



錢鍾書 著

外文筆記 26

錢鍾書手稿集



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錢鍾書手稿集 · 外文筆記

第四輯

(全十冊)

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● 第一三六本 封面
(cover of no.136)

● 第一三六本 内文
(a selected page of no.136)

1. W.H. Jacob wrote "had more than any other English writer of the time except Kipling,
3. 'Popinjay' - his own composition".
The reported rubbish in the office.
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 horse & cart were reckoned. So perhaps Evelyn Waugh will turn out to have been one of its last great practitioners. The telephone is slightly seen as the main enemy. Waugh never cared for the instrument & had a sufficiently fine character to prevent others from approaching him. When he heard that universities were willing to pay good money for the stock of the letters he kept, he expressed a relief that there is another bulwark against poverty in old age, though he never sold anything & appears disappointed when he thinks Cyril Connolly is dying so. When I informed of his handwriting, I was hard to read, so I had resolved that a word here & there in the diary had proved unlegible, I was sleepwalked. No, no, you see he wrote his letters in the morning when he was a writer. He wrote his diary at night when he was a drunk.

To the age before the fact that Alice was in the First World War, under a banner where the two brothers, Evelyn (he said), & Alec accepted, that they were not like nephews & uncle from brother; but a friendly nephew & uncle, & so they renamed it. In those days he was "pleasant-jealous but not good-looking". He went up to Oxford, but found was a "repulsive but dreary" college. Soon many of his friends were interned, many were plainly homosexual, many were openly hedonistic, as if there was no tomorrow. It was a brave new world!

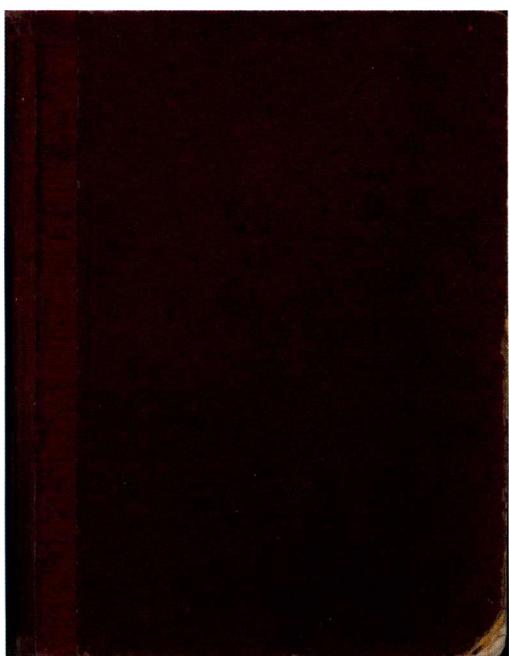
To Dudley Carew: Did you yourself honestly think your last letter adequate. If you did our correspondence ceased.

