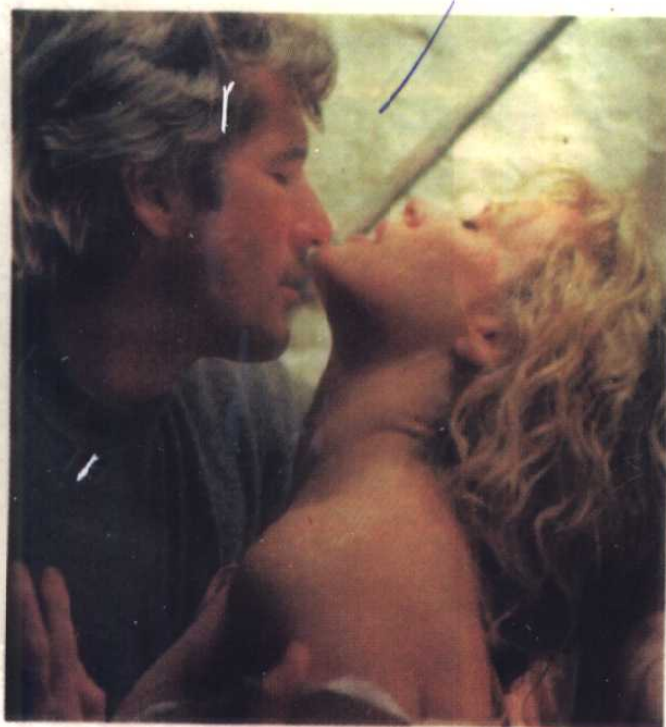


英语文学名著注释系列



BY D.H. LAWRENCE

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER



查特莱夫人的

情人

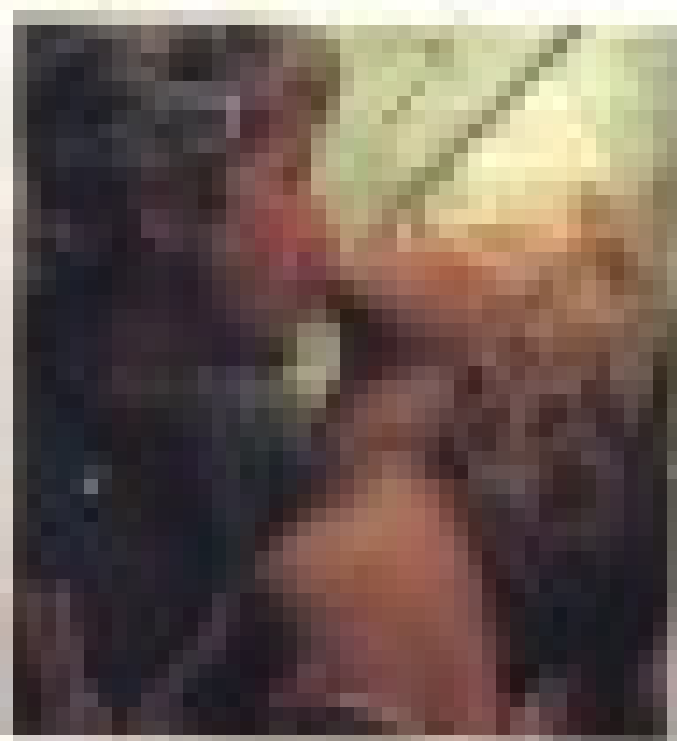
[英国] D. H. 劳伦斯 著 亦霖 注释

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ANNOTATED ENGLISH LITERATURE SERIES /

BY D.H.LAWRENCE

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出 版 前 言

学语言,阅读实在至关重要。广泛阅读,利于学习者存储语言信息。随着语言信息量的不断扩大,学习者自会更深层地体会、感受语言,渐至运用自如的境地。

《英语文学名著注释系列》的出版,是我们酝酿已久的。列入本系列的作品均为原版注释本。这么做,目的很明确,正是想给广大英语学习者呈献原始的语言材料,以助他们丰富完善自己的语言知识。做到这一点,是我们的宗旨,更是我们的心愿。

