

# 儿子与情人

(英) 戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯  
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## 内容简介

戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯 (David Herbert Lawrence), 生于 1885 年, 卒于 1930 年, 是英国当代小说家。他出生在诺丁汉郡的一个煤乡, 父亲是煤矿工人, 母亲当过小学教师。他受母亲的影响很大, 这在其作品中隐约可见。

《儿子与情人》是劳伦斯的自传体长篇小说。作品通过现实主义和心理分析的写作方法描写了十九世纪末英国工业社会中下层人民的生活和特定环境下母子间和两性间的复杂感情。书中的两个主题基本上是交织在一起的; 母亲对保罗的影响和保罗对两个女性的爱情态度。保罗不愿像父亲那样卑微地生活, 但无法摆脱母爱的羁绊, 直到母亲病故后, 他才摆脱了心灵的束缚, 离别故土和情人, 奔向城市, 开始了新的生活。



## Part One

## Chapter 1

THE EARLY MARRIED LIFE  
OF THE MORELS

To accommodate <sup>①</sup> the regiments of miners, Carston, Waite and Co. built the Squares, great quadrangles of dwellings on the hillside of Bestwood, and then, in the brook valley, on the site of Hell Row, they erected the Bottoms.

...

Mrs. Morel was not anxious to move into the Bottoms, which was already twelve years old and on the downward path, when she descended to it from Bestwood. But it was the best she could do. Moreover, she had an end house in one of the top blocks, and thus had only one neighbour; on the other side an extra strip of garden. And, having an end house, she enjoyed a kind of aristocracy among the other women of the "between" houses, because her rent was five shillings and six pence instead of five shillings a week. But this superiority in station was not much consolation to Mrs. Morel.

She was thirty-one years old, and had been married eight



第一部

第一章

莫雷尔夫妇  
的早期婚姻生活

为安置大批矿工，卡逊魏特公司建起了几个居民区，这些居民区在贝思吾德山脚下形成了一个四方院，后来又在弯弯河谷的地狱街上建立起洼地区。

.....

莫瑞尔夫人并不急于迁到该地区，当她最终从贝思吾德搬下来时，洼地房子已经盖了十二年了，显得大大不如从前。然而这却是她最好的选择。再说，她住在上面一排的顶端，只有一家邻居，另一边则是一块特有的花园。因此，居住于此，与住在中间房子里的女人相比，她便得意于一种贵族式的优越感，因为她的租金是五先令六便士一星期，不像其他人的五先令一星期。但这种优越感并未给莫雷尔太太带来太大安慰。

① accommodate  
[ə'kɒmədeɪt] 供  
给……住处



years. A rather small woman, of delicate mould but resolute bearing, she shrank a little from the first contact with the Bottoms women. She came down in the July, and in the September expected her third baby.

Her husband was a miner. They had only been in their new home three weeks when the wakes, or fair, began. Morel, she knew, was sure to make a holiday of it. He went off early on the Monday morning, the day of the fair. The two children were highly excited. William, a boy of seven, fled off immediately after breakfast, to prowling round the wakes ground, leaving Annie, who was only five, to whine all morning to go also. Mrs. Morel did her work. She scarcely knew her neighbours yet, and knew no one with whom to trust the little girl. So she promised to take her to the wake safter dinner.

...

Mrs. Morel came of a good old burgher family, famous independents who had fought with Colonel Hutchinson, and who remained stout Congregationalists <sup>①</sup>. Her grandfather had gone bankrupt in the lace-market at a time when so many lace-manufacturers were ruined in Nottingham. Her father, George Coppard, was an engineer – a large, handsome, haughty man, proud of his fair skin and blue eyes, but more proud still of his integrity. Gertrude resembled her mother in her smallbuild. But her temper, proud and unyielding,



质柔弱，但举止果决。当她和该地女人初次接触时有点放不开。七月份搬下来，九月份就要生她第三个孩子了。

她丈夫是个矿工。在搬进新居刚刚三个星期的时候，大集就到了。她知道莫雷尔自然不会错过这度假良机。果然在星期一开集那天，他起了个大早，溜之大吉。两个孩子也兴奋不已，七岁的威廉吃过早饭立刻没影了，在集市上东游西逛，撇下五岁的安妮一早上哭哭啼啼，莫雷尔太太仍然干自己的活，因为熟人少，她不知把安妮托付于谁，所以也只好答应吃完午饭也带她去赶集。

.....

莫雷尔太太出身于古老的市民家庭，其祖先是著名的独立派，曾经跟从哈钦森上校上过战场，一直都是坚定的公理会信徒。她的祖父做花边生意，在诺丁汉大批花边工厂老板纷纷破产的时候也未能幸免。她的父亲乔治·科珀德是个工程师，身材高大、魁梧，相貌堂堂，带有傲慢神色，骄傲于自己天生的白皮肤蓝眼睛，不过令他真正引以为荣的是其刚正不阿的性格。格特鲁德跟母亲一样小巧，真正嫡传于

① congregationalist

[ˌkɒŋɡrɪˈɡeɪʃnəlɪst]

公理会教友



she had from the Coppards.

