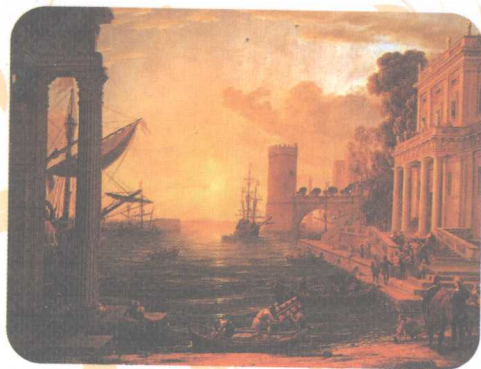


插图·中文导读英文版



Love Among the Haystacks
干草垛里的爱情

[英] 劳伦斯 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

本书精选了英国著名作家劳伦斯的6篇中短篇小说,《干草垛里的爱情》、《春天的阴影》、《鹅市》、《公主》、《如坐针毡》和《英格兰,我的英格兰》都是世界中短篇小说文学宝库中的经典名篇。这些小说被翻译成世界上各种文字,影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者,并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧和卡通等。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为文学读本,这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者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,在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时,为了让读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量插图。

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

干草垛里的爱情=Love Among the Haystacks: 插图·中文导读英文版/(英)劳伦斯(Lawrence, D.H.)著;王勋等编译. —北京:清华大学出版社,2012.10
ISBN 978-7-302-29836-6

I. ①干… II. ①劳… ②王… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②中篇小说—小说集—英国—现代③短篇小说—小说集—英国—现代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2012)第197266号

责任编辑:柴文强 李 晔

封面设计:傅瑞学

责任校对:徐俊伟

责任印制:李红英

出版发行:清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦A座 邮 编: 100084

社总机: 010-62770175

邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质 量 反 馈: 010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 装 者: 清华大学印刷厂

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 148mm×210mm 印 张: 9.125 字 数: 220千字

版 次: 2012年10月第1版

印 次: 2012年10月第1次印刷

印 数: 1~5000

定 价: 19.50元

产品编号: 048285-01



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; 母亲却古板拘谨, 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。劳伦斯自小身体孱弱、敏感, 他是在母爱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的自传体小说。在1912年专门从事文学创作之前, 劳伦斯当过会计、工人、雇员和小学教师等。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》, 由于毫不隐晦、直白的性爱描写, 曾被斥为淫秽作品, 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)、《袋鼠》(1923)等其他题材的小说;出版的诗集有《爱诗及其他》(1913)、《爱神》(1916)、《如意花》(1929)等。劳伦斯长期旅居国外,到过德国、法国、意大利等欧洲国家以及澳洲和美洲。1930年3月2日,劳伦斯病逝于法国的旺斯。

在近二十年的创作生涯中,这位不朽的文学大师共创作了十多部小说,三本游记,三本短篇小说集,多部诗歌、散文集、书信集和评论等。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,这些小说被译成世界上几十种文字,并多次被搬上银幕,在世界上广为流传。

除长篇小说之外,劳伦斯的中短篇小说在世界上也有重要影响,他是20世纪最重要的中短篇小说作家之一。他的中短篇小说比长篇小说更为明快简洁、生动细腻、自然真切,充满诗歌般的语言、贴切入微的心理描写和震撼心旌的激情,充分表现了他高超的写作技巧和风格。本书选编了他的6篇中短篇代表作,从各个不同的角度展现了他在中短篇小说领域的成就。本书采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中,我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓,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。同时,为了让读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量插图。我们相信,该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人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理

及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。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。



