



# 洛丽塔

[美国] 弗拉迪米尔·纳博科夫 著 李永译

L

OLITA

in bloom or suddenly against and traversed by the river, at the bottom of a hill, in the summer dusk, a busy search, faded moods.

My mother's elder sister, Sybil, whom a cousin of my father's had married and then neglected, served in my immediate family as a kind of unpaid governess and house-keeper. Somebody told me later that she had been in love with my father, and that he had lightly-heartedly taken advantage of it one rainy day and forgotten it by the time the weather cleared. I was extremely fond of her, despite the rigidity – the fatal rigidity – of some of her rules. Perhaps she wanted to make of me, in the fullness of time, a better widow than my father. Aunt Sybil had pink-rimmed, saucer eyes and a waxen complexion. She wrote poetry. She was poetically superstitious. She said she knew she would die noon after my sixteenth birthday, and did. Her husband, a great traveler in perfumes, spent most of his time in America, where eventually he founded a firm and acquired a bit of real estate.

的雪花从周围一圈密密地飘落下来，落到人及树上、山脚下、屋顶的瓦片中，少女也在那里飞舞，一种柔情的温暖的金色的小屋。

我母亲的姐姐，西贝尔，同我父亲的一个远亲结婚过，又故弃置不管了，就到了这个近亲家当无薪管家。家庭教师兼女管家。有人后来告诉她，一直爱着我父亲。他在一个雨天里，轻松地占有了她的便宜，而第二天之后又把这件事忘了个一干二净。我非常非常喜欢她，尽管她的某些规矩过于严格——严得受罚。或许她充分利用时机，把我培养成比我父亲更坏的嫡夫。西贝尔姨妈有一双娇粉红色唇面的青色眼眸，洁白的面色。她写诗，她对诗虔敬到了迷信的地步。她说她知道我十六岁生日过后她就会死，竟果然应验了。她丈夫，一位香水旅行推销家，大部分时间都在美国，最终算总账在那里建立了一家公司而且置得了房地产。

世界文学名著英汉全译丛书

# 洛丽塔

美国 弗拉迪米尔·纳博科夫 著

李永 译

新疆大学出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

世界文学名著英汉全译丛书/周晓波,李永主译  
——乌鲁木齐:新疆大学出版社,2002.9  
ISBN 7-5631-0290-7

I.世… II.①周… ②李… III.英语——对照读物,  
小说—英、汉 IV.B830

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2002)第 073205 号

---

世界文学名著英汉全译丛书

周晓波,李永 主译

新疆大学出版社出版发行

(乌鲁木齐市胜利路 14 号)

各地新华书店经销 新华印刷厂印刷

开本 880×1230 毫米 1/32 开 12 印张 310 千字

2002 年 9 月第一版 2002 年 9 月第一次印刷

ISBN 7-5631-0290-7/I·258

本册定价:19.80 元

如有印装问题,请直接同承印厂调换

## Part One

### 第一部

一朝潜入梦，此生不愿醒。<sup>1</sup>

Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.

She was Lo, plain Lo, in the morning, standing four feet ten in one sock. She was Lola in slacks. She was Dolly at school. She was Dolores on the dotted line. But in my arms she was always Lolita.

Did she have a precursor? She did, indeed she did. In point of fact, there might have been no Lolita at all had I not loved, one summer, a certain initial girl-child. In a principdom by the sea. Oh when?! About as many years before Lolita was born as my age was that summer. You can always count on a murderer for a fancy prose style.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, exhibit number one is what the seraphs, the misinformed, simple, noble-winged seraphs, envied. Look at this tangle of thorns.

洛丽塔，我生命之光，我欲念之火。我的罪恶，我的灵魂。洛—丽—塔：舌尖向上，分三步，从上颚往下轻轻落在牙齿上。洛。丽。塔。

在早晨，她就是洛，普普通通的洛，穿一只袜子，身高四尺十英寸。穿上宽松裤时，她是洛拉。在学校里她是多丽。正式签名时她是多洛雷斯。可在我的怀里，她永远是洛丽塔。

在她之前还有过别人吗？有的，确实有的。事实上，可能根本就没有什么洛丽塔，要不是我在一年夏天曾爱上了一个女童。在海边一片王子的领地。那是什么时候？洛丽塔还有多少年才降临世间，我那年的岁数就是多少。你总可以指望一名杀人犯写出一手妙文。

陪审团的女士们、先生们，第一件证物正是被六翼天使，那个误传的、简单的、羽翼高贵的六翼天使所嫉妒的。且看这段纠缠不清的痛苦心史吧。

## 2

I was born in 1910, in Paris. My father was a gentle, easy-going person, a salad of racial genes: a Swiss citizen, of mixed French and Austrian descent, with a dash of the Danube in his veins. I am going to pass around in a minute some lovely, glossy-blue picture-post-

一九一〇年我生于巴黎。我的父亲人很文雅且平易，他是个种族杂烩：瑞士籍，法国、奥地利混血，血脉里还有少许多瑙河的水质。我马上给各位传看几张颜色漂亮、光滑碧蓝的照片明信片。他在里维埃拉开了

cards. He owned a luxurious hotel on the Riviera. His father and two grand-fathers had sold wine, jewels and silk, respectively. At thirty he married an English girl, daughter of Jerome Dunn, the alpinist, and granddaughter of two Dorset parsons, experts in obscure subjects - paleopedology and Aeolian harps, respectively. My very photogenic mother died in a freak accident (picnic, lightning) when I was three, and, save for a pucker of warmth in the darkest past, nothing of her subsists within the hollows and dells of memory, over which, if you can still stand my style (I am writing under observation), the sun of my infancy had set: surely, you all know those redolent remnants of day suspended, with the midges, about some hedge in bloom or suddenly entered and traversed by the rambler, at the bottom of a hill, in the summer dusk; a furry warmth, golden midges.

