

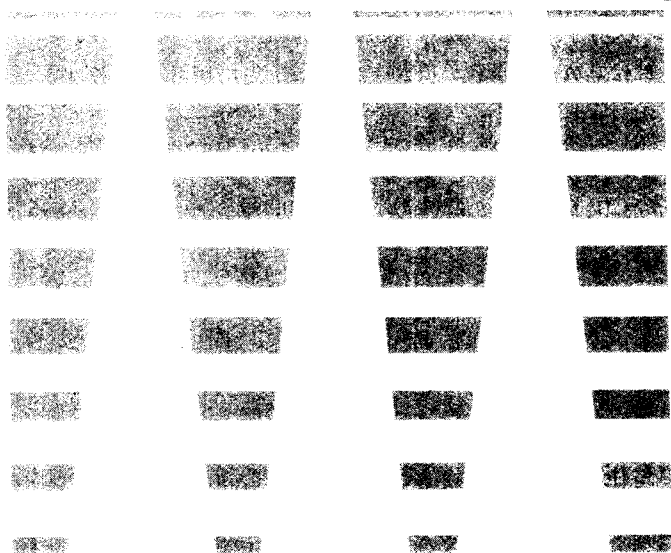
新编全国师范大学英语教学丛书

A CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF BRITISH
AND AMERICAN WOMEN WRITERS

英美女性作家 与作品赏析

主编 王军

新华出版社



英美女性作家与作品赏析

主编：王军

编者：杜艳春、高卫红、张晓敏、刘志芳、李艳红

新 华 出 版 社

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

英美女性作家与作品赏析/王军主编. —北京: 新华出版社, 2007. 9

ISBN 978-7-5011-8079-0

I. 英... II. 王... III. ①文学欣赏—英国②文学欣赏—美国 IV. I106

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2007) 第 138509 号

英美女性作家与作品赏析

策 划: 刘广军

责任编辑: 白 玉

装帧设计: 北京汉书鸿图文化传播有限公司

出版发行: 新华出版社

地 址: 北京石景山区京原路 8 号

网 址: <http://www.xinhupub.com>

邮 编: 100043

经 销: 新华书店

印 刷: 北京新魏印刷厂

开 本: 720mm×960mm 1/16

印 张: 25.5

字 数: 553 千字

版 次: 2007 年 9 月第一版

印 次: 2007 年 9 月北京第一次印刷

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5011-8079-0

定 价: 35.00 元

本社购书热线: (010) 63077122

中国新闻书店电话: (010) 63072012

图书如有印装问题, 请与印刷厂联系调换 电话: (010) 89201322

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前 言

如果说知识分子是人类的良知的話，那么女性主义文学就是整个女性的良知。女性主义文学的标识，是女性作家、女性意识、女性主题和女性语体。妇女特殊的历史境遇和生存条件决定了她们在观察世界和分析事物方面的特点，而这种特点又决定了她们在创作中所关心的题材和所采用的体裁；同时，妇女特殊的感受方式造就了妇女特殊的表达方式，从而创造了有自己话语特点的女性主义文学。

《英美女性作家与作品赏析》一书编写的目的是为了给那些对女性主义文学感兴趣的读者提供一个阅读向导。英美女性主义文学在 300 多年的发展史中，涌现出无数优秀的作品。这里选择出来进行阅读评述的是其中最优秀、最著名的女性作家及其作品。通过对这部书的阅读，读者可以了解英美女性主义文学中最为精华的部分，对英美女性主义文学发展的全貌也可以有一个大概的认识。

