

<<走出非洲>>

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### 内容概要

《走出非洲》是迪内森的自传性小说，作家以优美的文字叙述了1914年至1931年在非洲经营咖啡农场的生活，充满深情地回忆了非洲的自然景色、动物和人，并且用优美的文字写出了对非洲风土人情的熟悉和眷恋，处处洋溢着散文美的内涵。

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### 作者简介

伊萨克·迪内森（Isak Dinesen）丹麦著名女作家，1885年生于西兰岛龙斯特兹一个贵族家庭。早年就读于丹麦艺术学院，后在巴黎和罗马学习绘画。1914年随男爵丈夫旅居肯尼亚，经营咖啡农场。1931年返回丹麦，后来从事文学创作。1934年发表描写非洲生活的小说集《七个神奇的故事》（Seven Gothic Tales）一举成名。主要作品有：《走出非洲》（Out of Africa）、《草坪上的影子》（Shadows on the Grass）、《冬天的故事》（Winters Tales）等。《走出非洲》被改编成电影，获奥斯卡奖。迪内森于1962年去世。

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## 章节摘录

When at last he began to speak it was only to state, slowly and dismally, that he thought things were bad. A little later he added in a vague manner, as if it were altogether a matter to be ignored, that he had now paid over ten sheep to Wainaina. And now Wainaina, he went on, wanted a cow and calf from him as well, and he was going to give them to him. Why had he done that, I asked him, when no judgment had yet been given? Kaninu did not answer, he did not even look at me. He was, this evening, a traveller or pilgrim who had no continuing city. He had come in, as it were on his way, to report to me, and now he was off again. I could not but think that he was ill, after a pause I said that I would take him into hospital the next day. At that he gave me a short, painful glance: the old mocker was being bitterly mocked. But before he went away he did a curious thing, he lifted up a hand to his face as if he were wiping off a tear. It would be a strange thing, like the flowering of the pilgrims staff, should Kaninu have tears in him to shed, and stranger still that he should put them to no use. I wondered what had been happening on the farm while I had had my thoughts off it. When Kaninu had gone I sent for Farah and asked him. What happened I do not know. All of a sudden the ring swayed, and was broken, some one shrieked aloud, in some seconds the whole place before me was a mass of running, thronging people, there was the sound of blows and of bodies falling to the ground, and over our heads the night air was undulating with spears. We all got up, even the wise old women of the centre, who crawled on to the stacks of fire wood to see what was going on. One year the long rains failed. That is a terrible, tremendous experience, and the farmer who has lived through it, will never forget it. Years afterwards, away from Africa, in the wet climate of a Northern country, he will start up at night, at the sound of a sudden shower of rain, and cry, "At last, at last." In normal years the long rains began in the last week of March and went on into the middle of June. Up to the time of the rains, the world grew hotter and drier every day, feverish, as in Europe before a great thunderstorm, only more so. The Masai, who were my neighbours on the other side of the river, at that time set fire to the bast-dry plains to get new green grass for their cattle with the first rain, and the air over the plains danced with the mighty conflagration; the long grey and rainbow-tinted layers of smoke rolled along over the grass, and the heat and the smell of burning were drifted in over the cultivated land as from a furnace. Gigantic clouds gathered, and dissolved again, over the landscape; a light distant shower of rain painted a blue slanting streak across the horizon. All the world had only one thought.

On an evening just before sunset, the scenery drew close round you, the hills came near and were vigorous, meaning-ful, in their clear, deep blue and green colouring. A couple of hours later you went out and saw that the stars had gone, and you felt the night-air soft and deep and pregnant with benefaction. When the quickly growing rushing sound wandered over your head it was the wind in the tall forest-trees,—and not the rain. When it ran along the ground it was the wind in the shrubs and the long grass, and not the rain. When it rustled and rattled just above the ground it was the wind in the maize-fields, —where it sounded so much like rain that you were taken in, time after time, and even got a certain content from it, as if you were at least shown the thing you longed for acted on a stage, —and not the rain. I went to the Kyama followed by Farah. I always had Farah with me in my dealings with the Kikuyu, for while he showed but little sense where his own quarrels were concerned, and like all Somalis would lose his head altogether wherever his tribal feelings and feuds came in, about other peoples differences he had wisdom and discretion. He was, besides, my interpreter, for he spoke Swaheli very well.

I knew before I arrived at the assembly that the chief object of the proceeding would now be to shear Kaninu as close as possible.—He would see his sheep driven away to all sides, some to indemnify the families of the dead and wounded children, some to maintain the Kyama. From the beginning this went against me. For Kaninu, I thought, had lost his son just as the other fathers, and the fate of his child seemed to me the most tragic of the lot. Warnai was dead and out of it, and Wanyangerri was in Hospital, where people were looking after him, but Kabero had been abandoned by all, and nobody knew where his bones lay. Now Kaninu lent himself exceptionally well to his role of the ox, fattened for a feast. He was one of my biggest squatters; on my squatter-list he is down for thirty-five head of cattle, five wives and sixty goats. His village was close to my wood, I therefore saw much of his children and his goats, and continually had to run in his women for cutting down my big trees. The Kikuyu know nothing of

