

易英汉对照读物

蝴蝶梦

REBECCA

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Rebecca

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(丽贝卡)

Daphne du Maurier 原著

A.S.M. Ronaldson 改写

刘保山 译

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Rebecca
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本书作者及内容简介

本书作者英国女作家达夫妮·杜穆里埃 (Daphne du Maurier, 1907——) 是英国著名演员杰拉尔德·杜穆里埃 (Gerald du Maurier) 的第二个女儿。她的丈夫是菲德里克·布朗宁将军 (General Sir Frederick Browning), 有一子二女。她长期住在英国西南部大西洋沿岸的康沃尔郡 (Cornwall), 喜好驾驶游艇出海, 在乡村田野间漫步, 有不少作品即以此郡为背景。

一九三一年达夫妮·杜穆里埃发表第一部小说《可爱的精灵》后, 陆续写过十多部长篇小说、两个剧本以及许多其他体裁的文学作品。其中比较著名的小说有《牙买加旅馆》, 《法国人的小溪》, 《饥饿的山岗》等。她的小说大多情节曲折, 刻画细腻, 往往带有神秘、感伤的气氛。

《蝴蝶梦》(Rebecca) 发表于一九三八年, 是达夫妮·杜穆里埃的一部备受称誉的成名作。作者在这本书里, 以独特的风格塑造了一个出身贫寒没有姓名的女主人公“我”和另一个在小说开始时已经死去, 从未出场却贯穿始终的地主资产阶级女性丽贝卡 (Rebecca)。全书以第一人称叙述, 通过“我”之所思、所感、所见、所闻, 把书中人物的心理、仪态描绘得栩栩如生, 使读者如身临其境, 深受女主人公怀乡忆旧的思绪和曼德利庄园中阴森压抑的气氛感染, 加之情节引人入胜, 描写手法别致, 使它成为多年畅销不衰的名著之一, 并被称作是一部扣人心弦的“悬念小说”。通过两个德温特夫人的对比, 作者颂扬了下层人民的纯洁真挚, 批评了上流社会的腐败伪善, 对

尔虞我诈的资本主义社会有所揭露。

小说的基本情节如下：

丧妻一年的迈克西姆·德温特(Maxim de Winter)在蒙特卡洛遇见一位心地善良、性格文静的年轻姑娘，二人相爱而结婚。婚后不久，一同回到伦敦以西、德温特的曼德利庄园。这位新婚的妻子觉得德温特的已故的妻子丽贝卡阴魂不散，无时无刻不在，使她深感自卑，精神十分痛苦。在一次轮船搁浅的事故中，潜水员发现海底沉船中丽贝卡的尸体。德温特才向妻子说明事实真相。原来丽贝卡是一个放荡不羁、腐化堕落的女人。德温特无法容忍，开枪杀死了她，把尸体装入游艇，沉入海底。尸体被发现后，经官方讯问，判断为自杀，但丽贝卡的表兄费弗尔怀疑她是被德温特杀死的，趁机敲诈，但无佐证。最后由伦敦的一位医生证明，丽贝卡患不治之症，可以作为丽贝卡自杀的动机，费弗尔不再纠缠，失望而去。当德温特夫妇驱车返回庄园时，曼德利豪华的宅邸烈焰飞腾。怎样引起火灾，书中没有说明，仍属悬案。大概是丽贝卡的忠仆、女管家丹弗斯太太放的火。

《蝴蝶梦》一书被译成二十多种文字，再版重印数十次，并于一九四〇年改编搬上银幕，获美国奥斯卡最佳影片奖。解放前曾在我国上映，一九八〇年曾重映。《蝴蝶梦》是我国对该影片的称谓，今沿用作简写本书名。

本书简写本基本上保持原著的情节与特色，文字浅显易懂，可供中等程度的英语学习者阅读。

译 者

一九八〇年六月

Rebecca

蝴 蝶 梦

(丽 贝 卡)

Last night I dreamt that I went to Manderley¹ again. It seemed to me that I was going in by the iron entrance gates. The private road² 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 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,³ 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,

昨天夜里，我梦见又回到了曼德利。我仿佛是从那扇大铁门进去的。如今车道像条狭窄的带子，石砌路面长满野草。有时，我以为小道已到尽头，它却又从倒在地上的树底下钻了出来，或从冬雨积成的泥泞小沟那头出现了。树木已新抽低枝，挡住我的去路。突然我又来到住宅前面，站在那里，心怦怦地跳，两眼热泪盈眶。

