

—◆世界经典文学名著文库◆—

# 查泰莱夫人的情人

Lady Chatterley's Lover

—◆ D.H. Lawrence ◆—



英文原版  
评注本

世界图书出版公司

—◆世界经典文学名著文库◆—

# 查泰莱夫人的情人

Lady Chatterley's Lover

—◆ D.H.Lawrence ◆—

贺广贤 注释



世界图书出版公司

西安 北京 上海 广州

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

查泰莱夫人的情人:英文/(英)劳伦斯(Lawrence, D. H.)  
著;贺广贤注释. —西安:世界图书出版西安公司, 2010. 5

(世界经典文学名著文库)

ISBN 978 - 7 - 5062 - 9052 - 4

I. 查… II. ①劳…②贺… III. ①英语—语言读物  
②长篇小说—英国—近代 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2007)第 103168 号

## 查泰莱夫人的情人

著 者 [英]戴·赫·劳伦斯

注 释 贺广贤

责任编辑 陈康宁

内文插图 尚泽阔

封面设计 飞洋设计公司

出版发行 世界图书出版西安公司

地 址 西安市北大街 85 号

邮 编 710003

电 话 029 - 87214941 87233647(市场营销部)  
029 - 87232980(总编室)

传 真 029 - 87279675

经 销 全国各地新华书店、外文书店

印 刷 陕西新世纪印刷厂

开 本 850 × 1168 1/32

印 张 10.5

字 数 300 千字

版 次 2010 年 6 月第 1 版 2010 年 6 月第 1 次印刷

书 号 ISBN 978 - 7 - 5062 - 9052 - 4

定 价 14.80 元

☆如有印装错误,请与承印厂联系更换☆



## 出版前言



学习英语的读者朋友们都知道,英语除了基础的词汇学习以外,要想提高英语水平,平时的英语阅读是非常重要的。单纯的英语学习是相当枯燥的,将其融入英文故事的欣赏,就会大大增加学习的知识性、趣味性。而在英语阅读里面,世界经典文学名著是一生都不会过时的绝佳赏析材料,是值得大家一生中去读的作品。

世界名著是世界文学名家身处他们那个时代,用他们的心灵去感知社会和人物,呕心沥血著成的精品。英文原版故事虽说讲述的是上几个世纪的故事,但很多都是原著小说家们的亲身感受或有生活中的原型,因此能使读者产生共鸣,触发同感,启迪人生。

通过对世界经典文学名著的赏析,可以使自己徜徉于其中,了解欧美社会的时代背景,深刻理解西方文化。这样既能大大提高自己的英语水平,同时可以培养和提高个人的个人修养。因此推荐给喜爱文学的读者朋友们,请您不妨一读,相信定会受益匪浅。

由世界图书出版西安公司隆重推出的**最新版“世界经典文学名著文库”系列丛书**,是世图西安公司几代编辑不断探索和总结经验、并组织完成的。其间悉心听取广大读者朋友们的评价和建议,历经数十载的改进和更新,云集国内知名的英美文学教授,遴选世界名著中精华的精华,对于各经典原著文中的难点、疑点加以精心评注。其中包含难词的解析、背景人物和事件的延伸注解,古英语表达的转换等等,可谓详尽准确。这些名著可以使读者朋友们在品读原汁原味的英文原版故事的同时,通过评注提供及时、必要的阅读参考,

助读者朋友们在学习英语之路上一臂之力。

世图西安公司经过精心的调研,本批推出的品种都是读者朋友们喜闻乐见的名著作品:包括《远大前程》、《查泰莱夫人的情人》、《名利场》、《双城记》、《小妇人》、《儿子与情人》、《红字》、《汤姆大叔的小屋》、《茶花女》、《艰难时世》、《远离尘嚣》、《雾都孤儿》、《战地钟声》和《无名的裘德》等,以后还会相继推出其他名家的名著品种。读者朋友们可以根据自己的喜好,选择适合自己的经典故事进行阅读。

本套丛书各册内容均为无删节英文原版经典故事,原汁原味,并辅以名家中文评注,既适用于英语专业学生作为课外学习和赏析,同时适用于有一定英语水平的读者大众。通过对名著的赏读,提高英语阅读、特别是对英文小说的阅读能力。

