George Mortimer Pullman (1831-1897), who invented the first Pullman car in 1859.

the offering, the tipping.

aberrations, strayings from the path; breaking of rules.

symphonies, consonance or harmony of sounds, as in an instrumental composition in sonata form for a full orchestra; also, harmony of color in painting.

swear, curse; scold:—because the colors do not harmonize.

pathologist, one skilled in the science of treating diseases, their nature, causes, progress, results.

clinic, instruction of a class by examination and treatment of patients in its presence.

nonelect, nonchosen, that is, not belonging to the group that is up to date on the latest literary developments.

exemption, release or freedom from an obligation imposed by others.

whimsicalities, tendency towards being odd, queer, fantastic, fanciful.

personal identity, personal likeness or resemblance.

undifferentiated germ plasm, the germ cells that divide but do not develop different characteristics.

South Seas, the South Sea Islands.

bread-fruit, a Polynesian moraceous tree. The tree bears a large round fruit from four to seven inches in diameter,

and when baked, somewhat resembles bread. It is the staple food throughout the South Pacific Islands.

saint, a holy or godly person.

modern saint is a modern man who has to work so hard to earn a living that he has become sanctified.

admonitions, authoritative advice or warning.

escape, elude; get out of the way of.

idiosyncrasies, a person's peculiar physical or mental characteristics.

sketches from life, drawings of persons around him, his classmates, the teacher.

furtively, secretly; stealthily; slyly.

by dint of application, by force of paying particular attention; by fixing one's mind closely or attentively to a particular subject.

real-estate man, an agent who negotiates the sale of property, land, and houses. Landed property is known as real estate.

taken himself for better for worse, an echo of the marriage oath as pronounced in Christian churches, meaning “no matter what may happen to him.”

take a spiritual elevator, probe into what he thinks; find out what his mind is dwelling on.

He does business on the ground floor. He is there at his occupation all the time so that it is very easy to locate him and to label him.

The old prophet, Joel, in the Old Testament of the Bible, the Book of Joel, Chapter II, verse 28:

“And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.” The same words were uttered by Peter in the Book of Acts, Chapter II, verse 17, of the New Testament.

“all there,” completely there. Is he paying his whole attention to what you are saying; is the whole of him there besides you?

“priest's hole,” a secret place of worship, necessary in times of religious persecution.

lost Atlantis, a mythical island in the west, beyond the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar, at the western entrance into the Mediterranean Sea), mentioned by Plato, Pliny, and other ancient writers, and said to have been sunk beneath the ocean by an earthquake. Lord Bacon has written a “New Atlantis” in which a British vessel is carried by contrary winds to the lost Atlantis.

Utopia, the ideal state proposed by Thomas More (1478-1535), in a book entitled “Utopia.” The word Utopia has been applied to all the pictures of ideal states created by social philosophers and visionaries.

Dogberry, the stupid constable in Shakespeare's “Much Ado About Nothing.”

Messina, in northeast Sicily, Italy, where the action of this Shakespearean play takes place.

Julius Cæsar, the great Roman general, statesman, and writer (100-44 B.C.).

laurel crown, worn by only those Greek and Romans who have won distinction, and worn as a sign of distinction.

he had had losses in his hair; in other words, Cæsar was partially bald-headed, and he tried to arrange his laurel crown so that it concealed the bald spot on his head.

the sons of Jacob. Consult the Bible, the Book of Genesis, Chapters XLII-XLVI for the whole of this story.

audacities, qualities of being daring, adventurous, bold.

adolescence, youth, or the period between puberty and maturity.

as Saint Paul asked of the Galatians, see the Bible, the Book of Galatians, Chapter V, verse 7.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892), American poet. In 1855 the first edition of his “Leaves of Grass” appeared, which met with very little critical approval because of its frankness and its unconventional verse form. But his influence on later generations of poets was incalculable, not only by releasing poetry from accepted traditions, but by immensely expanding the thematic material.

Spontaneous Me, the individual acting without external stimulus but wholly from an inner impulse or energy.

spontaneous switchman on the railway, switchmen on railways must obey orders as to which switch to open and when, otherwise trains will be sent crashing one into another. A spontaneous switchman, one who opens switches as and when he pleases without regard to orders from those above him who know better, would be a menace to the traveling public.

temperamental, nervous; characterized by a strongly marked physical or mental character, especially artistic or nervous; liable to peculiar moods.

playgrounds, used figuratively here to mean opportunities for indulging our other selves, just as playgrounds are provided for children to play in and expend their excess energy.

confines, limits; boundaries; demands.

Sabbath, in the Jewish calendar, the seventh day of the week, observed by Jews and Christians as a day of rest and worship. The Christians call the Sabbath Sunday.

The Declaration of Independence, the American Declaration of Independence, when the Americans, on July 4, 1776, declared themselves to be free and independent of Great Britain.

inalienable, incapable of being estranged or taken away from them.

Prussian militarists, referring to the Prussian military leaders who controlled the destiny of the German nation previous to the Great World War which broke out in 1914.

the Kaiser, William II (1859-1941), king of Prussia and Kaiser of Germany from 1888 to 1918 when, at the close of Great World War, he was forced to abdicate. Later he lived in retirement in Holland. The German word *Kaiser* and the Russian word *Czar* come from the Latin word *Cæsar*, originating with the imperialistic designs of Julius Cæsar.

Questions

1. What is the author's purpose in the first nineteen lines?
2. What is the author's “highly explanatory idea”? What does it explain?

3. What are the mistakes of a tactless person?
4. What is the meaning of “There are half a dozen Dromios under one hat”?
5. What is it that makes it embarrassing to offer service to another?
6. Why do we practice on work that does not strictly belong to us?
7. How does the desire to be somebody else explain many of the aberrations of artists and writers?
8. What is the origin of the desire to be somebody else?
9. Explain how the choice of a profession and specialized education makes the possibilities for self-realization less and less.
10. What becomes of the other selves? Is it desirable that they should exist? How may they be provided for?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《人人想当别人》选自塞缪尔·麦考德·克罗瑟斯1920年发表的《经验女校》一文。

【作者简介】

塞缪尔·麦考德·克罗瑟斯（1857—1927），美国散文家和一位论派牧师。1894年，他来到马萨诸塞州的剑桥，担任第一教区的牧师。他继承了昔日波士顿的文学传统——真诚的文化态度，天马行空的想象，对疯狂镀金时代的冷漠超然态度。令人愉快而又异想天开的查尔斯·兰姆和亲切乐观的霍尔姆斯^[1]赋予克罗瑟斯先生的散文难以尽述的魅力。

35 人人想当别人

几年前有个青年拿着一份手稿来到我书斋，希望我评论一下。

“这不过是我的一篇习作，”他说道，态度谦虚。“你很快就会看完的。实际上只有第一章，我在这一章里对宇宙做出了解释。”

我想我们每个人曾经都有过灵光一现的时候，想到自己已经对宇宙做出了解释；我们自觉易如反掌，甚至后悔为什么迟到今日才想起来做。我们的脑海里会浮现出某种想法，让我们依稀觉得无所不知，满脑袋的预感。这可不是一个寻常的想法，寻常的想法只能解释存在的碎片，而这个想法却可以对万事万物进行解释。它不仅可以从正面证明某一事物，还可以证明与该事物截然相反的事物。它解释了事物何以成为现在这个样子，假如事实证明是南辕北辙的话，它还会摇身一变来证明这一事实。依据我们伟大的想法，似乎混沌也是合理的。

诸如此类的想法通常在凌晨四点钟左右出现。我们对宇宙做出解释以后，又心满意足地睡个回笼觉。再过几小时，我们起床的时候，又想不起来那个解释是什么了。

然而，这些具有强大解释力的想法中的某一个，依然会在我们醒着的时候给予我们安慰。我在此要抛出的一个想法就属于这一种，它无疑曾在梦醒时分在我们大多数读者的脑海里出现——即人人都想做别人。

这一想法无法解释宇宙，却能解释我们所谓“人性”中令人费解的部分。它解释了为什么许多聪明睿智的人，虽然善于处理事实问题，但在处理人际关系上一塌糊涂。它解释了为什么我们与陌生人相处融洽，却不能与朋友相处得更好。它解释了为什么我们说人们好话却还常常惹恼对方，而说难听的话时他们却误以为是一种赞美。它解释了人们为什么跟自己性格截然相反的人结婚，却从此过上幸福生活。它还解释了为什么有些人跟性格相同的人结婚，反而从此过上不幸的生活。它解释了品味及其对立面的意义。

情商低的人用科学的方法来对待人，好像人是物。瞧，在对待一个东西的时候，你必须首先弄清它是什么东西，然后采取相应的对策。而在对待一个人的时候，你必须弄清他是一个什么人，然后把这一事实小心翼翼地对他隐瞒起来。可是情商低的人对此却百思不得其解。他为自己实事求是地对待别人而自豪，却意识不到别人对此并不情愿。

他善于发现那些一目了然的信息，并引起别人对此的关注。对于年龄、性别、肤色、国籍、曾服过的劳役等人口普查者感兴趣的所有事实，他都一清二楚，他谈话也围绕着这些进行。每当遇到一个比自己年长的人，他都会注意到这一点，还彬彬有礼地频频强调这一年龄差异。他有一个想法，就是当人生步入某一阶段时，会受到最高的礼遇，会被强烈请求从一把椅子移步到另一把可能更加舒适的椅子上。他就没想过有的品味是因时因事而异的。另一方面，遇到一个乳臭未干的年轻人，他就净谈些显而易见的幼稚话题，让对方厌弃。其中缘由说来也怪，因为年轻人更愿意谈话的人把自己视为少年老成。

缺乏想象力的人，一发现大多数人三句不离本行，就想当然地认为他们喜欢谈论本行。其实这是误解，他们三句不离本行是因为谈本行最容易，而他们也不喜欢让人注意到自己局限所在。一个人所从事的职业，并不必然地与其天赋或最大的意愿一致。你遇见一个高级法院的成员，你会以为他天生就具有评判是非的头脑，其实这并不一定意味着他只具备这一种才能；也不意味着他在法庭外给你下什么判断的话，也有明辨是非的头脑。

我对于王族成员的了解，仅限于他们拍过的那些照片，他们看起来特别喜欢家庭生活。这似乎让人觉得长期承担皇室工作也会令人厌倦，于是他们在拍照时便极力显得像普通人那样——而通常装得还很像。

当被误认为从事另一职业的时候，人总会感觉飘飘然。你不妨在你的牧师身上试试这招。你不要对他说“你今天上午的讲道真精彩”，你说“听你的论辩头头是道，让人心悦诚服，我当时就想你若是当律师一定会非常成功”。这时他就会说：“我的确想过从事法律工作。”

假如你是腓特烈大帝的属下，你却称赞陛下能征善战的话，证明你的确是一个情商低下的侍臣。腓特

烈当然清楚自己是普鲁士将军，可他还想成为一位法国式的文豪。如果你希望博得他青睐的话，就该说你认为他比伏尔泰更胜一筹。

别人对我们的现状关注太多，我们并不乐意。我们的现状也许已经很不错，尽管如此，我们还会想，还有某种更适合自己的生活。我们要么已经见识过更好的日子，要么期待更好的日子。

假定你去了厄尔巴岛拜见拿破仑，试图得到他的欢心。

“陛下，”你也许会说，“这里安全、舒适、宁静，就是您的一个美丽的小帝国。以您现在的境况而论，这样一个地方简直就是为您量身定做的。这里气候宜人，到处和平安宁。一切安排妥帖，细节有人打理，统治这样的地方，一定感到非常愉快。我刚到您的领地时，看见一排英国军舰守卫着海岸，体贴入微随处可见。”

你对拿破仑的这番赞美是不会得到他的欢心的，因为你把他视为厄尔巴岛皇帝，而在他自己眼里他就是皇帝，虽然此时身在厄尔巴岛。

以他所处的环境来衡量其个性，会让一个成熟的人恼羞成怒。

缺乏想象力的人总是在一次次地重演“错误的喜剧”^[2]。那可不只是大小德洛米奥的问题，而是一个帽子下面有六个德洛米奥。

人们做介绍也太过随便啦，仿佛让两个人认识是世上最容易的事情！你的朋友会对你说，“这是斯提弗莱克先生。”于是你说真高兴认识他。但你们俩可知道隐藏在斯提弗莱克这个名字下面的谜吗？你或许知道他长得什么样，住在哪里，靠什么谋生，然而这一切都是现在的情况。要想真正了解他，你不仅必须知道他现在的情况，还要知道他过去的情况；他自以为应该怎样，假如他十分努力又应该出现怎样的结果。你必须知道，如果某些事情不是这样而是那样的话，他又会有怎样的结局。你必须知道，如果不是这么做而是那么做的话，又会发生什么。所有这些复杂的情况都是他对自己模糊认知的一部分。它们使得他在自己眼里比在别人眼里有趣得多。

正是因为我们意识到对于上面提到的种种缺乏了解，才会在提出帮助别人时感到不知所措。别人在内心深处会愿意接受我们的帮助吗？

当年，斯坦利^[3]为了寻找利文斯通博士可谓历尽磨难，可是，当他终于在中非的一个湖畔找到了利文斯通博士，那一刻，两人只有尴尬。斯坦利伸出手拘谨地说：“我猜你就是利文斯通博士吧？”在此之前，斯坦利曾经勇敢地穿过那片赤道地区的森林，只为找到利文斯通，把他带回文明社会。然而利文斯通并不急于被找到，还坚决拒绝被带回文明社会。他想要开始一次新的冒险。斯坦利找到的利文斯通与预想的大相径庭。后来，他发现这个老人跟他一样，有着一颗年轻的心。当这两个男人开始计划进行一次新的探险，去寻找尼罗河源头的时候，他们才算真正认识对方了。

人人天生想当别人，就是生活中会有许多让人烦恼的鸡零狗碎的成因。社会是一个完善的体系，体系中的每一个人本应各就各位，各司其职。而人人天生想当别人的想法，却会引导我们去从事严格说来不该我们做的工作。我们人人都才华横溢，能力过人，会冲破我们狭小的职业或工作领域的限制。每个人都觉得在自己的岗位上是大材小用，一直在做着神学家们所谓的“分外之事”。

态度严肃的女佣不会满足于只干指定的活儿，她身上还有没用完的劲儿。她想成为家庭改革的总管。于是她来到主人的书桌前，进行一次彻底的改革。她按照自己的整洁理念，把那些文件资料整理了一番。可怜的男主人回到家里，发现自己貌似杂乱无章实则手到擒来的东西变得整整齐齐，却令人生厌，随即造起反来。

一位秉性严肃的有轨电车公司经理绝不会只从运送乘客，使乘客觉得便宜、舒适这一简单责任中获得满足感。他还想履行道德促进会讲师的职责。当被运载的可怜的旅客拉着车上的吊带摇摇晃晃的时候，这位经理却给他读一个布告，敦促他践行基督徒的美德，不要推搡别人。那个可怜的人思考着他关于至善的劝告，真想像朱尼厄斯回答格拉夫唐公爵那样回敬道：“大人，伤害或许可以得到补偿和原谅，但侮辱却是无法弥补的。”

一个男人走进理发店，只想刮刮胡子而已，但他遇到的却是一位志存高远的理发师。这位严肃的理发

师不满足于仅仅为人们的幸福做微小的贡献。他还坚持让顾客洗头、修指甲、按摩、用热毛巾发汗、用电风扇冷却，与此同时，给顾客擦皮鞋、上鞋油。

当你看到人们为了避免伤害职业工作者的感情，耐着性子接受不想要的服务时，你就没有感到惊奇过吗？在一辆普尔曼式卧铺车厢里，当某个乘客站起来让人替他刷衣服的时候，你该注意到他脸上会露出那种坚忍的表情。他很可能并不想让人给他刷衣服，宁愿灰尘留在大衣上，也不愿意被迫吞进肚子里。可是他明白，不能让别人失望。这是旅途中的一种庄严仪式，是献礼之前的必要步骤。

人人想当别人这一事实，也是艺术家和文学家频频跨界的原因。画家、戏剧家、音乐家、诗人和小说家，与上述的女佣、有轨电车公司经理和搬运工一样，都患上了人类的通病。他们希望“尽可能地以各种方式为各种人做各种有益的事”。他们对于惯用的方式已经厌倦，想要试试新的组合方式，结果总是把事情掺和在一起。一个从事某种艺术的人，却极力想创造出其他艺术形式才能创造的效果。

于是，音乐家想当画家，把小提琴当画笔来用。他希望我们看到他琴弦下落日的光辉。画家却想当音乐家，把交响乐画出来，他却苦恼于缺乏修养的耳朵听不见他的画，尽管他笔下的色彩确实不协调。还有另一个画家想当建筑师，用垒砖的方法来画画，画出来的画在普通人眼里像是一座砖房，而不是一幅画。再如一个散文家写散文写腻烦了，转而想做一个诗人，于是他把每一行文字都用一个大写字母开头，可写出的仍旧是散文。

你走进剧院，跟莎士比亚一样，想法很简单，认为来了就是看戏。可是，剧作家却想当病理学家，这样一来，你发现自己掉进了一个可怕的诊所。你本来只来单纯地消遣消遣，却成了一个未被上帝选中的人，到了一个给你特制的地方。你还要把戏看完。虽然你有自己的烦恼，可是理由却不够充分，无法要求获得豁免。

再比如你拿起一本小说，原以为是一部虚构作品，谁知这位作家的目的却并非如此，他想当你的精神顾问。他想给你灌输新的思想，重塑你的基本观点，抚慰你的灵魂，给你彻彻底底地洗脑。尽管你并不想被他洗脑和纠偏，他还是要越俎代庖。你并不想让他干扰你的思想。你有自己的思想，你做自己的事时，只想遵从自己的思想。

不过，如果说人人想当别人的想法导致许多人行为古怪，在艺术上标新立异的话，倒不只是属于喜剧性质，不应该轻率地摒弃。这与个性有关，自有渊源。人忘不了自己曾经当别人的那段时光，是人人想当别人的原因。我们所谓的个性是一种变幻不定的东西——我们在看老照片、读旧信的时候就会意识到这一点。

就连在世的最老的老寿星，比那些千篇一律的胚质也大不了几年，这种胚质可能发育成任何东西。最初的他具有各种各样的可能性。每一种实际存在，意味着大量丰富的可能性中减少了一种。在发育成一种东西以后，它就不可能再发育成另一种东西。

人年少时的乐趣在于，他依然拥有各种各样的可能性，他觉得自己可以成为任何想要成为的人。他意识到自己具备潜质，可以当一名成功的银行老板。另一方面，去南太平洋冒险的生活，对他也充满了诱惑。试想，高卧在一棵面包果树下，果子正好落入口中，聚拢在周围的善良野蛮人无不称叹，岂不快活？他或许可以当一名圣徒——不是普普通通的现代圣徒，那种圣徒什么杂活都干，什么无聊的委员会会议都要参加，而是人们在书中读到的那种圣徒，遇到第一个乞丐就脱下自己昂贵的长袍，解下装金子的钱袋施舍出去，然后乐呵呵地穿过森林去感化那些有趣的强盗。他觉得只要父亲给他提供施舍的钱，他就可以做那种并不科学的慈善工作。

然而，他渐渐意识到，在银行业取得成功，与到南太平洋远足，或者当一名别具一格、非同一般的圣徒之间存在着矛盾。倘若他要进入银行业，就必须像其他银行老板一样行事。

父母和老师们齐心协力、处心积虑把他培养成人，就是要把他培养成一种专才。为此，必须压制一切无关的思想动态。他们所有的劝诫都集中在他必须心无旁骛上，而他确实做到了心无旁骛。他正心无旁骛地关注着大人们没有关注到的种种。他一面在教室的座位上如坐针毡，一面却心无旁骛地关注教室外面发生的种种。他看到了同学们的弱点，计划着怎么对他们兴师问罪；他欣喜地发现了老师的种种怪癖。不仅如此，他还是一位卓有成就的小画家呢，他根据真人真事所画的漫画在同学中间悄悄传阅，让他们笑破了肚皮。

可是，老师却一脸严肃地教训他：“孩子，你得学会心无旁骛，也就是说，心里一定不要关注太多没用的东西，你只关注一点就好了，那就是第二人称词形变化。”

遗憾的是，第二人称词形变化是教室里最无趣的东西，然而倘若他不心无旁骛地学，就永远也不可能学会。为了提高效率，教育要求我们集中注意力。

一个人倘若心无旁骛地倾力于某一特定学科的话，他就完全可以成为一名成功的商人，或者一位房地产商、药剂师、教会执事济贫助理什么的。不过，他只能术业专攻，不可能在同一时间行行精通。他必须有所选择。既然在大家面前已经立下誓言，所以不管好坏他都必须坚持下去，放弃其他学科。结果呢，到了不惑之年，他就成了某种人，能够从事某种工作了。他习得了一整套实用理念，然而这些理念只适用于他所在的领域，而不是放之四海而皆准的，所以不会对他的正业产生影响。邻居们对他的活动范围一清二楚，他们不需要坐精神电梯去找他，他的工作地点在一楼。他获得了实用性的东西，却失去了趣味性的东西。

昔日的先知声称，年轻人要做异梦，老年人要见幻象，然而唯独没有提到中年人。中年人不得不心无旁骛地工作。

然而，责任重大的人，在工作时会像他那样吗？他在谈论工作时是否也能“心无旁骛”呢？我不这么认为。他身上隐藏着难以捉摸的个性。在古老的天主教徒家庭大而无穷的宅邸中，有秘密隔板通往“司铎秘密藏身处”，家人可以在那里获得精神慰藉；同理，在最成功的人心里也有这样的私密空间，那里隐藏着他未酬的壮志、未竟的心愿、未能践行的诺言。他所有有望实现的梦想都隐藏在心底。他说什么也不会愿意让公众知道他多么在意那个不曾大显身手的自我。只有当你了解到他心中有他失落的亚特兰蒂斯，他的乌托邦，至今依然渴望扬帆远航，你才会了解他。

当道格培里^[4]声称他的“相貌也比得上梅西那地方无论哪一个人”，说他“还有两件袍子，无论到什么地方去总还是体体面面的”时，他要表达的是，这些是不言自明的。而当他自夸说自己“不是不曾遇到过坏运气”时，那口吻就是在向你吐露衷肠了。

裘利斯·恺撒大帝乘坐战车穿过罗马大街时，在欢呼的百姓眼里，他头上的桂冠象征着他此时的尊贵。然而，有传言说，当时恺撒渴望显得更年轻，所以在抛头露面之前，把桂冠认真地整理过，以免让人看出他的头发有过损失。

大人物看起来骄矜自大，那是由于顾忌流露出平民百姓的人之常情。当雅各的儿子们看见自己哀哀求告的那位尊贵的埃及官员转身离去时，他们并不知道背后的隐情。“约瑟爱弟之情发动，就急忙寻找可哭之地，进入自己的屋里，哭了一场。他洗了脸出来，勉强隐忍。”^[5]约瑟并不想成为伟人，他想做一个普通人。而情动于中却要勉强隐忍是多么艰难。

我们童年时期丧失的那些技艺，青春期失去的勇敢无畏、雄心壮志和浪漫钟情都到哪里去了？我们觉得自己与各种各样的人都休戚相关的同情心到哪里去了？早期我们对与己无关的事的好奇心都到哪里去了？我们这样问道，正如圣保罗问加拉太人：“你们向来跑得好。有谁拦阻你们？”

答案对我们倒不是完全不利。我们没能充分发挥全部天性，是因为条件不允许。沃尔特·惠特曼也许为“自发的我”而欢天喜地。可是这样自发的你是赚不上钱的。一个随心所欲的扳道工会给广大的旅客带来生命威胁。我们更喜欢性情平和的人。

随着人类文明的发展和工作专业化程度的提高，任何人在任何公认的职业里都不可能自由充分发挥自己全部的天赋才能。那么，怎么发挥我们身上其他的自我呢？回答只能是：必须在日常工作的范围之外为它们提供发挥的空间。由于工作对人们心无旁骛的要求越来越高，对关注的范围限制得越来越多，因此也更需要人们切实捍卫合法的闲暇时间。

古希伯来圣贤宣称：“智慧产生于闲暇之时。”这并非说智者肯定出身于我们所谓的有闲阶层，而是说，假如某人只有一点可以自由支配的时间，那么，他就必须利用这点时间让隐藏的自我焕发新的生机。假如安息日不能休息一整天，他必须学会捍卫“小安息日”的时间，哪怕只是十分钟。在这段时间里，他什么工作都不要做。仅仅承认与保护工作及挣钱的自我是不够的，为了我们其他的自我，世界还应变得安全。《独立宣言》上不是说，人人都有追求幸福的不可剥夺的权利吗？

要认识到人对自己的不满足，需要依靠想象力。由于缺乏想象力造成的不幸，我们曾有一个可怕的例子。普鲁士军国主义者煞费苦心收集事实，但却鄙视人类的天性。他们的情商低得令人难以置信。他们视人如物。他们对待事实的态度极为严肃，却完全忽视人的情感。他们的特务遍布全世界，特务把看到的一切情报全都上报，可是却不考虑那些看不到情报。于是，就在他们科学地处理一目了然的事实和武力的时候，人类灵魂中所有隐藏的力量都在与他们为敌。军国主义者启用那些缺乏同情心的高级专业人士来提高效率。在树立了一个标准以后，所有的多样性必然被压制。全世界反对的正是这种压制多样性的力量。为了反对制造枯燥乏味的单一性，我们必须继续斗争。倘若我们屈从我们自造的其他暴君的话，废黜那位德国皇帝也无济于事。

（张白桦 译）

[1] 霍尔姆斯（Holmes）应是与兰姆同时期的作家，此处为音译，不确。

[2] 典出莎士比亚作品《错误的喜剧》（*Comedy of Errors*），指荒唐可笑的事件。下文的大小德洛米奥是剧中的一对孪生兄弟。

[3] 亨利·斯坦利（1841—1904），威尔士裔美国记者、探险家，多次赴非洲探险，在以非洲营救苏格兰传教士、探险家利文斯通博士而闻名。

[4] 莎士比亚剧作《无事生非》中的警吏。本段所涉典故在剧中第四幕第二场。此处引用朱生豪译文。

[5] 此句典出《创世记》第43章30—31节。

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THE PHILOSOPHER

By W. Somerset Maugham

THE PHILOSOPHER, by W. Somerset Maugham, from his *On a Chinese Screen*, pp. 147-158.

The Philosopher is undoubtedly Ku Hung-ming, 辜鸿铭 (汤生) (1847-1928), who was then living in Peking. Maugham would have us believe that the interview took place in some such city as Chengtu, Szechwan. Ku had worked under Chang Chi-tung (张之洞), one of the Empress Dowager's greatest viceroys (line 18, p. 152). This essay has already been translated into Chinese. See 人间世, 二十三年九月二十日, 第二十期, 三十二至三十七页, 辜鸿铭访问记, 黄嘉音译 (惟黄先生未翻译篇后的两首诗). 在该期内亦有人证明 Somerset's Philosopher 是辜先生.

It was surprising to find so vast a city in a spot that seemed to me so remote. From its battlemented gate towards sunset you could see the snowy mountains of Tibet. It was so populous that you could walk at ease only on the walls and it took a rapid walker three hours to complete their circuit. There was no railway within a thousand miles and the river on which it stood was so shallow that only junks of light burden could safely navigate it. Five days in a sampan were needed to reach the Upper Yangtze. For an uneasy moment you asked yourself whether trains and steamships were as necessary to the conduct of life as we who use them every day consider; for here, a million persons thrived, married, begat their kind, and died; here a million persons were busily occupied with commerce, art, and thought.

And here lived a philosopher of repute the desire to see whom had been to me one of the incentives of a somewhat arduous journey. He was the greatest authority in China on the Confucian learning. He was said to speak English and German with facility. He had been for many years secretary to one of the Empress Dowager's greatest viceroys, but he lived now in retirement. On certain days in the week, however, all through the year he opened his doors to such as sought after knowledge, and discoursed on the teaching of Confucius. He had a body of disciples, but it was small, since the students for the most part preferred to his modest dwelling and his severe exhortations the sumptuous buildings of the foreign university and the useful science of the barbarians; with him this was mentioned only to be scornfully dismissed. From all I heard of him I concluded that he was a man of character.

When I announced my wish to meet this distinguished person my host immediately offered to arrange it; but the days passed and nothing happened. I made inquiries and my host shrugged his shoulders.

"I sent him a chit and told him to come along," he said. "I don't know why he hasn't turned up. He's cross-grained old fellow."

I did not think it was proper to approach a philosopher in so cavalier a fashion and I was hardly surprised that he had ignored a summons such as this. I caused a letter to be sent asking in the politest terms I could devise whether he would allow me to call upon him and within two hours received an answer making an appointment for the following morning at ten o'clock.

I was carried in a chair. The way seemed interminable. I went through crowded streets and through streets deserted till I came at last to one, silent and empty, in which at a small door in a long white wall my bearers set down my chair. One of them knocked and after a considerable time a judas was opened; dark eyes looked through;

there was a brief colloquy; and finally I was admitted. A youth, pallid of face, wizened, and poorly dressed motioned me to follow him. I did not know if he was a servant or a pupil of the great man. I passed through a shabby yard and was led into a long low room sparsely furnished with an American roll-top desk, a couple of blackwood chairs and two little Chinese tables. Against the walls were shelves on which were a great number of books: most of them, of course, were Chinese; but there were many philosophical and scientific works in English, French and German; and there were hundreds of unbound copies of learned reviews. Where books did not take up the wall space hung scrolls on which in various calligraphies were written, I suppose, Confucian quotations. There was no carpet on the floor. It was a cold, bare, and comfortless chamber. Its somberness was relieved only by a yellow chrysanthemum which stood by itself on the desk in a long vase.

I waited for some time and the youth who had shown me in brought a pot of tea, two cups, and a tin of Virginian cigarettes. As he went out the philosopher entered. I hastened to express my sense of the honor he did me in allowing me to visit him. He waved me to a chair and poured out the tea.

"I am flattered that you wished to see me," he returned. "Your countrymen deal only with coolies and with compradores; they think every Chinese must be one or the other."

I ventured to protest. But I had not caught his point. He leaned back in his chair and looked at me with an expression of mockery.

"They think they have but to beckon and we must come."

I saw then that my friend's unfortunate communication still rankled. I did not quite know how to reply. I murmured something complimentary.

He was an old man, tall, with a thin gray queue, and bright large eyes under which were heavy bags. His teeth were broken and discolored. He was exceedingly thin, and his hands, fine and small, were withered and clawlike. I had been told that he was an opium smoker. He was very shabbily dressed in a black gown, a little black cap, both much the worse for wear, and dark gray trousers gartered at the ankle. He was watching. He did not quite know what attitude to take up, and he had the manner of a man who was on his guard. Of course the philosopher occupies a royal place among those who concern themselves with the things of the spirit and we have the authority of Benjamin Disraeli that royalty must be treated with abundant flattery. I seized my trowel. Presently I was conscious of a certain relaxation in his demeanor. He was like a man who was all set and rigid to have his photograph taken, but hearing the shutter click lets himself go and eases into his natural self. He showed me his books.

"I took the Ph.D. in Berlin, you know," he said. "And afterwards I studied for some time in Oxford. But the English, if you will allow me to say so, have no great aptitude for philosophy."

Though he put the remark apologetically it was evident that he was not displeased to say a slightly disagreeable thing.

"We have had philosophers who have not been without influence in the world of thought," I suggested.

"Hume and Berkeley? The philosophers who taught at Oxford when I was there were anxious not to offend their theological colleagues. They would not follow their thought to its logical consequences in case they should jeopardize their position in university society."

"Have you studied the modern developments of philosophy in America?" I asked.

"Are you speaking of Pragmatism? It is the last refuge of those who want to believe the incredible. I have more use for American petroleum than for American philosophy."

His judgments were tart. We sat down once more and drank another cup of tea. He began to talk with fluency. He spoke a somewhat formal but an idiomatic English. Now and then he helped himself out with a German phrase. So far as it was possible for a man of that stubborn character to be influenced he had been influenced by Germany. The method and the industry of the Germans had deeply impressed him and their philosophical acumen was patent

to him when a laborious professor published in a learned magazine an essay on one of his own writings.

"I have written twenty books," he said, "and that is the only notice that has ever been taken of me in a European publication."

But his study of Western philosophy had only served in the end to satisfy him that wisdom after all was to be found within the limits of the Confucian canon. He accepted its philosophy with conviction. It answered the needs of his spirit with a completeness which made all foreign learning seem vain. I was interested in this because it bore out an opinion of mine that philosophy is an affair of character rather than of logic; the philosopher believes not according to evidence, but according to his own temperament; and his thinking merely serves to make reasonable what his instinct regards true. If Confucianism gained so firm a hold on the Chinese it is because it explained and expressed them as no other system of thought could do.

My host lit a cigarette. His voice at first had been thin and tired, but as he grew interested in what he said it gained volume. He talked vehemently. There was in him none of the repose of the sage. He was a polemist and a fighter. He loathed the modern cry for individualism. For him society was the unit, and the family the foundation of society. He upheld the old China and the old school, monarchy, and the rigid canon of Confucius. He grew violent and bitter as he spoke of the students, fresh from foreign universities, who with sacrilegious hands tore down the oldest civilization in the world.

"But you, do you know what you are doing?" he exclaimed, "what is the reason for which you deem yourselves our betters? Have you excelled us in arts or letters? Has our civilization been less elaborate, less complicated, less refined than yours? Why, when you lived in caves and clothed yourselves with skins we were a cultured people. Do you know that we tried an experiment which is unique in the history of the world? We sought to rule this great country not by force but by wisdom. And for centuries we succeeded. Then why does the white men despise the yellow? Shall I tell you? Because he has invented the machine gun. That is your superiority. We are a defenseless horde and you can blow us into eternity. You have shattered the dream of our philosophers that the world could be governed by the power of law and order. And now you are teaching our young men your secret. You have thrust your hideous inventions upon us. Do you not know that we have a genius for mechanics? Do you not know that there are in this country four hundred millions of the most practical and industrious people in the world? Do you think it will take us long to learn? And what will become of your superiority when the yellow man can make as good guns as the white and fire them as straight? You have appealed to the machine gun and by the machine gun shall you be judged."

But at that moment we were interrupted. A little girl came softly in and nestled close up to the old gentleman. She stared at me with curious eyes. He told me that she was his youngest child. He put his arms round her and with a murmur of caressing words kissed her fondly. She wore a black coat and trousers that barely reached her ankles, and she had a long pigtail hanging down her back. She was born on the day the revolution was brought to a successful issue by the abdication of the emperor.

"I thought she heralded the Spring of the new era," he said. "She was but the last flower of this great nation's Fall."

From a drawer in his roll-top desk he took a few cash, and handing them to her, sent her away.

"You see that I wear a queue," he said, taking it in his hands. "It is a symbol. I am the last representative of the Old China."

He talked to me, more gently now, of how philosophers in long past days wandered from state to state with their disciples, teaching all who were worthy to learn. Kings called them to their councils and made them rulers of cities. His erudition was great and his eloquent phrases gave a multicolored vitality to the incidents he related to me of the history of his country. I could not help thinking him a somewhat pathetic figure. He felt in himself the capacity to administer the state, but there was no king to intrust him with office; he had vast stores of learning which he was eager to impart to the great band of students that his soul hankered after, and there came to listen but a few wretched, half-starved, and obtuse provincials.

Once or twice discretion had made me suggest that I should take my leave, but he had been unwilling to let me go. Now at last I was obliged to. I rose. He held my hand.

"I should like to give you something as a recollection of your visit to the last philosopher in China, but I am a poor man and I do not know what I can give you that would be worthy of your acceptance."

I protested that the recollection of my visit was in itself a priceless gift. He smiled.

"Men have short memories in these degenerate days, and I should like to give you something more substantial. I would give you one of my books but you cannot read Chinese."

He looked at me with an amicable perplexity. I had an inspiration.

"Give me a sample of your calligraphy," I said.

"Would you like that?" He smiled. "In my youth I was considered to wield the brush in a manner that was not entirely despicable."

He sat down at his desk, took a fair sheet of paper, and placed it before him. He poured a few drops of water on a stone, rubbed the ink stick in it, and took his brush. With a free movement of his arm he began to write. And as I watched him, I remembered with not a little amusement something else which had been told me of him. It appeared that the old gentleman, whenever he could scrape a little money together, spent it wantonly in the streets inhabited by ladies to describe whom a euphemism is generally used. His eldest son, a person of standing in the city, was vexed and humiliated by the scandal of this behavior; and only his strong sense of filial duty prevented him from reproaching the libertine with severity. I dare say that to a son such looseness would be disconcerting, but the student of human nature could look upon it with equanimity. Philosophers are apt to elaborate their theories in the study, forming conclusions upon life which they know only at second hand, and it has seemed to me often that their works would have a more definite significance if they had exposed themselves to the vicissitudes which befall the common run of men. I was prepared to regard the old gentleman's dalliance in hidden places with leniency. Perhaps he sought but to elucidate the most inscrutable of human illusions.

He finished. To dry the ink he scattered a little ash on the paper and rising handed it to me.

"What have you written?" I asked.

I thought there was a slightly malicious gleam in his eyes. "I have ventured to offer you two little poems of my own."

"I did not know you were a poet."

"When China was still an uncivilized country," he retorted with sarcasm, "all educated men could write verse at least with elegance."

I took the paper and looked at the Chinese characters. They made an agreeable pattern upon it.

"Won't you also give me a translation?"

"Traduttore—traduttore," he answered. "You cannot expect me to betray myself. Ask one of your English friends. Those who know most about China know nothing, but you will at least find one who is competent to give you a rendering of a few rough and simple lines."

I bade him farewell, and with great politeness he showed me to my chair. When I had the opportunity I gave the poems to a sinologue of my acquaintance, and here is the version he made. I confess that, doubtless unreasonably, I was somewhat taken aback when I read it.

"You loved me not: your voice was sweet;

Your eyes were full of laughter; your hands were tender.

And then you loved me: your voice was bitter;

Your eyes were full of tears; your hands were cruel.

Sad, sad that love should make you

Unlovable.”

* * *

“I craved the years would quickly pass

That you might lose

The brightness of your eyes, the peach-bloom of your skin,

And all the cruel splendour of your youth.

Then I alone would love you

And you at last would care.”

“The envious years have passed full soon

And you have lost

The brightness of your eyes, the peach-bloom of your skin,

And all the charming splendour of your youth.

