



錢鍾書 著

MANUSCRIPTS OF QIAN ZHONGSHU
錢鍾書手稿集

外文筆記 26



創於1897

商務印書館
The Commercial Press

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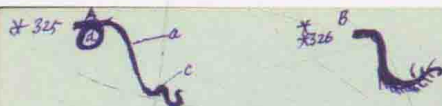
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商務印書館

二〇一五年・北京



³²⁴ Fragment von Schwaingen. all post
Vorbericht: Herrn Lanters große Physiognomie verknüpfte zwischen zwei Freunden Spott. Der eine mochte sich über die Silhouette des hoffnungsvollen Junglings, den Herr Lanters zum Genie vom ersten Range erhob, und bla ihm eben ein junges Schwein bezogerte, so fiel ihm ein, daß sich über die hoffnungsreichen Schweinejünglinge wohl was Physiognomisches sagen ließe. Dieser humoristische Gedanke machte den Witz des Stoffpapiers sesslich an, diese Popsätze zu machen.
^{Am Anfang des} Es kommt also in diesem Schwanz nicht diebst, lieber Leser, den Teufel in Einheit (oft laßgleich heher Schweinehaltung bei a), nicht deutlich erkennst den Scheuren Issacs in c, nicht mit den fügen riechst, als kiestest du die Nase drin, den niedern Schlamm, in dem es aufwuchs, sei, d, und nicht zu pater scheint in den Anatop der Natur sind den Abscheu aller Zeden und Völke, der sem Element was — so mache mein Buch zu; so bist du für Physiognomie geloren. Dieses Schwein, sonst gebornes Urgenie, eldert Knechts im Schlamm hin; vergiftete ganze Straßen mit mannsprachlichem Mist bruch, brach in eine Grange bei der Nacht und entwichte sie schrecklich; gap als sie Hatter war, mit unehinter Grausamkeit bei ihrer Jungen lebendig, und als sie endlich ihre Hammbelische Wit an einem armen Kinde auslegen wollte, fiel sie in das Schwest der Rache, sie ward von den Bettelnahen erschlagen und von Heulen, Atmechten helgar gefressen.
^{Ende des Zeugnisses} Br., lieber Leser, teurer Seelenfreund, betrachte dich diesen Hundeschwarz und bekennete, es Alexander, wenn er einen Schwarz hätte tragen wollen, sich eines solchen hätte schämen dürfen. Dorchaus nichts reichlich, "Hundalbeiter".
Omje.

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錢鍾書手稿集



No.136



original size: 159 × 210 mm

1. The Letters of Evelyn Waugh
2. Letters of E. E. Schattschneider
3. John Updike, Hugging the Shore

C. Day Lewis, *The Buried Day*, p. 159: "The spectacle
of Harold Acton chattering vivaciously with the group
that trailed beside him — a group which often included
the indistinguishable-looking figure of Evelyn Waugh."

Evelyn Waugh: "Nobody cares for me in the
least / Freeman thinks I'm a horrible beast"

1. W. W. Jacobs was paid more than any other English writer of the time except Kipling.
 3. "Proximity makes companionship." The assorted rubbish in the attic.

vii The Letters of Evelyn Waugh ed. Mark Amory. Penguin Books, 1982

Preface: The art of writing letters has been pronounced dead as often as the novel & with more reason. So perhaps Evelyn Waugh will turn out to have been one of its last great practitioners. The telephone is rightly seen as the main enemy. Waugh never cared for the instrument & had a sufficiently firm character to prevent others from approaching him. ^{viii} When he heard that universities are willing to pay good money for the stock of the letters he kept, he expressed relief that there is another bulwark against poverty in old age, though he never sold anything & appears disapproving when he thinks Cyril Connolly is doing so. When I inquired if his handwriting was hard to read, as I had supposed that a word here & there in the diaries had proved indecipherable, I was reassured: "No, no, you see he wrote his letters in the morning, when he was sober. He wrote his diaries at night when he was drunk."

