

## 幸福及其他故事

凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德(1888~1923)生于新西兰惠灵顿。原名凯思琳·曼斯菲尔德。她立志走文学之路,于1908年离开新西兰去伦敦,在那里过着无拘无束的生活。她后来用凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德的笔名在伦敦一家最活跃的周刊《新时代》上发表短篇小说参与国际间的辩论,从此开始了她的写作生涯。

她以20世纪最优秀的短篇小说家而得到普遍承认。在她因肺结核辞世后,其作品在法、德及英语国家中一直引起评论家的兴趣。

她生前发表的几部作品集包括《在一个德国公寓里》(1911),《先驱》(1918),《幸福及其他故事》(1920),《花园里的聚会及其他故事》(1922),去世后又陆续出版了《诗集》(1923),《幼稚及其他故事》(1924)和《一个神话故事》(1932)。

Katherine Mansfield

# Bliss

and Other Stories

**Katherine Mansfield** (1888-1923) was born Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp in Wellington, New Zealand. Determined to pursue a literary career, in 1908 she left New Zealand for London where she seems to have led a rather bohemian life. She began her career as a short story writer of international repute under the name of Katherine Mansfield in the "New Age", which was the liveliest weekly in London.

She is generally acknowledged as one of the finest short-story writers of the 20th century, and her work has been discussed by critics in the English-speaking world, France and Germany ever since her death from tuberculosis.

*In a German Pension* (1911), *Prelude* (1918), *Bliss and Other Stories* (1920), *The Garden-Party and Other Stories* (1922) were the only collections published before her death. Posthumous works include *Poems* (1923), *Something Childish and Other Stories* (1924), and *A Fairy Story* (1932).

*La Pléiade*  
LANGUAGES

## BLISS AND OTHER STORIES

### BLISS

Although Bertha Young was thirty she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at – nothing – at nothing, simply

What can you do if you are thirty and, turning the corner of your own street, you are overcome, suddenly, by a feeling of bliss – absolute bliss! – as though you'd suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe ? .

Oh, is there no way you can express it without being 'drunk and disorderly'? How idiotic civilization is! Why be given a body if you have to keep it shut up in a case like a rare, rare fiddle?

'No, that about the fiddle is not quite what I mean,' she thought, running up the steps and feeling in her bag for the key – she'd forgotten it, as usual – and rattling the letterbox. 'It's not what I mean, because – Thank you, Mary' – she went into the hall. 'Is nurse back?'

'Yes, M'm.'

'And has the fruit come?'

'Yes, M'm Everything's come.'

'Bring the fruit up to the dining-room, will you? I'll arrange it before I go upstairs.'

**Bliss** state of extreme happiness

**although** in spite of the fact that

**take dancing steps** make movements of the feet as if dancing  
**pavement** hard surface at the side of a street for people to walk on.  
**bowl** roll along the ground **hoop** large ring made of wood, metal or plastic  
**throw** send through the air with a movement of the arm

**you are overcome ... by a feeling of bliss** the sensation of happiness takes complete control over you **absolute** complete  
**swallowed** sent down the throat, from the mouth **burned** was on fire  
**bosom** the human chest **shower** fountain of many small pieces  
**sparks** small pieces of burning material thrown out by a fire  
**particle** very small piece **finger** one of the five movable parts of the hand  
**toe** one of the five movable parts at the end of your foot  
**express** show **drunk** condition when you have drunk too much alcohol  
**disorderly** uncontrolled, disturbing other people **'drunk and disorderly'** official charge in a court of law  
**idiotic** stupid **shut up** closed, locked **case** box  
**fiddle** violin **quite** exactly **mean** want to say **steps** set of flat, usually stone, surfaces, each higher than the other  
**feeling ... for** trying to find by touch **rattling** making a metallic sound by shaking  
**letter-box** hole in the front of a door for receiving letters  
**Is nurse back** has the nurse come back **nurse** woman employed to look after children.  
**M'm** Madam **come** arrived  
**arrange** put out, display, in a pleasing order

It was dusky in the dining-room and quite chilly. But all the same Bertha threw off her coat; she could not bear the tight clasp of it another moment, and the cold air fell on her arms.

But in her bosom there was still that bright glowing place – that shower of little sparks coming from it. It was almost unbearable. She hardly dared to breathe for fear of fanning it higher, and yet she breathed deeply, deeply. She hardly dared to look into the cold mirror – but she did look, and it gave her back a woman, radiant, with smiling, trembling lips, with big, dark eyes and an air of listening, waiting for something ... divine to happen ... that she knew must happen ... infallibly.

Mary brought in the fruit on a tray and with it a glass bowl, and a blue dish, very lovely, with a strange sheen on it as though it had been dipped in milk.

‘Shall I turn on the light, M’m?’

‘No, thank you. I can see quite well.’

There were tangerines and apples stained with strawberry pink. Some yellow pears, smooth as silk, some white grapes covered with a silver bloom and a big cluster of purple ones. These last she had bought to tone in with the new diningroom carpet. Yes, that did sound rather far-fetched and absurd, but it was really why she had bought them. She had thought in the shop: ‘I must have some purple ones to bring the carpet up to the table.’ And it had seemed quite sense at the time.