Alas, I do not love you

And I care not if you care.”

Notes

Tibet, 西藏.

begat, gave birth to children.

of repute, of good reputation.

incentives, motives; stimuli.

arduous, laborious; difficult.

exhortations, inciting people to that which is good.

sumptuous, luxurious; splendid.

chit, a short note.

cross-grained, perverse; contrary; stubborn.

cavalier, easy; free; informal.

interminable, endless; without termination.

judas, a peephole, as in a door or wall.

colloquy, conversation; talk.

wizened, shriveled; withered.

calligraphies, brush-writing; penmanship.

somberness, dulness; gloominess; graveness.

Virginian cigarettes, mild cigarettes, as contrasted to the strong Turkish cigarettes.

compradores, Chinese agents or advisers employed by foreign business concerns to deal with their Chinese clients.

queue, hanging plaited tail, of hair or wig.

heavy bags, heavy pouches under the eyes, a sign of a dissipated life.

trowel, weapon. The trowel is a bricklayer's tool, used also as a gardening tool.

shutter click, the shutter of the kodak clicks when a picture is being taken.

Ph.D., Doctor of Philosophy, an academic degree.

Hume, David (1711-1776), Scotch historian and philosopher.

Berkeley, George (1685-1753), Irish philosopher.

jeopardize, imperil; risk; expose to loss or injury.

Pragmatism, in philosophy, a method of thinking concerned with thought as a process evolved with a useful purpose, and considering truth as tested by agreement with reality and by the practical results accomplished. William James and John Dewey are the first to propagate this attitude. Pragmatism is a protest against idle speculation regarding problems that have little to do with the practical questions that arise in daily life.

tart, sharp; caustic.

acumen, keenness of perception or discernment.

patent, evident; manifest.

canon, teachings or truths; principles; law, especially religious law.

vehemently, forcefully; eagerly.

polemist, controversialist; disputant; one who is ready to dispute a contrary opinion.

sacrilegious, violating sacred things; impious.

abdication of the emperor, on February 12, 1912, when the Abdication Edict was proclaimed, when the young emperor relinquished his throne.

heralded, ushered in; proclaimed; announced.

He is punning on the word *Fall*, playing on the same word but on different applications.

wandered from state to state. He had in mind Confucius, of course.

hankered after, longed for; yearned after.

obtuse provincials, not very acute or bright country boys; slow, mentally inactive students from the country.

Men have short memories, men do not remember for long.

scrape, gather; collect.

ladies to describe whom a euphemism is generally used, sing-song girls who have become prostitutes. *Euphemism*, a way of describing an offensive thing by an inoffensive expression—calling coal “black gold” (乌金), or “inky jade” (墨玉), for instance.

libertine, licentious man; a man who lives a very loose life.

equanimity, calmness.

disconcerting, embarrassing; confusing.

vicissitudes, irregular changes.

dalliance in hidden places, wanton or amorous play in houses of prostitution.

elucidate, throw light upon; explain.

the most inscrutable of human illusions, love (?) .

sarcasm, bitter sting.

Traduttore-tradittore, the Italian for “translation-traitor,” i.e., translation betrays, translation of what he has written would tell too much of Ku Hung-ming.

sinologue, one well versed in Chinese language and literature, in things Chinese.

taken aback, surprised; shocked.

Questions

1. Describe the city in which the philosopher lived.
2. Why did the author wish to meet the philosopher?
3. Why did the philosopher ignore the chit which told him to come along?
4. What details make you feel that the philosopher's chamber is “cold, bare, and comfortless”?
5. Describe the philosopher's appearance.
6. What was the philosopher's mood? Why? How did the author put him at ease?
7. What was his opinion of English and American philosophy? Why did he have a higher opinion of German philosophy?

8. What did he think of individualism? of returned students?
9. What did he consider that the “superiority” of the West consist in?
10. What effect did the coming in of his little daughter have on the philosopher's mood?
11. Why did the author feel him to be a somewhat pathetic figure?
12. What weakness did gossip accuse the philosopher of?
13. Why was the author somewhat taken aback by the content of the philosopher's poem?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《哲学家》一文选自威廉·萨默塞特·毛姆所著《在中国的屏风上》, 147—158页。

文中的哲学家无疑是指辜鸿铭（汤生）（1847—1928），他当时住在北平。毛姆让我们相信这场会面的地点是在某个类似四川成都的城市。辜鸿铭曾在慈禧太后最倚重的总督之一张之洞的幕下效力（152页，第18行）。本文已译成中文，见《人间世》，1923年9月20日，第20期，第32—37页，《辜鸿铭访问记》，黄嘉音译（惟黄先生未翻译篇后的两首诗）。在该期内亦有人证明毛姆笔下的哲学家是辜先生。

36 哲学家

如此偏远的一隅之地竟然还可以找到偌大的一座城市，我觉得这真是不可思议啊。夕阳西下时分，登上雉堞的城门远远望去，您便可以看到西藏那白雪皑皑的群山。城市人口十分稠密，只有在城墙上才可以悠闲自得地散步。快步行走都得花费三个小时才能顺着城墙走完一圈。方圆一千英里之内都不通铁路。流经城市的那条河，水很浅，只有载重量很轻的船只才能安全航行。乘坐舢板船需要五天才能抵达扬子江上游。处在如此不方便的时刻，您会问一问自己，我们这些每天都乘坐火车和汽船的人，是否会觉得这些交通工具是人生进程中必不可少的？而正是在此，数以百万计的人们出生成长，结婚成家，繁衍后代，最后离开人世。正是在此，数以百万计的人们忙忙碌碌，经商挣钱，创造艺术，思索问题。

在这样一座城市里，还生活着一位著名的哲学家。对我而言，正是怀着想要拜会这样一位哲学家的愿望，我才进行了这次不辞辛劳的长途跋涉之旅。他是中国儒学最了不起的权威。据说，他精通英语和德语。他曾多年担任皇太后的一位重臣的秘书，但现在已经退休赋闲在家了。不过，一年四季当中，每个星期有几天时间，他的大门一直向求知问学的人敞开着，他向这些人讲授儒学。他拥有一群门徒，但数量不大。绝大多数学生都喜欢他那朴实无华的住所，还有他对国外大学奢华建筑和蛮夷实用科学的严苛批判。若是有人在他面前提起这个话题，只会招致他冷嘲热讽的斥责。根据我所听到的有关他的情况，我断定，他是一位很有个性的人。

我表达了想去拜会这位出类拔萃的人物的愿望后，接待我的主人立刻安排了一次会面。但是，日子一天天过去了，却没有见到什么动静。我再三打听了解，主人却耸了耸肩膀。

“我打发人给他送去了一封便函，告诉他来一趟，”主人说，“我不知道，他为何迟迟没有出现，他可是位倔强任性的老头呢。”

我以为，以如此简慢的方式去接近一位哲学家并不合适，所以，他对这一种召唤不予理睬，我并不感到奇怪。我用自己能够想到的最为恭谦有礼的言辞给他写了一封信，询问他是否肯肯我前去登门拜访他。信送出去不到两个小时，我便收到了回复，约定翌日上午十点钟见面。

我是被人用轿子抬着去的。上他家去的路似乎没有尽头。我们经过了熙来攘往的大街，也经过了人迹罕至的小巷。最后，我们抵达了一条街道，寂静无声，空无一人。街上的一道长长的白墙壁处有一扇小门，抬我的轿夫把我放了下来。其中一位敲了敲门，过了好一阵，门上的小窥视窗打开了。一双黑眼睛透过窥视窗张望着。简短的一番对话后，对方最后允许我进入。有个年轻人示意我跟着他。只见他脸色苍白，形容枯槁，衣着寒酸。我不知道，年轻人是大哲学家的仆人还是弟子。我走过一座萧疏杂乱的院落，然后被领进了一个进身很长、天花板很低的房间，里面放着几件简陋的家具：一张美式卷盖书桌，几把黑檀木椅子，两张中式小桌子。靠墙立着的是一排排书架，里面摆放着数量众多的书籍。其中大部分当然是中文书，但也有许多英文、法文和德文的哲学和科学著作。此外，还有几百种尚未装订的学术杂志。墙壁处没有被书架占去的地方挂着卷轴，上面是各种书法作品，我估计是儒家格言。地上没有铺地毯。这是一个阴冷、简陋、很不舒服的房间。只有立在书桌上的一个长花瓶插着的黄色菊花才打破了房间里阴郁单调的氛围。

我等了一会儿，把我领进来的那个年轻人拿来了一壶茶，两个茶杯，还有一听弗吉尼亚产的烟卷。年轻人出去时，哲学家进来了。我急忙表达说，他允许我拜访他，我深感荣幸。他示意我在一把椅子上坐下，然后倒茶。

“您有意要来见我，我不胜荣幸之至啊，”他回应着说，“您的国人只与苦力和买办们打交道。他们认为，每一位中国人不是苦力就是买办。”

我斗胆提出异议，但是，没有弄明白他说话的意图。他仰靠在椅子上，看着我，一副嘲讽的表情。

“他们以为，他们只需要召唤一声，我们就必须到。”

我此时才明白，我朋友那种糟糕的交流方式仍然令他耿耿于怀呢。我真不知道该如何回答他。我喃喃

地说了几句恭维的话。

他是位老者，身材很高，留着一条细长的灰白辫子，一双大眼睛炯炯有神，眼睛下面现出了厚厚的眼袋。牙齿参差不齐，而且有了污渍。他体型格外瘦削，一双手纤细小巧，显得干瘪，形同爪子。我听人家说了，他吸食鸦片。他衣着寒酸，穿着一件黑色长衫，头戴一顶很小的黑色帽子，长衫和帽子都破旧不堪。深灰色的长裤在脚踝处用袜带扎着。他一直注视着我，不怎么清楚该以什么态度对待我，但他的行为举止显得很警觉。当然，这位哲学家在关注精神事物的人们当中拥有至尊地位。我们国家的权威人物本杰明·迪斯累里^[1]说过，享有至尊地位的人应该受到充分的恭维。我不失时机地说了很多恭维话。不一会儿，我便意识到，他的态度有所放松了。他如同一个等着人家来拍照的人，摆好了姿势，表情僵硬，等到听见按快门时的咔嚓声响过后，这才轻松了起来，恢复到了自己正常的状态。他领着我参观他的书籍。

“您知道，我在柏林获得博士学位，”他说，“后来，又在牛津大学学习了一段时间。但是，恕我说一句，英国人对哲学缺乏卓越的天赋。”

虽说他做出这个评价时表达了歉意，但很显然，他并非不喜欢说稍显逆耳的话。

“我们国家的哲学家中也不是没有对世界思想产生影响的啊。”我提示说。

“您是指休谟^[2]和贝克莱^[3]吗？但我在牛津时发现，那儿教书的哲学家们迫切想要做到的是，不要冒犯他们从事神学研究的同事。他们并不从心所欲，追求合乎逻辑的结果，以免危及他们在大学社会中的地位。”

“您研究过现代哲学在美国的进展吗？”我问了一声。

“您指的是实用主义哲学思想^[4]吗？实用主义哲学是那些想要信奉不可信之物的人们最后的避难所。比起美国的哲学来，我更加需要美国的石油。”

他的这些评价很尖刻。我们再次坐了下来，又喝了一杯茶。他开始侃侃而谈起来。他说的是一口多少有点拘泥形式但却是很地道的英文，时不时地会忍不住冒出一个德语短语来。就一位性格固执的人可能受到的影响的程度而言，他还是受到了德国的影响。德国人的处事方式和勤奋努力的精神给他留下了深刻的印象。有位勤奋的教授就哲学家本人著作中的一部在一家学术刊物上发表了一篇文章，这时候，哲学家看到了德国人敏锐的哲学才智。

“我写了二十部书，”他说，“那是欧洲的出版物对我的唯一关注点。”

但是，他研究哲学的唯一目的就是要证明：西方智慧全部都可在儒家学说中找到。他全盘接受儒家哲学，而且深信不疑。儒家哲学完全满足了他自己的精神需求，这一点令西方学说黯然失色。我对这一点很有兴趣，因为这佐证了我的一个观点，即哲学与其说是关于逻辑的学说，不如说是关于性格的学说。这位哲学家的信仰不是依据证据，而是依据他自己的性情。他所思所想只是要解释他凭着直觉认为是正确的东西合情合理。如果说儒家学说能够牢固地扎根于中国人的心中，那是因为，它向他们解释和表达的，其他任何思想体系都无法做到。

接待我的主人点燃了一支烟。他刚开始说话时，声音很细，也显得很疲倦，但是，随着他对讲述的东西兴趣加强，说话声音也洪亮了起来。他说话时充满了激情。此时的他一扫智者特有的平和性情，成了一位善辩者和斗士。他对现代哲学家鼓吹个人主义的行为深恶痛绝。在他看来，社会是世界的一个单元，而家庭则是社会的基础。他捍卫古老的中国，古老的学派、帝制，还有儒教中严厉的教条。他说到了学者们新近从国外的大学回国，大逆不道地亲手撕碎了这个世界最古老的文明。这时候，他情绪暴躁，表情痛苦。

“但是你们，你们知道自己在干什么吗？”他激动地大声说，“你们凭什么认为你们的东西比我们更加优秀？你们在艺术或者文学上超越过了我们吗？我们的思想家不如你们的思想家思想深邃吗？我们的文明不如你们的精湛、完善和卓越吗？是啊，你们还在住山洞，穿着兽皮时，我们已经是一个文明的民族啦。你们是否知道，我们曾经进行过世界历史上独一无二的实验？我们一直求索，探寻用智慧而非武力来统治这个伟大国家的途径。而多少个世纪以来，我们取得了成功。那么，白种人为何看不起黄种人呢？需要我告诉你们吗？因为白种人发明了机枪。这就是你们的优势。我们是一个不设防的民族，而你们能够攻打我

们，让我们种族灭绝。我们的哲学家们憧憬着，世界将通过法律和秩序的力量来治理，但你们击碎了他们的梦想。而现如今，你们把你们的秘诀传授给了我们的年轻一代。你们把你们充满了邪恶的发明物强加给我们。你们难道不知道吗？我们是一个有机械天赋的民族啊。你们难道不知道吗？这个国家可是拥有四万万世界上最讲究实际和最勤劳的人民啊。你们以为我们需要花费很长的时间才能学会吗？等到黄种人能够像白种人一样制造出精良的枪炮并且直接向他们开火时，你们的优势从何说起呢？你们诉诸机枪，但你们最后会因为机枪受到审判。”

但这时刻，我们的交谈打断了。一个小女孩动作轻柔地进来了，依偎在老先生的身边。她盯着我看，目光中充满了好奇。他告诉我说，她是他最年幼的孩子。他用双臂搂住她，一边喃喃细语，一边亲吻她。女孩身穿一件黑色外套，一条黑色裤子刚及脚踝处。一条长辫子拖到了背后。女孩是在辛亥革命成功那一天出生的。那场革命废除了帝制。

“我认为，她预示了一个新时代的春天的到来，”他说，“她是我们这个伟大民族秋天里的最后一枝花。”

他从自己卷盖式书桌的抽屉里拿出了一点零钱，递给了她，打发她离开了。

“您看，我留着一条辫子，”他说，一边用双手抓住辫子，“它是一个象征，因为我是这个古老中国的最后代表。”

他现在用更加平和的语气对我谈到，昔日久远的年代里，哲学家们如何领着他们的弟子周游列国，向可以启蒙的人们传授知识。帝王们请他们入仕朝廷，任命他们为地方官吏。他学问渊博，能言善辩，绘声绘色地向我讲述着他的国家的一个个历史掌故。我不禁觉得，他是个多么值得悲悯的人物。他觉得自己有能力治理好这个国家，只是怀才不遇，不受任何帝王的青睐。他学富五车，热切地想要向他心仪的广大弟子们传授，但是，前来听讲者寥寥，而且还是一些穷困潦倒、忍饥挨饿而又愚笨迟钝的外乡人。

有一两次，我意识到，自己应该起身告辞了，但他执意不让我走。最后，我必须要告辞。我站起身，他握住了我的一只手。

“您来看望最后一位中国哲学家，我应该给您点什么东西可兹纪念才是啊，但我是个穷困的人，不知道该给您什么才值得您笑纳。”

我语气坚决地说，此次拜访本身就值得纪念，弥足珍贵。他微笑着。

“这样一个堕落的年代里，人们容易健忘啊。我还是应该给您点实实在在的东西。我本想送您一本拙作，但您看不懂中文。”

他看着我，目光中透着友善而又困惑的神情。我突然萌生了一个想法。

“送我一幅您的书法作品吧。”我说。

“您喜欢这个吗？”他微笑着说，“我年轻时的书法还算不得完全糟糕透顶啊。”

他在自己的书桌边坐了下来，拿出了一张宣纸，展开在面前。他在一口石砚上滴了几滴水，用墨条在砚台上磨了起来，然后拿出毛笔。随着手臂的自由移动，他开始书写了起来。趁着盯着他看的当儿，我饶有兴趣地回想起了人们告诉我的有关他的另外一些事情。据说，眼前这位老先生，只要积攒起了几个钱，便会把钱挥霍在烟花柳巷的女人身上——中国人一般用这个委婉词来表述。他的长子是城里的一位有头有脸的人物，但因为父亲的这种丑陋行为而倍感痛苦和羞辱。只是出于自己强烈的孝顺之心，他才没有对父亲进行严厉的斥责。我可以说，对于一个儿子来说，这种不检点的行为羞于启齿。但是，研究人性的学者们却能够坦然地对待此事。哲学家们善于在研究中详尽阐述自己的种种理论，只是依据间接经验来得出关于人生的种种结论。我常常觉得，哲学家们若是能够亲历普通人经历的种种事情，他们写出的著作肯定会更加有意义。我拟以宽容之心来对待这位老先生在隐秘之处的不检点行为。他或许只是企图阐述人类幻想中最不可思议的事情。

他书写完毕，在纸张上面撒了些灰，以便让墨迹干了，然后站起身，交给我。

“您写的是什么呢？”我问了一声。

我感觉到，他的眼睛里掠过一丝幸灾乐祸的亮光。

“我不揣谫陋，把自己的两首小诗奉献给您。”

“我不知道您还是位诗人呢。”

“当中国还是个未开化的蛮邦时，”他回应着说，语气充满了揶揄，“但凡受过教育的人至少都能够写出优美的诗行。”

我拿起那张纸，看着上面的中国字。文字在上面排列得工整匀称，富有美感。

“您不打算同时给我译文吗？”

“*Traduttore—traditore*^[5],”他回答说,“您不要指望我背叛自己。请您的某位英国朋友翻译吧。那些最知道中国的人实际上一无所知，但您至少可找到能够给您解释这几句粗简诗行的人。”

我向他告辞，他彬彬有礼地把我送到我的轿子边。我后来找到了机会，把两首诗给了一位通晓汉学的熟人，以下是他的译文。我得承认，每当我看到这个内容时，总会莫名地感到震惊。

你当时不爱我了：你的声音很甜美。
你的双眼充满了笑意，你的双手很纤细。
你后来爱我了：你的声音很苦涩。
你的双眼充满了泪水，你的双手令人痛苦。
悲伤啊悲伤，爱竟然让你变得
不可爱。

* * *

我渴望着岁月匆匆逝去

那样你就可能失去

你明亮的双眸，桃花般的肌肤，

还有你全部残忍而又壮丽的青春。

然后我独自一人爱你

你最后才会在意。

令人羡慕的岁月匆匆逝去

而你也已经失去了

你明亮的双眸，桃花般的肌肤，

还有你全部迷人而又壮丽的青春。

哎呀，我不爱你了

即便你在意，我也不在意。

（潘华凌 译）

[1]本杰明·迪斯累里（Benjamin Disraeli, 1804—1881）是英国首相（1868,1874—1880）、保守党领袖和作家，写过小说和政论作品，其政府奉行殖民主义扩张政策。

[2]休谟（David Hume, 1711—1776）是英国哲学家、经济学家、历史学家，不可知论的代表人物，认为知觉是认识的唯一对象，否认感觉是外部世界的反映，主要著作有《人性论》《人类理智研究》等。

[3]贝克莱（George Berkeley, 1685—1753）是爱尔兰基督教新教主教、唯心主义哲学家，认为“存在即被感知”，存在的只是我的感觉和自我，著有《视觉新论》《人类和知识原理》等。

[4]实用主义（Pragmatism）是19世纪末产生于美国的现代唯心主义哲学思潮。到了20世纪初，成为一种主流思潮，对法律、政治、教育、社会、宗教和艺术的研究产生了很大的影响。

[5]此处原文为意大利语，这是有关翻译问题的一句妙语，意为“翻译者，背叛者”。用英语表述则为“The translator, a traitor”或“The translator is a betrayer”，“The translator is a traitor”。

37 BISMARCK

By Emil Ludwig



BISMARCK, by Emil Ludwig, in his *Genius and Character*, New York, Harcourt, Brace, and Company, 1927, pp. 41-52.

Emil Ludwig (1881-1948), German biographer and dramatist, widely known for his studies of Bismarck (1912), Napoleon (1924), William Hohenzollern (1925) and Lincoln (1929).

Earthly majesty is always akin to the fallen angel, who is proud and unhappy, beautiful but troubled, and whose plans and efforts, though vast, are denied success.

Powerful frame! How much was Bismarck indebted to his physique although he hardly ever came to actual tests of fist and muscle! His body and his accomplishments were identical: the will of a giant vibrant with the electric charge of magnetic nerves. He was like those mastiffs of his which, precisely because of this resemblance, he loved: strong and nervous, heavy and somber, formidable, and unrelenting towards an offender—loyal to but one person, his master, yet devoted to him until death. Bismarck was as powerful, as nervous, and as dangerous as his dogs.

Like every strong man, he once saved his own life. An assassin in Unter den Linden had fired one shot at him and was about to fire a second, this time at closer range. It would have been fatal, had not Bismarck seized the man's right hand and hurled the weapon to the ground. On another occasion, when he was younger, he had plunged into the water after a man who was drowning—and for the rest of his life, among all the insignia of honor which “go with the make-up of a minister,” he took pride only in the medal commemorating this rescue. Again, he saved Prussia, when the king was about to yield to popular pressure and to abdicate, by taking hold of the king's scabbard and

literally shaking him into a mood of self-defense.

None of these three equally important acts would have been possible without the assistance of his powerful physique. Wherever he went, he was the biggest man present. At a court ball, when he was in his twenties, his stature elicited the admiration of his first master. Emperors of the French and of the Russians, kings, princes, and princesses—all were impressed to see him stoop as he came through the door and then draw himself up again to his full height. Generals and politicians, most of them his opponents for one reason or another, were often astounded, and even terrified by his build.

And yet his intimates, and sometimes mere government clerks, had seen the giant collapse, convulsed with weeping, tortured with despair, his features twitching and distorted. This is the other side of Bismarck, an aspect of him which the Germans readily gloss over, but without which the nationalistic side of his character could never have been effectual.

For while the spirit of history was still undecided whether or not to unite the German race after a thousand years of dissent, it produced a man whose own impulses were so rent that he alone was capable of coping with this other division. His own personal struggle, a restless oscillation between pathos and criticism, duty and power, flight and aggression, loyalty and vengeance, had its parallel for him in the condition of Germany; and this almost mystical, yet natural kinship gave him both the desire and the courage to battle for national integration. Almost unknown to himself, a powerful stream of emotion was flowing beneath the craftiness of the politician. This produced a vision, a kind of dream, which gave him consistency of purpose despite the seeming opportunism of his methods. And he could work only at white heat; rapidly, in barely eight years, Bismarck the Prussian forged Germany.

For Germany could not be subdued except by a man of emotion who, like the artist, was capable of casting his molten feelings into forms of solid iron. It was really an artist who shaped this realm of music into a state.

But he was also a realist; for this same soil nourishes a race of realists who attempt to balance their weakness for reverie and philosophy by a deliberate propulsion towards externals—their cult of action being, probably through fear, exaggerated into wariness. Bismarck was hard and realistic, with a keen sense of cold facts and an almost total indifference to principles. All during his thirty years of steadily mounting power, and even at the last when he was a dictator, he would ally himself with any party or any platform and oppose any party or any platform, purely as the occasion demanded. He hated passionately, lying awake far into the night. And the next day he would shatter his opponents like a bolt of lightning. But the very moment he had need of them, he would reverse his tactics and become conciliatory. It is absurd to ask just how far such a policy was pursued in the interests of his cause and how far in the interests of his personal power: for this man was a monomaniac who cared for no cause but his own and who felt that he alone could properly defend it!

Nevertheless Bismarck's *primum mobile* was neither the will to power nor the desire for fame—as to witness his long period of aimlessness in youth. At the age of thirty-five, when Bismarck the noble was taking his first steps into politics, Napoleon the parvenu was already emperor. He did not settle upon this career through any desire to be a dictator, nor any theoretical love for a fatherland which did not yet exist, nor through pride in Prussia, his more immediate home. But when he took trowel in hand and began laying stone upon stone, he was moved by the true artist's wish to produce order out of chaos, to give form to the formless—and along with this went a sound and thoroughgoing misanthropy which led him to ridicule the failures of his predecessors.

The German genius has always been either ideologist or artist. This people has never produced the pure *homo politicus*.

For this reason he was all the more violent in his opposition to the ideologists. He had little enough respect for philosophy, but he positively despised the pedants of the Frankfurt variety, who had insisted, while the country ran riot, on examining in the light of ultimate philosophical principles every proposition laid before the assembly. A landowner from the Pomeranian back-country, he placed a low value on city-bred intellectuals and professional men. He was self-taught, a political primitive; he stepped abruptly into the arena without previous experience or training, and also, of course, without party prejudices. Stammeringly, he hurled his doctrine of German unity at the

astonished ranks of the diet until the king had singled him out. What could attract a sickly dreamer like Frederick William to this uncouth giant except that obscure element above and beyond the intellect which they had in common? Did this stranger arrive from his provincial estate with a fully worked-out plan of action? On the contrary, he had nothing but the vaguest notion of what he wanted, nothing but courage and the mutterings of anger.

For there was heavy cargo of courage in this powerful hulk: a proud self-consciousness formed the ballast for a vessel shaken with antinomies, and this alone assured it of a voyage without mishap. Bismarck's first word to a king was a rebuke, as was also his last: March '48, March '90. When not fighting, he was hardly more than a misanthrope and a scoffer: his great energies were drained by doubt, cynicism, and melancholy. But the presence of an enemy restored them to unity, converted them into action and purpose, and gave him self-reliance by providing an external force against which his self-reliance could be directed. And the nearer an enemy, the keener his capacity for action. He fought with a deeper devotion in domestic issues than against a foreign foe. Bismarck hated the German politicians Windhorst and Richter, but not Napoleon.

At bottom Bismarck was a thorough revolutionary. His first appearance as he came out of the oak forests of his birthplace and threw himself with fury into the narrow machinations of party politics; his attitude towards the kings and princes of his own country, and later towards foreign kings and emperors; the bold and simple "No" which he hurled at the political maxims of his times; his insistence upon ruling without interference from others; his continual threat of resigning; the splendid clarity, informality, and newness of his diction—all these defiant traits of a freedom-loving temperament belong to a man who, had he been born of the submerged classes, would have advanced behind the red flag.

He was not like Goethe who needed order to encompass his own chaos: he was disharmonic through and through, neither resting nor wanting rest. For it is not ideas, but emotions, which make the revolutionary; and the man who champions tradition with a fresh and terrorizing passionateness is often more revolutionary than a man who fights tradition with a calm pen or among the ranks of the many.

In reality, Bismarck created a new form of politics, in Germany at least. He revolutionized the methods of dealing with popular rebellions, founded the new school of diplomatic practice which openly struck terror instead of employing flattery and craft as in the school of Metternich. After a dinner in London, when he had outlined his program with astounding firmness, Disraeli, who saw him in the true perspective, said to his guests: "Take care of that man, he means what he says."

With these strong impulses to break the bonds of custom, with so much courage and self-reliance, such forcefulness, and scorn—what kept him faithful to the old forms? What led him to decide socially against the future? What linked him with dynasties which had already begun to lose their meaning?

His blood. When he was being trained in the hunt, the old woodsman whose great-grandfather had served a Bismarck in the time of young Freddy called the boy "Herr Junker." He saw the inadequacy of his class, their degeneration and idleness, the futility and mismanagement with which many of his cousins fulfilled their inherited offices; and he saw the intelligence, industry, and pride of common citizens triumph over the mummified prejudices of the nobility—yet he constituted himself the guardian of his class and summoned his genius to its defense.

Above all else he defended the king. Not that he considered the king's blood to be better than his own: for more than once he told the Hohenzollerns to their faces that the Bismarcks had tenanted the realm longer than they. But he saw in the king the apex of a pyramid which, if truncated, would seem odd, and perhaps even ludicrous. He was unwilling to imperil the hereditary prerogatives of his name; like the usual noble, the usual landowner, he was loath to relinquish any worldly possessions for theoretical reasons; he could never divorce himself from this sense of superiority which found its sanction in the very force of character behind it—and thus he gave unto the king that which was the king's.

For his house still flourished with manly vigor; the nihilism of an age of increasing transvaluations had not yet broken through his feudalistic code; and tradition was still powerful enough to extend its influence when aided by so faithful a scion. It seems as though this *Junker* inherited absolutely nothing from his mother, he was so totally lacking in any evidence of her bourgeois blood. Fifty years later—and Bismarck, with his temperament and will

power, his fearlessness and independence, would have been a leader of the new era.

Thus he remained all his life a royalist, and grounded his work on dynasties. He himself asserted that his loyalty to the king was purely the result of his faith in God, yet this faith was forced to take strange shapes. He was a Protestant, highly unmystical, inveterately rationalistic. For years, up to the day of his death, he kept a prayer book lying on his night table; it was interleaved with blank sheets on which he jotted down the political ideas that came to him at night: truly a Bismarckian species of devotion.

In any case, no such transcendental reasons prompted him to show the least respect for other princes, and especially other German ones, even though they too felt that they ruled by divine right. On the contrary, he was scornful and heaped irony upon their heads. In the whole line of Prussian kings he loved no one, not even the great Frederick—and he cared still less for the rulers under which he himself had served. But he was bound to them by a feeling for feudal ties which must have been handed down through many generations, since blood alone can explain it. The noble granted fealty to his king through expecting fealty of his vassals. So great was the love of freedom in this revolutionary temperament.

The relationship always remained essentially one of equal to equal. And while he always observed the formalities, singing himself “most humbly” or “most obediently,” he eyed the conduct of his master with suspicion and bit the golden chain when he felt its pressure.

At last he even bit the master's hand—and nothing shows Bismarck's latent revolutionary tendencies more clearly than the way he rose up at the first provocation against the one authority he had recognized, the king. The significant fact is not his going, but his way of going: every detail of this drama, in which a powerful old man was called upon to comply with the arbitrary wishes of a weak young sovereign, points to the imperiousness, the intransigence, and the thorough independence of his character. The hereditary nobility of his blood provided a rigid code which would not permit him to conceive of his work in terms of the German people rather than in terms of Prussian kings. But nothing, not even the faith he paraded so readily, could hinder another kind of nobility, the nobility of his temperament, from defying a prince by God's grace exactly as the young idiot deserved.

At times in the past he had ventured cautious criticisms or had, though always with the bearing of the liegeman, openly voiced objections when behind closed doors. But now, aroused like a mastiff, he broke into a rage against the master who had struck him unjustly. Bismarck's fall disclosed impulses which his inherited code had kept concealed for years. Only the lack of a great opponent, and the legend which the Germans built up around the mere pretext of a reconciliation, have been able to obscure for a time the violence of this outburst.

Yet even now he winced at the thought of open rebellion. Was youth all that this old man of seventy-five needed? Or were his royalist leanings still an unsurmountable obstacle? In any case, he did not go beyond farewell tirades in which he fired disturbing truths point-blank at his king and the other princes. Then he retired in fury to his den, hurling out stones which crackled the dilapidated royal masonry.

But the steel edifice of the state remained standing. For twenty-eight years Bismarck had governed; twenty-eight years after he was gone, the old dynastic system collapsed—and Germany's enemies watched to see the entire structure fall into ruins.

But it held! Not a stone, except those which the enemy extracted, was loosened. Indeed, at the very height of calamity, skilful hands were at work making the pillars more solid than before. And it now became evident that whereas most Germans had revered the royalty as the very foundation of the empire, it had been merely a brilliant but unnecessary facade.

The survival of the state is the surest evidence that the important part which Bismarck assigned to royalty in his political scheme was purely a concession to his class—one might almost call it a weakness. For as the ruling houses fell and the empire endured, Bismarck's precautions for the future, despite all this baggage of tradition, were justified by their results. After the tempest, people looked about them and saw that the man who had done this was much more modern than he himself had ever hoped to be.

When the empire was founded at Versailles, amidst the medieval roar of victorious cannon, the golden mirrors in the Glass Gallery of the palace reflected only the forms of warlike princes; the industrious masses were elsewhere. When in the same hall forty-eight years later the empire was sentenced to atone and pay for its defeat, the golden mirrors no longer reflected a single royal figure. The last three emperors of Europe had been slain or deposed. Twenty-two German dynasties had been deprived of power—not by compulsion from without, hardly even by the natives themselves, but by corrosion, by the rust of an era which had served its purposes and was now ready for death.

Yet the documents which two humble citizens were called upon to sign at that momentous hour did not involve the destruction of Bismarck's work, but only of the work of William the Second. It was William who had fostered, and Bismarck who had opposed, all those policies which eventually involved Germany in war. Foreign colonies and a marine were typical instances of all that the founder of the state had *not* wanted. Had he really raised the empire on the point of a victorious sword? Or had he not, rather, employed the sword purely as a means of overcoming Europe's resistance to German unity? Did he not for twenty years thereafter, resist all the temptations of imperialism, all the enticements of militaristic expansion? And was it not Bismarck who, braving the anger of the king and all the generals at Nikolsburg, created the prototype of a modern peace: without cession of territory, without indemnity, dictated solely by the desire to restore friendly relations with the enemy as quickly as possible? Was Bismarck really of the past?

At the end he broods, despite protestations of homage, alone and in exile. When he is nearly eighty, and people try to argue him into the tranquillity proper to his years, he looks at them from under his bushy eyebrows and asks, "And why should I be tranquil?" The wife is gone upon whom he had lavished all the warmth which he repressed in his frigid dealings with the outer world. This woman had been his haven of retreat. All the yearnings for quiet, woodland and home which troubled this restless, knotty character were embodied in her—even though his equally strong love of executive activity and political organization always kept him occupied in the service of the state. The more turbulent his career, the more peaceful his marriage had to be—and was.

He had a critical mind which readily turned to history and to literary composition; and he was by nature a woodsman and a huntsman, a rustic who resented all officialdom. His sojourns in the country, which he had accepted in his youth, without thinking, were deliberately protracted in later years—for it was here that he derived the strength to breathe in ministerial chambers, in the closets of a castle, and in the halls of a parliament which he despised. This antinomy between the scene of his activity and the landscape of his heart never ended, for it was merely the symbol of a chronic indecision; and when, at the last, he had full leisure to enjoy the silence of his forests, he longed to be back in the turmoil which he had cursed for years.

This was his human lot. Bismarck was not happy by nature, and he knew it.

But he accepted life like a man, did his work with substantial materials, saw the vision of his thirties realized in his sixties, and for ten full years could look upon himself as the arbiter of the Continent. Yet he could never rid himself of the fear that all this might vanish overnight if he were not there—and in his last weeks his daughter heard him praying aloud for the future of Germany.

In a long coat, and a wide hat, peering out grimly like a Wotan, he could be seen, at the end, among the prehistoric oaks of his forests, walking about slowly and alone, between two mastiffs.

Notes

Bismarck (1815-1898), the great German statesman, the one man responsible for welding a German nation out of the many German principalities. The *fallen angel* is, of course, Satan. This brief sentence at the top of the page beautifully describes the Satan given in the opening books of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Powerful frame, strong body or physique.

mastiffs, one of a breed of powerful, smooth-coated dogs, valued chiefly as watchdogs.

assassin, one who practices secret murder.

Unter den Linden, under the linden trees, the name of a street in Berlin, Germany.

the king, Frederick William IV (1797-1888), William I, German Kaiser (1871-1888), Prussian king (1861-1888).

about to yield in 1862, because of opposition to the king's army program in Parliament. Bismarck was just then appointed minister-president, and after he had failed to secure approval of the king's program, he dissolved Parliament, and in direct violation of the constitution, collected and expended state revenue. He assumed control of the entire government and suppressed all opposition.

scabbard, sheath of the sword.

elicited, drew out or drew forth; evoked.

convulsed, shook violently (literally and figuratively).

gloss over, cover up; explain away; say as little as possible.

after a thousand years of dissent. Charlemagne was able to bring most of the present Germany into the bounds of his empire by his energetic conquest of the Saxons, but the unity of his empire was ephemeral. The breakdown of the state was signalized in the Treaty of Verdun (843) when the three sons of Louis I, the Pious, divided the territories, the eastern portion going to Louis the German. The eastern territories never achieved a real unity; five great duchies, Saxony, Franconia, Lorraine, Bavaria, and Swabia, developed, and were dominant. From that time down to Bismarck's day, these and many other divisions that later sprang up kept Germany from becoming a united nation.

rent, torn apart; dissociated.

coping, meeting with; dealing with.

oscillation, changing repeatedly back and forth; fluctuation.

white heat, great heat; under great compulsion; at a great speed.

forged, built up; shaped; made.

this realm of music, German musicians and composers, such as Beethoven (1770-1827), Mendelssohn (1809-1847), Schumann (1810-1856), Wagner (1813-1883), and Brahms (1833-1897), and the Austrian Schubert (1797-1828), are well known in the field of music.

wariness, state of being cautious; cautiousness.

monomaniac, one whose mind is deranged upon a single subject only.

primum mobile (first moved), with Aristotle, the highest physical sphere, or heaven of the fixed stars, which is in immediate contact with God, and derives its circular motion, the most perfect of all motions, directly from him; hence, any deep-seated impulse or urge.

