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英语系列丛书

查特莱夫人的情人

Lady Chatterley's
Lover

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David Herbert Lawrence

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前 言

阅读英文名著是提高英文水平的最佳方式,但很多学生往往会走入追求故事情节的误区,读完之后收获甚微。

我们的调查结果令人瞠目:大多数学生在读完英文名著之后却不能正确拼出书名、作者名与主要人物名,更不知道其中的经典名句。因此,思马得呼吁读者要走上正确的阅读之路,这套“引导式”的掌上名著便应运而生。

本书的特点与使用方法如下:

1. 特别设有“背诵部分”,精选出了背诵与记忆要点,要求读者将此部分完全背熟;
2. 将复杂且难以理解的句子用下划 波浪线 标出,并加以中文注释;
3. 将难词标出并进行注释,省去查字典的麻烦;
4. 将好句子用 **黑体加斜体** 标出,让读者随时得到“老师”的指导;
5. 编排方式上采取左右对照的方式,特设“读书笔记”区,不仅有全方位的注释,还可以让读者做好属于自己的笔记。

由于时间有限,疏忽之处在所难免,欢迎读者指正。

思马得学校图书编辑部

2004年3月



Brief comment and general introduction

简 评 与 梗 概

Lady Chatterley's Lover is a most notable book for its controversial surroundings due to its sexual content. It was published privately in Florence in 1928, in a bowdlerized version in London in 1932 and finally unexpurgated by Grove Press in America in 1959. It was also Lawrence's last novel. It is the story of Connie, Constance Reid. She marries Sir Clifford Chatterley in 1917, but soon he was wounded in the war and must be confined to a wheelchair permanently. After a brief affair with Michaelis, the playwright that leaves her unsatisfied, Lady Chatterley enjoys an extremely passionate relationship with the gamekeeper on their estate. The later stages of the novel move onto the issue of her pregnancy by Mellors and her trip to Venice to disguise the true parentage of the child. The truth is eventually uncovered and the novel ends with a sense of fulfillment for both Lady Chatterley and Mellors although



the situation is never fully resolved. The story and its sentiments suggest that the sexual relationship is the most profound of all and that it may be debased either by treating it lightly or by viewing it with shame (the attitudes seemingly taken by young and old respectively).



背 诵 部 分

1. 书名: Lady Chatterley's Lover 查特莱夫人的情人
2. 作者: David Herbert Lawrence 戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯 (1885~1930)
3. 主要人物:

Connie (Constance)	康妮(康斯坦斯)
Mr. Mellors	麦勒斯
Clifford	克里福德
4. 叙述方式: Third person narration (第三人称叙述)
5. Good Quotations: (好句子)
 - (1) *It is rather hard work: there is now no smooth road into the future: but we go round, or scramble over the obstacles. We've got to live, no matter how many skies have fallen.*
 - (2) *Time went on as the clock does, half past eight instead of half past seven.*
 - (3) *It was a lovely morning; the pear-blossom and plum had suddenly appeared in the world in a wonder of white here*



and there .

- (4) Gold of sunshine touched the closed white curtain .**
- (5) “Not unless it’s one time in a thousand , but you never know .”**
- (6) And Connie felt herself released , in another world , she felt she breathed differently .**
- (7) She was so drifted away that he glanced up at her quickly , and saw the utterly still , waiting look on her face .**



Chapter 1

Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically. The cataclysm^① has happened, we are among the ruins; We start to build up new little habitats, to have new little hopes. **It is rather hard work: there is now no smooth road into the future, but we've got to live, no matter how hard it will be.**

This was more or less Constance Chatterley's position. The war had brought the roof down over her head. And she had realized that one must live and learn.

She married Clifford Chatterley in 1917, when he was home for a month on leave. They had a month's honeymoon. Then he went back to Flanders: to be shipped over to England again six months later, more or less in bits. Constance, his wife, was then twenty-three years old, and he was twenty-nine.

His hold on life was marvelous. He didn't die, for two years he remained in the doctor's hands, with the lower half of his body, from the hips down, paralyzed^② for ever.

This was in 1920, Clifford and Constance returned to his home, Rigby Hall, the family "seat". His father had died, Clifford was now a baronet^③, Sir Clif-

① ['kætəklɪzəm] n. 灾难, 大洪水, 地震, (社会政治的) 大变动

② ['pærəlaɪz] vt. 使瘫痪, 使麻痹

③ ['bærənt] n. 准男爵



读书笔记

ford, and Constance was Lady Chatterley. Clifford had a sister, but she had departed. Otherwise there were no near relatives. The elder brother was dead in the war. Crippled forever, knowing he could never have any children, Clifford came home to the smoky Midlands to keep the Chatterley name alive while he could.

