

英 美 女 性 主 题

短 篇 小 说 赏 析

张建萍◎编著

吉林大学出版社

那些曾经以为念念不忘的事情就在我们念念不忘的过程里，被我们遗忘了。



英美女性主题短篇小说赏析

张建萍 编著

吉林大学出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

英美女性主题短篇小说赏析 / 张建萍编著. — 长春:
吉林大学出版社, 2009.11

ISBN 978-7-5601-5058-1

I. ①英… II. ①张… III. ①短篇小说—文学欣赏—
英国②短篇小说—文学欣赏—美国 IV. ①I561.074
②I712.074

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2009)第 203265 号

英美女性主题短篇小说赏析

张建萍 编著

责任编辑、责任校对:许海生
吉林大学出版社出版、发行
开本:880×1230 毫米 1/32
总印张:6.25 总字数:170 千字
ISBN 978-7-5601-5058-1

封面设计:丁 岩
北京奥隆印刷厂 印刷
2009 年 11 月第 1 版
2009 年 11 月第 1 次印刷
定价:18.00 元

版权所有 翻印必究

社址:长春市明德路 421 号 邮编:130021

发行部电话:0431-88499826

网址:<http://www.jlup.com.cn>

E-mail: jlup@mail.jlu.edu.cn

编委会名单

主 编:张建萍

副主编:赵 宁 李 汀 丛 石

序 言

数千年的西方文学史可以说是一部纯男性的文学史，是以男性的视野、观念和标准来审视世界。直到 18 世纪后期，随着文学中女性意识的觉醒，文坛上由男性一统天下的局面终于被打破。一批反映女性主题的文学作品逐渐增多。从事女性主题创作的作家有女性作家也有男性作家。

其实，反映女性主题的文学作品自古有之。本书主要节选了英美女性主题的文章共七篇，分别是《瓦格纳作品音乐会》（薇拉·凯瑟）、《一小时的故事》（凯特·肖班）、《同命人审案》（苏珊·格拉斯佩尔）、《母亲的反抗》（玛丽·威尔金斯·弗里曼）、《另外那两位》（伊迪斯·沃尔顿）、《帕克大妈的一生》（凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔）和《母亲》（舍伍德·安德森）。

薇拉·凯瑟的《瓦格纳作品音乐会》的主人公乔治亚娜婶婶原是波士顿音乐学校的一名教员，为了爱情，她和情人一块儿私奔到内布拉斯加边疆地区，并在那片荒野上开辟家园，建立农场。。后由于偶然的原因，她回了一趟阔别三十年的波士顿，重新去听了一场音乐会，美妙的音乐唤起了她陈年的记忆，乔治娜婶婶感慨万千。乔治亚娜婶婶如同众多女性命运的写照。她们被囚禁在家庭的牢笼中，最终在岁月的变迁中沦为为一个与时代格格不入的妇女。若干年后，回忆往事或者现实不经意的触动心底曾经的执著和梦想时，她们才感觉到迷茫、悔恨甚至自责。乔治亚娜婶婶正是千千万万这样中的女性一个。

凯特·肖班的《一小时的故事》主人公马拉德夫人在一小时内

经历的情感起伏主要讲述的是主人公马拉德夫人在闻讯自己的丈夫因车祸身亡的消息后经历了从悲伤到思索再到呼唤和渴望自由以及完全解脱，准备迎接新生活的心理历程，最后看到丈夫安然无恙的回来而心脏病突发身亡的故事。这篇故事谱写了一曲反映女性寻求自由的悲歌。

苏珊·格拉斯佩尔的《同命人审案》中农妇米妮·福斯特因为涉嫌谋杀自己的丈夫约翰·莱特而被捕。她的邻居海尔太太陪同警长的夫人彼得斯太太一起来到她家为她哪些随身的物品。海尔太太和彼得斯太太却在无意中发现了米妮·福斯特杀死自己丈夫的蛛丝马迹。故事中的米妮·福斯特代表了千千万万囚在男性偏紧所编制成的婚姻牢笼中的女性，作者委婉的通过她的命运表达了女性只有团结起来才可以改变自身命运的观点。