Napoleon the parvenu. A parvenu is a person of obscure origin who has gained wealth or a high position; an upstart, in other words. Napoleon came from an obscure family, while Bismarck came from a family that had a long history back of it; therefore Napoleon is called the parvenu, while Bismarck is entitled the noble.

misanthropy, hatred of mankind.

ideologist or artist, idle theorizer or artist (musician, painter and such) ; philosopher or artist.

homo politicus, political man; political being; the practical administrator.

pedants of the Frankfort variety. Frankfort refers to the town Frankfort am Main in Germany where the Frankfort National Assembly was held in 1848-1849. A preliminary parliament (the Vorparlament) met in March, 1848, in response to popular demand and called an assembly, the parliament which convened May 13, 1848. Its president was Heinrich von Gagern (1799-1880). Delegates from all the German states gathered for the purpose of discussing plans for the unification of Germany. The delegates were of all political complexions from radical democrats to conservative royalists. There was much conflict among them and it was only after much travail that a constitution for a united Germany was drawn up. The rivalry of Austria and Prussia further complicated the problem, and the whole scheme ended in failure when Frederick William IV of Prussia, partially from fear of Austria, partially because he did not wish to have a crown given him by commoners, refused the headship of the proposed empire. Though it failed, the Parliament's proposals were valuable to Bismarck later in the formation of the empire.

Pomeranian back-country, the uncultivated regions of Pomerania, North Prussia. Bismarck came from an old Brandenburg family.

political primitive, one unlearned in politics; one who entered the field of politics without any previous experience in it.

heavy cargo of courage, much courage.

the ballast, is any heavy substance put into the hold of a ship or the car of a balloon to steady it. Ludwig states that a proud self-consciousness kept Bismarck's head clear and steady, even in spite of his other handicaps.

antinomies, opposition of one to another.

mishap, misfortune; accident.

March '48, March '90. Bismarck was present at Potsdam on that March evening, 1848, when Frederick William IV announced to the assembled officers the order for the withdrawal of the troops—a capitulation to the Revolution. Bismarck went home and at once wrote a letter to the king in which he rebuked him for conceding so readily to the mob. On March 14, 1890. Windthorst consulted Bismarck about the forthcoming session of the Reichstag. The next day the Emperor in person demanded an explanation of what had passed, and Bismarck was dragged from bed to wait upon the unexpected visitor. Both men lost their temper. Repeatedly pressed, Bismarck at last submitted his resignation. On March 20, the official Gazette announced the acceptance of the resignation by the Kaiser.

Windthorst, leader of the Center Party, formed of Catholics and Clericals, in the Reichstag. *Richter*, leader of the South German Popular Party in the Reichstag.

political maxims, political principles then held in highest respect.

behind the red flag of Communism. Had Bismarck been born of the poorer classes, he would have become one of the leaders of social revolt to-day.

flattery and craft as in the school of Metternich. Metternich (1773-1859), Austrian statesman, minister of foreign affairs for Austria from 1809. The period 1815-1848 has been called “the age of Metternich,” for during this time he was not only master of Austria, but chief arbiter of Europe. His skilful diplomacy depended upon his adroit use of flattery. His system depended upon political and religious censorship, espionage, and the suppression of revolutionary movements.

saw him in the true perspective, saw him as he really was; understood him well.

His blood, his descent; his lineage; his ancestry; his aristocratic ancestry.

young Freddy, Frederick the Great (1712-1786), king of Prussia from 1740-1786.

“Herr Junker,” a young German noble or squire, especially a member of the Conservative Aristocratic Party in Prussia.

mummified prejudices of the nobility, the preconceived judgments or opinions of the nobility that had been adhered to all these years although they were antiquated and out of fashion.

the Hohenzollerns, the family name of the then ruling family in Prussia. Frederick I (died 1400) acquired the margraviate of Brandenburg and built up the real greatness of the family. For 500 years (down to 1918, when the Kaiser had to abdicate in Germany) the Hohenzollerns ruled, gradually building up a powerful state. Frederick the Great, by his victory over Austria in 1740, made Prussia a major power. He is perhaps the greatest of the Hohenzollerns.

had tenanted the realm longer than they, had lived in Germany as a family longer than the Hohenzollern family.

truncated, cut off at the top or end.

nihilism, a name first applied by Turgenev in his novel *Fathers and Sons* (1862) to the theory held by many Russian revolutionists that it was necessary to destroy existing economic and social institutions, whatever was to be the nature of the better social order for which the destruction was to prepare.

transvaluations, changing values.

fifty years later, to-day.

inveterately, deep-rootedly; habitually; pronouncedly.

interleaved, bound with blank sheets inserted between other leaves of the book.

fealty, faithfulness to one's lord; fidelity.

bit the golden chain, rebelled against his royal master. All through, Ludwig keeps up the comparison of Bismarck with his mastiffs.

not his going, but his way of going, Bismarck and the new Kaiser had come into open conflict over many matters; Bismarck was determined to embarrass the Emperor; the Emperor was as determined to humble the aged imperial chancellor; Bismarck finally resigned. He refused to accept any favors from the throne.

intransigence, refusal to compromise; refusing to be reconciled, to be agreeable or to remain a faithful follower.

liegeman, sworn or faithful follower.

wincing, shrank as from a blow; drew back; hesitated.

twenty-eight years Bismarck had governed, from 1862 to 1890, when Bismarck's resignation was asked for.

twenty-eight years after, from 1890 to 1918, the end of the World War.

a brilliant but unnecessary facade, a very attractive but really unnecessary false front or decoration.

in 1871, after the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck, the creator of the new German Empire, became its first chancellor. William I was proclaimed emperor.

the industrious masses, the working classes; those not of the royalty.

forty-eight years later, 1918, when the peace conference at the end of the Great World War was held at Versailles.

the last three emperors of Europe. In 1872, Bismarck had formed the Three Emperors League (Germany, Russia, and Austria), in order to isolate France in diplomacy.

twenty-two German dynasties, the rulers of the twenty-two states that made up the Germany previous to 1918.

two humble citizens. The Treaty of Versailles was signed on June 28, 1919, Germany being represented by Mr. Herman Müller and Dr. Bell.

Nikolsburg, the treaty of Nikolsburg, July 26, 1866, between Prussia and Austria, concluding the Seven Weeks' War. Bismarck counseled a moderate peace, for he desired Austria as a future ally.

prototype, pattern; original or model that others later have copied.

haven of retreat, refuge; shelter; place of refuge.

sojourns, periods of residence or stay.

protracted, lengthened; prolonged.

ten full years, from the formation of the German-Austrian Alliance in 1879 to William II's accession in 1888.

arbiter, arbitrator; final authority in settling discussions.

Wotan, Wagner's name for *Woden*, the chief Germanic god, called by the Norse *Odin*. Woden has one eye, for he gave the other for some of his knowledge. In southern Germany, Woden was especially the god of battle.

Questions

1. What keynote to Bismarck's character is found in the opening quotation?
2. Of what importance was his powerful physique?
3. In what ways did his character lack unity? How did this parallel the condition of Germany?
4. What was his attitude towards principles?
5. What was his *primum mobile*?
6. Was Bismarck ideologist or artist?
7. What attracted Frederick William to Bismarck?
8. Under what conditions could Bismarck act effectively? What drained his energies when not fighting?
9. Why must he be said to be a revolutionary at bottom?
10. What new form of politics did he create?
11. Why did Bismarck continue to champion the old social order?
12. When the dynastic system of Germany collapsed, what still remained? Did the destruction involve the work of Bismarck?
13. How had Bismarck's marriage been his "haven of retreat"?
14. How does he resemble his two mastiffs?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《俾斯麦》一文选自埃米尔·路德维希所著《天才与品格》，纽约哈考特布雷斯公司1927年出版，41—52页。

【作者简介】

埃米尔·路德维希（1881—1948），德国传记作家、戏剧家，以研究俾斯麦（1912）、拿破仑（1924）、威廉-霍亨索伦（1925）和林肯（1929）而著称。

37 俾斯麦

世间的帝王与堕落的天使相似，骄傲而忧郁，美丽而烦恼。他的计划与努力虽然宏大，却终难成功。

他的身躯多么魁梧强壮！俾斯麦的成就真要感谢他的强健体魄，尽管他几乎不曾与人近身肉搏过！他的躯体是如此不凡，就如同他的成就一样。他有着巨人的意志，精力充沛如同充满电荷的磁场。他像他的獒犬那样，强壮而敏锐，阴沉而冷峻，令人敬畏；对来犯者冷酷无情，对主人则终身严守忠诚。正因如此，俾斯麦钟爱獒犬，也同他的爱犬一样，强壮、敏锐而危险。

如同所有强壮之人那样，他曾救过自己的命。在柏林的菩提树大街，有一个刺客向他开枪，就在刺客走近要开第二枪的紧急时刻，俾斯麦抓住他的右手将武器打落在地，若非如此，他就当场毙命了。另外，在他年轻的时候，曾有一次跳入水中救人的经历。他终生为此感到骄傲。后来他位及宰相，一生中获无数勋章，却唯独为这枚纪念救人的勋章而自豪。后来，他还拯救了普鲁士，在国王威廉一世将要屈服于公众压力而退位的关键时刻，俾斯麦握住了国王的剑鞘，使国王坚定信心，把握权力。

倘若没有强健体格的支撑，这三桩同等重要的事件就不会如此结局。无论走到哪儿，他都是最引人注目的一位。二十多岁时，在一次宫廷舞会上，他高大的身材就引起了第一位主人的惊叹。无论是法国皇帝、俄国皇帝，还是国王、王子、公主，看到他进门时必须躬腰而入，继而站直身体，挺拔耸立，无不印象深刻。那些出于各种原因与他成为对手的将军和政客们，经常会对他的强壮体格感到震惊，甚至害怕。

然而他的密友，有时甚至是普通政府职员，都看到过这位巨人崩溃的时候。在绝望的折磨下，他痛哭流涕，面部表情抽搐扭曲。这是俾斯麦的另一面，也是德国人不愿示人的情感外露，但这也正是他民族主义个性的形成所不可或缺的。

关于德意志民族的统一，历史在经历了一千年的分裂后，走向依然扑朔迷离，但它却造就了这么一位个性分裂的人，单枪匹马就能抵挡另一派系。他的个人奋斗经历，交织着同情与非议、责任与权力、逃避与进犯、忠诚与报复的挣扎，恰如德国经历的艰辛路程。而这种近乎神秘的、与生俱来的相似，赋予了他为民族统一而战的愿望和勇气。连他自己也未必察觉，在他政客的狡猾表象之下，涌动着一股强大的情感。这种情感赋予了他一个愿景，一种理想，使他自始至终目标坚定，尽管他采用的方式似乎有些机会主义。俾斯麦一工作起来便高度兴奋；就这样，用了不到八年的时间，这位普鲁士人便统一了德国。

德国也只能被一位充满激情的人征服，他就像一位艺术家，能够将炽热的情感铸炼成铁。德国是一个孕育音乐家的国度，而其缔造者也必定是一位艺术家。

然而俾斯麦也是现实主义的，因为在同一片土地上，也孕育了一群现实主义者，他们试图通过深思熟虑之下向外部世界的推进，来平衡自己对思考和哲学的热爱——他们对行动的迷信，可能出于恐惧，夸张到了小心谨慎的地步。俾斯麦是一位强硬而现实的人，能够敏锐地洞察事实，对原则几乎完全漠视。在他稳步迈向权力巅峰的三十年间，甚至直到成为独裁者之后，他都能根据形势需要，与任何党派或机构结盟，或与任何党派或机构对抗。他痛恨起来，会彻夜不眠，第二天便给对手闪电一击。而当需要他们的时候，他就会改变策略求得和解。不要追问他这么做有多少是为了自己的事业，又有多少是为个人权力，因为这个人只关注自己的事业，并相信凭借一己之力能够捍卫它！

然而，俾斯麦的动力之源，与权力和名誉都无涉，想想吧，他年轻时有相当长一段时间无所事事。出身贵族的俾斯麦，三十五岁时才开始涉足政界，而拿破仑这个暴发户已经做了皇帝。他从政并不是渴望成为独裁者，也不是出于对当时还不存在的祖国理论上的热爱，更不是起于对家乡普鲁士的骄傲。然而当他手中拿起泥刀，开始一块块地垒石头时，他被真正艺术家的愿望所驱动，要在混乱中建立秩序；他由此走向愤世嫉俗，并对前辈们的无能报以嘲弄。

德国的天才一直都是思想家或是艺术家。这一民族从未造就过纯粹的“政治人”。

正因如此，他对思想家更加反感。他对哲学本就缺乏尊重，而对聚集在法兰克福的来自各党派的空谈

家更是赤裸裸的鄙视。在国家陷入暴乱时，这群人坚持运用哲学原理来检验议会收到的每一条提案。俾斯麦这位来自波美拉尼亚偏远乡村的地主，对城市生长的知识分子和专业人士不屑一顾。他是自学成才的土政治家，踏入政界时毫无经验和训练，所以自然也就没有派别偏见。他结结巴巴地抛出统一德国的主张，议会举座震惊，后来得到国王的重用。俾斯麦与威廉一世国王具有某种超于才智之上的共同点，除此之外，还有什么能解释威廉一世这样一位孱弱的空想家对我们这位粗鲁巨人的赏识呢？这位拥有乡村地产的陌生人到来时是带着深思熟虑的行动计划吗？不，正相反，他什么都没带，甚至并不清楚自己想要什么，除了勇气和一肚子不满，他一无所有。

他强壮的身躯蕴藏着非凡的勇气。他的骄傲与自信，成为航船中的压舱物，使其在动荡的航程中安全无虞。俾斯麦在1848年3月对国王说的第一句话和在1890年3月对国王说的最后一句话都是指责。不战之时，他仅是一个厌世者和嘲笑者，怀疑、愤世嫉俗以及抑郁耗尽了他的精力。然而面对敌人时，他又焕发斗志，目标坚定地果断出击，就这样，一种外部力量给他提供了攻击目标，让他获得了自足。越是近敌，他的打击越有力。相对外交敌人而言，他更专注于国内事务。比起拿破仑而言，他更憎恨德国政客温德霍斯特和里希特。

俾斯麦是一位彻头彻尾的革命者。他离开橡树林区的出生地，狂热投身于尔虞我诈的党派政治后的首次亮相；他对本国国王和王子的态度以及后来对外国国王和君主的态度；他对当时政治信条的断然驳斥；他坚持独立执政，拒绝外部干涉；他多次威胁要辞职；他清晰、不拘礼节、新颖的用词——无不表现出他热爱自由的叛逆性格。倘若此人出身于低级阶层，他必定是一位革命红旗下的勇士。

他不像歌德那样，需要秩序来包容个人的混乱。他永远处在不和谐之中，既停止不了也不愿停止。造就一个革命者的不是思想，而是情感；比起用一支冷静的笔或随众人一道抗争传统的人，以激情满志的气势去战胜传统的人，是更激进的革命者。

事实上，俾斯麦至少在德国创新了执政方式。他革新了处理民众造反的方式，创立了新的外交实践，即施行高压，而非梅特涅派主张的迂回手段。在伦敦参加一次晚宴后，俾斯麦用坚定的口吻阐述了自己的计划，英国保守党领袖迪斯雷利真正认识了俾斯麦，他对客人们说：“当心这个人，他说到做到。”

他有打破世俗束缚的强烈内在冲动，他勇气非凡，坚强独立，气势逼人，蔑视一切，然而，是什么让他忠于旧的体制？是什么使他决定维持社会现状？又是什么让他与已有衰落气象的旧王朝相联结呢？

答案是他的血统。他小时候进行狩猎训练时，老守林人称他为“容克先生”，在年轻的腓特烈二世统治时期，老守林人的曾祖父就曾经侍奉一位俾斯麦先生。俾斯麦早年看到了本阶级的无能、堕落和懒惰，以及他的表亲们世袭职位后的无用和管理不善；同时他也看到平民阶层的智慧、勤劳与骄傲压过了贵族僵化的偏见。于是，他自命为本阶级的守卫者，施展自身才能来捍卫它的利益。

他将保卫国王视为最高职责。并不因为他觉得国王的血统比自己的高贵，他不止一次当面告诉霍亨索伦王室，俾斯麦家族占有王国土地的时间比他们更长。但是他认为国王恰似金字塔的顶端，如果砍掉这一顶端，金字塔将荒诞无稽。他不想危及贵族头衔的世袭制特权；同其他贵族和地主一样，他不愿为理念而放弃任何世俗财产；他也不能摆脱高贵出身所带来的优越感——所以他要保卫国王。

他的家族依然兴旺；虽然处在动荡的虚无主义时代，他的封建主义信条尚未动摇；在他这位忠诚后裔的支持下，传统势力依旧强大，影响远播。看来，这位容克后代并未从母亲那里有所继承，在他身上看不到任何中产阶级血统的痕迹。否则，五十年后，以他的个性和意志，他的无畏和独立，他可能会成为新时代的一位领导者。

他终其一生都是保皇党，他的立足点是君主制。他宣称自己对国王的忠诚是他信仰上帝的结果，然而这种信仰的表现形式是怪异的。他是清教徒，极其务实，理性主义的世界观根深蒂固。在很多年里，直到去世那天，他的床头柜上始终放着一本祈祷书，而书里却夹着一些空白页，上面记下了夜里出现在他脑海的政治思想：这真是俾斯麦特有的虔诚。

然而，这些超验主义的理念并未使俾斯麦对其他贵族有任何敬意，特别是德国贵族，尽管他们也自以为是靠神授的权力进行统治。恰相反，俾斯麦对他们极尽蔑视讽刺。对所有的普鲁士国王，他无一爱戴，包括对弗雷德里克一世。对他所侍奉的统治者，更是不屑一顾。但有一条世代相传的封建关系纽带，把他和他们联结起来，这也只有血统能够解释了。贵族理当效忠国王，臣下理当效忠贵族。然而，在俾斯麦

的革命个性中对自由的热爱是多么强烈。

俾斯麦与国王之间的关系基本上是平等的。尽管他一贯遵循礼节，话表指称自己为“卑微的”或“顺从的”，但是，他对主人的行为是持怀疑态度的，一旦感到制压束缚时，他也会咬断主人给他戴上的金链子。

最后，他甚至还咬了主人的手。没有什么能比俾斯麦挺身对抗他唯一承认的权威——国王——能更充分地暴露他潜在的革命倾向。重要的不是他做了，而是他做的方式。当这位魁梧的老人受召遵从一位无能的年轻君主骄横的指令时，他反抗了。这次反抗的每一细节都反映出他性格中的骄傲、强硬以及完全的独立自主。俾斯麦继承的贵族血统，不允许他行事站在德国人民的立场，而非普鲁士国王的立场。然而，没有什么——即使是他津津乐道的信仰也不行——能阻止他性情中的另一种高贵挺身反抗这个上帝钦点的王子，让这个年轻的白痴受到应得的教训。

过去，俾斯麦会当面谨慎地向国王谏言，或者关起门来表达反对意见，通常都有臣下在场。但是这次，他就像被激怒的獒犬一样，对主人不公平的对待大发雷霆。俾斯麦的失控，是他被继承的行为准则多年来所压抑的冲动的一次宣泄。有两个原因使这次强烈的冲突能够被掩饰过去：第一，缺少一个与俾斯麦旗鼓相当的对手；第二，据说俾斯麦与国王出于某种原因和解了。

然而，即使现在，俾斯麦也绝不想公开造反。是因为这位七十五岁的老人缺少了当年勇吗？或者他的保皇政治倾向依然是不可跨越的障碍？无论如何，他没有越界，最多就是在辞职演讲中，对国王和贵族们进行了尖锐抨击。最后他愤怒地离朝归野，丢出的石块砸到摇摇欲坠的皇宫建筑上，噼啪作响。

然而建筑依然屹立不倒。俾斯麦执政了二十八年。在他离去二十八年之后，旧的王朝制度才崩溃。德国的敌人终于看到了皇室的坍塌。

但它并没有土崩瓦解！除了敌人抽掉的石头，没有一块石头离开原来的位置。是啊，在国难当头的时刻，能工巧匠努力让这些柱石比之前更坚不可摧。而现在显而易见的是，德国人一直视为帝国基石并尊崇有加的皇室，不过徒有其表，不堪一击。

王国的幸存充分表明，俾斯麦在其政治方略中赋予王室的重要角色，纯粹是对他所属阶级的让步——甚至可以说他是软弱的。因为当王室败落，帝国幸存之时，俾斯麦防患于未然的方略，尽管不无传统的历史包袱，结果证明是合理的。当大风暴过去，人们环顾四周，发现俾斯麦比他自己所希望的要更有前瞻性。

当凡尔赛帝国建立的时候，在胜利的炮声中，凡尔赛宫玻璃画廊的金色镜子所映照的都是好战贵族的形象；勤劳的民众无处可觅。四十八年后仍然是在凡尔赛宫，帝国失败被判赔偿，金色镜子里不再有一个王室人物。欧洲最后的三个帝王，不是被砍头就是被废黜。历经二十二朝的德国王室丧失了权力，并非迫于外界强制，亦非来自内部压力，而是由于自身的腐败，由于时代的衰落，它已经完成了历史使命，正走向寿终正寝。

然而，两位平民在那一历史时刻被迫签字的文件，毁掉的只是威廉二世的工作，而非俾斯麦的政绩。正是威廉二世制定的那些政策，最终使德国卷入战争，而这正是俾斯麦反对的。典型的例子是，这位缔国者不主张建立外国殖民地和海军。是俾斯麦把帝国推向了胜利之巅吗？他不是仅仅将战争作为手段，为的是阻止欧洲干涉德国统一吗？之后二十年，不正是俾斯麦抵制帝国主义的倾向以及军事扩张的诱惑吗？不正是俾斯麦在尼科尔斯堡顶着国王和所有将军们的愤怒，签订了现代和平条约：没有割让领土，没有赔偿，只是表明了与敌人尽快恢复友好关系的愿望。所以，俾斯麦真的过时了吗？

尽管宣称效忠王室，他直到生命尽头依然愤懑不平，过着孤独的流亡生活。在他将近八十岁的时候，人们劝他平静下来，安享晚年，他从浓密的眉毛下抬眼问道：“我为什么要平静？”他与外界打交道时是坚硬的，而把全部的温情都倾注在了过世的妻子身上。这个妇人曾是他温暖的港湾。在她的身上，集中了俾斯麦对静谧、森林和家的全部渴望，这种渴望对他烦躁而纠结的性格是一种折磨；他也同样热爱行政事务和政治组织，总是忙于处理国家事务。他的政治生涯越是动荡，他的婚姻就越需要平静——它也确实是的。

俾斯麦的批判性头脑，让他很自然地转向了历史和文学创作。他天生热爱森林和打猎，是个厌恶官场的乡下人。年轻时他无所追求，逗留乡村，到了晚年，他更是长期居住在乡下。只有在这里他能够积蓄力

量，然后在宰相官邸、城堡议事厅和他所蔑视的议会大厅里呼吸。在他身处的环境和他心灵的愿景之间，对峙从未停止；最终在他能够终日享受森林寂静之时，他又渴望回到他诅咒多年的混乱之中。

这是他的宿命。俾斯麦天性纠结，他清楚这一点。

他接受生活的安排，以最大的努力去工作；在六十岁时实现了三十岁时的愿景；担当欧洲大陆的仲裁者整整十年。然而，他总有一种挥之不去的恐惧，担心他一离开，所有这一切会在一夜之间消失。在他弥留的最后几个星期里，他的女儿听到他在大声为德国的未来祈祷。

最后，人们看到他穿着长风衣，戴着宽礼帽，像众神之王沃旦那样，表情严肃地凝视前方，在家乡古老的橡树林中独自漫步，走在两只獒犬之间。

（苗菊 译）

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THE RIDDLE OF HITLER

By Stephen H. Roberts

THE RIDDLE OF HITLER, by Stephen H. Roberts, in Harper's Magazine, February, 1938, pp. 253, 254.

Life in the new Germany has been described as "mythology brought to life." Stephen H. Roberts's "The Riddle to Hitler" is an attempt to get inside the godhead of this mythology. Dr. Roberts is an Australian, professor of Modern History at Sydney University, and is regarded as an authority on international affairs. Some time ago he determined to investigate the Nazi régime as thoroughly as possible. He went to Germany and was able to secure unusual privileges from the Foreign Office and the Ribbentrop Bureau. Using these privileges to the full, he spent sixteen months combing the country and amassing material. From this material Dr. Roberts has compiled a book soon to be published under the title *The House that Hitler Built*, and in that book this short sketch will appear.

A strange man, this Adolf Hitler. He is infinitely polite and courteous in his interviews, pausing perceptibly after every statement in case there is something his questioner wishes to add. He is punctilious to the point of quixotism in acknowledging the salutes of his men and in himself saluting the standards. The odd feature is that he never seems at ease in formal gatherings or when being spoken to. He seems a hunted being and is always ready to find refuge in making a miniature speech, even when one asks him a question that could be answered by a single word. In making a speech he is at least on firm ground. There he does not have to think, for he has said it all thousands of times and will keep on saying it until he dies.

One fundamental fact is that Hitler never has any real personal contacts. The charming pictures one sees, in which he is taking bouquets from tiny tots or grasping the horny hands of picturesque old peasants, are all arranged. They are triumphs of the photographic skill of his old friend Hoffmann: Hoffmann blots out the surrounding guards and we see the result. The *Führer* is never alone. The giant Bruckner is always with him, and his "suicide-brigade" of special guards surround him everywhere. He goes out in his enormous Mercedes car (specially constructed so that he can stand up in front and receive support so that he is not wearied), and it is always preceded and followed by motor cyclists and a whole fleet of cars with S. S. men. He lives in an unnatural detachment that makes his disease of being a godhead batten on itself: the most balanced of human beings could not stand this kind of life without losing a sense of realities, and nobody would call Hitler emotionally balanced at the best of times. Most commentators make a great fuss about his diet or his celibacy; what seems to me far more important is his lack of ordinary human contacts. Abnormal himself, the constant adulation makes him pathological. He receives only the thrice-distilled views of the fanatics, intriguers, and genuine patriots round him. Nobody can tell him anything or speak frankly, still less criticize his policy or himself. He lives in a mental world of his own, more aloof than any Sun-King, and he has only the narrow mental equipment and experience of an agitator to guide him. Unless one accepts the prevalent German view that he gets his inspiration direct from God (one of the most powerful Nazis once said he had a private line to heaven!), one must conclude that the future of Germany and the peace of the world rest on the tangled working of the mind of one man whom not even his friends would call normal. It is the most extraordinary comment on human evolution that, in this age of science and progress, the fate of mankind rests on the whimsy of an abnormal mind, infinitely more so than in the days of the old despots whom we criticize so much.

But the final enigma remains. Granting that Hitler is a dreamer, a creature of emotion, a man of ordinary mental caliber, a gripping orator, a simple-living *Führer* with an almost divine sense of his mission—how did such a man rise to power and consolidate the nation in his first four years of rule? Many reasons seem to offer partial explanations of this. He was the most popular orator during a time of political chaos and national depression; his general philosophy about *Deutschland erwache!* fitted in with the psychology of the nation, so that his movement became a national narcotic; he had marvelous subordinates and, with them, built up the best Party organization; his simplest mentality enabled him to carry through a complex revolution before which a mind more clearly analytical of the consequences would have quailed; and finally he became the *Mythus* of the German people. The man was merged in the myth, and it became his task to think and act in terms of that myth, so much so that any power in the land which might supplant his Party would probably have to keep him as nominal *Führer*. The Hitler myth is the dominating fact in German life to-day. Indeed, he sees himself no longer as a person but as the Crusader who has captured the Holy City—the embodiment of a nation—the living and inspired voice of Germania—*Der Führer* in the most mystical sense of that word—and must one ultimately add: *Der Führer-Gott*?

Notes

Adolf Hitler (1889-1945) , dictator of Germany.

in his interviews, when he meets persons face to face, either for a conference or for making statements to newspaper reporters.

punctilious, attentive to petty formality, to nice points of ceremony.

quixotism, enthusiastic vision, utterly disregarding material interests in comparison with honor or devotion.

the standards, the flags of the various units of his army.

tiny tots, small children.

horny hands, due to hard labor with their hands.

blots out, removes, eliminates, wipes out of the picture.

Führer, the title given to Hitler. The word means “leader.”

Bruckner, Hitler's personal protector.

“suicide-brigade,” so-called because they are ready to die in defense of Hitler.

Mercedès car, Mercedès being the make of automobile that Hitler rides about in.

S. S. men, the Schutz Staffel troops, the most select of the Sturm Abteilung (S. A.) troops of Germany. The Sturm Abteilung are the Storm Troops, the brown shirts; the Schutz Staffel, companies of the guard, the black shirts, are the specially-chosen elite.

godhead, being a god.

batten, revel in, feed gluttonously on (often implying morbid taste) ;grow fat.

his diet, the food that he eats.

his celibacy, his not being married. Hitler is still unmarried.

adulation, base flattery.

pathological, diseased, abnormal.

thrice-distilled, not the frank views of honest men, but the views which have been carefully prepared and checked over so as to avoid hurting the feelings of Hitler. In other words, Hitler does not get the honest opinion of frank men; he hears only what his followers think he enjoys hearing.

Nazis, National Sozialisten, the National Socialists, the ruling political party of Germany.

a private line, a telephone line connecting Hitler directly with God, a line which no one else can use. This is said in fun, of course.

whimsy, whim, sudden fancy, caprice.

old despots, aged absolute rulers, tyrants, oppressors.

enigma, riddle, puzzling thing.

Deutschland erwache! Germany, awake!

national narcotic, a drug which influences the whole nation, which stimulates the whole nation.

Mythus of the German people, myth of the German people; a mythical person.

the Crusader who has captured the Holy City. A crusader was a person who took part in the Crusade, the Christian expedition in the Middle Ages to recover the Holy Land, Palestine, from the Mohammedans. Hitler is here depicted as the Crusader who has succeeded in taking back the Holy City of Jerusalem, the city where Jesus Christ was born in.

Germania, Germany,

mystical, spiritually allegorical.

Der Führer-Gott, the Leader-God.

Questions

1. What is the strange thing about Hitler? Why is he on firm ground when he is making a speech?
2. Why does the author say that Hitler never has any real personal contacts?
3. What most extraordinary comment on human evolution, in this age of science and progress, can be made?
4. What is the final enigma? What reasons seem to offer partial explanations of this?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《希特勒之谜》，作者斯蒂芬·H. 罗伯茨，载于1938年2月出版的《哈珀杂志》，见于253、254页。

【作者简介】

有人描写二十世纪三十年代的德国人是“生活在‘神话’中”。斯蒂芬·H. 罗伯茨的《希特勒之谜》，尝试揭开这个“神话”的内幕。罗伯茨博士是澳大利亚人，悉尼大学的现代历史学教授，被认为是国际关系方面的权威。在二战中，他决心尽可能彻底地调查纳粹德国政权的真相。他去了德国，并得到了纳粹德国外交部及外交部部长里宾特洛甫给予的特权。罗伯茨充分利用了这一特权，用十六个月的时间彻底梳理这个国家的现状、搜集资料。利用这些资料，他写出了《希特勒建造的帝国》这本书，不久即出版。本文就选自这本书。

38 希特勒之谜

这个阿道夫·希特勒真是个奇怪的人。在采访中，他极为客气，彬彬有礼，在每句话后都有意停顿一下，以免采访者想插话。在他的手下向他敬礼时，他的回礼以及他向纳粹党旗敬礼时的一丝不苟，几乎到了堂吉珂德式可笑的地步。但奇怪的是，在正式聚会或别人跟他说话时，他似乎从来没有轻松自在过。他似乎是一只被追捕的猎物，随时准备寻求庇护，而他的庇护就是发表一个简短的演说。即使别人的问题一两个字就能回答，他也要做个演说。在发表演说时，他至少有个坚实的基础。他不需要思考，因为这些话他已经说了几千遍，而且会一直说到死。

一个根本的事实是，希特勒从来没有跟他人有过真正的个人接触。我们看到的那些迷人的照片，无论是他从小朋友手里接过花束，或者握着那些给人印象深刻的老农的粗糙坚硬的手，都是预先安排好的。这些照片是他的老朋友霍夫曼的摄影杰作。霍夫曼把照片上希特勒周围的卫兵挡在了照片外，这才有了我们看到的结果。元首出现时从来都不是一个人。巨人布鲁克纳跟他形影不离，而且无论到哪里，都由特别卫兵组成的“敢死队”前呼后拥。他出门时总是乘坐他那辆硕大的梅赛德斯奔驰车（特制的，以便他可以站在前排并有所倚靠，不致太疲乏），而且前后都有党卫队组成的摩托车队和汽车队护卫。他生活在一种极不自然的与其他人的隔绝中，这使他更加狂妄自大，给自己打上神性的标签。即使心智最健全的人，如果长期过着这样的生活，也会失去现实感。而希特勒在最理性的时候，也没人敢说他是情绪稳定的人。大部分评论希特勒的人，在他的饮食和独身生活方面大做文章。而在我看来，他缺乏与普通人接触这一点，更为重要。他本身就不太正常，而长期和大肆的吹捧使他更加病态。他听到的都是他身边的狂热分子、密谋者及死心塌地的爱国者多次蒸馏后的观点。没有人敢对他讲实情，或坦言相告，更不用说批评他的政策或他本人了。他生活在自己的精神世界里，比“太阳王”更加与大众格格不入，只凭着一个政治鼓动者的狭隘心理和经验引导着自己。除非一个人接受当时在德国盛行的观点，即希特勒的灵感直接来自于上帝（某个最有权势的纳粹分子曾经说过，他有直通上天的电话！），那他一定会得出这样的结论，即德国的未来和世界和平如今寄托在一个心智混乱的人身上，而这个人连他的朋友也认为不正常。在这个科学和进步的年代，人类的命运居然寄托在一个非正常心灵的异想天开上，比我们大肆批评的旧专制君主时代尤甚，这真是人类历史上最不同寻常的事件！

但是，最令人费解之谜依然没有解开。假如希特勒是一个不切实际的人，一个情感动物，一个智力平庸之人，一个能吸引观众的演说家，一个生活简单的元首，对自己的使命感同“神”授——那么，这样一个人是如何爬上权力的顶峰，并在他开始统治的四年里统一了德国这个民族？有许多原因可以部分地解开这个谜。首先，在政局混乱和德意志全民沮丧的时期，希特勒是最受民众欢迎的演说家。他的“觉醒吧，德意志”的思想正好契合了当时的德意志民族心理，因此他发起的运动成了麻痹德国民众的精神鸦片。其次，他的追随者能力非凡。与他们一起，希特勒建立了最好的党组织。第三，他头脑简单，这使他能够将一场异常复杂的革命进行到底；如果换了一个能清楚分析这场革命后果的领导人，肯定会畏缩不前。最后一点是，他成了德意志民族神话的象征。他与这个神话融为一体，他的任务就是按照这个神话的要求思考和行动。这种融合到了这样的地步，以至于任何一个在德国取代了希特勒政党的力量，都可能不得不继续把希特勒奉为名义上的元首。希特勒神话是当今德国民族生活中的显著特色。的确，他不再把自己当作一个普通人，而是一个占领了圣城的十字军战士，民族的象征，日耳曼尼亚活着的受神启的代言人，最神秘意义上的元首——我们最终是不是要加上：元首上帝？

（余苏凌 译）

39

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

By John Gunther



BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY, by John Gunther, from his *Inside Europe*, published by New York, Harper and Brothers, 1937, pp. 224, 225.

John Gunther, foreign news reporter for the Chicago *Daily News*, of America, has worked for his newspaper in almost every country of Europe. He then made a trip around the world and expected to put out a new book *Outside Asia* very much along the lines of his *Inside Europe*.

British foreign policy, which is extraordinarily constant, changing little (as Sir Samuel Hoare recently said) from generation to generation, is based, broadly speaking, on the concept of the balance of power with Britain holding the balance. "All our greatest wars," Sir Austen Chamberlain put it, "have been fought to prevent one great military power dominating Europe, and at the same time dominating the coasts of the Channel and the ports of the Low Countries." Trevelyan has said, "From Tudor times onwards, England treated European politics simply as a means of insuring her own security from invasion and furthering her designs beyond the ocean." In modern times, following this policy, Britain has tended, when France was stronger than Germany, to support Germany; when Germany was stronger than France, to support France. Since the war the League of Nations has been a convenient mechanism to this end; if the League ceases to serve British purpose, Britain ignores it. Since with great shrewdness in 1919, Britain obtained the entrance of the Dominions (and India) into the League as separate states, she is always able to dominate its deliberations. Before the war it was a cardinal principle of British politics not to commit the nation to any action on the Continent in regard to hypothetical future contingencies. Locarno, the apex of the balance of power policy, changed this. All these considerations are, of course, dominated by the principle of Pax Britannica; Britain, a great trading nation, wants peace. When the sanctions crisis arose, as Walter Duranty put it, "the British did not want a war to such a degree that they were prepared to fight to avoid it."

Another and a very curious minor factor should be mentioned. It causes much puzzlement to observers on the

Continent. The British think even of foreign policy as a sort of game. Unlike the Germans or the French, to whom politics is a matter of life or death, the British are capable of extreme detachment in the direction of their complex foreign affairs. Europe is a sort of stage; the play that is going on is a play. And if someone misses his cue, or blunders with his lines, the average Briton always assumes that the drama is merely a rehearsal, and can be played over again—better.

Roughly there are two groups in the foreign office. The first comprises the pro-Leaguers who are idealists. They hope through a system of collective security to bring Germany into the amicable concert of great powers. They view war as a literal horror; the Abyssinian crisis meant to them the collapse of moral law in Europe. The second group, mostly represented by older men, are willing enough to give the League a bit of rope, but they distrust the efficacy of the collective security principle, and put their hopes in (1) a powerful navy, and (2) isolationism. The opinions of this group served to encourage Germany, because isolation—noninterference in Europe—is tantamount to taking the German side.

Notes

Sir Samuel Hoare, English statesman, secretary of state for India, foreign minister (1935), then first lord of the Admiralty, often spoken of as the next prime minister.

Sir Austen Chamberlain, English statesman, approaching his eighties, has filled practically every great political office in England.

the Channel, the English Channel, separating England from Europe.

the Low Countries, Holland and Belgium.

Trevelyan, George Otto (1838-1928), English politician, biographer, and historian.

Tudor times, the times of the English sovereigns from Henry VII to Elizabeth, from 1485 to 1603.

hypothetical future contingencies, thing that may happen in the future but based on a supposition that may not be founded on truth.

Locarno, the Pact of Locarno, a set of treaties concluded at Locarno in 1925, with France, Germany, and Belgium, as chief parties, and Great Britain and Italy as guarantors, intended to secure the inviolability of the frontiers and other safeguards of peace. Locarno is in Switzerland.

apex, highest point, culmination.