George Coppard was bitterly galled by his own poverty. He became foreman of the engineers in the dockyard <sup>①</sup> at Sheerness. Mrs. Morel – Gertrude – was the second daughter. She favoured her mother, loved her mother best of all; but she had the Coppards' clear, defiant blue eyes and their broad brow. She remembered to have hated her father's overbearing manner towards her gentle, humorous, kindly-souled mother. She remembered running over the break-water at Sheerness and finding the boat. She remembered to have been petted and flattered by all the men when she had gone to the dockyard, for she was a delicate, rather proud child. She remembered the funny old mistress, whose assistant she had become, whom she had loved to help in the private school. And she still had the Bible that John Field had given her. She used to walk home from chapel with John Field when she was nineteen. He was the son of a well-to-do tradesman, had been to college in London, and was to devote himself to business.

She could always recall in detail a September Sunday afternoon, when they had sat under the vine at the back of her father's house. The sun came through the chinks of the vine-leaves and made beautiful patterns, like a lace scarf, falling on her and on him. Some of the leaves were clean yellow, like yellow flat flowers.





科珀德家族的是高傲、顽强的性格。

乔瑞·科珀德生活贫困，苦恼不已，最后在希尔纳斯修船厂工程师的手下当上了工头。莫雷尔太太——格特鲁德——是他的第二个女儿。她像母亲，也爱母亲，却继承了科珀德家遗传的宽阔前额和清澈、明亮又带点火辣的蓝眼睛。她记得那时父亲对温柔善良、天性幽默的母亲爱摆出盛气凌人的态度，为此她总是恨恨不已。她记得自己找遍了希尔纳斯的防波堤去找船。她记得当到了造船厂的时候男人们是如何对她百般呵护，刻意奉承，作为一个娇弱却又高傲的孩子，她还记得那个有趣的老女教师，她经常去私立学校帮她做事，成为她的助手。约翰·费尔特赠她的那本《圣经》依然保存如初，在十九岁的时候，两人经常一块从礼拜堂回家。他是个富商的儿子，在伦敦读过大学，即将致力于商业。

① dockyard

[ˈdɒkjɑːd] 船  
船修造厂

对于那年九月的一个下午她是能清楚地回忆起来，她和他坐在父亲家后院的葡萄藤下。由于葡萄叶的遮掩，阳光显得斑驳陆离，像有花边的披肩似地披在他俩身上。有些叶子是纯黄色的，像朵朵盛开的黄花。

"Now sit still," he had cried. "Now your hair, I don't know what it IS like! It's as bright as copper and gold, as red as burnt copper, and it has gold threads where the sun shines on it. Fancy their saying it's brown. Your mother calls it mouse-colour."

She had met his brilliant <sup>①</sup> eyes, but her clear face scarcely showed the elation which rose within her.

"But you say you don't like business," she pursued.

"I don't. I hate it!" he cried hotly.

"And you would like to go into the ministry," she half implored.

"I should. I should love it, if I thought I could make a first-rate preacher."

"Then why don't you – why DON'T you?" Her voice rang with defiance. "If I were a man, nothing would stop me."

She held her head erect. He was rather timid before her.

"But my father's so stiff-necked. He means to put me into the business, and I know he'll do it."

"But if you're a MAN?" she had cried.

"Being a man isn't everything," he replied, frowning with puzzled helplessness.

Now, as she moved about her work at the Bottoms, with some experience of what being a man meant, she knew that it was NOT everything.

At twenty, owing to her health, she had left Sheerness.



“坐着别动，”他叫着，“看你的头发，真难以想象，闪闪发光，像黄金和紫铜，发光，又像烧透的铜，太阳一照却又有根根金丝。人家说是棕色的，真是不可思议！你妈妈还说是灰褐色的呢。”

她看到了他那炯炯有神的眼睛，但她那光洁的脸却从不流露出内心的激动。

“你说你不喜欢做买卖。”她缠着问。

“我不喜欢，我讨厌做买卖！”他有些激动。

“那你愿意做牧师吧。”她有点恳求地说。

“是的，如果我能做第一流的传教士，我会喜欢这行当的。”

“那你干嘛不去——为什么呢？”她继续追问。“我要是个男子汉，什么也别想阻挡我。”

她昂着头，他在他面前倒显得胆怯了。

“但我老爹可是个倔老头，他想让我去，他可是说得到做得到的。”

她叫起来：“亏你还是个男子汉呢！”

“男子汉又怎么样。”他皱着眉头无可奈何地回答。

是的，当如今她在这洼地区忙着操持家务的时候，对什么是个真正的男子汉的意义有体会了，她明白这确实算不了什么。

二十岁的时候，由于身体不好，她离开了希

① brilliant

[brɪˈljæt]

发光的



Her father had retired home to Nottingham. John Field's father had been ruined; the son had gone as a teacher in Norwood. She did not hear of him until, two years later, she made determined inquiry. He had married his landlady, a woman of forty, a widow with property.

...

