

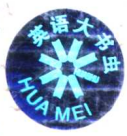


W 恋爱中的女人

Women in Love

英语人书虫世界文学名著文库

[英] D. H. 劳伦斯 著 英语学习大书虫研究室 译



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“当然不是,”她说道,“但我没有把握。”

“你认为结婚是一种经验吗?”厄秀拉反问道。

“当然是的,无论如何都是。”克丽丝汀说着,“或许令人不快,可是一定是一种经验。”

“并不一定对,”厄秀拉说,“更可能是经验的结束呢。”

克丽丝汀很安静地坐着,专心听着这句话。

“当然,”她说道,“这一点是应该顾及到的。”这句话结束了他们交谈的结束语。

厄秀拉开始把画上

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(英)劳伦斯 著
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导 读

劳伦斯·戴维·赫伯特(1885—1930)英国小说家、诗人、散文家和文学评论家。他在一生中努力创作,著作十分丰富,除文学作品外,在哲学、文学评论、心理学和历史学方面均有建树。主要作品有长篇小说《白孔雀》(1911)、《逾矩的罪人》(1912)、《儿子与情人》(1913)、《虹》(1915)、《恋爱中的女人》(1921)、《羽蛇》(1926)、《查太莱夫人的情人》(1928)等,诗集有《情诗》(1913)、《看,我们闯过来了》(1917)、《乌龟》(1921)和《鸟·兽·花》(1923)等。

《恋爱中的女人》主要写本书的女主人公赫麦妮——一个性变态患者,她有温柔的一面,也有凶狠残忍的一面。她一方面用那变态的情欲,对男人极尽温情,一方面可以像魔鬼一样对她痛恨的男人进行报复,完全丧失一个大家闺秀所应有的高雅气质。当时的伦敦就是一个乌烟瘴气的人间地狱。小说描绘了一群行尸走肉般的男女,心灵空虚,万念俱灰,只知及时行乐的画面。

劳伦斯也着力描写了伯金和厄秀拉、杰拉德和戈珍两对情人间苦涩的恋情,他们处在那种社会氛围中,千方百计地想用爱情去填补内心的空白,可他们的心总是无法沟通。怎么也爱不起来,终日只有百无聊赖地打发着压抑、郁闷的时光。小说中的伯金由于他过于纤弱的体质,还有他那始终压抑着的灵魂,这就造就了他一生都只会悲剧的根本原因。他在冷漠、忧郁、绝望、痛苦中,思索着人类的命运与人生的价值,但是,他费尽九牛二虎之力所得到的却都是悲剧。而本书中的那个性变态——赫麦妮却始终在纠缠着他,伯金虽然对她厌恶之极,却又没有与她断绝关系的勇气,最终只会“当断不断,必有后患。”险些被对方杀死。他一心想的是厄秀拉,可他们追求的却是一种灵与肉关系的和谐与完美。

本书中的杰拉德·克里奇,是一个冷酷无情,毫无人性与人道可言的家伙。他心中想的是如何发展企业,赚取更多的利润,在不知不觉

中把自己沦为机器的奴隶。随着企业的发展和财富的增多,他突然发现自己内心空虚,连生的欲望也丧失了,他的心早已死了。

最后再来谈谈本部小说的翻译情况,《恋爱中的女人》现在也有很多种译本,其中不乏大家之作,有些实在能称得上是大手笔,译者在翻译时能抓住原作者的思想精髓,巧妙地表达出了原作者的写作意蕴,但个别地方难免有误解原作者本意的地方。时值新千年之际,我们本着有助于广大青年读者学习英语的目的,在翻译时参照现有译本,本着直译的原则,尽可能体现原作者的本意,让大家在欣赏大家风范的同时,还可以体味英语的原味,做中英文对照的目的并不在于要为读者解决阅读障碍,而是要让读者在阅读过程中有个参照,检查自己能否体味出英语原作所表述的细微情节,也是对广大读者英语翻译水平的一个测验。在翻译这部小说的过程中,我们在人名、地名上及一些特定称谓上,并不是随意追求标新立异,还是沿用前辈们的既定译法;另外,由于译者水平阅历均有限,翻译时难免有所疏露,失误之处在所难免,诚恳广大读者不吝赐教,在此一并表示谢意!

译者

CHAPTER I

Sisters

URSULA AND GUDRUN Brangwen sat one morning in the windowbay of their father's house in Bel-dover, working and talking. Ursula was stitching a piece of brightly coloured embroidery, and Gudrun was drawing upon a board which she held on her knee. They were mostly silent, talking as their thoughts strayed through their minds.

'Ursula,' said Gudrun, 'don't you really want to get married?' Ursula laid her embroidery in her lap and looked up. Her face was calm and considerate.

'I don't know,' she replied. 'It depends how you mean.'

Gudrun was slightly taken aback. She watched her sister for some moments.

'Well,' she said, ironically, 'it usually means one thing! But don't you think anyhow, you'd be —' she darkened slightly — 'in a better position than you are in now.'

