

[美] 玛格丽特·米切尔 / 著

中英文对照全译本

Gone With The Wind

飘 (下)

英汉对照



中国戏剧出版社

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PART FOUR

CHAPTER XXXI

ON a cold January afternoon in 1866, Scarlett sat in the office writing a letter to Aunt Pitty, explaining in detail for the tenth time why neither she, Melanie nor Ashley could come back to Atlanta to live with her. She wrote impatiently because she knew Aunt Pitty would read no farther than the opening lines and then write her again, wailing. 'But I'm afraid to live by myself!'

Her hands were chilled and she paused to rub them together and to scuff her feet deeper into the strip of old quilting wrapped about them. The soles of her slippers were practically gone and were reinforced with pieces of carpet. The carpet kept her feet off the floor but did little to keep them warm. That morning Will had taken the horse to Jonesboro to get him shod. Scarlett thought grimly that things were indeed at a pretty pass when horses had shoes and people's feet were as bare as yard dogs?

She picked up her quill to resume her writing but laid it down when she heard Will coming in at the back door. She heard the thumpthump of his wooden leg in the hall outside the office and then he stopped. She waited for a moment for him to enter and when he made no move she called to him. He came in, his ears red from the cold, his pinkish hair awry, and stood looking down at her, a faintly humorous smile on his lips.

'Miss Scarlett,' he questioned, 'just how much cash money have you got?'

'Are you going to try to marry me for my money, Will?' she asked somewhat crossly.

'No, Ma'm. But I just wanted to know.'

She stared at him inquiringly. Will didn't look serious, but then he never looked serious. However, she felt that something was wrong.

'I've got ten dollars in gold,' she said. 'The last of that Yankee's money.'

'Well, Ma'm, that won't be enough.'

'Enough for what?'

'Enough for the taxes,' he answered and, stumping over to the fireplace, he leaned down and held his red hands to the blaze.

'Taxes?' she repeated. 'Name of God, Will! We've already paid the taxes.'

'Yes'm. But they say you didn't pay enough. I

第四部

第三十一章

一八六六年一月的一个下午,天气特别的冷,斯佳丽·奥哈拉在母亲埃伦的小财务室里写信给佩蒂姑妈,她不厌其烦地给姑妈说明她自己、玫兰妮和阿希礼为什么不能去亚特兰大和姑妈一块儿住。其实这都是第十次给姑妈写信了。她对此非常的讨厌,因为她明白佩蒂姑妈看到前几行便会扔在一边的,然后又会再次写信,非常可怜地说:“我自己一个人呆在这里害怕极了!”

她的手冻得很厉害,时不时地停笔搓一搓手,接着把脚伸到那可以暖脚的破棉被里。她那鞋后跟早已漏了洞,几片破地毯补在那儿。这样她的脚就不至于直接贴在冰凉的地板上了,但一点儿也不能给脚以温暖。那天一早,威尔牵着那惟一的一匹马到琼斯博罗钉马掌去了。斯佳丽非常的不愿意,还要给马弄鞋子穿,但是人呢,就只能赤裸着,和狗又有什么区别呢?这个世界呀!

她重又拿起那支羽毛笔接着往下写,这会儿听到门外好像是威尔进来了,她又把笔放回原处。威尔那条木做的假肢噤噤地敲着过道里的地板走到财务室门口没有了声音。她在椅子上呆着等威尔到屋里来,怎么没声音了呢?她只得喊了一声威尔。威尔走到屋里,两只耳朵冻得红肿,那淡红的头发非常杂乱。他立在那儿,俯身看着斯佳丽,脸上带着滑稽的笑。

“斯佳丽小姐,”他开口说道,“你到现在一共存了多少钱了?”

“你是不是看上我的钱所以打算向我求婚呢,威尔?”她阴沉着脸说道:

“不,小姐。我只是想了解了解。”

她含着疑问的眼光看着威尔。和往常一样,威尔一点儿也不严肃。可是,她的直觉告诉她似乎有什么事发生了。

“我只剩了十枚金币,”她说,“北佬的那些钱,现在就只有这一丁点儿。”

“噢,小姐,这点钱太少了。”

“干什么?”

“纳税呀,”他回答说。然后一跛一跛地挪到火炉边,俯身伸出冻得又红又肿的手烤一烤。

“纳税?”她很纳闷地又说了一遍,“怎么了,威尔?我们不是已经把税款交过去了吗?”

“对,小姐。只是他们说那些钱根本

heard about it to - day over to Jonesboro.

'But, Will, I can't understand. What do you mean?'

'Miss Scarlett, I sure hate to bother you with more trouble when you've had your share but I've got to tell you. They say you ought to paid lots more taxes than you did. They're runnin' the assessment up on Tara sky high—higher than any in the County, I'll be bound.'

'But they can't make us pay more taxes when we've already paid them once.'

'Miss Scarlett, you don't never go to Jonesboro often and I'm glad you don't. It ain't no place for a lady these days. But if you'd been there much, you'd know there's a mighty rough bunch of Scallawags and Republicans and Carpathaggers been runnin' things recently. They'd make you mad enough to pop. And then, too, niggers pushin' white folks off the sidewalks and—'

'But what's that got to do with our taxes? —'

'I'm gettin' to it, Miss Scarlett. For some reason the rascals have histed the taxes on Tara till you'd think it was a thousand - bale place. After I heard about it, I sorter oozed around the barrooms pickin' up gossip and I found out that somebody wants to buy in Tara cheap at the sheriff's sale, if you can't pay the extra taxes. And everybody knows pretty well that you can't pay them. I don't know yet who it is wants this place. I couldn't find out. But I think that pusillanimous feller, Hilton, that married Miss Cathleen knows, because he laughed kind of nasty when I tried to sound him out.'

Will sat down on the sofa and rubbed the stump of his leg. It ached in cold weather and the wooden peg was neither well padded nor comfortable. Scarlett looked at him wildly. His manner was so casual when he was sounding the death - knell of Tara. Sold out at the sheriff's sale? Where would they all go? And Tara belonging to someone else! No, that was unthinkable!

She had been so engrossed with the job of making Tara produce she had paid little heed to what was going on in the world outside. Now that she had Will

就太少了。今天我在琼斯博罗听说的。”

“不过，威尔，我都搞糊涂了。你到底想说什么呀？”

“斯佳丽小姐，你有这么多烦人的事，我不想再雪上加霜了，可我却必须对你讲。他们说你的税和要求的差得太多了。我想，他们对塔拉庄园收的税是高得出奇的——比县里的哪一家都多得多。”

“我们已经交过了呀，他们就不应再要我们交呀。”

“斯佳丽小姐，最近你很少去琼斯博罗了，这样也好。这一段时间那儿已经成了夫人、小姐们不应去的地方了。如果你经常光顾那个地方，你就明白了，现在那儿出现许许多多的叛徒[指在美国南北战争后的恢复时期，那些与北方政府合作的南方过去的白人]、共和党和提包客[在美国南北战争后，有一些政客可以只带一只提包去南方投机做生意]。他们会把你气得肺都炸了的。此外还有很多黑人在街上窜过来蹿过去，连白人都敢在街上露面了，而且……”

“那么这些人和我们需要再纳税有什么关系呢？”

“我接着说的就是这件事，斯佳丽小姐。那些人把塔拉庄园的税抬得如此之高，就好像我们每年可以摘到一千包棉花一样，这其中也是有道道的。我一听说这些，就偷偷地到那些乱七八糟的酒吧里去了，从中慢慢地打听。从大家的闲聊中，我才知道是有一人看上了我们塔拉，所以把税金定得很高，如果你拿不出这些钱，政府就会收走塔拉然后去拍卖，那样那个人就能花很少的钱买这么大的庄园了。每个人心里都清楚你肯定拿不出这么多钱。到底是哪个人想把这块地据为己有，我依然不知道。我一直没能打听到。可是我觉得那个和凯思琳小姐结婚的希尔顿肯定清楚，我向他问这些时，他笑得很邪乎。”

威尔坐在沙发上，揉搓着他那只剩了一部分的腿。天气一冷，这条腿就会隐隐地痛，再说那作假肢的木头又接得不很好，让人很难受。斯佳丽傻呆呆地看着他。在提到塔拉将面临如此重要的事情时，威尔依然这么冷淡。塔拉要被政府收去拍卖吗？那么一大家的人该住到哪里去呢？塔拉庄园以后就成为别人的了吗？不，这怎么会呢？

这些日子以来，她把全部的注意力都放在塔拉庄园的生产上了，所以对外面发生的这些情况忽略了。威尔和阿希礼可

and Ashley to attend to whatever business she might have in Jonesboro and Fayetteville, she seldom left the plantation. And even as she had listened with deaf ears to her father's war talk in the days before the war came, so she had paid little heed to Will and Ashley's discussions around the table after supper about the beginnings of Reconstruction.