这就是曼德利，我们的曼德利，还是那样神秘而幽静。灰白色的砖石在梦境的月光里闪闪发亮。时光的流逝，丝毫无损于围墙的完美，也无损于宅邸本身，它宛如托在掌心的一颗宝石。草地斜伸，直达海边，月光下一片银色的海水，寂然无波，犹如风平浪静时的湖面。我又转身面向宅邸。我发现，花园也跟树林子一样，完全荒芜了。到处杂草丛生。可是月光能给人们造成奇异的幻觉，甚至对梦中人也不例外。当我平静地站在那里时，竟断定宅子不是一座空壳，它还是像从前那样，有生命，能呼吸。窗户里透出灯光，窗帘在夜风中微微飘拂；书房的门还像我们离开时那样半开着；我的手绢还留在桌子上那盆秋花的旁边。

随后，一朵乌云盖住月亮，好像一只黑手遮住了脸庞。奇异的感觉过去了，我又看到一座空壳，它对往事缄默不语。我们的忧虑和苦难早已消失了。醒着的时候想到曼德利，我不再感到辛酸。要是我能在那儿无忧无虑地生活，我就会以通常的态度来看待它了。我就会记起夏日的花园、园中的鸟语、树底

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, following Mrs. Van Hopper⁴ 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

下的茶点、从下方岸边传来的阵阵海涛声。我会想到幸福谷树丛中盛开的鲜花。这些事物永远不会褪色，这些回忆也不会令人伤感。我知道这一切都发生在梦中，因为像大多数梦中人一样，我知道自己在作梦。事实上，我在遥远的异国土地上，躺在一家小旅馆的简陋的卧室里，很快就会清醒过来。我会在床上躺一会儿，伸伸腰，翻个身，迷惘地看看那炽热的太阳，和冷漠洁净的天空，这同我梦中柔和的月色是多么不同。白昼在等待着我们俩，它是漫长的，却充满着某种我们从未体会过的珍贵的平静和安宁。我们不会去谈曼德利，我也不会讲我的梦境。因为曼德利已不再为我们所有。曼德利已不复存在了。

我们永远也回不去了，这是毫无疑问的。往事记忆犹新，但是我俩之间毫无隐秘，分享一切。尽管这个小旅馆单调乏味，伙食欠佳，日复一日，天天如此。然而沉闷胜于忧虑。我们按老习惯生活。而且我——我已很善于朗诵了。我已不像从前那样腼腆忸怩，同我初次去曼德利的时候相比，现在的我已经大不一样了，那时我充满希冀和期望，极力想取悦于人。由于我缺乏自信，才给丹弗斯太太那样的人留下了不良印象。在丽贝卡之后，我在人们心目中的形象是什么样子呢？

我现在还记得那时的我，留着平直的短发，一张年青而不施脂粉的脸，穿着不合身的衣裙，跟着范·霍珀太太到餐厅去吃午饭。她走到临窗一个角落上通常占用的桌子旁，用她那双猪似的小眼睛左顾右盼，然后说：“竟没有一个知名人物！我要跟经理说，他们必须削减我的费用。他以为我到这儿干什么来了？难道是来看茶房的吗？”

我们一声不吭地吃着，因为范·霍珀太太就餐时除了饭菜外，什么也不想。这时我发现挨着我们的那张空了三天的桌子，又被人占用了。侍者领班正引着一个客人进来。范·霍珀

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 Winter⁵," 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 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

太太放下餐叉盯着他看，两只小眼睛忽然激动得闪闪发光，她探身跟我说话，嗓门稍稍高了些。

“这是迈克斯·德温特，”她说，“这个人是曼德利庄园的主人。你当然听说过罗。他面带病容，是吗？听人说，他自从妻子死后，还没恢复过来呢！”

她的好奇心简直像是一种病态。我还记得，她在那个令人难忘的下午，盘算着如何发动进攻的情景，就仿佛只是昨天发生的事。她突然转过脸对我说：“快上楼去把我外甥的那封信找出来，就是有照片的那封。马上拿来给我。”

我知道她已拟定了计划。我真希望有勇气先去警告那位陌生人。可是当我返回餐厅的时候，她并不在等我；他竟然已经坐在她的身旁了。我把信给了她，一句话也没说。他立刻站起身来。

“德温特先生同我们一起喝咖啡，你去向招待再要一杯来，”她说，口气漫不经心，足以让他知道我的地位。她的意思说，我年轻，无足轻重，他们谈话时不必把我算一分。所以，我看到他仍然站着，是他向侍者做了个手势时，不免感到奇怪。

