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的日记

THE DIARIES OF JANE SOMERS
记

二十世纪外国文学精选

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(英)Doris Lessing 著

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前言

多丽丝·莱辛和她的《简·萨默斯的日记》

王 宁

在 20 世纪的英国,有一位才华横溢且创作风格多变的女小说家,她自开始其创作生涯以来就一直以其卓越的艺术成就而蜚声战后的英国文坛。可以说,直到 10 多年前这位女作家还活跃在英国文坛,并在整个英语国家的文学界有着广泛的影响。目前她的作品已被译成了多种文字,有些作品也已有了中译本。这位作家就是本书作者多丽丝·莱辛,组成《简·萨默斯的日记》的两部小说《一个好邻居的日记》(1983)和《假如老人能够……》(1984)可算作莱辛创作后期的重返现实主义后的一部重要作品。要对这两部小说有所了解,我们首先得对这位创作道路漫长、创作思想复杂而且十分多产的作家的生活和全部创作生涯有一个大致的了解。

与当今英语世界的一些女权主义作家或批评家有着相类似的经历,多丽丝·莱辛也并非那种土生土长的英国人,她于 1919 年 10 月 22 日出生在伊朗,父母均为英国人。1924 年莱辛随父母迁居罗德西亚。她年幼时并未受过多少正规的学校教育,由于早早患上眼疾而不得不在十二、三岁时就离开了学校,16 岁时便开始了外出打工谋生的生活,先后做过职员、打字员、秘书等工作。这些早期的经历均可在她各个时期的作品中觅见踪影。

1949 年,莱辛回到故乡英国,翌年,她以其第一部作品《青草在歌唱》步入文坛,并且一鸣惊人。她的漫长的写作生涯便由此开始。在这部故事情节并不复杂的小说里,作者通过写罗德西亚的题材取胜,着重描写了白人主妇与黑人奴仆之间的关系,探索了种

族歧视给白人和黑人带来的悲剧这一严肃主题。小说一经问世，便受到广泛的好评，被认为是二战以后的优秀作品之一。对许多英美读者来说，《青草在唱歌》第一次让他们真实地体味到了“白人优越化”这种不正常的心态给人类所带来的灾难，而当今的一些后殖民批评家则以这部小说作为后殖民批评的难得的文本之一。

然而，莱辛的文学才华真正得到充分展现的是她的那本五部曲系列小说《暴力的孩子》(1952—1969)。在这部长达 1800 多页的鸿篇巨制中，读者仍可清晰地看出，在主人公玛莎·奎斯特的身上或多或少地有着作者本人的影子。小说描述了女主人公在一个男女不平等的社会中的艰难曲折的经历。第一部《玛莎·奎斯特》从玛莎的少年时代一直写到她的第一次婚姻。故事一开始，15 岁的玛莎便企图摆脱禁锢着自己的环境以及她那自以为是的专横霸道的母亲。她大胆地向传统的习俗挑战，渴望能远离种族歧视和偏见。令人回味的是，主人公的名字本身就蕴含着“探索”之意义，实际上体现了作者长时间心灵探索的开始。第二部《正当的婚姻》叙述了玛莎婚后的生活经历。玛莎卷入了一系列的政治活动，孩子出生后，她的政治生活并未受到任何影响，倒是舒适的家庭生活使她越来越感到压抑和苦闷。最后，她不顾父母的反对，毅然离开了自己的丈夫。在第三部《暴风雨掀起的涟漪》中，玛莎与流亡的德国共产党员赫斯结成第二次婚姻，但由于双方缺乏感情基础而终于破裂，她所在的左派团体也四分五裂，这一切均使得她对党派政治感到厌倦。在第四部《被陆地围住》里，玛莎同一位来自波兰的犹太人斯特恩堕入浪漫情网，但却好景不长，斯特恩到非洲后便病故。同时，玛莎早期生活中的许多熟人也相继离开了人间，她决定移居英国。最后一部《四门城》描述了战后伦敦的凄凉、混乱和经济上的萧条景象。小说的结尾预示了英国的毁灭以及整个地球行将灭绝的悲惨结局。在这一部中，作者大量使用了象征手法，展现出一部预言式小说的特色，也许可预示她后来的科幻小说写作。