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干草垛里的爱情

Love Among the Haystacks



I

绿油油的田野上生机盎然，半山腰堆着一个巨大的干草垛。天气炎热，一对兄弟坐在草垛边歇凉，等待着马车从山下运干草上来，他们负责将那些干草码成垛。

弟弟莫里斯二十一岁，相貌英俊，生性活泼，有点儿大大咧咧，此时正调侃着哥哥。哥哥杰弗里大他一岁，有点敏感，一边招架着弟弟的讥讽，一边毫不示弱地反唇相讥。

哥俩儿似乎在讨论着他们共同看上的一位姑娘，那是一位波兰姑娘，名叫波拉·雅布罗诺斯基，是附近牧师家的家庭教师。本来是哥哥杰弗里先认识那姑娘的，但弟弟却后来居上，原因就是在一天晚上，杰弗里只留下了弟弟在干草垛守夜，自己离开了，但这恰好给了弟弟一个机会结识波拉。现在波拉爱恋着莫里斯。看着弟弟与心爱的姑娘卿卿我我，杰弗里心中不免懊悔和嫉妒。他嘴上虽还在逞强，但目光却不免朝牧师家望去。姑娘此刻正站在那儿。这时，弟弟也看到了姑娘，便朝她挥手；姑娘为了不被挡住视线，迅速爬上树也向着莫里斯挥手。杰弗里看不惯，讥讽了弟弟一句，莫里斯



波拉安抚着情郎

又要顾着姑娘，又要和哥哥拌嘴，一个没站稳跌了个趔趄。此时，他们的父亲赶车运干草上来了，看到哥俩儿这般模样，不禁笑了笑。

父子三人开始干活。父亲卸货，杰弗里搬运，莫里斯码草垛。但是父亲和杰弗里搬得太快，莫里斯又要码又要接，有点儿忙不过来了，便向哥哥抱怨，叫他不要乱扔。杰弗里看到弟弟这狼狈样，心中颇有些痛快，更加快了搬草速度。

终于卸完了，杰弗里看着草垛的一个角，说那里码得松了，便使劲推了推。这一下把还在草垛上面站着的莫里斯弄得直晃悠。莫里斯生气了，二人在草垛上扭打起来，莫里斯一不留神被推下了草垛。

杰弗里着了慌，看见下面没有动静，便大喊父亲。站在远处树上的波拉看见了这一幕，担心地哭喊起来。父亲和大哥亨利闻讯赶来，在一个角落里发现了刚缓过神的莫里斯，把他扶了起来。这时，许多人赶了过来，牧师、雇工，还有抽抽搭搭的波拉姑娘。大家七手八脚地围着莫里斯忙碌着。此时，杰弗里恨不得找个地缝钻进去。而波拉还唯恐天下不乱，口口声声说亲眼看见是哥哥把弟弟推下去的，这一下更让杰弗里觉得自己像个罪犯。

但是苏醒过来的莫里斯否认了这回事，说波拉看错了，父亲和众人才长舒了一口气。活泼热情的波拉倒是无所谓，只要心上人安全无恙就好；但她家主人却早就看不惯这个感情奔放的女孩子了，于是对莫里斯的父亲说，他们打算再过三星期合约期满就辞退她。波拉浑然不觉，依然安抚着情郎。莫里斯躺在她的臂弯里，十分受用。

I

The two large fields lay on a hillside facing south. Being newly cleared of hay, they were golden green, and they shone

almost blindingly in the sunlight. Across the hill, half-way up, ran a high hedge, that flung its black shadow finely across the molten glow of the sward. The stack was being built just above the hedge. It was of great size, massive, but so silvery and delicately bright in tone that it seemed not to have weight. It rose dishevelled and radiant among the steady, golden-green glare of the field. A little farther back was another, finished stack.

The empty wagon was just passing through the gap in the hedge. From the far-off corner of the bottom field, where the sward was still striped grey with windrows, the loaded wagon launched forward, to climb the hill to the stack. The white dots of the hay-makers showed distinctly among the hay.

The two brothers were having a moment's rest, waiting for the load to come up. They stood wiping their brows with their arms, sighing from the heat and the labour of placing the last load. The stack they rode was high, lifting them up above the hedge-tops, and very broad, a great slightly-hollowed vessel into which the sunlight poured, in which the hot, sweet scent of hay was suffocating. Small and inefficacious the brothers looked, half-submerged in the loose, great trough, lifted high up as if on an altar reared to the sun.