A shadow came over Ursula's face.

'I might,' she said. 'But I'm not sure.'

Again Gudrun paused, slightly irritated. She wanted to be quite definite.

'You don't think one needs the experience of having been married?' she asked.

'Do you think it need be an experience?' replied Ursula.

'Bound to be, in some way or other,' said Gudrun, coolly. 'Possibly undesirable, but bound to be an experience of some sort.'

'Not really,' said Ursula. 'More likely to be the end of experience.'

Gudrun sat very still, to attend to this.

'Of course,' she said, 'there's that to consider.'

This brought the conversation to a close. Gudrun, almost angrily, took up her rubber and began to rub out

第一章

姐妹俩

在贝多弗父亲的宅子里,布朗温家的厄秀拉和戈珍两姐妹在凸肚窗的窗台上坐着,一边做着活,一边谈着话。厄秀拉正在绣一件色彩明快的刺绣,戈珍的膝上放着一块画板,她此刻正在画画。她们大部分时间都沉默着,只有脑子突然想到什么时,才说些什么。

"厄秀拉,"戈珍说道,"你真的不想结婚?"厄秀拉把刺绣在膝上摊开,抬起头来,她的表情看起来平静而又若有所思。

"我不清楚,"她回答道,"这要看你指的意思是什么了。"

戈珍有点迷惑,她看了她的姐姐一会儿。

"唔,"她讽刺地说道,"一般来说,它意味着一件事!不过,难道你不认为无论如何,你要——"她神色有点儿黯淡地说,"比你现在的境况要好一些吗?"

一片阴影从厄秀拉的脸上闪过。

"我觉得是,"她说道,"但是我没有把握。"

戈珍又顿了一下,有点生气,她本来想得到一个肯定的回答。

"你不认为一个人需要结婚的经验吗?"她问道。

"你认为结婚是一种经验吗?"厄秀拉反问道。

"当然是的,无论如何都是。"戈珍沉着地说道,"或许令人不快,可是一定是一种经验。"

"并不一定对,"厄秀拉说,"更可能是经验的结束呢。"

戈珍很安静地坐着,专心听着这句话。

"当然,"她说道,"这一点是应该顾及到的。"这句话就成了她们交谈的结束语。戈珍几乎是愤怒地抓起橡皮,开始把画上

part of her drawing. Ursula stitched absordedly.

‘You wouldn’t consider a good offer?’ asked Gudrun.

‘I think I’ve rejected several,’ said Ursula.

‘Really!’ Gudrun flushed dark — ‘But anything really worth while? Have you really?’

‘A thousand a year, and an awfully nice man. I liked him awfully,’ said Ursula.

‘Really! But weren’t you fearfully tempted?’

‘In the abstract but not in the concrete,’ said Ursula. ‘When it comes to the point, one isn’t even tempted — oh, if I were tempted, I’d marry like a shot. I’m only tempted not to.’ The faces of both sisters suddenly lit up with amusement.

‘Isn’t it an amazing thing,’ cried Gudrun, ‘how strong the temptation is, not to!’ They both laughed, looking at each other. In their hearts they were frightened.

There was a long pause, whilst Ursula stitched and Gudrun went on with her sketch. The sisters were women, Ursula twenty-six, and Gudrun twenty-five. But both had the remote, virgin look of modern girls, sisters of Artemis rather than of Hebe. Gudrun was very beautiful, passive, soft-skinned, soft-limbed. She wore a dress of dark-blue silky stuff, with ruches of blue and green linen lace in the neck and sleeves; and she had emerald-green stockings.

Her look of confidence and diffidence contrasted with Ursula’s sensitive expectancy. The provincial people, intimidated by Gudrun’s perfect sang-froid and exclusive bareness of manner, said of her: ‘She is a smart woman.’ She had just come back from London, where she had spent several years, working at an art-school, as a student, and living a studio life.

‘I was hoping now for a man to come along,’ Gudrun said, suddenly catching her underlip between

的东西擦掉。而厄秀拉则依旧专心致志地绣着。

“有一个不错的人向你求婚,你会不考虑吗?”戈珍问道。

“我认为我已经拒绝好几个了。”厄秀拉说道。

“真的!”戈珍的脸红得发紫,“但是真有什么值得你这么做的吗?你真有这样的想法吗?”

“一年有上千个人求婚,其中有一个十分优秀的男人,我十分喜欢他。”厄秀拉说。

“真的!但你不担心被引诱了吗?”

