

【 名著双语读物 · 中文导读+英文原版 】



*Lady Chatterley's Lover*  
**查泰莱夫人的情人**

[英] 劳伦斯 著  
王智添 编译



清华大学出版社



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北京

## 内 容 简 介

《查泰莱夫人的情人》是20世纪世界文学的经典名作。主人公康妮年轻貌美、心地善良，嫁给了贵族地主查泰莱。新婚不久，查泰莱便在战争中负伤，腰部以下的部分全部瘫痪，永远失去了生育能力。查泰莱继承了爵位，康妮自然成了男爵夫人。在查泰莱家的庄园中，他们虽然衣食无忧，但却毫无生气。偶然的机会，康妮认识了庄园猎场的守护人麦勒斯，他们相互被对方所吸引。她经常到麦勒斯的小屋和他幽会，尽情享受原始、自然且充满激情的生活。康妮怀孕了，她向查泰莱提出离婚，并告诉他她所爱的人是麦勒斯。查泰莱辞退了麦勒斯，康妮也离开查泰莱去了苏格兰。她心里充满希望，期待着不久即将到来的与麦勒斯相聚的日子……

该书自出版，特别是解禁以来，被译成多种文字在全世界发行，还多次被改编成电影。无论是作为语言学习的课本，还是作为文学读本，全文引进该书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯（David Herbert Lawrence，1885—1930），英国著名小说家、诗人、散文家，被誉为“英国文学史上最伟大的人物之一”。

1885年9月11日，劳伦斯出生在英国诺丁汉郡的一个矿工家庭。他的父亲是一位矿工，接受的教育很少；母亲出身于中产阶级家庭，受过良好的教育。父亲喜欢纵欲享乐，母亲却刻板拘谨，这种不和谐的家庭结构对劳伦斯日后的创作产生了深远的影响。劳伦斯自幼身体孱弱、性格敏感，他是在母亲的庇护下长大成人的，他的成名作《儿子和情人》正是带有他独特家庭经历印记的自传体小说。在1912年开始专门从事文学创作之前，劳伦斯做过会计、工人、雇员和小学教师等工作。1911年，劳伦斯出版了第一部长篇小说《白孔雀》，1913年发表第一部重要小说《儿子与情人》，1915年出版了小说《虹》，1921年出版《恋爱中的女人》，1928年出版《查泰莱夫人的情人》。这些小说的核心内容都是围绕着性展开的，劳伦斯把人对性的追求，看成是引起一切生活现象的根源。其中，长篇小说《查泰莱夫人的情人》由于对性爱的毫不隐晦和直白的描写，被斥为淫秽作品，曾受到英国当局的抨击和查禁。除以上这些作品外，劳伦斯还出版了《亚伦之杖》（1922年）、《袋鼠》（1923年）等其他题材的小说；出版的诗集有《爱诗及其他》（1913年）、《爱神》（1916年）、《如意花》（1929年）等。劳伦斯长期旅居国外，除到过德国、法国、意大利等欧洲国家之外还到过澳洲和美洲等地区。1930年3月2日，劳伦斯病逝于法国旺斯。

劳伦斯一生共创作了十多部小说、三本游记、三本短篇小说集，另有诗歌、散文、评论等多篇。在种类繁多的作品中，小说最能代表他的文学成就。其中《恋爱中的女人》、《查泰莱夫人的情人》、《虹》、《儿子与情人》等小说已成为20世纪世界文学的经典名作，这些小说被译成几十种文字在全世界发行，并被多次搬上银幕，广为流传。时至今日，劳伦斯仍然是全世界最受欢迎的作家之一，他的小说在世界范围内拥有广泛的读者。在



中国，劳伦斯的作品同样深受欢迎，他的小说几乎都已被引进，并多次再版。基于以上原因，我们决定编译劳伦斯的四大经典之作——《查泰莱夫人的情人》《虹》《恋爱中的女人》《儿子与情人》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使语言贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，这些经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是英汉双语版名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