Pax Britannica, the peace of Britain, the abstention from war enforced on States subject to the British Empire.

sanctions crisis. When Mussolini made use of the Walwal Incident of December 5, 1934, to descend upon Abyssinia, especially after October 3, 1935, Britain countered by proposing that sanctions (penalties) might be applied to Italy for violation of the Covenant of the League of Nations. But sanctions started slowly and failed.

Walter Duranty, newspaper observer who has written extensively, especially on Russia, his *Duranty Reports Russia* being extensively quoted.

extreme detachment, standing absolutely aloof from and being completely unaffected by surroundings, opinions, etc.

misses his cue, forgets to speak when he is supposed to speak in a play; misses the moment when he should come in.

blunders with his lines, makes mistakes when speaking his lines in a play.

rehearsal, a preparatory performance of a play or other entertainment.

the pro-Leaguers, those in favor of the League of Nations.

the Abyssinian crisis, precipitated when Italy attacked and took over control of Abyssinia.

isolationism, Britain standing apart, isolating herself, not having anything much to do with other nations, not entering into pacts with other nations.

tantamount, equivalent to.

Questions

1. On what concept is British foreign policy based?
2. Before the war, what was the cardinal policy of British politics?
3. What very curious minor factor should be mentioned?
4. What are the two groups in the foreign office?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《英国外交政策》一文选自约翰·根室所著《欧洲内幕》，纽约哈珀兄弟出版社1937年出版，224、225页。

【作者简介】

约翰·根室是美国芝加哥《每日新闻》的驻外记者，足迹几乎遍及欧洲所有国家。后来，他进行了一次世界环游，希望仿照《欧洲内幕》创作一本新书《亚洲之外》。

39 英国外交政策

不列颠的外交政策非常稳定，代代之间几乎没有什么变化（塞缪尔·霍尔爵士近日这样评价道）。概括地说，这一外交政策是基于权力平衡的理念，不列颠主宰了这种平衡。“我们所有最伟大的战争，”奥斯丁·张伯伦爵士曾指出，“其目的都在于阻止某种巨大的军事力量主宰欧洲和控制英吉利海峡沿岸和低地国家的港口。”特里维廉（旧译作屈威廉——译者按）曾说过，“自都铎时代以来，英格兰仅仅将欧洲政治作为确保自身免受侵略及实现自身在海外战略的手段。”近代，按照这一方针，英国在法国比德国强大时支持德国，在德国比法国强大时支持法国。战后，国际联盟已成为实现这一目的的便利机构。如果国联未能实现不列颠的目的，不列颠就会无视国联的存在。1919年，不列颠很精明地使英联邦自治领（和印度）作为独立国家加入国联，自此，不列颠总是能够支配国联的决议。战前，不列颠一个基本的政治原则是：不因为设想的未来意外事件而对欧洲大陆国家采取任何行动。作为权力平衡政策的顶点，洛迦诺公约改变了这一状况。当然，所有考量都受到“不列颠治下和平”政策的左右；作为一个重要的贸易国家，不列颠渴望和平。制裁危机出现后，正如沃尔特·杜兰蒂所述，“不列颠反对战争，甚至到了不惜使用武力以阻止它的地步。”

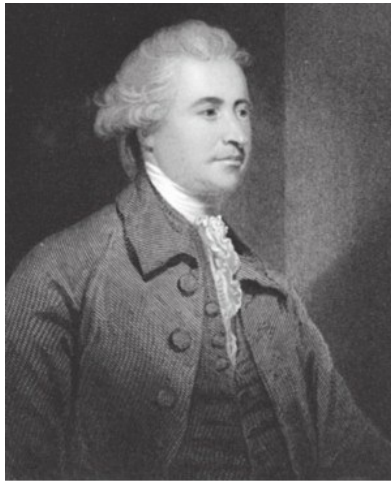
还应提及另一个非常有趣的次要因素，该因素为欧洲大陆观察家带来了许多困惑。不列颠甚至将外交政策视为一种游戏。对德国和法国而言，政治是你死我活的事情，而不列颠与这两个国家不同，它能够在复杂的外交事务中保持高度的超脱。欧洲是个舞台；舞台上的戏也不过是一出戏而已。如果有人错过了自己的提词，或者说错了台词，普通的不列颠人总是认为这出戏仅仅是一次排练，可以再演一次——到时会演得更好。

外交部的人大略分为两种。一种是亲国联的理想主义者，他们希望通过一种集体安全体系使德国与大国们合作，他们将战争视为一种实实在在的恐怖；对他们而言，阿比西尼亚危机就是欧洲道德法则的崩溃。另一种主要以年长者为代表，他们很乐意给予国联一点自由，不过不相信集体安全原则的效力，反而将自己的希望寄托于（1）强大的海军和（2）孤立主义政策。这些人的观点足以鼓励德国，因为孤立（即不干涉欧洲）相当于站在德国一边。

（彭萍 译）

THE AMERICAN LOVE OF FREEDOM

By Edmund Burke



THE AMERICAN LOVE OF FREEDOM, from his “Conciliation with the Colonies.” Speech in Parliament March 22, 1775, against the Penal Bill proposed by Lord North, a bill which became law on March 30, 1775.

Edmund Burke (1727-1797) , English statesman and orator.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth, and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which, to understand the true temper of their minds and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

1. First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, Sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates; or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens, and most eloquent tongues, have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the

importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution to insist on the privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments and blind usages to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much farther; they attempted to prove and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered, in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy, indeed, to make a monopoly of theorem and corollaries. The fact is, that they did thus apply these general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

2. They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislature assemblies. Their governments are popular in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

3. If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind which is the most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favorable to liberty but built upon it. I do not think, Sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches from all that looks like absolute government is so much to be sought in their religious tenets, as in their history. Everyone knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England too was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world, and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces, where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was the highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners which has been constantly flowing into these colonies has, for the greatest part, been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, who have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

4. Sir, I can perceive by their manner that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description, because in the southern colonies the Church of England forms a large body, and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, Sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient

commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible

5. Permit me, Sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to Congress were lawyers. But all who read, and most do read, endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller, that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the Plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's *Commentaries* in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smattered in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness of debate will say that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honorable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honors and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of that state, it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious. *Abeunt studia in mores*. This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defense, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

6. The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there is a power steps in that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther." Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt and Arabia and Kurdistan as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigor of his authority in his center is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies, too; she submits; she watches time. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law of extensive and detached empire.

(Summary) Then, Sir, from these six capital sources—of descent, of form of government, of religion in the northern provinces, of manners in the southern, of education, of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government—from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth; a spirit that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

Notes

jealous, disposed to suspect rivalry in matters of interest and affection; apprehensive regarding the motives of possible rivals.

restive, unwilling to go on; obstinate in refusing to move forward; impatient under coercion, chastisement, or opposition.

untractable, not capable of being easily led, taught, managed, or controlled.

shuffle from them by chicane, take away by trickery.

amiss, wrong, faulty, out of order, improper.

when this part of your character was most predominant. During the reigns of James I (1603-1625) and of Charles I (1625-1648). James became involved in a bitter quarrel with Parliament by increasing the customs duties without its consent. The attempts of Charles to raise revenue by means of forced loans and ship money were among the causes which led to the great civil war in 1642 and to the execution of the king in 1649.

inheres, belongs, as attributes, qualities, rights, powers, etc.

some sensible object, some concrete object or definite interest: sensible, that which is evident to the senses.

criterion, standard of judging; rule or test by which facts, principles, opinions, and conduct are tried in forming a correct judgment respecting them.

the great contests for freedom, for example, in 1297, in the reign of Edward I, and in 1628, in the reign of Charles I.

the ablest pens, and most eloquent tongues, the best writers, like Pym, Hampden, Selden, St. John, and the most fluent speakers.

ancient parchments and blind usages, established practices, the origin of which is lost in antiquity.

immediate direct.

oracle, authoritative or wise expression.

inculcate, teach.

mediately or immediately, indirectly, through chosen representatives, or directly, in their own persons.

theorem and corollaries, meaning here, your principles of government.

pleasing error. Why pleasing error?

merely popular, wholly in charge of the people, as in Connecticut and Rhode Island, where even the governors, instead of being appointed by the Crown, were elected by the people.

Protestants, Christians who are in protest against the Roman Catholic, the Old Catholic Church, and the Eastern Church.

coeval, of the same age; existing during the same period of time, especially time long and remote.

the dissidence of dissent, the extreme of dissent or disagreement. Compare, for a similar superlative sense the Hebrew phrase "Holy of Holies."

a variety of denominations, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Quakers, Methodists, Baptists, etc.

notwithstanding its legal rights. The Church of England was nominally established in Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina, North Carolina. But the colonists were skilful in evading the maintenance of its endowments. In Virginia it was customary for each parish to hire its incumbent from year to year, so that no freehold in the endowment might

be established. By a curious anomaly, the Episcopal Church in America was without bishops at the close of George II's reign. Lord Halifax, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, proposed to introduce them, but the scheme was received with suspicion by the colonists, and regarded as a part of an attempt to undermine their liberties.

that stream of foreigners, those who were not English.

dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, such as French Huguenots and Irish Presbyterians.

latitude, freedom from confinement or narrow limits; independence of action, thought, opinion, etc.

the southern colonies, the thirteen colonies of America were divided into north and south colonies.

has a regular establishment, see note explaining "notwithstanding its legal rights."

they have a vast multitude of slaves. Johnson pertinently asks: "How is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty from the drivers of slaves?"

as broad and general as the air, from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, III, iv, 23.

abject toil, servile toil or labor.

Gothic, in the now obsolete sense of Teutonic or Germanic.

such in our days were the Poles. Compare the *Annual Register* for 1763, p. 3, in a description of the Polish aristocracy: "Each noble Pole seems rather an independent sovereign than a citizen. . . . He is master of life and death on his own estate, all his tenants being in the strictest sense, his slaves." In his speech Burke uses the past tense "were" because in 1772, when Poland was partly divided among Russia, Austria, and Prussia, the existing condition was destroyed.

fortifies, strengthens.

the deputies sent to Congress, the Continental Congress which met on September 5, 1774.

smattering, slight superficial knowledge.

tracts of popular devotion, books on religion.

the Plantations, the American colonies.

Blackstone's "Commentaries." Sir William Blackstone (1723-1780), an eminent English jurist who wrote "Commentaries on the Laws of England."

General Gage, Thomas (1721-1787), British general in command of troops in America.

successful chicane. In August, 1774, when the people of Boston held a town meeting, General Gage reminded the selectmen of the act of Parliament which made the holding of a town meeting dependent upon the governor's permission. The selectmen replied that they were merely holding an adjourned meeting and referred the governor to the lawyers of the Crown. "By which means," replied Gage, "you may keep your meeting alive these ten years."

my honorable and learned friend on the floor, Edward Thurlow, Attorney-General, a Tory leader and bitter enemy of the colonists.

animadversion, remarks by way of criticism and usually of censure; adverse criticism; reproof; blame.

will disdain that ground, will not present that argument as given in the lines above: "the rights of legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion."

emoluments, profits from office, employment, or labor; compensations; fees or salary.

Abeunt studia in mores, studies are transmuted into character. Ovid, *Heroides*, XV, 83,

less mercurial cast, less acute, less dexterous, less sensitive to influences.

augur, prophesy.

snuff, scent, smell.

tainted, imbued with something noxious, contaminated.

winged ministers of vengeance, in those days, the fast warships of the British Government.

your bolts in their pounces, your thunderbolts in their hold, referring to the cannons carried by the British warships.

“So far shalt thou go, and no farther,” possibly a reminiscence of Job XXXVIII, 11; “Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.”

to truck and huckster, to give in exchange, or deal in or bargain over in a petty way.

Sultan, referring back to “the Turk” of a few lines back.

with a loose rein, loosely, not strictly.

Spain, in her provinces. At that time Spain possessed Peru, the greater part of South America, the country west and north of the Gulf of Mexico, and the greater part of the West Indies.

capital, leading, chief, principal.

unhappily meeting, coming into direct conflict.

Questions

1. What is the predominating feature of the American character?
2. Explain from what six sources a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up in the colonies.

参考译文

【作品简介】

《美国人对自由之热爱》节选自埃德蒙·伯克1775年3月22日在英国议会为反对刑罚法案所做的演讲《与美国和解》，该项由诺斯勋爵提交的法案于1775年3月30日正式立法。

【作者简介】

埃德蒙·伯克（1727—1797），英国政治家和演说家。

40 美国人对自由之热爱

美国人的性格中，对自由的热爱是主要特点，正是这一特点成为美国人整体性格的标志，美国人其与众不同的标签；由于对某种东西的热爱总是使人害怕失去这种东西，因此，如果你们的殖民地看到你们有一丝企图想通过暴力剥夺或通过诡计骗走他们唯一值得期盼的利益，它们就会变得多疑、难以驾驭和控制。这种强烈的自由精神在英国的殖民地也许比地球上任何其他国家都要强烈，而且，这种自由精神的确立拥有众多强有力的原因。为了理解美国人性情中的真正特征以及这种精神发展的方向，有必要更详细地阐发一下。

1. 首先，殖民地的人民是英国人的后代。勋爵阁下，英格兰曾经是多么崇拜自由，我希望今天的英格兰依然是一个尊重自由的国家。就在你们性格中的这部分特点最突出的时候，现在的殖民者离开你们移居国外，他们离开时就带着这种爱好和倾向。因此，他们不仅仅献身于自由，而且是根据英国人的信念和原则献身于自由。抽象的自由，就像其他纯粹的抽象事物一样无处可寻。自由存在于可觉察的事物中；每个国家都形成了自己最喜爱的某个方面，通过推崇这一方面使之成为他们幸福的标准。勋爵阁下，要知道，这个国家因自由而发生的重大对抗最早恰巧是因为征税而引起的。古代联邦中，绝大部分争论主要集中在地方行政官的选举权方面，或集中在国家几个阶层之间的平衡方面。钱的问题与他们之间的联系并不是很直接。可是，在英格兰，情况并非如此。关于税收这一点，最有才华的写手和最善言辞的说客都各显其能，最伟大的人物也都投身其中并深受其害。为了最大限度地表现这一点的重要性，辩称英国宪法卓越的人不仅需要坚持认为缴税的特权就像事实的明证，而且要证明这种权利早就得到古老羊皮纸文献以及名为下议院的特殊机构中惯例的承认。远不止如此，这部分人试图证明自己成功了，理论上应该如此，因为下议院作为人民直接代表的属性决定了这一点，无论古老的记录是否做出了这样的预言。他们竭尽全力反复强调，作为一条基本原则，在所有的君主制国家中，人民必须保持自己间接或直接缴纳钱财的权力有效，否则自由的庇护将不复存在。殖民地源自你们，他们的命脉、理念和原则也都源自你们。他们对自由的热爱和你们一样，都植根并附着于征税这一特定方面。自由可能是安全的，也可能是有危险的，在其他二十项详细说明中，他们并没有感到非常高兴或极度惊慌。但他们感受到了自由的脉搏，因为通过脉搏的跳动可以确定自己是生病还是健康。我不是判定他们将你们的一般论证用于自己的情况是对还是错。的确，要完全控制定理和推论并不容易。事实上，他们确实应用这些一般论证；你们统治他们的方式，无论仁慈还是懒惰，明智还是错误，都使他们在想象中确认：他们和你们一样，都对这些一般原则感兴趣。

2. 他们省级立法机关的组成形式使他们进一步确信这种错误令人愉悦，他们的政府有的极受欢迎；有的仅仅是受欢迎，总之，受欢迎的代表最为重要，普通政府中的这种人总是成功地激发他们的高尚情操，以及对剥夺他们最重要权利的任何企图强烈厌恶。

3. 如果说这种形式的政府进行必要的运转还缺少什么，那么宗教将使其达到完美的效果。宗教始终是能量的源泉，在这些新的民众间丝毫没有受到消耗或损害；民众的表达方式也是这种自由精神的一个主要动因。这些人是新教徒，他们最反对精神和观点方面的任何盲从与屈服。这一教派不仅赞成自由，而且其形成的基础就是自由。勋爵阁下，我认为看上去完全像专制政府的异见教会中出现这种反对意见的原因大多无法在他们的宗教信条或历史中找到。每个人都知道，罗马天主教在其盛行的地方至少与大部分政府同时并存；而且通常与政府联系紧密，从行政管理机构中获得巨大利益及各种支持。英国国教会也是在合法政府的关怀照顾下发展起来的。可是，异见群体涌现出来，如果想直接反对世界上所有平常的强权，只能通过大力宣扬天赋自由来为这种反对进行辩护。这种群体的存在依赖于对天赋自由这一权利的持续需求，而且这一需求变得非常强烈。所有的新教徒，包括最冷淡的人和最消极的人在内，都不顺从英国国教。可是，我们北美殖民地上最流行的宗教是对抵抗原则的革新，是异见派中的异见，新教中的新教。这种宗教，教派名称各异，除了共享自由精神外，各个方面均不一致，主要在北部各省流行。英国国教在这些地方虽然拥有法定权利，但实际上仅仅是一种私人教派，信奉的人不到十分之一。这些殖民者在新教精神高涨时离开英国，在移民过程中，新教精神达到顶点；持续移民到这些殖民地的外国人绝大部分是所在国的异见派，他们的性情和性格与殖民地的其他人极为相似。

4. 勋爵阁下，通过有些议员的态度，我能感觉到他们反对这种描述，因为在南部殖民地，英国国教会形成了一个大的团体，建立了正规的机构。这当然是事实。不过，依我看来，这些殖民地所处的环境完全可以抵消这种差别，使自由精神依然高涨，甚至超过北方。在弗吉尼亚和南北卡罗来纳，有数量众多的奴

隶。在世界任何一个情况类似的地方，拥有自由的人最为自己的自由感到骄傲和自豪。对他们而言，自由不仅仅是一种享受，更是一种等级和特权。自由在有些国家是一种普通的幸福，就像天空一样宽广，像空气一样常见，在这里，情况完全不同，自由可能与凄惨的劳役、巨大的痛苦、明显的奴役联系在一起，自由在其中显得更为高贵和开放。勋爵阁下，我并不是要赞美这种情操的超群道义，这种情操至少与其中的美德同样让人自豪，但是，我无法改变人的本性。事实如此，南方殖民地的人相对于北方人对自由的热爱更为强烈，捍卫自由的精神更高涨，意志更坚定。古代所有的联邦都是如此，我们的哥特祖先也是如此，波兰人也不例外，所有的奴隶主也将如此，因为他们本身没有做过奴隶。在这样的人民中间，唯我独尊的傲慢与自由之精神结合在一起，使自由进一步加强，变得不可战胜。

5. 勋爵阁下，请允许我补充殖民地的另一个情况，这一情况对自由这种难以控制的精神之发展及影响发挥了重要作用。我指的是这些人的教育。也许，世界上没有任何一个国家能像这个国家如此普遍地学习法学，不仅从事法学的职业人士众多，而且受法学的影响很大，在大部分省份，法学都居于首位。国会议员大多是律师。所有能阅读的人（这里绝大部分的人都喜欢阅读）都试图了解这一学科。一位著名的书商告诉我，除了备受欢迎的礼拜手册外，没有哪类书能像法律图书一样如此众多地出口到这块殖民地。现在，殖民者已经开始印刷法律图书供自己使用。听说布莱克斯通的《英国法释义》（一译《英格兰法释义》）在美国和在英国售出的数量相当。在您桌上的一封信件里，盖奇将军特别描述了这一倾向。他说自己的政府中所有的人都是律师或者略懂法律的人，在波士顿，他们能够通过成功的诡辩，完全逃避你们重要刑法的大部分惩罚。精明的辩驳会说，法律知识应该使他们更明白立法机构的权利，明白他们应该遵守的义务以及反抗带来的处罚。这种说法很有道理。可是，议员席上屈尊批评我的那位可敬而博学的朋友，将会鄙弃这一立论根据。他听到的和我听到的一样，那就是：如果无上的荣誉和丰厚的报酬未能使这种知识服务于国家，那么它将成为政府可怕的对手。如果这种精神没有被这些巧妙的方法所驯服和破坏，那么这种精神就会变得难以处理，变成容易引起争辩之事。凡有所学，皆成性格。这种学习使人敏锐，使人好奇，使人灵巧，使人敏于攻击，使人善于防守，使人左右逢源。在其他国家，人民相对更简单，没有那么精明，只能通过人民经受的苦难来判断政府政策的错误，而这里的人民能够预测不幸，评判恶政带来的苦难压力。他们可以提前预言恶政，消灭每个处于萌芽阶段的暴政。

6. 殖民地这种反抗精神的最后一个原因与其他原因相比并不逊色，因为这一原因不仅仅属于道德层面，还深深植根于事物的自然法则之中。您和他们之间隔着三千英里的海洋，没有什么办法能够阻止这一距离对统治的削弱作用。命令与其实际执行之间隔着波浪滔滔的大海和流逝的岁月，如果对某一方面无法进行快速解释，就足以破坏整个系统。的确，您迅速派出了复仇大使，带着弩箭突袭最遥远的海岸。可是，有一种力量限制了这种傲慢的愤怒和狂暴的因素，它在说“你也只能到这么远，不能再远”。你是谁，竟然如此烦躁和愤怒并撕咬大自然的链条？你们不会遭遇到比所有辽阔的帝国更糟糕的事情，这些事情以各种形式出现，使蒙受这些遭遇的帝国遭到抛弃。在辽阔的疆域，权力的循环到达末端时必定变得无力。大自然已经证明了这一点。土耳其无法像统治色雷斯那样统治埃及、阿拉伯半岛和库尔德斯坦；也无法在克里米亚和阿尔及尔实行与在布尔萨和士麦那一样的统治。专制本身不得不进行交易和讨价还价，连苏丹都不得不服从这一规律。他采用松散的统治方式，这样就可以从根本上进行统治，他中央权力所有的力量和活力源自整个疆域内松散的管理，这一做法极为精明。他统治的西班牙也许不像您自己的领地那样顺从。但西班牙也服从，也顺从，等待时机的到来。这种状况不会改变，是辽阔而松散帝国面临的永恒法则。

（总结）勋爵阁下，通过这六个重要来源（血统、政体形式、北部各省的宗教、南方的习俗、教育、统治一开始就出现的遥远距离）所有这些促使强烈的自由精神成长起来。自由精神伴随着殖民地人民共同成长，随着他们财富的增加而变得日益强烈。这种精神不幸遇到了英国的强权。尽管，这种强权的运用是合法的，却和所有的自由理念冲突，与殖民地人民的自由理念更是不相吻合，因此，已经激发出必将毁灭我们的火焰。

（彭萍 译）

41

WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY?

By John Henry Newman



WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY? by John Henry Newman, from his *Rise and Progress of Universities*, Chapter II, reprinted in his *Historical Sketches*, Vol. I.

John Henry Newman (1801-1890), English theologian and author, known also as Cardinal Newman.

If I were asked to describe as briefly and popularly as I could, what a university was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale*, or “School of Universal Learning.” This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot—*from all parts*; else, how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge; and *in one spot*; else, how can there be any school at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea embodied in this description; but such as this a university seems to be in its essence, a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse, through a wide extent of country.

There is nothing far-fetched or unreasonable in the idea thus presented to us; and if this be a university, then a university does but contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular medium, out of many which might be abduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. One generation forms another; and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say, that is, the *litera scripta*, are one special instrument. It is true; and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press, and how they are developed at this time in the never-intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in series, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and instruction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intellectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and diversified and persistent a promulgation of all kinds of knowledge? Why,

you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest, and wasted them; but here such careless profusion might be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained for ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onward to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day. Our seats are strewn, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts; and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom, by informing us by their placards where we can at once cheaply purchase it.

I allow all this, and much more; such certainly is our popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after all, even in this age, whenever men are really serious about getting what, in the language of trade, is called “a good article,” when they aim at something precise, something refined, something really luminous, something really large, something choice, they go to another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of learning, of the personal influence of a master, and the humble imitation of a disciple, and, in consequence, of great centers of pilgrimage and throng, which such a method of education necessarily involves. This, I think, will be found to hold good in all those departments or aspects of society which possess an interest sufficient to bind men together, or to constitute what is called “a world.” It holds in the political world, and in the high world, and in the religious world; and it holds also in the literary and scientific world.

If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions then, we have reason for saying this, viz: that the province and the inestimable benefit of the *litera scripta* is that of being a record of truth, and an authority of appeal, and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher; but that, if we wish to become exact and fully furnished in any branch of knowledge which is diversified and complicated, we must consult the living man and listen to his living voice. I am not bound to investigate the cause of this, and anything I say will, I am conscious, be short of its full analysis—perhaps we may suggest that no books can get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or can hit upon the very difficulties which are severally felt by each reader in succession. Or again, that no book can convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent, and the manner, in casual expressions thrown off at the moment, and the unstudied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the color, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already. You must imitate the student in French or German, who is not content with his grammar, but goes to Paris or Dresden; you must take example from the young artist, who aspires to visit the great Masters in Florence and in Rome. Till we have discovered some intellectual daguerreotype, which takes of the course of thought, and the form, lineaments, and features of truth, as completely and minutely, as the optical instrument reproduces the sensible object, we must come to the teachers of wisdom to learn wisdom, we must repair to the fountain and drink there. Portions of it may go from thence to the ends of the earth by means of books; but the fullness is in one place alone. It is in such assemblages and congregations of intellect that books themselves, the masterpieces of human genius, are written, or at least originated.

The principle on which I have been insisting is so obvious, and instances in point are so ready, that I should think it tiresome to proceed with the subject, except that one or two illustrations may serve to explain my own language about it, which may not have done justice to the doctrine which it has been intended to enforce.

For instance, the polished manners and high-bred bearing which are so difficult of attainment, and so strictly personal when attained—which are so much admired in society, from society are acquired. All that goes to constitute a gentleman—the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the talent of not offending; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candor and consideration, the openness of hand—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity; but the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be learned from books? Are they not necessarily acquired, where they are to be found, in high

society? The very nature of the case leads us to say so; you cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with; you cannot unlearn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness, or stiffness, or other besetting deformity, till you serve your time in some school of manners. Well, and is it not so in matter of fact? The metropolis, the court, the great house of the land, are the centers to which at stated times the country comes up, as to shrines of refinement and good taste; and then in due time the country goes back again home, enriched with a portion of the social accomplishments, which these very visits serve to call out and heighten in the gracious dispensers of them. We are unable to conceive how the “gentleman” can otherwise be maintained; and maintained in this way it is.

And now a second instance; and here too I am going to speak without personal experience of the subject I am introducing. I admit I have not been in Parliament any more than I have figured in the *beau monde*; yet I cannot but think that statesmanship, as well as high breeding, is learned, not by books, but in certain centers of education. If it be not presumption to say so, Parliament puts a clever man *au courant* with politics and affairs of state in a way surprising to himself. A member of the legislature, if tolerably observant, begins to see things with new eyes, even though his views undergo no change. Words have a meaning now, and ideas a reality, such as they had not before. He hears a vast deal in public speeches and private conversation which is never put in print. The bearing of measures and events, the action of parties, and the persons of friends and enemies, are brought out to the man who is in the midst of them with a distinctness, which the most diligent perusal of newspapers will fail to impart to them. It is access to the fountainheads of political wisdom and experience, it is daily intercourse, of one kind or another, with the multitude who go up to them, it is familiarity with business, it is access to the contributions of fact and opinion thrown together by many witnesses from many quarters, which does this for him. However, I need not account for the fact, to which it is sufficient to appeal, that the Houses of Parliament and the atmosphere around them are a sort of university of politics.

As regards the whole world of science, we find a remarkable instance of the principle which I am illustrating, in the periodical meetings for its advance, which have arisen in the course of the last twenty years, such as the British Association. Such gatherings would to many persons appear at first sight simply preposterous. Above all subjects of study science is conveyed, is propagated, by books, or by private teachings; experiments and investigations are conducted in silence; discoveries are made in solitude. What have philosophers to do with festive celebrities, and panegyric solemnities with mathematical and physical truth? Yet on a closer attention to the subject, it is found that not even scientific thought can dispense with the suggestions, the instruction, the stimulus, the sympathy, the intercourse with mankind on a large scale, which such meetings secure. A fine time of year is chosen, when days are long, skies are bright, the earth smiles and all nature rejoices; a city or town is taken by turns, of ancient name or modern opulence, where buildings are spacious and hospitality hearty. The novelty of place and circumstance, the excitement of strange, or the refreshment of well-known faces, the majesty of rank or genius, the amiable charities of men pleased both with themselves and with each other; the elevated spirits, the circulation of thought, the curiosity; the morning sections, the out-door exercise, the well-furnished, well-earned board, the not ungraceful hilarity, the evening circle; the brilliant lecture, the discussions or collisions or guesses of great men one with another, the narratives of scientific processes, of hopes, disappointments, conflicts, and successes, the splendid eulogistic orations; these and the like constituents of the annual celebration are considered to be something real and substantial for the advance of knowledge which can be done no other way. Of course they can but be occasional; they answer the annual act, or commencement, or commemoration of a university, not to its ordinary condition; but they are of a university nature; and I can well believe in their utility. They issue in the promotion of a certain living and, as it were, bodily communication of knowledge from one to another, of a general interchanging of ideas, and a comparison and adjustment of science with science, of an enlargement of mind, intellectual and social, of an ardent love of the particular study which may be chosen by each individual, and a noble devotion to its interests.

Such meetings, I repeat, are but periodical, and only partially represent the idea of a university. The bustle and whirl which are their usual concomitant, are in ill keeping with the order and gravity of earnest intellectual education. We desiderate means of instruction which involve no interruption of our ordinary habits; nor need we seek it long, for the natural course of things brings it about, while we debate over it. In every great country, the metropolis itself becomes a sort of necessary university, whether we will or no. As the chief city is the seat of the court, of high society, of politics, and of law, so as a matter of course is it the seat of letters also; and at this time, for

a long term of years, London and Paris are in fact and in operation universities, though in Paris its famous university is no more, and in London a university scarcely exists except as a board of administration. The newspapers, magazines, reviews, museums and academies there found, the learned and scientific societies necessarily invest it with the functions of a university; and that atmosphere of intellect, which in a former age hung over Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, has, with the change of times, moved away to the center of civil government. Thither come up youths from all parts of the country, the students of law, medicine, and the fine arts, and the employees and *attachés* of literature. There they live, as chance determines; and they are satisfied with their temporary home, for they find in it all that was promised to them there. They have not come in vain, as far as their own object in coming is concerned. They have not learned any particular religion, but they have learned their own particular profession well. They have, moreover, become acquainted with the habits, manners and opinions of their place of sojourn, and done their part in maintaining the tradition of them. We cannot then be without virtual universities; a metropolis is such: the simple question is, whether the education sought and given should be based on principle, formed upon rule, directed to the highest ends, or left to the random succession of masters and schools, one after another, with a melancholy waste of thought and an extreme hazard of truth.

Religious teaching itself affords us an illustration of our subject to a certain point. It does not indeed seat itself merely in centers of the world; this is impossible from the nature of the case. It is intended for the many, not the few; its subject matter is truth necessary for us, not truth recondite and rare; but it concurs in the principle of a university so far as this, that its great instrument, or rather organ, has ever been that which nature prescribes in all education, the personal presence of a teacher, or, in the theological language, Oral Tradition. It is the living voice, the breathing form, the expressive countenance, which preaches, which catechizes. Truth, a subtle, invisible, manifold spirit, is poured into the mind of the scholar by his eyes and ears, through his affections, imagination, and reason; it is poured into his mind and is sealed up there in perpetuity, by propounding and repeating it, by questioning and questioning, by correcting and explaining, by progressing and then recurring to first principles, by all those ways which are implied in the word "catechizing." In the first ages, it was a work of long time; months, sometimes years, were devoted to the arduous task of disabusing the mind of the incipient Christian of its pagan errors, and of molding it upon the Christian faith. The scriptures, indeed, were at hand for the study of those who could avail themselves of them; but St. Irenæus does not hesitate to speak of whole races, who had been converted to Christianity, without being able to read them. To be unable to read and write was in those times no evidence of want of learning; the hermits of the deserts were, in this sense of the word, illiterate; yet the great St. Anthony, although he knew not letters, was a match in disputation for the learned philosophers who came to try him. Didymus again, the great Alexandrian theologian, was blind. The ancient discipline, called the *Disciplina Arcani*, involved the same principle. The more sacred doctrines of Revelation were not committed to books, but passed on by successive tradition. The teaching on the Blessed Trinity and the Eucharist appears to have been so handed down for some hundred years; and when at length reduced to writing, it has filled many folios, yet has not been exhausted.

But I have said more than enough in illustration; I end as I began—a university is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge. You cannot have the best of every kind everywhere; you must go to some great city or emporium for it. There you have all the choicest productions of nature and art all together, which you find each in its own separate place elsewhere. All the riches of the land, and of the earth, are carried up thither; there are the best markets, and there the best workmen. It is the center of trade, the supreme court of fashion, the umpire of rival talents, and the standard of things rare and precious. It is the place for seeing galleries of first-rate pictures and for hearing wonderful voices and performers of transcendent skill. It is the place for great preachers, great orators, great nobles, great statesmen. In the nature of things, greatness and unity go together; excellence implies a center. And such, for the third or fourth time, is a university; I hope I do not weary out the reader by repeating it. It is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions; in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is a place where the professor becomes eloquent, and is a missionary and a preacher, displaying his science in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affections of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the

fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation. It is this and a great deal more, and demands a somewhat better head and hand than mine to describe it well.

Notes

designation, name or term.

assemblage, a group or collection of persons.

essence, the real character.

abducted, to be drawn away by persuasion or argument.

incessant, continuous.

littera scripta, the written letter or book.

prodigious, enormous.

never-intermitting, never ceasing; never ending.

promulgation, publication.

Sibyl, a woman endowed with a spirit of prophecy.

fecundity, fruitfulness in invention. From Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II, i, 15-17.

“And this our life exempt from public haunt, Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

placards, a bill placed upon a board as an advertisement.

pilgrimage, a journey to a sacred place.

unstudied, unprepared.

tone, prevailing style or character.

daguerreotype, a picture produced on a silvered plate.

carriage, behavior.

propriety, conformity to established rules or custom.

fence, debate.

metropolis, the chief city of a country.

beau monde, the fashionable world.

au courant, (in running) in tune.

fountainheads, the first source; the original source.

preposterous, ridiculous; absurd.

panegyrical solemnities, a ceremony of praise.

eulogistic, highly praised.

concomitant, an attendant circumstance.

desiderate, feel a desire to have.

Oxford, the town of Oxford, the home of Oxford University.

Bologna, in northern Italy, where was founded the University of Bologna in the 11th Century, a school famous for its faculty on jurisprudence.

Salamanca, a town in western Spain. The University of Salamanca was one of the most renowned universities, of Europe from the 15th to the 17th century. It came into prominence in the reign of Alfonso X (1252-82), with its chief distinction in the field of canon and civil law, and its special feature, the introduction of Arabic learning into Europe. Here Columbus explained his discoveries, here the Copernican system was early accepted and taught. During the middle of the 16th century, the university had 7,600 students.

attachés, persons who are attached to literature.

sojourn, a temporary residence.

catechizes, examines by means of questions and answers and offering explanations.

perpetuity, endless duration; for all time.

St. Irenæus, the Greek bishop of Lyons (130-202). Geoffrey of Tours (*Hist. Franc* 1.29) states that within a short time, he converted all Lyons to Christianity.

St. Anthony (250-350), the first Christian monk, born in middle Europe. At the age of 20, he practiced ascetic life. After 15 years, he withdrew to a mountain by the Nile, called Pispir, now Derel Memuni. At the beginning of the 4th century, he came out to organize monastic life for all monks who had imitated him. Then he withdrew to a mountain by the Red Sea. Before his death, he ventured to Alexander to preach against Arianism.

Didymus (309? -394), surnamed "The Blind," head of the catechetical school of Alexandria.

Disciplina Arcani (Discipline of the Secret), a 17th century term applied to the custom of the early church which treated certain rites as mysteries and withheld them from the knowledge of the uninitiated. There was no such secret discipline until the third century, but in the 4th and 5th centuries, it became well established. From the 6th century onward, when Christianity had won over Paganism, we hear less of the secret discipline. Baptism and the Eucharist (Lord's Supper) were the two rites of the Church to which especially the mystery idea became attached.

Revelation, the last book in the Bible.

Blessed Trinity, a Christian doctrine involving the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Eucharist, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

folios, books.

concourse, gathering together.

emporium, commercial center.

tribunal, court of justice.

innocuous, harmless.

Alma Mater, the college or institution in which one has been educated, the “fostering mother.”

