



劳伦斯作品选读

(附参考译文)

Selected
Readings
from D.H.
Lawrence



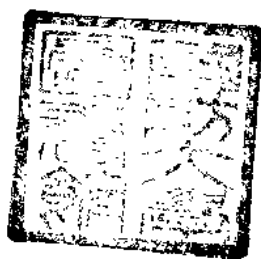
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D. H. Lawrence



——上海外语教育出版社——

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(附参考译文)

繁 荫 古健平 译

上海外语教育出版社出版

(上海外国语学院内)

上海市申光印刷厂印刷

新华书店上海发行所发行

787×1092 毫米 1/32 8.125 印张 181 千字

1987 年 3 月第 1 版 1987 年 3 月第 1 次印刷

印数: 1-6,000 册

统一书号: 7218-208 定价: 2.55 元

社会批判与心理探索的结合

——劳伦斯创作略谈

戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯(David Herbert Lawrance, 1885—1930)是二十世纪英国文坛最杰出的作家之一。从创作上犹豫不定的第一部小说《白孔雀》(The White Peacock, 1911)到充满自信的最后本小说《死去的人》(The Man Who Died, 1931)劳伦斯的作品表现了资本主义工业化对人与人之间和谐关系的破坏和对人的自然本性的摧残。社会批判和心理探索这两方面的有机统一,使劳伦斯的作品达到英国现代主义小说的高峰。

劳伦斯于1885年9月11日生在英格兰中部诺丁汉郡一个煤矿工人家里,早年当过教师,后与大学时期一位教师的妻子私奔出走,长年过着飘蓬似的旅行生活,行踪所至,遍及意大利、澳大利亚、美国与墨西哥等地。至1930年3月2日死于法国南部为止,劳伦斯创作了十部长篇小说以及许多中、短篇小说、诗歌、游记、文学评论等,是一位十分多产的作家。

劳伦斯的一生充分显示了一个作家同资本主义工业化社会的现存秩序的矛盾。十九世纪中期以后,随着工业化进程的加快,他的家乡诺丁汉一带一边成了浓烟密布的煤矿区,另一边却依然是葱绿青翠的森林农田,象征着工业化社会与传统的农村经济之间的对立。随着机器文明的迅速发展,农村经济濒临全面解体,残余的宗法感情也日益消失;森林田

野遭到污染毁坏，人越来越沦为机器的附庸。由于人的自然本性受到金钱社会的腐蚀，他已不复是身心统一的完整的人了。劳伦斯认为，文明的发展不应该以扭曲人的无意识的本能和自然的欲望为代价，而人的本能和欲望之中最基本的一项是对性爱的要求。劳伦斯反对对性意识作任何建立在恐惧基础上的压抑，无论这种压抑是宗教的、道德的还是经济的、社会的。劳伦斯认为，现代西方工业文明的一个重大恶果是对人与人之间的和谐关系，特别是男女之间的和谐关系的破坏；因此，他在阐述他的创作宗旨时说：

我只能写我特别有所感触的东西，在目前，这就是指男人与女人之间的关系。建立男女之间的新关系，或者调整旧关系，这毕竟是当前面临的问题。^①

这正是劳伦斯创作的核心问题，是劳伦斯作品的社会意义和心理学意义的基点。探索一种新型的两性关系是劳伦斯作品的普遍题材，试图以实现一种自然完美的两性关系来摆脱工业化社会对人性的歪曲与压抑，这是劳伦斯作品的基本主题，也恰恰是劳伦斯世界观中的根本缺陷。不人道的资本主义经济关系固然摧残了人的自然本性与社会本性，但是单靠恢复人的自然本性又如何能克服资本主义制度的弊病呢？

劳伦斯在他最早的两本小说中就已经开始接触他的基本创作主题。《白孔雀》以农村为背景，通过两家农户儿女的关系表现了“纯朴自然的田园生活与散发着铜臭的工业文明之间的对立”；^②《逾矩的罪人》(The Trespasser, 1912)通过

① See Anthony West: *D.H. Lawrence* (1951), p.146

② Richard Aldington: "Introduction to *The White Peacock*", *The white Peacock* (Penguin, 1968), p.8

