

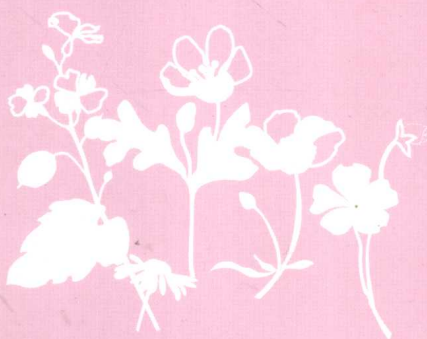
世界名著 • 经典电影 • 双语阅读

蝴蝶梦

Rebecca

◆ [英] 达夫妮·杜穆里埃 著

◆ 汪兰 编译



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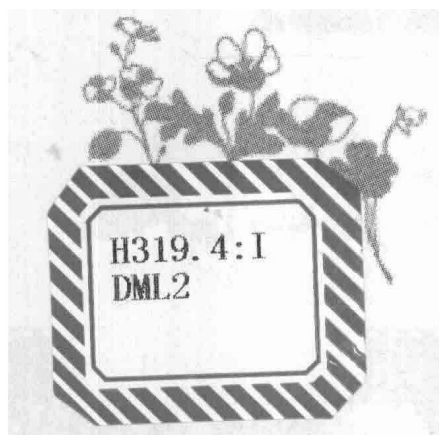
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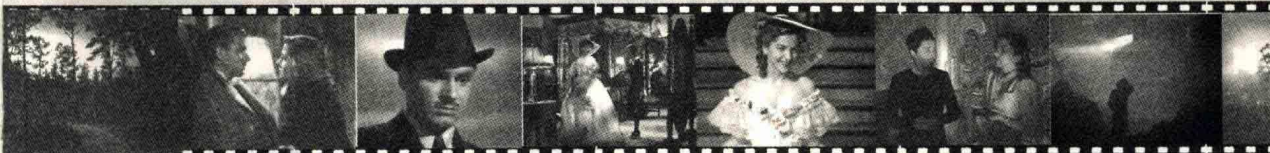
达夫妮·杜穆里埃 (1907~1989) 英国当代著名女作家。一生创作了17部长篇小说及几十种其他体裁的文学作品，《牙买加旅店》、《蝴蝶梦》等是其代表作，并使她名噪全球。作家生前是英国皇家文学协会会员，1969年被授予大英帝国贵妇勋章。达夫妮的作品多以闲暇农庄的习俗和风土人情为主题和背景，崇尚原始生活，充满浪漫感伤的情调，并能“打破通俗小说与纯文学的界限”，将两者完美结合。

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Rebecca



Chapter 1

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was **barred** to me. There was a **padlock** and a chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and **peering** closer through the rusted **spokes** of the gate I saw that the lodge was **uninhabited**.

No smoke came from the **chimney**, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with **supernatural** powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkept, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious fingers. The woods, always a **menace** even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive.

The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an **impediment** to progress; the gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and again amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace, **hydrangeas** whose blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a **bloom**, black and ugly as the nameless parasites that grew beside them.

On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a **labyrinth**, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart **thumping** in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.

第一章

barred

[bɑ:d]

adj. 有木栅的, 隔绝的,
被禁止的

padlock

['pædlɒk]

n. 挂锁, (官方下令的)
关闭, 禁止进入

peer

[piə]

n. 同等的人, 贵族

v. 凝视, 窥视; 与……同
等, 封为贵族

uninhabited

['ʌnɪn'hæbɪtɪd]

adj. 无人居住的, 杳无
人迹的

chimney

['tʃɪmni]

n. 烟囱, 灯罩

supernatural

[ˌsju:pə'nætʃərəl]

adj. 超自然的

n. 超自然物, 不可思议
的事

impediment

[ɪm'pedɪmənt]

n. 妨碍, 阻碍, 障碍物,
(言语)障碍

hydrangea

[haɪ'dreɪndʒiə]

n. [植]八仙花属

thump

[θʌmp]

v. 重击, 砰然地响

昨晚梦里我又回到了曼德里庄园。在梦里我似乎站在通向车道的铁门前, 好一会儿被挡在门外无法进去。铁门上有一把锁和一根铁链。在梦里, 我大声呼唤着看门人, 但无人应答。我靠近一些透过门上生锈的铁条往里望去, 发现曼德里庄园空寂无人。