Questions

1. What is Newman's definition of a university?
2. What part do books play in the process of mutual education? In what ways does the method of oral instruction go beyond books?
3. What part does oral instruction play in the production of the “gentleman”? in politics? in science? in religion?
4. In what way is the metropolis a virtual university?
5. What further characteristics of a university are given in the last paragraph?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《什么是大学?》一文选自约翰·亨利·纽曼所著《大学的崛起和进步》第二章。后收入《历史图谱》第一卷。

【作者简介】

约翰·亨利·纽曼，英国神学家和作家，也被称为“红衣主教纽曼”。

41 什么是大学？

如果让我尽可能简明通俗地描述什么是大学，我会从他的古代名称“*Studium Generale*”即“普遍知识的学习之所”来寻求答案。这一描述意味着素昧平生的人从天涯海角汇聚一处——要来自各方，否则如何寻到各门学科中的师生？还要汇聚一堂，否则怎能学院？因此，大学最简单和基本的形式就是学习各类知识的学校，汇聚了来自四方的师生。要实现这一描述中包含的理念需要具备多个条件；但大学的精华似乎就在于此，它是一处思想交流和传播的场所，在国家这样广泛的地域层面上来进行人际交流。

如此表述的理念并无牵强无理之处；如果这就是大学，那么大学只照顾到我们天性中的一种需要，大学只是提供这种需要的某种特定媒介中的一个样本，这个样本可以在众多其他样本中得到引证。互动教育，从广义上来说，是人类社会伟大而持续的事业，有些带有特定目的，有些则没有。一代人成就另一代人；现有的一代总在其个体成员身上施加影响或者做出应对。在目前这个过程中，无须多言，书籍是一种特殊工具。这是事实，尤其是在这个时代。

考虑到出版惊人的力量，及其今天如何通过持续发行的期刊杂志、传单手册、系列作品和通俗文学进一步发展的情况，我们必须承认，从来没有哪个时代能像现在这样保证更为公平地分配各种信息和知识传授的手段。

你会问，除了如此丰富、多样和持久地传播各种知识之外，我们还能做些什么来为所有人、每一个人提供智识教育呢？你也会问，当知识已经走向我们时，为什么我们还要去追求知识？神谕者西比尔把预言写在林中的树叶上，却白白废弃；现在对于这种随意的慷慨我们既谨慎又宽容，因为后世发明的这一工具所具有的惊人衍生性，可以让我们对损失忽略不计。我们“在岩石里发现训诫，在流水里发现书卷”^[1]；比起那些曾让先贤不朽的作品，现在每天都在出版体量更大、内容更丰富的著作，以一日数百英里的速度走向世界各地。大量的传单散落在我们的座位上，人行道上亦随处可见；城墙的每块砖头都在宣扬智慧——用招贴告诉我们哪里能够马上便宜地购买到它。

我接受这一切，也许还有更多；这当然是我们倡导的大众化教育，其效果之显著有目共睹。尽管如此，不要忘了，即使在这个时代，无论何时只要人们真心想要获取商业用语中所谓的“好货”，希望获得那些精密、雅致、炫目、巨大、精选的东西时，他们需要另寻市场；他们以某种方式应用相对的技法、古老的技法、口头教导、实时人际交流，借助于教师而非自学、大师的个人影响和门徒的谦逊模仿，继而还有朝圣和会众的中心，这些都是这种教育方式的题中应有之义。我认为，人们会发现这对社会方方面面都有利，这使人们在共同利益基础上相互联结，构成所谓的“界”。无论是政界、上层社会、宗教界，还是文学和科学界，情况大都如此。

如果人类的行为可以被看作是其信念的验证，那么我们有理由说，书籍的职责及其不可估量的益处就是对真实的记录，成为裁决中的权威，以及教师手中的教学工具。然而，如果我们希望精确而完善地掌握某个包含多样性和复杂性的学科，我们必须求教于活生生的人并倾听他们的声音。我不一定需要探究其原因，我也认识到，我说的任何话都将有所欠缺——或许我们可以说没有哪本书可以经受得了关于任何扩展学科的细致质询，也没有哪本书能够解决代代读者的所有困惑。或者，书籍在传达其主题的特殊精神和微妙特性时，无法企及心灵之间通过音容笑貌，通过彼时随意的表情和熟悉的谈话即时转换来达成共鸣时所具备的速度和确定性。对于本文主题的附带部分我已经谈论太多。无论原因如何，事实不容否认。你可以在家通过书本学到任何学科的一般原理；但是其细节，颜色，基调，氛围以及使之生活在我们之中的生命力，你必须从那些已经掌握其生命力的人那里学习。你必须效仿不满足于自己的语法而到巴黎或者德累斯顿去的法语或德语学生，还须学习渴望拜谒佛罗伦萨和罗马的大师们的年轻艺术家。除非发现某种思想上的达盖尔银板摄影术，可以像光学仪器复制可感知的物体那样，全面细致地再现思想的过程和真理的形式、外貌和特点，我们就必须到睿智的老师处学习智慧，我们就必须赶赴智慧之源去痛饮。智慧部分可以借由书籍从智慧源头传播到天涯海角，但完整的智慧只存在于一处。正是在这种思想的汇聚和集合中，书籍本身——人类天才的杰作——得以写就，或者至少是产生。

我一直坚持的原则显而易见，恰当的例子也比比皆是，所以再继续这个话题会令人厌倦。我仅用一两个例子来解释自己的相关用语，因为我的语言还不能充分展示我坚持的教育理念。

例如，文雅的举止和高贵的风度难以习得，一旦习得后便会极度个人化；这种举止和风度在社会中养成并为社会所高度赞赏。构成一个绅士的特质包括身姿步态、谈吐手势及语调、自在沉着、彬彬有礼、擅说服、知退让、守原则、思精微、乐表达、品位高雅、举止合宜、慷慨宽容、公正体贴、豪爽大度。这些素质有的来自于天性，有的可能为各阶层共有，还有一些是基督徒的戒律；但我们能指望靠书本学习就把所有这些素质集于一身么？这些素质在上流社会出现，是否也只能在上流社会中习得？这个例子的本质让我们如是说，没有对手就谈不到辩论，在确定立场之前也不要挑战所有人。同样，你无法学会交流，除非你有能与之交流的世界；你无法摆脱天生的羞怯、笨拙和僵硬，或其他令人困扰的缺陷，除非你能在某个礼仪学校里待一段时间。这种说法是有道理的。事实不就是如此么？大都市、法庭、议院，在特定时段是国民前往的中心，如同精致与品位的圣坛。然后他们回归家庭时，这些丰富的经历可以唤起和拔高国民的社会成就感。我们无法想出还有什么其他方式来保持“绅士风度”；这就是保持它的方式。

现在来说第二个例子。我对所谈主题同样并无亲身经验。我承认我从未在议会任职或在上流社会崭露头角；然而我不得不认为，治国理政的才能，就像高贵的教养，并不来自于书本，而是从某些教育中心学到的。或许可以说，议会可以让一个聪明人以令其惊讶的方式来熟稔政治与国家事务。作为一位观察力足够敏锐的立法委员，即使观念并没有发生大的改变，他看待事物的眼光也会与以往不同。语言顿时有了意义，观点包含现实，可谓今非昔比。他在公开演讲和私人谈话中获悉了大量永远不会公之于众的信息。措施与事件的走向、党团行动以及敌与友都被推到这个卓越之人面前，这些是最勤勉的读报都不会灌输给他的。成就他的是政治智慧与经验的源头，是每日与人群的各种交际互动，是对政事的熟稔，以及来自四面八方的人群所贡献的事实和意见。但毋庸赘言，这表明一个不争的事实，议会及其营造的氛围就是某种政治大学。

在科学界可以找到一个与我阐明的原则非常契合的例子：过去二十年中出现了推动科学发展的定期集会，例如英国科学进步协会。对很多人来说这种聚会乍看非常荒谬。和其他学科相比，科学更多地通过书籍、私教来传授和宣讲。实验和调查的进行则默默无声；科学发现源于孤独中的打拼。哲学家与社会名流何涉？庄严的赞颂和数学及物理的真理有何关联？更深入的了解会让我们发现，甚至科学思想也无法避免建议、指导、激励、同情以及大规模的人际交往，这些都是集会确保提供的。选择一年中的好时节，白日正长，天空湛蓝，大地微笑，欣欣向荣；轮流选择城市或城镇，要么历史悠久要么现代富庶，空间宽敞，主人好客。

新奇的地点和环境，新知故旧相逢的兴奋，高山仰止的天才和资历，人们亲切友好，和谐相处；情绪激昂，交流思想，好奇心无处不在；早晨聚谈，户外锻炼，精心布置的周到食宿，不失风度的狂欢，傍晚的聚会；精彩的演讲，大家巨擘之间的演讲、争论和观点碰撞，讲述科学过程中的希望、失望、冲突和成功，精彩的颂词；年度庆典中的这些以及类似的组成部分，被认为是为知识进步做出了实质性的贡献，别无其他途径。当然这些只是间歇举办，需要特殊理由，比如大学每年的演出、毕业典礼或纪念活动。但它们具有大学的性质；我坚信其有效性。出发点是促进一种生活方式，就好像知识在个体之间流转，思想被广泛交换，学科之间进行比较和调整，思维、智力和社交得到扩展，人们选择对某个特定研究领域自发产生强烈的热爱并真诚投入。

我得反复说明，这样的周期性会议只能部分代表一所大学的理念。随之而来的喧嚣和忙乱不符合严肃智识教育的秩序和重心。我们亟需不受日常习惯干扰的教育方式，倒也不必寻找太久，在我们讨论不休时，它会随着时机成熟自然出现。在每一个伟大的国家，大城市本身就是一所必要的大学，不以意志为转移。因为它是法院、上层社会、政治、法律的中心，所以自然也是文学中心；在这个时代，伦敦和巴黎多年来实际上都是运行着的大学，即使巴黎著名的大学已经不复存在，而伦敦的大学也基本只有执行董事会的功能。在这里，报纸、杂志、学刊、博物馆和学院随处可见，学术及科学社团的存在必然使其具备了大学的功能；那种思想的氛围，此前只存在于牛津或者博洛尼亚或者萨拉曼卡，现在随着时代的变迁，都来到了政府的中心。那里有来自全国各地的年轻人，有法律、医学以及艺术专业的学生，有文学工作者和相关业者。他们因机遇而停留，对自己的临时家园深感满意，因为他们在其中找到被兑现的承诺。就其自身的目标而言，他们没有白来一趟。他们没有学习某种具体的宗教，但得以充分了解自己特定的专业，而且，熟悉了所在地的习俗、行为规范和舆论，并为这种传统的传承做出自己的贡献。我们不能没有虚拟大学：一座都市就是一所虚拟大学：一个简单的问题是，需求和供给的教育是否具有原则基础、成型规范和最高的目标指向，因为如果让大师和学院随意地你方唱罢我登场，思想被可悲的浪费，真理亦岌岌可危。

宗教教育本身在某种程度上提供了说明主题的例子。它并不会将自己放置在世界中心，这从本质上来说也是不可能的。其目标指向大众，而非少数人。其论题是人们需要的真理，而不是深奥罕见的。它和大

学的原则在以下方面保持一致：它的重要手段，或者说媒介工具是所有教育本应具备的，即老师的在场，或者以神学语言来说，口授的传统。这是活生生的声音、呼吸和丰富的表情在传授和问答宣讲。真理，一种微妙、无形、多面的精神存在，通过视觉、听觉、情感、想象和推理涌入到学者的头脑中，并通过提问和重复，不断的质疑、修正和解释、演进与归原而永久留存在头脑中，这些就是“问答宣讲”这个词所指的一切方式。在初始阶段，要耗费少则数月多则数年的时间，改变早期基督徒思想上的异教谬误，并树立基督教信仰。的确，能够获取圣经的人执掌了圣经的研究，但圣爱任纽斯在不能阅读圣经的情况下也毫不犹豫地为其所有皈依的基督徒发声。在那时，不具备读写能力并不是缺乏学识的证明：沙漠中的隐士，从字面意义来说，就是文盲；然而伟大的圣安东尼虽然目不识丁，在博学的哲学家前来挑战时，也是位毫不逊色的辩手。还有迪代默斯，亚历山大时代伟大的神学家，是位盲人。古代“Disciplina Arcani”即所谓“秘密教规”的训练，涉及相同的原则。更神圣的骑士教义并不出现在书本中，而是通过延续不断的传统来传承。对神圣的三位一体和圣餐的教学似乎就是这样流传数百年，最终在其诉诸文字后，相关文献已经汗牛充栋，离穷尽其奥义却还遥遥无期。

我想我已经解释详尽了；结束语和开头所言一样，大学是来自四面八方的师生为各种知识而汇聚一堂的地方。最好的东西不可能俯拾皆是：你必须到大城市或者商业中心区寻觅。在那里自然和人工的顶尖产品荟萃一处，而在原产地你只能发现孤零零的一种特产。全国和全世界的财富都被运往该处：最佳的市场，最好的工匠都在那里；那是贸易的中心，时尚的最高鉴定处，竞争人才的公断所，还是珍奇宝物的评判标准。它是观赏一流画作的场所，也是聆听美妙歌喉、欣赏超凡演出的殿堂。那里汇聚着伟大的传道者、演说家、贵族和政治家。世间万物，伟大与完整并行；卓越常常指向核心。这个核心，我再三指出，就是大学；希望读者莫要厌烦我的多次重复：成百上千的学校为成就大学做出贡献，使它成为知识分子可以自由探查研究、建构思想的所在，他们定会在此遭逢挑战和对手，并在真理的裁判所接受检验。在大学里，通过心灵的激荡和学术的碰撞，人们质疑、修正和完善，消解鲁莽之失，揭示谬误之陋。在这里，能言善辩的教授传道授业解惑，满怀对学科的深爱，用最全面可信的方式展示科学，点燃听众胸中的热情。在这里，教授在问答宣讲中以扎实的脚步前行，将真理灌注到学生的记忆宝库，并不断楔入和夯实在他们日益增长的理性中。这是一处以佳誉赢得青年的仰慕，以美好点燃中年的热爱，以通达锁定老年的忠诚的场所。这里是智慧源泉、世界灯塔、信仰之门，是新一代人的母校。大学还是除此之外的林林总总，需要比我更加善思决断之人才能备述其妙。

（张萍 译）

[1] 典出莎士比亚《皆大欢喜》（As You Like It）第二幕第一景，此处所引为梁实秋译文。

THE THEORY OF THE LIBERAL COLLEGE

By Alexander Meiklejohn



THE THEORY OF THE LIBERAL COLLEGE, by Alexander Meiklejohn, from his *Freedom and the College*, New York, The Century Company, 1923, pp. 155-189.

Alexander Meiklejohn (1872-1964), American educator and teacher of philosophy.

This was his inaugural address as president of Amherst College, Massachusetts, October 16, 1912.

In the discussions concerning college education there is one voice which is all too seldom raised and all too often disregarded. It is the voice of the teacher and scholar, of the member of the college faculty. It is my purpose here to consider the ideals of the teacher, of the problems of instruction as they present themselves to the men who are giving instruction. And I do this not because I believe that just now the teachers are wiser than others who are dealing with the same questions, but rather as an expression of a definite conviction with regard to the place of the teacher in our educational scheme. It is, I believe, the function of the teacher to stand before his pupils and before the community at large as the intellectual leader of his time. If he is not able to take this leadership, he is not worthy of his calling. If the leadership is taken from him and given to others, then the very foundations of the scheme of instruction are shaken. He who in matters of teaching must be led by others is not the one to lead the imitative undergraduate, not the one to inspire the confidence and loyalty and discipleship on which all true teaching depends. If there are others who can do these things better than the college teacher of to-day, then we must bring them within the college walls. But if the teacher is to be deemed worthy of his task, then he must be recognized as the teacher of us all, and we must listen to his words as he speaks of the matters intrusted to his charge.

In the consideration of the educational creed of the teacher I will try to give, first, a brief statement of his belief; second, a defense of it against other views of the function of the college; third, an interpretation of its meaning and significance; fourth, a criticism of what seem to me misunderstandings of their own meaning prevalent among the teachers of our day; and finally, a suggestion of certain changes in policy which must follow if the belief of the teacher is clearly understood and applied in our educational procedure.

I.

First, then, What do our teachers believe to be the aim of college instruction? Wherever their opinions and convictions find expression there is one contention which is always in the foreground, namely, that to be liberal a college must be essentially intellectual. It is a place, the teachers tell us, in which a boy, forgetting all things else, may set forth on the enterprise of learning. It is a time when a young man may come to awareness of the thinking of his people, may perceive what knowledge is and has been and is to be. Whatever light-hearted undergraduates may say, whatever the opinions of solicitous parents, of ambitious friends, of employers in search of workmen, of leaders in church or state or business—whatever may be the beliefs and desire and demands of outsiders—the teacher within the college, knowing his mission as no one else can know it, proclaims that mission to be the leading of his pupil into the life intellectual. The college is primarily not a place of the body, nor of the feeling, nor even of the will; it is, first of all, a place of the mind.

II.

Against this intellectual interpretation of the college our teachers find two sets of hostile forces constantly at work. Outside the walls there are the practical demands of a busy commercial and social scheme; within the college there are the trivial and sentimental and irrational misunderstandings of its own friends. Upon each of these our college teachers are wont to descend as Samson upon the Philistines, and when they have had their will, there is little left for another to accomplish.

As against the immediate practical demands from without, the issue is clear and decisive. College teachers know that the world must have trained workmen, skilled operatives, clever buyers and sellers, efficient directors, resourceful manufacturers, able lawyers, ministers, physicians, and teachers. But it is equally true that in order to do its own work, the liberal college must leave the special and technical training for these trades and professions to be done in other schools and by other methods. In a word, the liberal college does not pretend to give all the kinds of teaching which a young man of college age may profitably receive; it does not even claim to give all the kinds of intellectual training which are worth giving. It is committed to intellectual training of the liberal type, whatever that may mean, and to that mission it must be faithful. One may safely say, then, on behalf of our college teachers, that their instruction is intended to be radically different from that given in the technical school or even in the professional school. Both these institutions are practical in a sense which the college, as an intellectual institution, is not. In the technical school, the pupil is taught how to do some one of the mechanical operations which contribute to human welfare. He is trained to point, to weave, to farm, to build; and for the most part he is trained to do these things by practice rather than by theory. His possession when he leaves the school is not a stock of ideas, of scientific principles, but a measure of skill, a collection of rules of thumb. His primary function as a tradesman is not to understand but to do, and in doing what is needed he is following directions which have first been thought out by others and are now practiced by him. The technical school intends to furnish training which, in the sense in which we use the term, is not intellectual but practical.

In a corresponding way the work of the professional school differs from that of the liberal college. In the teaching of engineering, medicine or law, we are or may be beyond the realm of mere skill and within the realm of ideas and principles. But the selection and the relating of these ideas is dominated by an immediate practical interest which cuts them off from the intellectual point of view of the scholar. If an undergraduate should take away from his studies of chemistry, biology, and psychology only those parts which have immediate practical application in the field of medicine, the college teachers would feel that they had failed to give the boy the kind of instruction demanded of a college. It is not their purpose to furnish applied knowledge in this sense. They are not willing to cut up their sciences into segments and to allow the students to select those segments which may be of service in the practice of an art or a profession. In one way or another the teacher feels a kinship with the scientist and the scholar which forbids him to submit to this domination of his instruction by the demands of an immediate practical interest. Whatever it may mean, he intends to hold the intellectual point of view and to keep his students with him if he can. In response, then, to demands for technical and professional training our college teachers tell us that such training may be obtained in other schools; it is not to be had in a college of liberal culture.

In the conflict with the forces within the college our teachers find themselves fighting essentially the same battle as against the foes without. In a hundred different ways the friends of the college, students, graduates, trustees, and even colleagues, seem to them so to misunderstand its mission as to minimize or to falsify its intellectual ideals. The college is a good place for making friends; it gives excellent experience in getting on with men; it has exceptional advantages as an athletic club; is a relatively safe place for a boy when he first leaves home; on a whole it may improve a student's manners; it gives acquaintance with lofty ideals of character, preaches the doctrine of social service, exalts the virtues and duties of citizenship. All these conceptions seem to the teacher to hide or to obscure the fact that the college is fundamentally a place of the mind, a time for thinking, an opportunity for knowing. And perhaps in proportion to their own loftiness of purpose and motive they are the more dangerous as tending all the more powerfully to replace or to nullify the underlying principle upon which they all depend. Here again when misconception clears away, one can have no doubt that the battle of the teacher is a righteous one. It is well that a boy should have four good years of athletic sport, playing his own games and watching the games of his fellows; it is well that his manners should be improved; it is worth while to make good friends; it is very desirable to develop the power of understanding and working with other men; it is surely good to grow in strength and purity of character, in devotion to the interests of society, in readiness to meet obligations and opportunities of citizenship. If any one of these be lacking from the fruits of a college course we may well complain of the harvest. And yet is it not true that by sheer pressure of these, by the driving and pulling of the social forces within and without the college, the mind of the student is constantly torn from its chief concern? Do not our social and practical interests distract our boys from the intellectual achievement which should dominate their imagination and command their zeal? I believe that one may take it as the deliberate judgment of the teachers of our colleges to-day that the function of the college is constantly misunderstood, and that it is subjected to demands which, however friendly in intent, are yet destructive of its intellectual efficiency and success.

III.

But now that the contention of the teacher has been stated and reaffirmed against objections, it is time to ask, What does it mean? And how can it be justified? By what right does a company of scholars invite young men to spend with them four years of discipleship? Do they, in their insistence upon the intellectual quality of their ideal intend to give an education which is avowedly impractical? If so, how shall they justify their invitation, which may perhaps divert young men from other interests and other companionships which are valuable to themselves and to their fellows? In a word, what is the underlying motive of the teacher, what is there in the intellectual interests and activities which seems to him to warrant their domination over the training and instruction of young men during the college years?

It is no fair answer to this question to summon us to faith in intellectual ideals, to demand of us that we live the life of the mind with confidence in the virtues of intelligence, that we love knowledge and because of our passion follow after it. Most of us are already eager to accept intellectual ideals but our very devotion to them forbids that we accept them blindly. I have often been struck by the inner contradictoriness of the demand that we have faith in intelligence. It seems to mean, as it is so commonly made to mean, that we must unintelligently follow intelligence, that we must ignorantly pursue knowledge, that we must question everything except the use of thinking itself. As Mr. F. H. Bradley would say, the dictum, "Have faith in intelligence," is so true that it constantly threatens to become false. Our very conviction of its truth compels us to scrutinize and test it to the end.

How then shall we justify the faith of the teacher? What reason can we give for our exaltation of intellectual training and activity? To this question two answers are possible. First, knowledge and thinking are good in themselves. Secondly, they help us in the attainment of other values in life which without them would be impossible. Both these answers may be given and are given by college teachers. Within them must be found whatever can be said by way of explanation and justification of the work of the liberal college.

The first answer receives just now far less of recognition than it can rightly claim. When the man of the world is told that a boy is to be trained in thinking just because of the joys and satisfactions of thinking itself, just in order that he may go on thinking as long as he lives, the man of the world has been heard to scoff and to ridicule the idle dreaming of scholarly men. But if thinking is not a good thing in itself, if intellectual activity is not worth while for

its own sake, will the man of the world tell us what is? There are those among us who find so much satisfaction in the countless trivial and vulgar amusements of crude people that they have no time for the joys of the mind. There are those who are so closely shut up within a little round of petty pleasures that they have never dreamed of the fun of reading and conversing and investigating and reflecting. And of these one can only say that the difference is one of taste, and that their tastes seem to be relatively dull and stupid. Surely it is one function of the liberal college to save boys from that stupidity, to give them an appetite for the pleasures of thinking, to make them sensitive to the joys of appreciation and understanding, to show them how sweet and captivating and wholesome are the games of the mind. At the time when the play element is still dominant it is worth while to acquaint boys with the sport of facing and solving problems. Apart from some of the experiences of friendship and sympathy I doubt if there are any human interests so permanently satisfying, so fine and splendid in themselves as are those of intellectual activity. To give our boys that zest, that delight in things intellectual, to give them an appreciation of a kind of life which is well worth living, to make them men of intellectual culture—that certainly is one part of the work of any liberal college.

On the other hand, the creation of culture as so defined can never constitute the full achievement of the college. It is essential to awaken the impulses of inquiry, of experiment, of investigation, of reflection, the instinctive cravings of the mind. But no liberal college can be content with this. The impulse to thinking must be questioned and rationalized as must every other instinctive response. It is well to think, but what shall we think about? Are there any lines of investigation and reflection more valuable than others, and if so, how is their value to be tested? Or again, if the impulse for thinking comes into conflict with other desires and cravings, how is the opposition to be solved? It has sometimes been suggested that our man of intellectual culture may be found like Nero fiddling with words while all the world about him is aflame. And the point of the suggestion is not that fiddling is a bad and worthless pastime, but rather that it is inopportune on such an occasion, that the man who does it is out of touch with his situation, that his fiddling does not fit his facts. In a word, men know with regard to thinking, as with regard to every other content of human experience, that it cannot be valued merely in terms of itself. It must be measured in terms of its relation to other contents and to human experience as a whole. Thinking is good in itself—but what does it cost of other things, what does it bring of other values? Place it amid all the varied contents of our individual and social experience, measure it in terms of what it implies, fix it by means of its relations, and then you will know its worth not simply in itself but in that deeper sense which comes when human desires are rationalized and human lives are known in their entirety, as well as they can be known by those who are engaged in living them.

In this consideration we find the second answer of the teacher to the demand for justification of the work of the college. Knowledge is good, he tells us, not only in itself, but in its enrichment and enhancement of the other values of our experience. In the deepest and fullest sense of the words, knowledge pays. This statement rests upon the classification of human actions into two groups, those of the instinctive type and those of the intellectual type. By far the greater part of our human acts are carried on without any clear idea of what we are going to do or how are we going to do it. For the most part our responses to our situations are the immediate responses of feeling, of perception, of custom, of tradition. But slowly and painfully, as the mind has developed, action after action has been translated from the feeling to the ideational type; in wider and wider fields men have become aware of their own modes of action, more and more they have come to understanding, to knowledge of themselves and of their needs. And the principle underlying all our educational procedure is that, on the whole, actions become more successful as they pass from the sphere of feeling to that of understanding. Our educational belief is that in the long run if men know what they are going to do and how they are going to do it, and what is the nature of the situation with which they are dealing, their response to that situation will be better adjusted and more beneficial than are the responses of the feeling type in like situations.

It is all too obvious that there are limits to the validity of this principle. If men are to investigate, to consider, to decide, then action must be delayed and we must pay the penalty of waiting. If men are to endeavor to understand and know their situation, then we must be prepared to see them make mistakes in their thinking, lose their certainty of touch, wander off into pitfalls and illusions and fallacies of thought, and in consequence secure for the time results far lower in value than those of the instinctive response which they seek to replace. The delays and mistakes and uncertainties of our thinking are a heavy price to pay, but it is the conviction of the teacher that the price is as nothing when compared with the goods which it buys. You may point out to him the loss when old methods of procedure give way before the criticism of understanding, you may remind him of the pain and suffering when old

habits of thought and action are replaced, you may reprove him for all the blunders of the past; but in spite of it all he knows and you know that in human lives taken separately and in human life as a whole men's greatest lack is the lack of understanding, their greatest hope to know themselves and the world in which they live.

Within the limits of this general educational principle the place of the liberal college may easily be fixed. In the technical school pupils are prepared for a specific work and are kept for the most part on the plane of perceptual action, doing work which others understand. In the professional school, students are properly within the realm of ideas and principles, but they are still limited to a specific human interest with which alone their understanding is concerned. But the college is called liberal as against both of these because the instruction is dominated by no special interest, is limited to no single human task, but is intended to take human activity as a whole, to understand human endeavors not in their isolation but in their relations to one another and to the total experience which we call the life of our people. And just as we believe that the building of ships has become more successful as men have come to a knowledge of the principles involved in their construction; just as the practice of medicine has become more successful as we come to a knowledge of the human body, of the conditions within it and the influences without; just so the teacher in the liberal college believes that life as a total enterprise, life as it presents itself to each one of us in his career as an individual—human living—will be more successful in so far as men come to understand it and to know it as they attempt to carry it on. To give boys an intellectual grasp on human experience—this it seems to me is the teacher's conception of the chief function of the liberal college.

May I call attention to the fact that this second answer of the teacher defines the aims of the college as avowedly and frankly practical. Knowledge is to be sought chiefly for the sake of its contribution to the other activities of human living. But on the other hand, it is as definitely declared that in method the college is fully and unreservedly intellectual. If we can see that these two demands are not in conflict but that they stand together in the harmonious relation of means and end, of instrument and achievement, of method and result, we may escape many a needless conflict and keep our educational policy in singleness of aim and action. To do this we must show that the college is intellectual, not as opposed to practical interests and purposes, but as opposed to unpractical and unwise methods of work. The issue is not between practical and intellectual aims but between the immediate and the remote aim, between the hasty and the measured procedure, between the demand for results at once and the willingness to wait for the best results. The intellectual road to success is longer and more roundabout than any other, but they who are strong and willing for the climbing are brought to higher levels of achievement than they could possibly have attained had they gone straightforward in the pathway of quick returns. If this were not true the liberal college would have no proper place in our life at all. In so far as it is true the college has a right to claim the best of our young men to give them its preparation for the living they are to do.

IV.

But now that we have attempted to interpret the intellectual mission of the college, it may be fair to ask: "Are the teachers and scholars of our day always faithful to that mission? Do their statements and their practice always ring in accord with the principle which has been stated?" It seems to me that at two points they are constantly off the key, constantly at variance with the reasons by which alone their teaching can be justified.

In the first place, it often appears as if our teachers and scholars were deliberately in league to mystify and befog the popular mind regarding this practical value of intellectual work. They seem not to wish too much said about the results and benefits. Their desire is to keep aloft the intellectual banner, to proclaim the intellectual gospel, to demand of student and public alike adherence to the faith. And in general when they are questioned as to results they give little satisfaction except to those who are already pledged to unwavering confidence in their *ipse dixit*. And largely as a result of this attitude the American people seem to me to have little understanding of the intellectual work of the college. Our citizens and patrons can see the value of games and physical exercises; they readily perceive the importance of the social give and take of a college democracy; they can appreciate the value of studies which prepare a young man for his profession and so anticipate or replace the professional school; they can even believe that if a boy is kept at some sort of thinking for four years his mind may become more acute, more systematic, more accurate, and hence more useful than it was before. But as for the content of a college course, as for the value of knowledge, what a boy gains by knowing Greek or economics, philosophy or literature, history or

biology, except as they are regarded as having professional usefulness, I think our friends are in the dark and are likely to remain so until we turn on the light. When our teachers say, as they sometimes do say, that the effect of knowledge upon the character and life of the student must always be for the college an accident, a circumstance which has no essential connection with its real aim or function, then it seems to me that our educational policy is wholly out of joint. If there be no essential connection between instruction and life, then there is no reason for giving instruction except in so far as it is pleasant in itself, and we have no educational policy at all. As against this hesitancy, this absence of a conviction, we men of the college should declare in clear and unmistakable terms our creed—the creed that knowledge is justified by its results. We should say to our people so plainly that they cannot misunderstand: “Give us your boys, give us the means we need, and we will so train and inform the minds of those boys that their own lives and the lives of the men about them shall be more successful than they could be without our training. Give us our chance and we will show your boys what human living is, for we are convinced that they can live better in knowledge than they can in ignorance.”

There is a second wandering from the faith which is so common among investigators that it may fairly be called the “fallacy of the scholar.” It is the belief that all knowledge is so good that all parts of knowledge are equally good. Ask many of our scholars and teachers what subjects a boy should study in order that he may gain insight for human living, and they will say, “It makes no difference in what department of knowledge he studies; let him go into Sanskrit or bacteriology, into mathematics or history; if only he goes where men are actually dealing with intellectual problems, and if only he learns how to deal with problems himself, the aim of education is achieved, he has entered into intellectual activity.” This point of view, running through all the varieties of the elective system, seems to me hopelessly at variance with any sound educational doctrine. It represents the scholar of the day at his worst both as a thinker and as a teacher. In so far as it dominates a group of college teachers it seems to me to render them unfit to determine and to administer a college curriculum. It is an announcement that they have no guiding principles in their educational practice, no principles of selection in their arrangement of studies, no genuine grasp of the relationship between knowledge and life. It is the concerted statement of a group of men each of whom is lost within the limits of his own special studies, and who as a group seem not to realize the organic relationships between them nor the common task which should bind them together.

In bringing this second criticism against our scholars I am not urging that the principle of election of college studies should be entirely discontinued. But I should like to inquire by what right and within what limits it is justified. The most familiar argument in its favor is that if a student is allowed to choose along the lines of his own intellect or professional interest he will have enthusiasm, the eagerness which comes with the following of one's own bent. Now, just so far as this result is achieved, just so far as the quality of scholarship is improved, the procedure is good and we may follow it if we do not thereby lose other results more valuable than our gain. But if the special interest comes into conflict with more fundamental ones, if what the student prefers is opposed to what he ought to prefer, then we of the college cannot leave the choice with him. We must say to him frankly: “If you do not care for liberal training you had better go elsewhere; we have a special and definite task assigned us which demands that we keep free from the domination of special or professional pursuits. So long as we are faithful to that task we cannot give you what you ask.”

In my opinion, however, the fundamental motive of the elective system is not the one which has been mentioned. In the last resort our teachers allow students to choose their own studies not in order to appeal to intellectual or to professional interest, but because they themselves have no choice of their own in which they believe with sufficient intensity to impose it upon their pupils. And this lack of a dominating educational policy is in turn an expression of an intellectual attitude, a point of view, which marks the scholars of our time. In a word, it seems to me that our willingness to allow students to wander about in the college curriculum is one of the most characteristic expressions of a certain intellectual agnosticism, a kind of intellectual bankruptcy, into which, in spite of all our wealth of information, the spirit of the time has fallen. Let me explain my meaning.

The old classical curriculum was founded by men who had a theory of the world and of human life. They had taken all the available content of human knowledge and had wrought it together into a coherent whole. What they knew was, as judged by our standards, very little in amount. But upon that little content they had expended all the infinite pains of understanding and interpretation. They had taken the separate judgments of science, philosophy, history, and the arts, and had so welded them together, so established their relationships with one another, so freed

them from contradictions and ambiguities that, so far as might be in their day and generation, human life as a whole and the world about us were known, were understood, were rationalized. They had a knowledge of human experience by which they could live and which they could teach to others engaged in the activities of living.

But with the invention of methods of scientific investigation and discovery there came pouring into the mind of Europe great masses of intellectual material—astronomy, physics, chemistry. This content for a time it could not understand, could not relate to what it already knew. The old boundary lines did not inclose the new fields; the old explanations and interpretations would not fit the new facts. Knowledge had not grown, it had simply been enlarged, and the two masses of content, the old and the new, stood facing each other with no common ground of understanding. Here was the intellectual task of the great leaders of the early modern thought of Europe: to reestablish the unity of knowledge, to discover the relationships between these apparently hostile bodies of judgments, to know the world again, but with all the added richness of the new insights, and the new information. This was the work of Leibnitz and Spinoza, of Kant and Hegel, and those who labored with them. And in a very considerable measure the task had been accomplished, order had been restored. But again with the inrush of the newer discoveries, first in the field of biology and then later in the world of human relationships, the difficulties have returned, multiplied a thousandfold. Every day sees a new field of facts opened up, a new method of investigation invented, a new department of knowledge established. And in the rush of it all these new sciences come merely as additions, not to be understood but simply numbered, not to be interpreted but simply listed in the great collection of separate fields of knowledge. If you will examine the work of any scientist within one of these fields you will find him ordering, systematizing, reducing to principles, in a word, knowing every fact in terms of its relation to every other fact and to the whole field within which it falls. But at the same time these separate sciences, these separate groups of judgment, are left standing side by side with no intelligible connections, no establishment of relationships, no interpretation in the sense in which we insist upon it within each of the fields taken by itself. Is it not the characteristic statement of a scholar of our time to say: "I do not know what may be the ultimate significance of these facts and these principles; all that I know is that if you will follow my method within my field you will find the facts coming into order, the principles coming into simple and coherent arrangement. With any problems apart from this order and this arrangement I have intellectually no concern."

It has become an axiom with us that the genuine student labors within his own field. And if the student ventures forth to examine the relations of his field to the surrounding country he very easily becomes a popularizer, a litterateur, a speculator, and worst of all, unscientific. Now I do not object to a man's minding his own intellectual business if he chooses to do so, but when a man minds his own business because he does not know any other business, because he has no knowledge whatever of the relationships which justify his business and make it worth while, then I think one may say that though such a man minds his own affairs he does not know them, he does not understand them. Such a man, from the point of view of the demands of a liberal education, differs in no essential respect from the tradesman who does not understand his trade or the professional man who merely practices his profession. Just as truly as they, he is shut up within a special interest; just as truly as they, he is making no intellectual attempt to understand his experience in its unity. And the pity of it is that more and more the chairs in our colleges are occupied by men who have only this special interest, this specialized information, and it is through them that we attempt to give our boys a liberal education, which the teachers themselves have not achieved.

I should not like to be misunderstood in making this railing accusation against our teachers and our time. If I say that our knowledge is at present a collection of scattered observations about the world rather than an understanding of it, fairness compels the admission that the failure is due to the inherent difficulties of the situation and the novelty of the problems presented. If I cry out against the agnosticism of our people it is not as one who has escaped from it, nor as one who would point the way back to the older synthesis, but simply as one who believes that the time has come for a reconstruction, for a new synthesis. We have had time enough now to get some notion of our bearings, shocks enough to get over our nervousness and discomfiture when a new one comes along. It is the opportunity and the obligation of this generation to think through the content of our knowing once again, to understand it, so far as we can. And in such a battle as this, surely it is the part of the college to take the lead. Here is the mission of the college teacher as of no other member of our common life. Surely he should stand before his pupils and before all of us as a man who has achieved some understanding of this human situation of ours, but more than that, as one who is eager for the conflict with the powers of darkness and who can lead his pupils in enthusiastic devotion to the common cause of enlightenment.

V.

And now, finally, after these attacks upon the policies which other men have derived from their love of knowledge, may I suggest two matters of policy which seem to me to follow from the definition of education which we have taken. The first concerns the content of the college course; the second has to do with the method of its presentation to the undergraduate.

We have said that the system of free election is natural for those to whom knowledge is simply a number of separate departments. It is equally true that in just so far as knowledge attains unity, just so far as the relations of the various departments are perceived, freedom of election by the student must be limited. For it at once appears that on the one side there are vast ranges of information which have virtually no significance for the purposes of a liberal education, while on the other hand there are certain elements so fundamental and vital that without any one of them a liberal education is impossible.

I should like to indicate certain parts of human knowledge which seem to me so essential that no principle of election should ever be allowed to drive them out of the course of any college student.

First, a student should become acquainted with the fundamental motives and purposes and beliefs which, clearly or unclearly recognized, underlie all human experience and bind it together. He must perceive the moral strivings, the intellectual endeavors, the æsthetic experiences of his race, and closely linked with these, determining and determined by them, the beliefs about the world which have appeared in our systems of religion. To investigate this field, to bring it to such clearness of formulation as may be possible, is the task of philosophy—an essential element in any liberal education. Secondly, as in human living, our motives, purposes, and beliefs have found expression in institutions—those concerted modes of procedure by which we work together—a student should be made acquainted with these. He should see and appreciate what is intended, what accomplished, and what left undone by such institutions as property, the courts, the family, the church, the mill. To know these as contributing and failing to contribute to human welfare is the work of our social or humanistic sciences into which a boy must go on his way through the liberal college. Thirdly, in order to understand the motives and the institutions of human life one must know the conditions which surround it, the stage on which the game is played. To give this information is the business of astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry, biology, and the other descriptive sciences. These a boy must know, so far as they are significant and relevant to his purpose. Fourthly, as all three of these factors, the motives, the institutions, the natural processes have sprung from the past and have come to be what they are by change upon change in the process of time, the student of human life must try to learn the sequences of events from which the present has come. The development of human thought and attitude, the development of human institutions, the development of the world and of the beings about us—all these must be known, as throwing light upon present problems, present instrumentalities, present opportunities in the life of human endeavor. And in addition to these four studies which render human experience in terms of abstract ideas, a liberal education must take account of those concrete representations of life which are given in the arts, and especially in the art of literature. It is well that a boy should be acquainted with his world not simply as expressed by the principles of knowledge but also as depicted by the artist with all the vividness and definiteness which are possible in the portrayal of individual beings in individual relationships. These five elements, then, a young man must take from a college of liberal training, the contributions of philosophy of humanistic science, of natural science, of history, and of literature. So far as knowledge is concerned, these at least he should have, welded together in some kind of interpretation of his own experience and the world in which he lives.