My mother's elder sister, Sybil, whom a cousin of my father's had married and then neglected, served in my immediate family as a kind of unpaid governess and housekeeper. Somebody told me later that she had been in love with my father, and that he had light-heartedly taken advantage of it one rainy day and forgotten it by the time the weather cleared. I was extremely fond of her, despite the rigidity - the fatal rigidity - of some of her rules. Perhaps she wanted to make of me, in the fullness of time, a better widower than my father. (Aunt Sybil had pink-rimmed azure eyes and a waxen complexion.) She wrote poetry. She was poetically superstitious. She said she knew she would die soon after my sixteenth birthday, and did. Her husband, a great traveler in perfumes, spent most of his time in America, where eventually he founded a firm and acquired a bit of real estate.

一家豪华饭店。他父亲和他的两位祖父分别做过葡萄酒、珠宝和丝绸生意。三十岁那年他娶了一位英国女子，登山家吉约姆·丹恩的女儿，两位多塞特牧师的孙女，这两位专开冷僻科目——分别是古土壤学和风奏琴。我那位非常上镜头的母亲死于一意外事故（野餐、雷击），那时我三岁，因此，除却存留了黑暗过去里一小袋的温暖，在记忆的洞穴和幽谷中，她一无存在——倘若你还能忍受得了我的文体（我是在监视下写作）——我记忆中童年的太阳已经从记忆的洞穴和幽谷上沉落：你们当然都知道日光消逝后芬芳的余辉悬浮在茂盛的灌木丛周围，或突然地被漫步者闯入又踏过；山脚下，夏日的黄昏中，小虫也在那里飞舞；一种柔软的温暖的金色的小虫。

我母亲的姐姐，西贝尔，同我父亲的一个远亲结过婚，又被弃置不管了，就到我们这个近亲家当无薪酬家庭教师兼女管家。有人后来告诉我她一直爱着我父亲。他在一个雨天里，轻松地占了她的便宜，雨过天晴之后又把这件事忘了个一干二净。我非常非常喜欢她，尽管她的某些规矩过于严格——严得要命。或许她想充分利用时机，把我培养成比我父亲更好的嫖夫。西贝尔姨妈有一双带粉红色晕圈的青色眼眸，蜡白的面色。她写诗，她对诗虔诚到了迷信的地步。她说她知道我十六岁生日过后她就会死，竟果然应验了。她丈夫，一位香水旅行推销家，大部分时间都在美国，最终算总在那儿建立了一家公司而且置得了房地产。

I grew, a happy, healthy child in a bright world of illustrated books, clean sand, orange trees, friendly dogs, sea vistas and smiling faces. Around me the splendid Hotel Mirana revolved as a kind of private universe, a white-washed cosmos within the blue greater one that blazed outside. From the aproned pot-scrubber to the flanneled potentate, everybody liked me, everybody petted me. Elderly American ladies leaning on their canes listed toward me like towers of Pisa. Ruined Russian princesses who could not pay my father, bought me expensive bonbons. He, *mon cher petit papa*, took me out boating and biking, taught me to swim and dive and water-ski, read to me *Don Quixote* and *Les Misérables*, and I adored and respected him and felt glad for him whenever I overheard the servants discuss his various lady-friends, beautiful and kind beings who made much of me and cooed and shed precious tears over my cheerful motherlessness.

I attended an English day school a few miles from home, and there I played rackets and fives, and got excellent marks, and was on perfect terms with schoolmates and teachers alike. The only definite sexual events that I can remember as having occurred before my thirteenth birthday (that is, before I first saw my little Annabel) were: a solemn, decorous and purely theoretical talk about pubertal surprises in the rose garden of the school with an American kid, the son of a then celebrated motion-picture actress whom he seldom saw in the three-dimensional world; and some interesting reactions on the part of my organism to certain photographs, pearl and umbra, with infinitely soft partings, in Pichon's sumptuous *La Beauté Humaine* that I had filched from under a mountain of marble-bound *Graphics* in the hotel library. Later, in

我长成一个快乐、健康的孩子，在拥有图画书、柔净沙滩、橘树、友好的狗、海景和微笑面孔的明亮世界里长大了。在我周围，华丽的米拉娜饭店像一个私有宇宙旋转着，像一个粉白白的宇宙体嵌在更大的、外围熠熠闪光的蓝宇宙中。从系围裙的擦锅工到穿法兰绒的权贵，人人喜欢我，人人宠我。美国老太太像比萨斜塔似的倚在拐杖上看着我，付不起父亲账的破了产的俄罗斯公主给我买高档糖果。而他，我亲爱的小爸爸，则带我去划船、骑车，教我游泳、潜水和滑水，给我读《堂吉珂德》和《悲惨世界》，而我崇拜他、尊敬他，为他感到荣幸地偷听仆人谈论他的各类女友，那些美丽而好心的造物，她们没少利用我，又为我有幸丧母而喁喁不休一洒宝贵的眼泪。

我上了一所英国学校，离家几英里，我在那儿玩拍球和手球游戏，读书的分数甚佳，与同学和老师的关系都绝好。我能记得的十三岁以前（即第一次见到我的小阿娜贝尔之前）发生过的确切性行为是：一次在学校的玫瑰园里同一个美国小男孩讨论青春期突然袭击的问题，讨论是严肃、有礼并且纯粹理论性的，这孩子的母亲是当时一位很红的电影演员，连小男孩自己也很难在三维空间里见到她；还有我的身体在看到皮雄那部浩繁的《人性之美》书中的照片时，珍珠和阴影，柔软的分道，产生了有趣的反应；那书是我从饭店图书馆一堆大理石围着的《制图学》的书山下偷拿出来的。后来，父亲以喜悦又洒脱的态度教给我所有他认为我需要的性

his delightful debonair manner, my father gave me all the information he thought I needed about sex; this was just before sending me, in the autumn of 1923, to a *Lycée* in Lyon (where we were to spend three winters); but alas, in the summer of that year, he was touring Italy with Mme de R. and her daughter, and I had nobody to complain to, nobody to consult.