^{xix} [The age gap & the fact that Alec was in the First World War made a barrier between the two brothers. Evelyn has said, & Alec accepted, that they were more like nephew & uncle than brothers; but a friendly nephew & uncle, & so they remained. ^{xx} In that day he was "pleasant-featured but not good-looking." He went up to Oxford; Hertford was a "respectable but dreary" college. Soon many of his friends were Etonians, many were flamboyantly homosexual, many were spending & drinking as if there were no tomorrow. It was a brave new world.]

¹ To Dudley Carent: Did you yourself honestly think your last letter adequate. If you did our correspondence ceases.

⁶ To Dudley Carent: I am not yet the centre of my group but on the fringes of many... Yesterday my tutor said to me "Damn you... If you can't show industry

I at least have some right to expect intelligence!" I had just translated Erasmus as Erasmus.

To Tom Driberg:⁷ A bridegroom apologised to a man who had lent his country house to him for the honeymoon! "On the first evening we went out into the garden under the moon & feeling very sentimental I tried to pick her a rose... I stuck a thorn into my finger... It bled a little & Mary was rather concerned. Next morning we were going to have breakfast in bed & the butler was bringing it in on a tray when my wife leaned over & said: 'How is your poor prick this morning dear?' And the butler dropped the tray." What wines will Princeps Mary & [Henry] d'acelles [both Earl of Weswood] drink on their wedding night? She will open her 24 year old port & he will indulge in cider (in side her).

To Dudley Caxton:⁸ I feel a prig now giving advice. My former counsels in perfection were largely wanton taunts... You force me to be a Polonius at eighteen.

To Tom Driberg:⁹ It is sad to think of Bond [the school clergyman whose wife was then pregnant] propagating his species... O for a Celibacy of priesthood to avoid this multiplying of parsons...¹⁰ I have been elected secretary of the Hartford debating Society an onerous but not honourific post.

To Dudley Caxton:¹² Of course no one in our class need ever starve because he can always go as a prep school master not a pleasant job but all roads lead to Dodom... My life here has been extremely precarious "unstable equilibrium".

To Harold Acton:²³ You must think that I have, with all else, left my manners & friendship behind that I have taken so long to thank you for it [An Indian Act]... [Correcting history essays] a boy had written "at this time it was reported

that James II gave birth to son but others supposed that was conveyed to his bed in a hot water bottle." ... Silvia [Gope] is so much the more amusing of the family tho' her painting is horrid — all men bedsted & Sickert. I must say I think the old man is tiresome.

To Anthony Powell: ²⁵ I thought Miss Morris a most detestable woman ...

²⁵ How do novelists make their books so long. I'm sure one could write any novel in the world on two post cards.

²⁸ To the Editor of The T. L. S.: Your reviewer [of the life of P. G. Repetto] refers to me throughout as "Miss Waugh." My Christian name, I know, is occasionally regarded by people of limited social experience as belonging exclusively to one or other sex; but it is unnecessary to go further into my book than the paragraph charitably placed inside the wrapper for the guidance of unlearned critics to find my name with its correct prefix of "Mr." Surely some such investigations might in merest courtesy have been taken before your reviewer tumbled into print with such phrases as "a Miss of the Sixties".

³¹ To Arthur Waugh: I dined at the Consulate Lat Pau Sai I the other evening. You can imagine what it was like when I saw that after dinner the Consul's wife led the women guests from the room with the word "goodbye darling men. Keep your naughty little stones for us." ³² The Consul's wife... opened her mouth & invited me to throw sugar into it.

To Harold Acton: ³³ The Sphinx is a complete fraud — a shapeless lump of masonry ... I sent you some pornography from Port Said. I hope that they were not confiscated in the post.

* Two of Evelyn Gardner's sisters had been divorced
 ** p. 40. To Henry Forke: My horror & detestation of the present boy are unqualified.
 ... p. 41. one conclusion I am coming to is that I do not like Evelyn & that really
 Heygate is about her cup of tea. Make the best you can from
these words to the best.

To Henry Forke: ³⁴ a fashionable wedding is worth a year's column reviews in the Times
Literary Supplement to a novelish. At luncheon at the Embassy in Istanbul I
 found myself completely surrounded by Atwell. While H. E. the Ambassador
 with gallantry & back of the Corps diplomatique was making extensive & accurate
 graduation from Decline & Fall to a woman next to him, having been told
 by a secretary that one of his guests had written it, & thinking it was her.