Oh, of course, she knew about the Scallawags—Southerners who had turned Republican very profitably—and the Carpathaggers, those Yankees who came South like buzzards after the surrender with all their worldly possessions in one carpet-bag. And she had had a few unpleasant experiences with the Freedmen's Bureau. She had gathered, also, that some of the free negroes were getting quite insolent. This last she could hardly believe, for she had never seen an insolent negro in her life.

But there were many things which Will and Ashley had conspired to keep from her. The scourge of war had been followed by the worse scourge of Reconstruction, but the two men had agreed not to mention the more alarming details when they discussed the situation at home. And when Scarlett took the trouble to listen to them at all, most of what they said went in one ear and out the other.

She had heard Ashley say that the South was being treated as a conquered province and that vindictiveness was the dominant policy of the conquerors. But that was the kind of statement which meant less than nothing at all to Scarlett. Politics was men's business. She had heard Will say it looked to him like the North just wasn't aiming to let the South get on its feet again. Well, thought Scarlett, men always had to have something foolish to worry about. As far as she was concerned, the Yankees hadn't whipped her once and they wouldn't do it this time. The thing to do was to work like the devil and stop worrying about the Yankee government. After all, the war was over.

Scarlett did not realize that all the rules of the game had been changed and that honest labour could no longer earn its just reward. Georgia was virtually under martial law now. The Yankee soldiers garrisoned throughout the section and the Freedmen's Bureau were in complete command of everything and they were fixing the rules to suit themselves.

This Bureau, organized by the Federal government to take care of the idle and excited ex-slaves, was drawing them from the plantations into the vil-

以应付在琼斯博罗和费耶特维尔的事务，斯佳丽根本就没必要离开塔拉庄园。在晚饭桌上，威尔和阿希礼谈起在这样的恢复时期的一些事情，她根本就是听而不闻，就和以前不喜欢听爸爸讨论战争之类的事儿一个样儿。

当然啦，她对那些凭借共和党为自己求利的人和那些叛徒也有所耳闻；她也知道那些提包客，他们是在战争中南方打败[指美国南北战争时，南方战败，一八六五年九月四日正式投降]了之后蜂拥到南部来的北佬，他们的所有财产只塞在一个小包裹。她和那个已经被解放了的黑人办事处[美国南北战争后，联邦政府在南方设立的只管理已解放了的黑人一切事情的办事处]也打过几次让她不太高兴的交通道。她也听说有一些被解放了的黑人万分的狂放不羁，可是对此她一直不以为然。她长了这么大，还没看见张牙舞爪、非常傲慢的黑人奴仆呢。

可是，威尔和阿希礼向她隐瞒了许多事。战争之后，恢复时期是比战争更为骇人的灾难，但是一谈到这些，他们两个人都是小心谨慎的。就算是斯佳丽愿意听，她也是不大往心里去的。

阿希礼曾经提起，现在的南方就好比是一个俘虏，而那些胜了的人对他们开始进行报复了。可是，斯佳丽对此并不在意，战争只是男人们的事。威尔也曾经告诉她，北佬们肯定会南部实行压制政策的。哼，男人们总是那么无聊，斯佳丽寻思道。北佬一开始就没有对她实行什么暴力，现在肯定更不可能了。这会儿再也用不着害怕北佬政府，当务之急是要搞好塔拉。总之，战争已是过去时了。

可是斯佳丽并不明白社会都已变得很糟糕，劳动根本就拿不到应得的钱。佐治亚州现在是实行法治。北佬的军队散布于各地，黑人办事处“垄断”一切，他们实施的都是有利于自己的政策。

这个办事处是政府办起来的，主要是控制那些已解放了的懒黑奴，以便把他们从许许多多的大庄园里过渡到农村和城

lages and cities by the thousands. The Bureau fed them while they loafed and poisoned their minds against their former owners. Gerald's old overseer, Jonas Wilkerson, was in charge of the local Bureau and his assistant was Hilton, Cathleen Calvert's husband. These two industriously spread the rumour that the Southerners and Democrats were just waiting for a good chance to put the negroes back into slavery and that the negroes' only hope of escaping this fate was the protection given them by the Bureau and the Republican party.

Wilkerson and Hilton furthermore told the negroes they were as good as the whites in every way and soon white and negro marriages would be permitted, soon the estates of their former owners would be divided and every negro would be given forty acres and a mule for his own. They kept the negroes stirred up with tales of cruelty perpetrated by the whites and, in a section long famed for the affectionate relations between slaves and slaveowners, hate and suspicion began to grow.

The Bureau was backed up by the soldiers and the military had issued many and conflicting orders governing the conduct of the conquered. It was easy to get arrested, even for snubbing the officials of the Bureau. Military orders had been promulgated concerning the schools, sanitation, the kind of buttons one wore on one's suit, the sale of commodities and nearly everything else. Wilkerson and Hilton had the power to interfere in any trade Scarlett might make and to fix their own prices on anything she sold or swapped.

Fortunately Scarlett had come into contact with the two men very little, for Will had persuaded her to let him handle the trading while she managed the plantation. In his mild-tempered way, Will had straightened out several difficulties of this kind and said nothing to her about them. Will could get along with Carpetbaggers and Yankees—if he had to. But now a problem had arisen which was too big for him to handle. The extra tax assessment and the danger of losing Tara were matters Scarlett had to know about—and right away.

She looked at him with flashing eyes.

'Oh, damn the Yankees!' she cried. 'Isn't it enough that they've licked us and beggared us without turning loose scoundrels on us?'

The war was over, peace had been declared, but the Yankees could still rob her, they could still starve her, they could still drive her from her house. And fool that she was, she had thought through weary months that if she could just hold out until spring, everything would be all right. This crushing news

市去。办事处里款待他们,让他们过上舒心日子,这样就可以怂恿他们去对付从前的主人。乔纳斯·威尔克森是塔拉分处的负责人,他以前曾是塔拉的监工,凯思琳·卡尔弗特的那个北佬丈夫希尔顿辅助在他的左右。他们两个到处煽动说,南方人和民主党人试图让这些黑奴再去做奴隶,那些黑人为了不再回去就竭力寻求这个办事处以及共和党对他们的庇护。

威尔克森和希尔顿还告诉他们,黑人和白人是平等的,用不了多长时间他们就可以通婚,他们从前主子家的土地会平摊给他们,每人将有四十英亩土地和一头骡子。在这个地区,主奴关系一直是非常和睦的,现在,复仇和怀疑空气弥漫于整个地区的上空。

“黑人办事处”的靠山是军队,军方为了控制这些被征服者,发布了很多命令,有一些则前后不对号。经常有人被逮捕,就算稍稍怠慢一下该处的人也全被指控,学校、卫生事务、日用品甚至什么人钉什么扣,军方都有命令。对斯佳丽所做的生意,威尔克森和希尔顿能够横加干预,就连她卖东西的价格也得由他们来标。

威尔让斯佳丽只管理塔拉,生意上的事由他来弄,因此她和那两个北佬很少有交往。威尔脾气柔顺,对付了不少难题,只是没告诉斯佳丽。如果有可能,他可以继续和提包客以及北佬斡旋。只是如今这个问题不小,他无计可施。这笔多加的税以及塔拉保不住的事,他只有告诉斯佳丽——她有权得知这些信息。

她两眼盯着威尔。

“噢,这讨厌的北佬!”她喊道,“他们打败了我们,我们现在这么穷,整得我们也够本了,现在又让这些混蛋侮辱我们。”

和平代替了战争,而北佬依然在劫掠她,让她受饿,依然可以让他们离开塔拉。她是个傻瓜,以为度过了这段时间,春天一到,一切都会向好处奔呢。这一年,又累又苦?临了,威尔却告诉她这些事,一切都完了,她似乎要撑不住了。

brought by Will, coming on top of a year of back-breaking work and hope deferred, was the last Straw.