### **欧美文学鉴赏,传世佳作珍藏!**

由于编者知识和水平有限,书中难免有不足之处,欢迎学界人士和读者朋友们提出宝贵意见,以便我们在以后的名著整理工作中加以改进和提升,你们的支持是对我们编者及编辑最大的鞭策和鼓励。读者朋友们也可以登录[www.eb88k.com](http://www.eb88k.com)(世图英语学习网),了解最新出版的世图英语图书信息和网站内容。

**世界图书出版西安公司**

**2010年5月**

## 作者简介

戴·赫·劳伦斯是英国二十世纪的天才作家,1885年生于诺丁汉郡一个煤矿工人的家庭。父亲是位目不识丁的煤矿工人,母亲是位出身名门、心高气傲的小学教师。父母婚姻的不幸铸就了家庭的不和,劳伦斯等5个子女就在贫困和家庭不和中长大成人。

劳伦斯自小体弱多病,在一项奖学金的资助下在诺丁汉读完三年中学,后被迫在一家经营医疗用品的公司当职员,后又从事小学教员工作。1906年开始在诺丁汉大学学院就读,其时开始发表作品。1911年《白孔雀》问世,第二年五月《逾矩》出版,1913年《儿子与情人》杀青,这是一部自传性的伟大作品,一经问世就在文坛上引起了强烈反响,使他一举成名,从而奠定了他在英国文学史上的地位。

1912年劳伦斯结识了诺丁汉大学法文教授的妻子弗丽达·威克利(Frieda Weekley),其时她已是三个孩子的母亲,长劳伦斯6岁,不久他们相爱并私奔德国,从此便开始了他们漫长而颠沛流离的生活。1922年到锡兰,随后到澳大利亚,并从那里辗转到达美国 and 墨西哥。身体虚弱,经济拮据,笔耕不辍,他先后发表了《恋爱中的女人》、《羽蛇》等10部长篇小说,7部中篇小说以及许多游记、评论和大量的散文诗歌等。在肺病已相当严重时,着手写《查泰莱夫人的情人》。在朋友的协助下,这部巨著于1928年秘密全文出版,但随即遭禁。后来其健康状况日益恶化,于1930年3月2日在法国南部病逝,终年44岁。

劳伦斯是个天才的伟大作家。他热爱自然,热爱生活,热爱人类。反对现代工业文明对人类固有文明的干扰和破坏。他历尽艰辛,不畏艰险,不屈不挠,探索寻觅他所理想的社会生活环境。他甚至试图建立自己理想的庄园,虽然失败但他的卓绝努力令人钦佩。

他恣意放肆,桀骜不驯,文笔飞扬,入木三分的风格展示了他高傲非凡的人格风范。他对社会问题和艺术问题等许多方面的思考也有超人的独到之处。

劳伦斯对性问题的认识超前绝后。他的书《虹》1915年9月出版,10月即遭查禁;《恋爱中的女人》也遭数家出版社拒绝;而文坛奇葩《查泰莱夫人的情人》在美国和英国遭禁长达30年之久。其原因就是因为他对性的前瞻认识和直白描写。性究竟是什么?这是个历久弥新,令无数人不敢涉足的问题。而在他看来,性是宇宙中阴阳两性间的平衡物:吸引、排斥、中和、新的吸引、新的排斥、永不相同,总有新意。性行为是神圣的,是伟大的创造过程。男女间的交流,“就像幼发拉底河和底格里斯河环绕着美索不达米亚平原那样,天堂或者说伊甸园就在这交流中,人在此获得了自己的起始。”他甚至大声疾呼,没有性的英格兰是没有希望的。他的这些观点无疑与传统文化格格不入。因此,被冠以“不洁”“黄色”“淫秽”等罪名。现在他那些被查禁的书籍早已被解禁,在世界广为传阅。对此我们是否可以说,这是人类经过漫长、深刻的思考后,对他的观点的认同或肯定,不妨说这也是人类自身认识的提高和社会的进步。