本书中文导读内容由王智添编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



## CONTENTS

第一章/Chapter 1 .....	1
第二章/Chapter 2 .....	11
第三章/Chapter 3 .....	20
第四章/Chapter 4 .....	33
第五章/Chapter 5 .....	45
第六章/Chapter 6 .....	62
第七章/Chapter 7 .....	78
第八章/Chapter 8 .....	95
第九章/Chapter 9 .....	110
第十章/Chapter 10 .....	125
第十一章/Chapter 11 .....	168
第十二章/Chapter 12 .....	189
第十三章/Chapter 13 .....	205
第十四章/Chapter 14 .....	225
第十五章/Chapter 15 .....	246
第十六章/Chapter 16 .....	266
第十七章/Chapter 17 .....	293
第十八章/Chapter 18 .....	315
第十九章/Chapter 19 .....	335



# 第一章

## Chapter 1



康斯坦丝·查泰莱夫人对于自己的现状并没有悲痛欲绝，因为她明白自己所处的大环境本身就是一个悲剧的时代。她的丈夫克利福德·查泰莱在度完蜜月之后便去了前线参战，然而在半年之后却几乎粉身碎骨地被送回来。虽然他的生命力很强，保住了性命，可下半身却永远瘫痪了。这一年，康妮（康斯坦丝的呢称）才二十三岁。随后两人回到了克利福德家族在拉格比的大宅。克利福德并没有因为自己惨痛的遭遇而自暴自弃，他依然保持着明朗健康的心态，但眼神里仍然透露着一丝残疾人的内心空虚。

康斯坦丝是一个健康的，有着乡下女子模样的姑娘，她生长在充满艺术氛围的家庭之中，她和姐姐希尔达经常跟随父母一起去参加各种盛大的宴会。在她十五岁那年，姐妹俩被送到德累斯顿学习音乐。在那里，两人经常和男子们争论各种问题，她们都曾在十八岁时涉入爱河。姐妹俩经常一起讨论与其发生性关系的对象。等到她们回家的时候，能够明显地被父亲看出有过恋爱经验。她们起初被奇特的男性魅力所征服，很快便找到了自由，仅把性当成一种对于快感的体验。大战到来之后，姐妹俩的情人们都战死沙场，为此她们痛苦了很久。希尔达和一个年长她十岁的老男人闪婚，康妮则嫁给了身为贵族的克利福德。虽然克利福德是正宗的贵族，但他的表现远不如康妮大方自在。他的哥哥赫伯特在战场上阵亡，维持查泰莱家族的重任就落在了他的肩上。查泰莱家的三兄妹原本都几乎在与世隔绝地生活着，他们曾经约定永远住在一起，永远也不谈婚论嫁。但很快克

利福德违反了约定，和康妮结了婚。康妮还想要个孩子，可是没想到克利福德却满身伤残地被送了回来。

Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically. The cataclysm has happened, we are among the ruins, we start to build up new little habitats, to have new little hopes. It is rather hard work: there is now no smooth road into the future: but we go round, or scramble over the obstacles. We've got to live, no matter how many skies have fallen.

This was more or less Constance Chatterley's position. The war had brought the roof down over her head. And she had realized that one must live and learn.

She married Clifford Chatterley in 1917, when he was home for a month on leave. They had a month's honeymoon. Then he went back to Flanders: to be shipped over to England again six months later, more or less in bits. Constance, his wife, was then twenty-three years old, and he was twenty-nine.

His hold on life was marvelous. He didn't die, and the bits seemed to grow together again. For two years he remained in the doctor's hands. Then he was pronounced a cure, and could return to life again, with the lower half of his body, from the hips down, paralyzed for ever.

This was in 1920. They returned, Clifford and Constance, to his home, Wragby Hall, the family 'seat'. His father had died, Clifford was now a baronet, Sir Clifford, and Constance was Lady Chatterley. They came to start housekeeping and married life in the rather forlorn home of the Chatterleys on a rather inadequate income. Clifford had a sister, but she had departed. Otherwise there were no near relatives. The elder brother was dead in the war. Crippled for ever, knowing he could never have any children, Clifford came home to the smoky Midlands to keep the Chatterley name alive while he could.

