

英漢對照·世界名著

蝴蝶夢

Rebecca

by DAPHNE DU MAURIER

莫里哀著
陳君懿譯

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作者簡介

達芬妮·莫里哀是已故英國著名演員加勒德·莫里哀的二女兒。她早期所寫有關她父著名演員加勒的繪像」一書，描寫得非常成功。

此後，她最著名的作品有「亞馬加旅館」（1936），「法國人的小溪」（1941），「飢餓山丘」（1943）以及「蕾綺表姊」（1941）。「蝴蝶夢」寫於一九三八年，不久即拍成一部傑出的電影，由艾佛雷德·希區考特導演。達芬妮·莫里哀同時也寫了兩部很成功的劇本。

她住在英格蘭西部的海濱，她在那裏喜歡航海和在鄉間散步。她嫁給一位傑出的將領福雷德利克·勃朗寧將軍，並且生有一男兩女。

這個故事是馬西姆·文德的繼妻所講述的。他們家住英格蘭西部的曼德利（Manderley）。李百佳（Rebecca）是馬西姆·文德元配的名字。

LAST night I dreamt that I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me that I was going in by the iron entrance gates. The private road was just a narrow ribbon now, its stony surface covered with grass and weeds. Sometimes, when I thought it lost, it would appear again, beneath a fallen tree or beyond a muddy ditch made by the winter rains. The trees had thrown out new low branches which stretched across my way. I came upon the house suddenly, and stood there with my heart beating fast and tears coming to my eyes.

There was Manderley, our Manderley, secret and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream. Time could not spoil the beauty of those walls, nor of the place itself, lying like a jewel in the hollow of a hand. The grass sloped down towards the sea, which was a sheet of silver lying calm under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. I turned again to the house, and I saw that the garden had run wild, even as the woods had done. Weeds were everywhere. But moonlight can play strange tricks with the fancy, even with a dreamer's fancy. As I stood there, quiet 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 flowers.

Then a cloud came over the moon, like a dark hand before a face. The strange feeling went. I looked again upon

1

昨夜我又夢見我到曼德利去。像是我正從那道鐵門走進去，私家的道路現在祇成了一條狹窄的緞帶般那麼小，碎石子路上蔓蓋着雜草。有時候我以為沒路可走了，可是路却又在倒塌的樹底下，或在由冬雨匯積而成的泥溝對岸出現。許多樹木都長出了新枝，橫伸在我所經過的路上。我突然走上那座房子，心劇跳着，而且淚水湧上眼睛地站在那裏。

那就是曼德利，我們的曼德利，神秘靜謐一如往昔，灰色的石塊在夢中的月光下閃耀着，歲月無法毀損那些牆坦的美，也無法稍損那地方本身的美，它像是拱托於手中的珠寶。草兒傾蔓向海濱，海是平靜地躺在月光下的一片銀波，像一片沒有受狂風暴雨騷擾的湖水。我又轉身走向房子，我看到了已經荒蕪了的花園，正如那片荒蕪的樹林一般。到處都是雜草。然而月光與幻夢，即使是與一個夢中的人的幻夢也都能使陶醉。當我靜止地佇立在那裏時，我敢發誓那座房子絕不是個空殼，而是像往昔一樣的栩栩如生。燈光從窗口投射出來，窗簾在晚風中輕柔地拂動，而書房裏那邊，門則像我們先前所留着一樣地半開着，我的手帕就放在桌上秋花盆景的旁邊。

然後一片浮雲就像臉前的一隻黑手般的掠過明月。這種奇異的感覺過後，我又重新看到一個空洞的外殼，一點

an empty shell, with no whisper of the past about it. Our fear and suffering were dead. When I thought about Manderley in my waking hours I would not be bitter. I would think of it as it might have been, if I could have lived there without fear. I would remember the flower gardens in the summer, and the birds that sang there. Tea under the trees, and the sound of the sea coming up to us from the shore below. I would think of the blown flowers from the bushes, in the Happy Valley. These things could never fade. They were memories that could not hurt. All this I knew in my dream (for like most sleepers I knew that I dreamed). In reality, I lay far away, in a foreign land, and would wake before long in the bare little hotel bedroom. I would lie a moment, stretch myself and turn, puzzled by that burning sun, that hard, clean sky, so different from the soft moonlight of my dream. The day would lie before us both, long, but full of a certain peace, a precious calm 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.