To Catherine & Arthur Wrench: ³⁸ I asked Alec to tell you the sad & to me
 radically shocking news that Evelyn has gone to live with a man to live with a
 man called [John] Heygate. May I come & live with you sometimes? Evelyn's
 defection was preceded by no kind of quarrel or estrangement. It must be
 some hereditary tic.*

To Harold Acton: A note to tell you what you may have already heard. That
 Evelyn has been pleased to make a cuckooed game with Heygate & that I
 have filed a petition for divorce. ... Certainly the fact that she should have
 chosen a ramshackle one like Heygate adds ³⁹ a little to my distress. ... I
 did not know it was possible to be so miserable & live but I am told that
 this is a common experience.

To Max Beerbohm: ⁴⁸ I am more proud of your kind reference to my writing than
 of all the sales.

⁴⁹ Recommendation to those who to preserve Oxford: ^{***} Would it not be better to
 pursue a policy less of Preservation than of judicious destruction?

⁵⁰ To W. N. Rogershead: Also tell those Americans not to cable so much. If all
 come from hysteria & laziness there is not such a frantic hurry that they
 *** Robert Byron had written in the Architectural Review that the Oxford Preservation Fund
 ought not to preserve but demolish every building that is put up in the town, & anything
 the said fund is a bore.

p. 53. Waugh stuck pins into Cecil Beaton at his private school in 1914. "The scars on his long eyelashes used to provoke the Sadism of Youth" (*A Little Learning*, p. 90). Tom Baldwin & Dick Kivorth accepted various commissions, *Valentino* i.e. *Valentino* whose publication was paid for by the author himself as I referred to by Constant Lambert as "poor Poems by Rich Poets".

Can't write letters — as the cables are charged to me I object strongly.

To Patrick Balfour: ⁵³ Caught David Cecil with Lady Mary Pakenham. I think that is a case.

To Henry Yorke: ⁵⁶ I have found out more very shady things about Maurice's ^{Born a} Continental relaxation.

To Lady Mary Dygon: ⁶⁷ Now you would like to hear of my new friends. Well there is a lascivious beast called Wild... a captain... called Surridge... & you know how Surridge sweats — worse than Lady Juliet at Venice.*

To Lady Mary & Lady Dorothy Dygon: ⁷⁰ None of the damned dogs can speak the King's English & the lascivious beast who is Swigs is too ill with fever, to talk any language at all.

To Lady Mary & Lady Dorothy Dygon: ⁷⁹ Alfred & Duggan... has behaved very well so far except for once fighting at Lady Dorat. There are several beasts of various religions & they are jealous of each other.

To Lady Mary Dygon: ⁸¹ Just heard yesterday that my divorce comes on today & we elated & popped question to Dutch girl [Teresa Jungman] & got soft raspberry. So that is that, eh. Stiff upper lip & dropped cock.

To L. A. G. Strong: ⁸² Many thanks for your kind invitation to contribute to "How I began" [*Beginnings*, 1935]... I have an idea that the Bible has been used for a book of sex instruction for children.

To Lady Mary & Lady Dorothy Dygon: ⁸³ There were very little Arab girls of fifteen & sixteen for ten francs & a cup of mint tea. So I bought one but I didn't enjoy her very much because she had a skin like sandpaper & a huge * A present from the limerick: "That was a James Chaisey of Devon who was raped in the vestry by seven Anglican priests — lascivious beastly — of which in the Kingdom of Heaven." t. 20, 77. ** Lady Juliet Duff. Lady Canard: "Juliet smells like a pub!"

* Jews ⁸⁶ *X uncooperative — ^{extended} from the attitude of Teresa Jungman who was of Dutch extraction

stomach which didn't show until she took off her clothes, & then it was too late... ⁸³ the five to two* have their own part of the town because the Arabs think they smell... No love to any except your dear selves.

To Lady Mary Lygon: ⁸⁴ in a brothel... I have formed an attachment to a young lady called Fatima. She is not all Dutch ⁸⁴. She has a gold tooth she is very proud of but as we can't talk each others language there is not much to do in between rogering.