He was not really downcast. He could wheel himself about in a wheeled chair, and he had a bath-chair with a small motor attachment, so he could drive himself slowly round the garden and into the line melancholy park, of which he was really so proud, though he pretended to be flippant about it.

Having suffered so much, the capacity for suffering had to some extent left



him. He remained strange and bright and cheerful, almost, one might say, chirpy, with his ruddy, healthy-looking face, and his pale-blue, challenging bright eyes. His shoulders were broad and strong, his hands were very strong. He was expensively dressed, and wore handsome neckties from Bond Street. Yet still in his face one saw the watchful look, the slight vacancy of a cripple.

He had so very nearly lost his life, that what remained was wonderfully precious to him. It was obvious in the anxious brightness of his eyes, how proud he was, after the great shock, of being alive. But he had been so much hurt that something inside him had perished, some of his feelings had gone. There was a blank of insentience.

Constance, his wife, was a ruddy, country-looking girl with soft brown hair and sturdy body, and slow movements, full of unusual energy. She had big, wondering eyes, and a soft mild voice, and seemed just to have come from her native village. It was not so at all. Her father was the once well-known R. A., old Sir Malcolm Reid. Her mother had been one of the cultivated Fabians in the palmy, rather pre-Raphaelite days. Between artists and cultured socialists, Constance and her sister Hilda had had what might be called an aesthetically unconventional upbringing. They had been taken to Paris and Florence and Rome to breathe in art, and they had been taken also in the other direction, to the Hague and Berlin, to great Socialist conventions, where the speakers spoke in every civilized tongue, and no one was abashed.

The two girls, therefore, were from an early age not the least daunted by either art or ideal politics. It was their natural atmosphere. They were at once cosmopolitan and provincial, with the cosmopolitan provincialism of art that goes with pure social ideals.

They had been sent to Dresden at the age of fifteen, for music among other things. And they had had a good time there. They lived freely among the students, they argued with the men over philosophical, sociological and artistic matters, they were just as good as the men themselves: only better, since they were women. And they tramped off to the forests with sturdy youths bearing guitars, twang-twang! They sang the Wandervogel songs, and they were free. Free! That was the great word. Out in the open world, out in the forests of the morning, with lusty and splendid-throated young fellows, free to do as they

liked, and — above all — to say what they liked. It was the talk that mattered supremely: the impassioned interchange of talk. Love was only a minor accompaniment.

Both Hilda and Constance had had their tentative love-affairs by the time they were eighteen. The young men with whom they talked so passionately and sang so lustily and camped under the trees in such freedom wanted, of course, the love connexion. The girls were doubtful, but then the thing was so much talked about, it was supposed to be so important. And the men were so humble and craving. Why couldn't a girl be queenly, and give the gift of herself?

So they had given the gift of themselves, each to the youth with whom she had the most subtle and intimate arguments. The arguments, the discussions were the great thing: the love-making and connexion were only a sort of primitive reversion and a bit of an anti-climax. One was less in love with the boy afterwards, and a little inclined to hate him, as if he had trespassed on one's privacy and inner freedom. For, of course, being a girl, one's whole dignity and meaning in life consisted in the achievement of an absolute, a perfect, a pure and noble freedom. What else did a girl's life mean? To shake off the old and sordid connexions and subjections.

And however one might sentimentalize it, this sex business was one of the most ancient, sordid connexions and subjections. Poets who glorified it were mostly men. Women had always known there was something better, something higher. And now they knew it more definitely than ever. The beautiful pure freedom of a woman was infinitely more wonderful than any sexual love. The only unfortunate thing was that men lagged so far behind women in the matter. They insisted on the sex thing like dogs.

