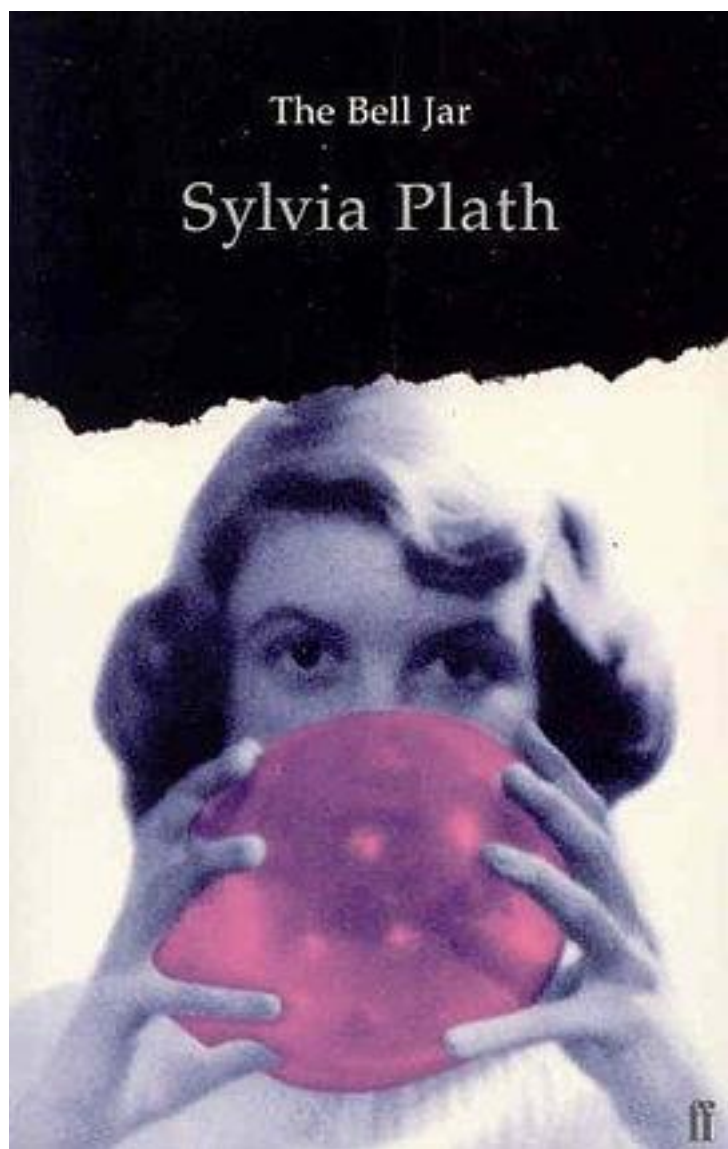


The Bell Jar



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著者:Sylvia Plath

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Esther Greenwood is brilliant, beautiful, enormously talented, and successful, but slowly going under—maybe for the last time. In her acclaimed and enduring masterwork, Sylvia Plath brilliantly draws the reader into Esther's breakdown with such intensity that her insanity becomes palpably real, even rational—as accessible an experience as going to the movies. A deep penetration into the darkest and most harrowing corners of the human psyche, *The Bell Jar* is an extraordinary accomplishment and a haunting American classic.

作者介绍:

To this day, Sylvia Plath's writings continue to inspire and provoke. Her only published novel, *The Bell Jar*, remains a classic of American literature, and *The Colossus* (1960), *Ariel* (1965), *Crossing the Water* (1971), *Winter Trees* (1971), and *The Collected Poems* (1981) have placed her among this century's essential American poets.

Sylvia Plath was born on October 27, 1932, the first child of Aurelia and Otto Plath. When Sylvia was eight years old, her father died—an event that would haunt her remaining years—and the family moved to the college town of Wellesley. By high school, Plath's talents were firmly established; in fact, her first published poem had appeared when she was eight. In 1950, she entered Smith College, where she excelled academically and continued to write; and in 1951 she won *Mademoiselle* magazine's fiction contest. Her experiences during the summer of 1953—as a guest editor at *Mademoiselle* in New York City and in deepening depression back home—provided the basis for *The Bell Jar*. Near that summer's end, Plath nearly succeeded in killing herself. After therapy and electroshock, however, she resumed her academic and literary endeavors. Plath graduated from Smith in 1955 and, as a Fulbright Scholar, entered Newnham College, in Cambridge, England, where she met the British poet, Ted Hughes. They were married a year later. After a two-year tenure on the Smith College faculty and a brief stint in Boston, Plath and Hughes returned to England, where their two children were born.