烟囱里不再冒出烟, 一扇扇小花格窗开着, 显得十分荒凉。此时, 我像所有梦中人一样, 突然间不知从哪获得了一种超自然的能量, 如同幽灵一般飘过我面前的障碍。车道在我面前蜿蜒曲折, 依稀如旧, 但是当我前行时, 就意识到已经产生了变化。它狭窄荒凉, 不再是我们曾经所熟悉的样子。起初, 我感到困惑不解, 只是当我低下头避开一根低垂摇曳的树枝时, 便意识到变化发生的原因。自然界已经恢复了本来的面目, 而且逐渐地将她那细长、坚韧的手指悄无声息地伸到车道上来了。即便是在过去, 树林始终是一个威胁, 如今它终于胜利了, 黑压压地无法阻挡地向车道两侧边沿逼近。

车道已变成了一根细长的带子, 与过去相比, 成了一根线! 砂砾的地面没有了, 密密地长了一些草和苔藓。树枝低垂下来, 挡住了我前行的道路, 多节瘤的树根看上去像骷髅的爪子。在这片丛林之中, 偶尔我能发现一些灌木, 那是我们当年居住时的标志, 是人工栽培和雅趣的产物。绣球花曾以蓝色花穗闻名, 因无人照看, 已经变成野生的了, 枝干奇高, 却并不开花, 黑暗丑陋, 一如长在四周的无名草木。

我们的车道时而东、时而西, 蜿蜒曲折。有时我以为它消失了, 但是它又会在一棵倒在地上的树下出现, 或者在由于冬天的雨雪积成的泥泞水沟边挣扎着露出头来。我从未觉得车道是这么长, 那距离想必是不断地成倍延伸, 如同树枝在成倍增长一样, 这条路通向迷宫, 一片压抑的荒野, 根本不是通向房子。突然间, 我看到了宅子, 门前的通路被一大簇异样生长的灌木覆盖了。我站在那里, 心儿怦怦直跳, 泪眼婆娑, 带来一阵异样的痛楚。

There was Manderley, our Manderley, secretive and silent as it had always been, (the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream, the mullioned windows reflecting the green lawns and the terrace. Time could not wreck the perfect symmetry of those walls, nor the site itself, a jewel in the hollow of a hand.

The terrace sloped to the lawns, and the lawns stretched to the sea, and turning I could see the sheet of silver placid under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. No waves would come to ruffle this dream water, and no bulk of cloud, wind-driven from the west, obscure the clarity of this pale sky. I turned again to the house, and though it stood inviolate, untouched, as though we ourselves had left but yesterday, I saw that the garden had obeyed the jungle law, even as the woods had done. The rhododendrons stood fifty feet high, twisted and entwined with bracken, and they had entered into alien marriage with a host of nameless shrubs, poor, bastard things that clung about their roots as though conscious of their spurious origin. A lilac had mated with a copper beech, and to bind them yet more closely to one another the malevolent ivy, always an enemy to grace, had thrown her tendrils about the pair and made them prisoners. Ivy held prior place in this lost garden, the long strands crept across the lawns, and soon would encroach upon the house itself. There was another plant too, some half-breed from the woods, whose seed had been scattered long ago beneath the trees and then forgotten, and now, marching in unison with the ivy, thrust its ugly form like a giant rhubarb towards the soft grass where the daffodils had blown.

Moonlight can play odd tricks upon the fancy, even upon a dreamer's fancy. As I stood there, hushed and still, I could swear that the house was not an empty shell but lived and breathed as it had lived before.

(Light came from the windows, the curtains blew softly in the night air, and there, in the library, the door would stand half open as we had left it, with my handkerchief on the table beside the bowl of autumn roses.

The room would bear witness to our presence. The little heap of library books marked ready to return, and the discarded copy of *The Times*. Ash-trays, with the stub of a cigarette, cushions, with the imprint of our heads upon them, lolling in the chairs; the charred embers of our log fire still smouldering against the morning. And Jasper, dear Jasper, with his soulful eyes and great, sagging jowl, would be stretched upon the floor, his tail a-thump when he heard his master's footsteps.

A cloud, hitherto unseen, came upon the moon, and hovered an instant like a dark hand before a face. The illusion went with it, and the lights in the windows were extinguished. I looked upon a desolate shell, soulless at last, unhaunted, with no whisper of the past about its staring walls.