这部里程碑式的五部曲小说从女主人公的浪漫少女时代一直

写到她的最后结局,整个五个部分浑成一体,有着首尾呼应的特征。不论玛莎生活中发生什么变化,她都始终如一地追求个人的认同和自身的价值,尤其是自由。此外,小说还反映了政治斗争与个人生活的深层内在矛盾,用作者自己的话来说,就是要通过这部作品来“探讨个人良心与集体之间的关系”。从小说出版后的批评性反响来看,作者基本上达到了自己的目的。

60年代可以说是莱辛一生创作的黄金时期,在这一时期,她创作了有着巨大冲击力和影响的《金色笔记》(1963),这部小说通常被认为是莱辛的代表作,同时也是最为经常受到批评界引证和讨论甚至引发争论的一部具有鲜明的女权主义思想的小说,有的批评家甚至称其为女权主义者西蒙娜·德·波伏娃的《第二性》在英语文学界的姊妹篇。小说中的女主人公安娜·伍尔夫用四本不同颜色的笔记本记述了她在不同时期的生活经历,也反映了她在不同时期的情感。黑色笔记本主要记述了她在殖民地非洲的经历;红色笔记本记述了她作为一名共产党员的经历;在黄色笔记本中,安娜虚构了一个外在自我的故事,主人公叫艾拉;蓝色笔记本则是安娜真实生活的写照。同时,安娜还在写一部题为《自由妇女》的小说,小说的主人公也叫安娜·伍尔夫。那部小说在《金色笔记》中被分为五个部分。其中各部分之间又穿插着四种笔记的片断,形成了小说的片断与笔记中的记述交织展开的多重结构。这一结构表达了莱辛对现代生活的看法,即世界早已不是一个整体,而是由一系列可任意组合的片断组装而成的多元价值取向的世界。作者把安娜的生活分成四个层面,不仅表现了女主人公生活的不同侧面,更主要的是反映了个人现实生活的杂乱无章。作者致力于描写安娜如何试图从她那支离破碎的生活中寻找完整的自我。

小说出版后一度引起女权主义阵营内部的批评和非议,但批评界一般认为,莱辛是一位有着自觉的女权主义思想和女性意识的作家,她一生积极投入了英国的女权主义运动,并以《金色笔记》奠定了自己作为有着明确女性意识的作家之地位。与英美国家的

大多数女权主义者不同的是,莱辛并不赞成英国文学界曾一度出现的由男女之间的对立而导致的“性别战争”。她甚至公开反对那些主张建构女性话语的激进女权主义者的主张,她认为,语言本身并无什么阶级或性别之分,一味追求所谓“女性话语”的建构有可能诱发新的两性之间的对立甚至斗争,她所主张的是寻求一种人类所共有的文学语言。这一点充分体现出她与激进的女权主义者的差别,同时也流露出她不赞同现代主义的非此即彼的思维模式的倾向。虽然莱辛在自己漫长的写作生涯中,始终把探索妇女的命运作为自己的写作主题,无论是五部曲《暴力的孩子》中的玛莎,还是《金色笔记》中的安娜·伍尔夫,都是不满命运安排但又勇于与现实相抗争的女性。而莱辛则正是通过这些有血有肉、生灵活现的人物探索着一个她一直关注的问题,即现代社会尽管表面上给了妇女自由与平等,但却没有奠定使妇女享受这些权利的真正基础,妇女的才能与天性仍受到不公正的、粗暴的对待。

进入 70 年代以来,莱辛仍以旺盛的创作精力和丰硕的文学产品活跃于当代英国文坛。她在这一时期的主要作品包括《堕入地狱简况》(1971)、《黑暗前的夏天》(1973)、《一个幸存者的回忆录》(1974)等。从 1979 年开始,她的兴趣逐渐转向科幻小说的写作,写下了一系列“太空小说”,从而开始了对一个崭新的领域的探索。这也是与后现代主义小说的指向未来之倾向相吻合。在这方面,莱辛表现出非凡的艺术想象力,创作出一系列优秀的科幻小说,其中包括《什卡斯塔》、《第三、四、五区间的联姻》、《天狼星试验》以及《行星八号代表之构成》,她为这一系列作品起的总书名为《南船座中的老人星:档案》。这四部小说把人类历史作为整个宇宙发展中的一个事件,着重描写了它悲惨的现在和不久的将来,记述了人类向着污染、饥饿和灭绝之境况发展的过程。

如果说,70 年代末是莱辛走向天国的时期,那么对于善于变换不同风格写作的女作家来说,80 年代则是她返回现实的时期,本书包括的两部小说就写于这一时期,此外,她还于 1985 年写下了《好