Plath had been successful in placing poems in several prestigious magazines, but suffered repeated rejection in her attempts to place a first book. *The Colossus* appeared in England, however, in the fall of 1960, and the publisher, William Heinemann, also bought her first novel. By June 1962, she had begun the poems that eventually appeared in *Ariel*. Later that year, separated from Hughes, Plath immersed herself in caring for her children, completing *The Bell Jar*, and writing poems at a breathtaking pace.

A few days before Christmas 1962, she moved with the children to a London flat. By the time *The Bell Jar* was published under the pseudonym Victoria Lucas, in early 1963, she was in desperate circumstances. Her marriage was over, she and her children were ill, and the winter was the coldest in a century. Early on the morning of February 11, Plath turned on the cooking gas and killed herself.

Plath was posthumously awarded a Pulitzer Prize in 1982 for her *Collected Poems*.

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读不下去

永远活在青春期的普拉斯，如果她还活着，该有多好！对抑郁症的描写极其细致，比喻跳跃有诗情，就小说本身而言还是有幼稚的痕迹。看完结尾的生平简介，厌倦叹息，无限惋惜。

“the feminist novel in a Salinger mood...”

O, woman--either too sensible or senseless.

只想有一天能对英文产生共鸣

unexpectedly hilarious and upbeat coming from Plath," A time of darkness, despair, disillusion-so black only as the inferno of the human mind can be-symbolic death, and numb shock- then the painful agony of slow rebirth and psychic regeneration"--remind me of that poem of hers: Lady Lazarus.

超好看 根本停不下来 就是很能懂

Liked this book in the first place until I found out it's no more than the diary of a whiny young woman who merely happened to know how to arrange words properly...This world chews up and spits out thousands of weak people everyday, why should I bother to care about this one?

既然要经历疼痛那就别上麻醉药了；继续看着他们虚情假意。

whining, touchy, gloomy, jumps a lot, simply not my type of read. 《钟形罩》

To the person in the bell jar, blank and stopped as a dead body, the world itself is the bad dream. Maybe forgetfulness, like a kind of snow, should numb and cover them. But they were part of me. They were my landscape.

"To the person in the bell jar, blank and stopped as a dead baby, the world itself is the bad dream."

自恋到极致的女诗人，与世界冲突却不愿妥协。敏感、善变而激烈。笔触细致且旁若无人到优美的境界。出现得最多的词是“queer”，这就是她杂乱无章又彷徨无惧的内心世界的真实写照。老实说我挺讨厌她的，如果生活中有这样的人我一定会敬而远之。自我光环太过明烈，燃烧得也就越快。最后她还是矫情地死去了，同时也在四十多年后把死亡遗传给了自己的儿子。我希望我一辈子也写不出她写的东西，感受不到她感受的情绪，生活百般滋味，最是难得糊涂。

看了豆瓣的评论，难道这本书只是我们的女文青自怨自怜自我装B的产物吗？

玻璃钟罩是扣在抑郁症患者身上的无形屏障，治疗的过程是把钟罩稍稍向上提起，让空气稍稍流通。普拉斯呈现了完整的抑郁状态，厌恶、憎恨、淡漠、自杀、自恋，这个世界狭窄但怪异得斑斓。

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书评

1。 “我合上眼眸，世界倒地死去；我抬起眼帘，一切重获新生。”
这真的不像人写的诗，所以我将它的全文找出来： Mad Girl's Love Song "I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead; I lift my lids and all is born again. (I think I made you up inside my head.) Th...

我是个含笑的女人。我才三十岁。像猫一样可死九次。 ——Sylvia Plath
第一次读到Sylvia Plath的诗时，就被它字里行间不加掩饰的宣泄气质所吸引。正是青涩又乖戾的年纪，不担心生活，不担心爱情，不担心未来，不担心身边的一切。刚走出一阵自闭的时光，仿佛要偿还漫长时...

“对于困在钟形罩里的人，那个大脑空白生长停止的人，这世界本身无疑是一场噩梦。

普拉斯的处境似我。二十三岁，除了文学略通以外缺乏任何基本的生存能力，任何一次退稿都造成致命的打击，缺乏交流，诸事不顺，没有勇气一次性告别虚假的生活。爱情也渐渐熄灭，电疗除了带来噩...

我又尝试了一次，我十年尝试一次——我是一个笑容可掬的女人，我仅仅三十岁，我像猫一样有九条性命，这是第三条 每十年就要消灭一个废物！
诗歌《拉撒路夫人》（Lady Lazarus）完成后不久，西尔维娅·普拉斯在伦敦寓所里进行了她的第四次尝试。这次，死亡接纳了...

如果Sylvia
Plath生于如今的网络时代，不知道她还会不会成为诗人。网络时代让每个人都有成为诗人、小说家的可能，尽管这是一个诗意越来越少的时代，个人经验也因为过度泛滥而贬值。
每个人都有自己的恐惧、莫名的梦、生活中的小骄傲小沮丧。网络提供了诉说和分享的平台，也就是...