“Oh, Will, and I thought our troubles were all over when the war ended!”

“No’m.” Will raised his lantern-jawed, country-looking face and gave her a long steady look. “Our troubles are just gettin’ started.”

“How much extra taxes do they want us to pay?”

“Three hundred dollars.”

She was struck dumb for a moment. Three hundred dollars! It might just as well be three million dollars.

“Why—” she floundered, “why—why, then we’ve got to raise three hundred, somehow.”

“Yes’m—and a rainbow and a moon or two.”

“Oh, but Will! They couldn’t sell out Tara. Why—”

His mild pale eyes showed more hate and bitterness than she thought possible.

“Oh, couldn’t they? Well, they could and they will and they’ll like doin’ it! Miss Scarlett, the country’s gone plumb to hell, if you’ll pardon me. Those Carpetbaggers and Scallawags can vote and most of us Democrats can’t. Can’t no Democrat in this state vote if he was on the tax books for more than two thousand dollars in sixty-five. That lets out folks like you pa and Mr. Tarleton and the McRaes and the Fontaine boys. Can’t nobody vote who was a colonel and over in the war and, Miss Scarlett, I bet this state’s got more colonels than any state in the Confederacy. And can’t nobody vote who held office under the Confederate government and that lets out everybody from the notaries to the judges, and the woods are full of folks like that. Fact is, the way the Yankees have framed up that amnesty oath, can’t nobody who was somebody before the war vote at all. Not the smart folks nor the quality folks nor the rich folks.

“Huh! I could vote if I took their damned oath. I didn’t have any money in ’sixty-five and I certainly warn’t a colonel or nothin’ remarkable. But I ain’t goin’ to take their oath. Not by a dinged sight! If the Yankees had acted right. I’d have taken their oath of allegiance but I ain’t now. I can be restored to the Union but I can’t be reconstructed into it. I ain’t going to take their oath even if I don’t never vote again—But scum like that Hilton feller, he can vote, and scoundrels like Jonas Wilkerson and pore whites like the Slatteys and no-counts like the MacIntoshes, they can vote. And they’re runnin’ things now. And if they want to come down on you for

“哦，威尔，我还想战争完了我们也就好起来了呢。”

“不是的。”威尔抬起头，他的脸太瘦了，像个农民，冷静地看着她，“一切都才刚开始呢。”

“那么究竟让我们再拿多少钱呢？”

“三百美元。”

她吓得目瞪口呆。三百美元啊！在她眼里就和三百万美元差不多。

“怎么，”她又慌又急地说，“怎么……怎么，我们哪里能凑到三百美元呢？”

“是啊，又是月亮又是虹，干脆哪个都要，太难了。”

“噢，可是威尔，他们千万不要卖塔拉啊，你看——”

他那原本柔顺的眼神里现出一种切齿的仇恨和难过，这倒是出乎她的意料。

“不要吗？让我说，他们不仅要而且也非常高兴去卖的！斯佳丽小姐，请你原谅我说这话，南部已受了大灾了。那群提包客和叛徒都有选举权，但我们的民主党人根本没有。我们州的民主党人只要在一八六五年所缴税额超过两千美元的，就没有选举权。如此说法，你父亲、塔尔顿先生、麦克雷家以及方丹兄弟都是没有选举权的。有谁如果在战争中做过上校以上的官，也没有选举权，斯佳丽小姐，我敢说在我们这个州里做过上校的人是最多的，而且，只要是在联邦政府里做过公务员的人也没有选举权，上至法官下到公证人都是这样的。如今他们都藏在树林中。实际上，北佬做了一个什么大赦誓言，只要在战前有点儿身份的人一概没有选举权。别管他是精明强悍，地位很高，或者非常富有，一律都不行。

“嗯，而我却有选举权，如果我愿去做那个什么烦人的宣誓。一八六五年时，我一点儿财产也没有，当然也不曾做过上校或什么有头脸的人。但我不甘心去宣誓。运气无论多不好我也不愿意！如果北佬行为光明磊落，我倒想去为他们服务，但是看来是不可能了。我肯定不会被点化为一个联邦[指美国南北战争时，北部的二十三个州联邦]分子，即使他逼着我加入。就算我没有选举权，也不会去宣誓的。但是像希尔顿那样的叛徒，像乔纳斯·威尔克森那样的坏蛋，像莱斯特里家那种穷白佬，以及麦金托什家那样卑贱的人都有选

extra taxes a dozen times, they can do it. Just like a nigger can kill a white man and not get hung or' He paused, embarrassed, and the memory of what had happened to a lone white woman on an isolated farm near Lovejoy was in both their minds. . . . Those niggers can do anything against us and the Freedmen's Bureau and the soldiers will back them up with guns and we can't vote or do nothin' about it.'

'Vote!' she cried. 'Vote! What on earth has voting got to do with all this, Will? It's taxes we're talking about. . . . Will, everybody knows what a good plantation Tara is. We could mortgage it for enough to pay the taxes, if we had to.'

'Miss Scarlett, you ain't any fool but sometimes you talk like one. Who's got any money to lend you on this property? Who except the Carpetbaggers who are tryin' to take Tara away from you? Why, everybody's got land. Everybody's land pore. You can't give away land.'

'I've got those diamond earbobs I got off that Yankee. We could sell them.'

'Miss Scarlett, who'round here has got money for earbobs? Folks ain't got money to buy side meat, let alone gewgaws. If you've got ten dollars in gold, I take oath that's more than most folks have got.'

They were silent again and Scarlett felt as if she were butting her head against a stone wall. There had been so many stone walls to butt against this last year.

'What are we goin' to do, Miss Scarlett?'

'I don't know,' she said dully and felt that she didn't care. This was one stone wall too many and she suddenly felt so tired that her bones ached. Why should she work and struggle and wear herself out? At the end of every struggle it seemed that defeat was waiting to mock her.

'I don't know,' she said. 'But don't let Pa know. It might worry him.'

'I won't.'

'Have you told anyone?'

'No, I came right to you.'

Yes, she thought, everyone always came right to her with bad news and she was tired of it.

'Where is Mr. Wilkes? Perhaps he'll have some suggestion.' Will turned his mild gaze on her and she felt, as from the first day when Ashley came home, that he knew everything.

'He's down in the orchard splittin' rails. I heard his axe when I was puttin' up the horse. But he ain't got any money any more than we have.'

'If I want to talk to him about it, I can, can't

举权。这会儿他们都主事。并且,他们如想再让你多拿十倍之多的税款,也是有可能的。如今黑人杀死白人负法律责任。而且……"他说到这里住了嘴,觉得有些尴尬,他们两个都会记得,在洛夫乔伊附近的一个作废了的农场里,那个孤身白女人所做之事……"那帮黑鬼可以做许多害我们的事,但他们有办事处和军方做靠山,而我们又没有选举权,根本就无法可想。"

"选举,"斯佳丽叫道,"选举!选举和税款有什么关系,威尔?我们讨论的是税啊……威尔,每个人都明白塔拉是个很好的庄园。要是迫于情势,我们就先把它抵押出去,拿钱去交税算了。"

"斯佳丽小姐,你挺聪明的一个人,怎么说起傻话来呢?哪个人能拿出这么多钱来抵押塔拉呢?也只有那些想得到塔拉的提包客呀!你想想,大家都有自己的地,现在都已处境艰难。塔拉你根本就抵押不出去。"

"我那个北佬身上弄来的钻石耳坠可以卖钱啊。"

"斯佳丽小姐,这儿哪有人会有闲钱买耳坠呀?大家就连买点肉的钱也拿不出,谁去买首饰呢?要是你手头有十枚金币,应该算是比较有钱了。"

两个人又都不语了。斯佳丽觉得自己现在又把头往石墙上碰了。这一年以来,她都碰了许多次了。

"我们该怎么办,斯佳丽小姐?'"