And a woman had to yield. A man was like a child with his appetites. A woman had to yield him what he wanted, or like a child he would probably turn nasty and flounce away and spoil what was a very pleasant connexion. But a woman could yield to a man without yielding her inner, free self. That the poets and talkers about sex did not seem to have taken sufficiently into account. A woman could take a man without really giving herself away. Certainly she could take him without giving herself into his power. Rather she could use this sex thing to have power over him. For she only had to hold herself back in

sexual intercourse, and let him finish and expend himself without herself coming to the crisis: and then she could prolong the connexion and achieve her orgasm and her crisis while he was merely her tool.

Both sisters had had their love experience by the time the war came, and they were hurried home. Neither was ever in love with a young man unless he and she were verbally very near: that is unless they were profoundly interested, talking to one another. The amazing, the profound, the unbelievable thrill there was in passionately talking to some really clever young man by the hour, resuming day after day for months . . . this they had never realized till it happened! The paradisal promise: Thou shalt have men to talk to! — had never been uttered. It was fulfilled before they knew what a promise it was.

And if after the roused intimacy of these vivid and soul-enlightened discussions the sex thing became more or less inevitable, then let it. It marked the end of a chapter. It had a thrill of its own too: a queer vibrating thrill inside the body, a final spasm of self-assertion, like the last word, exciting, and very like the row of asterisks that can be put to show the end of a paragraph, and a break in the theme.

When the girls came home for the summer holidays of 1913, when Hilda was twenty and Connie eighteen, their father could see plainly that they had had the love experience.

*L'amour avait passé par là*, as somebody puts it. But he was a man of experience himself, and let life take its course. As for the mot a nervous invalid in the last few months of her life, she wanted her girls to be 'free', and to 'fulfil themselves'. She herself had never been able to be altogether herself: it had been denied her. Heaven knows why, for she was a woman who had her own income and her own way. She blamed her husband. But as a matter of fact, it was some old impression of authority on her own mind or soul that she could not get rid of. It had nothing to do with Sir Malcolm, who left his nervously hostile, high-spirited wife to rule her own roost, while he went his own way.

So the girls were 'free', and went back to Dresden, and their music, and the university and the young men. They loved their respective young men, and their respective young men loved them with all the passion of mental attraction. All the wonderful things the young men thought and expressed and wrote, they

thought and expressed and wrote for the young women. Connie's young man was musical, Hilda's was technical. But they simply lived for their young women. In their minds and their mental excitements, that is. Somewhere else they were a little rebuffed, though they did not know it.

It was obvious in them too that love had gone through them: that is, the physical experience. It is curious what a subtle but unmistakable transmutation it makes, both in the body of men and women: the woman more blooming, more subtly rounded, her young angularities softened, and her expression either anxious or triumphant: the man much quieter, more inward, the very shapes of his shoulders and his buttocks less assertive, more hesitant.

In the actual sex-thrill within the body, the sisters nearly succumbed to the strange male power. But quickly they recovered themselves, took the sex-thrill as a sensation, and remained free. Whereas the men, in gratitude to the woman for the sex experience, let their souls go out to her. And afterwards looked rather as if they had lost a shilling and found sixpence. Connie's man could be a bit sulky, and Hilda's a bit jeering. But that is how men are! Ungrateful and never satisfied. When you don't have them they hate you because you won't; and when you do have them they hate you again, for some other reason. Or for no reason at all, except that they are discontented children, and can't be satisfied whatever they get, let a woman do what she may.

However, came the war, Hilda and Connie were rushed home again after having been home already in May, to their mother's funeral. Before Christmas of 1914 both their German young men were dead: whereupon the sisters wept, and loved the young men passionately, but underneath forgot them. They didn't exist any more.

Both sisters lived in their father's, really their mother's, Kensington house, mixed with the young Cambridge group, the group that stood for 'freedom' and flannel trousers, and flannel shirts open at the neck, and a well-bred sort of emotional anarchy, and a whispering, murmuring sort of voice, and an ultra-sensitive sort of manner. Hilda, however, suddenly married a man ten years older than herself, an elder member of the same Cambridge group, a man with a fair amount of money, and a comfortable family job in the government: he also wrote philosophical essays. She lived with him in a smallish house in

Westminster, and moved in that good sort of society of people in the government who are not tip-toppers, but who are, or would be, the real intelligent power in the nation: people who know what they're talking about, or talk as if they did.