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

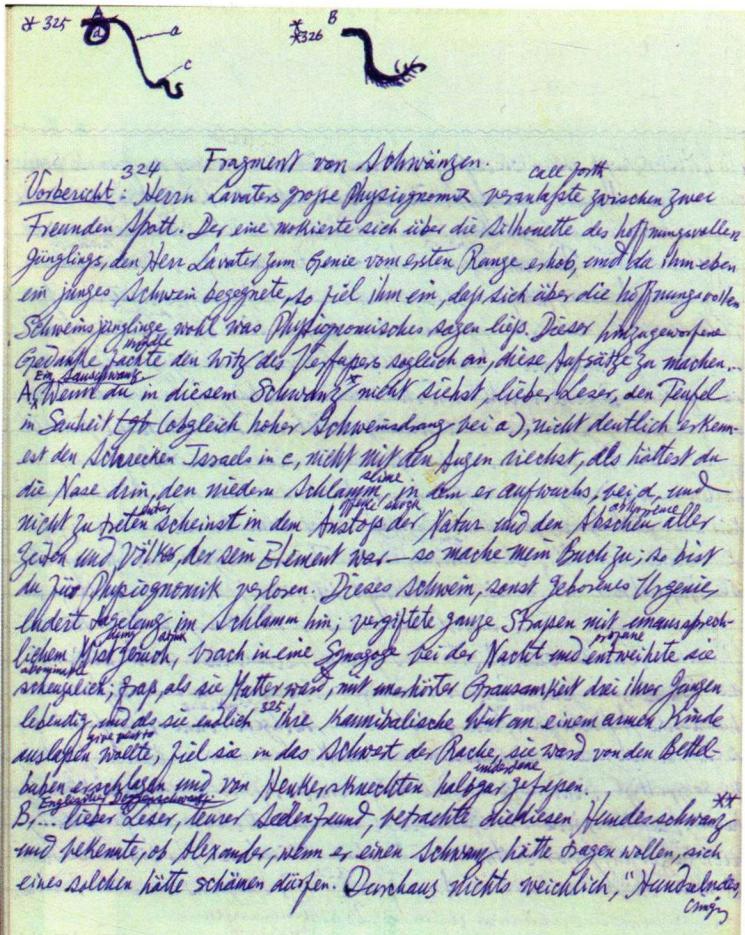
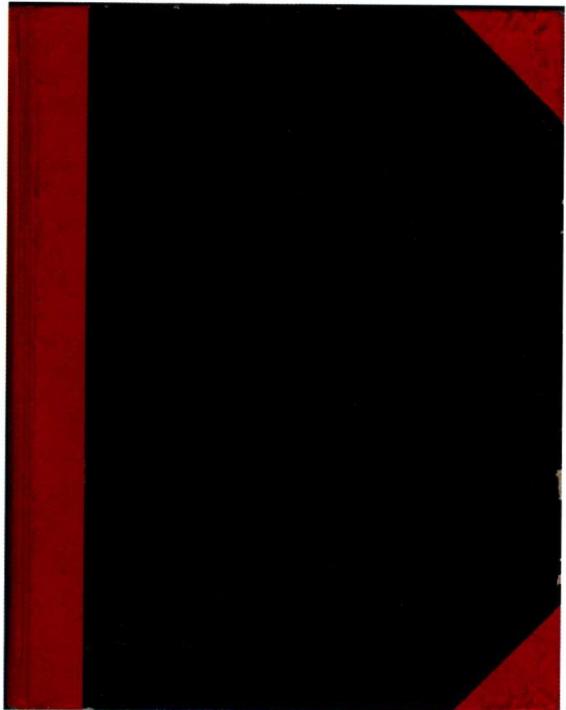
* of H. H. Br. & Co., a friend of Mariano, A. C. Emanuele, 2, Tapas,
(Carrara, Lecce, XVIII, 29; Salvi, Andria, Webster's "Dictionary of Art"; II;
* of H. H. Br. & Co., a friend of Mariano, A. C. Emanuele, 2, Tapas,
John Keats, Poems (Everyman's Library)
Xiii
"I find I grow exist without poetry - without animal poetry - left the day all over do..." Even Shelley thought poetry, like Coleridge's love of philosophy & books with long notes more than that of poetry itself to Keats was death; embodied death. The knight in romance turned by force of charity to become Maledict and into the beloved peasant & garden castle.
"I stood tip-toe upon a little hill, / The air was cool, / & very still, / ... - amidst
They slept / On the soft green giddings of heaven, & then the night / A little wisecrass
lower among the leaves, / Bony & very white, pale leaves. / ... / Then
evening of summer shot his little beams, / Star, / their way too! / And, faint
the sheen, / To taste the luxur & sunny beamy / Impal'd with coolness, / ... /
(If you but scarcely hold off the hand, / That very instant not one will
remain, / But turn yourself, & the bony, & then again / The air fills seem
right glad to reach those creases, / And coil themselves among the
cool'd leaves; / She holds them, cool themselves, they freshens give, / ... /
moisture, that the bony green may live. / So keeping up an interchange
Parrucco, here & there in the truth of their behaviour in. / ... / What
nest? a tuft, / For instance, even / Nor thick the mixt may human loves
fill us, / ... / And in the mid of hill, a clear, pool, / Then else reflected
in its pleasant cool / The blue sky here & there serenely peeping through clouds
and wreaths faintly creeping, / And on the banks lonely flowers in spic'd
I marked for lone flowers, with thought of pride, / Droop, / its beauty for the
water cleanness, / To see its own image into weariness, / See it light
3 figures it would not move; / But still would seem to droop, to pine, to lose
as let her sleep by exalted carrying & cooking, / Don't let it... the force of hunger for
her want & early love, & want & all this force!"