“从抽象上能这样说,但具体上就不能这样说了。”厄秀拉说,“到了关键时候,甚至就不会有引诱这种说法。哦,如果我被引诱了,我早马上结婚了。我受到的是不结婚的引诱。”姐妹俩的脸都因开心而明亮了起来。

“这难道不是一个令人惊异的事,”戈珍大叫道,“这种诱惑太强大了,不结婚!”她们俩都大笑了起来,看着彼此,但她们的心理却有些害怕。

接下来是长时间的沉默,厄秀拉仍然绣着东西,戈珍则继续画她的素描。这两姐妹都是老姑娘了,厄秀拉二十六岁,戈珍二十五岁。可她们都像入时的姑娘那样,看起来孤僻、纯洁,姐妹俩更像月亮神阿耳特弥斯,而不像青春女神赫柏。戈珍非常漂亮,皮肤细腻,体态轻盈,性格温和。她穿着一件墨绿色丝制长裙,领口和袖口镶着蓝色和绿色的亚麻布褶饰;还穿着翠绿色的长袜。

她看上去正和厄秀拉相反。她有时自信,有时则缺乏自信,可厄秀拉则十分灵敏,充满信心。这个省的人被戈珍那种自若神态和唯我独尊的行为举止所震动,称她“是一个厉害的姑娘。”她刚从伦敦回到家里来,她在那儿花了几年的功夫,在艺术学院学习、工作,过着一个画家的生活。

“我现在希望有一个男人出现,”戈珍说,突然用牙齿把下唇咬住,做了一个奇异

her teeth, and making a strange grimace, half sly smiling, half anguish. Ursula was afraid.

‘So you have come home, expecting him here?’ she laughed.

‘Oh my dear,’ cried Gudrun, strident, ‘I wouldn’t go out of my way to look for him. But if there did happen to come along a highly attractive individual of sufficient means — well —’ she tailed off ironically. Then she looked searchingly at Ursula, as if to probe her. ‘Don’t you find yourself getting bored?’ she asked of her sister. ‘Don’t you find, that things fail to materialise? Nothing materialises! Everything withers in the bud.’

‘What withers in the bud?’ asked Ursula.

‘Oh, everything — oneself — things in general.’ There was a pause, whilst each sister vaguely considered her fate.

‘It does frighten one,’ said Ursula, and again there was a pause. ‘But do you hope to get anywhere by just marrying?’

‘It seems to be the inevitable next step,’ said Gudrun. Ursula pondered this, with a little bitterness. She was a class mistress herself, in Willey Green Grammar School, as she had been for some years.

‘I know,’ she said, ‘it seems like that when one thinks in the abstract. But really imagine it: imagine any man one knows, imagine him coming home to one every evening, and saying “Hello,” and giving one a kiss —’

There was a blank pause.

‘Yes,’ said Gudrun, in a narrowed voice. ‘It’s just impossible. The man makes it impossible.’

‘Of course there’s children —’ said Ursula doubtfully.

Gudrun’s face hardened.

‘Do you really want children, Ursula?’ she asked coldly. A dazzled, baffled look came on Ursula’s face.

‘One feels it is still beyond one,’ she said.

‘Do you feel like that?’ asked Gudrun. ‘I get no

的鬼脸，一半是狡猾的微笑，一半是痛苦相，这使厄秀拉害怕了起来。

“所以你回家来了，希望他能在这儿出现？”她大笑了起来。

“哦，我亲爱的，”戈珍尖叫道，“我才不会犯神经去找他呢。但是，如果有这样一个人，有非常吸引人的魅力，又有充足的经济能力，唔——”戈珍窘得没有把话说完。接着，她瞅着厄秀拉，像是要试探她。“难道你没有发现自己越来越无聊了吗？”她问姐姐，“难道你没有发现事情都实现不了？什么事都成不了！所有的事在发芽的时候就枯萎了。”

“什么在发芽的时候就枯萎了？”厄秀拉问道。

“哦，所有的事情——自己——平常的事儿。”然后又是一阵沉默，两姐妹都在模糊地考虑着各自的命运。

“这真的是令人吃惊。”厄秀拉说道，又顿了一下说：“但是你有没有想过，通过结婚，取得点儿成就？”

“这似乎是不可以避免的，那是下一步的事了。”戈珍说道。厄秀拉有点苦恼地考虑着这个问题。她在威利·格林中学当班主任，她在那儿已有几年了。

“我了解，”她说道，“一个人在空想时都那样，可是要设身处地地想想就好了：设想一下，想想你熟悉的一个男人，一天夜里回到家，对你说“喂”，并且给你一个吻——”

出现了一阵空白的停顿。

“是的，”戈珍压低了声音说，“这是不会发生的。男人不可能那样做的。”

“当然还有一群孩子——”厄秀拉迟疑地说。

戈珍的表情变得严肃起来。

“你确实希望有孩子吗，厄秀拉？”她冷淡地问道。此时，一种为难的表情显现在厄秀拉的脸上。

“我觉得这个问题离我还太远，”她说道。

“你是那样觉得的吗？”戈珍问道，“无

feeling whatever from the thought of bearing children.'

Gudrun looked at Ursula with a masklike, expressionless face. Ursula knitted her brows.

'Perhaps it isn't genuine,' she faltered. 'Perhaps one doesn't really want them, in one's soul — only superficially.' A hardness came over Gudrun's face. She did not want to be too definite.