My second suggestion is that our college curriculum should be so arranged and our instruction so devised that its vital connection with the living of men should be obvious even to an undergraduate. A little while ago I heard one of the most prominent citizens of this country speak of his college days, and he said, "I remember so vividly those few occasions on which the professor would put aside the books and take like a real man about real things." Oh, the bitterness of those words to the teacher! Our books are not dealing with the real things, and for the most part we are not real men either, but just old fogies and bookworms. And to be perfectly frank about the whole matter, I believe that in large measure our pupils are indifferent to their studies simply because they do not see that these are important.

Now if we really have a vital course of study to present I believe that this difficulty can in large measure be overcome. It is possible to make a freshman realize the need of translating his experience from the forms of feeling to those of ideas. He can and he ought to be shown that now, his days of mere tutelage being over, it is time for him to face the problems of his people, to begin to think about those problems for himself, to learn what other men have learned and thought before him, in a word, to get himself ready to take his place among those who are responsible for the guidance of our common life by ideas and principles and purposes. If this could be done, I think we should get from the reality-loving American boy something like an intellectual enthusiasm, something of the spirit that comes when he plays a game that seems to him really worth playing. But I do not believe that this result can be achieved without a radical reversal of the arrangement of the college curriculum. I should like to see every freshman at once plunged into the problems of philosophy, into the difficulties and perplexities about our institutions, into the scientific accounts of the world especially as they bear on human life, into the portrayals of human experience which are given by the masters of literature. If this were done by proper teaching, it seems to me the boy's college course would at once take on significance for him; he would understand what he is about; and though he would be a sadly puzzled boy at the end of the first year, he would still have before him three good years of study, of investigation, of reflection, and of discipleship, in which to achieve, so far as may be, the task to which he has been set. Let him once feel the problems of the present, and his historical studies will become significant; let him know what other men have discovered and thought about his problems, and he will be ready to deal with them himself. But in any case, the whole college course will be unified and dominated by a single interest, a single purpose—that of so understanding human life as to be ready and equipped for the practice of it. And this would mean for the college, not another seeking of the way of quick returns, but rather an escape from aimless wanderings in the mere bypaths of knowledge, a resolute climbing on the highroad to a unified grasp upon human experience.

I have taken so much of your time this morning that an apology seems due for the things I have omitted to mention. I have said nothing of the organization of the college, nothing of the social life of the students, nothing of the relations with the alumni, nothing of the needs and qualifications of the teachers, and, even within the consideration of the course of study, nothing of the value of specialization or of the disciplinary subjects or of the training of language and expression. And I have put these aside deliberately, for the sake of a cause which is greater than any of them—a cause which lies at the very heart of the liberal college. It is the cause of making clear to the American people the mission of the teacher, of convincing them of the value of knowledge: not the specialized knowledge which contributes to immediate practical aims, but the unified understanding which is Insight.

Notes

undergraduates, a student at a college or university who has not taken his first degree.

Samson, an Israelite distinguished for his great strength.

rules of thumb, any rude process of measuring judgment and practical experience against scientific knowledge.

nullify, annul or render void; to make without force.

sheer, pure.

zeal, eager attention and active interest.

avowedly, admitted openly.

contradictoriness, denial.

F. H. Bradley, English philosopher (1846-1924) .

scoff, to show scorn or contempt.

Nero (37-68) , the Roman emperor, who, to please his mistress, set fire to the city of Rome. While the fire was

raging, he played on his fiddle.

ideational, a type of mind which conceives or entertains ideas.

validity, soundness.

fallacies, unsound methods of thought.

league, an alliance for mutual interests.

befog, to make unclear.

ipse dixit, he himself said it.

wholly, entirely.

hesitancy, uncertainty.

Sanskrit, the ancient Aryan language of the Hindus.

agnosticism, the doctrine which denies that man possesses any knowledge of the ultimate nature of things.

intellectual bankruptcy, the breakdown of the intellect.

welded, united together.

railing, insulting or reproaching.

synthesis, process of combining complex ideas from simple ones.

virtually, practically.

concerted, mutually planned or agreed upon.

fogies, persons of old-fashioned or eccentric habits.

reversal, turning about in an opposite direction.

insight, intuition or penetration into an unknown.

Questions

1. What is the function of the teacher?
2. What is the belief of the teacher?
3. How is it to be defended against other views of the function of the college?
4. What is its meaning and significance?
5. What misunderstandings of their own meaning are prevalent among teachers?
6. What changes of policy must follow if the belief of the teacher is allowed to shape education?

参考译文

【作品简介】

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【作者简介】

亚历山大·米克尔约翰（1872—1964），美国教育家、哲学教师。本文是他在1912年10月16日出任马萨诸塞州阿默斯特学院院长一职时的就职演说。

42 通识学院的理论

在关于大学教育的讨论中，有一个声音极少被听到，而且往往被忽视。那就是来自教师与学者的声音，大学教师队伍的声音。在此，我意在思量教师的理想，思考在教学过程中呈现在教师面前的种种问题。之所以这样做，并不是因为在我看来当下教师比其他处理同样问题的人更加智慧贤明，而是笃定且信任教师这个角色在我们的教育体制的地位和作用。这种作用表现为教师作为其时代的思想领导者，能够成为学生和整个社区的表率。如果他无法承担此领导作用，那么他就愧对这个称谓。如果他的领导地位被剥夺，被赋予他人，那么整个教育体制的基础也将会为之动摇。在教学中拾人牙慧、亦步亦趋的教师培养不出效仿力强的学生，更谈不上教育真正依赖的树立信心、鼓舞忠诚、激励崇奉。如果有人能够比当今的教师在这些方面做得更加出色，那么我们必须把他们请进大学校园中来。而且，如果教师所做的工作得到社会的价值认同，我们所有人应视其为老师，听从他的言辞，因为他所言之事正是被交托之职。

关于教师的教育信条，首先我将尝试对他的信仰做简短说明；其次，针对有关大学之作用的其他观点，为他的信仰进行辩护；第三，对教师信仰的意义和重要性进行阐释；第四，批评在当今教师队伍中普遍存在的对信仰意义重要性的误解；最后，如果教师的信仰被充分理解并被应用于我们的教育过程之中，则必须对随之而来的一些政策变化提出建议。

一

首先，在我们的教师心目中，什么才是大学教育的目标呢？无论他们何时何地表达自己的观点和信念，其核心论点必然是，如果一所学院要实现通识教育，就必须根本上是知识思想型的。教师们告诉我们，大学是这样一个人：在这里，一个孩子会将其他一切杂事抛诸脑后，专注于学业。大学是这样一段时光：在这段时光里，一个年轻人会开始关注人民的思想，会领悟感知现在是什么，曾经是什么，将来会是什么。不论无忧无虑的大学生有何想法，不管怀着殷切期望的父母、雄心勃勃的赞助者、正在寻找员工的雇主乃至教会或国家或商界领袖持何种观点——总之，无论局外人的信念、愿望和要求是什么——大学教师比任何人都

清楚他的职责所在，声明他的使命就是引领他的学生走进思想生活。大学从根本上不是一个关于身体的地方，也不是一个关于情感的地方，甚至也不是一个关于意志的地方；它是一个旨在形成思想、充实头脑的地方。

二

我们的教师发现有两股势力一贯站在对大学的思想性阐释的对立面，对其形成干扰。一股来自大学校园之外，表现为繁杂的商业和社会体系的实际需求；另一股来自大学校园之内，是其支持者的细微琐碎、感情用事且毫无理性的误解。我们的大学教师就如同参孙降世与非利士人进行终生争战一般，已经习惯于与这两股势力周旋。一旦他们拥有坚定的意念，对手的施展空间便微乎其微。

与校园之外的现实需求针锋相对时，问题的阐释便清晰明确。大学教师深知这个世界需要训练有素的工人，技术娴熟的技工，头脑聪明的买卖人，富有效率的主管，资源丰富的制造商，能力出众的律师、政客、医生和教师。但同样无可厚非的是，为专注于自身的工作，通识学院必须将这些行业的专门技术训练任务交由其他学校，以其他方式进行。总而言之，通识学院从不自诩有能力开设让大学年龄的年轻人快速获益的所有课程；也不宣称他们所有的教育都是有价值的。通识学院致力于通识性的知识教育，无论其内涵是什么，这是它必须效忠的使命。一个大学教师代表可以非常笃定地说，他们所从事的教育是知识思想型的，这与重视实践性的技术学校或职业学校截然不同。在技术学校中，学生学习如何操作某种机械，从而为人类的福祉做出贡献。他接受各种训练，比如学习针绣、纺织、农耕、建筑；大多数情况下，他接受的是实践操作而非理论训练。到毕业时，他所拥有的不是丰富的思想观点、大量的科学原理，而是一些实践技能、一套经验法则。作为手艺人，他的主要职责不是通文明意而是躬行实践，在做实际需要的工作的

过程中，他要做的是遵循指导规则，这些规则已经由前人熟思总结，现在由他来付诸实践。技术学校旨在提供训练，这种训练不是我们所谓的知识思想性的，而是实践性的。

同样，职业学校的工作与通识学院的工作也迥然相异。在工程学、医学或法学的教学中，我们关注的不是或可能不会去关注纯粹的技术领域，而是步入思想观点与理论原理的疆域。但对这些思想观点的择取与关联则受现实旨趣所支配，这一旨趣与学者的思想性视角相割裂。假如一名大学生从他的化学、生物学和心理学课程中仅仅获得能直接快速地运用于医学领域实践的知识内容，大学教师一定会感到他们未能成功给予这名学生大学所应有的那种教育，因为，他们的目的不在于提供这个意义上的应用型知识。他们不愿将科学切割成段，任由学生们去选取那些可能对他们的技术或职业有用的碎片。在某种意义上，大学教师感到他与科学家和学者有一种亲近感，这种亲近感阻止他将他的教育屈从于直接的现实利益。无论如何，他努力秉持知识思想性的观点，尽量让学生紧跟自己的脚步。至于技术和职业训练，我们的大学教师会说，这样的训练应在其他学校习得，而不是一所弘扬博雅文化的大学获得。

在与大学内部势力纠缠的过程中，我们的教师们发现自己同样陷于与外部敌人的斗争之中。在他们看来，大学的赞助者、在校生、毕业生、董事会成员，甚至连他们的同事似乎都在以千姿百态的方式曲解着大学的使命，将它的知识思想性理想降到最低层次甚至予以歪曲。大学是一个结交朋友的绝佳之地；让人享受与人相处时的美好体验；拥有作为“体育俱乐部”的特殊优势；对于第一次离家的孩子来说，它是一个相对安全之地；总的来说，它会改善一个学生的行为举止；让崇高的理想和高尚的情操与人为伴，宣传社会服务的信条，赞扬公民的美德和职责。所有这些观点对一个教师来说似乎都是在隐藏或掩盖一个事实，即大学从根本上讲是一个思想的圣地，一段思考的时光，一次认知的机会。这些观点蕴藏着崇高的目的和动机，但与此相称，可能也愈发危险，因为它们试图以更强有力的方式替代或抹除其赖以存在的基本原则。当这些错误观念得以清除时，就没有人能怀疑大学教师打的是一场正义之仗。确实，一个孩子应该进行整整四年的体育运动，或自己去参加比赛，或观看同伴的赛事；他的行为举止的确需要规范得体；结交益友乃意义非凡之事；理解力与协作的能力同样很有价值；身心得以不断成长，为社会福利做出更多贡献，更加愿意承担公民应尽的义务，善于抓住应有的机会，这些当然都是益事。如果其中任何一项从大学课程的教育成果中缺失，我们很可能抱怨收获不丰。然而，正是在诸如此类的重压之下，在被大学校园内外的社会力量的推拉撕扯之中，学生的思想常常偏离其主要关注点，这难道不是事实吗？难道我们的社会实际利益没有使我们的学生们从理应主宰他们的想象力和激情的思想成果中分心吗？我认为人们或许可以将此理解为今日之大学教师在深思熟虑后做出的判断，即大学的作用一直在被误解，认为其受制于现实需求，而这种需求虽然意图良好，却对思想教育的效率和成功产生毁灭性的作用。

三

然而，既然大学教师的论点已经得以阐明并通过与其反对观点的辩驳得到重申，现在是时候提出以下疑问了：它的内涵是什么？如何证明其合理性？一群学者以何种能力邀请这些学生共度四年时光？由于坚持自己理想中的思想性教育，他们是否真能让学生接受一种明确的非实践性教育呢？如果是这样，他们将如何使自己的邀请有理有据，进而可以劝服年轻人放弃其他兴趣和对自己与同伴都很宝贵的伙伴情谊，转而投奔他们呢？简言之，教师的内在动力是什么？即对他来说，在思想旨趣和思想活动中有何内在因素可以保证其在大学期间对年轻人的训练和教育中起到主导作用？

关于这个问题，并没有一个令人满意的答案可以激励我们全身心地信念倾注于思想性教育理念之中；也没有一个令人满意的理由可以要求我们对知识智慧满怀信心，享受精神生活，或可以要求我们热爱知识，出于激情去追寻知识。我们当中的大多数人已经怀着热切的心情去接受思想性理想，但正是这份热忱和执着不允许我们盲目地接受它们。我经常为坚持思想理念这一要求的内在矛盾感到迷惑及受挫。这似乎意味着——而且通常也被理解为——我们须虚怀若愚、天真无邪地去攀缘智慧之树，摘取智慧之果，须质疑除思想用途之外的任何事物。正如布拉德雷先生所说，“相信智慧”这个格言是如此真实以至于它常常走向虚假的边缘。正是我们对其真实性的笃信驱使我们彻头彻尾地审视它、检验它。

那么我们如何才能证实大学教师的信念呢？我们能给出什么理由来解释为何要弘扬思想训练和活动？关于这个问题，可能有两个答案：第一，知识和思想本身是有益的；第二，它们帮助我们获取生活中其他有价值之物，而没有知识和思想是万万做不到的。这两个答案可能由（而且已经由）大学教师们给出，其中蕴含了一切能够对通识学院的工作所做出的解释和辩护。

第一个答案现在受到的认可程度远不及它本应得到的。当一个阅历丰富的人被告知一个孩子要受到思想训练仅仅是因为思想本身的乐趣和满足感，只是为了他在有生之年能够持续地思考时，话音未落，就已经听到这个饱经世故之人嘲笑奚落学院派人士是在做异想天开的美梦。但如果思想本身并非益事，如果纯粹的思想活动毫无价值的话，这位阅历丰富者会告诉我们什么有益，什么有价值吗？我们当中有人乐于在鸡毛蒜皮、庸俗粗鄙之人的消遣中寻求满足感，无暇顾及思想带来的乐趣。有人被紧紧地圈定在微不足道的乐趣中，他们从未梦想过阅读、交谈、研究、思考所能带来的快乐。关于这些，人们只能说这是一种品位的差异，他们的品位似乎比较无聊乏味。当然通识学院的一个作用便是把孩子们从这种乏味中解救出来，激励他们追求思考的乐趣，使他们对由欣赏和理解事物所得来的快乐变得敏感，向他们展示心灵游戏是多么美好迷人，多么有益于身心健康。当游戏的因素仍然占上风时，让孩子们知道面对问题和解决问题的游戏规则很有意义。除一些友谊和怜悯的情感经历外，我怀疑是否存在如思想活动那般永远令人满足、美好绝妙的人类旨趣。给予我们的孩子们感知思想性事物的那种激情和快乐，赋予他们欣赏值得去经历的那种生活的能力，让他们成为思想文化人——那无疑是任何一所通识学院的工作的一部分。

另一方面，如此定义之下的文化创造决不能等同于大学的所有成就。唤起发问的灵感、实验的动机、研究的潜质、思考的冲动，激发对思想的本能的渴望至关重要。但没有一所通识学院会止步于此。像所有其他本能的反应一样，这种思想的冲动必须接受质问，必须被理智化。这一点值得我们去思考，但是我们要思考的对象是什么呢？较之其他，有没有更有价值的研究思路和思考途径呢？如果有，它们的价值如何才能得到验证？再者，如果思考的冲动与其他欲求和渴望发生冲突时，这种对立该如何解决？有人曾暗示我们的思想文化人可能就像古罗马帝国的皇帝尼禄，当整个世界为熊熊大火所包围时，他不仅熟视无睹，还为眼前的景象舞文弄墨。这里不是说舞文弄墨是件坏事，是毫无意义的消遣，而是说这样做显得不合时宜，此人与其所处环境完全脱节，其所作所为有违常理，不符合现实。总之，人们知道思想就如同其他人类体验一样，不能以自身来衡量其价值。它必须被置于与其他内容和整个人类体验的关系之中来加以考量。思想本身是益事——但是它以何物为代价？又带来何种其他价值？把它置于各种个人和社会体验之中，以它的内涵来作为衡量的标准，以它的关系网来对其定位，这样，你就会知道它的价值，这种价值不囿于自身，这是一种当人类的欲望得以理性化，人类的生活以其整体被感知，而且可以被生活在其中的人所知晓时方能显现出的更深层次的价值。

由此，我们找到了教师关于证实大学工作合理性的要求的第二个答案。他告诉我们，知识是有益的，不仅在于它自身，而且在于它对我们的人生经历中的其他价值的丰富和提升。知识值得以最深层且最完全意义上的话语来诠释。这是基于对人类活动的两组分类——即本能类型和思想类型——做出的论断。到目前为止，我们在进行大部分人类活动时，对于我们将要做什么，怎么做并没有清晰明确的概念。大多数情况下，我们对所处环境做出反应是出于情感、认知、习俗和传统的即时反应。但是随着思想缓慢而艰难的发展，一个接一个的行为从情感型转变成了概念型；人们开始在越来越宽阔的领域中对自己的行为模式有了认知，随着他们对事物的了解越来越深入，也愈发明确自身以及自身的需求。我们所有教育过程的基本原则是：总体上，当行为活动从感性的情感范畴过渡到理性的理解范畴时，它们会更加成功。我们的教育理念是：从长远来看，如果人们知道自己要做什么，怎么去做，他们所处的环境如何，那么他们对那个环境做出的反应会比在类似环境中情感型的反应更加有致，从而能够更好地做出调整。

显而易见，这一原则的合理性有其局限性。如果人们先去调查，再去思考，继而才做出决定，那么这个行动一定会被延迟，我们就不得不接受等待所带来的惩罚。如果人们努力去了解和掌握他们所处的环境，那么我们必须做好足够的心理准备，看着他们在思想上犯错误，由于不确定性因素而畏缩不前，糊里糊涂地掉进陷阱，陷入幻想和错误思想的深渊，到头来耗费大量时间，而所得的价值还远远低于他们所试图取代的本能反应之下的所得。思想滞后、谬误和不确定性会让我们付出沉重代价，但是大学教师坚信，这个代价比起所得的算不了什么。你可能会向他指明，在理解式批评面前，陈规陋习毫无优势可言，相反，只会带来损失。你可能会提醒他，被取代的旧式思想和行动将会带来痛苦与折磨，你可能会因为过去所犯的过错谴责他；但是尽管如此，他和你一样深知在人们个体生活和整个人类生活中，人们最大的缺失就是缺乏理解，他们最大的希望就是了解自己和这个生活的世界。

在这个总的教育原则的范围内，通识学院的地位便可轻易地得以确定了。在技术学校，学生们为一份特定的工作做准备，大部分停留在感性活动的层面，做别人可以理解的工作。在职业学校，学生们倒是处在思想和原则的领域之内，但他们仍然局限于某一特定的人类旨趣，他们的认知活动也仅基于此。但是大学之所以相对于这两类学校被称为“通识学院”，是因为它的教育不是由特定的兴趣所主宰，它不局限于任何单个的人类使命，不是孤立地理解人类的种种努力，而是将人类活动当作整体，将这种理解置于彼此的联系之中，置于与总体经验即我们所谓的人们的生活的关联之下。就如同我们认为随着人们对造船原理的

掌握，船只的建造已经愈加成功；就如同随着我们对人体结构及其内在环境和外在影响的逐渐了解，医学实践也已经变得更加卓有成效；因此，通识学院的教师相信，鉴于人们开始逐渐理解生活，努力在继续人生的过程中逐渐懂得生活，人类的生活——作为一种整体事业，亦作为展现在我们每个人面前的个体生活——也会更加成功。让孩子们拥有一种对人类经历的思想性理解——在我看来这是教师眼中的通识学院的主要职能。

请大家关注这样一个事实，教师的第二个答案开诚布公地明确了大学的目标是实践性的。追求知识主要是为了对人类生活的其他方面做出贡献。但是另一方面，又明确宣称在方法论上，大学是完全地毫无保留地思想性的。如果我们能够发现这两种要求并不冲突，相反它们相辅相成，处于一种方式与目的、工具与成就、方法与结果的和谐关系中，我们可能就可以避免很多不必要的冲突，将我们的教育方针统一在同一目标和活动之中。为了这样做，我们必须表明大学是思想性的，这个思想性并不与实践旨趣和目标相悖，只是反对不实际的不理智的工作方法。问题不在于是实践性的还是思想性的目标，而在于目标是眼前的还是长远的，程序方法是仓促而定的还是权衡思量过的，结果是要求立竿见影的还是愿意通过等待得到最好的。通往成功思想性道路比其他的道路更加漫长，更加迂回曲折，比起走捷径想获得快速回报的人，意志坚定、敢于攀登的人一定会取得更高的成就。如果事实并非如此，那么通识学院在我们的生活中就不会占有一席之地。鉴于事实确实如此，大学就有权利将我们最出色的年轻人聚集起来，帮助他们做好准备，迎接未来的生活。

四

但是既然我们已试图说明了大学的思想使命，就有理由发问：“我们今天的教师和学者们是否始终忠于这一使命？他们的所言所行是否印证着我们所提到的原则？”在我看来，他们似乎常常在两点上不得要领，始终与合理的教学理念相悖。

首先，对于这项思想性工作的实际价值，我们的教师和学者们似乎常常故意合伙来蒙蔽大众的思想。他们并不愿意过多谈及其成果和利益。他们所期望的是高举“思想”的大旗，颂扬“思想”的福音，并要求大众与学生一样忠于信仰。总体来看，当有声音质疑这项工作的结果时，除了那些坚持拥护他们武断言论的人，他们几乎不能给其他人满意的答复。在我看来，这种态度在很大程度上导致了美国人几乎无法理解大学在思想层面的任务；我们的大众和赞助人士能够理解比赛和体育锻炼的意义；也能够感受到社会上的互谅互让对于民主大学之重要性；他们能够领会研究对于学生未来职业的价值，因而提前或免去在职业学校的学习；他们甚至认为，如果一个孩子四年中坚持思考，他的思维会更敏锐，更系统，更精确，所以也会比之前更有用处。但是就课程的内容而言，就知识的意义而言，除了对于职业本身有意义外，学生学习希腊语或经济学、哲学或文学、历史或生物学的知识后还会获得什么？在我们进行说明之前，这一问题的答案对诸位或许不甚明了。如果老师们说（他们有时候确实说）大学学习的知识对于大学生的品性与生活的作用是随机的，与知识真正的目的和功能并无真正的联系，那么，在我看来我们的教育方针是完全脱节的。如果教导与生活没有了内在联系，那么除了眼下看来教育本身是令人愉悦的外，就没有理由进行教导了，这样我们就没有教育方针一说了。为了防止这种踟蹰和信仰的缺失，我们大学中的人应该明确我们的信条——知识的意义在于它所带来的成果。为了避免误会，我们应该直白地告诉人民：“把你们的孩子交给我们吧，再给我们所需要的资金，我们将会训练孩子们的思维，并告诉他们有了我们的训练，他们以及他们周围的人都会拥有更加成功的人生。给我们机会，我们能教会你们的孩子什么是人生，因为我们深信有识之士比无知之人拥有更精彩的人生。

另一种偏离这种信念的观点在研究者中十分常见，因此也可以称作“学者谬误”。这种谬误认为所有的知识作为整体是美好的，因此，构成整体的部分知识同样都是美好的。不少学者和教师在回答孩子应该学什么科目以更好地洞悉人生这一问题时都会说：“学什么知识没有关系，梵文或细菌学、数学或历史都一样，只要进入人类正在解决知识问题的领域，只要学会自己去解决这些问题，教育的目的就已经达到了，因为他已经参与进思想活动中。”这种贯穿诸多课程选择体系的观点在我看来与任何合理的教育理论都毫无契合之处。这代表着一个学者作为教师和思想家的最低水平。目前，这种观点盛行于一群大学教师之中，我似乎应该指出这群人不适合参与大学课程的决策与管理。这意味着他们的教育实践中没有指导原则，学研部署中没有选择标准，也没有真正抓住知识与生活之间的联系。这种观点的共鸣来自一个群体，这群人在自己从事的专业研究领域内迷失，彼此之间又尚未形成有机联系，更无法协作完成共同任务。

第二点对于学者的批评并不意味着要完全叫停大学学习中的课程选择规定，但需要考察能够确保其合

理性的理由和限度。有一个大家都很熟悉的观点可以用在此，即如果学生可以按照他对知识和职业的兴趣选择专业课程，他将热情饱满，并产生基于自身天赋的求知欲。现在，只要这一结果能够实现，只要学问的质量有所提高，这个过程就是有益的。如果我们不会因为这个过程而得不偿失，就应该将其采纳。但如果特殊兴趣与更为基本的兴趣相冲突，如果学生所喜欢的与他应该感兴趣的内容相悖，我们就不能将选择权留给学生。对于这些学生，我们必须坦率地说：“如果你不接受通识教育，此处就不适合你；我们有特定的培养任务，它要求我们不被特殊的或者职业性的追求所左右。只要我们忠于职守，就不能任意满足你的要求。”

然而我认为，课程选择体系的根本动机并非如上所述。教师到最后一步才会允许学生自己选择其学习的课程，但这并不是迎合学生的知识或职业兴趣，而是因为他们自己没有一个足够自信的选择来支配。这种支配性教育方针的缺失反过来体现着一种理性思想的态度，那是一种我们这个时代的学者特有的观点。总之，对我而言，我们愿意让学生在大学课程中任意选择是某种知识层面的不可知论的典型表现之一，是一种思想的崩解，即便我们掌握再多的信息也没能阻止时代精神的崩塌。下面我要对自己的观点做一解释。

旧的经典课程由那些持有完整的世界观和人生观的人构建。他们已知晓当时可获取的全部人类知识，并将这些内容加工成为一个彼此衔接的整体。从我们的标准来看，他们所掌握的知识总量是很少的。但他们却将无限的精力用于对这些极为有限的知识的理解和阐释之上。在分别掌握了世人对于科学、哲学、历史、艺术等作为独立学科的观点后，他们将不同的学科融合，构建彼此之间的关系，并消除学科中的抵牾和含混之处，以便在他们生活的年代，整个人类的生活和周围的世界为人们所认识、理解并被赋予理性。他们有自己的赖以生存的人生经验，并将这些经验传授给其他参与生存活动的人们。

但随着科学发现和研究方法的诞生，涉及天文学、物理学、化学的大量知识涌入欧洲人的头脑。这些知识曾经一度无法被理解，也无法与已知的知识建立联系。旧的科学体系无法容纳新的知识，旧的理论无法解释新的情况。知识并没有纵深增长，只是横向地得以扩展，缺乏共同理解基础的新旧知识体系彼此对立。此时，早期欧洲现代思想的伟大领袖们便有了新的知识任务，即重建知识体系，理清看上去敌对的各知识模块间的关系，并用新的更具丰富的洞察力和新信息重新认识世界。莱布尼兹、斯宾诺莎、康德、黑格尔以及与他们共事的人承担起了这项伟大的工作。他们在很大程度上完成了这项工作并重新构建了秩序。但随着新学科的涌入，如生物学以及后来的人际关系，比之前困难千倍的问题又出现了。每天都会有新的领域开启，新的研究方法诞生，新的知识门类建立。这些新涌现的学科只是在数量上增加了知识的门类，并没有被人们理解，只是为了统计数量才被列在大批独立知识领域所构成的清单上统计数量，却并未得以阐释。如果研究一下涉足这些领域的任何一位科学家的著作，你就会发现他使知识秩序化、系统化、规则化。换言之，他对新证据的认识都是通过其与已知证据及所处的整个领域的联系来实现的。但同时，这些彼此独立的学科，这些互不相干的观点集合仍然被孤立地对待，它们之间没有显而易见的关联，没有构建起彼此关系，也没有按照我们所坚持的在各自领域中所赋予它的意义并对它们进行阐释。我们这个时代的学者最常见的观点难道不是说：“我不知道这些证据和规则究竟有什么意义，我只知道在我的领域中只要你按照我的方法来做，证据就会变得有秩序，规则也会因此简洁而有条理。条理和秩序之外的任何问题我都尚未考虑。”

真正的学者只在自己的领域之内从事研究，这目前已经成为一个普遍接受的道理。如果一位学者冒险去探索自己领域与周围领域的关系，他很容易成为知识普及工作者、文人、思辨者，或者最不好的结果是变得与科学研究背道而驰。现在如果有人选择只关注自己的业务领域我并不反对，但如果一个人这样做是因为他不懂其他业务领域的知识，或是因为他不了解使他的业务变得有依据、有意义的任何相关领域的知识，那我们就可以说虽然此人很专注于自己的业务，但他并不通晓，并不理解它们。这样的人，从今天所要求的“通识教育”的角度看，与不懂自己买卖的买卖人和只从事自己专业的职业人士没有本质差别。他们与他们一样将自己封闭于狭窄的个人兴趣之内，而从来不花脑力从整体上理解自己的经验。遗憾的是，我们大学里越来越多的席位都被这些仅有特定兴趣，掌握专业化知识的人占据。我们正是通过他们对孩子们进行通识教育，而他们自己都尚未称得上是通才。

大家不要误以为我是在苛责我们的教师 and 这个时代。如果我说目前我们的知识只是来源于对世界零散的观察，而并非源于对世界的整体理解，对此，一种合理的解释是，这种缺陷是目前形势本身存在的困难和不断产生的新问题所致。如果我高声反对人们所持有的不可知论，那不是为了逃避，也不是提倡复古，而只是认为我们应该重新整合出一个新的知识体系。我们已经有足够的时间适应革新所带来的压力和冲击，有足够的时间克服革新伴随的紧张和尴尬情绪。我们这一代有机会，也有义务去重新思考我们掌握的

知识，并尽我们所能理解它们。在这样一场战役中，打头阵的应该是大学。大学老师当然应该作为一个对我们人类的处境有一定了解的人站在学生和大众面前，但这还不够，他应该勇于与黑暗势力抗争，并能够带领他的学生满怀热情地投身人类共同的启蒙大业。这便是一个属于大学老师，而不属于日常生活中任何其他成员的使命。

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最后，在我抨击了前人出于对知识的热爱而制定的方针之后，请允许我基于大众对教育的定义，提出两点关于教育方针的建议，第一点是关于大学课程的内容，第二点涉及课程教授的方法。

我们已经说过，对于那些认为知识仅仅是孤立门类的人而言，自由选课体系是理所应当的。但同样确定的是，如果把知识看成一个整体，看到不同门类之间的联系，学生选课的自由性就要受到限制。因为我们同时发现，一方面，似乎大量的信息对于通识教育这个目标实际上并无作用，而另一方面，又有不少至关重要的内容是通识教育不可或缺的。

下面我简要地说一下人类知识中有一些最核心的部分，在我看来任何选课规定都不该允许这些部分从学生的课程计划中缺失。

首先，学生应该熟悉隐藏于一切人类经验背后并使之彼此统一的动机、目标和信仰，无论这些动机、目标和信仰是否清晰可辨。他必须体会到人类在道德上的奋进和在知识上的勤勉，理解他的种族对于美的体验，以及与之紧密相关并互起决定作用的信仰，这些信仰关乎我们的世界，并已出现在我们的宗教系统中。作为通识教育的核心构成元素之一，哲学的任务便是研究这一领域，并使之尽可能如公式般清晰明了。第二，由于在生活中，我们的动机、目标和信仰都体现于制度，也就是我们共同工作时约定的行为程式，即制度规定，学生也应该对这些制度了然于心。他应该能够察觉并理解诸如财产、法庭、家庭、教堂、工厂等制度的目标是什么，做了什么，还没有做什么。知晓这些制度是否有益于人类福祉也是我们的人文社会科学的工作，是推行通识教育的大学中学生必修的。第三，为了理解人类生活中的制度和动机，人们必须理解周围的环境，也就是“人生游戏”得以开展的平台。而要了解这些，就要学习天文学、地质学、物理学、化学、生物学以及其他描述性科学。只要与学生的学习目标有关系、有意义，他就必须知道这些。第四，鉴于以上三个方面，即动机、制度和自然过程都始于过去，并在长期的连续变化后才呈现出现状，学生要理解人生，就必须了解由古至今发生的一系列事件，即历史。人类思想和态度的发展历程，制度的形成过程，世界的演化以及与我们相关的物种进化——这些都需要了解，因为它们会帮助我们理解现今人类生存活动中遇到的问题，为我们提供解决方法，从而让我们获得机会。除了这四类将人类经验抽象化的学问，通识教育还应该涉及对人生的现实刻画，这样的内容属于艺术，尤其是文学艺术。孩子了解的世界不仅仅应该表现为知识原理，而且应该体现在艺术家生动而清晰的描绘中，而这只有在对个体和个体关系的描绘中才能得到体现。哲学、人文科学、自然科学、历史和文学是年轻人从通识教育中必须获取的五个部分，一个学生至少应该掌握这些知识；它们会融为一体，从而有助于他理解自身经历和他所处的世界时。

我的第二个建议是，我们的大学课程安排和教学设计都需要与民生息息相关，这种关联应该是显而易见的，即便是本科生也应该能够察觉。前不久，我听到一位国内名流人士回忆自己的大学生活时说：“至今我还记得那些教授们抛开书本，作为活生生的人去谈论现实问题的场景，这些场景虽然为数不多，却令我记忆犹新。”唉，老师们听到这话该有多难过啊。我们的书本解决的不是现实的问题，而大部分情况下，我们也不是活生生的人，而只是老学究和书呆子而已。开诚布公地看待整个问题，我敢说我们的学生对学习漠不关心，很大程度上是因为他们觉得所学的内容没有用处。

现在，如果我们真的有一门核心课程要教给学生，我认为这一困难在很大程度上可以克服。使一名大一新生意识到有必要将他的感性经验转化为理性思考，这一点是可以实现的。现在，他能够也必须明白，单纯灌输知识的日子一去不返了，他必须直面他的民族所面临的问题，开始独立思考那些问题，学习前人所学过及思考过的东西。总而言之，准备着分担以思想、准则和目标引领大众生活的重任。如果这一点做到了，我想我们就能从关怀现实的美国孩子身上感受到一些期待的东西，例如对知识的热情，感受到当他们出于认同某件事的价值而全力为之时流露出的精神。但我认为，如果不彻底颠覆大学的课程安排，这个结果就无法实现。我期待看到每个新生沉浸哲学思考，研究复杂难解的制度，探索关于世界的科学性描述，尤其是那些与人类生活相关的内容。我也期待看到他们致力于刻画文学巨匠笔下的人物生活经验。如

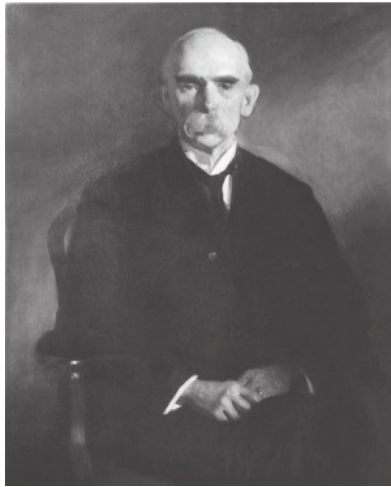
果通过正确的引导让他做到了这些，在我看来，大学课程就会变得有意义。他也就会理解自我的价值。虽然第一年的学习之后他还会因困惑而迷茫，但他还有足足三年时间去学习，去研究，去思考，去拜师，在这个过程中完成现在看来可能属于他的任务。要让学生认识到只有关注当下，学习历史才意义。遇到同样问题时，要了解前人在这个问题上是如何发现，有何思考的，这样他就能够自己解决这些问题。但是无论如何，大学的课程都是统一的，由统一的目标和兴趣支配，即理解人类的生活，并准备将理解的内容付诸实践。对于大学来说，这并非另一种急功近利，而是避免漫无目的地徘徊在知识边缘，而是坚定地跋涉在大路之上，追求对于人类经验的一致性。

今天上午我已经占用了诸位很长的时间，对于省去未提的内容，似乎只好说句抱歉了。我没有提到关于学院的组织机构，没有提及学生的社交生活，没有说到与校友的关系，没有说到教师的资历和需求，甚至就课程学习而言，也没有提到专业化学习的价值，没有提到各学科的课程科目，以及语言和表达能力的训练等。我有意避开这些话题，是为了一个更为重要的目标，这个目标对于推行通识教育的大学而言处于核心地位，那就是告诉美国人教师的使命，使他们相信知识的价值，这里的知识并不是指能够快速达到实际目的的专业知识，而是一种具有共性的理解，一种真知灼见。

（罗选民 译）

SELF-CULTIVATION IN ENGLISH

By George Herbert Palmer



SELF-CULTIVATION IN ENGLISH, by George Herbert Palmer, published 1909 by the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston as one of the “Riverside Education Monographs.”

George Herbert Palmer (1842-1933), American philosopher and teacher of English at Harvard University.