另外,劳伦斯对艺术的评判也有自己的看法。《儿子与情人》出版之时,弗洛伊德的“精神分析说”在英美的知识界已广为传播,人们普遍认为劳伦斯的这部新作是为弗洛伊德的“恋母情结”提供了有力的佐证,然而这种论点一经提出就遭到了劳伦斯本人的断然否认,在他看来,艺术就是艺术,对艺术的评价不能太理性化。他反对用科学来评价艺术,科学和艺术不可同日而语。“当凡·高绘向日葵时,他揭示的或获得的是一瞬间作为一个人的他与作为向日葵的向日葵之间的活的关系。他的绘画压根儿不是再现向日葵本身。”如果有人执意以真实与否来衡量这幅画,那照相机拍出的照片会更高一筹,但那是何等的离谱就不言而喻了。同样,评价劳伦斯及其作品也是个见仁见智的问题,社会问题之复杂仅用一些科学知识来衡量恐怕是难以奏效的。不过有一点可以肯定,迄今劳伦斯已对世界文坛有了地震般的影响,随着时间的推移,他对世界文坛的影响将会更大。希望劳伦斯在中国有更多的知音。



## 导 读



这个故事发生在英国中部 Terershall 矿区,女主人公查泰莱夫人(Lady Chatterley)名叫康妮。1917年,22岁的康妮与查泰莱男爵家的次子克利福德(Clifford)结婚。婚后一个月,克利福德上了前线;半年后,受重伤的克利福德返回祖国,虽然幸免一死,但从此下身瘫痪,丧失了性功能。1920年,克利福德的父亲去世了,他继承了爵位,成了克利福德男爵,而康妮也成了查泰莱男爵夫人。他们回到了查泰莱家族世代居住的庄园(Wragby),开始了死气沉沉的传统的贵族生活。

康妮的父亲是有名的皇家艺术学会会员,母亲是费边社成员,开放自由的家庭气氛使康妮和她的姐姐从小就受到了不拘泥传统的教育和艺术的熏陶。拥有健康的肉体 and 野性的生命力的康妮,终日照料着残废、自私、守旧的男爵丈夫,枯燥空虚的生活对她来说无异于守活寡。在此期间,一位失意的爱尔兰青年作家密克里斯经常到克利福德家里做客,康妮和他发生了性关系,并从他的身上得到了暂时的性满足,但很快,两人的关系淡了下来。

日见憔悴的康妮开始独自去树林中散步,以寻求大自然的抚慰。一次,她无意中窥到了看林人,梅勒士(Mellors),在院子里冲澡的情景,看到了梅勒士赤裸的、如大自然般富于生机的身体。这次偶然的偷窥激活了康妮体内被压抑的性渴望,于是她有意与梅勒士接触。她发现这个看林人虽出身卑微,但却具有刚直的个性,他聪明豁达且善解人意。康妮从他强健而又男性十足的身体上体味到了真正的男性的爱。



不久,康妮发现自己怀孕了。尽管克利福德从延续家族烟火的角度考虑同意妻子从别人那里“借种”,但此时的康妮已无法忍受那令人窒息的贵族生活,于是她决定与克利福德离婚。于是她远走意大利,梅勒士也被迫离开了林场。尽管此中经历了许多波折,康妮和梅勒士相会之后终于决定摆脱一切羁绊,到乡间买一个农场,开始新的生活。

《查泰莱夫人的情人》是劳伦斯最后的也是最具争议的一部长篇小说。1928年7月在佛罗伦萨出版,由于这部小说有较多的性描写而受到英国文学界的攻击,英国当局以“有伤风化”的罪名予以查封,直到1960年经法庭裁判后才获准正式出版。尽管这部小说因其中的性描写而被查禁达30年之久,但劳伦斯在小说中采用了自然主义和象征主义相结合的手法,对性爱的描写毫无猥亵之感,反而颇具优美的抒情意味。他描写的是一种真正的两情相悦的男女之爱,自然、健康而美好,与动物的性交是完全不同的,因而作者用自然而磊落的语言把它们表达了出来。

