



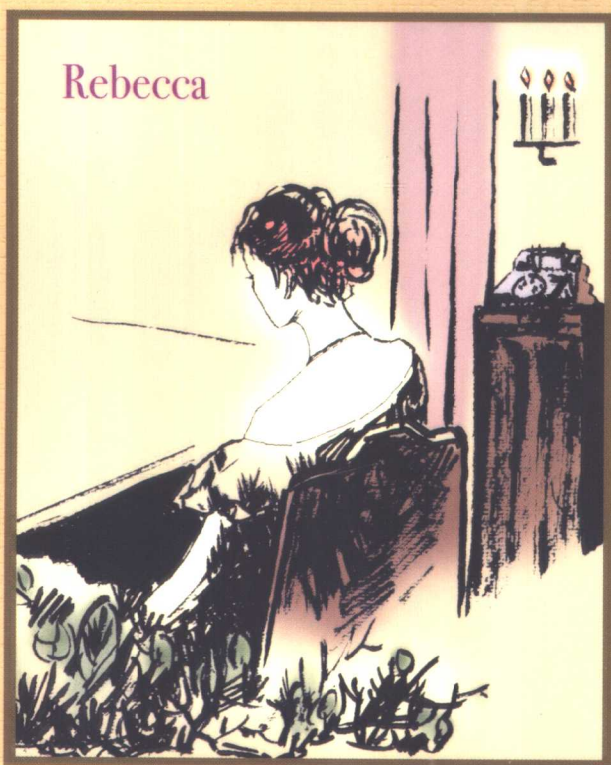
名著名篇双语对照丛书

英国经典文学名著

蝴蝶梦

中英对照

达夫妮·杜穆里埃 著 周亮 编译



中国书籍出版社

英国经典文学名著

蝴蝶梦

中英对照

达夫妮·杜穆里埃 著 周亮 编译



中国书籍出版社

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

蝴蝶梦 / (英) 杜穆里埃 (Maurier, D.) 著; 周亮编译. —北京:
中国书籍出版社, 2005.1
(名著名篇双语对照丛书)
ISBN 7-5068-1211-8

I. 蝴... II. ①杜... ②周... III. 英语—对照读物, 小说—
英、汉 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书版 CIP 数据核字 (2004) 第 113514 号

责任编辑 / 刘 征

责任印制 / 刘颖丽 武雅彬

封面设计 / 智道设计工作室 / 黄俊杰

出版发行 / 中国书籍出版社

地 址: 北京市丰台区太平桥西里 38 号 (邮编: 100073)

电 话: (010)63455164(总编室) (010)63454858(发行部)

电子信箱: chinabp@vip.sina.com

经 销 / 全国新华书店

印 刷 / 北京高岭印刷有限公司

开 本 / 787 毫米×1092 毫米 1/16

印 张 / 9.5

开 本 / 126 千字

版 次 / 2005 年 1 月第 1 版 2005 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数 / 0001-5000

定 价 / 15.00 元

版权所有 翻印必究

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,

昨夜我又梦见回到曼得雷了。好像我正从那扇铁栅门走进，隐密的小径现在只剩如丝带般的狭窄，碎石路面被杂草湮没。有时，我以为无路可走了，但在倾倒的树底下，或者在冬雨汇成的泥沟对岸，突然又发现小路，而由灌木树干新长出的树枝横摆在我走的路。我竟然走到那栋房子前，站在那儿，心剧烈地跳动，泪水涌上眼眶。那是曼得雷，我们的曼得雷，一如往昔的宁静。在梦中，灰色的石块在月光下闪闪发光，岁月无法侵蚀那些墙垣的美，也无法侵蚀那地方本身的美，它好像捧在手心的一颗宝石。杂草斜倒向海滨，而海是静静地躺在月光下的一片银波，宛如没有被风暴侵扰的湖水。我再转身望向屋子，却看到花园已经荒芜了，正如那片树林已经荒芜了一样。杂草丛生，不过月光与幻想，甚至于一个梦中人的幻想都能神奇地骗人。当我静穆地伫立在那儿的时候，我可以发誓那房子不是一个空屋，而是像从前一样栩栩如生地活着。灯光从窗口里透射出来，窗帘在晚风中轻柔地飘动，那边，在书房里，门就像我们离开时一样地半开着，我的手绢放在桌上秋

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 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) .