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1993 年 4 月

作者小传

劳伦斯(David Herbert Lawrence)于1885年出生在英国中部诺丁汉郡的一个矿工家庭。父亲在艰难生活的重压下开始酗酒,性情变得日趋暴躁,母亲则有着良好的文化修养,夫妻二人经常发生冲突。劳伦斯的母亲在对丈夫完全失望之后便将全部感情倾注在她的爱子身上。这种异乎寻常的爱在很长一段时间内影响着劳伦斯的心理(关于这段经历在作者的自传体小说《儿子与情人》中有着详尽的描绘)。劳伦斯在诺丁汉中学以优异的成绩毕业并获得奖学金,后于1906年进入诺丁汉大学学习,在此期间开始在《诺丁汉卫报》发表诗歌,并开始创作《白孔雀》。1908年获得教师资格后在伦敦南郊的一个中学教书。1910年起创作《儿子与情人》。1911年1月《白孔雀》出版,开始受到人们的注意。年底因病放弃教师之职。1912年他爱上了诺丁汉大学一法语教授的德籍妻子弗丽达,不久两人私奔,开始了漂泊不定的旅行生活。1913年《儿子与情人》问世。这是一部富有独创性和感染力的作品,使他一举成名,从此奠定了他在英国现代小说史上的地位。1914年第一次世界大战爆发,劳伦斯和弗丽达回到英国正式结为夫妻,由于弗丽达的德国血统和劳伦

斯的反战言论,他受到英国警方的监视。1915年出版《彩虹》,被认为有碍道德而遭到查禁。1916年完成了《彩虹》的续篇《恋爱中的妇女》,但没有出版商敢出版,这两部作品代表了作者的最高成就。1919年战争一结束,他便携妻漫游意大利。1920年《恋爱中的妇女》终于在美国出版。随后夫妻两人开始漂泊于锡兰、澳大利亚、美国、墨西哥、德国和法国等地。这段时间是劳伦斯创作精力最旺盛的时期。1923年和1926年分别完成了以澳大利亚为背景的小说《袋鼠》和以墨西哥为背景的小说《羽蛇》,反映了对强权的神秘力量和古代宗教的向往和崇拜,成就不如前两部作品。1926年开始创作他的最后一部长篇小说《查特莱夫人的情人》,1928年劳伦斯抱病完成第三稿,即最后一稿。7月,在佛罗伦萨出版,引起轩然大波,立即受到英国报界的攻击,随即英国当局以“有伤风化”的罪名予以查禁,一禁就是30年。1929年初,诗集《三色紫罗兰》的稿子在邮寄过程中被当局扣留,以淫秽罪名予以没收。7月,警察冲进多萝西·沃伦举办画展的美术馆,将劳伦斯的13幅油画带走,理由同样是淫秽。1930年3月2日劳伦斯逝世于法国南部的尼斯,终年44岁。劳伦斯多才多艺,小说、诗歌、戏剧、散文无所不通,且擅长绘画,尤以书信闻名,但一生命运多舛,不幸英年早逝。

内 容 简 介

克利福特·查特莱的父亲老查特莱男爵是英国中部矿区的大地主。1917年克利福特从前线请假回家,奉父命与康丝坦斯匆匆结婚。康妮(康丝坦斯的爱称)是个活泼的女子,身体健康、精力过人,父母都是上流社会的成员。康妮从小接受的是自由的教育,到过巴黎、罗马等地。在德国读书时曾有过恋爱的尝试。总之她是一个开明的女子。克利福特和康妮度过短暂的蜜月后立即返回前线,不久受伤归国,经过抢救治疗虽保住了生命,但腰部以下终身瘫痪。克利福特在父亲去世后继承了遗产和爵位,于是携康妮回到老家,开始过那无忧无虑、却死气沉沉的贵族生活。坐在轮椅中的克利福特仪表上保持着贵族的气质,实际上已是外强中干,由于丧失了性功能而导致他精力萎缩和感情枯竭。这时的康妮与其说是他的妻子倒不如说是他的护士。在漫长乏味的生活中康妮备受煎熬,对克利福特产生了不满情绪,始与一年轻的爱尔兰剧作家私通,但因未能在他身上得到尽情的享乐而日益疏远。康妮在这种令人窒息的气氛中积郁成疾,身体受到了一定程度的损害。不久,庄园里雇来一位猎场看守人奥利弗·麦勒斯。他出身矿工,是位退役军官,强健精悍。长久以来渴望男性的查特莱夫人见到他后,重新燃起了爱的火焰和对生活的憧憬。这时庄园又雇来一位护士,康妮方得以