'When one thinks of other people's children —' said Ursula.

Again Gudrun looked at her sister, almost hostile.

'Exactly,' she said, to close the conversation.

The two sisters worked on in silence, Ursula having always that strange brightness of an essential flame that is caught, meshed, contravened. She lived a good deal by herself, to herself, working, passing on from day to day, and always thinking, trying to lay hold on life, to grasp it in her own understanding. Her active living was suspended, but undemeath, in the darkness, something was coming to pass. If only she could break through the last integuments! She seemed to try and put her hands out, like an infant in the womb, and she could not, not yet. Still she had a strange prescience, an intimation of something yet to come.

She laid down her work and looked at her sister. She thought Gudrun so charming, so infinitely charming, in her softness and her fine, exquisite richness of texture and delicacy of line. There was a certain playfulness about her too, such a piquancy or ironic suggestion, such an untouched reserve. Ursula admired her with all her soul.

'Why did you come home, Prune?' she asked.

Gudrun knew she was being admired. She sat back from her drawing and looked at Ursula, from under her finely-curved lashes.

'Why did I come back, Ursula?' she repeated. 'I have asked myself a thousand times.'

'And don't you know?'

'Yes, I think I do. I think my coming back home was just reculer pour mieux sauter.'

论何时,我都没有想过生孩子,我没有那种想法。"

戈珍毫无表情地看着厄秀拉。厄秀拉则把眉头皱起来了。

"可能这不是真的,"她支支吾吾地说道,"可能人们心里并不想要他们,仅仅是表面上这样罢了。"一种严肃的神情爬上了戈珍的脸。她不想知道肯定的答复。

"但是一个人会去想其他人的孩子——"厄秀拉说道。

戈珍再一次看了看姐姐,几乎是敌对的目光。

"确实如此。"她说,结束了谈话。

这两姐妹都继续干着自己手里的活,不再说话了。厄秀拉一直是那样的精力充沛,有一团熊熊的烈火在她心里燃烧着。她独自生活很长时间了,一直是独身,工作,一天一天的,始终想把生活把握在手中,按自己的想法去把握生活。她看起来已把活跃的生活停下来了,可私底下,在黑暗里,却有什么东西开始生长。只要她能把最后一层皮冲破就好了!她想把手伸出来,就像一个胎儿那样,但是,她不可以,现在还不可以。她依然有一种奇怪的预感,感到将有什么要来临。

她把活计放了下来,瞅了瞅妹妹。她认为戈珍是那样的娇媚、那样的迷人,她的柔和,她那好看而丰腴的肌肤,线条纤细。而且她还有一些顽皮,说起话来非常辛辣或是带着讽刺意味,是那样的无与伦比。厄秀拉全身心地羡慕她。

"为什么你要回家?"她问道。

戈珍知道她在羡慕自己。她从画前直起腰来,从她那曲线优美的睫毛下看着厄秀拉。

"我为什么回来,厄秀拉?"她重复说:"我已问了自己一千回了。"

"那你知道了吗?"

"是的,我想我知道了。我认为我回到家里来是为了更好地向前走。"

And she looked with a long, slow look of knowledge at Ursula.

‘I know!’ cried Ursula, looking slightly dazzled and falsified, and as if she did not know. ‘But where can one jump to?’

‘Oh, it doesn’t matter,’ said Gudrun, somewhat superbly. ‘If one jumps over the edge, one is bound to land somewhere.’

‘But isn’t it very risky?’ asked Ursula.

A slow mocking smile dawned on Gudrun’s face.

‘Ah!’ she said laughing. ‘What is it all but words!’ And so again she closed the conversation. But Ursula was still brooding.

‘And how do you find home, now you have come back to it?’ she asked.

Gudrun paused for some moments, coldly, before answering. Then, in a cold truthful voice, she said:

‘I find myself completely out of it.’

‘And father?’

Gudrun looked at Ursula, almost with resentment, as if brought to bay.

‘I haven’t thought about him: I’ve refrained,’ she said coldly.

‘Yes,’ replied Ursula; and the conversation was really at an end. The sisters found themselves confronted by a void, a terrifying chasm, as if they had looked over the edge.

They worked on in silence for some time, Gudrun’s cheek was flushed with repressed emotion. She resented its having been called into being.

‘Shall we go out and look at that wedding?’ she asked at length, in a voice that was too casual.

‘Yes!’ cried Ursula, too eagerly, throwing aside her sewing and leaping up, as if to escape something, thus betraying the tension of the situation and causing a friction of dislike to go over Gudrun’s nerves.

As she went upstairs, Ursula was aware of the house, of her home round about her. And she loathed it, the sordid, too-familiar place! She was afraid at the depth of her feeling against the home, the milieu, the whole atmosphere and condition of this obsolete

接着她久久地凝视着厄秀拉,想用她那缓慢的目光看透她。

“我明白了!”厄秀拉大叫,那表情看起来有点迷惑,像是在说谎,就像她还没有明白似的。“但你能往哪儿跳呢?”