一个音乐教师的经历展示了两性关系的紧张、对峙与冲突。1913年出版的《儿子与情人》(Sons And Lovers)第一次为劳伦斯赢得了广泛的声誉，它通过煤矿工人之子保罗的爱情波折和精神危机反映了深刻的社会问题和心理问题。小说的前半部带有很大的自传性，描绘了一幅煤矿工人家庭的生活图景。矿工们终日在黑暗潮湿的坑道里开凿岩石，只能靠举杯浇愁来暂时忘却他们的疲劳，以粗声恶语、打骂妻儿来发泄他们心头的怨恨；与此同时，他们的妻子却不得不面对着抽屉里最后一个铜板发愁，为将要出生的婴儿忧虑。“劳伦斯认为，英国的工业生活给每一个社会成员留下了烙印一般难以洗刷的污斑，削弱了他们的人性，缩小了他们的视野。”^①然而，在《儿子与情人》中，反映社会生活的主题是与现代心理学理论紧密连系在一起的。保罗精神上与感情上的分裂倾向常常被认为是给弗洛伊德心理学说中的俄狄浦斯综合症^②提供了典型的病例。保罗的母亲在生活中备受挫折，对丈夫恩断义绝，她将全部的爱倾注在儿子身上，保罗在母亲的爱的统治下失去了恋爱的能力，陷入了精神的危机。人的自然感情遭到扭曲的这种现象是现代西方文明的一种畸形病症。“在劳伦斯看来，这种作为一个完整的人而生活的能力的丧失是今天工业化社会缺乏生机的表现。”^③

劳伦斯最早的三本小说在结构技巧上并未突破传统的框架，但是姊妹篇《虹》(The Rainbow, 1915)与《恋爱中的妇

① Alastair Naven: *D.H. Lawrence: The Novels* (Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1978), p.40

② 俄狄浦斯综合症 (the Oedipus Complex, 又译俄狄浦斯情结)：俄狄浦斯是古代希腊悲剧《俄狄浦斯》中弑父娶母的人物，弗洛伊德心理学说用以命名一种爱母憎父的变态心理。

③ Martin S. Day: *History of English Literature: 1837 to the Present* (Doubleday & Co. New York, 1964), p.394

女》(Women in Love, 1920)开始表现出现代小说的倾向。这两部小说以女主角厄秀拉一家三代人的经历，特别是厄秀拉本人在爱情与事业上的曲折经历，追述了英国从传统的宗法社会到工业化社会的历史进程，揭示了十九世纪后半期深刻而巨大的社会变化；同时，它们又以英国小说中从未有过的热情与深度，寻求建立和谐美好的两性关系的可能性。“没有一本英国小说能在如此复杂的环境里将社会主题与个人主题这样完美地结合起来。”^①厄秀拉是一位现代西方女性的典型，她不满于工业化社会所造成的感情上的冷漠与虚伪状态，一心追求独立与自由，充满了对传统观念的反叛精神。但是厄秀拉在爱情生活和教师生涯中都历尽挫折，她的探索在《虹》里是以失败而告终的。小说结尾腾空而起的一道彩虹虽然象征着对未来新生活的憧憬，但这种未来像虹一样远不可及、虚无缥缈（这一象征手法在中篇小说《狐》的结尾处再次加以运用）。《恋爱中的妇女》是《虹》所表现的那种探索的继续。小说通过厄秀拉和她的妹妹古特伦各自在爱情关系上的悲欢离合，使以《虹》开始的家族历史带有更多的哲理意味。这部小说还创造了劳伦斯作品中前所未有的一个形象，一个集纨绔子弟的骄奢淫逸和实业家的精明残忍于一身的年轻煤矿主，暴露了资本主义工业化的非人性质和对人的异化作用。厄秀拉与古特伦在她们的探索中，不可能真正找到明确的方向与出路，但这两部小说在社会、历史、道德与精神方面的丰富内容，使它们成为劳伦斯的最高成就和现代英国小说中的经典作品。著名的评论家利维斯对《恋爱中的妇女》的评价是颇有代表性的。他认为《恋爱中的妇女》是小说中

