



英汉对照

Selected Stories of D.H. Lawrence

劳伦斯作品精粹

中短篇小说卷

〔英国〕D.H.劳伦斯◎著
黑马◎译

下



中国书籍出版社



英汉对照

Selected Stories of D.H. Lawrence

劳伦斯作品精粹

中短篇小说卷

〔英国〕D.H.劳伦斯◎著
黑马◎译

下



中国书籍出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

劳伦斯作品精粹·中短篇小说卷/(英)劳伦斯(Lawrence, D. H.)著;黑马译.—北京:中国书籍出版社,2007.9

书名原文:Selected Stories of D. H. Lawrence

ISBN 978-7-5068-1561-1

I.劳… II.①劳…②黑… III.①英语—汉语—对照读物②中篇小说—作品集—英国—现代③短篇小说—作品集—英国—现代 IV.H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2007)第076227号

策 划 / 张文武 余 音

责任编辑 / 邱晓亮

责任印制 / 熊 力 武雅彬

封面设计 / 汇智泉文化设计公司

出版发行 / 中国书籍出版社

地 址:北京市丰台区三路居路97号(邮编:100073)

电 话:(010) 52257142(总编室) (010) 52257154(发行部)

电子邮箱:chinabp@vip.sina.com

经 销 / 全国新华书店

印 刷 / 三河市新科达彩色印刷有限公司

开 本 / 690毫米×960毫米 1/16

印 张 / 24.5

字 数 / 314千字

版 次 / 2010年2月第2版 2010年4月第2次印刷

定 价 / 73.30元(上、下册)

版权所有 翻印必究

译者序言

这里收入的六篇劳伦斯中短篇小说，前四篇均创作于作者大学毕业后当小学教师期间（1912年前），那正是劳伦斯在生活上捉襟见肘、爱情上迷惘焦灼的时期，但也是他在文学创作上生机勃勃、清纯质朴的时期。这四篇小说取材于作者最为熟悉的故乡诺丁汉小城小镇生活，人物性格鲜明，叙述语言清新细腻，浓郁的地方风情和草根人民的道地口语，这些都是其他同时代的英国作家们所难以企及的品质，非劳伦斯莫属。当年的劳伦斯成为伦敦文学界突然闪烁的一颗新星，凭的就是这种鲜活、灵动和血运旺盛的文字，令那些无病呻吟的小资产阶级作家和已经摇身成为雅士骚客阶层一员而与自己生长于斯的劳动阶级彻底隔绝的底层文学青年相形见绌。这一段时间的写作为劳伦斯铺就了通往大师地位的最初一段石子小径。看一个大师成名前的小说如何精雕细琢、苦心经营，方能明辨大师何以成为大师的轨迹。

事实上，劳伦斯的所有代表作都与他生长于斯二十几年的故乡血肉相连，有评论家甚至认为这里收入的《牧师的女儿们》里有后来惊世骇俗的《查泰莱夫人的情人》的雏形，后者是从前者脱胎而出的。一个作家如果在故乡的成长超过了二十年，他的想象力便会终生为故乡的背景所牢牢钳制。劳伦斯浪迹天涯，写下了不少异域风情浓郁的现代主义作品，多年后，在他生命临近终点时，他的虚构与想象的箭头再次射中诺丁汉和伊斯特伍德矿区小镇，以那里的森林为舞台，导演了一场回肠荡气的纯爱戏剧，为世界文学贡献了康妮和麦勒斯这样一对不朽的情人形象。可谁又知道，两个人物早在十几年前劳伦斯的中篇小说《牧师的女儿们》中就初露端倪，劳伦斯的潜意识中一直在完善和丰富着他们的形象，他们一直在劳伦斯躁动的想象生命中成长。于是牧师的女儿终于成长为康妮。十几年的

孕育，终成正果。有心者不妨把这里的《牧师的女儿们》与《查泰莱夫人的情人》作一对照，体验一下这种孕育—成长过程的痛楚与狂喜。

而后两篇则是劳伦斯的晚期作品，精彩固然精彩，对人性的洞察固然深刻，甚至镂骨铭心，寒彻骨髓，但与前四篇相比，隐约令人感到些儿莫名的失落和惋惜——成熟大气的劳伦斯看破红尘，艺术上炉火纯青，但也彻底告别了那种初出茅庐时的青涩朴素与温婉感伤。虽然这是大师成长的必由之路，但两相对比，不能不哀叹人生的无奈。但作为文学欣赏，能在同一本书里看到一个作家两个时代截然不同的风格，对读者来说反倒是幸事。

