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MY ANTONIA

《我的安东妮亚》

北京师联教育科学研究所 编



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TO CARRIE AND IRENE MINER

In memory of affections old and true

Optima dies ... prima fugit

VIRGIL

INTRODUCTION

LAST summer I happened to be crossing the plains of Iowa in a season of intense heat, and it was my good fortune to have for a traveling companion James Quayle Burden--Jim Burden, as we still call him in the West. He and I are old friends--we grew up together in the same Nebraska town--and we had much to say to each other. While the train flashed through never-ending miles of ripe wheat, by country towns and bright-flowered pastures and oak groves wilting in the sun, we sat in the observation car, where the woodwork was hot to the touch and red dust lay deep over everything. The dust and heat, the burning wind, reminded us of many things.

We were talking about what it is like to spend one's childhood in little towns like these, buried in wheat and corn, under stimulating extremes of climate: burning summers when the world lies green and billowy beneath a brilliant sky, when one is fairly stifled in vegetation, in the color and smell of strong weeds and heavy harvests; blustery winters with little snow, when the whole country is stripped bare and gray as sheet-iron. We agreed that no one who had not grown up in a little prairie town could know anything about it. It was a kind of freemasonry, we said.

Although Jim Burden and I both live in New York, and are old friends, I do not see much of him there. He is legal counsel for one of the great Western railways, and is sometimes away from his New York office for weeks together. That is one reason why we do not often meet. Another is that I do not like his wife.

When Jim was still an obscure young lawyer, struggling to make his way in New York, his career was suddenly advanced by a brilliant marriage. Genevieve Whitney was the only daughter of a distinguished man. Her marriage with young Burden was the subject of sharp comment at the time. It was said she had been brutally jilted by her cousin, Rutland Whitney, and that she married this unknown man from the West out of bravado. She was

a restless, headstrong girl, even then, who liked to astonish her friends.

Later, when I knew her, she was always doing something unexpected.

She gave one of her town houses for a Suffrage headquarters, produced one of her own plays at the Princess Theater, was arrested for picketing during a garment-makers' strike, etc. I am never able to believe that she has much feeling for the causes to which she lends her name and her fleeting interest.

She is handsome, energetic, executive, but to me she seems unimpressible and temperamentally incapable of enthusiasm. Her husband's quiet tastes irritate her, I think, and she finds it worth while to play the patroness to a group of young poets and painters of advanced ideas and mediocre ability. She has her own fortune and lives her own life. For some reason, she wishes to remain Mrs. James Burden.

As for Jim, no disappointments have been severe enough to chill his naturally romantic and ardent disposition. This disposition, though it often made him seem very funny when he was a boy, has been one of the strongest elements in his success.

He loves with a personal passion the great country through which his railway runs and branches. His faith in it and his knowledge of it have played an important part in its development.

He is always able to raise capital for new enterprises in Wyoming or Montana, and has helped young men out there to do remarkable things in mines and timber and oil.

If a young man with an idea can once get Jim Burden's attention,
can manage to accompany him when he goes off into
the wilds hunting for lost parks or exploring new canyons,
then the money which means action is usually forthcoming.
Jim is still able to lose himself in those big Western dreams.
Though he is over forty now, he meets new people and new enterprises
with the impulsiveness by which his boyhood friends remember him.
He never seems to me to grow older. His fresh color and sandy
hair and quick-changing blue eyes are those of a young man,
and his sympathetic, solicitous interest in women is as youthful
as it is Western and American.

During that burning day when we were crossing Iowa,
our talk kept returning to a central figure, a Bohemian girl
whom we had known long ago and whom both of us admired.
More than any other person we remembered, this girl seemed
to mean to us the country, the conditions, the whole adventure
of our childhood. To speak her name was to call up pictures
of people and places, to set a quiet drama going in one's brain.
I had lost sight of her altogether, but Jim had found her again
after long years, had renewed a friendship that meant a great
deal to him, and out of his busy life had set apart time enough
to enjoy that friendship. His mind was full of her that day.

He made me see her again, feel her presence, revived all my old affection for her.

"I can't see," he said impetuously, "why you have never written anything about Antonia."

I told him I had always felt that other people--he himself, for one knew her much better than I. I was ready, however, to make an agreement with him; I would set down on paper all that I remembered of Antonia if he would do the same.

We might, in this way, get a picture of her.

He rumped his hair with a quick, excited gesture, which with him often announces a new determination, and I could see that my suggestion took hold of him. "Maybe I will, maybe I will!" he declared. He stared out of the window for a few moments, and when he turned to me again his eyes had the sudden clearness that comes from something the mind itself sees.

"Of course," he said, "I should have to do it in a direct way, and say a great deal about myself. It's through myself that I knew and felt her, and I've had no practice in any other form of presentation."

I told him that how he knew her and felt her was exactly what I most wanted to know about Antonia. He had had opportunities that I, as a little girl who watched her come and go, had not.