He was not really downcast. He could wheel^① himself about in a wheeled chair, and he had a bath-chair with a small motor attachment, so he could drive himself slowly round the garden and into the park, of which he was really so proud. He remained strange and bright and cheerful, with his healthy-looking face and his pale-blue, challenging bright eyes. His shoulders were broad and strong, his hands were very strong. He was expensively dressed, yet still in his face one saw the watchful look, the slight vacancy of a cripple.

Constance, his wife, was a ruddy^②, country-looking girl with soft brown hair and sturdy^③ body, and slow movements, full of unusual energy. She had big, wondering eyes, and a soft mild voice, and seemed just to have come from her native village. It was not so at all. Her father was the once well-known R. A., old Sir Malcolm Reid. Constance and her sister Hilda had had what might be called an unconventional upbringing. They had been taken to Paris and Florence and Rome to breathe in art, and they had been taken

① ['wi:l, hw-] n. 轮, 车轮,
轮子

② ['rʌdi] a. 红的, 红润的;
v. (使)变红

③ ['stɜ:di] a. 强健的, 坚定的,
毫含糊的



读书笔记

also to the Hague and Berlin, to great Socialist conventions.

Both Hilda and Constance had had their tentative^① love affairs when they were eighteen. It was obvious in them too that love had gone through them: that is, the physical experience. They're more blooming, their young angularities^② softened.

However, came the war. Hilda and Connie were rushed home again after having been home already in May, to their mother's funeral. Before Christmas of 1914 both their German young lover was dead: whereupon the sisters wept, but then forgot them, as they didn't exist.

Hilda suddenly married a man ten years older than herself, an elder member of the Cambridge group, a man with a fair amount of money, and a comfortable family job in the government: he also wrote philosophical essays. She lived with him in a small house in Westminster^③, and moved in that good sort of society of people in the government who are, or would be, the real intelligent power in the nation.

Connie's "friend" was a Clifford Chatterley, a young man of twenty-two, who had hurried home from Bonn, where he was studying the technicalities of coal-mining. He had previously spent two years at Cambridge. Now he had become a first lieutenant^④ in a smart regiment, so he could mock at everything more becomingly in uniform.

①[¹tentatɪv] a. 试探的, 尝试的

②[¹æŋɡjuˈlærɪti] n. 有角, 角状
[然而, 战争开始了。]

③[¹westmɪnstə] n. 威斯敏斯特(伦敦的一个行政区, 英国议会所在地)

④[¹leɪˈtenənt; ¹ljʊːˈtenənt] n.
陆军中尉, 海军上尉, 副取
官员



Clifford Chatterley was more upper class than Connie, and was better bred than Connie. He was at his ease in the narrow "great world", but he was shy and nervous of that other entire big world which consists of the middle and lower classes, and foreigners. If the truth must be told, he was just a little bit frightened of middle-and lower-class humanity, and of foreigners not of his own class. He was, in some way, conscious of his own defenselessness, though he had all the defenses of *privilege*^①.

In 1916 Herbert Chatterley, the elder brother of the family, was killed, so Clifford became heir. He was terrified even of this. His importance as son of Sir Geoffrey, and child of Rigby, was so *ingrained*^② in him, he could never escape it. Now he was heir and responsible for Rigby. Was that not terrible?

Sir Geoffrey wanted Clifford to marry. He barely mentioned it: he spoke very little. But his silent insistence was hard for Clifford to bear up against. Clifford married Connie, nevertheless, and had his month's honeymoon with her. It was the terrible year 1917, and they were intimate as two people who stand together on a sinking ship. He had been virgin when he married: and the sex part did not mean much to him. They were so close, he and she, apart from that. Clifford anyhow was not just keen on his "satisfaction", as so many men seemed to be. No, the intimacy was deeper, more personal than that. And sex was merely

① [ˈprɪvɪlɪdʒ] *n.* 特权, 特别待遇, 基本公民权力, 特免

② [ɪnˈɡreɪn] *a.* 深染的, 根深蒂固的



读书笔记

an accident, but was not really necessary. Though Connie did want children: if only to fortify^① her against her sister-in-law Emma.

But early in 1918 Clifford was shipped home smashed, and there was no child. And Sir Geoffrey died of chagrin^②.

① [ˈfɔːtɪfaɪ] vt. 使坚强

② [ˈʃægrɪn] n 懊恼, 气愤, 委屈



Chapter 2

Connie and Clifford came home to Wragby in the autumn of 1920. Miss Chatterley, still disgusted^① at her brother's defection, had departed and was living in a little flat in London.