"我也不晓得。"她无助地说,不要去想这事了。这也只是又多了一堵墙而已呀,她刹那间好像倦极了,连骨架都酸软了。究竟什么原因,使她拼命做活、劳累,而且搞得自己这么苦呢?而每一次劳累之后似乎就是在等着她的失败。

"我不明白该怎样做,"她说,"只是一定不要让爸爸知道,他会苦闷不堪的。"

"那肯定。"

"你有没有对别人提起?'"

"不,我一知道就到你这儿来了。"是啊,她寻思,不管是谁只要有坏事肯定先来找她,她对此讨厌死了。

"韦尔克先生呢?或许他能帮点儿忙。"威尔用柔柔的眼神瞧着他,就和阿希礼刚回到家时一样,他似乎对斯佳丽了解得很清楚。

"在果林里,他在砍栅栏。那会儿我在拴马时听到斧子响。只是他也不可能比我们还多的钱。"

"难道我不能和他去讨论一下这事

I?' she snapped, rising to her feet and kicking the fragment of quilting from her ankles.

Will did not take offence but continued rubbing his hands before the time. 'Better get your shawl, Miss Scarlett. It's raw outside.'

But she went without the shawl, for it was upstairs and her need to see Ashley and lay her troubles before him was too urgent to wait.

How lucky for her if she could find him alone! Never once since his return had she had a private word with him. Always the family clustered about him, always Melanie was by his side, touching his sleeve now and again to reassure herself he was really there. The sight of that happy possessive gesture had aroused in Scarlett all the jealous animosity which had slumbered during the months when she thought Ashley probably dead. Now she was determined to see him alone. This time no one was going to prevent her from talking with him alone.

She went through the orchard under the bare boughs and the damp weeds beneath them wet her feet. She could hear the sound of the axe ringing as Ashley split into rails the logs hauled from the swamp. Replacing the fences the Yankees had so blithely burned was a long hard task. Everything was a long hard task, she thought wearily, and she was tired of it, tired and mad and sick of it all. If only Ashley were her husband, instead of Melanie's, how sweet it would be to go to him and lay her head upon his shoulder and cry and shove her burdens on to him to work out as best he might.

She rounded a thicket of pomegranate trees which were shaking bare limbs in the cold wind and saw him leaning on his axe, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. He was wearing the remains of his butternut trousers and one of Gerald's shirts, a shirt which in better times went only to Court days and barbecues, a ruffled shirt which was far too short for its present owner. He had hung his coat on a tree limb, for the work was hot, and he stood resting as she came up to him.

At the sight of Ashley in rags, with an axe in his hand, her heart went out in a surge of love and of fury at fate. She could not bear to see him in tatters, working, her debonair immaculate Ashley. His hands were not made for work or his body for anything but broadcloth and fine linen. God intended him to sit in a great house, talking with pleasant people, playing the piano and writing things which sounded beautiful and made no sense whatsoever.

She could endure the sight of her own child in aprons made of sacking and the girls in dingy old gingham, could bear it that Will worked harder than

吗, 威尔?"她略含嘲讽地说,使劲踢开那围在她脚上的棉絮,然后站了起来。

威尔也没说不行,依然把手放在炉子上方。“你应该戴上围巾,斯佳丽小姐。院子里挺冷的。”

但是她不愿去楼上拿,所以没戴就走了,她想见阿希礼,告诉阿希礼她的困难。这事挺急,不能再耗下去了。

如果只有阿希礼自己在那儿,就太好了!从阿希礼回家到现在,她从未和他单独谈过。每个人都在他身边,而玫兰妮就像他的影子,动不动地就拽一下他的衣袖,似乎这样才使她心里踏实一些。斯佳丽一看到这些,就嫉妒得要命,有一段时间她认为阿希礼已死,所以心情也有些许平静。这会儿她一定要见一见他,这回没人阻碍她了。

在满园枝丫光秃的树下走过去,草上的潮气把她的脚打湿了。阿希礼在沼泽地里用斧子砍栅栏的响声传到她的耳边。烧掉那些栅栏烧得一点儿不剩,如果想修好就需要好长时间而且会很辛苦。但所有的事似乎都是这样,她很讨厌地寻思着,这让她厌烦、上火又愁苦。要是阿希礼是自己的丈夫而不是玫兰妮的,她就会走到他面前靠在他的身上大哭一场,让他替自己挑起这副重担,让他去设法对付一切事情,那就太好了。

石榴树上的一片叶子也没有,在冷风中瑟瑟作响,她在这些树旁转了一下,就看到他拿着斧把儿在用手擦额头的汗。他穿着一条条纹很粗的破裤子和杰拉尔德的一件破上衣,这件上衣在以往杰拉尔德只是在开庭时或去参加野外聚餐时才穿。这件上衣穿在阿希礼身上非常短。他的外衣吊在一个枝子上,这样的活儿会让人出大汗的。斯佳丽走到他跟前时,他正好休息。

看到阿希礼穿得不好,手里提着斧子,她一下子对他又怜又爱,上帝的安排真是太过分了。他以前是那个彬彬有礼,悠闲安稳,而现在竟是这副样子。他的手生来不是做农活儿的,而他从来也只穿绸缎。他生下来就应在高大的房间里,和客人们悠闲地高谈阔论,或者写写诗,弹弹琴,但这所有的一切又有何用呢?

自己的儿子可以穿麻袋布改的围兜,姑娘们可以穿破旧衣服,威尔可以在地里费好大劲儿地干活,但是她对阿希礼做这

any field hand, but not Ashley. He was too fine for all this, too infinitely dear to her. She would rather split logs herself than suffer while he did it.

'They say Abe Lincoln got his start splitting rails,' he said as she came up to him. 'Just think to what heights I may climb!'

She frowned. He was always saying light things like this about their hardships. They were deadly serious matters to her and sometimes she was almost irritated at his remarks.

Abruptly she told him Will's news, tersely and in short words, feeling a sense of relief as she spoke. Surely he'd have something helpful to offer. He said nothing but, seeing her shiver, he took his coat and placed it about her shoulders.

'Well,' she said finally, 'doesn't it occur to you that we'll have to get the money somewhere?'

'Yes,' he said, 'but where?'

'I'm asking you,' she replied, annoyed. The sense of relief at unburdening herself had disappeared. Even if he couldn't help, why didn't he say something comforting, even if it was only, 'Oh, I'm so sorry'?

He smiled.

'In all these months since I've been home I've only heard of one person, Rhett Butler, who actually has money,' he said.

Aunt Pittypat had written Melanie the week before that Rhett was back in Atlanta with a carriage and two fine horses and pocketfuls of greenbacks. She had intimated, however, that he didn't come by them honestly. Aunt Pitty had a theory, largely shared by Atlanta, that Rhett had managed to get away with the mythical millions of the Confederate treasury.

'Don't let's talk about him,' said Scarlett shortly. 'He's a skunk if ever there was one. What's to become of us all?' Ashley put down the axe and looked away, and his eyes seemed to be journeying to some far-off country where she could not follow.

'I wonder,' he said. 'I wonder not only what will become of us at Tara but what will become of everybody in the South.'

She felt like snapping out abruptly: 'To hell with everybody in the South! What about us?' but she remained silent because the tired feeling was back on her more strongly than ever. Ashley wasn't being any help at all.

'In the end what will happen will be what has happened whenever a civilization breaks up. The people who have brains and courage come through and the ones who haven't are winnowed out. At least it has been interesting, if not comfortable, to witness a

些却于心不忍。就算让她自己去砍木料,而不要看到阿希礼这样,她也愿意。

"大家都说亚伯拉罕·林肯也是砍木料出身呢,"阿希礼看她走过来,说,"你想,我以后或许也会飞黄腾达呢!"