● 第一三七本 内文
(a selected page of no.137)

● 第一三七本 封面
(cover of no.137)



● 第一三八本 封面
(cover of no.138)



● 第一三八本 内文

(a selected page of no.138)

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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 Escape
3. John Updike, Haggard 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 undistinguished-looking figure of Evelyn Waugh?"

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

1. W.W. Jacobs was paid more than any other English writer of the time except Kipling.
 3 "Propriety makes companionship." She asserted 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 fierce 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 left, 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 noticed 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 diary 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 not like nephews & uncle than brothers; but a friendly nephew & uncle, & so they remained. In those days he was "pleasant-featured but not good-looking". He went up to Oxford; Hatfield 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!

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

6 To Dudley Carew: I am not yet the centre of any 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 or Erasmus.

To Tom Driborg:⁸ A bridegroom apologised to a man who had lent his country house to him for the honeymoon. "In 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... My bride & 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 leant over & said: 'What is your poor prick this morning, dear?' And the butler dropped the tray." What wines will Prince Mary & [Henry] d'Asselles (6th Earl of Harwood) drink on their wedding night? She will open her 24 year old port & he will indulge in cider (in side bar).

To Dudley Carew:⁹ I feel a prig now giving advice. My former consciousness of imperfection were largely Wanton taunts... You force me to be a Palomius at eighteen.

To Tom Driborg:¹⁰ It is said 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 persons!... I have been elected Secretary of the Hartford debating Society an onerous but not horrific post.

To Dudley Carew:¹² Of course no one in our class need ever starve because he can always go back to a prep school master not a pleasant job but all roads lead to Bodom... 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 W.L. An Indian Affair... [Concerning 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 [Gospel] is so much the most annoying of the family tho' her painting is horrid—all iron redacted & sickly. 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 D. G. Rossetti] 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 unfeesed critics, to find my name with its correct prefix of "Mr." Surely some such investigations might in mere courtesy have been taken before your reviewer stumbled into print with such phrases as "a Miss of the Sixties!"

³¹ To Arthur Waugh: I dined at the Consulate last Saturday evening. You can imagine what it was like when I say that after dinner the Consul's wife led the women guests from the room with the words "Goodbye darling men. Keep your naughty stones for us..." ³² The Consul's barber wife... opened her mouth & invited me to throw sugar into it.

To Harold Acton: ³³ The Afghans 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's two sisters had been divorced.
** p. 46. To Henry Justice: My honor & determination of the present boy are unaffected.
— p. 41. one conclusion I am coming to is that I do not like Evelyn & that really
Heygate is about her cap of tea.

Take the best you can from
the Nord, to the West

To Henry Justice: ³⁴ a fashionable wedding is worth a few column reviews in the Times,
Literary Supplement & a novelist's "A luncheon at the Embassy" in Istanbul? I found myself completely surrounded by Sitwell & H. E. the Ambassador with Gallantry & tact the Corps diplomatic was making extensive & accurate
quotation 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 Wragg: ³⁵ I asked Alec to tell you the news & 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 cuckold of me with Heygate & that I
have filed a petition for divorce... Considering the fact that she should have
chosen a ramshackle outfit like Heygate adds ³⁶ 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: ⁴⁷ I am more proud of your kind reference to my writing than
of all the sales.