The house was a sepulchre, our fear and suffering lay buried in the ruins. There would be no resurrection. When I thought of Manderley in my waking hours I would not be bitter. I should think of it as it might have been, could I have lived there without fear. I should remember the rose-garden in summer, and the birds that sang at dawn. Tea

obscure

[əb'skjuə]

adj. 暗的, 朦胧的, 模糊的, 晦涩的

alien

['eɪljən]

n. 外侨

adj. 外国的, 相异的, 不同的, 背道而驰的

tendrils

['tendril]

n. [植] 卷须, 蔓, 卷须状之物

daffodil

['dæfədɪl]

n. 水仙花

adj. 水仙花色的

fancy

['fænsi]

adj. 奇特的, 异样的

v. 想象, 设想

n. 爱好, 想象力

smouldering

['sməʊldərɪŋ]

adj. 闷烧的

desolate

['desələɪt]

adj. 荒凉的, 无人烟的

sepulchre

['sepəlke(r)]

n. 坟墓

这就是曼德里, 我们的曼德里, 隐僻静谧一如既往, 在梦里, 灰色的石头在月光的照耀下熠熠生辉。竖框的窗户反射出绿草地和屋前平台。整座宅子如同一颗明珠, 时光的流逝丝毫不能掩盖这些围墙和宅基的完美对称。

草地与平台相连, 一直向大海延伸。转身, 我能够看到那银色的海水, 如同明镜般的海面风平浪静, 在月光的爱抚下十分静谧。没有波浪会让这梦幻一般的海水粼粼荡漾, 也没有云彩被西风吹来, 掩饰这凄清而苍白的夜空。我再一次转向宅子, 虽然它屹然挺立, 显得神圣不可侵犯, 仿佛我们昨天才刚刚离开, 我看见花园也和树林一样遵从了丛林法则。杜鹃花有 50 英尺高, 和蕨类扭曲缠绕, 并和许多无名的灌木杂乱交配。这些可怜的杂交植物紧紧地依傍杜鹃花的根部, 似乎意识到自己出身的卑贱。一棵丁香同榉树纠缠在一起, 而那永远与优雅为敌的常春藤, 则不怀好意地将它的卷须更紧地缠绕着这对伙伴, 将它们变成俘虏。常春藤在这个失乐园里总是地位高高, 长长的丝缕爬过草坪, 很快就要侵占宅子本身了。还有另外的植物, 原来生长在林中的杂交植物, 其种子很久以前零散在树下, 很快就被遗忘了, 如今, 它和常春藤并驾齐驱, 把自己丑陋的身子像巨大的大草似地挺向曾经盛开过水仙花的柔软的草地。

月光对梦中人也能造成奇异的幻觉。我站在那里, 默然伫立, 断定这个宅子不是一个空洞的躯壳, 而是一个有生命的、在呼吸着的活物, 如同过去一样。

窗户里透出光线, 夜风中窗帷在微微拂动。藏书室的大门半开着, 那是我们出去时忘了随手带上。我的手绢依然还留在桌子上, 在一瓶秋玫瑰的旁边。

藏书室里依然能见证我们的存在。一小堆标有“待归还”记号的图书; 丢在一旁的《泰晤士报》; 烟灰缸里的半截烟蒂; 靠在椅子上的座垫, 上面依稀还有我们当初相依相偎的痕迹; 壁炉里炭火的余烬还在晨光中散出缕缕青烟; 而杰斯珀, 爱犬杰斯珀, 就躺在地板上, 眼睛里充满灵性, 肥大的颈部下垂着, 一听见主人的脚步声, 尾巴就吧嗒吧嗒地摇个不停。

我一直没注意到, 月亮已被一朵乌云遮住了, 有好一阵子乌云徘徊不去, 像一只黑手遮住了脸庞。突然间, 幻觉消失了, 窗户里的灯光也随之熄灭。我眼前的屋子又成了荒凉的没有灵魂的空壳, 无人进出, 大墙依然虎视眈眈, 却不再有关于往事的细声碎语。

宅子如同一个墓地, 我们的恐惧和苦难都深深掩埋在这废墟之中。这一切再也不能死而复生。当我在醒着的时间里想到曼德里庄园时, 从不觉得难过。如果在那儿我曾经无忧无虑地生活, 说不定我还会就事论事地回忆起那儿美好的一切: 夏日的玫瑰园, 黎明

under the chestnut tree, and the murmur of the sea coming up to us from the lawns below.