她皱了皱眉头。他在这些事上似乎也挺高兴。但对她来说,这些都是很伤脑筋的,因此听到这类话她有点儿想发脾气。

她很简洁地把威尔的话讲给他听,干脆得很,说出来之后她就有些受了。看来,他肯定会有一些好建议的。但他却没说一句话,当看到斯佳丽有些颤抖时,他把大衣拿过来给她披上。

"怎么,"她最后说,"你是否想我们应该到哪儿去搞这些钱呢?"

"是啊,"他说,"但哪儿有钱呢?"

"我是在问你呀。"她生气地答道。那种好受一些的感觉一下子没了。就算他没什么办法,也应该来劝慰一下她呀,就算是说一声"噢,真对不起"也可以呀。

他只是笑了一下。

"在我回来的这几个月里,我只知道一个人是富有的,那就是瑞特·巴特勒。"他说。

上一周,佩蒂姑妈又给玫兰妮来了封信,说瑞特是带着一辆马车和两匹优秀的马回亚特兰大的,布袋里尽是美钞。可是她又怀疑说,他的钱可能是不干净的。佩蒂姑妈和很多亚特兰大人一样,认为瑞特以前曾千方百计地把联邦政府里一笔很大的巨款弄到手带走了。

"不要再提他了,"斯佳丽插嘴道,"天底下就算只有一个混蛋,那就是他。但我们这些人该如何是好呢?"阿希礼放下斧子,眼睛茫然地看向远处,就好像已经到了斯佳丽目不能及的地方。

"我所忧虑的不单是住在塔拉的咱们,还有所有的南方人,他们以后会怎样呢?"她说道。

她真想对着他叫:"让所有的南方人都滚吧!现在是我们大家该如何是好。"但她抑制着自己没有说,那种烦躁的感觉又出现了,并且比那会儿还要严重。阿希礼连一点点儿忙也帮不上。

"归根结底,审视一下历史上只要是在毁灭一种文明时所产生的事就很清楚了。那些精明、勇敢的人在经历过这种事之后依然生存下来,而那些不是这样的人就会灭亡。我们能目睹到一回"众神末

Gottterdammerung.'

'A what?'

'A dusk of the gods. Unfortunately, we Southerners did think we were gods.'

'For Heaven's sake, Ashley Wilkes! Don't stand there and talk nonsense at me when it's us who are going to be winnowed out!'

Something of her exasperated weariness seemed to penetrate his mind, calling it back from its wanderings, for he raised her hands with - tenderness and, turning them palm up, looked at the callouses.

'These are the most beautiful hands I know,' he said, and he kissed each palm lightly. 'They are beautiful because they are strong and every callous is a medal, Scarlett, every blister an award for bravery and unselfishness. They've been roughened for all of us, your father, the girls, Melanie, the baby, the negroes and for me. My dear, I know what you are thinking. You're thinking, "Here stands an impractical fool talking tommyrot about dead gods when living people are in danger." Isn't that true?'

She nodded, wishing he would keep on holding her hands forever but he dropped them.

'And you came to me, hoping I could help you. Well, I can't.'

His eyes were bitter as he looked toward the axe and the pile of logs.

'My home is gone and all the money that I so took for granted I never realized I had it. And I am fitted for nothing in this world, for the world I belonged in has gone. I can't help you, Scarlett, except by learning with as good grace as possible to be a clumsy farmer. And that won't keep Tara for you. Don't you think I realize the bitterness of our situation, living here on your charity—Oh, yes, Scarlett, your charity. I can never repay you what you've done for me and for mine out of the kindness of your heart. I realize it more acutely every day. And every day I see more clearly how helpless I am to cope with what has come on us all—Every day my accursed shrinking from realities makes it harder for me to face the new realities. Do you know what I mean?'

She nodded. She had no very clear idea what he meant but she clung breathlessly on his words. This was the first time he had ever spoken to her of the

日”也是很有意思的,虽然并不让人那么愉快。”

“目睹什么?”

“众神的末日。可惜的是我们南方人以前都觉得自己是神呢!”

“看在上帝的份儿上,阿希礼·韦尔克雷斯!请别在这儿对我胡扯了,这会儿是我们塔拉的所有人要灭亡呢!”

她那异常烦躁的样子好像让他感觉到了,他从那很远的遐想中醒了过来,柔情地拿过她的两只手,然后翻了过来,手背朝下,那上面尽是硬茧。

“这双手,是我一辈子中看到的最漂亮的。”他边说边慢慢地吻着,“说它们漂亮是因为它们如此粗壮,每一个硬茧子就是一枚纪念章,斯什丽,哪个水泡都是对你这份勇敢的奖励。为了我们大家,为了你父亲,为了那些女人们、玫兰妮、孩子、黑人还有我,才会结了这么多的茧子。亲爱的,我明白你的脑子里装着什么。你肯定在寻思,‘站在这儿的是一个酷爱幻想的人,嘴里只是在口若悬河地谈一些有关以前那些神灵的不着边际的话,对活人所面对的困难一点儿也不顾及。’我晓得对不对?”

她点了点头,阿希礼放下了她的手,斯什丽真巴不得他会一直这么握着自己的手。

“你到我身边是为了寻求帮助的,但也是我也一样没有什么妙计啊!”

他望着那柄斧头和一堆木料,眼神里尽是凄苦和悲伤。

“我的家園和所有的財物都一无所剩,以前我从未意识到那都是属于我的。我适应的那个世界已经没有了,在现在的这个世界上我成了一个笨蛋。我不能给你安慰,斯佳丽,我尽我的所能来学着做一个毛毛糙糙但是勤恳的农夫。虽然我做这些对你留住塔拉毫无用处。这会儿我们全家只有仰靠着你能活下去,是啊,当然是依靠你的帮助,斯佳丽,我已经看透了我们的这种困境,多么难受。你为我和我的家庭作了很多牺牲,你的心地是如此善良,我想这一辈子我也没有能力偿清了。一天一天的,我的这种感觉越来越加深加厚。我也越来越明白我这个人是多么的没有本事,我甚至觉得我们接受你的恩德是有愧的。我习惯于逃避现实,这让我在面对现实时越来越吃力。你能理解我的话吗?”

斯佳丽点了点头。虽然她并不能完全理解他的话,但她却在全神贯注地听着。第一次,他向她剖露自己内心的感

things he was thinking when he seemed so remote from her. It excited her as if she were on the brink of a discovery.

'It's a curse—this not wanting to look on naked realities. Until the war, life was never more real to me than a shadow show on a curtain. And I preferred it so. I do not like the outlines of things to be too sharp. I like them gently blurred, a little hazy.'

He stopped and smiled faintly, shivering a little as the cold wind went through his thin shirt.

'In other words, Scarlett, I am a coward.'

His talk of shadow shows and hazy outlines conveyed no meaning to her but his last words were in language she could understand. She knew they were untrue. Cowardice was not in him. Every line of his slender body spoke of generations of brave and gallant men and Scarlett knew his war record by heart.

'Why, that's not so! Would a coward have climbed on the cannon at Gettysburg and rallied the men? Would the General himself have written Melanie a letter about a coward? And—'

'That's not courage,' he said tiredly. 'Fighting is like champagne. It goes to the heads of cowards as quickly as of heroes. Any fool can be brave on a battlefield when it's be brave or else be killed. I'm talking of something else. And my kind of cowardice is infinitely worse than if I had run the first time I heard a cannon fired.'

His words came slowly and with difficulty as if it hurt to speak them and he seemed to stand off and look with a sad heart at what he had said. Had any other man spoken so, Scarlett would have dismissed such protestations contemptuously as mock modesty and a bid for praise. But Ashley seemed to mean them and there was a look in his eyes which eluded her—not fear, not apology, but the bracing to a strain which was inevitable and overwhelming. The wintry wind swept her damp ankles and she shivered again, but her shiver was less from the wind than from the dread his words evoked in her heart.

'But, Ashley, what are you afraid of?'