恐怖分子》，于1988年出版了《第五个孩子》，1994年出版了自传第一卷《在我的皮肤底下》，等等。评论界和广大读者均对莱辛的这些新作重返70年代以前的风格感到欣慰。毫无疑问，作为一位有着漫长文学创作生涯的当代作家，莱辛多年来不管发表什么作品，总会在文坛引起较大的反响或争议，但她的作品无论对男人或女人都有着深远、持久的影响力。她作为当代英国小说家中获奖最多者之一，曾经连续数年被提名为诺贝尔文学奖候选人，但由于种种原因未果，引起不少批评家的不满甚至抗议。虽然她目前因年事已高而失去了写作能力，但评论界和文学研究界仍对她的兴趣不减，人们从各个不同的理论视角对她的作品进行研究分析，从而不断发掘出新的意义。可以说，这也是为什么我们要引进本书的原版的一个原因，尽管本书就批评价值来说在莱辛的全部作品中所占有的比重并不很大，但阅读她的原文，我们可以品尝到作者对人性的特殊关切、她那独具个性的写作题材和独树一帜的创作风格，从而加深对她的作品的深刻思想内涵理解和对她的写作风格的欣赏。

莱辛写作本书的原动机据说是和广大读者开个玩笑，以检验一下她那不断变化的写作风格究竟能否被读者甚或专家们识别出来，因此她化名简·萨默斯，写下了组成本书的两部小说。这两部小说均饱含着作者对处于后现代时代的普通人的命运的同情和理解以及对社会现实的深刻洞察。它们均对人性和人际关系之不可解释的本质作了深刻的揭示，两部小说的情节都围绕女主人公在人生道路上的起伏沉落而展开，在很大程度上基于作者本人的经历。这位名叫简的眼界狭隘的中产阶级妇女，是一位漂亮的追求时尚的中年妇女，一生从未受过正规教育，但能力却不同寻常，担任一家十分成功的妇女杂志的编辑。她的个人生活也不平静，她虽然结过婚，但一直未生儿育女，对夫妻之间的感情表现得相当冷落，甚至和她的丈夫都很少交流思想和感情，而丈夫死时她也几乎没有悲痛表示，可以说，在感情生活上，她几乎是一位麻木的人，

直到年老还过着枯燥乏味的单身生活。有一次,一个偶然的¹机会,她在当地的一家药店里结识了一个 80 岁的老人,她就是莫迪,她个子小小的,瘦得皮包骨似的,衣衫褴褛而且浑身很脏,但却个性很强,身上颇有一股倔强的傲气。俩人的经常来往才使得简的生活不那么孤独。以散文和日记体写成的《一个好邻居的日记》就记述了战后的丰欲社会两位单身女人的非同寻常的友谊和彼此改变人生态度的关系。显然,战后的后现代社会给人们彼此间的关系打上了冷漠的印记,真挚的友谊很难觅见,而恰恰在这两位有着同样命运的女人身上却有所体现,这可谓对当代社会的一个极大讽刺。莱辛总是试图在丑恶的人性中发现一些美好的东西,尽管这些美好的善良的东西在现实生活中也许并不存在,但有着某种理想主义总能使人对生活更有勇气。《假如老人能够……》继续描写了简的故事,但这时的主人公的人生道路却经历了又一些变化,使它的生活发生错位,她竟然爱上了一位她在街上认识的²男人,这种显然不可能实现的爱情无疑使小说的轻喜剧格调涂上了几分悲凉的色彩。而简的心声以及她本人的价值的实现自然是作者艺术成就的体现。

对于简这个人物的原型究竟是谁,评论界仍有着不少争议,有人认为是莱辛的母亲和另两个妇女,也有人干脆断然宣布就是作者本人。实际上,从莱辛本人的生活经历来看,在这个人物身上确有她本人的影子,但却带有更多的别人的个性特征和生活事件,因而最好还是把她就当作简·萨默斯本人来看待。这种描写人物的手法也体现了作者重返现实主义创作的愿望,但这种现实主义早已超越了传统的现实主义,与具有强烈精英意识的现代主义也有着区别,它是后现代社会所特有的风格,它准确并十分微妙地抓住了当代的时代特征,因而在广大读者中产生了较大的共鸣,同时也引起批评界的喝彩。小说出版后,其作者一度在广大读者中是一个谜,而且确曾引起过一些当代文学专家的猜测,但人们对莱辛那变幻莫测的写作风格确实难以把握,因而很长一段时间都未能猜