玛丽·威尔金斯·弗里曼的《母亲的反抗》讲述的是莎拉的反抗故事。莎拉是一个传统家庭妇女，她恪尽本分，宽容忍让，她还表现出女性的宽容和隐忍。然而，莎拉却并没有因此而放弃对自己独立精神的追求。丈夫阿多尼拉早就向她许诺要盖新房改善家里的居住环境，最后他却宁愿修建新仓库也不愿履行诺言。莎拉希望女儿能从新房子里体面的出嫁，不断跟丈夫交涉，要求盖新房子。多次被无视后，她趁着丈夫外出买马的机会，把家搬进了新仓库里。丈夫回来后也只得作罢。

伊迪斯·沃尔顿的《另外那两位》描写了一个结过三次婚的女人在一次很巧合的情况下，她的两位前夫都不约而同的来到她的家里，当时她现任的丈夫魏生先生也在场，她巧妙应对，举止大方。最后她的丈夫突然发现，她无论是做谁的妻子都是在扮演一种角色，做妻子无非只是她生活中的一个角色而已。沃尔顿用这个故事巧妙的于是了她所处的时代女性文学中提出来的家庭主妇的“自我”问题。

凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德的《帕克大妈的一生》成功地描述了帕克大妈一生的不幸遭遇。伴随老人的一生，时时处处都有死亡存在，她活在死亡的阴影之下，帕克大妈深深地陷入了一生的厄运之中，她她默默承受着，她还得使自己振作起来，别人从来没有看见她

哭，任何一个活着的人都未能见她哭过，甚至她的孩子都没有见过她哭过，故事最后，老人想哭，但无处可去。

舍伍德·安德森的《母亲》中的伊丽莎白·威拉德以为婚姻会改变生活的面貌，然而婚后的她在丈夫眼里却变成了一具徒有躯壳的游魂。就算这样，伊丽莎白内心那团燃烧的火依然在寻找着突破口。后来当乔治告诉她打算离开小镇时，伊丽莎白欢喜得想哭出来。她打算把父亲留给自己的八百块给儿子，但直到去世前她都没有机会告诉儿子钱的事，这位压抑了一生的母亲永远沉默了。然而乔治在这一刻终于体会到了母亲的良苦用心，也理解了这位沉默了一生的母亲。伊丽莎白最终用死亡这种沉默的方式达到了与儿子心灵的交流。

女性主题的文学作品对于推进女性解放运动意义重大，女性解放运动任重道远，希望本书对那些以期了解女性世界，关心女性命运的读者有所帮助。

编者

2009年10月

目 录

瓦格纳作品音乐会	1
A Wagner Matinee	2
一小时的故事	20
The Story of an Hour	20
同命人审案	26
A Jury of her Peers	26
母亲的反抗	74
The Revolt of Mother	74
另外那两位	110
The other Two	111
帕克大妈的一生	153
Life of Ma Parker	154
母亲	170
Mother	171

瓦格纳作品音乐会

作者简介▶

薇拉·凯瑟 (Willa Cather 1873—1974)

薇拉·凯瑟 1873 年出生,虽然她出生于弗吉尼亚州,但 9 岁时随家人迁居西部的内布拉斯加大草原,所以熟悉当地欧洲移民的后代,因此她的作品从各个侧面描写中西部开拓者的顽强的创业精神和坚韧不拔的刚毅性格,并歌颂他们的高尚情操和美好心灵,因此她被著名评论家麦·盖斯马尔誉为“物质文明过程中的精神美的捍卫者”。她的代表作品为小说《啊,拓荒者》和《我的安东尼娅》。

薇拉·凯瑟(1873—1947) 是美国著名小说家之一,曾于 1923 年获普利策文学奖。在 1930 年,当美国第一位荣获诺贝尔文学奖的辛克莱·刘易斯在瑞典斯德哥尔摩举行的授奖仪式上致答词时,就热情推崇了凯瑟的创作成就。确实,凯瑟的文学创作无论是从文学、美学的角度,还是从深入了解美国的这一段特殊时期的历史中多元化文化的形成,以及由此涉及到物质世界开拓过程中对精神领域的影响、冲击和呈现的裂变,都是值得我们认真研究和探索的。可能正是这一原因,凯瑟去世以后,她的作品越来越受到西方评论界的重视,声誉越来越高。许多评论家把她与亨利·詹姆斯、海明威、福克纳等美国最杰出的小说家相提并论,甚至把她推崇为美国立国以来最伟大的一名女作家。她的许多作品一经出版即成为畅销书且历经不衰一直为读者所喜爱,以其独特的艺术魅力吸引着众多的读者和评论家,成为人们历久不衰的研究课题。

A Wagner Matinee

I received one morning a letter, written in pale ink on glassy, blue-lined notepaper, and bearing the postmark of a little Nebraska^①village. This communication, worn and rubbed, looking as though it had been carried for some days in a coat pocket that was none too clean, was from my Uncle Howard and informed me that his wife had been left a small legacy by a bachelor^② relative who had recently died, and that it would be necessary for her to go to Boston^③ to attend to the settling of the estate. He requested me to meet her at the station and render her whatever services might be necessary. On examining the date indicated as that of her arrival I found it no later than tomorrow. He had characteristically delayed writing until, had I been away from home for a day, I must have missed the good woman altogether.