① Alastair Niven: *D.H. Lawrence: The Novels* (Cambridge, 1978), p.60

最能显示出创造性才华的杰出作品之一”。^①

第一次世界大战标志着英国社会更深刻的没落的开始。劳伦斯在一本写于战后的小说《阿伦的杆杖》(Aaron's Rod, 1922)中说:“当我想到我所热爱的那个古老世界时心里就会产生一种愈来愈强烈的末日感——这个新的世界对我来说是毫无意义的。”劳伦斯最后十年的作品中不时表现出战后社会动荡与没落的感觉。作者在这个时期最重要的小说就是在英国现代文学史上引起一场轩然大波的《恰特莱夫人的情人》(Lady Chatterley's Lover, 1928)小说从战后满目疮痍的环境里开始,通过恰特莱爵士的夫人不顾贵族夫人的身份与仆人私通的丑闻、决心与猎场工人梅勒在乡间农庄上开始新生活的过程,暴露了资本主义工业化扼杀人性、摧残生机的后果,进一步表现了劳伦斯希望通过实现身心一致的性关系求得新生的思想。小说中那个丧失了生育能力的旧贵族兼新豪富恰特莱爵士,那个“长着坚硬外壳和稀烂如浆的内脏”的半人半机械的煤矿主,是他所代表的阶级缺乏人性、丧失活力的象征。与这个禁锢在石头房子里、束缚在钢铁轮椅上的苍白冰冷的贵族相对照,那位过去当过铁匠、现在在树林里哺育新生命的养鸡工人梅勒,则代表了活跃于大自然里生气勃勃的创造力。引起纷争的是这本小说对性行为详尽放纵的描写,这种描写显然削弱了作品的主题,而不是加强了它的积极效果。

除了长篇小说以外,劳伦斯还写了十余集中篇、短篇小说。由于后者篇幅短小,组织严密,作者观察生活、再现情景的能力得到了更集中的表现。《菊馨》(The Odour of

① E.R.Leavis: *D.H. Lawrence: Novelist* (Pelican, 1918), p.174

Chrysanthemums, 1911) 等一组特写式的短篇反映诺丁汉一带煤矿工人的生活,《普罗士军官》(The Prussian Officer, 1913) 反映了军官与士兵之间的紧张对峙,《英国,我的英国》(England, My England, 1915) 成功地传达了现代英国缺乏生活意志的社会气氛。劳伦斯其他比较成功的中、短篇小说还包括《烈马圣莫尔》(St. Mawr, 1924)《牧师的女儿》(The Daughter of the Vicar, 1911)《姑娘与吉卜赛人》(The Virgin and the Gipsy, 1926) 和《爱岛的人》(The Man Who Loved Islands, 1926) 等。

本书所选的《菊馨》是劳伦斯早期创作中一个优秀的特写式短篇。正如题目所表明的,菊花是贯穿全篇的主要形象。一位矿工的妻子因丈夫迟迟未归而掩饰不了她心里的焦虑和愤懑。她告诉女儿,她当年在菊花盛开的时节结婚,在菊花盛开的时节生第一个孩子,甚至当他丈夫第一次喝得烂醉如泥被同伴抬回家来时纽孔里还插着一枚金黄的菊花。如今又是菊花开放的时节,女儿贪婪地吻着、闻着母亲怀里插着的几枝菊花,房里也飘逸着菊花的冷馨。时间已经很晚了,在一阵匆乱的脚步声中丈夫被抬了回来:他已经在一次塌方事故中死去。抬尸体的人在慌忙之中打碎了插满菊花的花瓶。菊花代表着这些忠厚善良的人们的美好品质,也象征着他们被无情砸碎的良好愿望。

本书还选编了一篇中篇小说《狐》(The Fox, 1921),这是一篇具有丰富心理学内容的作品,显示出作者善于运用自然环境表现潜意识精神活动的非凡能力。故事中两个女子经营一所农庄,强健的马奇担当男人的工作,柔弱的班福特料理家务。马奇虽然乐于帮助朋友,但对环境为她安排的这种异常的生活方式感到若有所失。农庄在两个女人手里逐渐显出

