

朱虹 周欣 编

嬉雪



*A Frolic
in the snow*

中国当代女性散文选[汉英对照本]



辽宁
教育
出版社

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Edited by Zhu Hong Zhou Xin

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Women's Essays from Today's China



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永恒的女性

冰心题



一九九五年

七月七日

Eternal Woman

Bing Xin

July 7, 1995



序

黄宗英

人若活个没完没了，意想不到的麻烦就会惹上身来——譬如为这本书写序，居然轮到我。惟愿我的满头白发，能让我年长的、年轻的女作家们宽容我笨拙的叨咕。

这二十来位女作家我几乎都认识。她们的长篇小说、诗集、论文、演讲……蜚声海内外，被译成多国文字、被拍成影视、收入教科书……影响之大令我退避三舍，起码用沙子搭个心的堤防不自我烦恼跟她们比，免得羞惭不知所措。此番被迫一口气读完这一篇篇短短的散文，恰又似乍见初惊恨晚，竟身不由主陪同她们从少女、少妇迎世纪风云错步追行。我正挎着小篮和姑娘们在收割过的田野拾麦穗，或盘腿坐在炕头上嬉笑着编结狗尾巴草戒指，憧憬着初恋；忽而跌进人间地狱，受尽荒诞的摧残践踏，我们的发辫纠结着在浊浪里滚翻，真恨不得嚎啕大哭，把多少年忍住的泪全都倾倒出来。哦，别。我听到了坦坦然的低语：“让风吹走悲伤，让梦留着。”我怎能不默默陪她一起纪念昔日的悲壮，企盼不是去年开过的那朵花。是她们，是她们呀，把人生的酸甜苦辣死去活来活来死去搅拌，调皮地变幻出千姿百韵万种颜色。凭心灵肉搏厮

杀、断矛折戟，且柔情传吟树叶的歌唱，植被的细语。诘问云朵，拥抱雷霆，对妖魔藐视，对死神开玩笑，却依然分心抚慰一缕轻烟、一抹尘埃和愤怒的石头……。凡尘的计龄拴不住她们青春的血液和心灵，只无日无夜在这儿、那儿，从这个人、那个人，每个角落、每片土地，去探测追纵情感轻微的震颤和剥离，痴痴要把天和地、哲人和傻子都闹不清的事去问个究竟。

也许，只因散文往往是不遮窗帘敞开心扉之栖息地。不同年龄段女作家们不经意的汨汨真情浸濡张张书页，竟翻腾起磅礴动荡的 20 世纪风云，精灵般地映出了中国在这不得了了不得的时代动心的涟漪。

近年中国文坛哗啦啦涌现出一茬又一茬女作家们和数不清的优秀作品，惹得中外评论家颇费脑筋分析来分析去，这我不参与。我只知道，本书中的二十来位女作家，她们都是独一无二的。在以前，在以后的中国文学史中，再也找不到她们（每个人）的替身。此刻，我甚而找不到能配她们身影的画框。不信，你就琢磨琢磨，或许你竟然因之可预见当 21 世纪来临，中国人（当然不仅是女性）钟情什么？护卫什么？抗拒什么？并要把什么狠狠抛弃。

1997 年 7 月 1 日

Foreword

Huang Zongying

When one goes living on and on, there's no telling what one may run up against, like actually having to write this foreword. All I can do now is to rely on my silver locks to appeal to my fellow women writers—those that are older as well as those that are younger—to have patience with my ramblings.

The names of the writers represented in this volume are familiar to me. Their novels, poems, scholarly writings and speeches are known at home and abroad, translated into foreign languages, adapted for film, collected into textbooks ... Their influence is so overwhelming that I must hide behind a psychological sand barrier to protect myself from loss of self-esteem. Reading through in one breath these pieces of essays, I am lost in the pleasure of recognition as I trace their steps through girlhood and womanhood, facing the challenges of the century. I follow them with a basket on my arm gathering stray wisps of wheat in the harvested fields. I sit legs folded on an adobe bed chatting and weaving rings from foxtail leaves, looking forward to first love. Suddenly we are plunged into a turbulent sea of suffering, wishing we could scream out our agony and let flow the pent-up tears of a lifetime. But no. I hear a low whispering: Let the wind scatter the past, let the dreams go on. How

can I not join them in their heroic suffering, and hope with them that the flower in bloom is not the one left over from last year. They, they alone, have playfully mixed all the flavors of life and its roving range of feelings and painted them in an infinite variety of shape and color. In the quivering pain of the bloody battle of hearts and souls, they still hear the soft voices of trees and the low murmurs of vegetation. They challenge the clouds, wrestle with thunder, hold ghosts and spirits in contempt, and dare to play pranks on the God of Death himself. At the same time, they open their hearts to a wisp of smoke, a grain of dust or an indignant piece of rock... The passing of age cannot weaken their heartthrobs of youth. Day in and day out, here and there, from this, that and the other, from every nook and corner, every inch of earth, they pursue each heartbeat of human emotions. Single-mindedly, they want to get to the bottom of questions that have baffled both philosopher and fools.

Perhaps, the familiar essay is a restful spot where one can open one's heart without the protection of curtains. Women of all ages pour out their hearts on the page without reserve, and with a magic wand conjure up the staggering tumults of the twentieth century as it sweeps through the heart of the Chinese nation.

For the last couple of years, the Chinese literary scene has seen many harvests of outstanding work by groups of women writers following closely on each other's heels, taxing the interpretative resources of critics at home and abroad. I do not presume to join their ranks. All I know is that of the dozen or more writers here, each

one is unique, without past precedent and surely without future repetitions. At the moment, I even find it hard to put their images together into one framework. Try it yourself if you don't believe me. Pore over these writings carefully, and you might find in them intimations of the coming 21st century, of what the Chinese (of course not limited to women) are attached to, what they defend, what they resist and what they reject.

Translated by Zhu Hong

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春的消息

冰 心

坐在书桌旁往外看，我的窗外周围只是一座一座的长方方的宿舍楼，楼与楼之间没有一棵树木！窗前一大片的空地上，历年来堆放着许多长长的、生了锈的钢筋——这是为建筑附近几座新宿舍楼用的——真是一片荒凉沉寂。外边看不到什么颜色了，我只好屋子里“创造”些颜色。我在堂屋里挂上绿色的窗帘，铺上绿色的桌布，窗台上摆些朋友送的一品红、仙客来，和孩子们自己种的吊兰。在墙上挂的总理油画前，供上一瓶玫瑰花、菊花、石竹花或十姊妹。那是北方玫瑰花公司应我之请，按着时节，每星期送来的。我的书桌旁边的窗台上摆着一盆朋友送的还没有开过花的君子兰。有时也放上一瓶玫瑰。这一丝丝的绿意，或说是春意吧，都是“慰情聊胜无”的。

我想起我窗前的那片空地，从前堆放钢筋的地方，每到春来，从钢筋的空隙中总会长出十分翠绿的草。夏雨来时，它便怒长起来，蔓延到钢条周围。那勃勃的生机，是钢铁也压不住的。如今，这些钢条都搬走了，又听说我们楼前这一块空地将