摆脱看护工作。康妮和麦勒斯一见倾心，很快堕入爱河中。自此，康妮便经常悄悄来到这看林人的小屋与麦勒斯幽会，尽情地享受原始的、充满激情的、彻底的性生活。不久，康妮怀孕了。为了避人耳目，康妮利用查特莱让她与别人生个孩子以袭家业的许诺到威尼斯度假，可那里的旖旎风光竟丝毫也不能引起她的兴致。在她离开庄园的日子里，麦勒斯未曾正式离婚的前妻突然回来，公布了麦勒斯与康妮之间的私情，迫使麦勒斯不得已向克利福特辞职，来到伦敦等待康妮，因为二人事先约好在康妮度假回来的路上在伦敦相见。肉体的结合又一次唤起了他们先前的百般温情。康妮打定主意，去信要求和克利福特离婚。麦勒斯则在乡间一处农场做工，等待取得与前妻的离婚证明后再来与康妮团聚。小说的结尾二人都在期待中。

Preface

Lawrence has been the subject of so many studies now — the checklist stands at some eight hundred volumes and pamphlets — that he has begun to seem more of an academic industry than a writer, the liveliest of his time. Can anything be added, whether in praise or blame, to this vast corpus? The biography is a matter of public record; and what they have not done for him he has done for himself, brilliantly and persuasively putting on record his intentions — what writer has been more explicit about these?

This book, which may not be one of his best, is certainly his most controversial, and the dust it raised will be a long time settling. Yet if I were to choose an epigraph for it today, it might be something like "The Many Couple but the Few Mate"; Stendhal's "Happy Few," be it understood — or perhaps one should call them the Unhappy Few, who still stand ringed about by the fires of the puritan conscience. "The sense of guilt in Rimbaud," observes Miller somewhere, "was not conquered, it atrophied." And this is certainly the feeling one gets looking round upon this permissive generation; how Lawrence would have hated to be cited as an avatar of license! Yet he would perhaps have agreed with Diderot that "*il y a un peu de testicule au fond de nos sentiments les plus sublimes et de notre tendresse la plus épurée.*" It is this little neglected imp of raw sensuality which he set out to canonize, to celebrate. Of course the intention was dogmatic — for he was something of a puritan himself. He was out to cure, to mend; and the weapons he selected for this act of therapy were the four-letter words about which so long and idiotic a battle has raged. Has it been won? Presumably, for I hear that they are freely used now, even on television. Have they at last been sanctified by such bloodless choristers as cling to the barren branches of the Sunday press? Somehow I have my doubts. "We take our pleasures sadly and wear our perversions awkwardly," observes Mr. Peter Quennell somewhere in another

context. It is difficult to know what he would have felt about the public brandishing of these poor little words. But the imp is out of the bottle at last. And here it may be worth pointing out that Lawrence himself may have had to master severe internal resistances before arriving at a natural use of these words. Does this explain the several drafts of this book, his careful rewriting and reshaping? He was seeking for a naturalness of tone; he knew that if he himself had to force out these passages the result would be damage to the melodic line of the book -- for nothing is so easily communicated to the reader as the repressions of his author. In this, his last version, he has brought off the trick perfectly. The prose is natural, lyrical and unforced; nowhere is he shrill and self-conscious. Though he was ill, indeed was dying, there is no falling off in the vivid, exacerbated coloring of the work. It was a surprise package of a book, and addressed to his native England. There is no need to trace out the unhappy results of this deeply serious creative act. Could they perhaps have been predictable? When a serious artist is flushed the hunt is up with a vengeance!