We can never go back again; that is certain. The past is still too close to us. But we have no secrets now from each other. All things are shared. Our little hotel may be dull, and the food not very good; day after day, things may be very much the same. But dullness is better than fear. We live now very much by habit. And I—I have become very good at reading aloud! I have lost my old self-consciousness. I am very different from that person who drove to Manderley for the first time, hopeful and eager, filled with the desire to please. It was my lack of confidence, of course, that struck people like Mrs. Danvers. What must I have seemed like, after Rebecca?

I can see myself now, with short straight hair and young, unpowdered face, dressed in a badly-fitting coat and skirt,

也沒有關於它的過去的綿綿細語。我們的害怕和痛苦都沒有了。當我清醒時想到曼德利的一切，我並不感到痛楚。如果我能夠毫無恐懼地住在那裏的話，我將認為那個地方或許存在過。我會想起那裏的夏天花園和鳥兒的歌唱。林下的品茗，以及從下面海岸上傳來的潮聲。我也將想起忘憂谷裏枝葉叢中盛開的花朵。這些點點滴滴將永遠不會淡忘。它們都是些無傷大雅的記憶。這一切的一切，我曉得都深藏在我的夢中（像大多數的睡眠者，我曉得我在做夢）。事實上，我是躺在遙遠的異鄉，而且不久就會在那座簡陋的小旅館房間裏醒來。我會躺一會兒，伸伸懶腰，再翻個身，而為那炎熱的太陽，那晴朗的天空所迷惑，這些跟我夢中柔和明月是多麼的不同呀。白晝將漫長地駐延在我倆之前，不過却充滿了一種和平，一種我們未知曉的珍貴的靜謐。我們將不會談論曼德利；我也不會說我的夢。因為曼德利已不再是我們的了。曼德利也不復存在了。

我們永遠不能再回去了，那是千真萬確的事。往事依稀如在我們眼前。可是我們現在彼此再也沒有隱秘了。所有的一切都是共同分享。我們的小旅館容或沉悶，食物容或不佳；不是日復一日，一切可能都非常地相似。然而沉悶總比恐懼來得好。我們現在都盡量循着規律生活。而我——我已經非常善於朗誦！我業已丟棄了往日的忸怩。我與第一次驅車到曼德利的我，已判若兩人了，那時我滿懷希望和熱忱，滿懷行樂的欲望。當然我缺乏打擊像唐維爾斯太太那種人的信心。我難道一定要像什麼人嗎？像李白佳嗎？

我現在可以看清自己了，留着直短的頭髮和不施脂粉的年輕臉孔，穿着一襲頂不合身的外套和裙子，跟着霍伯

following Mrs. Van Hopper into the hotel for lunch. She would go to her usual table in the corner, near the window, and, looking to left and right with her little eyes like a pig's, would say, "Not a single well-known face! I shall tell the manager he must make a reduction in my bill. What does he think I come here for? To look at the waiters?"

We ate in silence, for Mrs. Van Hopper liked to think about nothing but her food. Then I saw that the table next to ours, which had been empty for three days, was to be used once more. The head waiter was bringing someone now. Mrs. Van Hopper put down her fork, and stared. Then she leant over the table to me, her small eyes bright with excitement, her voice a little too loud.

"It's Max de Winter," she said, "The man who owns Manderley. You've heard of it, of course. He looks ill, doesn't he? They say he can't get over his wife's death."

Her curiosity was like a disease. I can see her as though it were yesterday, on that unforgettable afternoon, wondering how to make her attack. Suddenly, she turned to me. "Go upstairs quickly and find that letter from my nephew, the one with the photograph. Bring it down to me at once."

I saw then that she had made her plan. I wished I had the courage to warn the stranger. But when I returned I saw that she had not waited; he was even now sitting beside her. I gave her the letter, without a word. He rose to his feet at once.

"Mr. de Winter is having coffee with us; go and ask the waiter for another cup," she said, just carelessly enough to warn him what I was. It showed that I was young and unimportant, and that there was no need to include me in the conversation. So it was a surprise to find that he remained standing, and that it was he who made a sign to the waiter.