瓶中美人 ——西尔维娅普拉斯《钟形罩》 “我合上眼眸，世界倒地死去；我抬起眼帘，一切重获新生。” ——西尔维娅 普拉斯，《疯丫头的情诗》 西尔维娅普拉斯是一个如此独特的存在，她诞生...

她八岁那年，父亲去世。她因此决然道：“我不再与上帝通话。” 她开始创作诗歌，并渐渐成名。她是美国最大的女子学院里功课全A的优等生。她经受严重的精神疾病困扰，直至需要接受电击治疗。她数度试图自尽：割腕、自缢、溺水、服安眠药……死神却屡次手下留情。三十岁那年，她终...

一口气读完了《钟形罩》，我已想不起来上一次如此酣畅淋漓的阅读是在何时。虽然最近在《le conte de Monte Cristo》，《Sans famille》，《Nouvelles choisies de Maupassant》之间不断轮流转换，却是对于短语及句子结构的兴趣大于作品本身，并无多大的阅读乐趣可言。如若...

关于《钟罩》的一点碎碎念 1

最让人佩服的是她恰到好处的控制力：在敏锐的超凡的感受力和日常庸俗思维轨道之间的平衡。她理解着这个世界（用自己的方式），批评、挖苦它和她/他们（以那时的她的身份，埃丝特的身份），也尽力展示自己的世界——以大多数人可以理解的眼光来回。

..

我在想

不该用一个自杀而死的女士作为我的精神标榜。但我似乎无法抵抗她的文字。是这样，还没有大量的读过她的诗篇，就先看了这个自传类小说，从前总觉得自传要厚厚一本，要尽量的流水账，长版的简历一样啰啰嗦嗦的阐述一生。

她是一个让我目不转睛的女人。一年以前...

常常 在内耗中照顾他人的情绪 在任性时执拗的特立独行 困在钟形罩里这种长满触角
没有大脑 停止成长的生物 只会被活生生 血淋淋的撕裂开来
这原本可以升华为一种高贵的姿态 可为什么会沦落到去艳羡所谓的正常人的自由？
我的地貌 不应该仅仅是一句高昂的宣扬 在仿若被...

我醒了，是被同住的室友吵醒的。他问我吃饭吗，我被从深深的睡意里拉出，勉强挤出个“不”字。然后就醒了。待到他们出门“砰”的一声，我就爬起来了。撒了泡尿，膀胱从极度充盈的紧绷状态中松懈下来，尿水射到马桶里，泡沫叠起，我一直很好奇这个：究竟是尿里有什么成份导致了...

这世界上写诗的人永远比读诗的人要多。

我猜知道Plath是自杀而死的人也比读过她诗的人要多。

Plath用笔名发表了这本<钟型罩>，她比喻自己的抑郁症为钟型罩 -

外面的世界跟她只隔着玻璃，她看的一清二楚，但是身在钟型罩中的她却缺氧抑郁。

看书之前生怕这是本抱怨生活，责怪老天...

读普拉斯的时候，适合听轻音乐，她的文字暗暗涌动着一股倾覆一切的力量，温和却锋利。一位饱含情感的作家，敏感、细腻，恐惧着一切，又与一切不断地抗争。一本《钟形罩》，像将积蓄了一生的力量顷刻爆发出来。她小心的存在着，像个生活的旁观者，在自己头上绑一根线然后放手， ...

在微博上有人提到这本书，正愁着找新书读就去书店给买了回来。
这是第一本让我读到绝望的书。本该是一本Plath的半自传式小说，血淋淋的让我读出了自己在里面的影子。网上对于Plath的自杀有各种揣测，更不乏极度缺少想象力的宣传式语句：“或许感情越是热烈，普...

曾读过西尔维娅·普拉斯的诗集《未来是一只灰色的海鸥》里的一些诗，那些“重口味”的纠缠在一起的意象，太诡异了，显得高深莫测。这些诗歌，带给普拉斯一世盛名，极尽哀荣。对她有一定认识的人，应该都想看看她唯一的长篇《钟形罩》写了些什么，从中也许还能找到解读她的诗歌...

无论从作者还是主人公来说，刚开始都是一个很美好的形象，自立自强，动脑筋，聪明，快乐，活泼。
不知道为啥，会选择这样一个很悲剧的结局。人生的命运在于思考在于实践，不在于绝望，或者消极地面对。
看了这个故事很难过。也为作者不值得。~~~~~她如果活到80岁，可以创作更...

我终于把她读完了，突然有写一段像那样的从抽离的片断里，描述的罩子里的自己，和从扭曲镜像里看到的他人。
我感觉那空白的大脑里吐出的文字却比经过缜密的脉络理顺的剧情来的更多的冲击和真实的感官力。我能嗅到医院里呛人的冰冷的味道，和死亡前无比清透的能触摸到的顺滑感！ ...

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