“哦,那不是问题,”戈珍用有点超然的口吻说。“只要一个人跳过了围墙,他一定能落到某个地方。”

“但那不是非常危险吗?”厄秀拉说道。一丝讥讽的笑从戈珍脸上缓缓掠过。

“哈!”她大笑着说:“我们都争论了些什么!”接着,她又沉默了,但厄秀拉仍若有所思。

“现在,你回家了,你觉得在家感觉如何?”她问。

戈珍沉默了片刻,有点冷漠,然后冷冷地说:

“我觉得我自己完全不适合这个地方。”

“那么,父亲呢?”

戈珍几乎是用愤恨的目光看着厄秀拉,有些被迫的样子,说道:

“我还没有想过他呢,我禁止自己那样想。”她冷冷地说。

“好呵,”厄秀拉支吾着说。这个交谈真的是该结束了。姐妹两人发现自己面对着一个深不可测的、可怕的深渊,她们就像在边缘探视似的。

她们又继续做着自己的活儿,一言不发。过了一会儿,戈珍的面颊被压抑的情绪弄得通红。她不愿让脸红起来。

“我们到外面去看看那个婚礼好吗?”她最终说话了,口气很随便。

“好啊!”厄秀拉大叫,急切地把手中的针线抛到了一边,跳了起来,像是要逃离某样东西似的。这样一来就显出了紧张的气氛,使得戈珍心里十分的不高兴。

厄秀拉上楼时,留心地看着这所房子,这就是她的家。但她厌恶这里,这个肮脏、太让人熟悉的地方!她恐怕在自己内心深处是反感这个家的,这周围的一切,整个气氛,还有这种陈旧的生活环境。她的

life. Her feeling frightened her.

The two girls were soon walking swiftly down the main road of Beldover, a wide street, part shops, part dwelling-houses, utterly formless and sordid, without poverty. Gudrun, new from her life in Chelsea and Sussex, shrank cruelly from this amorphous ugliness of a small colliery town in the Midlands. Yet forward she went, through the whole sordid gamut of pettiness, the long amorphous, gritty street. She was exposed to every stare, she passed on through a stretch of torment.

It was strange that she should have chosen to come back and test the full effect of this shapeless, barren ugliness upon herself. Why had she wanted to submit herself to it, did she still want to submit herself to it, the insufferable torture of these ugly, meaningless people, this defaced countryside? She felt like a beetle toiling in the dust. She was filled with repulsion.

They turned off the main road, past a black patch of common-garden, where sooty cabbage stumps stood shameless. No one thought to be ashamed. No one was ashamed of it all.

'It is like a country in an underworld,' said Gudrun. 'The colliers bring it above-ground with them, shovel it up. Ursula, it's marvellous, it's really marvellous — it's really wonderful, another world. The people are all ghouls, and everything is ghostly. Everything is a ghoulish replica of the real world, a replica, a ghoulish, all soiled, everything sordid. It's like being mad, Ursula.'

The sisters were crossing a black path through a dark, soiled field. On the left was a large landscape, a valley with collieries, and opposite hills with corn-fields and woods, all blackened with distance, as if seen through a veil of crape. White and black smoke rose up in steady columns, magic within the dark air. Near at hand came the long rows of dwellings, approaching curved up the hill-slope, in straight lines along the brow of the hill.

这种感觉令她恐惧。

这两个女孩迅速地来到了贝多弗的大路上,走得很匆忙。这是一条宽阔的街道,路边上,一部分是商店,一部分是住房,完全没有规划过,到处都很肮脏,但看起来并不贫穷。戈珍才从她生活的地方——彻西区和苏塞克斯来,对中部这个小小的煤矿区非常的讨厌,这里真的非常丑陋。她继续向前走着,穿过了整条砾石街道,把这条长长的、肮脏、混乱、没有布局好的大街看了个遍。路人都盯着她看,她觉得真是深受折磨。

她搞不清自己为何要回来,自己为何要来亲自感受这没有格局的、丑陋贫瘠的小城滋味。她为何要使自己屈从于这些让人无法忍受的折磨,这些丑陋的、毫无价值的人和这个没有光彩的乡下小镇呢?难道她还要屈从下去吗?她觉得自己似乎就是一只泥土里蠕动的甲壳虫,内心中充满了厌恶。

她们从大路上走了下来,走过一片黑糊糊的公共菜园,里面沾满了煤灰的卷心菜根不知羞耻地在那儿立着。没有人因为它们感到羞耻,没有人因为这所有的一切感到羞耻。

“这里像是地狱中的乡村。”戈珍说道,“矿工们把煤灰带到地面上来,多的可以用铲子铲了。厄秀拉,这真够绝妙的,真的非常绝妙,这是另一个世界。这儿都是盗尸体的,这里的一切都那么的可怕。都是真实世界里食尸鬼的复制品,是鬼的复制品,全都是肮脏不堪的。厄秀拉,这真的会让人发疯。”