Maurice, the younger brother, was a handsome young fellow of twenty-one, careless and debonair, and full of vigour. His grey eyes, as he taunted his brother, were bright and baffled with a strong emotion. His swarthy face had the same peculiar smile, expectant

and glad and nervous, of a young man roused for the first time in passion.

“Tha sees,” he said, as he leaned on the pommel of his fork, “tha thowt as tha’d done me one, didna ter?” He smiled as he spoke, then fell again into his pleasant torment of musing.

“I thought nowt—tha knows so much,” retorted Geoffrey, with the touch of a sneer. His brother had the better of him. Geoffrey was a very heavy, hulking fellow, a year older than Maurice. His blue eyes were unsteady, they glanced away quickly; his mouth was morbidly sensitive. One felt him wince away, through the whole of his great body. His inflamed self-consciousness was a disease in him.

“Ah but though, I know tha did,” mocked Maurice. “Tha went slinkin’ off”—Geoffrey winced convulsively—“thinking as that wor the last night as any of us’ud ha’e ter stop here, an’ so tha’d leave me to sleep out, though it wor thy turn—”

He smiled to himself, thinking of the result of Geoffrey’s ruse.

“I didna go slinkin’ off neither,” retorted Geoffrey, in his heavy, clumsy manner, wincing at the phrase. “Didna my feyther send me to fetch some coal—”

“Oh yes, oh yes—we know all about it. But tha sees what tha missed, my lad.”

Maurice, chuckling, threw himself on his back in the bed of hay. There was absolutely nothing in his world, then, except the

shallow ramparts of the stack, and the blazing sky. He clenched his fists tight, threw his arms across his face, and braced his muscles again. He was evidently very much moved, so acutely that it was hardly pleasant, though he still smiled. Geoffrey, standing behind him, could just see his red mouth, with the young moustache like black fur, curling back and showing the teeth in a smile. The elder brother leaned his chin on the pommel of his fork, looking out across the country.

Far away was the faint blue heap of Nottingham. Between, the country lay under a haze of heat, with here and there a flag of colliery smoke waving. But near at hand, at the foot of the hill, across the deep-hedged high road, was only the silence of the old church and the castle farm, among their trees. The large view only made Geoffrey more sick. He looked away, to the wagons crossing the field below him, the empty cart like a big insect moving down hill, the load coming up, rocking like a ship, the brown head of the horse ducking, the brown knees lifted and planted strenuously. Geoffrey wished it would be quick.

“Tha didna think—”

Geoffrey started, coiled within himself, and looked down at the handsome lips moving in speech below the brown arms of his brother.

“Tha didna think ‘er’d be thur wi’ me—or tha wouldna ha’ left me to it,” Maurice said, ending with a little laugh of excited

memory. Geoffrey flushed with hate, and had an impulse to set his foot on that moving, taunting mouth, which was there below him. There was silence for a time, then, in a peculiar tone of delight, Maurice's voice came again, spelling out the words, as it were:

“Ich bin klein, mein Herz ist rein, Ist niemand d'rin als Christ allein.”

Maurice chuckled, then, convulsed at a twinge of recollection, keen as pain, he twisted over, pressed himself into the hay.

“Can thee say thy prayers in German?” came his muffled voice.

“I non want,” growled Geoffrey.

Maurice chuckled. His face was quite hidden, and in the dark he was going over again his last night's experiences.

“What about kissing ‘er under th’ ear, Sonny,” he said, in a curious, uneasy tone. He writhed, still startled and inflamed by his first contact with love.

Geoffrey's heart swelled within him, and things went dark. He could not see the landscape.

“An’ there's just a nice two-handful of her bosom,” came the low, provocative tones of Maurice, who seemed to be talking to himself.