When she was twenty-three years old, she met, at a Christmas party, a young man from the Erewash Valley. Morel was then twenty-seven years old. He was well set-up, erect, and very smart. He had wavy black hair that shone again, and a vigorous black beard that had never been shaved. His cheeks were ruddy, and his red, moist mouth was noticeable because he laughed so often and so heartily. He had that rare thing, a rich, ringing laugh. Gertrude Coppard had watched him, fascinated. He was so full of colour and animation, his voice ran so easily into comic grotesque, he was so ready and so pleasant with everybody. Her own father had a rich fund of humour, but it was satiric <sup>①</sup>. This man's was different: soft, non-intellectual, warm, a kind of gambolling.

...

He came and bowed above her. A warmth radiated through her as if she had drunk wine.

"Now do come and have this one wi' me," he said caressively. "It's easy, you know. I'm pining to see you dance."



尔纳斯。她父亲退休回到诺丁汉老家。约翰·费尔特的父亲这时已经破产；他自己到诺珀德当了教师。从此一直没有消息，两年后，她下决心打听一下。他已经娶了他的房东太太——一个年过四十的富孀。

.....

二十三岁的时候，在圣诞舞会上，伊里华许谷来的一个小伙子出现在她面前。莫雷尔当时二十七岁，体格健壮，身体挺拔，风度翩翩。波浪形的黑发出光泽，胡子非常浓密，从未刮过似的。他脸色红润，笑口常开的嘴巴更是引人注目。他的笑声是那么爽朗明亮，格特鲁德·科珀德不眨眼地盯着他，简直入了迷。他充满活力，妙语连珠，和所有人都是一见如故，十分投机。她父亲也富于幽默，但总带有刁刻的味道。他却不，一团和气，热诚待人，有点一刻也闲不住的劲头。

① satiric

[sæ'taɪrɪk]

讽刺的

.....

他走过来了，对她鞠了一躬。她顿时感觉自己全身像被注入了一股暖流，像喝了酒一样。

“请这次一定和我跳这支舞，”他热情地说，“真的，很容易跳。我想看你跳舞。”



She had told him before she could not dance. She glanced at his humility <sup>①</sup> and smiled. Her smile was very beautiful. It moved the man so that he forgot everything.

...

The next Christmas they were married, and for three months she was perfectly happy: for six months she was very happy.

He had signed the pledge, and wore the blue ribbon of a tee-totaller: he was nothing if not showy. They lived, she thought, in his own house. It was small, but convenient enough, and quite nicely furnished, with solid, worthy stuff that suited her honest soul. The women, her neighbours, were rather foreign to her, and Morel's mother and sisters were apt to sneer at her ladylike ways. But she could perfectly well live by herself, so long as she had her husband close.

...

When October came in, she thought only of Christmas. Two years ago, at Christmas, she had met him. Last Christmas she had married him. This Christmas she would bear him a child.

...

Gertrude Morel was very ill when the boy was born. Morel was good to her, as good as gold. But she felt very lonely, miles away from her own people. She felt lonely with him now, and his presence only made it more intense.



她告诉过他不会跳舞。但看到他那副恭敬的样子也不由笑了。这一笑深深打动了他的心。

.....

第二年圣诞节他们结婚了，头三个月她简直成了天底下最快活的人，婚后六个月她还是很快活。

他已经发誓戒酒，戴上了戒酒会的蓝缎带。但事实上他弄不清什么是戒酒会会员，只是虚张声势。她原以为他们住的房子是自己的。房子小，但实用，家具也很结实，用料相当讲究，正与她的身份相称。她与邻居们没什么来往，莫雷尔的母亲和姐妹就常爱取笑她这种小姐作派。不过她所要的只是丈夫在身边，过着自己小家庭的生活，日子还是很不错的。

.....

十月到来了，她想到圣诞节。两年前的圣诞，她认识了他。去年的圣诞，她嫁给了他。今年的圣诞，她要为他生孩子了。

.....

儿子出生时，格特鲁德·莫雷尔大病一场。莫雷尔当时对她照顾得无微不至。但她觉得远离娘家，十分寂寞。如今，两人在一起依然如此，甚至更感孤独。

① humility

[hju:'milət:]

谦恭



...

At last Mrs. Morel despised her husband. She turned to the child; she turned from the father. He had begun to neglect her; the novelty <sup>①</sup> of his own home was gone. He had no grit, she said bitterly to herself. What he felt just at the minute, that was all to him. He could not abide by anything. There was nothing at the back of all his show.

...

The estrangement between them caused him, knowingly or unknowingly, grossly to offend her where he would not have done.





.....

最终，莫雷尔夫人有些蔑视自己的丈夫。开始关注起孩子来。他也逐渐对她不以为然，对家的新鲜感早已荡然无存。她伤心地对自己说他没有长性。他不能坚持任何事，表面还可以，骨子里却空空如也。

.....

他们之间的关系日渐疏远，有意或无意地，他总是去冒犯她，而这些他以前是决不会做的。

① novelty

[ˈnɒvəlti]

新奇，新鲜