English studies have four aims: the mastery of our language as a science, as a history, as a joy, and as a tool. I am concerned with but one, the mastery of it as a tool. Philology and grammar present it as a science: the one attempting to follow its words, the other its sentence, through all the intricacies of their growth, and so to manifest laws which lie hidden in these airy products no less than in the moving stars or the myriad flowers of spring. Fascinating and important as all this is, I do not recommend it here. For I want to call attention only to that sort of English study which can be carried on without any large apparatus of books. For a reason similar though less cogent, I do not urge historical study. Probably the current of English literature is more attractive through its continuity than that of any other nation. Notable works in verse and prose have appeared in long succession, and without gaps intervening, in a way that would be hard to parallel in any other language known to man. A bounteous endowment is for every English speaker, and one which should stimulate us to trace the marvelous and close-linked progress from the times of the Saxons to those of Tennyson and Kipling. Literature, too, has this advantage over every other species of art study, that everybody can examine the original masterpieces and not depend on reproductions, as in the cases of painting, sculpture, and architecture; or on intermediate interpretation, as in the case of music. To-day most of these masterpieces can be studied as a history only at the cost of solid time and continuous attention, much more time than the majority of those I am addressing can afford. By most of us our mighty literature cannot be taken in its continuous current, the latter stretches proving interesting through relation with the earlier. It must be taken fragmentarily, if at all, the attention delaying on those parts only which offer the greatest beauty or promise the best exhilaration. In other words, English may be possible as a joy where it is not possible as a history. In the endless

wealth which our poetry, story, essay, and drama afford, every disposition may find its appropriate nutriment, correction, or solace. He is unwise, however busy, who does not have his loved authors, veritable friends with whom he takes refuge in the intervals of work, and by whose intimacy he enlarges, refines, sweetens, and emboldens his own limited existence. Yet the fact that English as joy must largely be conditioned by individual taste prevents me from offering general rules for its pursuit. The road which leads one man straight to enjoyment leads another to tedium. In all literary enjoyment there is something incalculable, something wayward, eluding the precision of rule and rendering inexact the precepts of him who would point out the path to it. While I believe that many suggestions may be made, useful to the young enjoyer, and promotive of his wise vagrancy, I shall not undertake here the complicated task of offering them. Let enjoyment go, let science go, still English remains, English as a tool. Every hour our language is an engine for communicating with others, every instant for fashioning the thoughts of our minds. I want to call attention to the means of mastering this curious and essential tool, and to land everyone who hears me to become discontented with his employment of it.

The importance of literary power needs no long argument. Everybody acknowledges it, and sees that without it all other human faculties are maimed. Shakespeare says that "Time insults o'er dull and speechless tribes." It and all who live in it insult over the speechless person. So mutually dependent are we that on our swift and full communication with one another is staked the success of almost every scheme we form. He who cannot is left to the poverty of individual resource; for men do what we desire only when persuaded. The persuasive and explanatory tongue is, therefore, one of the chief levers of life. Its leverage is felt within us as well as without, for expression and thought are integrally bound together. We do not first possess completed thoughts, and then express them. The very formation of the outward product extends, sharpens, enriches the mind which produces, so that he who gives forth little after a time is likely enough to discover that he has little to give forth. By expression, too, we may carry benefits and our names to a far generation. This durable character of fragile language puts a wide difference of worth between it and some of the other great objects of desire, —health, wealth, and beauty, for example. These are notoriously liable to accident. We tremble while we have them. But literary power, once ours, is more likely than any other possession to be ours always. It perpetuates and enlarges itself by the very fact of its existence, and perishes only with the decay of the man himself. For this reason, because more than health, wealth, and beauty, literary style may be called the man. Good judges have found in it the final test of culture, and have said that he and he alone, is a well-educated person who uses his language with power and beauty. The supreme and ultimate product of civilization, it has been well said, is two or three persons talking together in a room. Between ourselves and our language there accordingly springs up an association peculiarly close. We are sensitive to criticism of our speech as of our manners. The young man looks up with awe to him who has written a book, as already half divine; and the graceful speaker is a universal object of envy.

But the very fact that literary endowment is immediately recognized and eagerly envied has induced a strange illusion in regard to it. It is supposed to be something mysterious, innate in him who possesses it, and quite out of the reach of him who has it not. The very contrary is the fact. No human employment is more free and calculable than the winning of language. Undoubtedly there are natural aptitudes for it, as there are for farming, seamanship, or being a good husband. But nowhere is straight work more effective. Persistence, care, discriminating observation, ingenuity, refusal to lose heart, —tend toward it here with special security. Whoever goes to his grave with bad English in his mouth has no one to blame but himself for the disagreeable taste; for if faulty speech can be inherited, it can be exterminated too. I hope to point out some of the methods of substituting good English for bad. And since my space is brief, and I wish to be remembered, I throw what I have to say into the forms of four simple precepts, which, if pertinaciously obeyed, will, I believe, give anybody effective mastery of English as a tool.

First, then, "Look well to your speech." It is commonly supposed that when a man seeks literary power he goes to his room and plans an article for the press. But this is to begin literary culture at the wrong end. We speak a hundred times for every once we write. The busiest writer produces little more than a volume a year, not so much as his talk would amount to in a week. Consequently through speech it is usually decided whether a man is to have command of a language or not. If he is slovenly in his ninety-nine cases of talking, he can seldom pull himself up to strength and exactitude in the hundredth case of writing. A person is made in one piece, and the same being runs through a multitude of performances. Whether words are uttered on paper or to the air, the effect on the utterer is the same. Vigor or feebleness resulted according as energy or slackness has been in command. I know that certain adaptations to a new field are often necessary. A good speaker may find awkwardness in himself when he comes to

write, a good writer when he speaks. And certainly cases occur where a man exhibits distinct strength in one of the two, speaking or writing, and not in the other. But such cases are rare. As a rule, language once within our control can be employed for oral or for written purposes. And since the opportunities for oral practice enormously outbalance those for written, it is the oral which are chiefly significant in the development of literary power. We rightly say of the accomplished writer that he shows a mastery of his own tongue.

This predominant influence of speech marks nearly all great epochs of literature. The Homeric poems are addressed to the ear, not to the eye. It is doubtful if Homer knew writing, certain that he knew profoundly every quality of the tongue, —veracity, vividness, shortness of sentence, simplicity of thought, obligation to insure swift apprehension. Writing and rigidity are apt to go together. In these smooth-slipping verses one catches everywhere the voice. So, too, the aphorisms of Hesiod might naturally pass from mouth to mouth, and the stories of Herodotus be told by an old man at the fireside. Early Greek literature is plastic and garrulous. Its distinctive glory is that it contains no literary note, that it gives forth human feeling not in conventional arrangement, but with apparent spontaneity—in short, that it is speech literature, not book literature. And the same tendency continued long among the Greeks. At the culmination of their power, the drama was their chief literary form—the drama, which is but speech ennobled, connected, clarified. Plato, following the dramatic precedent and the precedent of his talking master, accepted conversation as his medium for philosophy, and imparted to it the vivacity, ease, waywardness even, which the best conversation exhibits. Nor was the experience of the Greeks peculiar. Our literature shows a similar tendency. Its bookish times are its decadent times, its talking times its glory. Chaucer, like Herodotus, is a story-teller, and follows the lead of those who on the Continent entertained courtly circles with pleasant tales. Shakespeare and his fellows in the spacious times of great Elizabeth did not concern themselves with publication. Marston, in one of his prefaces, thinks it necessary to apologize for putting his piece in print, and says he would not have done such a thing if unscrupulous persons, hearing the play at the theater, had not already printed corrupt versions of it. Even the “Queen Anne’s men,” far removed though they are from anything dramatic, still shape their ideals of literature on speech. The essays of the “Spectator,” the poems of Pope, are the remarks of a cultivated gentleman at an evening party. Here is the brevity, the good taste, the light touch, the neat epigram, the avoidance of whatever might stir passion, controversy, or laborious thought, which characterize the conversation of a well-bred man. Indeed, it is hard to see how any literature can be long vital which is based on the thought of a book and not on that of living utterance. Unless the speech notion is uppermost, words will not run swiftly to their mark. They delay in delicate phrasings while naturalness and a sense of reality disappear. Women are the best talkers. I sometimes please myself with noticing that three of the greatest periods of English literature coincide with the reigns of the three English queens.

Fortunate it is, then, that self-cultivation in the use of English must chiefly come through speech; because we are always speaking whatever else we do. In opportunities for acquiring a mastery of language, the poorest and busiest are at no large disadvantage as compared with the leisured rich. It is true the strong impulse which comes from the suggestion and approval of society may in some cases be absent, but this can be compensated by the sturdy purpose of the learner. A recognition of the beauty of well-ordered words, a strong desire, patience under discouragements, and promptness in counting every occasion as of consequence, —these are the simple agencies which sweep one on to power. Watch your speech, then. That is all which is needed. Only it is desirable to know what qualities of speech to watch for. I find three—accuracy, audacity, and range—and I will say a few words about each.

Obviously, good English is exact English. Our words should fit our thoughts like a glove, and be neither too wide nor too tight. If too wide, they will include much vacuity beside the intended matter. If too tight, they will check the strong grasp. Of the two dangers, looseness is by far the greater. There are people who say what they mean with such a naked precision that nobody not familiar with the subject can quickly catch the sense. George Herbert and Emerson strain the attention of many. But niggardly and angular speakers are rare. Too frequently words signify nothing in particular. They are merely thrown out in a certain direction, to report a vague and undetermined meaning or even a general emotion. The first business of everyone who would train himself in language is to articulate his thought, to know definitely what he wishes to say, and then to pick those words which compel the hearer to think of this and only this. For such a purpose two words are often better than three. The fewer the words, the more pungent the impression. Brevity is the soul not simply of a jest, but of wit in its finest sense where it is identical with wisdom. He who can put a great deal into a little is the master. Since firm texture is what is

wanted, not embroidery or superposed ornament, beauty has been well defined as the purgation of superfluities. And certainly many a paragraph might have its beauty brightened by letting quiet words take the place of its loud words, omitting its "verys," and striking out its purple patches of "fine writing." Here is Ben Jonson's description of Bacon's language: "There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speech. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside without loss. He commanded when he spoke, and had his judges angry or pleased at his discretion." Such are the men who command, men who speak "neatly and pressly." But to gain such precision is toilsome business. While we are in training for it, no word must unpermittedly pass the portal of the teeth. Something like what we mean must never be counted equivalent to what we mean. And if we are not sure of our meaning or of our word, we must pause until we are sure. Accuracy does not come of itself. For persons who can use several languages, capital practice in acquiring it can be had by translating from one language to another and seeing that the entire sense is carried over. Those who have only their native speech will find it profitable often to attempt definitions of the common words they use. Inaccuracy will not stand up against the habit of definition. Dante boasted that no rhythmic exigency had ever made him say what he did not mean. We, heedless and unintending speakers, under no exigency of rime or reason, say what we mean but seldom, and still more seldom mean what we say. To hold our thoughts and words in significant adjustment requires unceasing consciousness, a perpetual determination not to tell lies; for of course every inaccuracy is a bit of untruthfulness. We have something in mind, yet convey something else to our hearers. And no moral purpose will save us from this untruthfulness unless that purpose is sufficient to inspire the daily drill which brings the power to be true. Again and again we are shut up to evil because we have not acquired the ability of goodness. But after all, I hope nobody who hears me will quite agree. There is something enervating in conscious care. Necessary as it is in shaping our purposes, if allowed too direct and exclusive control, consciousness breeds hesitation and feebleness. In piano-playing we begin by picking out each separate note; but we do not call the result music until we play our notes by the handful, heedless how each is formed. And so it is everywhere. Consciously selective conduct is elementary and inferior. People distrust it, or rather they distrust him who exhibits it. If anybody talking to us visibly studies his words, we turn away. What he says may be well as school exercise, but it is not conversation. Accordingly if we would have our speech forcible we shall need to put into it quite as much of audacity as we do of precision, terseness, or simplicity. Accuracy alone is not a thing to be sought, but accuracy and dash. It was said of Fox, the English orator and statesman, that he was accustomed to throw himself headlong into the middle of a sentence, trusting to God Almighty to get him out. So must we speak. We must not, before beginning a sentence, decide what the end shall be; for if we do, nobody will care to hear that end. At the beginning, it is the beginning which claims the attention of both speaker and listener and trepidation about going on will mar all. We must give our thought its head, and not drive it with too tight a rein, nor grow timid when it begins to prance a bit. Of course we must retain coolness in courage, applying the results of our previous discipline in accuracy; but we need not move so slowly as to become formal. Pedantry is worse than plundering. If we care for grace and flexible beauty of language, we must learn to let our thought run. Would it, then, be too much of an Irish bull to say that in acquiring English we need to cultivate spontaneity? The uncultivated kind is not worth much; it is wild and haphazard stuff, unadjusted to its uses. On the other hand, no speech is of much account, however just, which lacks the element of courage. Accuracy and dash, then, the combination of the two, must be our difficult aim; and we must not rest satisfied so long as either dwells with us alone.

But are the two so hostile as they at first appear? Or can, indeed, the first be obtained without the aid of the second? Supposing we are convinced that words possess no value in themselves, and are correct or incorrect only as they truly report experience, we shall feel ourselves impelled in the mere interest of accuracy to choose them freshly, and to put them together in ways in which they never coöperated before, so as to set forth with distinctness that which just we, not other people, have seen or felt. The reason why we do not naturally have this daring exactitude is probably twofold. We let our experiences be blurred, not observing sharply, not knowing with any minuteness what we are thinking about; and so there is no individuality in our language. And then, besides, we are terrorized by custom, and inclined to adjust what we would say to what others have said before. The cure for the first of these troubles is to keep our eye on our object instead of on our listener or ourselves; and for the second, to learn to rate the expressiveness of language more highly than its correctness. The opposite of this, the disposition to set correctness above expressiveness, produces that peculiarly vulgar diction known as "school-ma'am English," in which for the sake of a dull accord with usage all the picturesque, imaginative, and forceful employment of words is sacrificed. Of course we must use words so that people can understand them, and understand them, too, with ease;

but this once granted, let our language be our own, obedient to our special needs. "Whenever," says Thomas Jefferson, "by small grammatical negligences the energy of an idea can be condensed or a word be made to stand for a sentence, I hold grammatical rigor in contempt." "Young man," said Henry Ward Beecher to one who was pointing out grammatical errors in a sermon of his, "when the English language gets in my way, it doesn't stand a chance." No man can be convincing, writer or speaker, who is afraid to send his words wherever they may best follow his meaning, and this with but little regard to whether any other person's words have ever been there before. In assessing merit, let us not stupefy ourselves with using negative standards. What stamps a man as great is not freedom from faults, but abundance of powers.

Such audacious accuracy, however, distinguishing as it does noble speech from commonplace speech can be practiced only by him who has a wide range of words. Our ordinary range is absurdly narrow. It is important, therefore, for anybody who would cultivate himself in English to make strenuous and systematic efforts to enlarge his vocabulary. Our dictionaries contain more than a hundred thousand words. The average speaker employs about three thousand. Is this because ordinary people have only three or four thousand things to say? Not at all. It is simply due to dulness. Listen to the average schoolboy. He has a dozen or two nouns, half a dozen verbs, three or four adjectives, and enough conjunctions and prepositions to stick the conglomerate together. This ordinary speech deserves the description which Hobbes gave to his "State of Nature," that "it is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." The fact is, we fall into the way of thinking that the wealthy words are for others and that they do not belong to us. We are like those who have received a vast inheritance, but who persist in the inconveniences of hard beds, scanty food, rude clothing; who never travel, and who limit their purchases to the bleak necessities of life. Ask such people why they endure niggardly living while wealth in plenty is lying in the bank, and they can only answer that they have never learned how to spend. But this is worth learning. Milton used eight thousand words, Shakespeare fifteen thousand. We have all the subjects to talk about that these early speakers had; and in addition, we have bicycles and sciences and strikes and political combinations and all the complicated living of the modern world.

Why, then, do we hesitate to swell our words to meet our needs? It is a nonsense question. There is no reason. We are simply lazy; too lazy to make ourselves comfortable. We let our vocabularies be limited, and get along rawly without the refinements of human intercourse, without refinements in our own thoughts; for thoughts are almost as dependent on words as words on thoughts. For example, all exasperations we lump together as "aggravating," not considering whether they may not rather be displeasing, annoying, offensive, disgusting, irritating, or even maddening; and without observing, too, that in our reckless usage we have burned up a word which might be convenient when we should need to mark some shading of the word "increase." Like the bad cook, we seize the frying pan whenever we need to fry, broil, roast, or stew, and then we wonder why all our dishes taste alike while in the next house the food is appetizing. It is all unnecessary. Enlarge the vocabulary. Let anyone who wants to see himself grow, resolve to adopt two new words each week. It will not be long before the endless and enchanting variety of the world will begin to reflect itself in his speech, and in his mind as well. I know that when we use a word for the first time we are startled, as if a firecracker went off in our neighborhood. We look about hastily to see if anyone has noticed. But finding that no one has, we may be emboldened. A word used three times slips off the tongue with entire naturalness. Then it is ours forever and with it some phase of life which has been lacking hitherto. For each word presents its own point of view, discloses a special aspect of things, reports some little importance not otherwise conveyed, and so contributes its small emancipation to our tied-up minds and tongues.

But a brief warning may be necessary to make my meaning clear. In urging the addition of new words to our present poverty-stricken stock, I am far from suggesting that we should seek out strange, technical, or inflated expressions, which do not appear in ordinary conversation. The very opposite is my aim. I would put every man who is now employing a diction merely local and personal in command of the approved resources of the English language. Our poverty usually comes through provinciality, through accepting without criticism the habits of our special set. My family, my immediate friends, have a diction of their own. Plenty of other words, recognized as sound, are known to be current in books, and to be employed by modest and intelligent speakers, only we do not use them. Our set has never said "diction," or "current," or "scope," or "scanty," or "hitherto," or "convey," or "lack." Far from unusual as these words are, to adopt them might seem to set me apart from those whose intellectual habits I share. From this I shrink. I do not like to wear clothes suitable enough for others, but not in the style of my own plain circle. Yet if each one of that circle does the same, the general shabbiness is increased. The talk of all is made narrow enough to fit the thinnest there. What we should seek is to contribute to each of the little companies with

which our life is bound up a gently enlarging influence, such impulses as will not startle or create detachment, but which may save us from humdrum routine, and weary usualness. We cannot be really kind without being a little venturesome. The small shocks of our increasing vocabulary will in all probability be as hateful to our friends as to ourselves.

Such, then, are the excellences of speech. If we would cultivate ourselves in the use of English, we must make our daily talk accurate, daring, and full. I have insisted on these points the more because in my judgment all literary power, especially that of busy men is rooted in sound speech. But though the roots are here, the growth is also elsewhere. And I pass to my later precepts, which, if the earlier one has been laid well to heart, will require only brief discussion.

Secondly, "Welcome every opportunity for writing." Important as I have shown speech to be, there is much that it cannot do. Seldom can it teach structure. Its space is too small. Talking moves in sentences, and rarely demands a paragraph. I make my little remark, —a dozen or two words, —then wait for my friend to hand me back as many more. This gentle exchange continues by the hour; but either of us would feel himself unmannerly if he should grasp an entire five minutes and make it uninterruptedly his. That would not be speaking, but rather speech-making. The brief groupings of words which make up our talk furnish capital practice in precision, boldness, and variety; but they do not contain room enough for exercising our constructive faculties. Considerable length is necessary if we are to learn how to set forth B in right relation to A on the one hand, and to C on the other, and while keeping each a distinct part, we are to be able through their smooth progression to weld all the parts together into a compacted whole. Such wholeness is what we mean by literary form. Lacking it, any piece of writing is a failure; because, in truth, it is not a piece, but pieces. For ease of reading, or for the attainment of an intended effect, unity is essential—the multitude of statements, anecdotes, quotations, arguings, gay sportings, and appeal, all "bending one way their precious influence." All this dominant unity of the entire piece obliges unity also in the subordinate parts. Not enough has been done when we have huddled together a lot of wandering sentences, and penned them in a paragraph, or even when we have linked them together by the frail ties of "and, and." A sentence must be compelled to say a single thing; a paragraph, a single thing; an essay, a single thing. Each part is to be a preliminary whole, and the total a finished whole. But the ability to construct one thing out of many does not come by nature. It implies fecundity, restraint, an eye for effects, the forecast of finish while we are still working in the rough, obedience to the demands of development, and a deaf ear to whatever calls us into the bypaths of caprice; in short, it implies that the good writer is to be an artist.

Now something of this large requirement which composition makes, the young writer instinctively feels, and he is terrified. He knows how ill-fitted he is to direct "toil coöperant to an end"; and when he sits down to the desk and sees the white sheet of paper before him, he shivers. Let him know that the shiver is a suitable part of the performance. I well remember the pleasure with which, as a young man, I heard my venerable and practiced professor of rhetoric say that he supposed there was no work known to man more difficult than writing. Up to that time I had supposed its severities peculiar to myself. It cheered me, and gave me courage to try again, to learn that I had all mankind for my fellow-sufferers. Where this is not understood, writing is avoided. From such avoidance I would save the young writer by my precept to seek every opportunity to write. For most of us this is a new way of confronting composition—treating it as an opportunity, a chance, and not as a burden of compulsion. It saves from slavishness and takes away the drudgery of writing, to view each piece of it as a precious and necessary step in the pathway to power. To those engaged in bread-winning employments these opportunities will be few, for only practice breeds ease; but on that very account let no one of them pass with merely a second-best performance. If a letter is to be written to a friend, a report to an employer, a communication to a newspaper, see that it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The majority of writings are without these pleasing adornments. Only the great pieces possess them. Bear this in mind, and win the way to artistic composition by noticing what should be said first, what second, and what third.

I cannot leave this subject, however, without congratulating the present generation on its advantages over mine. Children are brought up to-day, in happy contrast with my compeers, to feel that the pencil is no instrument of torture, hardly indeed to distinguish it from the tongue. About the time they leave their mother's arms they take their pen in hand. On paper they are encouraged to describe their interesting birds, friends, and adventures. Their written lessons are almost as frequent as their oral, and they learn to write compositions while not yet quite understanding

what they are about. Some of these fortunate ones will, I hope, find the language I have sadly used about the difficulty of writing extravagant. And let me say, too, that since frequency has more to do with ease of writing than anything else, I count the newspaper men lucky because they are writing all the time, and I do not think so meanly of their product as the present popular disparagement would seem to require. It is hasty work undoubtedly, and bears the marks of haste. But in my judgment, at no period of the English language has there been so high an average of sensible, vivacious and informing sentences written as appears in our daily press. With both good and evil results, the distinction between book literature and speech literature is breaking down. Everybody is writing, apparently, in verse and prose; and if the higher graces of style do not often appear, neither on the other hand do the ruder awkwardnesses and obscurities. A certain straightforward English is becoming established. A whole nation is learning the use of its mother tongue. Under such circumstances it is doubly necessary that anyone who is conscious of feebleness in his command of English should promptly and earnestly begin the cultivation of it.

My third precept shall be, "Remember the other person." I have been urging self-cultivation in English as if it concerned one person alone, ourself. But every utterance really concerns two. Its aim is social. Its object is communication; and while unquestionably prompted halfway by the desire to ease our mind through self-expression, it still finds its only justification in the advantage somebody else will draw from what is said. Speaking or writing is, therefore, everywhere a double-ended process. It springs from me, it penetrates him; and both of these ends need watching. Is what I say precisely what I mean? That is an important question. Is what I say so shaped that it can readily be assimilated by him who hears? This is a question of quite as great consequence, and much more likely to be forgotten. We are so full of ourselves that we do not remember the other person. Helter-skelter we pour forth our unaimed words merely for our personal relief, heedless whether they help or hinder him whom they still purport to address. For most of us are grievously lacking in imagination, which is the ability to go outside ourselves and take on the conditions of another mind. Yet this is what the literary artist is always doing. He has at once the ability to see for himself and the ability to see himself as others see him. He can lead two lives as easily as one life; or rather, he has trained himself to consider that other life as of more importance than this, and to reckon his comfort, likings, and labors as quite subordinated to the service of that other. All serious literary work contains within it this readiness to bear another's burden. I must write with pains, that he may read with ease. I must

Find out men's wants and wills,

And meet them there

As I write, I must unceasingly study what is the line of least intellectual resistance along which my thought may enter the differently constituted mind; and to that line I must subtly adjust, without enfeebling, my meaning. Will this combination of words or that make the meaning clear? Will this order of presentation facilitate swiftness of apprehension, or will it clog the movement? What temperamental perversities in me must be set aside in order to render my reader's approach to what I would tell him pleasant? What temperamental perversities in him are to be accepted by me as fixed facts, conditioning all I say? These are the questions the skilful writer is always asking.

And these questions, as will have been perceived already, are moral questions no less than literary. That golden rule of generous service by which we do for others what we would have them do for us, is a rule of writing too. Every writer who knows his trade perceives that he is a servant; that it is his business to endure hardships if only his reader may win freedom from toil, that no impediment to that reader's understanding is too slight to deserve diligent attention, that he has consequently no right to let a single sentence slip from him unsocialized—I mean, a sentence which cannot become as naturally another's possession as his own. In the very act of asserting himself he lays aside what is distinctively his. And because these qualifications of the writer are moral qualifications, they can never be completely fulfilled so long as we live and write. We may continually approximate them more nearly, but there will still always be possible an alluring refinement of exercise beyond. The world of the literary artist and the moral man is interesting through its inexhaustibility; and he who serves his fellows by writing or by speech is artist and moral man in one. Writing a letter is a simple matter but it is a moral matter and an artistic; for it may be done either with imagination or with raw self-centeredness. What things will my correspondent wish to know? How can I transport him out of his properly alien surroundings into the vivid impressions which now are mine? How can I tell what I

long to tell and still be sure the telling will be for him as lucid and delightful as for me? Remember the other person, I say. Do not become absorbed in yourself. Your interests cover only the half of any piece of writing; the other man's less visible half is necessary to complete yours. And if I have here discussed writing more than speech, that is merely because when we speak we utter our first thoughts, but when we write, our second, or better still, our fourth; and in the greater deliberation which writing affords I have felt that the demands of morality and art, which are universally imbedded in language, could be more distinctly perceived. Yet none the less truly do we need to talk for the other person than to write for him.

But there remains a fourth weighty precept, and one not altogether detachable from the third. It is this: "Lean upon your subject." We have seen how the user of language, whether in writing or speaking, works for himself, how he works for another individual too; but there is one more for whom his work is performed, one of greater consequence than any person, and that is his subject. From this comes his primary call. Those who in their utterance fix their thoughts on themselves, or on other selves, never reach power. That resides in the subject. There we must dwell with it, and be content to have no other strength than its. When the frightened schoolboy sits down to write about Spring, he cannot imagine where the thoughts which are to make up his piece are to come from. He cudgels his brains for ideas. He examines his pen point, the curtains, his inkstand, to see if perhaps ideas may not be had from these. He wonders what his teacher will wish him to say, and he tries to recall how the passage sounded in the "Third Reader." In every direction but one he turns, and that is the direction where lies the prime mover of his toil, his subject. Of that he is afraid. Now, what I want to make evident is that his subject is not in reality his foe, but his friend. It is his only helper. His composition is not to be, as he seems to suppose, a mass of his laborious inventions but it is to be made up exclusively of what the subject dictates. He has only to attend. At present he stands in his own way, making such a din with his private anxieties that he cannot hear the rich suggestions of the subject. He is bothered with considering how he feels, or what he or somebody else will like to see on his paper. This is debilitating business. He must lean on his subject, if he would have his writing strong, and busy himself with what it says, rather than with what he would say. Matthew Arnold, in the important preface to his poems of 1853, contrasting the artistic methods of Greek poetry and modern poetry, sums up the teaching of the Greeks in these words: "All depends upon the subject; choose a fitting action, penetrate yourself with the feeling of its situations; this done, everything else will follow." And he calls attention to the self-assertive and scatter-brained habits of our time. "How different a way of thinking from this is ours! We can hardly at the present day understand what Menander meant, when he told a man who inquired as to the progress of his comedy that he had finished it, not having yet written a single line, because he had constructed the action of it in his mind. A modern critic would have assured him that the merit of his piece depended on the brilliant things which arose under his pen as he went along. I verily think that the majority of us do not in our heart believe that there is such a thing as a total impression to be derived from a poem, or to be demanded from a poet. We permit the poet to select any action he pleases, and to suffer that action to go as it will, provided he gratifies us with occasional bursts of fine writing and with a shower of isolated thoughts and images." Great writers put themselves and their personal imaginings out of sight. Their writing becomes a kind of transparent window on which reality is reflected, and through which people see, not them, but that of which they write. How much we know of Shakespeare's characters! How little of Shakespeare! Of him that might almost be said which Isaiah said of God, "He hideth himself." The best writer is the best mental listener, the one who peers farthest into his matter and most fully heeds its behests. Preëminently obedient is the strong writer, —refinedly, energetically obedient. I once spent a day with a great novelist when the book which subsequently proved his masterpiece was only half written. I praised his mighty hero, but said I should think the life of an author would be miserable who, having created a character so huge, now had him in hand and must find something for him to do. My friend seemed puzzled by my remark, but after a moment's pause said, "I don't think you know how we work. I have nothing to do with the character. Now that he is created, he will act as he will."

And such docility must be cultivated by everyone who would write well, such strenuous docility. Of course there must be energy in plenty; the imagination which I described in my third section, the passion for solid form as in my second, the disciplined and daring powers as in my first; but all these must be ready at a moment's notice to move where the matter calls and to acknowledge that all their worth is to be drawn from it. Religion is only enlarged good sense, and the words of Jesus apply as well to the things of earth as of heaven. I do not know where we could find a more compendious statement of what is most important for one to learn who would cultivate himself in English than the simple saying in which Jesus announces the source of his power, "The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." Whoever can use such words will be a noble speaker indeed.

These, then, are the fundamental precepts which everyone must heed who would command our beautiful English language. There is, of course, a fifth. I hardly need to name it, for it always follows after, whatever others precede. It is that we should do the work, and not think about it; do it day by day and not grow weary in bad doing. Early and often we must be busy, and be satisfied to have a great deal of labor produce but a small result. I am told that early in life John Morley, wishing to engage in journalism, wrote an editorial and sent it to a paper every day for nearly a year before he succeeded in getting one accepted. We all know what a power he became in London journalism. I will not vouch for the truth of the story, but I am sure an ambitious author is wise who writes a weekly essay for his stove. Publication is of little consequence, so long as one is getting oneself hammered into shape.

But before I close this address, let me acknowledge that in it I have neglected a whole class of helpful influences, probably quite as important as any I have discussed. Purposely I have passed them by. Because I wished to show what we can do for ourselves, I have everywhere assumed that our cultivation in English is to be effected by naked volition and a kind of dead lift. These are mighty agencies, but seldom in this interlocked world do they work well alone. They are strongest when backed by social suggestion and unconscious custom. Ordinarily the good speaker is he who keeps good company, but increases the helpful influence of that company by constant watchfulness along the lines I have marked out. So supplemented, my teaching is true. By itself it is not true. It needs the supplementation of others. Let him who would speak or write well seek out good speakers and writers. Let him live in their society, —for the society of the greatest writers is open to the most secluded, —let him feel the ease of their excellence, the ingenuity, grace, and scope of their diction, and he will soon find in himself capacities whose development may be aided by the precepts I have given. Most of us catch better than we learn. We take up unconsciously from our surroundings what we cannot altogether create. All this should be remembered, and we should keep ourselves exposed to the wholesome words of our fellow-men. Yet our own exertions will not on that account be rendered less important. We may largely choose the influences to which we submit; we may exercise a selective attention among these influences; we may enjoy, oppose, modify, or diligently ingraft what is conveyed to us, —and for doing any one of these things rationally we must be guided by some clear aim. Such aims, altogether essential even if subsidiary, I have sought to supply; and I would reiterate that he who holds them fast may become superior to linguistic fortune and be the wise director of his sluggish and obstinate tongue. It is as certain as anything can be that faithful endeavor will bring expertness in the use of English. If we are watchful of our speech, making our words continually more minutely true, free, and resourceful; if we look upon our occasions of writing as opportunities for the deliberate work of unified construction; if in all our utterances we think of him who hears as well as of him who speaks; and above all, if we fix the attention of ourselves and our hearers on the matter we talk about and so let ourselves be supported by our subject, —we shall make a daily advance not only in English study, but in personal power, in general serviceableness, and in consequent delight.

Notes

philology, the scientific study of languages and their structure and mutual relation.

intricacies, complexities, involved problems; things difficult to understand.

these airy products, words and sentences.

myriad, innumerable; many.

cogent, convincing; forcible.

from the times of the Saxons to those of Tennyson and Kipling, from the 7th century to the present day.

fragmentarily, in fragments or parts.

exhilaration, gaiety; high spirits; enlivenment.

nutriment, refreshment; food.

veritable, actual; true; genuine.

whose intimacy, close contact or association with whom.

emboldens, encourages.

tedium, irksomeness; weariness.

vagrancy, state of being a wanderer.

human faculties, powers of sense or mind of human beings; their ability to act.

maimed, crippled; disabled.

Shakespeare, William (1564-1616), English poet and dramatist.

“Time insults o’er dull and speechless tribes.” Shakespeare, “Sonnet,” CVII; line 12. In time, tribes that have not developed any literature will be wiped out.

innate, inborn.

calculable, dependable.

straight, persistent.

pertinaciously, unyielding; resolutely; firmly.

slovenly, carelessly.

Homeric poems, the Iliad and the Odyssey credited to Homer, Greek poet.

veracity, truthfulness.

smooth-slipping, easy flowing.

aphorisms, a pithy, concise sentence stating a general doctrine or truth.

Hesiod (776 B.C.), Greek epic poet.

Herodotus (484? -425? B.C.), father of history; Greek historian.

plastic, capable of being molded or modeled, as clay; impressionable.

garrulous, talkative; wordy.

Plato (427-347 B.C.), Greek philosopher.

his talking master (469-399 B.C.), Socrates, the Athenian philosopher.

Chaucer, Geoffrey (1340-1400), father of English poetry.

spacious times, magnificent and expansive period.

Elizabeth (1558-1603), queen of England. Daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn.

Marston, John (1575? -1634), English dramatist and poet.

prefaces, introductions explanatory of the object and scope of works, of methods of treatment, sources of

information and the like.

“Queen Anne’s men,” Queen Anne ruled in England from 1704-1714. Her *men* refer to Addison, Steele, Pope and others of this period.

“Spectator,” paper published by Steele and Addison beginning March 1, 1711-December 6, 1712, and revived briefly in 1714.

Pope (1688-1744) , English poet.

epigram, a short poem treating concisely and pointedly of a single thought or event; a witty thought tersely expressed.

three of the greatest periods of English literature, the Elizabethan, the Augustan, the Victorian.

three English queens, Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603) , Queen Anne (1702-1714) and Queen Victoria (1837-1901) .

vacuity, emptiness.

naked precision, conciseness of any expression; stripped to its essential meaning.

George Herbert (1593-1633) , English poet and clergyman.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo (1803-1882) , American philosopher and essayist.

niggardly and angular speakers, speakers who are careful and abrupt, not spending words which are at all unnecessary.

pungent, penetrating; stinging; poignant.

Brevity is the soul not simply of a jest, but of wit. “Brevity is the soul of wit,” Shakespeare,*Hamlet*;conciseness of speech is not only the spirit of a simple joke but also of intellectual humor which implies swift perception of the incongruous and produces laughter by its sudden wisdom.

superposed ornament, decoration laid upon something else.

purgation of superfluities, removal of unnecessary elements.

purple patches of “fine writing,” conspicuous additions of flowery words to cover up the weak spots in one's writing.

Ben Jonson (1573?-1637) , English scholar and dramatist.

Bacon, Sir Francis (1561-1626) , English essayist, philosopher, and statesman.

pressly, concisely; precisely; to the point.

Dante, Alighieri (1265-1321) , Italian poet, author of “The Divine Comedy.”

rhythmic exigency, pressing need forcing one to use any available word to complete a rhythmic pattern, though the word may not convey one's exact meaning.

enervating, having the quality to deprive one of nerve, force or strength.

Fox, Charles James (1749-1806) , English orator and statesman.

trepidation, fear.

We must give our thought its head, etc. Compare this to riding a horse.

Pedantry, formalism; ostentatiousness in the presentation of knowledge.

an Irish bull, a grotesque blunder in language; now generally applied to expressions containing apparent congruity but real incongruity of ideas.

spontaneity, the quality, or state of acting from natural feeling, temperament or disposition, or from a native internal readiness or tendency without constraint.

dash, animation; spirit; energy in style and action.

blurred, dimmed with a confused appearance.

minuteness, attention to small things or details; extreme precision.

“school-ma'am English,” the grammatically correct but dull English of women school-teachers. *Ma'am* is short for *madam*.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), third American president.

grammatical rigor, exactingness in the correct use of grammar without allowance or indulgence.

Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887), American preacher.

stupefy, make dull or stupid.

Hobbes, Thomas (1588-1679), English philosopher.

“State of Nature,” in Hobbes' book “Leviathan.”

niggardly, meanly; covetous; stingy; miserly.

rawly, crudely.

aggravating, making worse.

displeasing, exciting unpleasant feelings.

annoying, disturbing or irritating, especially by continued repeated acts.

offensive, giving offense; insulting; disagreeable; obnoxious.

disgusting, offending the taste, reason, or sensibility.

irritating, exciting impatience, anger or displeasure.

maddening, making mad or crazy.

increase, add to; become greater.

fry, 以油煎, 炒.

broil, 烤.

roast, 烧.

stew, 蒸煮.

firecracker (爆仗), a cylinder containing an explosive and a fuse, and discharged to make a noise.

emancipation, freedom; deliverance; liberation.

provinciality, narrowness; lack of liberal thinking.

diction, choice of words for expression of ideas.

current, commonly acknowledged or accepted.

humdrum routine, a monotonous tedious course of action regularly adhered to through force of habit.

excellences, fine ways of acquiring excellence.

structure, form; manner of building; construction.

capital, excellent.

gay sportings, playful mockery or pleasantries.

obliges, puts under obligation to do; compels.

huddled together, crowded together.

fecundity, fruitfulness; fertility.

restraint, reserve; limitation.

in the rough, in the crude; raw material.

caprice, an abrupt change in feeling, opinion or action due to a whim or fancy.

shivers, shakes as from cold or fear; trembles.

severities, harshness and strictness.

drudgery, hard labor at mean or uncongenial tasks.

compeers, equals.

disparagement, treatment with contempt; unjust criticism.

double-ended process, a process with two ends, oneself and the other person.

assimilated, absorbed.

helter-skelter, in a hurry or in confusion.

unaimed words, words said with no purpose in mind, neither easing one's mind nor impressing themselves on the other person.

clog, choke up; obstruct; restrict.

temperamental perversities, waywardness or wilful wrongdoing because of changes of temperament or disposition.

impediment, hindrance; obstacle; obstruction.

unsocialized, not made common to society.

raw self-centeredness, crude egotism or talk of oneself.

detachable, separable; capable of being disconnected.

cudgels his brains, thinks hard; harasses his wits.

laborious inventions, new ideas acquired with much work.

din, loud, confused or clanging noise.

debilitating, weakening.

