

<<儿子和情人>>

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### 内容概要

《儿子和情人》产生于20世纪初叶，背景是英国诺丁汉郡矿工们的生活。

矿工瓦尔特原本性格开朗，充满活力，后因酗酒而日渐沉沦。

妻子格特鲁德失望之余，转而将希望寄托在两个儿子身上，长子威廉又不幸早夭，遂对次子保罗产生了强烈的感情。

面对情感变态的母亲，以及两个各有其不同恋爱观的女友，年轻的保罗一时颇感迷惘。

具有半自传性的《儿子和情人》生动、广泛地描绘了现代工业文明背后普通工人的境遇，然而角度的确十分独特，作者意在探索两性之间的关系，正如评论家所指出的，小说中表现了作者内心隐藏的俄狄浦斯情结，其中的主线之一便是以劳伦斯与杰茜的私情为蓝本。

此书初步显示了劳伦斯作为现代性爱小说之父，风靡文坛90年，魅力不减，至今仍为广大读者所喜爱

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作者简介

D.H. Lawrence ( 1885-1930 ) was born into a coal-mining family in England, he befriended a local family whose interest in literature matched his own. Encouraged by this support and connection, Lawrence began to write poems and short stories as he returned to work, this time as a teacher. With his career taking off, Lawrence endured several years of personal ups and downs, including the death of his mother and the beginning of a relationship with a married woman, who, once divorced, would become his wife. Poor health cut short his prolific writing, but the works that Lawrence created, such as *Sons and Lovers*, *Women in Love*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *The Lost Girl*, and *The Rainbow*, brought a new energy to 20th century literature.

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## 章节摘录

She hurried out of the side garden to the front, where she could stand as if in an immense gulf of white light, the moon streaming high in face of her, the moonlight standing up from the hills in front, and filling the valley where the Bottoms crouched, almost blindingly. There, panting and half weeping in reaction from the stress, she murmured to herself over and over again: 'The nuisance !

The nuisance !

'She became aware of something about her. With an effort she roused herself to see what it was that penetrated her consciousness. The tall white lilies were reeling in the moonlight, and the air was charged with their perfume, as with a presence. Mrs. Morel gasped slightly in fear. She touched the big, pallid flowers on their petals, then shivered. They seemed to be stretching in the moonlight. She put her hand into one white bin: the gold scarcely showed on her fingers by moonlight. She bent down to look at the binful of yellow pollen; but it only appeared dusky. Then she drank a deep draught of the scent. It almost made her dizzy. Mrs. Morel leaned on the garden gate, looking out, and she lost herself awhile. She did not know what she thought. Except for a slight feeling of sickness, and her consciousness in the child, herself melted out like scent into the shiny, pale air. After a time the child, too, melted with her in the mixing-pot of moonlight, and she rested with the hills and lilies and houses, all swum together in a kind of Swoon. Over them, and right across the garden. Following it with her eye roused her. A few whiffs of the raw, strong scent of phlox invigorated her. She passed along the path, hesitating at the white rosebush. It smelled sweet and simple. She touched the white ruffles of the roses. Their fresh scent and cool, soft leaves reminded her of the morning-time and sunshine. She was very fond of them. But she was tired, and wanted to sleep. In the mysterious out-of-doors she felt forlorn. There was no noise anywhere. Evidently the children had not been wakened, or had gone to sleep again. A train, three miles away, roared across the valley. The night was very large, and very strange, stretching its hoary distances infinitely. And out of the silver-gray fog of darkness came sounds vague and hoarse: a corncrake not far off, sound of a train like a sigh, and distant shouts of men. Her quietened heart beginning to beat quickly again, she hurried down the side garden to the back of the house. Softly she lifted the latch; the door was still bolted, and hard against her. She rapped gently, waited, then rapped again. She must not rouse the children, nor the neighbours. He must be asleep, and he would not wake easily. Her heart began to burn to be indoors. She clung to the door-handle. Now it was cold; she would take a chill, and in her present condition !

Putting her apron over her head and her arms, she hurried again to the side garden, to the window of the kitchen. Leaning on the sill, she could just see, under the blind, her husband's arms spread out on the table, and his black head on the board. He was sleeping with his face lying on the table. Something in his attitude made her feel tired of things. The lamp was burning smokily; she could tell by the copper colour of the light. She tapped at the window more and more noisily. Almost it seemed as if the glass would break. Still he did not wake up. After vain efforts she began to shiver partly from contact with the stone and from exhaustion. Fearful always for the unborn child, she wondered what she could do for warmth. She went down to the coal-house, where was an old hearthrug she had carried out for the rag-man the day before. This she wrapped over her shoulders. It was warm if grimy. Then she walked up and down the garden path peeping every now and then under the blind, knocking and telling herself that in the end the very strain of his position must wake him. At last after about an hour, she rapped long and low at the window. Gradually the sound penetrated to him. When~ in despair, she had ceased to tap she saw him stir then lift his face blindly. The labouring of his heart hurt him into consciousness. She rapped imperatively at the window. He started awake. Instantly she saw his fists set and his eyes glare. He had not a grain of physical fear. If it had been twenty burglars, he would have gone blindly for them. He glared round, bewildered~ but prepared to fight.

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## 编辑推荐

Individual longings clash with the harsh realities of life in a poor coal-mining town in D.H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. Gertrude Coppard is a well-to-do woman whose heart leads her to Walter Morel, a miner who is unable to offer her the lifestyle she has always known. Love cannot blunt the sharp frustrations of their meager existence, and the two people drift apart. Gertrude focuses her energies on her children, young William and his brother Paul. A semi-autobiographical story, *Sons and Lovers* is a strikingly honest and stark look at the relationships that wither and those that thrive, for better or for worse, in the extreme and unforgiving realm of working-class life.

“THE BOTTOMS” succeeded to “Hell Row.” Hell Row was a block of thatched, bulging cottages that stood by the brookside on Green Hill Lane. There lived the colliers who worked in the little gin-pits two fields away. The brook ran under the alder trees, scarcely soiled by these small mines, whose coal was drawn to the surface by donkey, that plodded wearily in a circle round a gin. And all over the countryside were these same pits, some of which had been worked in the time of Charles II, the few colliers and the donkeys burrowing down like ants into the earth, making queer mounds and little black places among the corn-fields and the meadows. And the Cottages of these coal-miners, in blocks and pairs—here and there, together with odd farms and homes of the stockings, straying over the Parish, formed the village of Bestwood. 同名英文原版书火热销售中：Sons and Lovers

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