两姐妹从一片黑乎乎、肮脏的田野里穿过。左边是一大幅风景画,是一个有星星点点煤矿的山谷,和它相对的山上有麦田和树林,从远处看,一片的漆黑,就像被一层黑纱笼罩着似的。坚固的烟囷里冒着白色和黑色的烟,像在黑沉沉的天空中变戏法似的。近在咫尺处有一排排的住房,弯弯曲曲地顺山坡而上,直通到山顶上。

They were of darkened red brick, brittle, with dark slate roofs. The path on which the sisters walked was black, trodden-in by the feet of the recurrent colliers, and bounded from the field by iron fences; the stile that led again into the road was rubbed shiny by the moleskins of the passing miners. Now the two girls were going between some rows of dwellings, of the poorer sort. Women, their arms folded over their coarse aprons, standing gossiping at the end of their block, stared after the Brangwen sisters with that long, unwearied stare of aborigines; children called out names.

Gudrun went on her way half dazed. If this were human life, if these were human beings, living in a complete world, then what was her own world, outside? She was aware of her grass-green stockings, her large grass-green velour hat, her full soft coat, of a strong blue colour. And she felt as if she were treading in the air, quite unstable, her heart was contracted, as if at any minute she might be precipitated to the ground. She was afraid.

She clung to Ursula, who, through long usage was inured to this violation of a dark, uncreated, hostile world. But all the time her heart was crying, as if in the midst of some ordeal: 'I want to go back, I want to go away, I want not to know it, not to know that this exists.' Yet she must go forward.

Ursula could feel her suffering.

'You hate this, don't you?' she asked.

'It bewilders me,' stammered Gudrun.

'You won't stay long,' replied Ursula.

And Gudrun went along, grasping at release.

They drew away from the colliery region, over the curve of the hill, into the purer country of the other side, towards Willey Green. Still the faint glamour of blackness persisted over the fields and the wooded hills, and seemed darkly to gleam in the air. It was a spring day, chill, with snatches of sunshine. Yellow celandines showed out from the hedge-bottoms, and in the cottage gardens of Willey Green, currant-bush-

这些房子由暗红色的砖砌成,房顶铺着石板,这些房子看起来不坚固。这对姐妹走的这条路也是布满煤灰的。这是由矿工们的脚不断地踩出来的,路被铁制的栅栏围着,进进出出的矿工们的斜纹厚绒布裤子,把两边的栅栏门磨亮了。现在这两个姑娘走在几排房子中间的路上,这里显得很穷困。女人们把双臂交叉交叉着垂在粗布围裙上,站在这个街区的末端饶舌,用一种未开化人的眼光直直地盯着布朗温姐妹;孩子们则又叫又骂。

戈珍继续走着,眼前的一切让她惊讶。假如这就是人的生活,假如这些人都生活在一个完整的世界里,那么她自己那个世界是什么,这个世界之外?她意识到自己穿着草绿色的长袜,戴着草绿色的天鹅绒帽子,还有柔软的长大衣,也是抢眼的绿色。她觉得自己就像是在云彩上走着,非常的不稳,她的心缩了一下,就像她随时都可能摔倒在地上。她很害怕。

她紧靠着厄秀拉,她可是早已习惯了这种黑暗的、未开化的、充满敌意的世界。但是戈珍的心一直在哭喊,像是正受着苦刑似的:“我想回去了,我想离开这儿,我不了解这个地方,不了解这些存在的东西。”但她不得不朝前走着。

厄秀拉能够感觉到她所承受的苦痛。

“你讨厌这个地方,是不是?”她问道。

“这里的一切让我不知所措。”戈珍结巴着说道。

“你不会在这里呆太长时间的。”厄秀拉回答道。

戈珍继续走着,松了口气。

她们走过了矿区,走过了弯弯曲曲的山路,进入了山那边纯净的小村庄,走向威利·格林中学。田野中仍覆盖着一层浅浅的黑煤灰,山上的树林也是如此,在阳光的照射下,闪着黑色的光。这是一个春日,还有些寒意,可也有几线阳光。树篱的根部冒出了一些黄色的花儿,威利·格林的村舍菜园里,黑醋栗的矮树丛已长出叶子了,伏

es were breaking into leaf, and little flowers were coming white on the grey alyssum that hung over the stone walls.

Turning, they passed down the high-road, that went between high banks towards the church. There, in the lowest bend of the road, low under the trees, stood a little group of expectant people, waiting to see the wedding. The daughter of the chief mine-owner of the district, Thomas Crich, was getting married to a naval officer.

'Let us go back,' said Gudrun, swerving away. 'There are all those people.'

And she hung wavering in the road.

'Never mind them,' said Ursula, 'they're all right. They all know me, they don't matter.'

'But must we go through them?' asked Gudrun.

'They're quite all right, really,' said Ursula, going forward. And together the two sisters approached the group of uneasy, watchful common people. They were chiefly women, colliers' wives of the more shiftless sort. They had watchful, underworld faces.