'Oh, nameless things. Things which sound very silly when they are put into words. Mostly of having life suddenly become too real, of being brought into personal, too personal, contact with some of the simple facts of life. It isn't that I mind splitting logs here

情,虽然他好像离她依然十分遥远。她内心十分兴奋,就好像已经看透了他的内心似的。

"我最大的缺点是不敢面对如此真实的生活现实。战争之前,对我来讲,生活就和幕布上上演的皮影戏差不多,但我却喜欢那样。我对那些有点模糊的东西有一种偏爱。我爱这种模模糊糊、朦朦胧胧。"

然后他止住了话头,只是微微地笑了笑。一阵寒风吹过,他只穿了很少衣服的身体激灵了一下。

"用别的话说,斯佳丽,我是个胆小鬼。"

对于他刚刚提到的什么皮影戏,什么模糊朦胧呀,她一点也理解不了,但是那最后一句话她听明白了。她明白他说的不是真的。他并不胆小、怯懦。他那伟岸身材的每一寸都显示着他的家庭是一个英勇侠义的家庭,并且斯佳丽的脑海里对他在这次战争中的勇敢有着明明白白的记忆。

"噢,但实际情况根本不是!如果是一个胆小鬼,他会在葛底斯堡战斗中爬到大炮上去号召那即将溃散的军队吗?他会亲手给玫兰妮写信提及一个胆小鬼的事吗?还有……"

"可那根本不是勇敢,"他有些丧气地说,"就和香槟酒差不多,打仗也可以像鼓舞英雄一样鼓动一个胆小鬼。在战场上,为了保命,白痴也会非常勇敢的。但我刚才讲的和这一点儿也不沾边。我胆小的品性,比我第一次听到炮声就想逃跑的事,还要可恶。"

他说得一点也不快,并且好像很费力,把这些都讲给人听让他很难受,好像他是袖手旁听自己那略显痛苦的话似的。如果旁人说这些,斯佳丽肯定觉得他是在故作谦虚或者是希望别人来夸他,所以她会毫不客气地嘲讽他。但是阿希礼讲的不像是假的,他的眼睛有些不敢看她——既不是害怕,也不是内疚,而是那种难以逃避可又抗拒不了的十分压抑的情绪。冷风又吹过俩人的身旁,斯佳丽被打湿的脚踝又发抖了,可这发抖的起因不全是风的缘故,更主要的还是因为阿希礼那恐怖的话语。

"但是,阿希礼,你害怕什么?"

"噢,都是些我无法说清的。如果用什么话说出来就好像非常不对劲儿。这最主要的原因是因为生活一下子变得那么清晰了,你不得不与现实当中的一些实际的东西相接触,而且所有的这些对你来说

in the mud, but I do mind what it stands for. I do mind, very much, the loss of the beauty of the old life I loved. Scarlett, before the war, life was beautiful. There was a glamour to it, a perfection and a completeness and a symmetry to it like Grecian art. Maybe it wasn't so to everyone. I know that now. But to me, living at Twelve Oaks, there was a real beauty to living. I belonged in that life. I was a part of it. And now it is gone and I am out of place in this new life, and I am afraid. Now, I know that in the old days it was a shadow show I watched, I avoided everything which was not shadowy, people and situations which were too real, too vital. I resented their intrusion. I tried to avoid you too, Scarlett. You were too full of living and too real and I was cowardly enough to prefer shadows and dreams.'

'But—but—Melly?'

'Melanie is the gentlest of dreams and a part of my dreaming. And if the war had not come I would have lived out my life, happily buried at Twelve Oaks, contentedly watching life go by and never being a part of it. But when the war came, life as it really is thrust itself against me. The first time I went into action—it was at Bull Run, you remember—I saw my boyhood friends blown to bits and heard dying horses scream and learned the sickening horrible feeling of seeing men crumple up and spit blood when I shot them. But those weren't the worst things about the war, Scarlett. The worst thing about the war was the people I had to live with.

'I had sheltered myself from people all my life. I had carefully selected my few friends. But the war taught me I had created a world of my own with dream people in it. It taught me what people really are, but it didn't—teach me how to live with them. And I'm afraid I'll never learn. Now, I know that in order to support my wife and child, I will have to make my way among a world of people with whom I have nothing in common. You, Scarlett, are taking life by the horns and twisting it to your will. But where do I fit in the world any more? I tell you I am afraid.'

While his low resonant voice went on, desolate, with a feeling she could not understand, Scarlett clutched at words here and there, trying to make sense of them. But the words swooped from her hands like wild birds. Something was driving him, driving him with a cruel goad, but she did not understand

又是那么的重要。可这不是说我不喜欢在这样泥泞的土地上砍木料,但这些对我来说有什么意义呢,我弄不清楚。我所喜欢的那种生活的美以后再也不会有了,对此,我有些忍受不了。斯佳丽,战争之前,日子都是那么的美好。它像古希腊的艺术那样丰润、完整、匀称,并且又那么吸引人。或许有些人并不这么想,对于这一点我是现在才明白的。但是对我而言,十二橡树庄园的日子是美妙绝伦的。那样的生活是为我而设的。我属于它。但是它却早已离我而去,我和现在这种生活相排斥,所以我才害怕。这会儿我知道我以往见到的只是皮影戏。我对真实的一切都逃避着,别管是人还是景,只要是很真切的、生机勃勃的,我都在逃避。我不喜欢这些东西进入我的生活。就像你,斯佳丽。因为你就是这样,精力充沛,一切都是真切的,但我太胆小了,只敢同梦境和影子做伴。"

"可是……可是……玫兰妮呢?"

"玫兰妮就像一个梦,很柔弱,这是我的梦的一个部分。如果战争没有开始,我还是能够快乐地生活在十二橡树庄园的,然后老死在那里,那样就能舒心地瞧着日子冉冉而去,而我却可以对之袖手旁观。战争发生了,一切都变得那么真切。头一次打仗时,你还能想起那是发生在布尔伦河吗?我小时候的朋友被炸得面目全非,那些即将命丧黄泉的马在哀叫,我的枪一开就见人死了而且血流不止,那样的感觉让人厌恶,让人恶心。但是,斯佳丽,那些在战争中都只是很普通很平常的。最让人害怕的是我不得不和很多人打交道。

"在我这一生中,我都不想和别人有交往,因此我的朋友少得可怜。这场战争让我懂得,我自己以前的那种生活,里面都是一些爱做梦的人。它也让我明白真切可亲的人应该怎样,但它并没让我明白该如何与这样的人一起生活。我想我恐怕一辈子也学不会了。但是这会儿,为了照顾我的家庭,我不得不在那些和我没有任何联系的人群中寻找自己的生活。但是你,斯佳丽,你抓住了生活的双角,让它来服从你的心意。但我还能如何去面对这样的日子呢?我对你说,对这些我心惊胆战。"

他的声音沙哑而且很大,他自白时的那种感情是她不明白的,斯佳丽有时能听到一两句话,很费劲地想搞明白。但是,那些话却轻轻地飘走了。在他的身后有一样物体像驱打畜生的鞭子一样追打着他,但是她不明白那到底是什么。

what it was.

‘Scarlett, I don’t know just when it was that the bleak realization came over me that my own private shadow show was over. Perhaps in the first five minutes at Bull Run when I saw the first man I killed drop to the ground. But I knew it was over and I could no longer be a spectator. No, I suddenly found myself on the curtain, an actor, posturing and making futile gestures. My little inner world was gone, invaded by people whose thoughts were not my thoughts, whose actions were as alien as a Hottentot’s. They’d tramped through my world with slimy feet and there was no place left where I could take refuge when things became too bad to stand. When I was in prison, I thought: “When the war is over, I can go back to the old life and the old dreams and watch the shadow show again.” But, Scarlett, there’s — no going back. And this which is facing all of us now is worse than war and worse than prison — and, to me, worse than death. . . . So, you see, Scarlett, I’m being punished for being afraid.’

‘But, Ashley,’ she began, floundering in a quagmire of bewilderment, ‘if you’re afraid we’ll starve, why — why — Oh, Ashley, we’ll manage somehow! I know we will!’