The two brothers were both fiercely shy of women, and until this hay harvest, the whole feminine sex had been represented by their mother and in presence of any other women they were dumb louts. Moreover, brought up by a proud mother, a stranger in the

country, they held the common girls as beneath them, because beneath their mother, who spoke pure English, and was very quiet. Loud-mouthed and broad-tongued the common girls were. So these two young men had grown up virgin but tormented.

Now again Maurice had the start of Geoffrey, and the elder brother was deeply mortified. There was a danger of his sinking into a morbid state, from sheer lack of living, lack of interest. The foreign governess at the Vicarage, whose garden lay beside the top field, had talked to the lads through the hedge, and had fascinated them. There was a great elder bush, with its broad creamy flowers crumbling on to the garden path, and into the field. Geoffrey never smelled elder-flower without starting and wincing, thinking of the strange foreign voice that had so startled him as he mowed out with the scythe in the hedge bottom. A baby had run through the gap, and the Fräulein, calling in German, had come brushing down the flowers in pursuit. She had started so on seeing a man standing there in the shade, that for a moment she could not move: and then she had blundered into the rake which was lying by his side. Geoffrey, forgetting she was a woman when he saw her pitch forward, had picked her up carefully, asking: "Have you hurt you?"

Then she had broken into a laugh, and answered in German, showing him her arms, and knitting her brows. She was nettled rather badly.

"You want a dock leaf," he said. She frowned in a puzzled

fashion.

“A dock leaf?” she repeated. He had rubbed her arms with the green leaf.

And now, she had taken to Maurice. She had seemed to prefer himself at first. Now she had sat with Maurice in the moonlight, and had let him kiss her. Geoffrey sullenly suffered, making no fight.

Unconsciously, he was looking at the Vicarage garden. There she was, in a golden-brown dress. He took off his hat, and held up his right hand in greeting to her. She, a small, golden figure, waved her hand negligently from among the potato rows. He remained, arrested, in the same posture, his hat in his left hand, his right arm upraised, thinking. He could tell by the negligence of her greeting that she was waiting for Maurice. What did she think of himself? Why wouldn't she have him?

Hearing the voice of the wagoner leading the load, Maurice rose. Geoffrey still stood in the same way, but his face was sullen, and his upraised hand was slack with brooding. Maurice faced up-hill. His eyes lit up and he laughed. Geoffrey dropped his own arm, watching.

“Lad!” chuckled Maurice. “I non knowed ‘er wor there.” He waved his hand clumsily. In these matters Geoffrey did better. The elder brother watched the girl. She ran to the end of the path, behind the bushes, so that she was screened from the house. Then she waved her handkerchief wildly. Maurice did not notice the

manoeuvre. There was the cry of a child. The girl's figure vanished, reappeared holding up a white childish bundle, and came down the path. There she put down her charge, sped up-hill to a great ash-tree, climbed quickly to a large horizontal bar that formed the fence there, and, standing poised, blew kisses with both her hands, in a foreign fashion that excited the brothers. Maurice laughed aloud, as he waved his red handkerchief.

"Well, what's the danger?" shouted a mocking voice from below. Maurice collapsed, blushing furiously.

"Nowt!" he called.

There was a hearty laugh from below.

The load rode up, sheered with a hiss against the stack, then sank back again upon the scotches. The brothers ploughed across the mass of hay, taking the forks. Presently a big, burly man, red and glistening, climbed to the top of the load. Then he turned round, scrutinized the hillside from under his shaggy brows. He caught sight of the girl under the ash-tree.

"Oh, that's who it is," he laughed. "I thought it was some such bird, but I couldn't see her."

The father laughed in a hearty, chaffing way, then began to teem the load. Geoffrey, on the stack above, received his great forkfuls, and swung them over to Maurice, who took them, placed them, building the stack. In the intense sunlight, the three worked in silence, knit together in a brief passion of work. The father stirred