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luxury, the richest amongst them live as the poor, and if I went into Kaninus hut I would find nothing there in the way of furniture except perhaps a small wooden stool to sit on. But there were a number of huts at Kaninus village, and a lively swarming of old women, young people and children round them. And a long row of cattle, about milking time at sunset, advanced towards the village across the plains, with their blue shadows walking gently on the grass beside them. All this gave to the old lean man in the leather mantle, with the net of fine wrinkles in his dark shrewd face all filled up with dirt, the orthodox halo of a Nabob of the farm. I and Kaninu had had many heated arguments, I had indeed been threatening to turn him off the farm, all over a particular traffic of his. Kaninu was on good terms with the neighbouring Masai tribe, and had married four or five of his daughters off to them. The Kikuyu themselves told me how in the old times the Masai had thought it beneath them to intermarry with Kikuyu. But in our days the strange dying nation, to delay its final disappearance has had to come down in its pride, the Masai women have no children and the prolific young Kikuyu girls are in demand with the tribe. All Kaninus offspring were good-looking people, and he had brought back a number of sleek romping young heifers across the border of the Reserve in exchange for his young daughters. More than one old Kikuyu pater familias in this period became rich in the same way. The big Chief of the Kikuyu, Kinanjui, had sent, I was told, more than twenty of his daughters to the Masai, and had got over a hundred head of cattle back from them.

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## 媒体关注与评论

前言 潘小松 伊萨克·迪内森(Isak Dinesen)是凯伦·布里克森(Karen Blixen)的笔名，丹麦“大作家之一”她先在美国成名，渐渐名播四海。

生于1885年，一生大部分时间在出生地容斯泰德伦(Rungstedlund)度过，1962年死于此地。

迪内森曾在肯尼亚的一个咖啡种植园生活十七年。

1921年，结婚八年后她同瑞典籍丈夫布罗尔·冯·布里克森-芬尼克男爵分手，开始自己经营种植园。

然而，1930年，种植园的地主决定放弃这不挣钱的营生。

次年，迪氏回到丹麦，搬到母亲家住。

1939年，她的母亲去世，自己成了一家之主，可以按照自己的品位来改造房屋了。

正是在家乡这片土地上，她开始同时用英语和丹麦语写作，取笔名为伊萨克·迪内森。

第一部成功的作品为《七个哥特式的故事》(Seven Gothic Tales)，还有其它作品，包括《走出非洲》。

1985年，根据此书改编的电影获奥斯卡奖，为作者赢得国际声誉。

她另两部短篇集《冬天的故事》(Winter Tales)和《最后的故事》(Last Tales)也较有名。

此外另有作品《命运故事》、《草地上的影子》和《厄伦加》面世。

容斯泰德伦庄园是迪内森的父亲1879年买下的，原是个客栈，靠海。

此庄园有500年历史，多农舍。

至今留存的房屋可追溯至1800年。

1958年，女作家设立了容斯泰德伦基金会。

1987年为了纪念女作家，基金会把房屋改成博物馆，1991年起对外开放。

迪内森是在二十七岁上远离丹麦去东部非洲嫁人的。

《走出非洲》实际上就是迪氏在肯尼亚一个四千英亩的咖啡种植园上的生活实录。

因为她的文字优美，因为她行文时所带的情感，因为她对非洲风土人情的熟悉和眷念，这本书和电影便有了广泛的影响。

我敢打赌，假如没有点怀旧的情绪和对人文精神的关怀，假如你对网络时代的浮躁没有点抵触情绪，你不会有兴趣读这本书；因为它不以故事情节取胜，没有什么令人刺激的东西。

我喜欢这本书的原因是因为我喜爱作者优美的文笔。

“我在非洲时有一个农场，在恩恭山脉脚下。

赤道从这些高地一路走过，向北绵延几百英里。

我的农场在六千英尺的高度上，白天你感觉高得接近太阳，而早晨和夜晚则清澈宁静，夜深时还有些冷。

”这样的文字在新生代文学里会被认为是“白开水”，而我这个年龄的人则容易嚼出味来，以为甘美。

迪内森擅长描述自然景观和四时变化，这样写既增添了散文美的内涵，也浓化了地方特色，她终究是在写非洲。

聚集的云彩、地平线上的雨、初雨的草腥味和泥土味都是作家感觉的对象。

当然，迪内森也写人物，比如“大头人奇库尤”、“索马里女人”等。

迪氏对土人的描写带有浓郁的异国风情，大大地满足了读者对非洲的好奇心。

当然，她也写来自“文明社会”的人，比如瑞典自然学教授等。

迪内森用了很大篇幅写离别非洲前后的生活，可以想见作者对这片热土的眷念，毕竟是生活了许久的地方。

“山的轮廓慢慢被距离的手抹平了。

”这是怎样的一种感觉？大概不足为外人道吧。

在猛一听见《走出非洲》的名字时读者容易产生幻想。

打开书页后你会发现幻想的神奇并未消失，但还增添了平实和浓厚的生活气氛，仿佛置身于非洲东部

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某地的日常生活，这是本书吸引人的另一个原因。

《大西洋月刊》称誉作者为“我们时代最优雅最独特的艺术家之一。

” 女作家尤多拉·威尔蒂称此书让人一瞥作者异常的心智。

《纽约时报》书评称迪内森是“有着非凡想像力的作家，机敏而智慧。

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### 编辑推荐

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