### 3

Annabel was, like the writer, of mixed parentage: half-English, half-Dutch, in her case. I remember her features far less distinctly today than I did a few years ago, before I knew *Lolita*. There are two kinds of visual memory: one when you skillfully recreate an image in the laboratory of your mind, with your eyes open (and then I see Annabel in such general terms as: “honey-colored skin,” “thin arms,” “brown bobbed hair,” “long lashes,” “big bright mouth”); and the other when you instantly evoke, with shut eyes, on the dark innerside of your eyelids, the objective, absolutely optical replica of a beloved face, a little ghost in natural colors (and this is how I see *Lolita*).

Let me therefore primly limit myself, in describing Annabel, to saying she was a lovely child a few months my junior. Her parents were old friends of my aunt's, and as stuffy as she. They had rented a villa not far from Hotel Mirana. Bald brown Mr. Leigh and fat, powdered Mrs. Leigh (born Vanessa van Ness). How I loathed them! At first, Annabel and I talked of peripheral affairs. She kept lifting handfuls of fine sand and letting it pour through her fingers. Our brains were turned the way those of intelligent European preadolescents were in our day and set, and I doubt if much individual ge-

知识;这正是在一九二三年秋天送我去里昂一所公立中学之前(我们将在那儿呆三个冬天);但请注意,就在那年夏天,他和 R 夫人及她的女儿去意大利旅行了,于是没人听我诉苦,也没有给我指点。

阿娜贝尔,跟作者一样,也是个混血儿:不过她的情形是一半英国,一半荷兰。今天,对她性格的记忆已远不如许多年前、认识洛丽塔之前那么清晰。视觉记忆分两种:一种是睁着眼睛,在你自己的大脑实验室里技术性地制造一个意象,(那时,我看见了阿娜贝尔,像一般词汇所描绘的:“蜂蜜样柔腻的肌肤”、“纤软的胳膊”、“褐色短发”、“长睫毛”、“大而漂亮的嘴”);另一种是你闭着眼睛,在眼睑遮暗的内壁里,你忽然记忆起那个物体,完全是视觉复制出的一张可爱面孔,一个浑身披着自然光泽的小精灵(就是我所见的洛丽塔的样子)。

因此容我控制一下自己,先严肃地描述阿娜贝尔,她是一个比我大几个月的可爱的孩子。她的父母是我姨妈的好朋友,也像她一样保守枯燥。他们在离米拉娜饭店不远的地方租了一幢别墅。秃顶、褐黄皮肤的利先生和肥胖、脂粉浓厚的利夫人——我是多么厌恶他们!最初,阿娜贝尔和我尽谈些周围的事。她不停地捧起一手细沙,又让它们顺着手指流下去。我们把头脑的音调稳定到适应当时那些聪明的欧洲儿童的程度,我现在怀疑是否应该分配一些个



mus should be assigned to our interest in the plurality of inhabited worlds, competitive tennis, infinity, solipsism and so on. The softness and fragility of baby animals caused us the same intense pain. She wanted to be a nurse in some famished Asiatic country; I wanted to be a famous spy.

All at once we were madly, clumsily, shamelessly, agonizingly in love with each other; hopelessly, I should add, because that frenzy of mutual possession might have been assuaged only by our actually imbibing and assimilating every particle of each other's soul and flesh; but there we were, unable even to mate as slum children would have so easily found an opportunity to do. After one wild attempt we made to meet at night in her garden (of which more later), the only privacy we were allowed was to be out of earshot but not out of sight on the populous part of the *plage*. There, on the soft sand, a few feet away from our elders, we would sprawl all morning, in a petrified paroxysm of desire, and take advantage of every blessed quirk in space and time to touch each other: her hand, half-hidden in the sand, would creep toward me, its slender brown fingers sleepwalking nearer and nearer; then, her opalescent knee would start on a long cautious journey; sometimes a chance rampart built by younger children granted us sufficient concealment to graze each other's salty lips; these incomplete contacts drove our healthy and inexperienced young bodies to such a state of exasperation that not even the cold blue water, under which we still clawed at each other, could bring relief.

Among some treasures I lost during the wanderings of my adult years, there was a snapshot

人的天分到如下的兴趣上:我们对芸芸众生的世界的兴趣、对富有竞争性的网球的兴趣、对无限大的空间的兴趣、对唯我论的兴趣,等等。幼小动物的柔软和脆弱,引起我们同样强烈的痛苦。她想到某个受饥挨饿的亚洲国家去当护士,我则想当一名出类拔萃的间谍。