季盆景的旁边。

这时一片浮云掩过明月，像面前的一只黑手。那种陌生的感觉消失了。我重新面对着一个空洞的外壳，没有关于它过去的耳语。我们的恐惧与痛苦没有了。清醒时我想到曼得雷的时候，我不会感到酸楚，要是我曾住在那儿毫无恐惧的话，我会认为那地方或许存在过。我会忆起那夏天时的花园，与在那儿唱歌的鸟儿。林下品茗，海浪声从岸边传入我们的耳际。我会忆起忘忧谷内灌木丛中盛开的花朵。这些事物永远不可能褪色。它们是一些没有痛苦的记忆。我知道这一切一切都在我的梦中（像大多数睡着的人一样，我知道我在做梦）。

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, 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?"



实际上，我躺在遥远的异乡，不久便会在那座简陋小旅馆的房间里醒来。我会躺一会儿，伸伸腰，翻个身，迷惑于那阳光，那晴空，跟我梦中柔和的月色是如此的不同，白昼会停驻在我们的面前，漫长而充满了某种安宁，这是一种我们从来没有过的宝贵的恬静。我们不会谈到曼得雷，我不会述说我的梦。因为曼得雷不再是我们的了。曼得雷已不存在。我们永远不可能再回去，那是一定的了。往事依然历历在目，不过我们现在彼此再也没有秘密了。一切都共享。我们住的小旅馆或许沉闷，食物也不再精致；日复一日，生活也许平淡无奇。不过沉闷终究比恐惧好些。我们现在生活非常习惯了。而我——我已经变得非常开朗！我已经改掉昔日的忸怩。我与第一次驾车到曼得雷时的我，已经大不相同了，那时我有希望与渴求，并怀着逢迎的心。我缺少打击像唐·飞斯太太那种人的胆量。为什么我非得要像谁呢？仿效“蕾贝卡”？

我现在可以看到自己了，留着直直的短发，配上年轻没有施粉的脸孔，穿着一袭很不合身的外套和裙子，跟着温·哈勃太太进入旅馆中用餐。她像往常一样坐在屋角近窗的那张她常用的餐桌前，一双像猪一般的小眼睛左瞧右瞧，说：“看不到任何名人！我要告诉经理，他必须在我的账单上打个折扣。他以为我来这儿做什么的？来看侍者不成？”

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.

我们静静地吃饭，因为温·哈勃太太全神贯注地在用餐，然后我看到空了三天的邻桌，再一次被使用了。总招待现在正带着客人入座。温·哈勃太太放下叉子，凝望了一会儿，然后她靠近我，小眼睛闪着兴奋的光芒，声音有一点儿高亢。

“这位是麦布莱斯·德·温特，”她说，“曼得雷的主人，当然你已经听说过了。他好像生病了，是不是？人们说他不能忘怀他去世的妻子。”

她的好奇心像是一种病态。我现在可以看到她，好像昨天一样，在那个令人难忘的下午，不知道怎样着手才好？突然间，她转向我说：“快上楼去找我侄子的那封信，那封附有照片的信。立刻替我拿下来。”

那时，我知道她已计划好了。但愿我有勇气去警告那位陌生人。不过当我再度回来的时候，看到她并没有等我，现在他已坐在她的身边。我默默地递给她那封信。他马上站起来。

“德·温特先生要跟我们一块儿喝咖啡；去叫侍者另外拿只杯子来。”她说。此举也毫不露痕迹地向他示意，我是个什么阶级的人物了。那表示我是个年轻却不关紧要的人，她并没有意思要我加入这次谈话之中。所以，发现他依然站着并向侍者做手势的时候，我非常惊讶。