“恐怕我不能同意，”他对她说，“是你们二位同我一起喝咖啡。”还没等我明白是怎么回事，他已经坐在我通常坐的那张椅子上，我便坐到范·霍珀太太身边。

有一会儿，她显得不大高兴。然后探身向前，手里拿着那封信。

“你知道，你一进来我就认出你了，”她说，“我心想：‘噢！这不是比利的朋友德温特先生吗？我一定要把比利和他妻子的照片给他看看。’瞧！这不就是。在棕榈海滩洗海水澡。比利狂热地迷恋着她。当然，比利在举行那次宴会时，还

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 laugh⁶. "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. "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 message⁷ for Mrs. Van Hopper. He got up at once, pushing back his chair. "Don't let me keep you," he said.

没有遇见她呢。就是在那个宴会上我初次见到您。不过，我敢说，您一定不记得我这样一个老太婆了吧？”

“不，我清楚地记得您，”他说。“不过我对棕榈海滩可不怎么喜欢。那类事情从未引起我的兴趣。”

范·霍珀太太纵声大笑说：“要是比利有一个像曼德利那样的家，他也不会去棕榈海滩游逛的。”她停了停，期待着他报以微笑，可是他只顾抽烟，似乎有点不自在。

“当然，我看过曼德利的照片，”她说，“漂亮极了。我记得比利曾告诉我说，曼德利的美胜过所有其他大庄园。我不明白您怎么舍得离开它。”

他的沉默使人难受，要是别人，早就看出来，可是她还是笨拙地喋喋不休。

“自然罗，你们英国人对家庭的态度全是一样的，”她的嗓门儿越来越大。“你们不想因为你们的家而显得骄傲。曼德利不是有一间大厅，其中有许多珍贵的藏画吗？”

我想，他觉察到了我处境为难，很不舒服，因为他从椅子上欠身跟我说话，声音亲切温和，问我是否再要点咖啡，当我摇头谢绝时，我觉得他仍然盯着我看，神情有点困惑。

“您为什么上这儿来了？”范·霍珀太太继续发问。“您不是这里的常客，您打算干点什么呢？”

“我还没有打定主意，”他说，“我离家时相当匆忙。”

他自己的话一定触动了某些回忆，他又显得不自在了。她毫不注意，继续絮叨着，“自然，您一定会怀恋曼德利。西部乡村在春天一定令人心旷神怡。”

“是的，”他简短地回答道，“那是曼德利最美的时候。”

直到一个侍者来找范·霍珀太太，才给了他一个告辞的机会。他立刻站起身来，挪开椅子，说：“别让我耽误了您的

"It's so delightful to have met you like this, Mr. de Winter; I hope I shall see something of you⁸. 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 Sospel⁹, 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 halfway 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. "Mademoiselle¹⁰ 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."

事。”

“能够这样遇见您真是太愉快了，德温特先生。我希望我还能再见到您，您有时间一定得来喝上一杯。明天晚上有一两个客人来看我，您也来吧！”我转过脸去，不愿意看他为设法推辞而寻找借口。

“非常抱歉，”他说，“明天我可能要到索斯佩尔去，说不定什么时候回来。”

她只好无可奈何地到此罢休，他便抽身走开了。

第二天早晨，范·霍珀太太醒来后，喉咙痛，有点发烧。医生让她躺在床上休息。护士来后，我便愉快地走开了，提前去吃午饭——比平时早了半个多小时。我料想餐厅一定是空荡荡的，果然是这样，但我们的邻桌已经有人了。这出乎意料之外，我以为他到索斯佩尔去了呢。我已经穿过了半个餐厅，不好再退回去。我可没有应付这种局面的经验，要是年长几岁，教养不同些，该多好。我目不斜视地向我们那张桌子走去。刚一坐下，就把花瓶碰翻了。水顺着桌布流到腿上。侍者在餐厅的另一头，没有看见，邻桌的客人马上走到跟前来。

“你可不能坐在湿漉漉的桌布旁吃饭，”他简短地说，“你会吃不好的。快起来吧！”他动手去擦水，这时侍者赶紧过来帮忙。

“在我桌上摆两副刀叉，”他说，“小姐同我共进午餐。”

“喔！不！”我说，“这可不好。”

“为什么？”

我想找个借口。我知道他不想同我一起吃饭。他不过是出于礼貌而已。

“过来，坐下吧。要是不愿意，我们不一定要说话。”

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."

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 Carlo¹¹ 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.