《英美女性作家与作品赏析》共选收 18 篇作品，其编写体例如下：

1、每篇作品前均有英文的作者简介，以帮助读者清楚地了解作家的生平和她们的创作历程。

2、在每篇作品后都附有比较生僻的词条解释，以帮助读者更好地阅读与欣赏。

3、每篇作品后面我们都给出对小说家和作品的评述。对作家作品的赏析，虽然评论界一向众说纷纭，莫衷一是，但我们主要采用公认的说法，当然也不乏我们新的视角和新的观点。

我们怀着为广大女性主义文学爱好者服务的真诚目的编写了此书，但我们深知水平有限，难免会有遗珠之憾。我们渴望此书会对广大女性主义文学爱好者有所裨益。

编者

2007 年 7 月于吉林师范大学

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Pride and Prejudice

By Jane Austen

◆ 作者简介

Jane Austen, born in the rectory at Steventon, Hampshire, was the sixth child in a family of seven. Her father was a cultivated man, comfortably prosperous, who taught Jane and encouraged her both in her reading and her writing. As a child and young woman, she read widely, and her life was notable for its lack of events; she did not marry and lived in the midst of a lively and affectionate family. The novels published in Austen's lifetime were *Sense and Sensibility* 《理智与情感》 (1811), *Pride and Prejudice* 《傲慢与偏见》 (1813), *Mansfield Park* 《曼斯菲尔德庄园》 (1814), and *Emma* 《爱玛》 (1816). *Persuasion* was issued in 1818 with *Northanger Abbey*. The author's name did not appear on any of her title pages, and although her own friends knew of her authorship, she received little public recognition in her lifetime. She died of Addison's disease at the age of forty-two. Jane Austen never touches upon the class conflicts of her time; and the events which stirred the Europe of her day left no impression on her pages. Her novels are comedies of manners that depict the self-contained world of provincial ladies and gentlemen who appear in domestic settings. She is particularly noted for her vivid delineations and lively interplay of character, her superb sense of comic irony, and her moral firmness.

She ridicules the silly, the affected, and the stupid, ranging in her satire from light portraiture in her early works to more scornful exposures in novel. She has a genuine concern for human feelings, and knows how to sketch figures with so pure and suggestive a pen that they stand out in a strong and unforgettable relief. Her strength lies in the fact that she has woven vivid pictures of everyday life of simple country society with humorous and ironic delicacy, and that she has shown to us her deep moral concepts through the description of the daily talks and doings of young men and women. What's more, Jane Austen, for the first time in the English literature, examines women's position and their problems in the society.

◆故事：傲慢与偏见

Pride and Prejudice (excerpt)

Chapter I

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long¹ has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

“You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.”

This was invitation enough.

“Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four² to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris³ immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.”

“What is his name?”

“Bingley.”

“Is he married or single?”

“Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!”

“How so? How can it affect them?”

“My dear Mr. Bennet,” replied his wife, “how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.”

“Is that his design in settling here?”

“Design! Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.”

“I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley may like you the best of the party.”

“My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.”

“In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of.”

“But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes in to the neighborhood.”

“It is more than I engage for, I assure you.”

“But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas⁴ are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him, if you do not⁵. ”

“You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.”

“I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humored as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference.”

“They have none of them much to recommend them,” replied he, “they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.”

“Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion for my poor nerves.”

“You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these last twenty years at least.”

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts⁶, sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop⁷. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

Chapter II

Mr. Bennet was among the earliest of those who waited on⁸ Mr. Bingley.

He had always intended to visit him, though to the last always assuring his wife that he should not go; and till the evening after the visit was paid she had no knowledge of it. It was then disclosed in the following manner. Observing his second daughter employed in trimming a hat, he suddenly addressed her with, "I hope Mr. Bingley will like it, Lizzy."

"We are not in a way to know what Mr. Bingley likes," said her mother resentfully, "since we are not to visit."

"But you forget, mamma," said Elizabeth, "that we shall meet him at the assemblies⁹, and that Mrs. Long promised to introduce him."

"I do not believe Mrs. Long will do any such thing. She has two nieces of her own. She is a selfish, hypocritical woman, and I have no opinion of her."

"No more have I," said Mr. Bennet; "and I am glad to find that you do not depend on her serving you."