The two sisters held themselves tense, and went straight towards the gate. The women made way for them, but barely sufficient, as if grudging to yield ground. The sisters passed in silence through the stone gateway and up the steps, on the red carpet, a policeman estimating their progress.

'What price the stockings!' said a voice at the back of Gudrun. A sudden fierce anger swept over the girl, violent and murderous. She would have liked them all annihilated, cleared away, so that the world was left clear for her. How she hated walking up the church yard path, along the red carpet, continuing in motion, in their sight.

'I won't go into the church,' she said suddenly, with such final decision that Ursula immediately halted, turned round, and branched off up a small side path which led to the little private gate of the Grammar School, whose grounds adjoined those of the church.

种在石头墙上的油菜,有几朵小白花儿在灰色的叶子中绽放。

她们转过身,从一条高高的坡路上走了下来,走上了一条通往教堂的大路。在路拐角的低处,树下站着一群等着看婚礼的人们。这个区的矿业主,托玛斯·克里奇的女儿和一位海軍军官的婚礼将要举行。

"咱们回去吧,"戈珍突然转过身说, "全都是那样的人。"

她在路上有些动摇了。

"别管他们,"厄秀拉说道,"他们都挺好的,都认识我,不会有事的。"

"但是我们必须从他们中间穿过吗?"戈珍问道。

"他们相当的不错,真的。"厄秀拉一边说,一边接着向前走。两姐妹一起接近了那一群心神不安、专心地观看的平民。她们主要是女人,矿工们的妻子,比较无能的,她们的脸上露出了警觉的神色,是下层人。

两姐妹紧张地走向大门。那些女人们为她们让开了一条路,可仅仅够人通过,就像是很不情愿地把自己的地儿让出来似的。两姐妹默默地走过了石门,走上了台阶,一个站在红地毯上的警察,一直盯着她们前行的步伐。

"这双袜子值多少钱呀!"从戈珍后面传来了一个声音。听到这个,这个姑娘身上就突然冒起了怒火,猛烈的、能致人于死地的火。她真想把他们全都消灭掉,清除掉,那样这个世界对她而言,就干净多了。她极痛恨在这些人的视线下游着红地毯,走进教堂的院子。

"我不想进教堂了。"戈珍突然说道,做出了这样一个最后的决定。厄秀拉听了之后,立即停住脚步,转过身走上了一条侧面的小路,这条路通往中学的小侧门,那儿的地界跟教堂的地界是连着的。

Just inside the gate of the school shrubbery, outside the church yard, Ursula sat down for a moment on the low stone wall under the laurel bushes, to rest. Behind her, the large red building of the school rose up peacefully, the windows all open for the holiday. Over the shrubs, before her, were the pale roofs and tower of the old church. The sisters were hidden by the foliage.

Godrun sat down in silence. Her mouth was shut close, her face averted. She was regretting bitterly that she had ever come back. Ursula looked at her, and thought how amazingly beautiful she was, flushed with discomfiture. But she caused a constraint over Ursula's nature, a certain weariness. Ursula wished to be alone, freed from the tightness, the enclosure of Godrun's presence.

'Are we going to stay here?' asked Godrun.

'I was only resting a minute,' said Ursula, getting up as if rebuked. 'We will stand in the corner by the fives-court, we shall see everything from there.'

For the moment, the sunshine fell brightly into the churchyard, there was a vague scent of sap and of spring, perhaps of violets from off the graves. Some white daisies were out, bright as angels. In the air, the unfolding leaves of a copper-beech were blood-red.

Punctually at eleven o'clock, the carriages began to arrive. There was a stir in the crowd at the gate, a concentration as a carriage drove up, wedding guests were mounting up the steps and passing along the red carpet to the church. They were all gay and excited because the sun was shining.

Godrun watched them closely, with objective curiosity. She saw each one as a complete figure, like a character in a book, or a subject in a picture, or a marionette in a theatre, a finished creation. She loved to recognise their various characteristics, to place them in their true light, give them their own surroundings, settle them for ever as they passed before her along the path to the church.

她们就从学校大门里面的灌木林穿过,就在教堂的外面,厄秀拉在月桂树下面的低矮的石墙上坐着,休息了一会儿。在她身后,学校的那座红色的高楼静静地耸立着,因为是假日,所以所有的窗户全都敞开着,在她面前的灌木丛对面,就是老教堂苍白的房顶和塔楼。两姐妹被树叶掩住了。

戈珍坐下来了,没有说话,她的嘴紧紧地闭着,她的脸转到一旁。她的确后悔回家来了。厄秀拉看了看她,认为她真是那样惊人的美丽,因为挫败而脸红了。但是她在厄秀拉的心中造成了一种局促感,有一点疲倦。厄秀拉希望单独待着,从戈珍带给她的无法喘息的紧迫感中逃离出来。

