



中文导读英文版
劳伦斯作品系列

Women in Love
恋爱中的女人

[英] 劳伦斯 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

《恋爱中的女人》是 20 世纪世界文学的经典之作，由英国著名小说家、诗人、散文家劳伦斯编著。它是劳伦斯最伟大、最有代表性、最脍炙人口的长篇小说之一，代表了劳伦斯作品的最高成就。

小说的主人公欧秀拉和古迪兰是两姐妹，姐姐欧秀拉是一个温柔美丽的中学教师；妹妹古迪兰则是位小有名气、恃才傲物的艺术家。欧秀拉爱上了学校的督学波金，而古迪兰则与煤矿主杰拉德一见倾心。这两对情侣从不同的角度理解人生，有着不同的情感经历和恋爱体会。欧秀拉和波金相爱了，她一心要让对方成为爱情的囚鸟，而波金却希望在灵与肉的交融中彼此保持一定的距离，尽管经历了冲突与波折，但二人终成眷属。古迪兰和杰拉德因原始的欲望点燃了爱的激情，但他们在观念上差异巨大，激情过后是失望和痛苦，并最终走向感情破裂。

该书自出版以来，已被译成世界上的多种文字，还被多次改编成电影。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为文学读本，本书对当代中国的青年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯（David Herbert Lawrence, 1885—1930），英国著名小说家、诗人、散文家，被誉为“英国文学史上最伟大的人物之一”。一生共创作了十多部小说，三本游记，三本短篇小说集，多部诗歌、散文、评论等。在其种类繁多的作品中，小说最能代表他的文学成就。其中，《恋爱中的女人》、《查泰莱夫人的情人》、《虹》、《儿子与情人》等小说已成为20世纪世界文学的经典名作，这些小说被译成世界上几十种文字，并多次被搬上银幕，在世界上广为流传。

劳伦斯于1885年9月11日出生在英国诺丁汉郡的一个矿工家庭。他的父亲是一位矿工，接受的教育很少；母亲出身于中产阶级家庭，受过良好的教育。父亲喜欢纵欲享乐；母亲却古板拘谨，这种不和谐的家庭结构对劳伦斯日后的创作产生了深远的影响。劳伦斯自小身体孱弱、敏感，他是在母爱的庇护下长大成人的，他的成名作《儿子与情人》正是带有他独特家庭经历的自传体小说。在1912年专门从事文学创作之前，劳伦斯当过会计、工人、雇员和小学教师等。1911年，劳伦斯出版了第一部长篇小说《白孔雀》，1913年发表第一部重要小说《儿子与情人》，1915年出版了小说《虹》，1921年出版《恋爱中的女人》，1928年出版《查泰莱夫人的情人》。这些小说的核心内容都是围绕着性展开的，劳伦斯把人对性的追求，看成是引起一切生活现象的根源。其中，长篇小说《查泰莱夫人的情人》，由于毫不隐晦、直白地对性爱进行了描写，因而被斥为淫秽作品，曾受到英国当局的抨击和查禁。除以上这些作品外，劳伦斯还出版了《亚伦之杖》（1922）、《袋鼠》（1923）等其他题材的小说；出版的诗集有《爱诗及其他》（1913）、《爱神》（1916）、《如意花》（1929）等。劳伦斯长期旅居国外，到过德国、法国、意大利等欧洲国家以及澳洲和美洲。1930年3月2日，劳伦斯病逝于法国的旺斯。

时至今日，劳伦斯仍然是全世界最受欢迎的作家之一，他的小说在世



界范围内拥有广泛的读者。在中国，劳伦斯的作品同样深受中国读者的欢迎，他的小说几乎全部被引入中国，版次多得难以统计。目前，国内已出版的劳伦斯小说的形式主要有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。而其中英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译劳伦斯的四大经典之作——《查泰莱夫人的情人》、《虹》、《恋爱中的女人》和《儿子与情人》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞等编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章 两姐妹

Chapter 1 Sisters



布兰文家的两姐妹欧秀拉和古迪兰坐在窗口，两人一边聊着天，一边做着各自手中的事情。古迪兰提到了结婚的话题，她认为结婚是必需的一种经历，但欧秀拉对此表示质疑，她已经回绝了好几个求婚对象。欧秀拉二十七岁，古迪兰二十五岁，相比之下，妹妹更显得自信和漂亮。古迪兰有着毫不掩饰的孤傲，目前在一所美术学校教书。她盼望着能够认识一个男人，却丝毫没有生孩子的打算；对于结婚没什么欲望的欧秀拉却认为孩子是一件十分令人向往的事情。姐妹俩默默地坐着，欧秀拉总是流露出从心底散发的快乐和激情；看着坐在一旁画画的古迪兰，真心地羡慕她的漂亮和妩媚。欧秀拉问她为何想回到家里，对古迪兰的回答她并不理解，却弄懂了妹妹内心对父亲的厌恶以及与自己的隔阂。