Connie did a mild form of war-work, and consorted with the flannel-trousers Cambridge intransigents, who gently mocked at everything, so far. Her 'friend' was a Clifford Chatterley, a young man of twenty-two, who had hurried home from Bonn, where he was studying the technicalities of coal-mining. He had previously spent two years at Cambridge. Now he had become a first lieutenant in a smart regiment, so he could mock at everything more becomingly in uniform.

Clifford Chatterley was more upper-class than Connie. Connie was well-to-do intelligentsia, but he was aristocracy. Not the big sort, but still it. His father was a baronet, and his mother had been a viscount's daughter.

But Clifford, while he was better bred than Connie, and more 'society', was in his own way more provincial and more timid. He was at his ease in the narrow 'great world', that is, landed aristocracy society, but he was shy and nervous of all that other big world which consists of the vast hordes of the middle and lower classes, and foreigners. If the truth must be told, he was just a little bit frightened of middle-and lower-class humanity, and of foreigners not of his own class. He was, in some paralysing way, conscious of his own defencelessness, though he had all the defence of privilege. Which is curious, but a phenomenon of our day.

Therefore the peculiar soft assurance of a girl like Constance Reid fascinated him. She was so much more mistress of herself in that outer world of chaos than he was master of himself.

Nevertheless he too was a rebel: rebelling even against his class. Or perhaps rebel is too strong a word; far too strong. He was only caught in the general, popular recoil of the young against convention and against any sort of real authority. Fathers were ridiculous: his own obstinate one supremely so. And governments were ridiculous: our own wait-and-see sort especially so. And armies were ridiculous, and old buffers of generals altogether, the red-faced Kitchener supremely. Even the war was ridiculous, though it did kill

rather a lot of people.

In fact everything was a little ridiculous, or very ridiculous: certainly everything connected with authority, whether it were in the army or the government or the universities, was ridiculous to a degree. And as far as the governing class made any pretensions to govern, they were ridiculous too. Sir Geoffrey, Clifford's father, was intensely ridiculous, chopping down his trees, and weeding men out of his colliery to shove them into the war; and himself being so safe and patriotic; but, also, spending more money on his country than he'd got.

When Miss Chatterley — Emma — came down to London from the Midlands to do some nursing work, she was very witty in a quiet way about Sir Geoffrey and his determined patriotism. Herbert, the elder brother and heir, laughed outright, though it was his trees that were falling for trench props. But Clifford only smiled a little uneasily. Everything was ridiculous, quite true. But when it came too close and oneself became ridiculous too . . . ? At least people of a different class, like Connie, were earnest about something. They believed in something.

They were rather earnest about the Tommies, and the threat of conscription, and the shortage of sugar and toffee for the children. In all these things, of course, the authorities were ridiculously at fault. But Clifford could not take it to heart. To him the authorities were ridiculous *ab ovo*, not because of toffee or Tommies.

And the authorities felt ridiculous, and behaved in a rather ridiculous fashion, and it was all a mad hatter's tea-party for a while. Till things developed over there, and Lloyd George came to save the situation over here. And this surpassed even ridicule, the flippant young laughed no more.

In 1916 Herbert Chatterley was killed, so Clifford became heir. He was terrified even of this. His importance as son of Sir Geoffrey, and child of Wragby, was so ingrained in him, he could never escape it. And yet he knew that this too, in the eyes of the vast seething world, was ridiculous. Now he was heir and responsible for Wragby. Was that not terrible? and also splendid and at the same time, perhaps, purely absurd?

Sir Geoffrey would have none of the absurdity. He was pale and tense,



withdrawn into himself, and obstinately determined to save his country and his own position, let it be Lloyd George or who it might. So cut off he was, so divorced from the England that was really England, so utterly incapable, that he even thought well of Horatio Bottomley. Sir Geoffrey stood for England and Lloyd George as his forebears had stood for England and St George: and he never knew there was a difference. So Sir Geoffrey felled timber and stood for Lloyd George and England, England and Lloyd George.