"我们要一直呆在这儿吗?"戈珍问道。

"我就休息片刻,"厄秀拉说着,站了起来,像受到了指责似的。"我们到隔壁球场的角落那儿站着,在那儿一切都能看得见。"

阳光正普照着教堂的墓地,空气中弥漫着淡淡的树脂的清香,那是春天特有的,那可能是墓地里的黑紫罗兰散发出的清香。有些雏菊已绽放出洁白色的花朵,像小天使般的可爱。铜色山毛榉树上的叶子呈现出血红的颜色。

整十一点钟,马车到来了。当那辆马车驶过来时,门口的人群就挤在了一起骚动起来。参加婚礼的客人们慢慢地走上了台阶,从红地毯上走过,一直进到教堂里。这一天阳光明媚,他们都非常的高兴。

戈珍带着客观的好奇心,认真的盯着他们看。她把每个人都从上到下打量了一番,把他们看做书里的某个角色,或是画里的一个形象,或是剧院里用线牵着的木偶,总之,完整地观察他们。她爱去识别他们各种各样的特征,从中看出他们的真实面目,给他们设置各自的环境,当她们从她眼前经过,去教堂时,她就为他们下了永久的定论。

She knew them, they were finished, sealed and stamped and finished with, for her. There was none that had anything unknown, unresolved, until the Criches themselves began to appear. Then her interest was piqued. Here was something not quite so pre-concluded.

There came the mother, Mrs Crich, with her eldest son Gerald. She was a queer unkempt figure, in spite of the attempts that had obviously been made to bring her into line for the day. Her face was pale, yellowish, with a clear, transparent skin, she leaned forward rather, her features were strongly marked, handsome, with a tense, unseeing, predatory look. Her colourless hair was untidy, wisps floating down on to her sac coat of dark blue silk, from under her blue silk hat. She looked like a woman with a monomania, furtive almost, but heavily proud.

Her son was of a fair, sun-tanned type, rather above middle height, well-made, and almost exaggeratedly well-dressed. But about him also was the strange, guarded look, the unconscious glisten, as if he did not belong to the same creation as the people about him. Gudrun lighted on him at once. There was something northern about him that magnetised her. In his clear northern flesh and his fair hair was a glisten like sunshine refracted through crystals of ice. And he looked so new, unbroached, pure as an arctic thing. Perhaps he was thirty years old, perhaps more.

His gleaming beauty, maleness, like a young, good-humoured, smiling wolf, did not blind her to the significant, sinister stillness in his bearing, the lurking danger of his unsubdued temper. 'His totem is the wolf,' she repeated to herself. 'His mother is an old, unbroken wolf.' And then she experienced a keen paroxysm, a transport, as if she had made some incredible discovery, known to nobody else on earth. A strange transport took possession of her, all her veins were in a paroxysm of violent sensation.

'Good God!' she exclaimed to herself, 'what is this?' And then, a moment after, she was saying as-

她了解他们了,对她而言,他们都是完成了的作品,虽然是未知的,但也是打上了烙印的完整的人。克里奇家的人出现的时候,就没有任何未知、无法解决的问题了。这使她产生了兴趣,她觉得这儿的某些东西是不能轻易就提前定论的。

那边走过来一位母亲,克里奇太太,和她的长子杰拉德。虽然为了这样的日子,她明显地打扮了一番,可依然能看出,她的形象仍不整洁的让人不舒服。她的脸色苍白,有点发黄,但皮肤晶莹剔透,身体有点前倾,轮廓分明,长得还算好看,看上去像是要聚集力量勇往直前地捕捉些什么。她满头的白发,十分的不整齐,几丝头发从绿绸帽中掉了下来,飘落到她的墨绿色的褶皱纱衣上。她看起来像是一个患偏执狂的女人,有几分的神秘,但也非常的高傲。

她儿子的肤色本应是白皙的,可却被太阳晒黑了。他个头中等偏高,体形很不错,穿着几乎讲究的有些过分了。但是他的神情带着警戒和怪异,脸上不自觉地闪着光亮,他和周围的人就像不是同一类似的。戈珍的眼睛立刻就盯上了他,他身上的某种北方人的特色使她着迷。他那北方人特有的白皙的肌肤,还有那金黄色的头发,像透过冰折射出的阳光似的在闪烁。他看起来是那样的新奇,一点也不做作,纯的就像北极的东西似的。可能他已有三十岁了,可能更大一些。

他魅力四射,很有男子味,像是一只脾气温和,面带微笑的幼狼。但这些没有使她失去判断力,她仍很冷静地看出,他的沉静中潜伏着危险,他那扑食的习性是不可能改变的。“他的标识是狼,”她在心中重复着这句话。“他母亲是一只从不顺从的老狼。”此时,她欣喜若狂,似乎她有了一个惊人的发现,这世上的其他人都不知道。她的心被狂喜占据了,因这种猛烈的感情,一时间全身的血管都涨起了。

“仁慈的上帝!”她在心中叫道,“这是怎么啦?”接着过了一会,她又充满自信