Months afterward Jim Burden arrived at my apartment one stormy winter afternoon, with a bulging legal portfolio sheltered under his fur overcoat. He brought it into the sitting-room with him and tapped it with some pride as he stood warming his hands.

"I finished it last night--the thing about Antonia," he said.

"Now, what about yours?"

I had to confess that mine had not gone beyond a few straggling notes.

"Notes? I didn't make any." He drank his tea all at once and put down the cup. "I didn't arrange or rearrange.

I simply wrote down what of herself and myself and other people

Antonia's name recalls to me. I suppose it hasn't any form.

It hasn't any title, either." He went into the next room, sat down at my desk and wrote on the pinkish face of the portfolio the word, "Antonia." He frowned at this a moment, then prefixed another word, making it "My Antonia."

That seemed to satisfy him.

"Read it as soon as you can," he said, rising, "but don't let it influence your own story."

My own story was never written, but the following narrative is Jim's manuscript, substantially as he brought it to me.

NOTES: [1] The Bohemian name Antonia is strongly accented on the first syllable, like the English name Anthony, and the `i' is, of course, given the sound of long `e'. The name is pronounced An'-ton-ee-ah.

BOOK I The Shimerdas

I

I FIRST HEARD OF Antonia on what seemed to me an interminable journey across the great midland plain of North America.

I was ten years old then; I had lost both my father and mother within a year, and my Virginia relatives were sending me out to my grandparents, who lived in Nebraska.

I travelled in the care of a mountain boy, Jake Marpole, one of the `hands' on my father's old farm under the Blue Ridge,

who was now going West to work for my grandfather.

Jake's experience of the world was not much wider than mine.

He had never been in a railway train until the morning when we set out together to try our fortunes in a new world.

We went all the way in day-coaches, becoming more sticky and grimy with each stage of the journey. Jake bought everything the newsboys offered him: candy, oranges, brass collar buttons, a watch-charm, and for me a 'Life of Jesse James,' which I remember as one of the most satisfactory books I have ever read.

Beyond Chicago we were under the protection of a friendly passenger conductor, who knew all about the country to which we were going and gave us a great deal of advice in exchange for our confidence.

He seemed to us an experienced and worldly man who had been almost everywhere; in his conversation he threw out lightly the names of distant states and cities. He wore the rings and pins and badges of different fraternal orders to which he belonged.

Even his cuff-buttons were engraved with hieroglyphics, and he was more inscribed than an Egyptian obelisk.

Once when he sat down to chat, he told us that in the immigrant car ahead there was a family from 'across the water' whose destination was the same as ours.

`They can't any of them speak English, except one little girl, and all she can say is "We go Black Hawk, Nebraska." She's not much older than you, twelve or thirteen, maybe, and she's as bright as a new dollar. Don't you want to go ahead and see her, Jimmy? She's got the pretty brown eyes, too!'

This last remark made me bashful, and I shook my head and settled down to `Jesse James.' Jake nodded at me approvingly and said you were likely to get diseases from foreigners.

I do not remember crossing the Missouri River, or anything about the long day's journey through Nebraska. Probably by that time I had crossed so many rivers that I was dull to them.

The only thing very noticeable about Nebraska was that it was still, all day long, Nebraska.

I had been sleeping, curled up in a red plush seat, for a long while when we reached Black Hawk. Jake roused me and took me by the hand.

We stumbled down from the train to a wooden siding, where men were running about with lanterns. I couldn't see any town, or even distant lights; we were surrounded by utter darkness. The engine was panting heavily after its long run. In the red glow from the fire-box, a group of people

stood huddled together on the platform, encumbered by bundles and boxes.

I knew this must be the immigrant family the conductor had told us about.

The woman wore a fringed shawl tied over her head, and she carried

a little tin trunk in her arms, hugging it as if it were a baby.

There was an old man, tall and stooped. Two half-grown boys and a girl stood

holding oilcloth bundles, and a little girl clung to her mother's skirts.

Presently a man with a lantern approached them and began to talk,

shouting and exclaiming. I pricked up my ears, for it was positively

the first time I had ever heard a foreign tongue.

Another lantern came along. A bantering voice called out:

`Hello, are you Mr. Burden's folks? If you are, it's me you're looking for.

I'm Otto Fuchs. I'm Mr. Burden's hired man, and I'm to drive you out.

Hello, Jimmy, ain't you scared to come so far west?'

I looked up with interest at the new face in the lantern-light.

He might have stepped out of the pages of `Jesse James.'

He wore a sombrero hat, with a wide leather band and a bright buckle,

and the ends of his moustache were twisted up stiffly,

like little horns. He looked lively and ferocious, I thought,

and as if he had a history. A long scar ran across one cheek

and drew the corner of his mouth up in a sinister curl.

The top of his left ear was gone, and his skin was brown

as an Indian's. Surely this was the face of a desperado.

As he walked about the platform in his high-heeled boots,
looking for our trunks, I saw that he was a rather slight man,
quick and wiry, and light on his feet. He told us we had a long
night drive ahead of us, and had better be on the hike.