就在一刹那,我们疯狂地、笨拙地、毫无羞怯、痛苦难忍地相爱了;同时还是无望地,我必须补充说;因为相互占有的狂乱只有靠实际吸吮、融合彼此灵魂和肉体的每一分子才能平息下来;但我们,甚至不能像贫民区的孩子那样很容易就找到在一起的机会。一天晚上,我们不顾一切地实现了在她家花园里幽会的企图以后(这是更后来的事),我们的秘密活动就只被允许在海滨浴场熙攘的地方、听力不及而眼力所及范围之内。在软绵绵的沙地上,距离大人们几英尺远,整个早晨我们都仰卧在那儿,带着欲望的勃发,利用时间和空间任何一个天赐的良机互相触摸:她的手,半埋在沙里,也会慢慢地移向我,修长的褐色手指梦游般越来越近;然后,她乳白色发光的膝盖会开始一次小心翼翼的旅行;有时,别的小孩子们建筑的保垒,能完全掩蔽我们摩挲彼此咸腥的嘴唇;这种不完整的接触把我们健康、却毫无经验的稚嫩身体驱向兴奋的状态,即使在冰凉的海水中,我们仍然互相紧拉着手,不能解脱。

在成年浪游岁月里丢失的许多宝物中,有一张快照,我姨妈照的,照



taken by my aunt which showed Annabel, her parents and the staid, elderly, lame gentleman, a Dr. Cooper, who that same summer courted my aunt, grouped around a table in a sidewalk café. Annabel did not come out well, caught as she was in the act of bending over her *chocolat glacé*, and her thin bare shoulders and the parting in her hair were about all that could be identified (as I remember that picture) amid the sunny blur into which her lost loveliness graded; but I, sitting somewhat apart from the rest, came out with a kind of dramatic conspicuousness: a moody, beetle-browed boy in a dark sport shirt and well-tailored white shorts, his legs crossed, sitting in profile, looking away. That photograph was taken on the last day of our fatal summer and just a few minutes before we made our second and final attempt to thwart fate. Under the flimsiest of pretexts (this was our very last chance, and nothing really mattered) we escaped from the café to the beach, and found a desolate stretch of sand, and there, in the violet shadow of some red rocks forming a kind of cave, had a brief session of avid caresses, with somebody's lost pair of sun-glasses for only witness. I was on my knees, and on the point of possessing my darling, when two bearded bathers, the old man of the sea and his brother, came out of the sea with exclamations of ribald encouragement, and four months later she died of typhus in Corfu.

#### 4

I leaf again and again through these miserable memories, and keep asking myself, was it then, in the glitter of that remote summer, that the rift in my life began; or was my excessive desire for that child only the first evidence of an

的是阿娜贝尔、她父母和老成持重的跛脚绅士——库柏医生，围坐在路边咖啡馆的桌边；医生在同年夏天向我姨妈求过婚。阿娜贝尔照得不好，因为她正好在对一杯巧克力奶专心致志时被拍了下来，她裸露、瘦削的肩膀和头发的分缝是能辨认出的一切（关于那张照片我是这样记得的），阳光模糊了她那份沉迷的可爱；而我，离开其他人坐着，表现出一种戏剧性的凸出：一个阴郁、面露愠色的男孩，穿一件暗色运动衣和一条裁剪得体的白色短裤，双腿交叉，侧身而坐，眼观旁处。这张照片摄于那个毁灭性夏季的最后一天，而且正是我们第二次也是最后一次做抗拒命运尝试的前几分钟。找了个很不充分的借口（这是我们最后一次机会，实际上什么也无所谓），我们逃出咖啡馆，来到海滨，找到一处荒无人烟的沙地，那儿有一堆红石头垒成的洞穴，在它蓝紫色的阴影里，我们贪婪地抚爱了，唯一的见证是不知谁失落的一副太阳镜。我跪着，正要占有我的爱，两个胡须髯髯的洗海澡人，大海的老父和他的兄弟走了过来，叫嚷着猥亵的鼓励的话。四个月後，她在科孚死于伤寒。

我一次又一次翻看我这些悲伤的记忆，不住自问，是否在那个遥远夏天的光辉中，我生命的罅隙就已经开始；或者对那孩子的过度欲望只是我与生俱来的奇癖的首次显示？当

inherent singularity? When I try to analyze my own cravings, motives, actions and so forth, I surrender to a sort of retrospective imagination which feeds the analytic faculty with boundless alternatives and which causes each visualized route to fork and re-fork without end in the maddeningly complex prospect of my past. I am convinced, however, that in a certain magic and fateful way Lolita began with Annabel.

I also know that the shock of Annabel's death consolidated the frustration of that nightmare summer, made of it a permanent obstacle to any further romance throughout the cold years of my youth. The spiritual and the physical had been blended in us with a perfection that must remain incomprehensible to the matter-of-fact, crude, standard-brained youngsters of today. Long after her death I felt her thoughts floating through mine. Long before we met we had had the same dreams. We compared notes. We found strange affinities. The same June of the same year (1919) a stray canary had fluttered into her house and mine, in two widely separated countries. Oh, Lolita, had you loved me thus!

I have reserved for the conclusion of my "Annabel" phase the account of our unsuccessful first tryst. One night, she managed to deceive the vicious vigilance of her family. In a nervous and slenderleaved mimosa grove at the back of their villa we found a perch on the ruins of a low stone wall. Through the darkness and the tender trees we could see the arabesques of lighted windows which, touched up by the colored inks of sensitive memory, appear to me now like playing cards—presumably because a bridge game was keeping the enemy busy. She trembled and twitched as I kissed the corner of her parted lips and the hot lobe of her ear. A cluster of stars palely glowed above us, between

我努力分析自己的欲念、动机、行为和一切时,我便沉湎于一种追溯往事的幻想,这种幻想变化多端,却培养了分析的天赋,并且在我对过去发狂的复杂期望中,引起每一条想象的道路分岔再分岔没有穷尽。但是,我相信了,就某种魔法和命运而言,洛丽塔就是阿娜贝尔的继续。

我也知道阿娜贝尔的死引起的惊骇更巩固了那个梦魇般夏天的挫折,成为我整个冰冷的青春岁月里任何其他浪漫韵事的永恒障碍。我们的精神和肉体融合在至善至美的境界了,这种境界却非今天那些实际浅薄、头脑简单的年轻人所能理喻的。她死后许久,我仍感到她的思想在我的灵魂内浮动。我们认识以前很久,曾做过相同的梦。我们比较过彼此的日记。我们发现了奇异的相似处。同年(一九一九),都在六月,一只迷途的金丝雀飞进了她的房间,也飞进了我的,在遥遥相隔的两个国家里。噢,洛丽塔,你是否如此地爱过我!