我曾说过，以中英文双语出版示人，这是出版社对拙译的信任，亦是考验，更是明镜照妖。英文修养深湛的读者还是以阅读原文为主，以切实领会劳伦斯的精义，拙译不过是劳伦斯锦绣的背面，为英文程度尚浅的读者起抛砖引玉作用，权当是给劳伦斯佳作所做的中文注解，残次之处，贻笑大方。斗胆献丑，敬请批评指点。

黑马

月季花房

目次

Contents

A Sick Collier	200
受伤的矿工	201

劳伦斯对生长于斯的矿工之家和矿工生活如此稔熟于心，凭着与生俱来的血液感知和对劳动阶级天生的悲悯再现矿工的厄运，关注他们对命运的抗争，也表现他们的无奈与愚昧。那浸透了他骨子里的劳动阶级语言被他把玩于股掌之上，为小说注入了新鲜的活力。

The Christening	222
施洗	223

一篇平实生动的矿工之家的生活故事，又像一场话剧：精巧的构架，鲜活的对白表现出鲜明的人物性格，角色在“舞台”上的轮流表演，“前景”与“背景”的呼应衬托，让你感到总有一盏无形的追光灯在心眼中扫射着，投向应该聚焦的人物和景物。

The Lovely Lady	252
可爱的贵妇	253

一个心灵扭曲的贵妇，用强烈的变态母爱控制儿子，令儿子面对其他女性无所适从，丧失爱的能力。她的第一个儿子因此抑郁而死，第二个儿子又在她畸形母爱控制下难以将息。只因为贵妇在梦中坦白了自己的内心世界，其卑下心理昭然于世，才使儿子得以解脱厄运，贵妇亦因此精神崩溃而死。

Mother and Daughter	310
母女二人	311

丧夫的老妇人心理变态,一心要与女儿厮守残生。她毁了女儿的第一次婚姻,竭尽全力讨女儿欢心,建立一个温馨的母女之家,但女儿因为受了性压抑,变得憔悴不堪。女儿终归是要嫁人的,且是嫁给了母亲不屑一顾的老男人。母亲人财两.....空,黯然神伤。母女二人竟然反目成仇,恶语相讥。

Selected Stories of
D. H. Lawrence



A Sick Collier

SHE was too good for him, everybody said. Yet still she did not regret marrying him. He had come courting her when he was only nineteen, and she twenty. He was in build what they call a tight little fellow: short, dark, with a warm colour, and that upright set of the head and chest, that flaunting way in movement recalling a mating bird, which denotes a body taut and compact with life. Being a good worker he had earned decent money in the mine, and having a good home had saved a little.

She was a cook at "Uplands", a tall, fair girl, very quiet. Having seen her walk down the street, Horsepool had followed her from a distance. He was taken with her; he did not drink, and he was not lazy. So, although he seemed a bit simple, without much intelligence, but having a sort of physical brightness, she considered, and accepted him.

When they were married they went to live in Scargill Street, in a highly respectable six-roomed house which they had furnished between them. The street was built up the side of a long, steep hill. It was narrow and rather tunnel-like. Nevertheless, the back looked out over the adjoining pasture, across a wide valley of fields and woods, in the bottom of which the mine lay snugly.



受伤的矿工

他配不上她，大伙儿都这么说。可她并不后悔嫁给了他。他十九岁上就来求婚了，那会儿她二十。他是人们称之为精瘦的小个子那种人，矮个儿，黑皮肤，一脸的热情，昂着头，挺着胸，走起路来神气活现，让人想起一只交尾季节的鸟儿，浑身紧绷绷的充满活力。他是个好样儿的工人，在矿上挣着一份优厚的薪水。他家境不错，攒下了点儿钱。

她是“高地”餐厅的厨娘，高挑个儿，皮肤白皙，文文静静的。霍斯普在街上看到她，就开始在她身后尾随，从此对她紧追不放。他不喝酒，人也不懒惰，尽管有点头脑简单不算聪明，但浑身充满了活力。她掂量了掂量，还是答应跟了他。

他们婚后就搬到斯卡基尔街住了。那座很像样的宅子有六间房，装修是他们自己做的。这条街沿着长长的陡坡而建，街道很窄，不像街道，倒像隧道。房子的背面俯瞰着邻近的牧场，那是一片宽阔的谷地，有农田，有树林，谷地的底部是煤矿。



He made himself gaffer in his own house. She was unacquainted with a collier's mode of life. They were married on a Saturday. On the Sunday night he said:

"Set th' table for my breakfast, an' put my pit-things afront o'th'fire. I s'll be gettin' up at ha'ef pas'five. Tha nedna shift thysen not till when ter likes."