到莱辛就是真正的作者。

毫无疑问,作为一位享誉世界的当代女作家,莱辛创作的重要性早已得到了评论界的公认。尽管她的创作思想十分复杂:她同时接受了马克思主义、弗洛伊德主义和伊斯兰教原教旨主义的影响,并在不同的作品中有所表现,但根据批评家们一般的看法,她的主要成就体现于小说创作。或更确切地说体现在长篇小说的创作上,而并非在作品中图解这些抽象的学说和主义。按照她小说创作的题材和风格,人们一般将她的创作分为四个时期,或者说四种美学倾向:第一是她的现实主义创作时期,在这一时期,她几乎在各种场合都表达了对19世纪的现实主义大师托尔斯泰、陀斯妥耶夫斯基等人的景仰,认为他们的创作是文学史上的重要事件;第二则是她致力于表达女性的心理和与社会的矛盾的女权主义时期,尽管她对女权主义的批评多于赞美,但她那出于自己的生活经历而得出的女权主义思想仍有着相当的影响,她虽曾一度加入过共产党,受过马克思主义的影响,但也一度受到弗洛伊德的精神分析学说及后弗洛伊德主义的精神分裂学说的影响,因而她的女权思想更接近于女性意识的弘扬和对女性自身命运的关注;第三自然是她的那些描写象征、预言和科幻题材的后现代小说时期,在她的笔下展现的世界显然是一个破碎的多元价值取向的世界,而人生活在这个世界上则是十分渺小的,面对自然赋予的命运人是无能为力的;这种带有宿命倾向的作品迅速地随着她的重返现实主义风格而告一段落。本书在莱辛的全部作品中虽算不上重要的作品,但在她后期的创作中仍占有重要的一席地位,而且在写作题材和风格上基本上涉及了她创作的第一、二和四个方面,对于我们较为全面地理解莱辛一生的创作以及她个人的生活经历,也许都有着画龙点睛的作用。或许这也正是外研社的编辑们为什么选择把她的这部小说介绍给广大中国读者的原因之一吧。

1999年10月于北京

Preface

I have been thinking about writing a pseudonymous novel for years. Like, I am sure, most writers. How many do? It is in the nature of things that we don't know. But I intended from the start to come clean, only wanted to make a little experiment.

The Diary of a Good Neighbour got written when it did for several reasons. One: I wanted to be reviewed on merit, as a new writer, without the benefit of a 'name'; to get free of that cage of associations and labels that every established writer has to learn to live inside. It is easy to predict what reviewers will say. Mind you, the labels change. Mine have been—starting with *The Grass is Singing*: she is a writer about the colour bar (obsolete term for racism)—about communism—feminism—mysticism; she writes space fiction, science fiction. Each label has served for a few years.

Two: I wanted to cheer up young writers, who often have such a hard time of it, by illustrating that certain attitudes and processes they have to submit to are mechanical, and have nothing to do with them personally, or with their kind or degree of talent.

Another reason, frankly if faintly malicious: some reviewers complained they hated my Canopus series, why didn't I write realistically, the way I used to do before: preferably *The Golden Notebook* over again? These were sent *The Diary of a Good Neighbour* but not one recognized me. Some people think it is reasonable that an avowed devotee of a writer's work should only be able to recognize it when packaged and signed; others not.

Again, when I began writing my Canopus series I was surprised to find I had been set free to write in ways I had not used before. I wondered if there would be a similar liberation if

I were to write in the first person as a different character. Of course, all writers become different characters all the time, as we write about them: all our characters are inside us somewhere. (This can be a terrifying thought.) But a whole book would be a different matter, mean activating one of the gallery of people who inhabit every one of us, strengthening him or her, setting her (or him) free to develop. And it did turn out that as Jane Somers I wrote in ways that Doris Lessing cannot. It was more than a question of using the odd turn of phrase or an adjective to suggest a woman journalist who is also a successful romantic novelist: Jane Somers knew nothing about a kind of dryness, like a conscience, that monitors Doris Lessing whatever she writes and in whatever style. After all there are many different styles, or tones of voice, in the Canopus series—not to mention *Briefing for a Descent into Hell* and *Memoirs of a Survivor*—and sometimes in the same book. Some may think this is a detached way to write about Doris Lessing, as if I were not she: it is the name I am detached about. After all, it is the third name I've had: the first, Tayler, being my father's; the second, Wisdom (now try that one on for size!), my first husband's; and the third my second husband's. Of course there was McVeigh, my mother's name, but am I Scots or Irish? As for Doris, it was the doctor's suggestion, he who delivered me, my mother being convinced to the last possible moment that I was a boy. Born six hours earlier, I would have been Horatia, for Nelson's Day. What could that have done for me? I sometimes do wonder what my real name is: surely I must have one?