The allegory has been studied in such detail that I think the time has come to remind the reader that, though this is in some sort a tract, it is also a *novel* and has a right to be judged as such. The conscious use of allegory is always a danger to a novelist's "characterization," and Lawrence did not always escape this danger. But from this point of view this novel comes off, because the people are quite real and the situation a plausible one. The two central problems which were exercising his mind at the time constitute the thematic base -- namely the problem of class in England, and that of tracing the springs of psychic awareness, psychic growth. Thus in a way the book is colored by both a theology and a rhetoric, playing about these ideas like summer lightning.

Yet, as I say, his people are real people, real portraits, whatever their symbolic function may be. (Mrs. Bolton with her perverse Chatterley-worship is one of the great characters in fiction, while rarely have the emotions of a lonely woman in love been analyzed with such power and insight as in the case of Connie Chatterley. Moreover, there are important truths about sex and about loving which need to be uttered; it is wonderful to see them set out calmly in black and white. I am thinking, for example, of the brief passage

about "coming together"; people who do not, or who cannot, should suspect the quality of their loving. To be unable to "come together" suggests that the psyches involved are not chiming properly. The book is full of such small stabs of insight — full of the good news. And here the four-letter words do their job on twisted people — the four-letter souls; it is strange the effect of this taboo. I have seen people turn white with rage at a mention of this book. Moreover, it has always struck me as curious that most, if not all, the banned words seem to be of Saxon provenance, while the euphemisms constructed to convey the same meanings are of Latin-French. Does this argue some great split in the British conscience — a split occurring very far back in history when the Normans were the rulers? Historians, kindly oblige. Psychoanalysts, your attention please. I am thinking of the shorter, blunter words which my deep repression force me to transcribe as 'kcuf' and 'tnuc' — the only way I can smuggle them past the censor into the light of day. There is still food for reflection here, a linguistic problem to be considered.

It seems to be fairly generally accepted that *Chatterley* is not Lawrence's best novel, that it will not stand comparison with *Sons and Lovers* or *Kangaroo* or *Women in Love*. I am afraid that I share this opinion. It will do no disservice to this great man's memory if I say why. There are two factors involved here. One is; the book falls away rather sadly at the end. It had all the ingredients for a big tragedy, but it ends on a whimper. The other and much more serious consideration is centered in the character of Mellors; I find that Lawrence has failed to secure the reader's sympathy for this strange, self-satisfied little boor, so complacent about his "flamy" body and hard-worked "kcirp." If, as they say, he is intended to represent Lawrence himself, then it can only be the unenviable, repressed side of the master — the heavy social inferiority which makes him "cheek" his betters and wave his "sllab" in the face of the lord of the manor. Yet Mellors is not Lawrence — for nowhere does he ever rise to his responsibilities, and whatever else Lawrence did not do, he certainly never failed to do just that; any reader of his letters will see how consistently responsible he remained for himself as both man and artist. Mellors just sits around waiting to be fished out of holes by poor Connie — how one sympathizes with this poor simpleton and frustrate! But this feeling about Mellors alienates the

reader's sympathy for the real hero of the book and in consequence leaves a gap in the masonry. The hero, for all his boasting, is never a rounded figure, never wholly a man, but a sort of abstraction pitched awkwardly between worlds; he is not a true peasant — he has finer feelings, nor is he a gentleman, though he can when he wishes talk upper class. (How loathsome that Derbyshire dialect is, reflecting the ugly, crimping, cheese-paring troglodytes who speak it!) He is also book-learned, is the gamekeeper, O yes, Latin French German and all that. One pities the poor lady when one thinks of the future she promises herself with a man like this — listening to his half-baked twaddle about putting miners into pinafores in order to save their souls; all this sort of unchewed Fabian cud. Or else being forced to commonize herself by speaking Derby whenever Mr. Mellors' social inferiority rises to the surface to remind him that she is a lady. No, there's a big blind spot somewhere here.