I would think of the blown lilac, and the Happy Valley. (These things were permanent, they could not be dissolved. They were memories that cannot hurt. All this I resolved in my dream, while the clouds lay across the face of the moon, for like most sleepers I knew that I dreamed.) In reality I lay many hundred miles away in an alien land, and would wake, before many seconds had passed, in the bare little hotel bedroom, comforting in its very lack of atmosphere. I would sigh a moment, stretch myself and turn, and opening my eyes, be bewildered at that glittering sun, that hard, clean sky, so different from the soft moonlight of my dream. The day would lie before us both, long no doubt, and uneventful, but fraught with a certain stillness, a dear tranquillity we had not known before. We would not talk of Manderley, I would not tell my dream. For Manderley was ours no longer. Manderley was no more.



permanent

['pə:mənənt]

adj. 永久的,持久的

dissolve

[di'zɒlv]

v. 溶解,解散

bewilder

[bi'wɪldə]

v. 使迷惑,使不知所措,
使昏乱

时的鸟儿喃呢,栗树下的茶点,还有来自下面草坪的潮涨潮落的阵阵涛声。

我会想起绽放的丁香,还有“幸福谷”。它们都是永恒的,也不会消失。这些回忆都是不会令人感到伤感的。云彩遮住了月亮的脸庞。在梦里,我清晰地想着这一切,如同大多数梦中人一样,我知道我在做梦。事实上,我是躺在一个几百英里外的陌生地,短暂的几秒钟后就会醒来,发现自己睡在小小的空荡荡的饭店卧室里,没有丝毫特别的气氛,但也正是这样,才令人感到轻松舒坦。我会叹口气,伸个懒腰,转过身子,睁开眼,茫然地看着那耀眼的太阳和冷漠素洁的天空,这和梦中温柔的月光多么不同!白昼在我们面前横亘着,既漫长又平静,充满某种珍贵的平静感。这种感觉是我们不曾体会过的。不,我们不会再谈论曼德里庄园,我也不愿叙述我的梦境。曼德里庄园不再为我们所有,曼德里庄园不复存在了!

Chapter 2

(We can never go back again, that much is certain. The past is still too close to us. The things we have tried to forget and put behind us would stir again, and that sense of fear, of furtive unrest, struggling at length to blind unreasoning panic—now mercifully stilled, thank God—might in some manner unforeseen become a living companion, as it had been before.)

He is wonderfully patient and never complains, not even when he remembers... which happens, I think, rather more often than he would have me know.

I can tell by the way he will look lost and puzzled suddenly, all expression dying away from his dear face as though swept clean by an unseen hand, and in its place a mask will form, a sculptured thing, formal and cold, beautiful still but lifeless. He will fall to smoking cigarette after cigarette, not bothering to extinguish them, and the glowing stubs will lie around on the ground like petals. He will talk quickly and eagerly about nothing at all, snatching at any subject as a panacea to pain. I believe there is a theory that men and women emerge finer and stronger after suffering, and that to advance in this or any world we must endure ordeal by fire. This we have done in full measure, ironic though it seems. We have both known fear, and loneliness, and very great distress. I suppose sooner or later in the life of everyone comes a moment of trial. We all of us have our particular devil who rides us and torments us, and we must give battle in the end. We have conquered ours, or so we believe.

The devil does not ride us any more. We have come through our crisis, not unscathed of course. His premonition of disaster was correct from the beginning; and like a ranting actress in an indifferent play, I might say that we have paid for freedom. But I have had enough melodrama in this life, and would willingly give my five senses if they could ensure us our present peace and security. (Happiness is not a possession to be prized, it is a quality of thought, a state of mind. Of course we have our moments of depression; but there are other moments too, when time, unmeasured by the clock, runs on into eternity and, catching his smile, I know we are together, we march in unison, no clash of thought or of opinion makes a barrier between us.)