Another influence that went to make Jane Somers was reflections about what my mother would be like if she lived now: that practical, efficient, energetic woman, by temperament conservative, a little sentimental, and only with difficulty (and a lot of practice at it) able to understand weakness and failure, though always kind. No, Jane Somers is not my mother, but thoughts of women like my mother did feed Jane Somers.

I and my agent, Jonathan Clowes, decided in our plan of campaign that it would be fair to submit *The Diary of a Good Neighbour* to my main publishers first. In Britain these are

Jonathan Cape and Granada. Cape (not Tom Maschler personally) turned it down forthwith. Granada kept it some time, were undecided, but said it was too depressing to publish: in these fallen days major and prestigious publishers can see nothing wrong in refusing a novel in which they see merit because it might not sell. Not thus, once, were serious literary publishers. I saw the readers' reports and was reminded how patronized and put-down new writers are.

Michael Joseph, who accepted my first novel all those years ago, has now twice published me as a new writer. On taking *The Diary of a Good Neighbour*, they said it reminded them of Doris Lessing, and were taken into our confidence and entered with relish into the spirit of the thing. The redoubtable Bob Gottlieb of Knopf in New York said at once, Who do you think you are kidding?—or words to that effect. Interesting that these two great publishing firms, crammed with people and the possibilities of a leak, were able to keep the secret as long as they wanted: it was dear friends who, swearing their amazing and tested reliability, could not stand the strain.

Three European publishers bought *Good Neighbour*: in France, in Germany, and in Holland. My French publisher rang up to say he had bought this book, had I perhaps helped Jane Somers, who reminded him of me?

This surely brings us back to the question: what is it that the perspicacious recognize, when they do? After all, Jane Somers's style is different from Lessing's. Each novel or story has this characteristic note, or tone of voice—the style, peculiar to itself and self-consistent. But behind this must sound another note, independent of style. What is this underlying tone, or voice, and where does it originate in the author? It seems to me we are listening to, responding to, the essence of a writer here, a groundnote.

We—that is agent, publishers and I—believed the reviewers would guess at once. But not one did. A few people, not all reviewers, liked *The Diary of a Good Neighbour*. It was mostly women journalists in women's magazines who reviewed it, because Jane Somers was described on the dust jacket as a well-known woman journalist. (It was enough, it seems, to say it for people to believe it.) This neatly highlights

the major problem of publishing: how to bring a book to the attention of readers. The trigger here: the phrase *woman journalist*. (Some potential reviewers, male, were put off by it.) It is this situation that has given rise to all these new promotional schemes in Britain: The Best of Young British Novelists, The Best Novels of Our Time, the razzmatazz prizes, and so on. The problem can only exist, it seems to me, because so many good novels are being written. If there were only a few, there would be no difficulty. Ever more loudly shrill the voices, trying to get attention: this is the best novel since *Gone With the Wind*, *War and Peace* and *The Naked and the Dead*! Overkill earns diminishing returns and numbed readers return to former habits, such as relying on intuition and the recommendation of friends. Jane Somers's first novel (first serious novel—of course she had written those romantic novels which were not reviewed at all, but sold very well!) was noticed, and got a few nice little reviews. In short, it was reviewed as new novels are. And that could easily have been that. Novels, even good ones, are being published all the time that have what publishers call 'a shelf life' (like groceries) of a few months. (Once they used the phrase as a joke, sending themselves up, but now they use it straight. 'The shelf life of books is getting shorter,' you'll hear them say. 'It's down to a few weeks now.' As if it all had nothing to do with them. And it hasn't: the mechanisms for selling dominate their practices; the tail wags the dog.) A first novel can be remaindered and out of print and vanish as if it had never been, if unlucky enough not to win a prize or in some way attract a spotlight such as the admiration of a well-known writer who cries (see above), 'This is the greatest novel since *Tom Jones*.' Or, making accommodation to the times, 'More exciting than *Dallas*!'