The name of my Aunt Georgiana called up not alone her own figure, at once pathetic and grotesque, but opened before my feet a gulf of recollection so wide and deep that, as the letter dropped from my

① A state of the central United States in the Great Plains. It was admitted as the 37th state in 1867. The region became part of the United States through the Louisiana Purchase of 1803 and was made a separate territory by the Kansas—Nebraska Act of 1854. Its present boundaries were established in 1861. Lincoln is the capital and Omaha the largest city.

② An unmarried man

③ The capital and largest city of Massachusetts, in the eastern part of the state on Boston Bay, an arm of Massachusetts Bay. Founded in the 17th century, it was a leading center of agitation against England in the 18th century and a stronghold of abolitionist thought in the 19th century. Today it is a major commercial, financial, and educational hub.

hand, I felt suddenly a stranger to all the present conditions of my existence, wholly ill at ease and out of place amid the familiar surroundings of my study. I became, in short, the gangling farm boy my aunt had known, scourged with chilblains and bashfulness, my hands cracked and sore from the corn husking. I felt the knuckles of my thumb tentatively, as though they were raw again. I sat again before her parlor organ, fumbling the scales with my stiff, red hands, while she, beside me, made canvas mittens for the huskers.

The next morning, after preparing my landlady somewhat, I set out for the station. When the train arrived I had some difficulty in finding my aunt. She was the last of the passengers to alight, and it was not until I got her into the carriage that she seemed really to recognize me. She had come all the way in a day coach; her linen duster had become black with soot, and her black bonnet gray with dust, during the journey. When we arrived at my boardinghouse the landlady put her to bed at once and I did not see her again until the next morning.

Whatever shock Mrs. Springer experienced at my aunt's appearance she considerably concealed. As for myself, I saw my aunt's misshapen figure with that feeling of awe and respect with which we behold explorers who have left their ears and fingers north of Franz Josef Land^①, or their health somewhere along the Upper Congo^②. My Aunt Georgiana had been a music teacher at the Boston Conservatory, somewhere back in the latter sixties. One summer, while visiting in the little village among the Green Mountains where her ancestors had dwelt

① An archipelago of north—central Russia in the Arctic Ocean north of Novaya Zemlya. Explored by an Austrian expedition in 1873, the islands were claimed by the USSR in 1926.

② great river of equatorial Africa, c. 2,720 mi (4,380 km) long, formed by the waters of the Lualaba River and its tributary, the Luvua River, and flowing generally N and W through Congo (Kinshasa) to the Atlantic Ocean.

for generations, she had kindled the callow fancy of the most idle and shiftless of all the village lads, and had conceived for this Howard Carpenter one of those extravagant passions which a handsome country boy of twenty—one sometimes inspires in an angular, spectacled woman of thirty. When she returned to her duties in Boston, Howard followed her, and the upshot of this inexplicable infatuation was that she eloped with him, eluding the reproaches of her family and the criticisms of her friends by going with him to the Nebraska frontier. Carpenter, who, of course, had no money, had taken a homestead in Red Willow County^①, fifty miles from the railroad. There they had measured off their quarter section themselves by driving across the prairie in a wagon, to the wheel of which they had tied a red cotton handkerchief, and counting off its revolutions. They built a dugout in the red hillside, one of those cave dwellings whose inmates so often reverted to primitive conditions. Their water they got from the lagoons where the buffalo drank, and their slender stock of provisions was always at the mercy of bands of roving Indians. For thirty years my aunt had not been further than fifty miles from the homestead.