There had been no welcome home for the young knight, no festivities, and no deputation, not even a single flower. There was no communication between Wragby Hall and Tevershall village, none. It was not that they were unpopular, they belonged to another species altogether from the miners.

Clifford left the miners alone, and she learnt to do the same: she just went by without looking at them, and they stared as if she were a walking wax figure. When he had to deal with them, Clifford was rather haughty^②; One could no longer afford to be friendly. And he was neither liked nor disliked by the people.

But Clifford was really extremely shy and self-conscious now he was lamed. He hated seeing anyone except just the personal servants. For he had to sit in a wheeled chair. Nevertheless he was just as carefully dressed as ever, and from the top he looked just as smart and impressive as ever. But his eyes, at the same time bold and frightened, assured and uncertain, revealed his nature.

① [dis'gast] *vi.* 令人厌恶, 令人反感; *vt.* 使作呕

[这并不是因为他们不受欢迎, 他们属于与矿工们截然不同的另一个阶层。]

② [hɑ:ti] *a.* 傲慢的



读书笔记

He was not in touch. He was not in actual touch with anybody. Even Connie felt that she herself didn't really, not really touch him. Yet he was absolutely dependent on her, he needed her every moment. Big and strong as he was, he was helpless. He could wheel himself about in a wheeled chair, and he had a sort of bath-chair with a motor attachment, in which he could puff^① slowly round the park. But alone he was like a lost thing. He needed Connie to be there, to assure him he existed at all.

Still he was ambitious. He had taken to writing stories; curious, very personal stories about people he had known. Clever, and yet, in some mysterious way, meaningless. The observation was extraordinary and peculiar. But there was no touch, no actual contact. It was as if the whole thing took place in a vacuum^②.

But Clifford was almost morbidly^③ sensitive about these stories. He wanted everyone to think them good, and the best of all. They appeared in the most modern magazines, and were praised and blamed as usual. But to Clifford the blame was torture, like knives goading^④ him. It was as if the whole of his being were in his stories.

Connie helped him as much as she could. He talked everything over with her, and she had to respond with all her might. It was as if her whole soul and body and sex had to rouse up and pass into these stories of his. This thrilled her and absorbed her.

① [pʌf] *n.* 一阵喷烟; *v.* 喷出

② ['vækjuəm] *n.* 真空, 空间, 真空吸尘器

③ ['mɔ:brɪdli] *ad.* 病态地

④ [gəʊd] *vt.* 刺, 驱策, 激励; *n.* 激励物



读书笔记

Of physical life they lived very little. It was in her second winter at Wragby her father said to her: "I hope, Connie, you won't let circumstances force you into being a demi-vierge^①."

"A demi-vierge!" replied Connie vaguely. "Why? Why not?"

"Unless you like it, of course!" said her father hastily. To Clifford he said the same, when the two men were alone: "I'm afraid it doesn't quite suit Connie to be a demi-vierge."

"A half-virgin!" replied Clifford, translating the phrase to be sure of it.

He thought for a moment, then flushed very red. He was angry and offended.

"In what way doesn't it suit her?" he asked stiffly^②.

"She's getting thin... angular^③. It's not her style."

"Without the spots, of course!" said Clifford.

He wanted to say something later to Connie about the demi-vierge business... the half-virgin state of her affairs. But he could not bring himself to do it. He was at once too intimate with her and not intimate^④ enough. He was so very much at one with her, in his mind and hers, but bodily they were non-existent to one another. They were so intimate, and utterly^⑤ out of touch.

Clifford had quite a number of friends, acquaintances^⑥ really, and he invited them to Wragby. He in-

① [dəmi:'vjeɜʒ] n. 半个处女

② ['stɪflɪ] ad. 顽固地, 呆板地, 僵硬地

③ ['æŋɡjələ] a. 有角的

④ ['ɪntɪmət] a. 亲密的, 隐私的

⑤ [ˈʌtəli] ad. 完全地, 绝对地, 彻底地

⑥ [ə'kwɛɪntəns] n. 相识熟人



读书笔记

vited all sorts of people, critics and writers, people who would help to praise his books. And they were flattered at being asked to Wragby, and they praised.

She was hostess to these people. . . mostly men. These men, especially those no longer young, were very nice to her indeed. But, knowing what Clifford would feel at the slightest sign of flirting^① on her part, she gave them no encouragement at all. She was quiet and vague; she had no contact with them and intended to have none. Clifford was extraordinarily proud of himself.

Time went on. **Whatever happened, nothing happened, because she was so beautifully out of contact.** She and Clifford lived in their ideas and his books. She entertained. . . there were always people in the house. **Time went on as the clock does, half past eight instead of half past seven.**

①[flɪt] vi. 调情, 轻率地对待