And he wanted Clifford to marry and produce an heir. Clifford felt his father was a hopeless anachronism. But wherein was he himself any further ahead, except in a wincing sense of the ridiculousness of everything, and the paramount ridiculousness of his own position? For willy-nilly he took his baronetcy and Wragby with the last seriousness.

The gay excitement had gone out of the war . . . dead. Too much death and horror. A man needed support and comfort. A man needed to have an anchor in the safe world. A man needed a wife.

The Chatterleys, two brothers and a sister, had lived curiously isolated, shut in with one another at Wragby, in spite of all their connexions. A sense of isolation intensified the family tie, a sense of the weakness of their position, a sense of defencelessness, in spite of, or because of, the title and the land. They were cut off from those industrial Midlands in which they passed their lives. And they were cut off from their own class by the brooding, obstinate, shut-up nature of Sir Geoffrey, their father, whom they ridiculed, but whom they were so sensitive about.

The three had said they would all live together always. But now Herbert was dead, and Sir Geoffrey wanted Clifford to marry. Sir Geoffrey barely mentioned it: he spoke very little. But his silent, brooding insistence that it should be so was hard for Clifford to bear up against.

But Emma said No! She was ten years older than Clifford, and she felt his marrying would be a desertion and a betrayal of what the young ones of the family had stood for.

Clifford married Connie, nevertheless, and had his month's honeymoon with her. It was the terrible year 1917, and they were intimate as two people who stand together on a sinking ship. He had been virgin when he married: and

the sex part did not mean much to him. They were so close, he and she, apart from that. And Connie exulted a little in this intimacy which was beyond sex, and beyond a man's 'satisfaction'. Clifford anyhow was not just keen on his 'satisfaction', as so many men seemed to be. No, the intimacy was deeper, more personal than that. And sex was merely an accident, or an adjunct, one of the curious obsolete, organic processes which persisted in its own clumsiness, but was not really necessary. Though Connie did want children: if only to fortify her against her sister-in-law Emma.

But early in 1918 Clifford was shipped home smashed, and there was no child. And Sir Geoffrey died of chagrin.

## 第二章

### Chapter 2



克利福德夫妇回到了拉格比，而克利福德的姐姐爱玛则独自留在了伦敦。在拉格比的老宅并没有什么特色，周围是古老的橡树园，站在小丘上依稀可以看到四周的煤矿区。康妮起初对拉格比还有些厌恶，不过慢慢便习惯了这里的环境，倒是克利福德声称自己更喜欢拉格比。康妮十分不满周围那些无礼的矿工，他们拖沓的脚步声中似乎带着某些神秘而可怕的东西。

拉格比没有任何人对克利福德的到来表示欢迎，克利福德一家与周围的人们没有什么交往，彼此见了面也不打招呼。康妮十分不适应这种生活，她感到痛苦，渐渐地也就变得冷漠起来。她明白了并不是他们不受大家的欢迎，而是他们和周围的人们处于完全不同的两个世界。双方井水不犯河水，这之间的鸿沟不可逾越。村子里那些矿工的妻子看到康妮，用一种好奇得就像看着某种动物一样的眼神，她们并不认为自己比康妮低下。克利福德不愿意见外界的任何人，残疾的身体使他变得更加敏感和羞怯。他依然着装华贵，打着讲究的领带，与康妮之间以保持距离的方式恋爱着。在康妮看来，克利福德与外界接触太少。特别是对矿工，他更多地是把他们看成物，而非人类。完全依赖于康妮的克利福德雄心勃勃，他开始写小说，并病态地希望人人都赞赏他的作品。康妮起初还很乐意帮助他，热情地回应他。拉格比的生活井井有条地进行着，可是整个屋子却缺少生气和温情。

爱玛经常回来看望弟弟，但是永远不能宽恕弟弟对当初诺言的背叛。康妮的父亲曾经在这里逗留，他私下希望女儿不要守活寡，这样的生活让