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

蝴蝶梦

005

“我恐怕难以从命。”他向她说：“还是我请你们两位吧。”弄清楚怎么一回事之前，他已经坐上我平常坐的位子，于是我坐在温·哈勃太太的旁边。有一会儿她看起来很懊恼。接着她握着那封信，身子向前迎去。

“您知道，您一走进来，我便认出了是您。”她说：“当时我就想‘啊！那是比利的朋友德·温特先生！我绝对必须给他看看比利夫妇的照片。’喏，这是他们在棕榈滩海水浴场时拍的。比利为她疯狂了。我们在他举行的宴会上初次见面的时候，当然他还没有遇到她。但是我敢说您记不得有我这样一个老太婆了。”

“记得，我记得清清楚楚，”他说，“我不会关心棕榈滩。那种事情从来都引不起我的兴趣。”

温·哈勃太太发出愚蠢的笑。“要是比利有个家像曼得雷那样，他也不会去棕榈滩戏水的。”她说。她把话停住，期待他的微笑，但是他继续吸着烟，看起来稍稍有点儿心不在焉。

“当然，我看过曼得雷的照片，”她说，“看起来非常的美。记得比利告诉我，它每一个地方都美得令人心动。我奇怪您怎么舍得离开？”

若是聪明的人都会注意到的，他的缄默是痛苦的，但是她还在笨拙地喃喃自语。

“当然，你们英国人对自己的家都是一样，”她的声音愈来愈大地说，“你们并不特别

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.

“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 tomorrow 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. “tomorrow I am probably driving to Sospel; I’m not

引以为荣。曼得雷有座悬挂着非常珍贵的名画的大厅吧？”

我想他注意到我不舒服，因为他倾过身子来向我说话，他的声音柔和，问我要不要加点儿咖啡？当我摇头的时候，我感觉他的眼睛盯在我的身上，使我感到很困惑。

“什么事情把您引到这儿来呀？”温·哈勃太太继续说，“您并不是常客。您要亲自处理什么事呢？”

“我还没有决定，”他说，“我离开得极为匆促。”

他自己的话一定是勾起了一些回忆，因为他脸上有阴沉的模样。她没有注意到，又继续说下去，“当然您会怀念曼得雷。西方的乡间春色一定很迷人吧？”

“不错，”他简短地说：“曼得雷那时正是最美的时候。”

最后，一个侍者向温·哈勃太太传话，正好给他一个好机会。他立刻站起来，把他的椅子推回去。“不要让我耽搁您的时间。”他说。

“德·温特先生，能遇到您真是太高兴了；我希望跟您多来往。哪天您一定要来喝一杯。明天晚上我有一两个客人要来，您来参加我们的聚会如何？”我转过脸去，这样我就不会瞧见他正苦于找借口。

“我很抱歉，”他说，“明天我也许要驾车去梭士派尔；我无法确定何时我可以回来。”

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. 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

蝴蝶梦

007

她很不情愿地放弃了，于是他走了。

第二天早晨，温·哈勃太太醒来时，喉咙痛而且发高烧。医生告诉她一定要躺着。护士到达后，我便很轻松地离开她，下楼来想提早吃中饭——离我们的正常用餐时间还有半个小时。我希望餐厅是空的，果然如此——除了我们的邻桌以外。我没有这个心理准备。我以为他已经去了梭士派尔。可是我已经踏进餐厅了，无法再抽身回来。这是一种我没有经过的场面。我希望自己老成些，与众不同些。我目不斜视地走向我们的餐桌。不过我一坐下，便打翻了花瓶。花瓶水溢过桌布，流到我的双腿上。侍者在餐厅的那一端，而且也没有看到。可是转眼间邻座的他已经站在我身边了。

“您不能坐在湿桌布的桌子旁呀，”他简短地说，“您不会吃得香的。快让开。”他开始抹干水迹，接着侍者匆匆地跑来服务。

“在我的桌子上预备两份中餐，”他说，“小姐要跟我一块儿吃。”

“噢！不，”我说，“不行。”

“为什么不行？”

我试着想找个理由，试着相信他不愿跟我一起吃中饭。他只不过是出于礼貌的客气。

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 Hopper. You are not made for that sort of work. You're too young, for one thing... Now go upstairs and put your hat on, and I'll have the car brought round.”