But Mrs. Springer knew nothing of all this, and must have been considerably shocked at what was left of my kinswoman. Beneath the soiled linen duster which, on her arrival, was the most conspicuous feature of her costume, she wore a black stuff dress, whose ornamentation showed that she had surrendered herself unquestioningly into the hands of a country dressmaker. My poor aunt's figure, however, would have presented astonishing difficulties to any dressmaker. Originally stooped, her shoulders were now almost bent together over her sunken chest. She wore no stays, and her gown, which trailed unevenly behind, rose in a sort of peak over her abdomen. She wore ill-fitting false teeth, and her skin was as yellow as a Mongolian's from con-

① Red Willow County is a county located in the U. S. state of Nebraska.

stant exposure to a pitiless wind and to the alkaline water which hardens the most transparent cuticle into a sort of flexible leather.

I owed to this woman most of the good that ever came my way in my boyhood, and had a reverential affection for her. During the years when I was riding herd for my uncle, my aunt, after cooking the three meals—the first of which was ready at six o’ clock in the morning—and putting the six children to bed, would often stand until midnight at her ironing board, with me at the kitchen table beside her, hearing me recite Latin declensions and conjugations, gently shaking me when my drowsy head sank down over a page of irregular verbs. It was to her, at her ironing or mending, that I read my first Shakespeare’, and her old textbook on mythology was the first that ever came into my empty hands. She taught me my scales and exercises, too—on the little parlor organ, which her husband had bought her after fifteen years, during which she had not so much as seen any instrument, but an accordion that belonged to one of the Norwegian farmhands. She would sit beside me by the hour, darning and counting while I struggled with the “Joyous Farmer,” but she seldom talked to me about music, and I understood why. She was a pious woman; she had the consolations of religion and, to her at least, her martyrdom was not wholly sordid. Once when I had been doggedly beating out some easy passages from an old score of Euryan the I had found among her music books, she came up to me and, putting her hands over my eyes, gently drew my head back upon her shoulder, saying tremulously, “Don’t love it so well, Clark, or it may be taken from you. Oh, dear boy, pray that whatever your sacrifice may be, it be not that.”

When my aunt appeared on the morning after her arrival she was still in a semi—sommnambulant state. She seemed not to realize that she was in the city where she had spent her youth, the place longed for hungrily half a lifetime. She had been so wretchedly train—sick throughout the journey that she had no recollection of anything but her

discomfort, and, to all intents and purposes, there were but a few hours of nightmare between the farm in Red Willow County and my study on Newbury Street. I had planned a little pleasure for her that afternoon, to repay her for some of the glorious moments she had given me when we used to milk together in the straw—thatched cowshed and she, because I was more than usually tired, or because her husband had spoken sharply to me, would tell me of the splendid performance of the Huguenots she had seen in Paris, in her youth. At two o'clock the Symphony Orchestra was to give a Wagner^① program, and I intended to take my aunt; though, as I conversed with her I grew doubtful about her enjoyment of it. Indeed, for her own sake, I could only wish her taste for such things quite dead, and the long struggle mercifully ended at last. I suggested our visiting the Conservatory and the Common before lunch, but she seemed altogether too timid to wish to venture out. She questioned me absently about various changes in the city, but she was chiefly concerned that she had forgotten to leave instructions about feeding half-skimmed milk to a certain weakling calf, “old Maggie’s calf, you know, Clark,” she explained, evidently having forgotten how long I had been away. She was further troubled because she had neglected to tell her daughter about the freshly opened kit of mackerel in the cellar, which would spoil if it were not used directly.

I asked her whether she had ever heard any of the Wagnerian operas and found that she had not, though she was perfectly familiar with their respective situations, and had once possessed the piano score of *The Flying Dutchman*. I began to think it would have been best to get her back to Red Willow County without waking her, and regretted hav-

① German romantic composer noted chiefly for his invention of the music drama. His cycle of four such dramas *The Ring of the Nibelung* was produced at his own theatre in Bayreuth in 1876. His other operas include *Tannhäuser* (1845; revised 1861), *Tristan and Isolde* (1865), and *Parsifal* (1882)

ing suggested the concert.

From the time we entered the concert hall, however, she was a trifle less passive and inert, and for the first time seemed to perceive her surroundings. I had felt some trepidation lest she might become aware of the absurdities of her attire, or might experience some painful embarrassment at stepping suddenly into the world to which she had been dead for a quarter of a century. But, again, I found how superficially I had judged her. She sat looking about her with eyes as impersonal, almost as stony, as those with which the granite Rameses in a museum watches the froth and fret that ebbs and flows about his pedestal—separated from it by the lonely stretch of centuries. I have seen this same aloofness in old miners who drift into the Brown Hotel at Denver, their pockets full of bullion, their linen soiled, their haggard faces unshaven; standing in the thronged corridors as solitary as though they were still in a frozen camp on the Yukon, conscious that certain experiences have isolated them from their fellows by a gulf no haberdasher could bridge.