在古迪兰的建议下，姐妹俩一起走出去参观正在举行的婚礼。贝尔多佛的主街道两旁一半是商店，一半是乱七八糟的居民住宅。姐妹俩穿过了整条长街，穿过了一片脏兮兮的公用菜园，走到了田野里。四周围都被煤矿染成了黑色，连住宅的红墙也变成了黑色。姑娘们在那些矿工的住宅中间穿过，受到了那些家庭主妇的注视，古迪兰紧紧地挽着欧秀拉，心里备受煎熬，却必须往前走。欧秀拉感受到了她的痛苦，安慰着妹妹。姐妹俩终于走出了矿区，她们朝中学走去。她们拐到了坡下的公路上，看到了一群人已经在翘首张望，等着观看当地头号矿主托马斯·克里克的女儿与一位海军军官的婚礼。古迪兰不想从那群人中间穿过去，但欧秀拉认为这无关紧要。在她们走过的时候，周围的人不停地对她们的穿着指手画脚，这



让古迪兰很气愤。她突然决定不进教堂，而是转向了学校和教堂毗邻的地方。妹妹的在场和她的惊人美貌总是让欧秀拉有些局促不安。到了中午，马车陆续来到教堂，古迪兰好奇地打量着那群人，仿佛是在看一些活动木偶。当克里克家族的人出现时，她来了兴趣，眼光留在了克里克的长子杰拉德身上。杰拉德虽然是白人，但皮肤黝黑；而且他周身散发出与一般人不同的气息，拥有着耀眼的男性气息。古迪兰已经决定要接近这个男人，要进一步了解他；她已经完全沉浸于自己的想象中，对周围发生的事情完全置若罔闻。

新郎迟迟没有出现，正当欧秀拉担心是否出了什么事情的时候，她看到了赫米奥，那女人正昂首挺胸地走过来，穿着天鹅绒服装，打扮得花枝招展，不知为何，赫米奥走路的姿势总给人一种毛骨悚然的感觉。欧秀拉对她有些了解，她是最引人注目的女人，只对公共事业感兴趣。很多男人和她交往密切，其中一位是当地的一个学监，名叫鲁伯特·波金。古迪兰曾经和赫米奥接触过两次，但彼此并不熟悉。赫米奥一直认为自己是无懈可击的，不属于一般人对自已评头论足；可当暴露在大众的注视之下时，面对着那些粗俗的言论，她却又感到自己有所缺陷，心中总会产生可怕的空虚感，缺乏生活的信念。她渴望波金能够弥补自己的不足，只要和波金在一起，她便会觉得充实。但波金却始终排斥她，总想摆脱她，过上自由自在的生活。这次，波金也将出席这场婚礼，赫米奥认为他一定能够看到漂亮的自己，最终必将接受自己。等到男候相进场的时候，出乎她的意料，波金竟然不在那里，绝望和痛苦掠过她的心房。

新娘的马车到了，她勾着父亲的胳膊走下了马车，可新郎的缺席让她不能忍受；欧秀拉看到对面的山坡上，新郎正快马加鞭，向这边飞驰。她想提醒大家新郎已经赶过来了，可别人都没有听到她低声的提醒。终于，新郎飞快地赶到了教堂前，一对新人迫不及待地拥抱在一起，人群爆发出阵阵欢呼声。欧秀拉注意到波金已经来到了现场，正轻松地 and 克里克先生交谈着。欧秀拉对波金有了兴趣，她想了解他，极不情愿地和古迪兰谈起了波金。古迪兰认为波金缺乏鉴赏力，欧秀拉只得敷衍着古迪兰的回答。赫米奥看到波金，不停地向他送着秋波，但波金一直回避着她的眼神。

*U*rsula and Gudrun Brangwen sat one morning in the window-bay of their father's house in Beldover, 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 part of her drawing. Ursula stitched absorbedly.

'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 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 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 underneath, 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.’

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,’ wavered 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 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 ghoul, 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 cornfields 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. 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, unwearying 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-bushes 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 churchyard 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.

Just inside the gate of the school shrubbery, outside the churchyard, 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.

Gudrun 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 Gudrun's presence.

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

'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.

Gudrun 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. 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 preconcluded.

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, predative 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,