008

“请坐。如果不想说话就不要勉强。”

他若无其事地坐下来继续吃午餐。我知道我们或许可以像这样地继续下去，在整个用餐的过程中一言不发而毫无窘态。

“您的朋友，”他终于说，“年龄比您大多了。您认识她很久了吗？”

“她不是我的朋友，”我告诉他说，“她是雇主。她正把我训练成她的同伴，而且她付我薪水。”

“我不知道一个人还可以用钱买来友谊，”他说，“这主意听起来倒很奇怪。您并没有很多与她相同的地方。您这是为了什么呢？您没有家人？”

“没有——他们都死了。”

“那么，”他说，“在这一点上我们是相同的。我们俩在这个世上都是孤独的。我还有个姊姊，然而我们却不常见面，另外还有一位年逾古稀的老祖母，我一年去探望她两三次，不过和她们俩都没有多亲近。我想您也知道，您到这儿来，与温·哈勃太太在一起，已经犯了一个大错。您不适合那种工作。一则您太年轻，这样吧，……您现在上楼去戴上帽子，我开车出去兜一圈。”

I was happy that afternoon; I remember it well. I can see the blue sky and sea. I can feel again the wind on my face, and hear my laugh, and his that answered it. It was not the Monte Carlo that I had known before. The harbour was a dancing thing, gay with boats, and the sailors were cheerful, smiling fellows, careless as the wind. I can remember as though I still wore it my comfortable, badly-fitting suit, my broad hat, my shoes fastened with a single strap, my gloves in a hand that was none too clean. I had never looked more youthful; I had never felt so old.

I am glad it cannot happen twice, the fever of first love. For it is a fever, and a misery too, whatever the poets may say. One is so easily hurt.

I have forgotten much of Monte Carlo, of those morning drives, of where we went, even of our conversation; but I have not forgotten how my fingers trembled, pulling on my hat, and how I would run along the passage and down the stairs and so outside. He would be there, in the driver's seat, reading a paper while he waited, and when he saw me he would smile, and throw it behind him into the back seat, and open the door, saying, "Well, how is the companion this morning, and where does she want to go?" If he had driven round in circles it would not have mattered to me.

那天下午我过得很愉快。我至今记忆犹新。我可以看到蓝天和大海，可以感觉到清风拂面，并可听到我的笑声与他回应的笑。这不是我以前认识的蒙地卡罗。小船活跃地摇荡，让港湾都舞动起来，水手们也都是快乐的，他们笑脸迎人，如风儿般的无牵无挂。我能记得，宛如我依然穿着那身舒服却极不合体的衣服，戴着宽帽子，穿着只系一根鞋带的鞋子，手中握着不干净的手套。我从来没有看起来如此年轻；也从来没有感觉到那样老成。

我欣喜于那初恋的狂热，不可能还有机会再发生。因为不管诗人们怎么歌颂，那总是一种狂热，而且也是一种不幸。一个人是很容易被伤害的。

对于蒙地卡罗，对于那些在清晨驾车兜风的情景，对于我们去过的地方，甚至对于我们的絮语，到现在我都已经逐渐淡忘了；可是我没有忘记我的手指怎么颤抖着拉上帽子，我怎么沿着走廊跑下楼梯以及怎么地跑向屋外。他在那里，坐在驾驶座上，阅读报纸等待着，他看到我的时候便微笑起来，把报纸丢进身后的座位上，于是打开车门，说：“喂，今天早晨感觉怎么样？想到哪儿去？”其实就算是驾车兜圈子，对我来说也无所谓。

We came to Manderley in early May, arriving, so Maxim said, with the birds and the flowers before the start of summer. I can see myself now, badly dressed as usual, although I had been married for seven weeks. I wondered if he guessed that I feared my arrival at Manderley now as much as I had looked forward to it before. Gone was my glad excitement, my happy pride. I was like a child brought to her first school. Any confidence I had gained during my seven weeks of marriage had gone now.