"I am afraid I must disagree," he said to her, "you are

太太走進旅館吃中餐。她會走到角落上靠窗的那張她慣用的餐桌，然後她那雙像豬眼般的小眼睛就會左顧右盼，說：「沒有一個熟稔的面孔！我該告訴經理，要他一定在我的賬單上打折扣。他當我是來這裏幹什麼的？來看侍者不成？」

我們靜默地用餐，因為霍伯太太用餐時，不喜歡想到其他。然後我看到了已連空三天的鄰桌，又有人了。侍者領班現在正帶領客人入座。霍伯太太放下刀叉凝視着。然後她身子傾過桌面湊向我，小眼睛閃爍着興奮的神色，說話音太高了點。

「那是馬西姆·文德。」她說：「曼德利的主人，你當然聽說過這件事。他看來像是有病吧？據說他難於忘懷他的妻子的死。」

她的好奇心就像一種病。我可以清晰地看到她，彷彿如昨日一般，在那個難忘的下午，不知如何着手是好。她突然轉向我說：「快上樓去找出我姪兒的來信，附有照片的那一封。馬上拿下來給我。」

當時我看出她已經計劃好了。我但願我有勇氣去警告那位陌生人。可是當我回來時，我看到她並沒有等待；他當時早已坐在她身邊了。我不說一句話的把信遞給他。他馬上欠起身來。

「文德先生要跟我們一塊兒喝咖啡；妳去叫侍者另外拿一杯來。」她說着，漫不經心地正好足以告訴他我的身份是什麼。那顯示出我是年輕而無關重要的人，同時也表示無須將我牽入這次談話。所以發覺他仍然站着向侍者打手勢時，我很感驚異。

「我怕歎難違命了。」他對她說：「還是我請妳們兩

both having coffee with me," and before I knew what had happened he was sitting on my usual chair and I was beside Mrs. Van Hopper.

For a moment she looked annoyed. Then she leant forward, holding the letter.

"You know, I recognized you as soon as you walked in," she said, "and thought, 'Why, there's Mr. de Winter, Billy's friend; I simply *must* show him the photographs of Billy and his wife' And here they are, bathing at Palm Beach. Billy is mad about her. He had not met her of course when he gave that party where I saw you first. But I dare say you don't remember an old woman like me?"

"Yes, I remember you very well," he said. "I don't think I should care for Palm Beach. That sort of thing has never amused me."

Mrs. Van Hopper gave her fat laugh. "If Billy had a home like Manderley he wouldn't want to play around in Palm Beach," she said. She paused, expecting him to smile, but he went on smoking, looking just a little disturbed.

"I've seen pictures of it, of course," she said, "and it looks perfectly beautiful. I remember Billy telling me it had all those big places beat for beauty. I wonder you can ever bear to leave it."

His silence was painful, as anyone else would have noticed, but she ran on clumsily.

"Of course, you Englishmen are all the same about your homes," she said, her voice becoming louder and louder, "you don't want to seem proud of them. Isn't there a great hall at Manderley, with some very valuable pictures?"

I think he realized my discomfort, for he leant forward in his chair and spoke to me, his voice gentle, asking if I would have some more coffee, and when I shook my head I felt that his eyes were still upon me, puzzled.

"What brings you here?" Mrs Van Hopper went on.

位吧。」在我搞清楚到底是怎麼回事之前，他已經坐上了我平常所坐的椅子，因此我就坐在霍伯太太的旁邊。

有好一回，她看起來像是很惱火。然後她握着那封信傾身向前。

「你曉得，你一走進來我就認出了你。」她說：「當時我就想『哦，那是比利的朋友文德先生吧；我一定得讓他看比利夫婦的照片。哪，這是他們在派姆海濱海水浴時的照片。比利愛她愛得發瘋。當然他在我初次遇見你的那個宴會上，還未曾見過她。但我敢說，你已想不起像我這樣的←一個老太婆了吧？』」

「不，我記得清清楚楚。」他說：「我不覺得我會關心派姆海濱的事。那種事我向來不感興趣。」

霍伯太太大笑起來。「要是比利有個像曼德利那樣的房子，他就無須到派姆海濱戲水了。」她說道。她停頓了一下，期望他能會意微笑，但他却繼續抽着煙，看起來有點心神不寧。

「我當然看過曼德利的照片，」她說：「它看起來非常美。我記得比利告訴過我，它具有一切大地方所令人心悸的美。我很不明白你怎麼捨得離開那裏。」

人人都能看出他的沉默是種痛楚的表示，可是她却還是莫名奇妙地說着。

「哦，你們英國人當然對自己的家鄉有相同的觀念，」她的聲音愈說愈大：「你們並不引以為榮。曼德利該掛有許多名貴的圖畫吧？」

我想他大概了解了我的不舒服，因為他坐着傾過身來對我說話，他溫雅地說，問我要不要再加點咖啡，當我搖搖頭時，我看到他的眼睛一直盯着我，使我感到很迷惑。

「你怎麼到這裏來的？」霍伯太太繼續說：「你並不



It was a surprise to find he remained standing. . . .