He led us to a hitching-bar where two farm-wagons were tied,
and I saw the foreign family crowding into one of them.

The other was for us. Jake got on the front seat with Otto Fuchs,
and I rode on the straw in the bottom of the wagon-box,
covered up with a buffalo hide. The immigrants rumbled off
into the empty darkness, and we followed them.

I tried to go to sleep, but the jolting made me bite my tongue,
and I soon began to ache all over. When the straw settled down,
I had a hard bed. Cautiously I slipped from under the buffalo hide,
got up on my knees and peered over the side of the wagon.

There seemed to be nothing to see; no fences, no creeks or trees,
no hills or fields. If there was a road, I could not make
it out in the faint starlight. There was nothing but land:

not a country at all, but the material out of which countries
are made. No, there was nothing but land--slightly undulating,
I knew, because often our wheels ground against the brake as we
went down into a hollow and lurched up again on the other side.

I had the feeling that the world was left behind, that we had got over the edge of it, and were outside man's jurisdiction. I had never before looked up at the sky when there was not a familiar mountain ridge against it. But this was the complete dome of heaven, all there was of it. I did not believe that my dead father and mother were watching me from up there; they would still be looking for me at the sheep-fold down by the creek, or along the white road that led to the mountain pastures. I had left even their spirits behind me. The wagon jolted on, carrying me I knew not whither. I don't think I was homesick. If we never arrived anywhere, it did not matter. Between that earth and that sky I felt erased, blotted out. I did not say my prayers that night: here, I felt, what would be would be.

II

I DO NOT REMEMBER our arrival at my grandfather's farm sometime before daybreak, after a drive of nearly twenty miles with heavy work-horses. When I awoke, it was afternoon. I was lying

in a little room, scarcely larger than the bed that held me,
and the window-shade at my head was flapping softly in a warm wind.
A tall woman, with wrinkled brown skin and black hair,
stood looking down at me; I knew that she must be my grandmother.
She had been crying, I could see, but when I opened my eyes
she smiled, peered at me anxiously, and sat down on the foot
of my bed.

‘Had a good sleep, Jimmy?’ she asked briskly. Then in a very different
tone she said, as if to herself, ‘My, how you do look like your father!’

I remembered that my father had been her little boy; she must often have come
to wake him like this when he overslept. ‘Here are your clean clothes,’
she went on, stroking my coverlid with her brown hand as she talked.

‘But first you come down to the kitchen with me, and have a nice warm
bath behind the stove. Bring your things; there's nobody about.’

‘Down to the kitchen’ struck me as curious; it was always ‘out
in the kitchen’ at home. I picked up my shoes and stockings
and followed her through the living-room and down a flight
of stairs into a basement. This basement was divided into a
dining-room at the right of the stairs and a kitchen at the left.
Both rooms were plastered and whitewashed--the plaster laid
directly upon the earth walls, as it used to be in dugouts.

The floor was of hard cement. Up under the wooden ceiling there were little half-windows with white curtains, and pots of geraniums and wandering Jew in the deep sills. As I entered the kitchen, I sniffed a pleasant smell of gingerbread baking. The stove was very large, with bright nickel trimmings, and behind it there was a long wooden bench against the wall, and a tin washtub, into which grandmother poured hot and cold water. When she brought the soap and towels, I told her that I was used to taking my bath without help. `Can you do your ears, Jimmy? Are you sure? Well, now, I call you a right smart little boy.'

It was pleasant there in the kitchen. The sun shone into my bath-water through the west half-window, and a big Maltese cat came up and rubbed himself against the tub, watching me curiously. While I scrubbed, my grandmother busied herself in the dining-room until I called anxiously, `Grandmother, I'm afraid the cakes are burning!' Then she came laughing, waving her apron before her as if she were shooing chickens.

She was a spare, tall woman, a little stooped, and she was apt to carry her head thrust forward in an attitude of attention, as if she were looking at something, or listening to something, far away. As I grew older, I came to believe that it was only

because she was so often thinking of things that were far away.

She was quick-footed and energetic in all her movements.

Her voice was high and rather shrill, and she often spoke with an anxious inflection, for she was exceedingly desirous that everything should go with due order and decorum.

Her laugh, too, was high, and perhaps a little strident, but there was a lively intelligence in it. She was then fifty-five years old, a strong woman, of unusual endurance.

After I was dressed, I explored the long cellar next the kitchen.

It was dug out under the wing of the house, was plastered and cemented, with a stairway and an outside door by which the men came and went.

Under one of the windows there was a place for them to wash when they came in from work.

While my grandmother was busy about supper, I settled myself on the wooden bench behind the stove and got acquainted with the cat--he caught not only rats and mice, but gophers, I was told.

The patch of yellow sunlight on the floor travelled back toward the stairway, and grandmother and I talked about my journey, and about the arrival of the new Bohemian family; she said they were to be our nearest neighbours. We did not talk about the farm in Virginia, which had been her home for so many years.