“You mustn’t mind if there’s a certain amount of curiosity,” he said, “everyone will want to know what you are like. They have probably talked of nothing else for weeks. You’ve only got to be yourself and they will all love you. And you won’t have to worry about the house; Mrs. Danvers does everything. Just leave it all to her. She’ll be stiff with you at first, I dare say. She’s an extraordinary character, but you mustn’t let her worry you.”

We drove through two high iron gates and up the long private road. We stopped at the wide stone steps before the open door, and two servants came down to meet us.

二

五月初我们一起来到曼得雷，抵达的时候，麦布莱斯就那样说，夏季尚未开始，那儿已经是百花盛开，百鸟争鸣了。虽然我们已经结婚七周，但是我现在仍然可以看到自己和从前一样地穿着不入时的衣服。我不知道是否他以为我现在害怕到曼得雷，那种心情正如我以前尤其期望到曼得雷一样。那时心里充满欢喜的兴奋与快乐的骄傲，此刻这些感觉都已消失了。我像个初次被带入学校的孩子。在七周的婚姻生活中我所得到的信心，现在都消失殆尽了。

“你不必介意别人的好奇心，”他说，“人人都想知道你长得怎么样？他们也许这几周都在谈论你。你只要处之泰然，他们都会喜爱你的。你不必操心家事，唐飞斯太太会料理一切。只要把一切事情都听凭她料理就行了。我想，她最初会与你格格不入。她是个特怪的人，不过你不必为此担忧。”

我们驾车从两扇高高的铁栅门通过，开上长长的私人车道。把车停在敞开门的宽石阶上，于是两个仆人走下来迎接我们。

“Well, here we are, Frith,” said Maxim to the elder one, taking off his gloves. We went together up the steps, Frith and the other servant following with the rug and my coat.

“This is Mrs. Danvers,” said Maxim. Someone came forward from the sea of faces, someone tall and thin, dressed in black, with great dark eyes in a white face. When she took my hand, hers was cold and heavy, and lay in mine like a lifeless thing. Her eyes never left mine. I cannot remember her words now, but I know she welcomed me to Manderley, in a stiff little speech spoken in a voice as cold and lifeless as her hand had been. When she had finished, she waited, as though for a reply, and I tried to say something, dropping my gloves in my confusion. She bent to pick them up, and as she handed them to me I saw a little smile of scorn on her lips.

After tea Firth came in. “Mrs. Danvers wondered, madam, whether you would like to see your room.”

Maxim looked up. “How did they get on with the east wing?” he said.

“Very well indeed, sir. Mrs. Danvers was rather afraid it would not be finished by your return. But the men left last Monday. I think you will be very comfortable there, sir; it’s a lot lighter of course on that side of the house.”

“喂！我们到了，佛里斯，”麦布莱斯对那个年长的仆人说，随即脱下他的手套。我们拾级而上，佛里斯与另一个仆人带着毛毯与我的外套随后跟着。

“这位是唐飞斯太太。”麦布莱斯说。

有一个人从人群中走向前来，高瘦的身材，穿着一身黑，白净的脸上配着一对乌黑的大眼睛，她与我握手的时候，她的手冰冷而沉重，握在我的手里像个无生气的东西。她的眼睛从没有离开过我。我现在记不起她的话语了，不过我知道她是说欢迎我到曼得雷来，她那简短的语调，像她的手一样冰冷而没有生气。她说完话后就静候着，好像静候一个答复一样，于是我想说什么，然而慌忙中我把手套掉在了地上。她弯腰捡起来，当她递给我的时候，我看到她的嘴唇上挂着一丝轻蔑的笑。