The American publisher was asked why more had not been done to promote *The Diary of a Good Neighbour*, which in the opinion of the enquirer, a literary critic, was a good novel, but the reply was that there was nothing to promote, no 'personality', no photograph, no story. In other words, in order to sell a book, in order to bring it to attention, you need more than the book, you need the television appearance. Many writers who at the start resisted have thought it over, have

understood that this, now, is how the machinery works, and have decided that if—in fact, even if it is not acknowledged—they have become part of the sales departments of their publishers, then they will do the job as well as they can. It is remarkable how certain publishers wince and suffer when writers insist on using the right words to describe what is happening. In very bad taste, they think it is, to talk in this way. This attitude is a relic of the gentleman publisher, a contradiction which has bedevilled the publishing of serious (as distinct from commercial) books. On the one hand, a book has to be promoted: oh, but what a distasteful business it is! One of the problems of the ‘serious’ as distinct from the ‘commercial’) author is this attitude on the part of his or her publisher. You are pressured to do interviews, television and so on, but you are conscious that the more you agree, the more you are earning his or her contempt. (But looking back it seems to me that men publishers are more guilty of this hypocrisy than women publishers.) I have sometimes gloomily had to conclude that the only writer some publishers could really respect would be one who wrote a thirty-page masterpiece, reviewed by perhaps three critics, every ten years: this paragon would live on a mountain top somewhere and never, ever, give interviews. Now, there’s a *real* artist!

If Jane Somers had only written one serious novel, which sold, as first novels do, 2,800 copies in America and 1,600 copies in Britain, by now it would be remaindered and pulped, and she would be cherishing half a dozen fan letters.

But she wrote a second. Surely this time people must see who the real author was? But no.

Predictably, people who had liked the first book were disappointed by the second. And vice versa. Never mind about the problems of publishers: the main problem of some writers is that most reviewers and readers want you to go on writing the same book.

By now, the results of friends’ indiscretions meant that some people in the trade knew who Jane Somers was and—I am touched by this—clearly decided it was my right to be anonymous if I wished. Some, too, seemed inclined retrospectively to find merit.

One of my attempts has more than succeeded. It seems I am like Barbara Pym! The books are fastidious, well written, well crafted. Stylish. Unsparing, unsentimental and deeply felt. Funny, too. On the other hand they are sentimental, and mawkish. Mere soap opera. Trendy.

I am going to miss Jane Somers.

Unexpected little sidelights. One review was a nasty little reminder of how many people react instinctively for their revolvers at the mention of something they don't like. From the hard left (and, perhaps, not so hard left: it is a disease that spreads easily), dislike of Jane Somers's politics was characteristically expressed in the demand that such books should not be published. Just like the hard (and sometimes not so hard) right. 'The publishers should be sued for publishing this book.' (Not Jane Somers's, one of Lessing's.) Alas, poor Liberty, the prognosis is not very good.

Finally, a treasured memory, which I think is not out of place here. Imagine the book editor of a famous magazine (let us call it *Pundit*) standing in his office with books sent him for review stacked all over the table, on the floor, everywhere. He is harassed; he is desperate. He deals me out books to review, and mostly I hand them back again. Then he gives me another: 'Please review this book,' he cries. 'No one wants to review it. What am I going to do? Please, please say yes.'

'But it is a very bad book,' I say, returning it to him. 'Just ignore it.'

'But we can't ignore it. We have to review it.'

'Why do you? It will take up the space that could be used for a good book.'

'The *Viewer* has reviewed it, they gave it all that space, so we must.'

'You must be joking,' I said, thinking that he was, but he wasn't.

Doris Lessing
July 1984

多丽丝·莱辛 (Doris Lessing),
英国小说家, 1919年10月22日生
于伊朗, 父母均为英国人。1949年,
莱辛回到故乡英国, 翌年, 她以其
第一部作品《青草在歌唱》(*The
Grass is Singing*)步入文坛, 并且
一鸣惊人。其它作品有五部曲系列
小说《暴力的孩子》

(*Children of Violence Series*)

小说《金色笔记》

(*Golden Notebook*)

《堕入地狱简况》

(*Briefing for a Descent into Hell*)

《黑暗前的夏天》

(*The Summer before the Dark*)

等。

THE DIARIES OF JANE SOMERS