我们应当注意的是,劳伦斯并不是为了哗众取宠才在书中进行了十几处的性爱描写,他真正的意图是旨在通过对男人与女人之间的性爱关系的描写,反映人与自然和人与人之间的关系,确切来说,就是表明一种以自然完美的两性关系来摆脱现代机械文明对人性的压抑主张。这部小说是以二十世纪初的工业化和机械文明为主要社会背景的,在劳伦斯的眼中,工业革命压抑和摧残了人的自然本性。小说中对新矿区是这样描写的:“……在恶魔般的隆隆机器声中。在那里,在充满着机械的贪婪、贪婪的机械和机械化了的贪婪世界里,闪烁着火焰,奔流着火热的金属……一切生命都必将灭亡。”作者认为,工业化社会给人们勾勒出了一个虚幻的理想,把人的精神和生命诱导到对物质的崇拜上,它不仅破坏了自然环境,而且扭曲了人的自然本性。小说中终日坐在电动轮椅中的克利福德男爵就象征性地体现了现代工业对人性的剥夺。他自私、冷

漠、虚伪,就像一个半人半机械的怪物。书中描写他是“现代工业和金融世界中一只令人惊异的螃蟹或大螯虾……”,像他这样的资本家疯狂地竞争、对工人进行残酷的盘剥,加速了工业化机械的疯狂运转。不但使自然生机遭到破坏,也使人与人之间的关系堕落成了一种冷冰冰的机械关系。从这层意义上来看,克利福德生育能力的丧失,就象征着他所代表的阶级已经丧失了生命力,而康妮对他的背叛便获得了一个新的道德背景。

## CHAPTER 1

Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically. The **cataclysm**<sup>①</sup> 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**<sup>②</sup>. 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**<sup>③</sup>. Constance, his wife, was then twenty-three years old, and he was twenty-nine.

**His hold on life**<sup>④</sup> was marvellous. 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, paralysed for ever.

This was in 1920. They returned, Clifford and Constance, to his home, Wragby Hall, **the family 'seat'**<sup>⑤</sup>. 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**<sup>⑥</sup> with a small motor attachment,

.....>

①指第一次世界大战。②战争已使头上的屋顶毁于一旦。③伤痕累累。④生命力之顽强持久。

⑤家族的根基所在。⑥巴恩椅车(美国巴恩温泉用的一种有蓬轮椅),供残疾者用。

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**<sup>①</sup>.

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.**<sup>②</sup>, old Sir Malcolm Reid. Her mother had been one of the cultivated **Fabians**<sup>③</sup> in the palmy, rather **pre-Raphaelite**<sup>④</sup> 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**<sup>⑤</sup>.

①残疾人若有所思的茫然。②英国皇家艺术学会会员,即Royal Academician的缩写。③费边社成员,费边社(Fabian Society)资产阶级的改良主义组织,成立于1884年。④拉斐尔兹派社成员。拉斐尔兹派社(Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood)成立于1848年,由美术家和文人组成。⑤她们既是世界性的,又是乡土化的,艺术的世界性乡土主义与纯正的社会主义理想并行不悖,相得益彰。

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

①叮叮咚咚的吉他声。②流浪之歌，该词由wander一词杜撰而来。③把自己当作礼物给对方。④做爱和爱不过是一种原始的本能，多少有点大煞风景。⑤摆脱古老而污秽的两性关系和主权关系。

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** ①: 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 paradisaical promise: **Thou shalt have men to talk to** ②! — 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** ③, 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.

←.....

①达到高潮。②将有人与之交谈。③一种身体之内的奇妙战栗，一种不由自主的最后痉挛。

**L'amour avait possé par là** ①, as somebody puts it. But he was a man of experience himself, and let life take its course. As for the not 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** ②, 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** ③, 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

①情爱已在此留下痕迹。②自行其是,当家做主。③留下了微小但却确凿无误的变化。

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**<sup>①</sup>, 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**<sup>②</sup>, 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

<-----

①威斯敏斯特,伦敦西部的贵族居住区。 ②波恩,德国工业城市。



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<sup>①</sup>.**

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<sup>②</sup>** 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

①与他这个能够自控的男人相比，她是位更善于驾驭纷攘的外部世界的女人。②基钦纳(1850—1916)，美国陆军元帅，第一次世界大战时任美陆军大臣。