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内容概要

在布兰文家族祖孙三代人的命运这一背景上，劳伦斯对现代人的性爱进行了广泛、深入的探索。第一代汤姆·布兰文是个勤劳朴实的农民，因在19岁时和一个妓女睡过觉，因而对性产生了厌恶，在妻子莉迪亚的帮助下逐渐获得和谐美满的性生活，但两个人仅仅停留在这一阶段，他们一辈子都是陌生人。

第二代安娜与威尔之间的婚姻充满了强烈的占有欲，从而导致无休止的冲突。

第三代女主人公厄体拉愈加迈进了一步，她身上既有放荡的一面，同时又追求灵与肉、生命与自然的融合统一。

在“爱情三部曲”中，《虹》与《恋爱中的女人》是姊妹篇，虽曾在英国遭禁11年之久，但近年来一直受到各国评论家的高度赞赏，被称为是劳伦斯创作的最高峰。

小说大量地运用象征、比喻和意象描写的手法，语言充满了激情，同时又含蓄深刻，富有哲理。

## 作者简介

D.H. LAWRENCE ( 1885-1930 ) , one of the greatest figures in 20th-century English literature. Lawrence saw sex and intuition as ways to undistorted perception of reality and means to respond to the inhumanity of the industrial culture. From Lawrence's doctrines of sexual freedom arose obscenity trials , which had a deep effect on the relationship between literature and society.

In 1912 he wrote : "What the blood feels , and believes , and says , is always true. Lawrence's life after World War I was marked with continuous and restless wandering.

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## 章节摘录

The child ceased to have so much anxiety for her mother after the baby came. Seeing the mother with the baby boy, delighted and serene and secure, Anna was at first puzzled, then gradually she became indignant, and at last her little life settled on its own swivel, she was no more strained and distorted to support her mother. She became more childish, not so abnormal, not charged with cares she could not understand. The charge of the mother, the satisfying of the mother, had devolved elsewhere than on her. Gradually the child was freed. She became an independent, forgetful little soul, loving from her own centre. Of her own choice, she then loved Brangwen most, or most obviously. For these two made a little life together, they had a joint activity. It amused him, at evening, to teach her to count, or to say her letters. He remembered for her all the little nursery rhymes and childish songs that lay forgotten at the bottom of his brain. At first she thought them rubbish. But he laughed, and she laughed. They became to her a huge joke. Old King Cole she thought was Brangwen. Mother Hubbard was Tilly, her mother was the old woman who lived in a shoe. It was a huge, it was a frantic delight to the child, this nonsense, after her years with her mother, after the poignant folk-tales she had had from her mother, which always troubled and mystified her soul. She shared a sort of recklessness with her father, a complete, chosen carelessness that had the laugh of ridicule in it. He loved to make her voice go lugh and shouting and defiant with laughter. The baby was dark-skinned and as had driven him almost mad with trammelled passion at first. She came to him again, and, his heart delirious in delight and readiness, he took her. And it was almost as before. Perhaps it was quite as before. At any rate, it made him know perfection, it established in him a constant eternal knowledge. But it died down before he wanted it to die down, she was finished, she could take no more. And he was not exhausted, he wanted to go on. But it could not be. So he had to begin the bitter lesson, to abate himself, to take less than he wanted. For she was Woman to him, all other women were her shadows. For she had satisfied him. And he wanted it to go on. And it could not. However he raged, and, filled with suppression that became hot and bitter, hated her in his soul that she did not want him, however he had mad outbursts, and drank and made ugly scenes, still he knew, he was only kicking against the pricks. It was not, he had to learn, that she would not want him enough, as much as he demanded that she should want him. It was that she could not. She could only want him in her own way, and to her own measure. And she had spent much life before he found her as she was, the woman who could take him and give him fulfilment. She had taken him and given him fulfilment. She still could do so, in her own times and ways. But he must control himself, measure himself to her. ....

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