关于我的“阿娜贝尔”时期的结束,我隐匿了对我们第一次不成功尝试的记述。那天晚上,她骗过了家人恶意的监视。在别墅后面一片神经质的、叶片柔舒的含羞草丛中,在一面断墙矮垣旁,我们找到一个隐身高台;透过暗夜温柔的树木,我们能看见亮灯的窗户上斑驳的图案,那图案被记忆的彩色墨汁重新唤起,现在浮现眼前,像纸牌一样——因为推测到我们的敌人正忙于打桥牌。她颤抖着,痉挛着,我吻着她张开的唇角和火烫的耳垂。一群星星在我们头顶、在细长的树叶剪影中闪着幽昧的光;那充满生命力的天空赤裸着,像她轻

the silhouettes of long thin leaves; that vibrant sky seemed as naked as she was under her light frock. I saw her face in the sky, strangely distinct, as if it emitted a faint radiance of its own. Her legs, her lovely live legs, were not too close together, and when my hand located what it sought, a dreamy and eerie expression, half-pleasure, half-pain, came over those childish features. She sat a little higher than I, and whenever in her solitary ecstasy she was led to kiss me, her head would bend with a sleepy, soft, drooping movement that was almost woe-ful, and her bare knees caught and compressed my wrist, and slackened again, and her quivering mouth, distorted by the acidity of some mysterious potion, with a sibilant intake of breath came near to my face. She would try to relieve the pain of love by first roughly rubbing her dry lips against mine; then my darling would draw away with a nervous toss of her hair, and then again come darkly near and let me feed on her open mouth, while with a generosity that was ready to offer her everything, my heart, my throat, my entrails, I gave her to hold in her awkward fist the scepter of my passion.

I recall the scent of some kind of toilet powder - I believe she stole it from her mother's Spanish maid - a sweetish, lowly, musky perfume. It mingled with her own biscuity odor, and my senses were suddenly filled to the brim; a sudden commotion in a nearby bush prevented them from overflowing - and as we drew away from each other, and with aching veins attended to what was probably a prowling cat, there came from the house her mother's voice calling her, with a rising frantic note - and Dr. Cooper ponderously limped our into the garden. But that mimosa grove - the haze of stars, the tin-

软薄裙下的身体。我在天空里看见她的脸,清晰异常,仿佛放射着它自身微弱的光焰。她的双腿,她美丽、健康的双腿,合得不很紧,当我的手放在它要寻觅的位置上时,一种梦幻般怪异的表情,半是愉快,半是痛苦,显现在两张孩子气的脸上。她坐得比我高一点儿,每次她兴奋若狂便前来吻我,她的头梦幻般轻柔地、微微变斜,那动作几乎是哀怨的,她裸露的膝盖紧夹住我的手腕,又松塌下去,她的颤栗的嘴扭曲了,像受了一种神秘药性的刺激,朝我的脸颊靠过来吸一口气。她上来便企图用她干涩的唇摩挲我,想摆脱那爱的痛楚,而后我的爱又会躲开,头发神经质地一甩,接着再幽幽地靠近,让我的唇塞满她微张的小嘴,我已准备把一切慷慨地交与她,我的心,我的喉、我的五脏六腑,我把我感情的宝杖交给她抓在她笨拙的掌中。

我想起了某种脂粉的芳香——我确信这是她从她母亲的西班牙仆人那儿偷来的——一种甘甜又清淡的麝香香味。这香味和她身上的乳酪香混在一起,我的感觉突然间被充满了;附近灌木丛倏尔传来的一种骚动才未使它们滥溢出去——我们立刻彼此分开,疼痛的心注意到刚才可能是一只偷食的猫;这时从屋里传来她母亲呼唤她的声音,高昂的音符不断升高——库柏医生笨重地踱到花园里。但那片含羞草丛——朦胧的星光、声响、情焰、甘露,以及痛楚都

gle, the flame, the honey-dew, and the ache remained with me, and that little girl with her seaside limbs and ardent tongue haunted me ever since – until at last, twenty – four years later, I broke her spell by incarnating her in another.

## 5

The days of my youth, as I look back on them, seem to fly away from me in a flurry of pale repetitive scraps like those morning snow storms of used tissue paper that a train passenger sees whirling in the wake of the observation car. In my sanitary relations with women I was practical, ironical and brisk. While a college student, in London and Paris, paid ladies sufficed me. My studies were meticulous and intense, although not particularly fruitful. At first, I planned to take a degree in psychiatry as many *manqué* talents do; but I was even more *manqué* than that; a peculiar exhaustion, I am so oppressed, doctor, set in; and I switched to English literature, where so many frustrated poets end as pipe – smoking teachers in tweeds. Paris suited me. I discussed Soviet movies with expatriates. I sat with uranists in the Deux Magots. I published tortuous essays in obscure journals. I composed pastiches:

...Fräulein von Kulp  
may turn, her hand upon the door;  
I will not follow her. Nor Fresca. Nor  
that Gull.