第二章

furtive

['fɜ:tɪv]

adj. 偷偷摸摸的, 鬼鬼祟祟的, 秘密的, 私下的

extinguish

[ɪks'tɪŋgwɪʃ]

v. 熄灭, 消灭, 压制, 使黯然失色, 偿清

panacea

[ˌpænə'siə]

n. 万能药

distress

[dɪ'stres]

n. 悲痛, 穷困, 不幸

v. 使悲痛, 使穷困, 使忧伤

conquer

['kɒŋkə]

v. 征服, 战胜, 占领, 克服(困难等), 破坏(习惯等)

premonition

[ˌpri:mə'niʃən]

n. 前兆

有一点是肯定的,那就是我们再也回不去了。过去的岁月仿佛近在咫尺。我们努力忘却并永远置诸脑后的种种往事,说不定又会把我们的回忆重新唤起。还有那种恐惧感,那种诡秘的不安之感——感谢上帝慈悲,现在总算平息了——过去曾一度演变成无法理喻的盲目惶恐,说不定也还会以一种无法预见的形式卷土重来,就像过去那样和我们朝夕共处,形影相随。

他的忍耐功夫着实惊人。他从不怨天尤人,即使在回忆往事时也绝不愤愤然……尽管他不愿意让我知道,但我相信他常常想起过去。

他如何能瞒过我的眼睛?有时,他显得茫然若有所失,可爱的面容上,所有的表情消失得一干二净,仿佛被一只无形的手突然全抹掉了似的,取而代之的是一副面具,一件雕塑品,冷冰冰的,一本正经,纵然不失英俊,却毫无生气;有时,他会一支接一支地猛抽香烟,甚至连烟蒂也顾不上弄熄,结果,那闪着火星的烟头就像花瓣似地在他周围散了一地;有时,他胡乱找个什么话题,讲得口若悬河,眉飞色舞,但实际上什么内容也没有,无非是想借此排解心头的忧伤。我曾听过一种说法:任何一对夫妻,只要经受苦难磨炼,就会变得更高尚、更坚强,因此在今世或来世做人,理应忍受火刑的考验。这话听上去有点似是而非,但我俩倒是充分领略了其中的滋味。我俩经历过恐惧、孤独和极大的不幸。我觉得,每个人在自己的一生中迟早都会面临考验,我们都有各自特定的恶魔灾星,备受压迫和折磨,到头来总得奋起与之搏斗。我俩最终战胜了那个恶魔,或者说我们相信自己战胜了。

现在,那灾星再也不来欺压我们了。难关总算闯过了,虽然我们也不免受了些创伤。从一开始他对灾难的预感就很灵验,而我呢,不妨模仿一出蹩脚戏里的女戏子,装腔作势地宣布我们为自由付了代价。说实在的,这辈子我领教够了戏剧性的曲折离奇。要是能让我俩一直像现在这样安安稳稳地过日子,我情愿拿自己所有的感官做代价。幸福不是一件值得珍藏的占有物,而是一种思想状态,一种心境。当然,有时我们也会消沉沮丧,但在其他时刻,时间不再由钟摆来计量,而是连绵地伸向永恒;只要一看到他的微笑,我就意识到我俩在一起携手并进,再没有思想或意见上的分歧在我俩之间设下屏障。

We have no secrets now from one another. All things are shared. (Granted that our little hotel is dull, and the food indifferent, and that day after day dawns very much the same, yet we would not have it otherwise. We should meet too many of the people he knows in any of the big hotels. We both appreciate simplicity, and we are sometimes bored—well, boredom is a pleasing antidote to fear. We live very much by routine, and I—I have developed a genius for reading aloud. The only time I have known him show impatience is when the postman lags for it means we must wait another day before the arrival of our English mail. We have tried wireless, but the noise is such an irritant, and we prefer to store up our excitement; the result of a cricket match played many days ago means much to us.

Oh, the Test matches that have saved us from ennui, the boxing bouts, even the billiard scores. Finals of schoolboy sports, dog racing, strange little competitions in the remoter counties, all these are grist to our hungry mill.

Once there was an article on wood pigeons, and as I read it aloud it seemed to me that once again I was in the deep woods at Manderley, with pigeons fluttering above my head. I heard their soft, complacent call, so comfortable and cool on a hot summer's afternoon, and there would be no disturbing of their peace until Jasper came loping through the undergrowth to find me, his damp muzzle questing the ground. Like old ladies caught at their ablutions, the pigeons would flutter from their hiding-place, shocked into silly agitation, and, making a monstrous to-do with their wings, streak away from us above the tree-tops, and so out of sight and sound. When they were gone a new silence would come upon the place, and I—uneasy for no known reason—would realize that the sun no longer wove a pattern on the rustling leaves, that the branches had grown darker, the shadows longer; and back at the house there would be fresh raspberries for tea. I would rise from my bed of bracken then, shaking the feathery dust of last year's leaves from my skirt and whistling to Jasper, set off towards the house, despising myself even as I walked for my hurrying feet, my one swift glance behind.