He showed her how to put a newspaper on the table for a cloth. When she demurred:

"I want none o' your white cloths i' th' mornin'. I like ter be able to slobber if I feel like it," he said.

He put before the fire his moleskin trousers, a clean singlet, or sleeveless vest of thick flannel, a pair of stockings and his pit-boots, arranging them all to be warm and ready of morning.

"Now tha sees. That wants doin' ivery night."

Punctually at half-past five he left her, without any form of leave-taking, going downstairs in his shirt.

When he arrived home at four o'clock in the afternoon his dinner was ready to be dished up. She was startled when he came in, a short, sturdy figure, with a face indescribably black and streaked. She stood before the fire in her white blouse and white apron, a fair girl, the picture of beautiful cleanliness. He "clommaxed" in, in his heavy boots.

"Well, how 'as ter gone on?" he asked.

"I was ready for you to come home, " she replied tenderly. In



他在自己的家里俨然是一家之主。而她对矿工的生活方式则一点也不熟悉。他们是周六晚上结的婚,可周日晚上他就说:

“把我的早饭摆在桌上,把我下井用的东西都放在火炉跟前。我得五点半就起来。你什么时候想起再起来。”

他教她怎么用报纸铺在桌上当桌布。她刚一表示不同意,他就说:

“大清早儿的我可不要你的白桌布。我让你凑合~你就得学会凑合。”

他把他的厚毛头布裤子、干净的背心或者说是厚法兰绒坎肩儿、一双长袜子和井下穿的靴子一一摆放在炉前烤热了,以备明早穿。

“你看明白了?每天晚上都得这么准备。”

五点半他离开了她,根本没说句再见,穿着衬衫就下楼去了。

他下午四点回到家里时,晚饭已经给他准备好了。他一进来就把她吓了一跳:一个矮小健壮的人,脸上一条条的黑道子,黑得难以形容。她身着白罩衫,围着白围裙站在炉前,白白静静的,纯粹是一幅美人儿图。他穿着沉重的靴子笨重地走了进来。

“今儿过得怎么样?”他问。

“我准备好了,就等你回来呢,”她温柔地说。他一脸黑,棕色眼睛



his black face the whites of his brown eyes flashed at her.

"An' I wor ready for comin'," he said. He planked his tin bottle and snap-bag on the dresser, took off his coat and scarf and waistcoat, dragged his arm-chair neared the fire and sat down.

"Let's ha'e a bit o' dinner, then—I'm about clammed," he said.

"Aren't you goin' to wash yourself first?"

"What am I to wesh mysen for?"

"Well, you can't eat your dinner—"

"Oh, strike a daisy, Missis! Dunna I eat my snap i' th' pit wi'out weshin'? —forced to."

She served the dinner and sat opposite him. His small bullet head was quite black, save for the whites of his eyes and his scarlet lips. It gave her a queer sensation to see him open his red mouth and bare his white teeth as he ate. His arms and hands were mottled black; his bare, strong neck got a little fairer as it settled towards his shoulders, reassuring her. There was the faint indescribable odour of the pit in the room, an odour of damp, exhausted air.

"Why is your vest so black on the shoulders?" she asked.

"My singlet? That's wi'th' watter droppin'on us from th' roof. This is a dry un as I put on afore I come up. They ha'e gre't clothes-'osses, an' as we change us things, we put 'em on theer ter dry. "

When he washed himself, kneeling on the hearth-rug stripped



里的眼白冲她闪动着。

“我也盼着回来呢，”说着他把他的马口铁水壶和午饭包放在碗柜上，脱下外衣和坎肩儿，摘下围巾，拽过扶手椅坐在炉前。

“吃饭吧，我饿坏了，”他说。

“你要不要先洗洗呀？”

“洗什么洗？”

“唉，你不能这么就吃——”

“噢，得了吧，太太！我在井下不是也不洗就吃午饭？上哪儿洗去呀？”

她端上饭菜，坐在他对面。他一头一脸全是黑的，只有眼白还是白的，嘴唇是鲜红的。看到他张开红嘴唇露出白牙来吃饭，她感到心里不是滋味儿。他的胳膊和手上沾着一块一块的黑；他那壮实的脖子黑得不那么厉害，因为有领子挡着，这还让她心里舒坦点儿。屋里有一股井下的味道，让人难以说出是什么味儿，潮乎乎的呛人。

“你的小褂儿肩膀那块儿怎么那么黑呀？”

“我的坎肩儿？是顶子上往下滴答水闹的。这件是干的，我上来时换上的。那儿有几个大衣架，我们换好衣服就把湿的搭那上头晾干。”

他跪在炉前地毯上光着膀子洗起来，这样子令她又害怕起来。他



to the waist, she felt afraid of him again. He was so muscular; he seemed so intent on what he was doing, so intensely himself, like a vigorous animal. And as he stood wiping himself, with his naked breast towards her, she felt rather sick, seeing his thick arms bulge their muscles.