Mrs. Bennet deigned not to make any reply, but, unable to contain herself, began scolding one of her daughters.

"Don't keep coughing so, Kitty¹⁰, for Heaven's sake! Have a little compassion on my nerves. You tear them to pieces."

"Kitty has no discretion in her coughs," said her father, "she times them ill."

"I do not cough for my own amusement," replied Kitty fretfully. "When is your next ball to be, Lizzy?"

"Tomorrow fortnight¹¹."

"Aye, so it is," cried her mother, "and Mrs. Long does not come back till the day before; so it will be impossible for her to introduce him, for she will not know him herself."

"Then, my dear, you may have the advantage of your friend, and introduce Mr. Bingley to her."

"Impossible, Mr. Bennet, impossible, when I am not acquainted with him myself; how can you be so teasing?"

"I honor your circumspection. A fortnight's acquaintance is certainly very little. One cannot know what a man really is by the end of a fortnight. But if we do not venture somebody else will¹²; and after all, Mrs. Long and her daughters must stand their chance; and, therefore, as she will think it an act of kindness, if you decline the office¹³, I will take it on myself."

The girls stared at their father. Mrs. Bennet said only, "Nonsense, nonsense!"

"What can be the meaning of that emphatic exclamation?" cried he. "Do you consider the forms of introduction, and the stress that is laid on them, as nonsense? I cannot quite agree with you there. What say you, Mary¹⁴? For you are a young lady of deep reflection, I know, and read great books and make extracts."

Mary wished to say something sensible, but knew not how.

"While Mary is adjusting her ideas," he continued, "let us return to Mr. Bingley."

"I am sick of Mr. Bingley," cried his wife.

"I am sorry to hear that; but why did not you tell me that before? If I had known as much this morning I certainly would not have called on him. It is very unlucky; but as I have actually paid the visit, we cannot escape the acquaintance now."

The astonishment of the ladies was just what he wished; that of Mrs. Bennet perhaps surpassing the rest; though, when the first tumult of joy was over, she began to declare that it was what she had expected all the while.

"How good it was in you, my dear Mr. Bennet! But I knew I should persuade you at last. I was sure you loved your girls too well to neglect such an acquaintance. Well, how pleased I am! and it is such a good joke, too, that you should have gone this morning and never said a word about it till now."

"Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you choose," said Mr. Bennet; and, as he spoke, he left the room, fatigued with the raptures of his wife.

“What an excellent father you have, girls!” said she, when the door was shut. “I do not know how you will ever make him amends for his kindness; or me, either, for that matter. At our time of life it is not so pleasant, I can tell you, to be making new acquaintances every day; but for your sakes, we would do anything. Lydia, my love, though you are the youngest, I dare say Mr. Bingley will dance with you at the next ball.”

“Oh!” said Lydia stoutly, “I am not afraid; for though I am the youngest, I’m the tallest.”

The rest of the evening was spent in conjecturing how soon he would return Mr. Bennet’s visit, and determining when they should ask him to dinner.

Chapter III

Not all that Mrs. Bennet, however, with the assistance of her five daughters, could ask on the subject, was sufficient to draw from her husband any satisfactory description of Mr. Bingley. They attacked him in various ways—with barefaced¹⁵ questions, ingenious¹⁶ suppositions, and distant surmises¹⁷; but he eluded the skill of them all, and they were at last obliged to accept the second-hand intelligence of their neighbor, Lady Lucas. Her report was highly favorable. Sir William had been delighted with him. He was quite young, wonderfully handsome, extremely agreeable, and, to crown the whole, he meant to be at the next assembly with a large party. Nothing could be more delightful! To be fond of dancing was a certain step towards falling in love; and very lively hopes of Mr. Bingley’s heart were entertained.

“If I can but see one of my daughters happily settled at Netherfield,” said Mrs. Bennet to her husband, “and all the others equally well married, I shall have nothing to wish for.”