A paper of mine entitled “The Proustian theme in a letter from Keats to Benjamin Bailey” was chuckled over by the six or seven

长驻我心头,那位拥有海滩日晒过的四肢和火热舌头的小女孩儿,从此便令我魂牵梦萦——直到,二十四年以后,我将她化身在另一个人身上,才破除了她的魔力。

我回首看我年轻的日子,它们像反复出现的苍白残片,一阵风似的都飞去了,就像火车旅客在清晨见到的一阵废卫生纸的风雪尾随在游览车厢后盘旋。就我和女人正常的关系而言,我是实际的、幽默的、轻快的。作为一个大学生,在伦敦和巴黎,应招女对我足够了。我的学习过于琐细,非常紧张,尽管并不特别有成绩。最初,我计划像许多不知足的才子那样,拿个精神病学的学位;但我比这还不知足;我压力过大,一种特殊的疲惫感出现了;于是我转向了英语文学,这科里许多失败的诗人最后都成了穿苏格兰呢、抽烟斗的教师。巴黎适合我。我和流亡者大谈苏联电影。我和同性恋者一起坐在“双猴”里。我在偏僻的小报上发表歪歪扭扭的小品文。我还创作模仿他人风格的打油诗:

……冯·库尔普小姐  
或许会扭转身,她的手放在门上;  
我不会跟随她。也不跟随弗莱斯卡。  
亦不跟那只鸟仔。

我的一篇题为《济慈致本杰明·贝利信中的普鲁斯特式主题》的论文,六位还是七位学者读了,都略略

scholars who read it. I launched upon an "*Histoire abrégée de la poésie anglaise*" for a prominent publishing firm, and then started to compile that manual of French literature for English-speaking students (with comparisons drawn from English writers) which was to occupy me throughout the forties – and the last volume of which was almost ready for press by the time of my arrest.

I found a job – teaching English to a group of adults in Auteuil. Then a school for boys employed me for a couple of winters. Now and then I took advantage of the acquaintances I had formed among social workers and psychotherapists to visit in their company various institutions, such as orphanages and reform schools, where pale pubescent girls with matted eyelashes could be stared at in perfect impunity reminding of that granted one in dreams.

Now I wish to introduce the following idea. Between the age limits of nine and fourteen there occur maidens who, to certain bewitched travelers, twice or many times older than they, reveal their true nature which is not human, but nymphic (that is, demoniac); and these chosen creatures I propose to designate as "nymphets."

It will be marked that I substitute time terms for spatial ones. In fact, I would have the reader see "nine" and "fourteen" as the boundaries – the miry beaches and rosy rocks – of an enchanted island haunted by those nymphets of mine and surrounded by a vast, misty sea. Between those age limits, are all girl-children nymphets? Of course not. Otherwise, we who are in the know, we lone voyagers, we nympholepts, would have long gone insane. Neither are good looks any criterion; and vulgarity, or at least what a given community terms so, does

笑起来。我为一家著名出版公司完成了《英国诗歌的历史缩影》，然后着手为英美学生编写法国文学手册（附有与英国作家的比较），这项工作占去我四十岁至四十九岁之间的全部时间——我被捕时，最后一卷就即将出版了。

我找到一份职业——在奥托伊给一个成人班教英语。而后一所男校聘用了我几个冬天。偶尔，我也利用一下我在社会工作者和心理医生中的泛泛之交，让他们陪着去访问各类单位，比如孤儿院和改良学校；那里，快进入青春发育期的女孩子，面色苍白、睫毛乌暗，被人端详却完全不受伤害，令我想起了那个梦赐的女孩。

现在我想介绍这样一种观点。在九岁和十四岁年龄限内的一些处女，能对一些着了魔的旅行者——尽管比她们大两倍甚或好几倍——显示出她们真实的本性，不是人性的，而是山林女神般的（也就是说，鬼性的）；而这些被选中的小生命，我想命名她们为“小仙女”。

显然我是用时间概念代替了空间概念。实际上，我是想让读者把“九岁”和“十四岁”看作界限——如镜的沙滩和玫瑰色的岩石——一个到处出没着我的小仙女们的幽灵的魔岛的界限，那海岛就镶嵌在一片雾气腾腾的汪洋之中。在这个年龄限内的女孩子是否都是性感少女呢？当然不是。否则我们这些熟谙此道者，我们这些孤独的过客，我们这些癖色贪花之人，岂不早就癫狂了。漂亮并不是标准；而粗俗，至少就一个

not necessarily impair certain mysterious characteristics, the fey grace, the elusive, shifty, soul-shattering, insidious charm that separates the nymph from such coevals of hers as are incomparably more dependent on the spatial world of synchronous phenomena than on that intangible island of entranced time where Lolita plays with her likes. Within the same age limits the number of true nymphets is strikingly inferior to that of provisionally plain, or just nice, or "cute," or even "sweet" and "attractive," ordinary, plumpish, formless, cold-skinned, essentially human little girls, with tummies and pigtailed, who may or may not turn into adults of great beauty (look at the ugly dumplings in black stockings and white hats that are metamorphosed into stunning stars of the screen). A normal man given a group photograph of school girls or Girl Scouts and asked to point out the comeliest one will not necessarily choose the nymphet among them. You have to be an artist and a madman, a creature of infinite melancholy, with a bubble of hot poison in your loins and a supervoluptuous flame permanently aglow in your subtle spine (oh, how you have to cringe and hide!), in order to discern at once, by ineffable signs — the slightly feline outline of a cheekbone, the slenderness of a downy limb, and other indices which despair and shame and tears of tenderness forbid me to tabulate — the little deadly demon among the wholesome children; *she* stands unrecognized by them and unconscious herself of her fantastic power.