How strange that an article on wood pigeons could so recall the past and make me falter as I read aloud. It was the grey look on his face that made me stop abruptly, and turn the pages until I found a paragraph on cricket, very practical and dull—Middlesex batting on a dry wicket at the Oval and piling up interminable dreary runs. How I blessed those solid, flannelled figures, for in a few minutes his face had settled back into repose, the colour had returned, and he was deriding the Surrey bowling in healthy irritation.

(We were saved a retreat into the past, and I had learnt my lesson). Read English news, yes, and English sport, politics, and pomposity, but in future keep the things that hurt to myself alone. (They can be my secret indulgence.) Colour and scent and sound, rain and the lapping of water, even the mists of autumn and the smell of the flood tide, these are memories of Manderley that will not be denied. I attend all meets,

indifferent

[in'difərənt]

adj. 无关紧要的

antidote

['æntidəʊt]

n. [医]解毒剂, 矫正方法

ennui

['ɒnuɪ]

n. 倦怠, 厌倦

billiard

['bɪljəd]

adj. 台球的, 弹子戏的

complacent

[kəm'pleɪsnt]

adj. 自满的, 得意的

muzzle

['mʌzl]

n. 动物之鼻口, (动物的)口套, 钳制言论的手段, 枪口

monstrous

['mɒnstrəs]

adj. 巨大的, 畸形的, 怪异的, 恐怖的

despise

[dis'paɪz]

v. 轻视

falter

['fɔ:lta]

v. 支吾地说, 结巴地讲出

interminable

[in'tə:minəbl]

adj. 无限的, 冗长的

indulgence

[in'dʌldʒ(ə)ns]

n. 放任

如今我俩之间再也没有隐私, 真是同甘共苦, 息息相通了。虽然这小客栈沉闷乏味, 伙食也很差, 日复一日, 重复着单调的老一套, 但我们却不愿生活变成另一种样子。要是住到大旅馆去, 肯定会遇到许多他的熟人。我俩都深知简朴的可贵, 尽管偶尔觉得无聊, 那又有什么关系呢? 对恐惧来说, 无聊恰是一帖对症的解药! 我们根据固定不变的格局安排日常生活, 而我从中逐渐培养起朗读的才能。据我所知, 只有当邮差误了班头时, 他才露出焦躁的神情, 因为这意味着我们得多等一天才能收到英国来的邮件。我们曾试着听过收音机, 但是杂音恼人, 所以我们宁愿把思乡的激情积蓄在心头。好几天前进行的一场板球赛的战果, 竟在我们生活中占有那么重要的意义。

啊! 各种球类决赛和拳击比赛, 甚至还有弹子房的击弹落袋得分记录, 都能把我们从百无聊赖中解救出来。小学生运动会的决赛, 跑狗以及偏僻诸郡那些奇怪的小型竞赛——所有这些消息, 如同空磨子里的谷物, 都能解决我俩饥渴之苦。

有一次我念到一篇有关野鸽的文章, 念着念着, 恍若又回到了曼德里的园林深处, 野鸽在我头顶扇动着翅膀, 我听到它们柔和、自得的咕鸣, 这声音在夏日炎热的午后给人以舒适凉爽之感。只要杰斯珀不跑来, 它们的安宁是不会受到打扰的。但是杰斯珀找我来, 它奔跳着穿过树丛, 一边用湿漉漉的鼻子嗅着地面。被狗一吓, 野鸽顿时一阵骚动, 从藏身处乱飞出去, 就像一群老太婆在洗澡时遭人撞见了一样, 其实大可不必。野鸽劈劈啪啪鼓动着双翅, 迅捷地从树顶上掠过, 渐渐远去, 终于在远空消失。这时, 周围复归静穆, 而我却莫名其妙地感到不安, 注意到阳光不再在飒飒作响的树叶上编织出图案, 树枝变得黝黑森然, 阴影伸长了, 而在那边宅子里已摆上了新鲜的木莓, 准备用茶点了。于是我从羊齿丛中站起来, 抖一抖陈年残叶留在裙子上的尘埃, 打个唿哨唤来杰斯珀, 随即动身回屋子去。我一走, 一边鄙夷地自问: 步履为何如此匆匆, 而且还要迅速地 toward 身后瞥上一眼?