For a moment, his eyes came back to her, wide and crystal grey, and there was admiration in them. Then, suddenly, they were remote again and she knew with a sinking heart that he had not been thinking about starving. They were always like two people talking to each other in different languages. But she loved him so much that, when he withdrew as he had now done, it was like the warm sun going down and leaving her in chilly twilight dews. She wanted to catch him by the shoulders and hug him to her, make him realize that she was flesh and blood and not something he had read or dreamed. If she could only feel that sense of oneness with him for which she had yearned since that day, so long ago, when he had come home from Europe and stood on the steps of Tara and smiled up at her.

‘Starving’s not pleasant,’ he said. ‘I know for I’ve starved, but I’m not afraid of that. I am afraid of facing life without the slow beauty of our old world that is gone.’

Scarlett thought despairingly that Melanie would know what he meant. Melly and he were always talking such foolishness, poetry and books and dreams and moonrays and star-dust. He was not fearing the things she feared, not the gnawing of an empty stom-

“斯佳丽,我不清楚我何时知道我一生中的皮影戏是在哪一刻结束的,这让我很难受。或许是在布尔伦河时吧,那时我自己举枪打死了一个人,在他死后的五分钟之内我知道了。无论如何,我再也不能袖手旁观了,因为皮影戏没有了。的确是这样,我在那一刻却看到自己在那幕上,演着一个装腔作势、白费功夫的小角色。我自己的思想让另外一些人占领了,而这些人和我思想是悖谬的,他们的举止于我来讲那么生疏,就像霍屯督人[西南非洲的一个游牧民族]。他们那肮脏的脚在我的世界里随便践踏,就算我再也忍受不了也依然找不到可以逃避的地方。以前在战俘营时我寻思:战争要是完了,我还能再回到我从前的生活和梦里去,再次去看那皮影戏。只是,斯佳丽,如今是不可以了!现在我们面前的局面比战时还要可怕,还不如在战俘营。于我来讲,甚于死……因此,斯佳丽,你想,这会儿我正忍受着恐惧的煎熬呢。”

她在听这些话时,似乎是在一个黏黏糊糊的泥潭里挣扎,她说:“但是,阿希礼,如果你忧虑大家会饿着,算了,算了,啊,阿希礼,我们肯定能设法活下去,肯定能的。”

他灰色的大眼睛炯炯有神地看了斯佳丽好长时间,里面尽是佩服。只是他接着又挪开双望向远方,斯佳丽一惊,明白他刚才想的并不是关于饿不饿的问题。他俩在讲话时,说的似乎是各不相关的两种语言。但她依旧爱他,每次他的眼神变成这样时,她就觉得太阳好像要扔下她在寒冷里受冻似的把那温暖带到西山下去了。她希望能够拉他到自己的怀里,以便他能感知她这个活生生的人。并不是他在书本上看到或梦里遇到的。她真希望自己能和他同步思索,这样的感觉是在他从欧洲回来,就在塔拉的台阶上对她笑的那一天开始的,这是多长时间以前的事了!

“吃不饱挺痛苦的,”他说,“我也受过饿,因此我明白。但对饿我并不害怕。我所害怕的是我再也见不到以前那美妙的生活了,但我却必须去应付现在的日子。”

斯佳丽懊丧地寻思,或许玫兰妮会明白他的意思。玫兰妮老是和他讲这些傻事,诗歌呀,书呀,梦呀,月亮呀,星星呀。但她觉得恐怖的,他却相反。他不怕忍饥挨饿,不怕冷风飕飕,也不怕让人给逼出

ach, nor the keenness of the winter wind nor eviction from Tara. He was shrinking before some fear she had never known and could not imagine. For, in God's name, what was there to fear in this wreck of a world but hunger and cold and the loss of home?

And she had thought that if she listened closely she would know the answer to Ashley.

'Oh!' she said, and the disappointment in her voice was that of a child who opens a beautifully wrapped package to find it empty. At her tone, he smiled ruefully as though apologizing.

'Forgive me, Scarlett, for talking so. I can't make you understand because you don't know the meaning of fear. You have the heart of a lion and an utter lack of imagination and I envy you both of those qualities. You'll never mind facing realities and you'll never want to escape from them as I do.'

'Escape!'

It was as if that were the only understandable word he had spoken. Ashley, like her, was tired of the struggle and he wanted to escape. Her breath came fast.

'Oh, Ashley,' she cried, 'you're wrong. I do want to escape, too. I am so very tired of it all!'

His eyebrows went up in disbelief and she laid a hand, feverish and urgent, on his arm.

'Listen to me,' she began swiftly, the words tumbling out one over the other. 'I'm tired of it all, I tell you. Bone tired and I'm not going to stand it any longer. I've struggled for food and for money and I've weeded and hoed and picked cotton and I've even ploughed until I can't stand it another minute. I tell you, Ashley, the South is dead! It's dead! The Yankees and the free niggers and the Carpetbaggers have got it and there's nothing left for us. Ashley, let's run away!'

He peered at her sharply, lowering his head to look into her face, now flaming with colour.

'Yes, let's run away—leave them all! I'm tired of working for the folks. Somebody will take care of them. There's always somebody who takes care of people who can't take care of themselves. Oh, Ashley, let's run away, you and I. We could go to Mexico—they want officers in the Mexican Army and we could be so happy there. I'd work for you, Ashley. I'd do anything for you. You know you don't love Melanie—'

He started to speak, a stricken look on his face, but she stemmed his words with a torrent of her own.

'You told me you loved me better than her that day—oh, you remember that day! And I know you haven't changed! I can tell you haven't changed!

塔拉。他所害怕的,她反而搞不清楚,也想不到。上帝啊,在这样恐怖的世界里,除了饥寒交迫和无处藏身之外,还怕什么呢?

她想如果自己认真听,会明白如何答复阿希礼的。

“噢!”她的语气是那么懊丧,似乎是一个孩子打开很好看的包但却看到里面一无所有一样。听到她这样的语气,他凄然一笑,觉得很抱歉。

“很抱歉我说了那些,斯佳丽。我不能让你明白,因为你不了解害怕。你像狮子一样勇敢,没有任何幻想,对这些我很羡慕。对现实你从不恐惧,也从不逃避。”

“逃避!”

好像只有他说的这两个字她才听明白了似的。阿希礼和她差不多,对努力烦透了,希望能避开。她的呼吸很重很粗。

“噢,阿希礼!”她使劲喊着,“不是,我也想避开,对所有的事我都烦透了!”

他皱了皱眉觉得不可思议,她把自己那火热渴盼的手放在他的手臂上。

“听我说,”她急不可耐地说,一句又一句,一点打住的意思也没有,“我对你讲,我讨厌这些。真是厌恶透了,我有些忍无可忍了。为了不挨饿,为了一点儿钱我努力地做事,拔草、锄地、摘棉花,而且还有犁地,我连一分钟也不能忍了。我给你讲,阿希礼,我们南方不行了,它倒了!被北佬、被释放的黑人和那些提包客给弄的,我们什么也没有了。阿希礼,咱们一起跑吧。”

他颇为戒备地俯身看着她,她的脸像着了火似的通红。

“是啊,我们跑吧——抛下这里所有人!我不喜欢为了他们做事。肯定有人会来照料他们的。只要自己不能照料自己,就会有别人来照料的。哦,阿希礼,我们跑吧,只有你和我。我们可以去墨西哥,墨西哥的队伍急需军官,到了那地方我们会生活得很好的。我为你做活,阿希礼,我为了你什么都愿意。你清楚你根本不爱玫兰妮……”

阿希为此感动极了,想对斯佳丽讲些话却被她老也打不住的话语堵住了。

“当初你曾经跟我说,你爱我胜于玫兰妮,噢,你应该记得的!我明白你总是爱我的!我看出来了!你刚刚还讲她只

And you've just said she was nothing but a dream—
Oh, Ashley, let's go away! I could make you so
happy. And anyway,' she added venomously,
'Melanie can't—Dr. Fontaine said she couldn't ever
have any more children and I could give you—'

His hands were on her shoulders so tightly that
they hurt and she stopped, breathless.

'We were to forget that day at Twelve Oaks.'

'Do you think I could ever forget it? Have you
forgotten it? Can you honestly say you don't love
me?'