Furthermore, since the idea of time plays such a magic part in the matter, the student should not be surprised to learn that there must be a gap of several years, never less than ten I should say, generally thirty or forty, and as

特定的阶层而言,并不一定损害什么神秘的特性:惹人发狂的优雅,难以捉摸的、诡诈的、灵魂分裂的、阴险的诱惑力,这些都是使小仙女有别于她们同代人的特性,那些同代人比之即将出现的时间的虚缈岛屿——洛丽塔,还有与她相似的女孩儿在上边嬉耍——来说,更无比依赖于此时存在的空间世界。在相同年龄限度内,真正小仙女的数量,大大低于那些暂时平淡的,或只是好看的,或“娇小可爱的”、甚至是“甜美迷人”、平常的、直率的、无拘无束的、皮肤冰冷的、有人味的小女孩的数量,她们鼓着小肚子,梳着小辫子,成年以后可能会也可能不会出落成美人(看看那些蠢笨的矮胖女人,穿着黑色长统袜,戴着白草帽,让人比喻为幕布上令人目眩的星星)。拿一群女学生或女童子军的照片给一位正人君子,并让他挑选一张最漂亮的,他不一定挑其中的小仙女。你必须是一个艺术家,一个狂人,一个无限忧郁的造物,你的欲望冒着热毒的气泡,你诡谲的坚毅里有一股超肉欲的火焰永远通红(噢,你是必须怎样畏缩和隐藏起来啊!),才能立刻辨认出,通过难以形容的特征——轮廓像猫一样的脸颊,柔软的四肢,还有其他一些使温柔的眼泪感到失望和羞愧的标志,我不能罗列下去——在所有孩子中辨认出那个销魂夺魄的小鬼人精;她未被他们发现,对自己神奇的力量也一无所知。

另外,由于时间的观念在事物中起着非常奇妙的作用,学生们理当不觉惊奇地懂得,男人和少女之间应该有一条年龄断沟,我说,无论如何不能少于十年,一般是三十年或四十

many as ninety in a few known cases, between maiden and man to enable the latter to come under a nymphet's spell. It is a question of focal adjustment, of a certain distance that the inner eye thrills to surmount, and a certain contrast that the mind perceives with a gasp of perverse delight. When I was a child and she was a child, my little Annabel was no nymphet to me; I was her equal, a faunlet in my own right, on that same enchanted island of time; but today, in September 1952, after twenty-nine years have elapsed, I think I can distinguish in her the initial fateful elf in my life. We loved each other with a premature love, marked by a fierceness that so often destroys adult lives. I was a strong lad and survived; but the poison was in the wound, and the wound remained ever open, and soon I found myself maturing amid a civilization which allows a man of twenty-five to court a girl of sixteen but not a girl of twelve.

No wonder, then, that my adult life during the European period of my existence proved monstrously twofold. Overtly, I had so-called normal relationships with a number of terrestrial women having pumpkins or pears for breasts; inly, I was consumed by a hell furnace of localized lust for every passing nymphet whom as a law-abiding poltroon I never dared approach. The human females I was allowed to wield were but palliative agents. I am ready to believe that the sensations I derived from natural fornication were much the same as those known to normal big males consorting with their normal big mates in that routine rhythm which shakes the world. The trouble was that those gentlemen had not, and I *had*, caught glimpses of an incomparably more poignant bliss. The dimmest of my pollutive dreams was a thousand times more dazzling

年,在一些特别情况下甚至多达九十年,这样才能使后者属于小仙女之列。这是一个焦点调节的问题,是内心之眼能颤栗着超越特定距离的问题。当我是孩子她也是孩子时,阿娜贝尔对于我并不是仙女;我是她的对手,本身就是个小牧神,在一座同样着魔的时间岛上;但是今天,一九五二年的九月,二十九年闪过去了,我想我可以在她身上辨认出我这一辈子最早命定的精灵。我们带着不成熟的爱彼此相爱,表现得粗暴,这种粗暴如果是成人则往往能毁灭他们的生活。我是一个健壮的少年,我活了下来;但毒素却在伤口,伤口永远裂着,不久我发现,在一种允许二十五岁的男子向十六岁而不能是十二岁少女求婚的文明里,我成熟了。

毫无疑问,我在欧洲时期的成年生活是双重的,很可怕。表面上,我和许多生着南瓜形或梨形乳房的风尘女子有所谓正常关系;暗地里,我对每个过路的性感少女的顽固欲望又把我搞得憔悴不堪,我像一个法律禁止的懦夫,对她们不敢接近。我能使用的女性,只是缓解的工具。我几乎要相信,我从自然的性行为中获得的感觉,完全等同于正常的伟男子与他们正常的伟伴侣在撼动世界的谐调整节中相结合的感觉。问题是那些绅士未能、而我却捕捉到了一种无比痛切的畅快。我朦胧玷污之梦境也比生命力最旺盛的天才作家或最有天赋的阳痿者所能想象出的苟合之事要璀璨一千倍。我的世界分裂了。我了解了不是一种而是两种性



than all the adultery the most virile writer of genius or the most talented impotent might imagine. My world was split. I was aware of not one but two sexes, neither of which was mine; both would be termed female by the anatomist. But to me, through the prism of my senses, "they were as different as mist and mast." All this I rationalize now. In my twenties and early thirties, I did not understand my throes quite so clearly. While my body knew what it craved for, my mind rejected my body's every plea. One moment I was ashamed and frightened, another recklessly optimistic. Taboos strangled me. Psychoanalysts wooed me with pseudoliberations of pseudolibidoes. The fact that to me the only objects of amorous tremor were sisters of Annabel's, her handmaids and girl-pages, appeared to me at times as a forerunner of insanity. At other times I would tell myself that it was all a question of attitude, that there was really nothing wrong in being moved to distraction by girl-children. Let me remind my reader that in England, with the passage of the Children and Young Person Act in 1933, the term "girl-child" is defined as "a girl who is over eight but under fourteen years" (after that, from fourteen to seventeen, the statutory definition is "young person"). In Massachusetts, U.S., on the other hand, a "wayward child" is, technically, one "between seven and seventeen years of age" (who, moreover, habitually associates with vicious or immoral persons). Hugh Broughton, a writer of controversy in the reign of James the First, has proved that Rahab was a harlot at ten years of age. This is all very interesting, and I daresay you see me already frothing at the mouth in a fit; but no, I am not; I am just winking happy thoughts into a little tidle cup. Here are some more pictures. Here is