说也奇怪, 一篇描写野鸽的文章, 竟勾起了我这么一番对往事的追忆, 而且使我朗读时变得结结巴巴。看到他那阴沉的脸色, 我戛然停止了朗读, 并向后翻了好几页, 直到找着一段关于板球赛的短讯为止。那段文字就事论事, 单调乏味, 讲到奥佛尔球场上, 中塞克斯队打法平庸, 却连连得手, 比分沉闷地一个劲儿往上加。真得感谢那些呆头呆脑的穿运动衣的家伙, 因为不大一会儿, 他的面容恢复了原先的平静, 重新有了血色, 他带着一种正常的恼怒嘲笑起塞雷队的投球技术来。

这样总算避免了一场回忆, 而我也得到了教训: 英国新闻是可以念的, 比如英国的体育运动、政治情况, 英国人的傲慢自大等等, 都可以; 但是往后, 凡是容易引起伤感的东西, 就只能让我独自去悄悄咀嚼回味。色彩、香味、声音、雨水、波涛的拍击, 甚至秋天的浓雾和潮水的咸味, 都是曼德里留下的记忆, 无法磨灭。我

rustler

['rʌslə]

n. 小偷

怪异的

raspy

['ræspi]

adj. 粗糙的

I follow every run. Even the names of those who walk hound puppies are familiar to me. (The state of the crops, the price of fat cattle, the mysterious ailments of swine, I relish them all. A poor pastime, perhaps, and not a very intellectual one, but I breathe the air of England as I read, and can face this glittering sky with greater courage.)

The scrubby vineyards and the crumbling stones become things of no account, for if I wish I can give rein to my imagination, and pick foxgloves and pale champions from a wet, streaking hedge.

Poor whims of fancy, tender and un-harsh. They are the enemy to bitterness and regret, and sweeten this exile we have brought upon ourselves.

Because of them I can enjoy my afternoon, and return, smiling and refreshed, to face the little ritual of our tea. The order never varies. Two slices of bread and butter each, and China tea. What a hide-bound couple we must seem, clinging to custom because we did so in England. Here, on this clean balcony, white and impersonal with centuries of sun, I think of half past four at Manderley, and the table drawn before the library fire. The door flung open, punctual to the minute, and the performance, never-varying, of the laying of the tea, the silver tray, the kettle, the snowy cloth. While Jasper, his spaniel ears a-droop, feigns indifference to the arrival of the cakes. That feast was laid before us always, and yet we ate so little.

Those dripping crumpets, I can see them now. Tiny crisp wedges of toast, and piping-hot, floury scones. Sandwiches of unknown nature, mysteriously flavoured and quite delectable and that very special gingerbread. Angel cake, that melted in the mouth, and his rather stodgier companion, bursting with peel and raisins. There was enough food there to keep a starving family for a week. I never knew what happened to it all, and the waste used to worry me sometimes.

But I never dared ask Mrs Danvers what she did about it. She would have looked at me in scorn, smiling that freezing, superior smile of hers, and I can imagine her saying: "There were never any complaints when Mrs de Winter was alive." Mrs Danvers. I wonder what she is doing now. She and Favell. I think it was the expression on her face that gave me my first feeling of unrest. Instinctively I thought, "She is comparing me to Rebecca"; and sharp as a sword the shadow came between us...

Well, it is over now, finished and done with. I ride no more tormented, and both of us are free. Even my faithful Jasper has gone to the happy hunting grounds, and Manderley is no more. It lies like an empty shell amidst the tangle of the deep woods, even as I saw it in my dream. A multitude of weeds, a colony of birds. Sometimes perhaps a tramp will wander there, seeking shelter from a sudden shower of rain and, if he is stout-hearted, he may walk there with impunity. But your timid fellow, your nervous poacher—the woods of Manderley are not for him. He might stumble upon the little cottage in the cove and he would not be happy beneath its tumbled roof, the thin rain beating a tattoo. There might linger there still a certain atmosphere of stress. That