Yet Lawrence is big enough to afford such blind spots and still carry the work to a triumphant conclusion — for in its way it is a triumph, this original book. But whatever Mellors' limitations as a figurehead who remains untrue to his fictional responsibilities, his symbolic role is made perfectly clear, and we are forced to accept the fact of his sensuality as a pivotal factor in determining the action. We recognize his function as a sort of Noble Savage even if we are often in doubt as to his reality as a man.

But he has quite a long pedigree inside Lawrence's work; in a previous and excellent introduction to this work, Mark Shorer the critic has found several emergent gamekeepers in other books by Lawrence — brief cartoons which suggest that Mellors was conceived long before *Chatterley*, and slowly emerged into the light of day over several successive sketches, suddenly to find his proper function in this enlarged conception of the central importance of sex, plus the need to clear the decks about it in order to release the vital, affective male-female flow which, rightly or wrongly, Lawrence felt had been dammed up and poisoned by the terms of reference imposed on us both by puritanism and technology. It is doubtful whether anyone today could doubt the rightness of his diagnosis or deplore the means he used in order to dynamite the English psyche into some sort of response.

But if the gamekeeper has a pedigree, so has the preoccupation

with the four-letter words; I think that in the dialect poems of Lawrence, some of which are really splendid, moving and naturally coarse, we can see a sort of mock-up, a try-out, for the use of the English ones later on in this book. If one wishes to revive one's sympathy for Mellors, one should read these poems and imagine that he had written them; they follow very closely the theme of *Chatterley*, and the unselfconscious freedom of the banned words here — strangely robbed of their electric charge by being spelt out in dialect — is both effective and moving. It is a pity that he did not somehow weave them into the story. If Mellors has been as well-educated as we are told he was, he might at the end of the book have produced some of these. It would have given body to the fiction and increased our sympathy for him.

But who are we to impose our own views upon those of a master? I have no doubt that this book, so carefully written and rewritten, is exactly the way Lawrence meant it to be, and we must accept the fact. Writers of this size impose their vision upon us even if it does not always conform to what we believe to be our own.

It would be folly, after so much has been written, to try to rehash the biographical facts which might lend support to some of these criticisms; equally it would be superfluous to rephrase the excellent and discriminating criticism which has gone before, and which has devoted special attention to the key themes in Lawrence's work, of which those explored in *Chatterley* form part. My job has been to try and turn up a few of the doubts, speculations and reflections which might legitimately cross the minds of those readers lucky enough to come fresh to this brave work. Nobody concerned with the novel in our century can afford not to read it; and those who do with a sympathetic eye and an open mind will find it full of meat and wine.

Chatterley will be with us for a long time yet.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

Introduction

RONALD FRIEDLAND

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER | BY | D. H.
LAWRENCE | PRIVATELY PRINTED | 1928

Mulberry coloured paper boards, printed in black on upper cover: [*the Lawrence phoenix*]; white paper label on spine printed in black: LADY | CHATTERLEY'S | LOVER | D. H. | LAWRENCE | [*enclosed within single rule*] The leaves measure $8 \frac{15}{16}$ " x $6 \frac{3}{8}$ ". Top edges rough-trimmed; fore and bottom edges untrimmed.

[i]-[iv]+1-[368], as follows: [i] blank; [ii] This edition is limited | to One Thousand copies. | No 703 [*autograph number in blue ink*] | signed D. H. Lawrence [*autograph signature in blue ink*]; [iii] title-page as above; [iv] Florence — Printed by the Tipografia Giuntina, directed by L. Franceschini. ; 1--365 text; [366]--[368] blank.

Published July 1928 at £2; the first printing consisted of 1000 copies.