一副凋蔽的景象，何况还经常有一头狐狸来骚扰。有一次马奇手执猎枪与这头狐狸突然遭遇，彼此静观了好一会儿。马奇“像是被符咒镇住了”，“神智迷离，灵魂出了窍”，眼睁睁看着狐狸悠然而去。劳伦斯笔下的狐狸是一种象征，它给马奇带来了启示与感悟。马奇是一个身心倾向于分裂的人。从社会角度看，从有意识精神活动的角度看，作为农庄上的主要劳动者和家庭主妇的保护者，狐狸是她所捍卫的和平生活的敌人；但是，从心理角度看，从潜意识精神活动的角度看，她在目前的生活中被剥夺了自然与本能的要求。她不甘心长久顺从这种不健全的生活方式，而狐狸恰恰威胁着这种生活方式。因此，从要打破目前这种生活方式这一点来说，她与狐狸之间存在着一种联系与呼应。在人、狐相视的刹那间，马奇突然意识到他们之间既有敌对之处，又有相通之处。正是这种感悟使她失去了扣动板机的力量。后来农庄上来了一个名叫亨利的小伙子。劳伦斯在描写他的外貌和举止时一再暗示他与狐狸的相像之处。马奇无论从社会的和精神的需要出发，都渴望得到这个男人，但是在亨利和班福特之间展开了一场无形的争夺。最后，由于班福特在一次伐木事故中丧生才使这一矛盾得到解决。这篇故事在自然主义的表面之下寓有丰富的象征意义，“它在发挥小说的想像方面是一大突破，没有一个小说家能将人类本性的无言活动表现得如此淋漓尽致。”^①

劳伦斯的出现，对于二十世纪英国文坛来说，无异是一场地震，只是在余震过后人们才充分认识到它的震动之烈和影响之深。在暴露资本主义工业化对人性 and 人的价值的摧残

① Christopher Gille: *Movements in English Literature: 1900—1940* (Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1978), p.56

方面，劳伦斯的作品有其认识价值和积极意义；但是将新的圆满的两性关系作为治疗社会和精神弊病的验方，这在当时已是无益的幻想，在现在则更是有害的迷误。

侯维瑞

1985年11月

于上海外国语学院

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Odor of Chrysanthemums

I

The small locomotive engine, Number 4, came clanking, stumbling down from Selston with seven full wagons. It appeared round the corner with loud threats of speed, but the colt that it startled from among the gorse, which still flickered indistinctly in the raw afternoon, out-distanced it at a canter. A woman, walking up the railway line to Underwood, drew back into the hedge, held her basket aside, and watched the footplate of the engine advancing. The trucks thumped heavily past, one by one, with slow inevitable movement, as she stood insignificantly trapped between the jolting black wagons and the hedge; then they curved away towards the coppice where the withered oak leaves dropped noiselessly, while the birds, pulling at the scarlet hips beside the track, made off into the dusk that had already crept into the spinney. In the open, the smoke from the engine sank and cleaved to the rough grass. The fields were dreary and forsaken, and in the marshy strip that led to the whimsey, a reedy pit pond, the fowls had already abandoned their run among the alders, to roost in the tarred fowl house. The pit bank loomed up beyond the pond, flames like red sores licking its ashy sides, in the afternoon's stagnant light. Just beyond rose the tapering chimneys and the clumsy black head-

stocks of Brinsley Colliery. The two wheels were spinning fast up against the sky, and the winding engine rapped out its little spasms. The miners were being turned up.

The engine whistled as it came into the wide bay of railway lines beside the colliery, where rows of trucks stood in harbor.

Miners, single, trailing, and in groups, passed like shadows diverging home. At the edge of the ribbed level of sidings squat a low cottage, three steps down from the cinder track. A large bony vine clutched at the house, as if to claw down the tiled roof. Round the bricked yard grew a few wintry primroses. Beyond, the long garden sloped down to a bush-covered brook course. There were some twiggy apple trees, winter-crack trees, and ragged cabbages. Beside the path hung disheveled pink chrysanthemums, like pink cloths hung on bushes. A woman came stooping out of the felt-covered fowl house, halfway down the garden. She closed and padlocked the door, then drew herself erect, having brushed some bits from her white apron.