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), English poet and critic.

poems of 1853, published under the title "Poems."

"He hideth himself," Isaiah talks of God hiding himself, but these very words "He hideth himself" come out of the mouth of Job (Job XXIII, 9).

behests, commands.

compendious, brief; summarized; condensed.

"The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me," John XIV, 24, 25.

John Morley (1839-1923), English author and statesman.

for his stove, to be burned.

hammered, beaten as if with a hammer, an instrument for driving nails.

passed them by, overlooked or ignored them.

naked volition, exercise of will which is open to consequences and penalties.

dead lift, an effort under thankless and discouraging conditions.

interlocked world, a world in which everything is joined together by mutual or reciprocal action.

supplemented, provided for what is lacking.

catch, grasp with the senses or mind.

ingraft, incorporate so as to form a part of; set or implant deeply and firmly.

subsidiary, helpful but subordinate or secondary.

reiterate, repeat or say over again.

sluggish, slow of motion; habitually idle or lazy.

minutely, exactly; finely.

Questions

1. What are the four aims of English study? Which aim is the subject of this essay?
2. Why is literary power important?
3. Why strange illusion persists in regard to it?
4. What four precepts, if obeyed, will give anybody effective mastery of English as a tool?
5. Why does self-cultivation in English begin by looking well to one's speech?
6. Why is speech literature superior to book literature?
7. What qualities of speech should one watch for?
8. How may one cultivate accuracy in speech?
9. Why must one at the same time have audacity or daring in speech?
10. Why should one have a wide range of words? How may one increase his vocabulary?
11. What can writing do for one that speech cannot?
12. Why should one always consider others when writing or speaking?
13. What does the author mean by the precept "to lean upon one's subject"?
14. What fifth precept is added?
15. What helpful influences are passed over without discussion?
16. In what besides English will those advance in who obey the precepts given in this essay?

参考译文

【作品简介】

《英语学习的自我培养》，作者乔治·赫伯特·帕玛。1909年由波士顿的霍顿·米夫林公司作为“河畔教育专著”系列之一出版。

【作者简介】

乔治·赫伯特·帕玛（1842—1933），美国哲学家，哈佛大学英语教师。

43 英语学习的自我培养

学习英语的目标有四：视为科学学习之，视为历史明之，视为娱乐悦之，视为工具用之。我只关注其中一点：视为工具用之。语文学和语法学将之视为一门科学，分别以词和句为研究脉络，厘清各自纷繁复杂的发展过程，发现潜于词句背后的语言规则，好比从移动的点点繁星，春日的簇锦繁花中寻求规律。此种思路固然重要而且也有趣，但在此我并不推介，因为希望大家关注的仅仅是那类脱离群书厚册的英语学习。同理，我也不主张视其为历史明之，虽原因差强人意。现今的英语文学源远流长，可能比其他任何民族的文学都更充满吸引力。文学杰作接连涌现从未间断，此乃人类其他任何语言所难以匹敌。每个说英语的人都赋有一种天资，激励我们去追溯从撒克逊人时期一直到诗人丁尼森和吉普林时代的非凡发展历程。文学还有其胜过其他任何艺术研究的优势，即每个人都可以研究经典原作，而不用依赖于复制品，比如绘画、雕刻和建筑，也无需依靠媒介表达，比如音乐。在当下，要把经典作品视为历史来研究，大多必须投入充足的时间和持续的关注，而这对本书的大多数读者而言是无法承受的。我们大多数人不能持续地关注现今强大的文学，只有通过和早期文学的联系，后期文学的发展才显得更加有趣。如果必须碎片式地阅读文学，我们的注意力则只会停留在那些能够提供至美和允诺极乐的文学段落上。换言之，如果不是从历史的角度学习英语，或许可以从娱乐入手。在我们的诗歌、小说、散文、戏剧等创造的无尽财富中，每一部分都能找到适合自己的养分、修正和慰藉。一个人无论多忙，如果没有自己热爱的作者——他真正的朋友，那么他是不明智的。因为热爱一个作者，可以让他在工作间隙有一席避难之地，他与作者的亲密关系可以让他有限的存在得以扩充、完善，从而让他变得心平气和，大胆英勇。然而，英语作为一种乐趣主要取决于个人喜好，这样我就无法为这类人提供普适法则了，因为吾之蜜糖可能成为彼之砒霜。就文学的乐趣而言，有些无法预测，有些反复无常，它没有精准的规则可言，试图承担引路人角色的人的格言显得并不准确。虽然我相信许多建议的提出对年轻的“文学逐乐者”有所裨益，让他们游移不定的思想变得明智，但在此我并不打算着手其繁、出计献策。驱散乐趣的喧嚣，剥离科学的外衣，英语就是个工具。我们的语言无时无刻不在塑造大脑中的思维，充当与他人交流的工具。我想提请大家掌握这不同寻常的重要工具，让每一位听到我想法的人都不再满足于自己对这个工具的使用。

文学的力量其重要性勿需长辩。众所周知，没有它，人类的才智就会变得残缺。莎士比亚曾说：时间只能对愚昧无言的种族猖狂。^[1]文学及置身于其中之人都会藐视不会用言语表达之人。我们和文学之间相互依存，通过彼此之间敏捷充分的交流，才能使每项计划顺利完成。做不到这一点的人其个体资源就会匮乏，因为人只有在被说服之时才会做我们期望之事。因此，口才成为生活的主要手段之一。这种手段既外显于表达，又内存于心智，因为语言表达和思维能力是一个整体。我们并不是首先拥有完整的思维，然后才将其表达出来。正是因为外在语言的表达可以使心智这一形成本源变得更具延展性、敏锐性和丰富性，所以，一段时间不说话的人很有可能会发现自己无话可说。同样，借助于语言表达，我们可以使自己的价值和声名长久流传。语言是脆弱的，但它的持续性特征使得它与其他人类欲求之物，比如健康、财富、美貌等之间出现了较大的价值差异。后者即使为我们拥有，但很有可能因一些变故而被剥夺，所以我们总是惴惴不安。但是，文学的力量一旦为我们所有，就可能比其他任何东西都更加属于我们自己。凭借自身的存在，它会继续发展并不断充实，直到随着人肉身的陨灭而消散。因此，相较于健康、财富、美貌，拥有文学风格才更能被称为人。优秀的鉴赏家已经发现，终极的修养是在文学风格中，并且还说只有语言有力量有美感的人是有修养之人。有人说，文明的至高终极产物也就是二三人同处一屋交谈，让说话的我们与我们所使用的语言之间产生相应的密切联系。因而，在我们和我们的语言之间也就相应地出现了一种特别的紧密联合。我们对自己的言谈就像对自己的举止一样敏感。年轻人对著书之人充满敬畏，几乎视其为神。说话人言语优雅则会成为众人钦羡的对象。

文学天赋能迅速得到人们认可并引起艳羡，但这也造成一种奇怪的假象，似乎文学天赋是拥有者与生俱来的一种神秘特质，是不具备这种特质的人难以企及的。而事实正好相反。在人类所能中，没有哪一样能比驾驭语言更自由更可靠。毋庸置疑，有的人确实有学习语言的天资，就像有的人天生擅于耕作，有的人长于航海，有的善为人夫一样。但是，最有效的始终是后天的付出。坚持不懈、悉心谨慎、辨别观察、独出心裁、百折不挠这些品质才是其根本保障。至死英语都说不好的人要怪也只能怪自己没品，因为如果病语能被继承的话，它也就能被消灭。我希望提供一些方法，让英语说不好的人说得好。鉴于空间有限，也因为我想留名，所以我把所有我要说的归结为四个简单的准则。如果坚持遵从，那么任何人都可以有效地将英语作为一种工具掌握好。

首先，“悉心留意自己的言语”。通常认为，若有人要寻求文学的力量，他会走进自己的房间，认认真真写好一篇文章去发表，但这其实是本末倒置的。动笔一回，已是言说百次。最忙碌的作家一年产出不过一卷，还不及他一周的言谈。因而，人们总是通过言语来判定一个人是否掌握好了自己的语言。如果一个人有九十九次的口头言说中都很马虎懒散，那么他在第一百次的笔头写作中也几乎不可能做到挥斥方遒、严谨正确。文如其人，人有千象。懒散懈怠导致语言无力，精力充沛则使表达充满活力。我知道顺应新领域做出调整经常是必须的。优秀的演说家伏案落笔时会感到无所适从，而优秀的作家唇口开阖时又会语无伦次。在言说和写作之中，有些人只是长于其一，不能兼攻两项。但这种情况其实是比较少见的。通常，语言一经掌握，就均可服务于言谈与写作。由于口头练习的机会远远多于书面写作，所以在培养文学功力方面，口头表达尤其重要。我们可以公正地讲，成绩斐然的作家也是巧舌如簧。

口头言说的决定性影响力在几乎所有伟大的文学时代都留有印记。荷马史诗是说给耳朵听的，不是写给眼睛看的。荷马是否会写作尚未可知，但可以肯定的是他精于口头言说，熟知它的每一个特质：精确、生动、言简、意赅、易懂，而写作往往与刻板联系在一起。在那些流畅圆润的诗句中人们随处都能听到声音的回响，所以诗人赫西奥德的格言能很自然地口口相传，历史学家希罗多德的故事也可以由炉火旁的老人讲述。早期的希腊文学富有创造力，且繁言多语。它的显著成就在于没有文学注释，从而给人感觉行文排列不按惯例，而是明显出于自发——简言之，这是口头文学，而非书面文学。这个趋势在希腊持续了很长一段时间。在其顶峰时期，戏剧是当时的主要文学形式——而戏剧的高贵、连贯与明晰都只是靠言语来实现的。柏拉图秉承了戏剧这一文学表达先例，因袭导师苏格拉底的风格，将“对话”作为探讨哲学的媒介，把哲学讲得活泼、生动，甚至任性，而这些都是最出色的对话才能显示出的特质。这一倾向并非希腊人独有，我们的文学也表现出类似的趋势。学究的时代是颓废的时代，对话的时代才是辉煌的。英国作家乔叟与希罗多德一样，是个讲故事的人。他效仿前人，在欧洲大陆上用讨人喜欢的故事取悦宫廷。在伟大的伊丽莎白扩张时期，莎士比亚和他的同伴们并不关心文学出版。马斯顿在他一部作品的前言中写道，他为刊发自己的作品致歉，若非一些无耻之徒在剧院听了剧后先行刊印了拙劣的版本，他也不会出此下策。安妮女王统治时期的文学大家虽然已经远离戏剧形式的创作，但仍旧以口头言说的形式来塑造理想的文学。《旁观者》中的文辞，蒲伯的诗篇，这些都会被参加晚宴的儒雅文士引用。这些引辞简洁明了、品味高雅、轻触浅沾、机智警世，能避免引起任何可能的情绪波动、争议辩驳或者沟通不畅，而这些正是儒雅之士的言谈特点。实际上，任何基于书本思想而非活生生生活语的文学，其活力都很难持久。假如不把言说观念摆在首位，表达内容就会被延迟，会被精细的措辞耽误，从而失去它的自然和现实感。女性最擅长讲话。当我注意到英国文学史上最伟大的三个时期恰巧都是女性执政时，有时会陶然自乐。

有幸的是，英语学习的自我培养主要得靠口头说，因为不管我们做什么，我们总是要讲话。就掌握好一门语言的概率来说，最穷和最忙的人与悠闲的富人相比并没有多大的劣势。的确，在一些情况下，源自于社会鼓励与认可的强大动力可能会有所缺失，但学习者坚定的目标感足以弥补这样的不足。对用词井然美的认识，强烈的欲望，挫败之时的耐心，对每一次机会及时把握，这些都是让人迅速掌握语言能力的基本特质。关注自己的言语，这就是你要做的。当然，还需要明确的是要关注你话语的哪些方面，我发现有三个特别重要——用词准确、胆大、词汇量。下面我来分别谈一谈。

显然，好的英语一定是用词准确的英语。言语要符合思想，就像戴手套，不能太松也不能太紧。太松会在表意之余留下大片空白；太紧又会阻碍深度理解。两种危险之下，松的弊端更突出。有些人，他们表达意思时用词吝啬至极，但凡不熟悉话题的人都不能迅速会意。乔治·赫伯特和爱默生的语言，很多人听了都会走神。但吝啬生硬的演说家还是少数。很多情况下，词并不指示任何事物，它们只是被抛出来，表达模糊的不确定的意思或一种笼统的情感。任何人想要练习语言的时候，第一件事就是学会准确表达自己的想法，明确知道自己想要表达什么，然后只挑出能让听众准确会意的那些词。因此，两个字能表达的就不要用三个字。用词越少，越一针见血。简洁不仅是笑话的精髓，更是妙语的灵魂，此处妙语等同于智慧。能把复杂问题三言两语说清楚，这是大师。因为他所追求的是坚实的质地，而非刺绣式的重叠装饰，所以美是对多余的净化。在许多段落中，通过用安静的词替代喧闹的词，删掉类似“很、非常、极其”等词，以及那些体现“文采”的辞藻华丽的语句，整个段落就活色生香，美不胜收了。本·琼森曾这样描述培根的语言：“我所在的时代出现了一位伟大的演说家，他的言词充满了吸引力。没有人能像他那样用词简短、紧迫、落地有声，讲话不空洞不闲散。他的演说有他的优雅，听众咳嗽一下或是向一边张望一下都会是一种损失。他讲话时他就是主宰，让他的评判者在他的判定中愤怒或是喜悦。”这样的人具有语言的操控力，他们的言说“简洁有力”。但要做到如此精准是要花功夫的。训练过程中，每个词都要“过牙关”。有些貌似是我们所指，实则并非我们本意。如果我们对自己的意思或者话语无法确定，停下来，想好再说。准确不会不请自来。会说几种语言的人，可以试着把一种语言翻译成另一种语言，看意义是不是得以完整传递，进而做到准确。只会说母语的人可以试着定义自己经常使用的词，也可从中获益。下定义的习惯不会与精确相

左。但丁曾骄傲地说即便苛求韵律他从未言不由衷。在无须苛求韵律和严密推理的情况下，我们漫不经心的讲话，很少能用语言完全地表达自己的意思，自己的表达也很少就是心里的所想。协调思想与话语保持一致就需要有一种讲真话的持久意志力，因为每一次的用词不当都会有些许言不属实。我们脑子里想的是同一回事，说给听众的又是另一回事。道德目标并不能让我们免于这种不真实，除非这一目的足以激励日常言语练习，直到我们有能力做到言必实。我们一次又一次地对邪恶缄默，就是因为我们尚未获得真实善良的能力。

但我终究不希望我的每一位听者完全赞同我的上述观点。因为关注意识这一点有些苍白。纵然意识对实现目标很重要，但如果控制得太直接，太在乎，就又会导致犹豫不决，语言软弱无力。拿弹钢琴来说，一开始我们挑出的只是独立的音符，但只有弹了几个音符之后，才能产生音乐，虽然我们并没有在意这段音乐是如何形成的。同样的道理无处不在。有意识有选择的行为是初级的、劣等的。人们并不信任这种行为，更确切地说，不信任实施这种行为的人。如果有人跟我们说话明显在研究他该如何用词，我们会转身而去。他的语言可能是很好的课堂练习，但不能用来交谈。因此，我们的言说要有说服力，除了要准确、简洁、精炼外，还应当胆大无畏。我们追求的不单单是准确，我们追求的是准确以及胆大。英国演说家、政治家福克斯说过，他习惯于匆忙地讲一段话，然后指望万能的上帝将他从中解救。我们讲话的时候也必须这样。我们一定不能在一句话开始之前，就先确定好结尾。如果这样做了，就不会有人想听那个结尾。开始就是开始，需要说话人与听众双方都全神贯注，害怕继续会毁掉一切。我们必须得给自己的思路开个头，不要把缰绳勒得太紧，也不要马儿稍一跳腾时就胆怯。当然，我们要在英勇中保持冷静，用之前提到的自制力力求准确，但也不必太过缓慢前行，不然就拘谨了。谨小慎微比粗心大意更糟糕。我们若想追求语言优雅灵活，就必须学会放手自己的思想任其奔跑。要学得英语，我们需要培养英语母语者才具有的那种自发性，这是自相矛盾的吗？未经训练的语言没有多少价值可言，它不受控制，杂乱任性，无法达到预定目的。不过，从另一方面来看，缺乏勇气的言说，无论它有多么恰如其分，一定是无关紧要的。所以，精确与胆大应该合二为一。做到这一点很难，但只要我们还只是拥有其一，就永不该满足。

但是二者是否真的就像乍一看那么互不相容呢？或者说，没有后者的辅助能实现前者吗？假使我们相信词语本身并没有价值，只有当它们真正用来表述经验时才会有对与错，那么我们会觉得自己是为了表达准确而不得已临时选择词语，并将它们以之前不曾有的组合方式整合在一起，明确表达出我们自己而非他人所看到的或感受到的东西。我们并非天生准确且大胆，原因可能有二。首先，我们对自己的经验有些模糊，观察不敏锐，想法不透彻，所以我们的语言没有个性。其次，受习惯的钳制，我们倾向于根据别人之前说的话来调整自己的话语。前一个问题的解决办法是将目光关注于客观事物，而非听众或自身；后一个问题则需要我们把语言的生动性置于正确性之上。反之，如果将正确性置于生动性之前，那么措辞就会相当平庸，变成一板一眼的“女教师英语”——这种表达产生的乏味感却是以牺牲那么多栩栩如生、充满想象、铿锵有力的词为代价的。当然，我们必须使用人们能听得懂的词。能做到这一点，语言就可以自成一统，遵从我们自己的特殊需求。“任何时候，”托马斯·杰弗逊说道，“如果一点小小的语法失误能让思想更浓缩，抑或一个词就能代表一句话，那么我们就无须在乎语法。”亨利·沃德·比奇曾对一个指出他布道中语法错误的人说：“当英语成为我前进的羁绊时，我不会让它得逞的。”无论是作家还是演说家，但凡是知道哪些词最能表达自己但又不敢表达的，他的话就都不能让人心悦诚服，而这与其他人是否有过类似表达无关。在品评价值方面，我们不要用一些消极标准来麻木自己。伟人的特征不是不犯错，而是做事游刃有余。

然而，这种大胆的精确，虽正是这一点将卓越的演说与平庸的演说区分开来，却都是只有掌握大量词汇的人才能实现的。我们普通人的词汇量少得可怜。因此，每个人要提高自己的英语，就要费大功夫系统地扩大词汇量，这一点很重要。字典包含约十万多单词，普通人掌握大概三千。这是因为普通人只有三四千字的内容要说吗？根本不是。这只是因为愚钝罢了。听一下小学生讲话，他掌握十几或几十个名词，六七个动词，三四个形容词，以及足够的连词和介词，然后就能把想说的组合在一起。这种普通的表达与霍布斯对自己的作品《自然状态》的描述很像：“孤独，可怜，令人生厌，简单粗暴”。事实上，我们会陷入这样一种思维：好词佳句都属于别人，与我无关。我们就像是继承了一大笔财产，却要坚持硬板床和粗衣陋食带给我们的不便。我们也从不旅行，消费只限于可怜的生活必需品。要问这样的人为何让大笔的财富躺在银行而自己生活得如此吝啬，他们也只会回答说因为他们不知道怎么消费。但是这值得去学习。弥尔顿能够使用八千词汇，莎士比亚则能使用一万五千。我们谈论的话题都是这些前辈先贤所涉及过的，除此之外，我们还拥有自行车、科学、工人罢工、政治联合体等现代世界的复杂生活方式。

那么为什么我们不愿意扩大词汇量来满足自己的需求呢？这个问题问得没有道理。没有为什么，就是懒，懒到让自己都不舒服。我们词汇有限，活得粗糙，不去改进人际交往，不去提炼自己的思想，而思想

与话语相互依赖，相辅相成。比如，所有的愤怒我们都只用一个词“aggravating（惹人生气的）”——不去考虑这个词可能是令人不快、让人恼怒、得罪人、惹人生厌、招人心烦或是让人抓狂，也不去在意我们鲁莽的用词会埋葬本来很便利的那个词，而这只需要我们注意一下“程度递增”的细微差别即可——我们就像厨艺不佳的厨子，不管是煎炒，烧烤，烘焙还是焖炖，都只用油炸锅，然后又质疑为什么菜品都是一个味儿，而隔壁人家的饭却那么香。让每一个想见证自己成长的人都下定决心每周学习两个新词，要不了多久，世界多样化的无穷魅力就会体现在他的言语中、思想中。我知道大家首次使用新词时都会惊讶，就像鞭炮在街区爆炸一样。我们四处张望，看看是否有人注意，但发现没有，这就壮了自己的胆。一个词使用三次后会自然地舌尖流出，然后永远成为我们的一部分，生活从此以后不会再缺少它。每个词都会代表它自己的观点，揭示事物特定的一面，描述其他词所无法描述的那一点重要性，因而为解放我们受抑制的言语和思想贡献绵薄之力。

但有一点我必须提醒，以此来明晰我的意思：增加我们现有的可怜的词汇储备并不意味着使用那些日常对话中很少见的怪异、夸张表达或专业术语。我的目的恰好相反，我只是让措辞的人用他掌握的英语资源表达得地道、个性。词汇贫乏通常源于保守，源于我们不加批判地接受自己所属阶层的习惯。我的家人，我最亲密的友人，他们都有自己的措辞，还有很多得到认可的词，在书本中通用，谦虚智慧的演说家也会使用，可我们不去学。我们的阶层一向不习惯使用“措辞”、“通用”、“范畴”、“贫乏”、“迄今”、“传达”、“缺乏”——绝不是这些词不常用，而是用了这些词会显得把自己和与自己智识相当的人分离开了。就像是不喜欢去穿那些在别人身上看着很合适，却与我自己的平凡生活圈子格格不入的衣服。然而，如果我这圈子里的人都如此，整体的寒酸气则更加凸显。所有人的谈话都尽量压窄自己的词汇到最薄弱。我们应该试图对自己小圈子的每个人都逐渐施加一些影响，给他们一些不至于造成惊吓或制造距离感的刺激，好让我们免于单调乏味的常规和惯常。不大胆一些就无法做到真正的友好。一天天扩大的词汇量带来的小冲击，对我们和我们的朋友都很可能是不那么令人愉快的。

这些就是口头言说的妙处。如果要培养自己的英语使用能力，我们就必须让自己的日常谈话准确、大胆、丰富。我坚持强调这些特质，是因为在我看来所有的文学功底，尤其是大忙人的文学功底，都植根于精湛的口头表达。根在此处，成长可见在他处。接下来我们进入到下一个准则，如果前面的准则已深入人心，那么后面的内容只需简短讨论即可。

第二点，“欢迎每一次的写作机会”。尽管口头言说的重要性我们已经做了讨论，但它也并非万能。它不能教人谋篇布局，因为言语间隔太短。口头谈话以句为单位进行，基本上用不着段落。我说句话——十几个词，然后就等着朋友回给我几十个词。这种温和的交流可持续几小时。但如果一方连续说上五分钟不间断，另一方就会感觉他没礼貌。那样就不是谈话了，而是演讲。简短的单词组合构成的日常交流提供了极好的机会锻炼我们用词准确、胆大和丰富，但它无法提供足够的空间提升我们的组织能力。如果我们要阐明B与A以及B与C的关系，就必须有很长的表达。虽然每一个部分都是独立的，我们要能通过流畅的语言组织把部分整合成紧密联系的整体。这一整体就是我们常说的文体。少了它，任何写作都是败笔，因为事实上，它不是一篇文章，而是很多个片段的杂糅。为便于阅读，或达到一种预期的效果，整体性是必要的——一系列的陈述、轶事、引语、论证、幽默嘲讽、诉求，都“共同朝着一个方向发挥作用”。文章的统一性也要求各个部分具有统一性。把散乱句子拼在一起，凑成一个段落，甚至只用无力的连接词“和，和”把它们联系在一起，这样做远远不够。一句话必须只说一件事；一个段落必须只说一件事；一篇文章也必须只说一件事。每一个部分是一个初步的整体，整篇文章就是一个完成的整体。然而，基于一堆东西组织出一件事情的能力不是与生俱来的。它需要有创造性，同时又能自我约束，关注效果，能在草稿阶段就预测结局，还要遵循发展主题的各类需求，同时做到对任何引人入歧途的突发奇想充耳不闻。简言之，好的作家需要是艺术家。

现在，年轻的作家本能地意识到上述写作要求的重要性，并为之恐惧。他知道自己这样迈向“辛劳的一生”是多么欠缺准备。他坐在桌前，看着一页白纸，不寒而栗。要让他知道，不寒而栗是正常的。我清楚地记得自己还是年轻小伙子的时候，十分崇拜一位有着丰富经验的修辞学老师，他说在他看来人类所知道的所有工作中没有比写作更难的了，那一刻我特别开心。在那之前我一直以为只有我写作时才举步维艰。老师的话鼓舞了我，使我有勇气再次尝试，因为我知道全人类都和我同病相怜。不明白这一点就不要写作。不写作，年轻的作家就不用遵循我的上述准则，不用寻找机会去写作了。对于大部分人来说，这才是面对写作的新方式——把写作当作一种机遇，一个机会，而不是强加的负担。这样一来，写作就不会缺乏独创性，也不再是一桩苦差事。相反，每一部分都会是珍贵而必要的台阶，让我们通往驾驭写作的路。对于那些靠写作吃饭的人而言，基本不会有这样的机会，因为只有把写作当作练习才是自然的。但是说到这一点，不能因为练习就可以是二等品然后蒙混过关。不管是写给朋友的信件，写给老板的报告，还是写给

报纸的通讯，都要懂得有开头，有发展，有结尾。大多数写作都没有这么合意的结构，这些都是优秀作品的专有。记住，要让作品有美感，必须要注意首先写什么，其次写什么，然后写什么。

然而关于这个主题，我必须祝贺当下的一代，因为比起我的年代，他们优势多多。如今孩子的成长，比我们那一代要幸福。他们不会觉得铅笔是折磨人的工具，口和笔基本没有区别。从他们离开母亲怀抱的那一刻，他们手中就已经握着笔了。他们被鼓励在纸上描述他们感兴趣的小鸟、朋友及探险经历。他们的写作课基本和口语课一样多。他们在还不知道写作是什么的时候就开始学习写作。其中的一些幸运儿，希望他们会发现我悲哀地用来描述写作之难的语言有些铺陈过度。我还想说，因为写作的熟练程度与频率最为相关，我认为新闻工作者非常幸运，因为他们一直在写作。现在对新闻产品普遍会有贬低，但我并不认为对他们要有如此苛刻的要求。毫无疑问，新闻写作是非常仓促的工作，带有仓促的印记。但在我看来，新闻出版的英语书写中达意、生动、信息量大的句子比比皆是，这比以往任何时代出现的频率都要高。书面文学和口头文学之间的界限正逐渐打破，这一现象既有好的影响，也有不好的影响。大家似乎都在写作，不管是韵文还是散文；如果说高质量的写作不会经常出现，另一方面粗鲁拙劣晦涩的写作也不多见。一种简单直接的英语文体正在确立其地位。整个民族都在学习书面文学。在这种情况下，那些意识到自己英语薄弱的人就更有必要立即认真地培养自己的语言能力。

第三条准则是“想着他人”。我一直在强调英语学习中的自我培养，这似乎只涉及一方，也就是我们自己。但实际上每一话语都涉及两方，其目标是社会性的，其目的是交流。毫无疑问，尽管说话时我们半路上会被自我表现的欲望驱使，但只有当另外一方能够从说话中有所获取时，才能够为说话找到正当理由。因此，任何言说或写作都是双向的过程，从我开始，向他渗透，双方都需要给予关注。我所说的就是我想说的吗？这是一个重要的问题。我所说的话组织得够清晰，足以让听到的人都理解吗？这个问题同样事关重大，但却更容易被人忽略。我们只顾及表现自己，而忘记了对方。我们匆忙地说出那些毫无目的的话，只为一己轻松，不去考虑它们是帮助还是阻碍听话人的理解。我们大多数人都极为缺乏想象力，无法从自己的世界走出，去接受另一种思想，而文学艺术家却一直致力于此。他能够轻松自如地把两种生活合二为一；或者说，他已经能够让自己把别人的生活看得更为重要，并且认为自己的舒适、喜好和劳动都是从属于为他人服务的。所有认真的文学作品随时都在担此重任。我必须痛苦地写作，让他人能够轻松阅读。我必须找出他人的所想所需，然后去满足他们。

写作时，我必须不停地审视每一行字，尽量保证这些话不遭抵触，而且还能让我的思想进入到不同的思想中去。为了做到这一点，我必须在不削弱我本意的情况下，微调我的意思。这样组词或那样组词能让人意思明白吗？这种表达顺序是有助于快速理解还是会阻碍理解？为了顺从读者的阅读方式，让他感受语言的愉悦，我要搁置自己性情中的哪些任性呢？而且，我要接受读者性情中的哪些任性，并将它们作为固定的事实来进行自我调整呢？这些都是娴熟的作家一直自问的问题。

这些问题，不只是文学问题，同时也是道德问题。欲取之，必先予之。这一黄金法则同样适用于写作。每一位懂行的作家都有为仆意识。忍受艰难是他的职责，这样他的读者才能免于辛劳。不能让读者付出哪怕一点点的精力去排除理解障碍。因此他无权说不考虑他人的言语——我是指那些不能顺理成章地被他人接受的语言。在坚持己见的同时，他把自己的与众不同搁置在一边，因为这些都是作家的道德素养，所以只要我们还活着并还在写作，它们就不可能得以充分发挥。我们可能会持续靠近这些特质，但仍然还会有更高一级的改进吸引我们。文学艺术家与道德之人的世界因无穷尽而变得有趣。那些通过写作或演讲服务于人的都是艺术家，同时也是道德之人。写信是一件简单的事情，但也包含着道德和艺术，因为我们既可以充满想象地完成它，也可以以自我为中心粗糙地去写。收信人想知道什么？我怎样才能把他从对他而言完全陌生的环境中带出来，继而进入我的生动感觉里？我怎样才能把我所有渴望讲的话讲出来，同时还能保证他和我一样明白愉悦？我想说：想着他人。不要一味专注于自己的世界。你的兴趣只能占据写作的一半；属于对方的那一半隐藏其中，是写作得以完整的必要部分。如果此处我谈写作的篇幅多过口头言说，也只是因为说话时我们发出的是最直接的思想，但写作则表达的是再思甚至是三思后更成熟的想法。深思熟虑之间，我已更加明显地感受到写作在道德和艺术方面的要求，而这是语言的普遍要求。但不是说我们说给别人听时就不用像写给别人看时那么要求严格。

还有第四条很重要的准则，它和第三条密不可分，即“紧靠主题”。我们讨论过语言的使用者，不管是写作还是说话，要为自己服务，也要为他人服务；但他还要服务于另外一样东西，它的影响力比任何人都大，那就是他的主题。主题产生最初的需求。那些把注意力都集中在自己或别人身上的人是绝不会达到效果的。效果依附于主题。我们必须与话题同在，并要乐意承认它无可匹敌的优势。当小学生胆战心惊地坐下来描写春天时，他根本想象不出作品需要的思路从何而来。他绞尽脑汁，寻找灵感。他一会儿瞧瞧笔

尖、瞅瞅窗帘、看看墨台，看看这些东西是不是能给他带来什么想法。他猜想老师希望他说什么，并竭力想象第三读者眼中的文章会是什么样的。他尝试从各个方面去思考，唯独忘记一点，那个让他如此辛劳付出的根源：他的主题。而他畏惧主题。现在我想澄清的是，主题实际上不是敌人，而是朋友，是他唯一的助手。他的文章不是费力想象的虚构，其构成只能依靠主题。他只是出席者。现在，他挡着自己的道，烦恼于无人给他与主题相关的丰富建议，因此一个人大吵大闹。他纠结于自己的感受，纠结于自己或是他人希望他说些什么。这让他心力交瘁。如果他想让自己的作品有力，如果他着力于作品要说什么而不是他要说什么的话，他必须紧靠主题。马修·阿诺德1853年出版的诗集序言中对比了希腊诗歌和现代诗歌的艺术手法，他这样归纳希腊人的智慧：“一切依赖于主题，选择一个适宜的行为，把自己融入情境，这些做好了，其他的就水到渠成了。”他指出我们这个时代疏行专断，思想散漫。“那种思维方式与我们的时代太不相同。现在没有人能懂米南德，当有人问他的喜剧进展时，他告诉人家他已经写完了，而事实上他一个字都还没开始，他只是已经在脑海里构建出了整个故事。可能有现代评论家会向他断言，说作品的亮点都是在写作过程中才唤醒于笔下的。我真的认为我们大多数人从内心深处不相信诗歌需要源于整体印象，也不相信诗歌需要诗人有整体印象。我们允许诗人选择任何他乐意的行为，使其纵性而为，这样他才能偶尔爆发出让读者满意的作品，让读者在大量孤立的思想和意象中得到满足。”伟大的作家无视自我以及自我幻象的塑造。他们的作品是一扇玻璃窗，从中反映的就是现实。透过这面玻璃，人们看到的不是作家，而是作家的作品。我们对莎士比亚笔下的人物了解多少？我们对莎士比亚又了解多少呢？人们评论他可能就像希伯来预言家以赛亚评论上帝一样：“他隐藏了自己”。一流作家都擅于倾听思想。他们目光深远，能洞察到事物最深处，并完全听从它的指令。强势的作家都是卓越的顺从者——巧妙地积极地顺从。我曾经与一位伟大的小说家待了一整天，当时他的那部经典之作只写了一半。我称赞了书中英雄人物的伟大，但也说到这样一来作家的生活可能就悲惨了，因为他创作的角色太伟大了，手头有这样一个人物，还必须得给他找点大事去做。我的朋友满脸困惑，停顿了一下说：“我想你不懂我的工作。我本人与角色无关。既然人物已定，他就可以随心所欲了。”

想好好写作的人都必须培养这种顺从的能力，这是一种艰苦的顺从。当然这需要充沛的精力，第三节中描述的想象力，第二节中对结构一致性的热情，以及第一节中提到的自律与大胆。但即便所有这些都准备就绪，还是要在某一时刻注意到，事物本身需要发展到哪里，而且还要承认所有上述要求的价值都是通过这一点才能得以提取。宗教只是把道理放大，耶稣的话适用于天堂也适用于凡间。要说培养英语能力最重要的一点，我想最简练的答案就是耶稣宣称自己力量之源时的那句话：“你们所听到的话不来自于我，而是来自上帝。”任何能够使用这样言词的人都将会成为真正伟大的演说家。

上述都是基本的准则，想要掌握英语这门美丽语言的人都必须注意。当然，还有第五点。我基本不需要为此命名，因为不管上述四点哪一个在先，它都紧随其后。这就是：我们得去做，而不是想。日复一日地做，做坏了也不会烦。早动手，多动手，还要满足于付出多收获少。据说约翰·莫莱早年间希望从事新闻业，然后他写了一篇社论，每天寄给一家报社，天天如此，坚持了一年，终于成功地被其中一家录用。我们都知道他后来成了伦敦新闻界的风云人物。我不能保证这个故事的真实性，但我能确定的是，一个每周坚持写作还能将之付诸火炉的作家是多么的雄心壮志和英明智慧。只要把自己打磨成形，文章发不发表都不重要。

收尾之前，请允许我承认自己忽略了一整类具有建设意义的影响因素，它们的重要性不次于任何一个上述提到的准则。这是有意忽略，因为我希望说明我们能为自己做些什么。我一直认为英语的学习需要赤裸裸的意识力，需要全力以赴。上述因素作用巨大，但在这个事事皆关联的世界，它们单凭一己之力无法发挥作用。只有在群体的建议和下意识习惯的支持下，作用才会发挥到最强。一般来说，优秀的演说家都会与优秀的人为伴，并能通过遵守我之前列出的那些准则，时时留心，来增强优秀之人对自身的有利影响。所以作为补充的话，我教的是对的。但就教授内容本身而言又是不对的，它还需要其他方面的补充。让口才好写作好的人去发现优秀的作家和演说家，让他进入他们的圈子——因为一流作家的世界对最与世隔绝的人开放——让他去感受他们完美、精巧、优雅又游刃有余的措辞中的那份轻松与舒适，然后很快他会发现自己的能力，继而在我所罗列的准则辅助下去发展这些能力。对大多数人来说，专门的学习不如偶然的捕获。我们会无意识地从周围环境中学习到我们完全创造不了的东西。我们应该牢记这些话，让自己接触同伴的美辞善语，但不能就此认为自己的努力没有那么重要。我们多半可以去选择我们需要顺从的影响因子，然后对其有选择地重视；我们可以享受、反对、修改抑或是煞费苦心地嫁接传达给我们的信息——因为要合理做到以上任何一点，都必须有清晰的目标指引我们。我已经提供了这些目标，尽管只是辅助性的，但非常必要。我还要重申，能快速掌握这些目标的人，都会比语言学层面的能力更胜一筹，而且还能够给自己迟缓又固执的舌头做出明智的指示。非常确定的是，只要忠于努力，就必然会成为使用英语的能手。如果我们注意自己的言语，让说出的话更正确一些，自由一些，丰富一些；如果我们把每一次写

作都看作是一次机会，为实现统一的结构而深思熟虑；如果每次说话都能既考虑听众又考虑说话人；最重要的是，如果说话人和听话人都能集中注意力于我们所谈的主题，由此让说话人得到主题的支撑——那么我们每一天都会取得进步，不仅是英语学习，还有服务于他人的总体能力，以及由此带来的愉悦感。

本书仅供个人学习之用，请勿用于商业用途。如对本书有兴趣，请购买正版书籍。任何对本书籍的修改、加工、传播自负法律后果。

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（罗选民 译）

^[1]典出莎士比亚《十四行诗》第一〇七首。

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