Recommendation to those who do preserve Oxford: Would it not be better to
pursue a policy less of Preservation than of judicious destruction?

To W. N. Roskhead: Also tell those Americans not to cable so much. It all
comes 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 put up in the town, & anything
the said fund owned.

D.53. Waugh stuck pins into Cecil Beaton at their private school in 1914. "The tears
on his long eyelashes used to provoke the Sardine" Youth ("A Little Learning," p. 90)
Tom Baldwin & Dick North accepted various Commissioned Publications i.e. Tolman's where
Publication was paid for by the author himself or offered 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:⁵⁴ I have found out more very shady things about Maurice's
Continental collection.

To Lady Mary Dwyer:⁵⁵ Now you wanted like to hear of my new friends. Well there
is a lascivious peat called Weld... a cattin... called Surridge... & goodness
know Surridge sweats — worse than Lady Juliet at Venice.^{**}

To Lady Mary & Lady Dorothy Dwyer:⁵⁶ None of the damned dagoes can speak the
King's English & the lascivious beast who is Swizz is too ill with gout to
speak any language at all.

To Lady Mary & Lady Dorothy Dwyer:⁵⁷ Alfred Dwyer... has behaved very well so
far except for once getting at Lady doovat. There are several beasts of various
religions & they are jealous of each other.

To Lady Mary Dwyer:⁵⁸ Just heard yesterday that my divorce comes on today so we
elected & popped Sartorial to Dutch girl Teresa Garguani & got her raph-
berry. So that is that, eh. Still uppers left & dropped cock.

To L. A. G. Strong:⁵⁹ Many thanks for your kind invitation to contribute to
"How I begin" [Beginnings, 1934]... I have an idea that the title has been
used for a book of sex instruction for children.

To Lady Mary & Lady Dorothy Dwyer:⁶⁰ There were very little Arab girls of fifteen &
sixteen for den frames & 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 priest from the Limerick: "There was a young Chartist of Devon / Who was raped in the vestry
by seven Anglican priests." — Lascivious beast — of such is the Kingdom of Heaven! — T. S. Eliot
** Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Cawdor: "Juliet smells like a pub."

Fez, Morocco

* Gets ⁹⁸⁶ cooperative - ^{extended} from the attitude of Teresa Yangman 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 twos* have their own part of the room because the Arabs think they smell... No
love to any except your dear selves.

To Lady Mary Diggon: ⁸⁴ ... in a brothel... I have formed an attachment to a young
lady called Fatima. She is not all Dutch... She has a gold tooth. She is very
proud of her as we can't talk each other's language there is not much to
do in between so I'm going.

To Lady Mary Diggon. ⁸⁵ You are coming to 5 to 2 land [Palestine] for Easter,
you must start packing your pessaries now... lots of love for all & Sunday.
To Lady Mary Diggon. ⁹⁰ So yesterday talking of this & that what should I mention about
fucking. Oh said Sir Robert [Abdy] in great pain & with crocodile tears cours-
ing down cheeks, oh you have a low view of love. I am so high minded I never
think of anything like fucking. To me, he said, love is a spiritual & aesthetic ma-
terial, the worship of beauty & noble soul.

To Lady Dorothy Diggon: Darling Poll, did you know that in the glorious epoch
1903-1914 the word "poll" was used by our gallant boys (so soon... to lay down
their lives for you & me on foreign soil, to mean a bast?... I wanted to tell
yesterday). So now I shall give up calling you Poll... ⁹¹ [Lady Diana Abdy]
has a scantly frock book called le jardin parfumé 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
 ** Syrie Barnardo, fashionable decorator. Married to Somerset Maugham 1926-29
of infra p. 223

92

To W. N. Braqueh : 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... & we sick a good deal on the table so perhaps the romance was shattered. Faster, ** gave a party... but I did not go on account of F's great smell.

94

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 now and then the thumb & that it is 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.

102

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

104

To Laura Herbert : In fact its 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