喝过午茶，佛里斯走进来说：“夫人，唐飞斯太太很想知道您是不是想看看您的房间？”

麦布莱斯抬起头来。“他们把厢房整理得怎么样了？”他说。

“非常的好，先生。唐飞斯太太原来很担心在您回来的时候不能如期完工。但是工人们上个星期一便离开了。我想你们在那儿会感到非常舒服的，先生，在房子的那一侧当然是明亮了许多。”

“What have they been doing?” I asked.

“Oh, nothing much. Only repainting and furnishing the rooms in the east wing, which I thought we would use for ours. As Frith says, it’s much more cheerful on that side of the house, and it has a lovely view of the flower garden. It was the visitors’ wing when my mother was alive. I’ll just finish reading these letters and then I’ll come up and join you. Run along and make friends with Mrs. Danvers. It’s a good opportunity.”

A black figure stood waiting for me at the top of the stairs, the dark eyes watching me from the white face. We went along broad passages, then came to a door which she opened, standing back to let me pass. There was a large double bedroom with wide windows, and a bathroom beyond. I went at once to the windows. The flower garden lay below, and, beyond it, smooth grass rising to the woods.

“You can’t see the sea from here, then?” I said, turning to Mrs. Danvers.

“No, not from this wing,” she answered, “you can’t even hear it. You would not know the sea was anywhere near, from this wing.”

She spoke in a peculiar way, as though something lay behind her words! As though there was something wrong with this wing.

“I’m sorry about that; I like the sea.”

She did not answer; she just went on looking at me, her hands folded before her.

“他们整理了一些什么?”我问。

“噢,非常少。不过是将我以为我们用得着的一间东厢房,略加粉饰和布置一下罢了。如佛里斯所说,住在房子的那边很愉快,而且可以眺望美丽的花园。家母在世的时候,那里是客房。我只要看完这些信件,然后便上来跟你一块儿看看。去吧!跟唐飞斯太太联络感情。这是一个好机会。”

楼梯顶端,有一个黑影站在那儿等我,白净脸上的一对乌黑眼珠正凝视着我。我们沿着宽广的信道走去,然后来到一扇门前,她打开门,退身站在后面以便让我进去。那是一间宽广的双人卧房,房子很大,浴室在尽头处。我立刻走向窗口。花园就在窗下,越过花园,油绿如茵的草地延伸到树林。

“那么,从这儿看不到海了?”我转身向着唐飞斯太太说。

“看不到,从这里是看不到,”她回答说,“甚至也听不到。从这里感觉不到海仅近在咫尺。”

她用一种奇怪的样子说,宛如弦外有音——好像是说这里有些不对劲似的。

“那太遗憾了;我喜欢海。”

她没有回答,只是两手交叉在身前继续看着我。

“However, it's a very charming room, and I'm sure we shall be very comfortable. I understand that it has been changed for our return.”