They were nevertheless very happy. He was at a great pitch of pride because of her. The men in the pit might chaff him, they might try to entice him away, but nothing could reduce his self-assured pride because of her, nothing could unsettle his almost infantile satisfaction. In the evening he sat in his arm-chair chattering to her, or listening as she read the newspaper to him. When it was fine, he would go into the street, squat on his heels as colliers do, with his back against the wall of his parlour, and call to the passers-by, in greeting, one after another. If no one were passing, he was content just to squat and smoke, having such a fund of sufficiency and satisfaction in his heart. He was well married.

They had not been wed a year when all Brent and Wellwood's men came out on strike. Willy was in the Union, so with a pinch they scrambled through. The furniture was not all paid for, and other debts were incurred. She worried and contrived; he left it to her. But he was a good husband; he gave her all he had.

The men were out fifteen weeks. They had been back just over a year when Willy had an accident in the mine, tearing his bladder. At the pit head the doctor talked of the hospital. Losing his head



一身的肌肉,似乎十分专注地干着自己的事,心无旁骛,就像一头健壮的动物。他站起来擦着身子,赤裸的胸脯正对着她,看到他粗壮的胳膊上鼓起的肌肉,她不禁感到有点厌恶。

不过他们总的来说还是幸福的。有这样的老婆他真是骄傲得什么似的。井下的男人们尽可以拿他开涮,尽可以想法子把他从老婆身边引走,但他们怎么也不能不让他为自己的老婆感到骄傲,什么也不能削弱他那近乎孩子般的满足感。晚上他坐在扶手椅中跟她聊天,有时听她念念报纸。天气好的时候,他会到街上去,像其他矿工们那样蹲在地上,背靠着自家客厅的墙根儿,和过路的人逐个儿打招呼。要是街上没有过路的,他会照旧心满意足地蹲着抽烟。家境这么富足,怎能不满足呢?这媳妇算是娶对了。

他们结婚还不到一年,布兰特和威尔伍德公司^①的工人们就开始罢工了。威利参加了工会^②的罢工,所以他们的日子开始紧巴起来。家具钱还没有付清,又欠了新债。她发愁,费尽了心思,他则把这些往她这边一推了事。不过他是个好丈夫,把自己挣的钱都交她管。

罢工闹了十五周才结束。回矿上工作还不到一年,威利就在井下事故中受了伤,膀胱破了。在巷道里,医生说要送医院。可这年轻人昏

① 这是个虚构的煤矿公司名。当年伊斯特伍德的矿业公司名称是Barber Walker & Co.

② 这里指诺丁汉郡矿工协会。协会的会员参加罢工可以得到每周10先令的罢工补贴,相当于一个矿工周薪的三分之一到四分之一,另外还给13岁以下儿童每人一先令。



entirely, the young collier raved like a madman, what with pain and fear of hospital.

“Tha s’lt go whoam, Willy, tha s’lt go whoam,” the deputy said.

A lad warned the wife to have the bed ready. Without speaking or hesitating she prepared. But when the ambulance came, and she heard him shout with pain at being moved, she was afraid lest she should sink down. They carried him in.

“Yo’ should ’a’ had a bed i’ th’ parlour, Missis,” said the deputy, “then we shouldna’ ha’ had to hawkse ’im upstairs, an’ it ’ud’ a’ saved your legs.”

But it was too late now. They got him upstairs.

“They let me lie, Lucy,” he was crying, “they let me lie two mortal hours on th’ sleek afore they took me outer th’ stall. Th’ peen, Lucy, th’ peen; oh, Lucy, th’ peen, th’ peen! ”

“I know th’ pain’s bad, Willy, I know. But you must try an’ bear it a bit.”

“Tha manna carry on in that form, lad, thy missis’ll niver be able ter stan’ it,” said the deputy.

“I canna’ elp it, it’s th’ peen, it’s th’ peen,” he cried again. He had never been ill in his life. When he had smashed a finger he could look at the wound. But this pain came from inside, and terrified him. At last he was soothed and exhausted.

It was some time before she could undress him and wash him.