看到他一直站着，我很爲驚異。

"You're not one of the regular visitors. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"I have not made up my mind," he said, "I came away in rather a hurry."

His own words must have started a memory, for he looked disturbed again. She talked on, not noticing. "Of course you will miss Manderley. The west country must be delightful in the spring."

"Yes," he said shortly. "Manderley was looking its best."

In the end it was a waiter who gave him his opportunity, with a message for Mrs. Van Hopper. He got up at once, pushing back his chair. "Don't let me keep you," he said.

"It's so delightful to have met you like this, Mr. de Winter; I hope I shall see something of you. You must come and have a drink some time. I have one or two people coming in to-morrow evening. Why not join us?" I turned away so that I should not watch him search for an excuse.

"I'm so sorry," he said, "to-morrow I am probably driving to Sospel; I'm not sure when I shall get back"

Unwillingly she left it, and he went.

The next morning Mrs. Van Hopper awoke with a sore throat and a rather high temperature. Her doctor told her to stay in bed. I left her quite happy, after the arrival of a nurse, and went down early for lunch—a good half-hour before our usual time. I expected the room to be empty, and it was—except for the table next to ours. I was not prepared for this. I thought he had gone to Sospel. I was half-way across the room, and could not go back. This was a situation for which I was not trained. I wished I was older, different. I went to our table, looking straight before me. But as soon as I sat down, I knocked over the bowl of flowers. The water ran over the cloth, and ran down on to my legs.

是這裏的常客。你到底要親自處理什麼事？」

「我還沒有下定決心，」他說：「我離開得非常突然。」

他自己的話必定引起了一段回憶，因為他又顯出困惑的樣子。她毫不留意地繼續說下去：「當然你會惦念曼德利。西部的春季一定很宜人。」

「嗯，」他簡短地說：「曼德利正是最美的時節。」

後來，有個侍者向霍伯太太傳話，才給了他一個脫身的好機會。他即刻站起來，把椅子推回去。「我不打擾妳了。」他說。

「文德先生，這樣子遇到你真太高興了；我希望跟你有點來往。那一天你一定得來喝一杯。明晚我有一兩位客人要來，你願意賞光嗎？」我別過臉去，所以我就不必看他找藉口了。

「很抱歉，」他說：「明天我大概要駕車到索斯倍爾去，我無法確定我何時能回來。」

她很不情願地放棄邀請，於是他走了。

第二天早上，霍伯太太醒來時，喉嚨痛而且發高燒。她的醫生告訴她要躺着休息。護士來了後，我就很愉快地離開她，早早地下樓吃午餐——比正常的時間提早足有半小時。我盼望餐廳能夠空空的，它也果真是空空的——除了我們鄰桌外。我沒有料到這一點。我以為他已經到索斯倍爾去了。我已走到餐廳的中間，無法再掉頭走。這是我沒有遭遇過的場面。我真希望我能老練、不同些。我直望前方，走到我們的餐桌。可是我一坐下去，就打翻了花盆。水濺過了桌布，流下來落到我的腳上。侍者在餐廳的另

The Waiter was at the other end of the room, and did not see. In a second, though, my neighbour was at my side.

"You can't sit with a wet tablecloth," he said shortly, "you won't enjoy your food. Get out of the way." He began to dry up the water, and then the waiter came hurrying to the rescue.

"Lay my table for two," he said. "Mademoiselle will have lunch with me."

"Oh, no," I said, "I couldn't possibly."

"Why not?"

I tried to think of an excuse. I knew he did not want to lunch with me. He was only being polite.

"Come and sit down. We needn't talk to each other unless we want to."

He sat down, and went on eating his lunch as though nothing had happened. I knew we might go on like this, without speaking, all through the meal without any sense of awkwardness.

"Your friend," he began at last, "she is very much older than you. Have you known her long?"

"She's not really a friend," I told him, "she is an employer. She's training me to be a thing called a companion, and she pays me."

"I did not know one could buy companionship," he said; "it sounds a strange idea. You haven't much in common with her. What do you do it for? Haven't you any family?"

"No—they're dead."

"You know," he said, "we are the same in that, you and I. We are both alone in the world. Oh, I've got a sister, though we don't see much of each other, and an ancient grandmother whom I visit two or three times a year, but neither of them provides much companionship. You know, I think you've made a big mistake in coming here, in joining forces with Mrs. Van H. per. You are not made for that sort of-