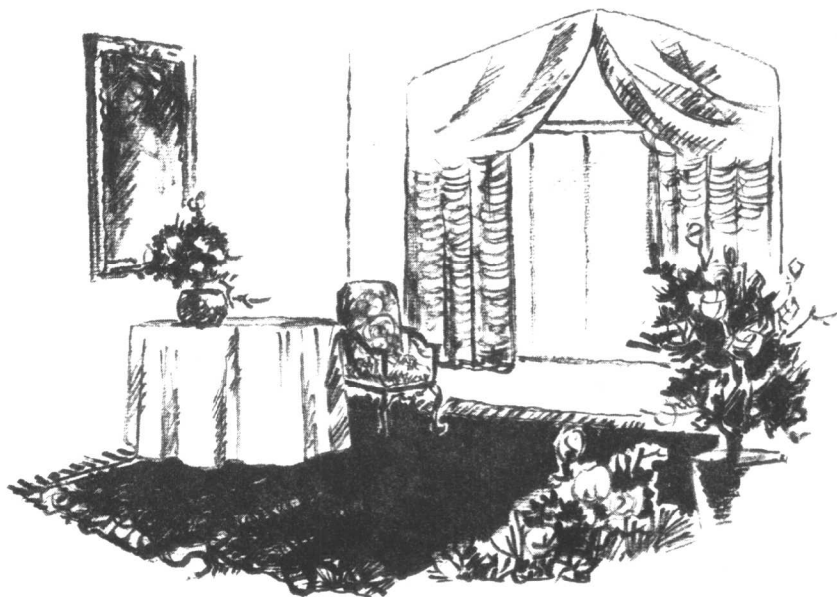
“Yes.”

“What was it like before?”

“It had blue paper, and different curtains. Mr. de Winter did not think it very cheerful. It was never used much, except for occasional visitors. But Mr. de Winter gave special orders in his letter that you were to have this room.”

“Then this was not his bedroom originally?”

“No, madam; he's never used the rooms in this wing before.”



“无论如何，这房间很漂亮，我确信我们会非常舒服的。我明白我们回来前它已经被整饰过了。”

“是的。”

“从前是什么样子？”

“从前是蓝色的壁纸，和现在不同的窗帘。德·温特先生认为不够明亮。除了偶而接待客人以外，不常使用这房间。”

“那么这不是他原来的卧房了？”

“不是，夫人；他以前从来也没有用过这里的房间。”

“Oh. He didn't tell me that.”

There was silence between us. I wished she would go away. I wondered why she must go on standing there, watching me, hands folded on her black dress.

“I suppose you have been at Manderley for many years,” I said, making another effort, “longer than anyone else?”

“Not so long as Frith,” she said, and I thought how lifeless her voice was, and cold, like her hand when it had lain in mine. “Frith was here when the old gentleman was living, when Mr. de Winter was a boy.”

“I see; so you did not come till after that.”

“No. Not till after that. I came here when the first Mrs. de Winter was a bride,” she said, and her voice, which had been dull and flat, was suddenly filled with unexpected life, and there was a spot of colour in the bony face. The change was so sudden that I was disturbed. I did not know what to do or to say. It was as though she had spoken words which were forbidden, words which she had hidden within herself for a long time and now would be kept in no longer. I could see that she scorned me, seeing that I was no great lady, but was humble and awkward. Yet there was something beside scorn in those eyes of hers, something surely of dislike, or even hatred? I had to say something; I could not let her see how much I feared and mistrusted her.

“噢，他没有告诉过我这件事。”

我们之间一时无语，我希望她会走开。我不知道为什么她一定要继续站在那儿，双手交叉在她的黑衣裳前凝视着我。

“我猜想你已经在曼得雷有很多年了，”我又勉强地说，“比别人都久吗？”

“没有佛里斯那么久，”她说，我想她的声音是多么地没有生气，冷冰冰的，就像我们握手时她的右手那样。“祖父在世的时候，也就是德·温特先生还是个小孩子的时候，佛里斯便在这里了。”

“我明白了；那么你是那以后才来的。”

“不是，不是那以后，而是在第一位德·温特太太当新娘的时候一起来的。”她说，她那沉闷而单调的声音，突然充满了不可思议的生动，并且在那瘦削的脸上，流露出一些光彩。因为这种转变来得太突然，令我感到很困惑。不知道为什么或者该说什么。似乎她已经说了一些忌讳的话，她已经隐藏了许久，而现在再也不能保持缄默了。我能看得出来，她轻视我，发现我不是一个贵妇，只是卑微与笨拙的人。然而除了她那对眸子里的轻视以外，还有别的，必定是厌恶甚至憎恨！

我必须说点儿什么话；我不能让她看出我是多么地怕她与不信任她。