She was a tall woman of imperious mien, handsome, with definite black eyebrows. Her smooth black hair was parted exactly. For a few moments she stood steadily watching the miners as they passed along the railway: then she turned towards the brook course. Her face was calm and set, her mouth was closed with disillusionment. After a moment she called:

"John!" There was no answer. She waited, and then said distinctly:

"Where are you?"

"Here!" replied a child's sulky voice from among the bushes.

The woman looked piercingly through the dusk.

"Are you at that brook?" she asked sternly.

For answer the child showed himself before the raspberry canes that rose like whips. He was a small, sturdy boy of five. He stood quite still, defiantly.

"Oh!" said the mother, conciliated. "I thought you were down at that wet brook — and you remember what I told you —"

The boy did not move or answer.

"Come, come on in," she said more gently, "it's getting dark. There's your grandfather's engine coming down the line!"

The lad advanced slowly, with resentful, taciturn movement. He was dressed in trousers and waistcoat of cloth that was too thick and hard for the size of the garments. They were evidently cut down from a man's clothes.

As they went slowly towards the house he tore at the ragged wisps of chrysanthemums and dropped the petals in handfuls among the path.

"Don't do that — it does look nasty," said his mother. He refrained, and she, suddenly pitiful, broke off a twig with three or four wan flowers and held them against her face. When mother and son reached the yard her hand hesitated, and instead of laying the flower aside, she pushed it in her apron-band. The mother and son stood at the foot of the three steps looking across the bay of lines at the passing home of the miners. The trundle of the small train was imminent. Suddenly the engine loomed past the house and came to a stop opposite the gate.

The engine-driver, a short man with round gray beard, leaned

out of the cab high above the woman.

"Have you got a cup of tea?" he said in a cheery, hearty fashion. It was her father. She went in, saying she would mash. Directly, she returned.

"I didn't come to see you on Sunday," began the little gray-bearded man.

"I didn't expect you," said his daughter.

The engine driver winced; then, reassuming his cheery, airy manner, he said:

"Oh, have you heard then? Well, and what do you think ——?"

"I think it is soon enough," she replied.

At her brief censure the little man made an impatient gesture, and said coaxingly, yet with dangerous coldness:

"Well, what's a man to do? It's no sort of life for a man of my years, to sit at my own hearth like a stranger. And if I'm going to marry again it may as well be soon as late — what does it matter to anybody?"

The woman did not reply, but turned and went into the house. The man in the engine-cab stood assertive, till she returned with a cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter on a plate. She went up the steps and stood near the footplate of the hissing engine.

"You needn't'a brought me 'bread an' butter," said her father. "But a cup of tea" — he sipped appreciatively — "it's very nice." He sipped for a moment or two, then: "I hear as Walter's got another bout on," he said.

"When hasn't he?" said the woman bitterly.

"I heerd tell of him in the Lord Nelson braggin' as he was going

to spend that b—— afore he went: half a sovereign that was.”

When?” asked the woman.

“A’ Sat’d day night — I know that’s true.”

“Very likely,” she laughed bitterly. “He gives me twenty-three shillings.”

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“Aye,” he sighed, wiping his mouth. “It’s a settler, it is ——”

He put his hand on the lever. The little engine strained and groaned, and the train rumbled towards the crossing. The woman again looked across the metals. Darkness was settling over the spaces of the railway and trucks: the miners, in gray somber groups, were still passing home. The winding engine pulsed hurriedly, with brief pauses. Elizabeth Bates looked at the dreary flow of men, then she went indoors. Her husband did not come.

The kitchen was small and full of firelight; red coals piled glowing up the chimney mouth. All the life of the room seemed in the white, warm hearth and the steel fender reflecting the red fire. The cloth was laid for tea; cups glinted in the shadows. At the back, where the lowest stairs protruded into the room, the boy sat struggling with a knife and a piece of white wood. He was almost