We sat at the extreme left of the first balcony, facing the arc of our own and the balcony above us, veritable hanging gardens, brilliant as tulip beds. The matinee audience was made up chiefly of women. One lost the contour of faces and figures—indeed, any effect of line whatever—and there was only the color of bodices past counting, the shimmer of fabrics soft and firm, silky and sheer; red, mauve, pink, blue, lilac, purple, ecru, rose, yellow, cream, and white, all the colors that an impressionist finds in a sunlit landscape, with here and there the dead shadow of a frock coat. My Aunt Georgiana regarded them as though they had been so many daubs of tube—paint on a palette.

When the musicians came out and took their places, she gave a little stir of anticipation and looked with quickening interest down over the rail at that invariable grouping, perhaps the first wholly familiar

thing that had greeted her eye since she had left old Maggie and her weakling calf. I could feel how all those details sank into her soul, for I had not forgotten how they had sunk into mine when. I came fresh from plowing forever and forever between green aisles of corn, where, as in a treadmill, one might walk from daybreak to dusk without perceiving a shadow of change. The clean profiles of the musicians, the gloss of their linen, the dull black of their coats, the beloved shapes of the instruments, the patches of yellow light thrown by the green—shaded lamps on the smooth, varnished bellies of the cellos and the bass viols in the rear, the restless, wind—tossed forest of fiddle necks and bows—I recalled how, in the first orchestra I had ever heard, those long bow strokes seemed to draw the heart out of me, as a conjurer's stick reels out yards of paper ribbon from a hat.

The first number was the Tannhauser overture. When the horns drew out the first strain of the Pilgrim's chorus my Aunt Georgiana clutched my coat sleeve. Then it was I first realized that for her this broke a silence of thirty years; the inconceivable silence of the plains. With the battle between the two motives, with the frenzy of the Venusberg theme and its ripping of strings, there came to me an overwhelming sense of the waste and wear we are so powerless to combat; and I saw again the tall, naked house on the prairie, black and grim as a wooden fortress; the black pond where I had learned to swim, its margin pitted with sun—dried cattle tracks; the rain—gullied clay banks about the naked house, the four dwarf ash seedlings where the dishcloths were always hung to dry before the kitchen door. The world there was the flat world of the ancients; to the east, a cornfield that stretched to daybreak; to the west, a corral that reached to sunset; between, the conquests of peace, dearer bought than those of war.

The overture closed; my aunt released my coat sleeve, but she said nothing. She sat staring at the orchestra through a dullness of thirty years, through the films made little by little by each of the three

hundred and sixty—five days in every one of them. What, I wondered, did she get from it? She had been a good pianist in her day I knew, and her musical education had been broader than that of most music teachers of a quarter of a century ago. She had often told me of Mozart's ①operas and Meyerbeer's②, and I could remember hearing her sing, years ago, certain melodies of Verdi's. When I had fallen ill with a fever in her house she used to sit by my cot in the evening—when the cool, night wind blew in through the faded mosquito netting tacked over the window, and I lay watching a certain bright star that burned red above the cornfield—and sing “Home to our mountains, O, let us return!” in a way fit to break the heart of a Vermont boy near dead of homesickness already.

I watched her closely through the prelude to Tristan and Isolde, trying vainly to conjecture what that seething turmoil of strings and winds might mean to her, but she sat mutely staring at the violin bows that drove obliquely downward, like the pelting streaks of rain in a summer shower. Had this music any message for her? Had she enough left to at all comprehend this power which had kindled the world since she had left it? I was in a fever of curiosity, but Aunt Georgiana sat silent upon her peak in Darien. She preserved this utter immobility throughout the number from *The Flying Dutchman*, though her fingers worked mechanically upon her black dress, as though, of themselves, they were recalling the piano score they had once played. Poor old hands! They had been stretched and twisted into mere tentacles to hold and lift and knead with; the palms unduly swollen, the fingers bent and knotted—on one of them a thin, worn band that had once been a

① prolific Austrian composer and child prodigy; master of the classical style in all its forms of his time (1756—1791).

② German composer of operas in a style that influenced Richard Wagner (1791—1864).