He drew a deep breath and answered quickly.

'No. I don't love you.'

'That's a lie.'

'Even if it is a lie,' said Ashley, and his voice
was deadly quiet, 'it is not something which can be
discussed.'

'You mean—'

'Do you think I could go off and leave Melanie
and the baby, even if I hated them both? Break
Melanie's heart? Leave them both to the charity of
friends? Scarlett, are you mad? Isn't there any sense
of loyalty in you? You couldn't leave your father and
the girls. They're your responsibility, just as Melanie
and Beau are mine, and whether you are tired or
not, they are here and you're got to bear them.'

'I could leave them—I'm sick of them—tired
of them—'

He leaned toward her and, for a moment, she
thought with a catch at her heart that he was going to
take her in his arms. But instead, he patted her arm
and spoke as one comforting a child.

'I know you're sick and tired. That's why you
are talking this way. You've carried the load of three
men. But I'm going to help you—I won't always be
so awkward—'

'There's only one way you can help me,' she
said dully, 'and that's to take me away from here
and give us a new start somewhere, with a chance for
happiness. There's nothing to keep us here.'

'Nothing,' he said quietly, 'nothing—except
honour.'

She looked at him with baffled longing and saw,
as if for the first time, how the crescents of his lashes
were the thick rich gold of ripe wheat, how proudly
his head sat upon his bared neck and how the look of
race and dignity persisted in his slim erect body,
even through its grotesque rags. Her eyes met his,
hers naked with pleading, his remote as mountain

是一个梦。哦，阿希礼，我们走吧！我能
让你过得很好的。不管怎样，”她咬牙切
齿地说，“玫兰妮永不会让你过上好日子
的——方丹大夫说过她以后再也没法生
小孩儿了，但我可以为你生……”

他使劲握住她的手臂，她很疼，因为
这，她打住了话头，却依然在喘粗气。

“我们应该忘记在十二橡树庄园的那
一天。”

“我怎么能忘了呢？你自个儿忘了
吗？你怎么会真的不爱我呢？”

他喘了一口大气赶忙说：

“不，我不爱你。”

“你骗人。”

“就算我骗人吧，”阿希礼那么那么的
冷静，“这是没有讨论余地的。”

“你是指……”

“即使我不喜欢玫兰妮和小博，我怎
么可以抛弃他们两个不再管了呢？我怎
么能让玫兰妮如此伤心呢？我怎么能让
她们两个去别人屋檐底下生活呢？斯佳
丽，你没有理智了吗？你的心怎么会这么
硬呢？你不可以抛弃你爸爸和两个妹妹
呀。你应好好地对他们，就和我要好好对
玫兰妮和小博一样啊。不管你对这儿烦
不烦，只要他们依然在这里，你就应该对
他们好的。”

“我能抛弃他们——我烦他们——对
他们我很恶心……”

他靠近斯佳丽。在那一刻儿，她的心
像小鹿在怀里突击地撞，想阿希礼能够抱
住自己。但是他没有那样，只是拍拍她的
肩膀，就像对一个孩子一样。

“我明白因为你太烦太累了，所以你
才这样说。你背着的重担，也只有三个男
人才能像你这样。可是我肯定会尽我所能
为你做一些事的，我不想老是这么打扰
你……”

“你如果想帮我就仅有一个途径，”她
不高兴地说，“那就是你应和我一块儿走，
去别的地方寻找我们的快乐。在这儿我
们有什么可值得眷恋的呢？”

“对，没有，”他冷静地说，“除了道义，
我们没有任何东西。”

她有些受挫的双眼凝视着阿希礼，就
好像第一次看见他那有如新月般的睫毛，
它是那么密，就像已经很熟很熟的金色麦
穗。他的头高昂地踞于那没围什么东西
的颈项上，他穿得很不好，样子也不太好，
他那十分伟岸的身材依然显露着他的雍
容、高雅。她和他对视着，她的眼里尽是

lakes under grey skies.

She saw in them defeat of her wild dream, her mad desires.

Heartbreak and weariness sweeping over her, she dropped her head in her hands and cried. He had never seen her cry. He had never thought that women of her strong mettle had tears, and a flood of tenderness and remorse swept him. He came to her swiftly and in a moment had her in his arms, cradling her comfortingly, pressing her black head to his heart, whispering: 'Dear! My brave dear—don't! You mustn't cry!'

At his touch, he felt her change within his grip and there was madness and magic in the slim body he held and a hot soft glow in the green eyes which looked up at him. Of a sudden, it was no longer bleak winter. For Ashley, spring was back again, that half-forgotten balmy spring of green rustlings and murmurings, a spring of ease and indolence, careless days when the desires of youth were warm in his body. The bitter years since then fell away and he saw that the lips turned up to his were red and trembling and he kissed her.

There was a curious low roaring sound in her ears as of sea-shells held against them and through the sound she dimly heard the swift thudding of her heart. Her body seemed to melt into his and, for a timeless time, they stood fused together as his lips took hers hungrily as if he could never have enough.

When he suddenly released her she felt that she could not stand alone and gripped the fence for support. She raised eyes blazing with love and triumph to him.

'You do love me! You do love me! Say it—say it!'

His hands still rested on her shoulders and she felt them tremble and loved their trembling. She leaned toward him ardently but he held her away from him, looking at her with eyes from which all remoteness had fled, eyes tormented with struggle and despair.

'Don't!' he said. 'Don't! If you do, I shall take you now, here.'

She smiled a bright hot smile which was forgetful of time or place or anything but the memory of his mouth on hers.

Suddenly he shook her, shook her until her black hair tumbled down about her shoulders, shook her as if in a mad rage at her—and at himself.

'We won't do this!' he said. 'I tell you we

恳求,但阿希礼的眼神就好像在阴沉苍穹下的两汪山泉。

从他的眼神里,她看到了自己这种痴心妄想和强烈渴盼的破灭。

她又难过又疲倦,低下头双手抱着脸哭了。他一次也没见过她流泪。他也从来没考虑到这么一个性格坚韧的女人也会流泪,心里不由得愧悔交加。他向她俯下身,把她抱在自己的怀里,轻轻地宽慰着,让她的头伏在自己胸前,对着她的耳边悄声说:“亲爱的,我勇敢的小可怜,不要哭了!你别再流泪了!”

两个人这么一贴近,阿希礼觉得自己的心中起了变化,她那美好的身子是那么的热情,那么的有吸引力;她仰着脸注视着,那绿色的眼睛里热情洋溢,柔情万分。一刹那间,没有了寒冷的冬天,他们又回到了春天的世界——那个香气四溢,树影婆娑,他曾经怀着血气方刚的朝气,过着安闲悠然、轻松快乐的日子。如此艰难困苦岁月都消失了,看到她把自己那两片鲜红丰厚的唇送了过来,他战栗着吻了她。

她觉得自己的耳膜在轰轰地跳,就和耳朵贴近海螺时听到的声音一样,在这样的声音里她仿佛听到自己的心在咚咚地响。她似乎要融化在他的怀抱里了,过了好长时间,他们两个粘在了一起;他使劲地吮吸着她那艳丽的唇,那样子是无稽的。

接着他一下子松开她,她自己晕乎乎地站立不稳,使劲拽着栅栏不要倒下去。她仰起头,那眼神里有欲望和满足的火在熊熊燃烧。

“你是爱我的!你是爱我的!对吧,对吧!”

他的两只手依旧握着她的削肩,她感到了他的手在哆嗦,她愿意阿希礼这样。她满怀热情地扑向他,可他却有些拒绝地望着她,他的眼神已没有了往日的茫然,只是在痛苦地挣脱着、挣脱着。

“不要!”他说,“别这样!要是你再过来,我就要强暴你了。”

斯佳丽兴奋而又快乐地笑着,浑然不知时间与空间,她把周围的所有东西都遗忘了,只希望再能用双唇贴着他的双唇以获得刚才的快感。

忽然地,他使劲地抓着她摇着,让她一头秀发散乱地贴在肩上,似乎是对斯佳丽、也对他自己万分恼怒似的。

“我们不要这样!”他喊着,“我对你