别,却无一属于我;两者都被解剖学家称为雌性。但对于我,透过我的感觉三棱镜,“它们迥然如烟雾之于船桅”。所有这一切,我现在能用科学解释了。在我二十岁和三十岁出头的年龄,我还不能这么清楚地懂得我的痛苦。一方面我的身体明白它寻求什么,另一方面我的大脑却拒绝身体的每一项请求。一时间我感到羞怯、恐惧,还有盲目的乐观。禁忌勒索着我。精神分析家用伪解放论和伪性能讨好我。对于我,仅有的几个能引起情爱兴奋的对象就是阿娜贝尔的姐姐、她的女仆和女童仆,这个事实有时想起来,就像精神失常的前兆。其他时候,我则告诫自己,这不过完全是态度的问题,被女孩子弄得神魂颠倒实在并没什么错误。让我提醒我的读者,在英格兰,一九三三年通过了《青少年法案》以后,“少女”被定义为“八岁以上十四岁以下的女童”(之后,十四岁以上十七岁以下,法律的定义是“青年”)。而在美国马萨诸塞州,一个“任性孩子”,一般地说,是在“七至十七岁之间”(另外,他们习惯上总是和歹徒或淫棍为伍)。休·布劳顿,詹姆斯一世时期一位能言善辩的作家,已经证明了雷哈布十岁就当娼妓。这一切都很有意思,我敢说你以为我已经口沫横飞了;但没有,我没有;我只是让快乐的思想跳入一只小杯中。这里还有好些图画。一幅是维吉尔,他能让小仙女们用一种声调唱歌,不过也可能他更喜欢一个小伙子的腹膜。这幅是阿肯那顿王和奈费尔提蒂王后两个未到婚龄的尼罗河女儿(这对皇家姐妹养了一窝六岁小狗),赤裸的玉体上除却一串串亮闪闪的念珠

Virgil who could the nymph sing in single tone, but probably preferred a lad's perineum. Here are two of King Akhnaten's and Queen Nefertiti's pre-nubile Nile daughters (that royal couple had a litter of six), wearing nothing but many necklaces of bright beads, relaxed on cushions, intact after three thousand years, with their soft brown puppybodies, cropped hair and long ebony eyes. Here are some brides of ten compelled to seat themselves on the fascinum, the virile ivory in the temples of classical scholarship. Marriage and cohabitation before the age of puberty are still not uncommon in certain East Indian provinces. Lepcha old men of eighty copulate with girls of eight, and nobody minds. After all, Dante fell madly in love with his Beatrice when she was nine, a sparkling girleen, painted and lovely, and bejeweled, in a crimson frock, and this was in 1274, in Florence, at a private feast in the merry month of May. And when Petrarch fell madly in love with his Laureen, she was a fair-haired nymph of twelve running in the wind, in the pollen and dust, a flower in flight, in the beautiful plain as descried from the hills of Vacluse.

But let us be prim and civilized. Humbert Humbert tried hard to be good. Really and truly, he did. He had the utmost respect for ordinary children, with their purity and vulnerability, and under no circumstances would he have interfered with the innocence of a child, if there was the least risk of a row. But how his heart beat when, among the innocent throng, he espied a demon child, "*enfant charmante et fourbe*," dim eyes, bright lips, ten years in jail if you only show her you are looking at her. So life went. Humbert was perfectly capable of intercourse with Eve, but it was Lilith he longed

项链便别无他物,三千年过去了,仍悠然端倚在褥垫上,那褐色的柔软娇体、剪短的秀发和乌黑的媚眼都依然精美无损。这幅是几位十岁的新娘被迫坐在木柴上,那是古代学业宫殿里刚劲象牙的象征。青春期以前的婚配和同居在东印度某些地区仍是常事。雷布查人八十岁老头可以和八岁女孩子交媾,并无人怪罪。但丁疯狂地爱上了他的贝雅特里奇时,她只有九岁,璀璨的少女时期,这是在一二七四年的佛罗伦萨,在明媚的五月里一次私人宴会上,她化了妆,珠光宝气,可爱极了,穿一件深红色裙袍。当彼特拉克疯狂地爱上了他的劳琳时,她也不过是个十二岁金光耀眼的小仙女,在风中、在花粉和尘埃中奔跑着,是飞舞的一只花朵,像画中描绘的,从沃克吕兹山区飞到了那片美丽的平原。

还是让我们正经而文明一点吧。亨伯特·亨伯特极力想做好人。实际上,他真的这样做了。他完全尊重普通的孩子们的纯真和弱点;无论在什么情况下,即使没多大危险,他也不会妨害这些孩子的天真无邪。但是,当他从那天真的一群中,寻觅出了一个小妖精,他的心更狂跳了,“魅人而狡猾的女孩”,恍惚的眼睛,鲜亮的嘴唇,如果你只表现出你在凝视她,就得在狱中呆上十年。生活就这样继续下去了。亨伯特是那样精于和夏娃作爱,但他渴求的却是夜妖。乳房