

《嬉雪》

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前言

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，能让比我年长的、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。

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内容概要

本书中二十来位女作家都是独一的。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……影响非常大。

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的时代动心的涟漪。

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坐在书桌旁往外看，我的窗外周围只是一座一座的长长方方的宿舍楼，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要种上花草。春寒料峭之中，我的期望也和春寒一样地冷漠。 Looking out of the window from where I sat at my desk, all I could see were rows and rows of tall apartment buildings, with not a blade of green between them. As to the empty lot beneath my window, for years it had been the dumping site of rusting iron bars left over from the construction of apartment buildings nearby. A desolate sight. The outside being devoid of color, I had no choice but to create some color indoors. I hung up green curtains in the living room, and covered the table with green table cloths. On the windowsill I put out the poinsettias that friends had given me and the bracketplant that my children had cultivated. In front of the oil painting of premier Zhou Enlai hanging on the wall, there was always a vase with roses, or chrysanthemums, or carnations, They were from the North Rose shop, which had contracted to supply me with flowers of the season every week. On the windowsill near my desk was a friend's gift of a pot of orchids that had not yet flowered, or sometimes there would be a vase of roses. All those signs of green, or rather signs of spring, were makeshift compensations for the lack of green in general. I thought of the empty lot beneath my building, the dumping site of rusting iron bars. I remember that with the coming of spring, blades of jade green grass would sprout between the iron bars. When the rains come, they would grow at a furious pace and overwhelm the rusting iron bars. Even iron could not keep down the force of bubbling life itself. By now the iron bars have been removed, and it is said that the empty lot will be planted with flowers. But in the chill of early spring, my expectations were just as dull and listless.

在农村长大的姑娘谁还不知道拣麦穗这回事。我要说的，却是几十年前的那段往事。或许可以这样说，拣麦穗的时节，也是最能引动姑娘们幻想的时节。在那月残星稀的清晨，挎着一空篮子，顺着田埂上的小路走去拣麦穗的时候，她想的是什么呢？等到田野上腾起一层薄雾，月亮，像是偷偷地睡过一觉重又悄悄地回到天边，她方才挎着装满麦穗的篮子，走向自家那孔窑的时候，她想的是什么呢？唉，她还能想什么！假如你没有在那种日子里生活过，你永远也无法想象，从这一颗颗丢在地里的麦穗上，会生出什么样地幻想。她拚命地拣呐、拣呐，一个拣麦穗的时节也许能拣上一斗？她把这麦子卖了，再把这钱攒起来，等到赶集的时候扯上花布、买上花线，然后，她剪呀、缝呀、绣呀……也不见她穿、也不见她戴，谁也没和谁合计过，谁也没和谁商量过，可是等到出嫁的那一天，她们全把这些东西，装进她们新嫁娘的包裹里去。不过，当她们把拣麦穗时所伴着的幻想，一同包进包裹里的时候，她们会突然发现那些幻想全都变了味。觉得多少年来，她们拣呀、缝呀、绣呀的，是多么傻啊！她们要嫁的那个男人，和她们在拣麦穗、扯花布、绣花鞋的时候所幻想的那个男人，有着多么的不同。但是，她们还是依依顺顺地嫁了出去。只不过在穿戴那些衣物的时候，再也找不到做它、缝它时的情怀了。这又算得了什么呢。谁也不会为她们叹上一口气，谁也不会关心她们曾经有过的那份幻想，甚至连她们自己也不会感到过份的悲伤，顶多不过像是丢失了一个美丽的梦。有谁见过哪一个人会死乞白赖地寻找一个丢失的梦呢？当我刚刚能够歪歪翘翘地提着一个篮子跑路的时候，我就在大姐姐的身后拣麦穗了。对我来说，那篮子未免太大，老是磕碰着我的腿和地面，时不时就让我跌上一跤，我也少有拣满一篮子的时候，我看不见地里的麦穗，却总是看见蚂蚱和蝴蝶。而当我追赶它们的时候，好不容易拣到麦穗，还会从篮子里重新掉进地里。

What country girl wouldnt know about gathering wheat stalks! let me tell you a story of long long ago when you might almost say that wheat gathering time was when girls imaginations were the most alive. In the early hours of dawn, under a waning moon and a sprinkling of stars, what would a girl with a basket on her arm be thinking of as she walked along the ridges in the fields on her way to gather wheat stalks? When a thin mist

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hovered over the fields and the moon rose silently again as if it had wakened from a stolen nap , what was the girl thinking of as she walked back home with a basket on her arm filled with wheat stalks ? Well , what else could she think of ? If you had never been part of that life , you will never know the dreams these stalks of wheat scattered in the fields could conjure up. She stoops and bends with no respite to pick the scattered stalks , and may muster together as much as one peck (ten litres) in one wheat-gathering season. She will sell the wheat , and save the money , and on a market day , she will go to the market and buy flowered cotton cloth and colored thread. Then she will return home and cut and sew and embroider. Nobody has seen her wear her finery , but on her wedding day , she will invariably stuff these sartorial treasures into her bridal baggage , as all the other girls do , though no one has seen them making an agreement. But they will soon discover as they pack away their harvest that the dreams they dreamt while gathering wheat have turned sour. In years , the girls would realize how naive they had been , how different were the men they had married to the men of their dreams as they gathered wheat and sewed and embroidered. They had let themselves be married off so docilely. As they put on their new clothes and new shoes , the thrill that had gone into the making of them had disappeared. And so what! Nobody would sigh for them , or commiserate with them for their lost dreams. Even they themselves would not yield to excessive grief ; at most they had lost a beautiful dream. Who would be so foolish as to hold on to a dream! When I was old enough to be running about on my own , I would trudge behind my elder sister to pick wheat , with a basket too on my arm. The basket was always too big for me ; it would bounce against my legs or drag along the ground . Often it made me stumble. I rarely filled my basket. Either I missed the wheat stalks lying in the fields , or I was distracted by grasshoppers and butterflies. Sometimes even the stalks in my basket rambled out as I chased after butterflies. 我是来这里寻找山桃花的。二十年前一位老乡就告诉过我：“看山桃开花，那得等清明。”于是我记住了清明，脑子里常浮现着一个山桃的世界。那是一山的火吧，一山的粉红吧？谁知我已耽误了十九个清明。十九个清明虽然都有被耽误的理由，然而每逢这天，我都坐立不安着。我决定不再耽误第二十个清明。我踏着今年的节令来到这里，却没有看见山桃开花。在四周被浮云缠绕的山峦里，只有山正在悄悄地变绿。绿像是被云雾染成，又像是绿正染着云雾。有人告诉我，今年春寒，山桃还未开花；又有人告诉我，山桃花早已开过，是因了常有来自山外的暖风。和山里人相处，你会发现，他们常常说不准他们要说的事情。对同一件事，十个人或许会有十种说法。就连对你的问路，他们回答起来都各有差异。那差异仿佛来自他们的叙述方式，就好比春寒花哪能开；风暖，花哪能不开。至于花到底开过与否倒无人注意了。

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