To Lady Mary Lygon: ⁸⁶ If you are coming to 5 to 2 land [Palestine] for Easter you must start packing your pepparies now. Lots of love for all & Sunday.

To Lady Mary Lygon: ⁹⁰ So yesterday talking of this & that what should I mention but fucking. Oh said Sir Robert [Abdy] in great pain with crocodile tears coursing down cheeks, oh you have a low view of love. I am so high minded I never think of a thing like fucking. To me, he said, love is a spiritual & aesthetic matter, the worship of beauty & noble soul.

To Lady Dorothy Lygon: Darling Poll, Did you know that in the glorious epoch 1900-1914 the word "poll" was used by our gallant boys (as soon... to lay down their lives for you & me on foreign soil, I to mean at last?... I was told it yesterday. So now I shall give up calling you Poll... ⁹¹ [Lady Diana Abdy] has a scinty frog book called *de jardin parfume* it says that in rogering the cock should never be withdrawn so much as a millimetre & this gives the maximum pleasure to the lady on account of pressing her bladder.

To Laura Herbert: Any time will suit me as I have no engagements but I cannot gladly break.

* The 15 guineas the BBC would pay for a proposed talk was considered inadequate.
 ** Sybil Barnardo, fashionable decorator. Married to Somerset Maugham 1926-29
 cf. infra p. 223

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To W. N. Proulx: B. B. C. I. S. D. N. B. G.*

⁹³ To Lady Mary Lygon: Laura came to London with me yesterday but it was not a success for I had a hangover... & weo sick & goodbed on the table so perhaps the romance was shattered. Farther** gave a party... but I did not go on account of F's great smell.

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To Laura Herbert: Darling darling Laura please don't find that you are just as happy without me. I am not nearly as happy without you... The Daily Mail have given me a type writer... I thought it best to practice on you... ⁹⁶ I hope you realise that I am using all eight fingers and noxx and then the Thumb & that it's the first day so it is not bad at all... ¹⁰⁰ ps it is odd i don't say more about love to your mother and Gabriel etc that is to be taken for granted.

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To Penelope Betjeman: I am celibate since Aug 1st on account of the altitude [a bitterly cold Macintyre] which reduces the carnal appetite, the great ugliness & disease of Abyssinian women, & my love for Miss L. Herbert.

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To Laura Herbert: In fact it's a lousy proposition. On the other hand I think I could... reform & become quite strict about not getting drunk & I am pretty sure I should be faithful. Also there is always a fair chance that there will be another bigger economic crash in which case if you had married a nobleman with a great house you might find yourself starving, while I am very clever & could probably earn a living of some sort somewhere... Also I have practically no living relatives except one brother whom I scarcely know. You would not find yourself involved in a large family & all their rows... All these are very small

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advantages compared with the confusion of my character. I have always tried to be nice to you & you may have got it into your head that I am nice really, but all that is not. It is only to you & for you. I am jealous & impatient—but there is no point in going into a whole list of my vices... But the point I wanted to make is that if you marry most people, you are marrying a great number of idiots & other people as well, well if you marry me there is nothing else involved, & that is an advantage as well as a disadvantage... Above all things, darling, don't fret at all. But just turn the matter over in your dear head.

¹⁰⁵ To Lady Mary Dyson: Je le trouve bien convenable que vous m'avez écrit une si saine lettre française... ¹⁰⁶ Tu m'a donné un prix, qui s'appelle le "Hawthorne", à cause de la bon goût de mon livre Don Quixote... je suis bien content de cette affaire parce qu'il me fera beaucoup de bon avec M^{lle} Herbert la mère de la jeune fille persane au nez énorme*.

To Katherine Asquith ¹⁰⁷ [A lecture at the Newman Society] When they began asking questions I was admirable. It was like a ventriloquist & his dummy. We kept that up for an hour, wise crack back chat...

To Lady Mary Dyson: ¹⁰⁸ She is lazy with a long nose but otherwise jolly decent... As I shan't be married for a long time that is sad. Also Gabriel [Don Quixote] thinks it is wrong to work in dent.

To Lara Herbert: ¹⁰⁹ It seems such a waste to see lovely things & not be with you. It is like being one-eyed & goggling out of focus! I miss you... Most of all when I'm happy.