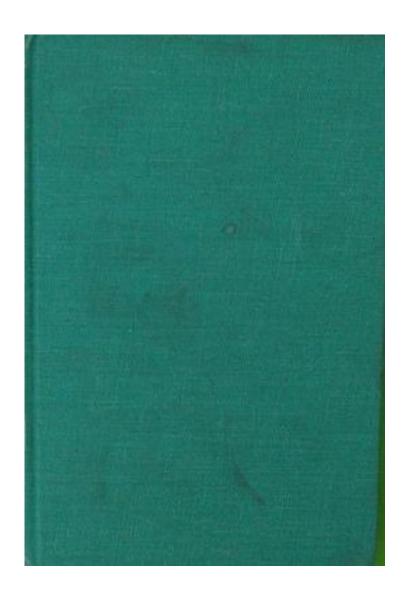
My mother/my self



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MOTHER LOVE
 I have always lied to my mother. And she to me. How young was
 I when I learned her languagei¼Œ to call things by other names? Fivei¼Œ
 four--younger? Her denial of whatever she could not tell mei¼Œ that
 her mother could not tell heri¼Œ and about which society enjoined < br > us both to keep silenti¼Œ distorts our relationship still.
 Sometimes I try to imagine a little scene that could have helped < br > us both. In her kindi¼ @ warmi¼ @ shyi¼ @ and self-deprecating wayi'4@ mother
 calls me into the bedroom where she sleeps alone. She is no more < br > than twenty-five. I am perhaps six. Putting her hands (which her
 father told her always to keep hidden because they were \"large
i and unattractive\") on my shouldersi¼Œ she looks me right through

br >!

br >i my steel-rimmed spectacles: \"Nancy, you know I m not really
br > good at this mothering business,\" she says. \"You re a lovely child,
br > the fault is not with you. But motherhood doesn't come easily to
 me. So when I don't seem like other people's mothersi'l4Œ try to
br > understand that it isn t because I don t love you. I do. But I m
br > confused myself. There are some things I know about. 1 11 teach
br > them to you. The other stuff--sex and all that--welli\u00e4\u00ab I just can t
br > discuss them with you because I m not sure where they fit into < br > my own life. We ll try to find other people" 4 © other women who can < br >

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