Although the bibliographic description of the Orioli first edition of 1928 accurately details the physical appearance of the volume, it in no way suggests the outrage, frustration, and physical agony the book caused its author. The previous year, while completing *The Plumed Serpent* in Mexico, Lawrence had become so ill with tuberculosis and malaria that he feared he would be buried in the local cemetery. Frieda Lawrence's comment, "It's such an ugly cemetery,

don't you think of it," and his own unconquerable vitality pulled him through the excruciating train ride to Mexico City, three weeks of serious hemorrhaging in a hotel there, and two days of bitter argument with Texas immigration officials who were "most insulting and hateful" in refusing to permit Lawrence to return to the only place he could recover, his ranch at Taos, New Mexico. Finally, more dead than alive, he reached the cool air and quiet foothills of the Sangre de Cristo mountains. Weak with loss of blood, thin, physically devastated, he confessed that he would never have the strength to write another novel. He repeated that conviction a year later, in October, 1926, after returning to Italy. Yet nothing, disease, pain, public condemnation, or government persecution could prevent him from writing. Eleven days later he had written forty-one pages of his last major work, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Lawrence began the first manuscript of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (he completely rewrote the novel three times) at the Villa Mirenda, in the vineyard covered hills of Tuscany. As he described the place to a friend, it was an:

old square whitish villa on a little hill of its own, with the peasant houses and cypresses behind and the vines and olives and corn on all the slopes. . . . Away in front lies the Arno valley and mountains beyond. Behind are pine woods. The rooms inside are big and rather bare — with red-brick floors; spacious, rather nice, and very still.

It was in the woods behind the house that Lawrence began writing. Frieda remembers that, "After breakfast — we had it at seven or so — he would take his book and pen and a cushion, followed by John the dog, and go into the woods behind the Mirenda and come back to lunch with what he had written." Sitting against a tree in the shade of the umbrella pines, with his knees drawn up, a child's thick exercise notebook resting on them almost touching his beard, with the dog asleep in the morning sun, Lawrence wrote what was to be called "the foulest book in English literature."

It is because of Lawrence's companion, John the dog, that we can date the beginning of composition. Some irreverent smudges and prints on the manuscript were identified by Lawrence as having

been made by John on October 26, 1926. Gaining energy from his work, Lawrence at this time also felt strong enough to begin a series of paintings, write some short stories and articles, and, over the holiday season, to give the peasants and their children a real old-fashioned German-English Christmas celebration. With all of these activities, Lawrence continued to work on his novel, finishing it after only three months, in February of 1927.

The first manuscript of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* complete, Lawrence spent a week in early April touring the Etruscan sites which were to form the subject of his brilliant travel book, *Etruscan Places*. The trip tired him, and when he returned he came down with a bad cold and a recurrent attack of malaria. Nevertheless, he immediately began the second complete version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Painting, writing stories and travel essays, visiting the Huxleys at their seacoast villa, he inevitably overworked himself into a dangerous state of irritation and fatigue. One stifling July afternoon in that hot summer of 1927, Lawrence went into the garden to gather a basket of peaches. After proudly showing them to Frieda he went to his room and, a few minutes later, hearing him call her "in a strange gurgling voice," she went inside to find him lying on the bed looking at her "with shocked eyes, while a slow stream of blood came from his mouth." It was the most serious bronchial hemorrhage he had yet suffered, and as a consequence he went to the mountains of Austria to recover. While there, Lawrence was examined by Hans Carossa, one of the few doctors Lawrence ever trusted, a tuberculosis specialist and a fine Bavarian poet. Although he did not tell his patient the worst, Carossa did admit to a friend that anyone else in Lawrence's condition would have died long before, but that with an artist of Lawrence's intensity the usual factors were not involved. However, he did say that no medical treatment could save him, and that Lawrence would be dead in two or three years. He was, the friend later observed, "cruelly right."

Another man, upon recovering from such an attack, would have rested, followed doctor's orders, and abandoned any previous work. Not Lawrence. Back at the Villa Mirenda in October, he began the third and final version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, rearranged and rewrote his *Poems* for the collected edition of 1928, and managed to find time for more painting. He finally completed the manuscript,