In a few days Mr. Bingley returned Mr. Bennet’s visit, and sat about ten minutes with him in his library. He had entertained hopes of being admitted to a sight of the young ladies, of whose beauty he had heard much; but he saw on-

ly the father. The ladies were somewhat more fortunate, for they had the advantage of ascertaining from an upper window that he wore a blue coat, and rode a black horse.

An invitation to dinner was soon afterwards dispatched; and already had Mrs. Bennet planned the courses that were to do credit to her housekeeping, when an answer arrived which deferred it all. Mr. Bingley was obliged to be in town the following day, and, consequently, unable to accept the honor of their invitation, etc. Mrs. Bennet was quite disconcerted. She could not imagine what business he could have in town so soon after his arrival in Hertfordshire; and she began to fear that he might be always flying about from one place to another, and never settled at Netherfield as he ought to be. Lady Lucas quieted her fears a little by starting the idea of his being gone to London only to get a large party for the ball; and a report soon followed that Mr. Bingley was to bring twelve ladies and seven gentlemen with him to the assembly. The girls grieved over such a number of ladies, but were comforted the day before the ball by hearing, that instead of twelve he brought only six with him from London—his five sisters and a cousin. And when the party entered the assembly room it consisted of only five altogether—Mr. Bingley, his two sisters, the husband of the eldest, and another young man.

Mr. Bingley was good-looking and gentlemanlike; he had a pleasant countenance¹⁸, and easy, unaffected manners. His sisters were fine women, with an air of decided fashion. His brother-in-law, Mr. Hurst, merely looked the gentleman; but his friend Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien¹⁹, and the report which was in general circulation within five minutes after his entrance, of his having ten thousand a year. The gentlemen pronounced him to be a fine figure of a man, the ladies declared he was much handsomer than Mr. Bingley, and he was looked at with great admiration for about half the evening, till his manners gave a disgust which turned the tide of his popularity; for he was discovered to be

proud; to be above his company, and above being pleased; and not all his large estate in Derbyshire²⁰ could then save him from having a most forbidding, disagreeable countenance, and being unworthy to be compared with his friend.

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, declined being introduced to any other lady, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room, speaking occasionally to one of his own party. His character was decided. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and everybody hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet, whose dislike of his general behavior was sharpened into particular resentment by his having slighted one of her daughters.

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to hear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes, to press his friend to join it.

"Come, Darcy" said he, "must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance."

"I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this it would be insupportable²¹. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with."

"I would not be so fastidious as you are," cried Mr. Bingley, "for a kingdom! Upon my honor, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life as I have this evening; and there are several of them you see uncommonly pretty."

"You are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room," said Mr. Dar-

cy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

“Oh! She is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you.”

“Which do you mean?” and turning round he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said, “She is tolerable, but not handsome enough to tempt me; I am in no humor at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me.”

Mr. Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked off; and Elizabeth remained with no very cordial feelings toward him. She told the story, however, with great spirit among her friends; for she had a lively, playful disposition, which delighted in anything ridiculous.

The evening altogether passed off pleasantly to the whole family. Mrs. Bennet had seen her eldest daughter much admired by the Netherfield party. Mr. Bingley had danced with her twice, and she had been distinguished by his sisters. Jane was as much gratified by this as her mother could be, though in a quieter way. Elizabeth felt Jane's pleasure. Mary had heard herself mentioned to Miss Bingley as the most accomplished girl in the neighborhood; and Catherine and Lydia had been fortunate enough never to be without partners, which was all that they had yet learnt to care for at a ball. They returned, therefore, in good spirits to Longbourn, the village where they lived, and of which they were the principal inhabitants. They found Mr. Bennet still up. With a book he was regardless of time; and on the present occasion he had a good deal of curiosity as to the events of an evening which had raised such splendid expectations. He had rather hoped that his wife's views on the stranger would be disappointed; but he soon found out that he had a different story to hear.

“Oh! my dear Mr. Bennet,” as she entered the room, “we have had a most