When she had finished with them and had made two pyramids of these bright round shapes, she stood away from the table to get the effect – and it really was most curious. For the dark table seemed to melt into the dusky light and the glass dish and the blue bowl to float in the air. This, of course in her present mood, was so incredibly beautiful. ... She began to laugh.

‘No, no. I’m getting hysterical.’ And she seized her bag and coat and ran upstairs to the nursery.

Nurse sat at a low table giving Little B her supper after her bath. The baby had on a white flannel gown and a blue

**dusky** rather dark **chilly** cold.  
**threw off** took off quickly. **bear** tolerate.  
**tight** constricting **clasp**: here, feeling of being enclosed, held  
**cold fell ... arms** her arms felt cold  
**bright** brilliant. **glowing** shining warmly

**unbearable** impossible to tolerate **dared**: had the courage  
**breathe** respire, take air into the body and let it out again  
**fanning it higher** making the feeling inside her stronger, as the  
wind turn sparks into flames. **and yet** however. **deeply** with large,  
slow breaths **cold** expressionless. **gave ... back**: reflected  
**radiant** beautiful and shining. **trembling**: shaking. **an air** an  
expression **divine** wonderful **infallibly** without doubt.  
**tray** flat piece of wood or metal for carrying small things.  
**bowl** deep, round container for fruit, etc. **dish**: plate. **sheen** bright  
condition of the surface **dipped**: put, immerse

**quite well** well enough.  
**tangerines** small, sweet oranges. **stained**: marked, coloured.  
**smooth** having an even surface, not rough. **silk**: very fine, smooth  
material **bloom**: here, covering of fine powder. **cluster**: bunch,  
group. **last** / e. the purple grapes. **tone in**: match.  
**carpet** woollen covering for the floor **sound**: seem.  
**far-fetched** unbelievable.

**bring ... up to**: match.  
**sense** sensible, logical.

**bright round shapes**: the fruit. **stood away**: stepped back  
**get the effect**: see how it looked.  
**most curious** very strange. **For**: because. **melt**: here, disap-  
pear **bowl**: deep, round container for fruit, etc. **float**: here, be  
suspended in the air. **mood**: state of feeling at a certain moment

**hysterical** losing control. **seized**: picked up.  
**nursery** special room for children.  
**supper** last meal of the day.  
**flannel** smooth warm material. **gown**: loose dress

woollen jacket, and her dark, fine hair was brushed up into a funny little peak. She looked up when she saw her mother and began to jump.

'Now, my lovey, eat it up like a good girl,' said Nurse, setting her lips in a way that Bertha knew, and that meant she had come into the nursery at another wrong moment.

'Has she been good, Nanny?'

'She's been a little sweet all the afternoon,' whispered Nanny. 'We went to the park and I sat down on a chair and took her out of the pram and a big dog came along and put its head on my knee and she clutched its ear, tugged it. Oh, you should have seen her.'

Bertha wanted to ask if it wasn't rather dangerous to let her clutch at a strange dog's ear. But she did not dare to. She stood watching them, her hands by her side, like the poor little girl in front of the rich little girl with the doll.

The baby looked up at her again, stared, and then smiled so charmingly that Bertha couldn't help crying:

'Oh, Nanny, do let me finish giving her her supper while you put the bath things away.'

'Well, M'm, she oughtn't to be changed hands while she's eating,' said Nanny, still whispering. 'It unsettles her; it's very likely to upset her.'

How absurd it was. Why have a baby if it has to be kept – not in a case like a rare, rare fiddle – but in another woman's arms?

'Oh, I must!' said she.

Very offended, Nanny handed her over.

'Now, don't excite her after her supper. You know you do, M'm. And I have such a time with her after!'

Thank heaven! Nanny went out of the room with the bath towels.

'Now I've got you to myself, my little precious,' said Bertha, as the baby leaned against her.

She ate delightfully, holding up her lips for the spoon and then waving her hands. Sometimes she wouldn't let the spoon go, and sometimes, just as Bertha had filled it, she waved it away to the four winds.

**funny** amusing **peak** shaped into a point

**lovey** little love **eat it up** eat everything

**setting** positioning **meant** signified, was a sign that

**a ... sweet** a good girl **whispered** spoke quietly

**pram** four-wheeled carriage for transporting a baby, pushed by hand **knee** joint in the middle of the leg **clutched** grasped, took hold in the hand **tugged** pulled hard or violently

**clutch** grasp, take hold in the hand **dare** have the courage

**stared** looked fixedly

**charmingly** sweetly, giving pleasure **couldn't help** could not avoid **crying** saying suddenly and in a loud voice **do let me note use of auxiliary to give emphasis**, please allow me

**oughtn't** should not **be changed hands** be passed to another person **whispering** speaking quietly **unsettles her** makes her troubled, anxious, irritable **it's very likely to** it will very probably

**upset** trouble **absurd** ridiculous, stupid

**fiddle** violin

**offended** hurt in feelings **handed ... over:** gave

**excite** make excited

**have such a time with her** find the baby difficult to handle

**Thank heaven** *exclamation of relief*

**towels** cloths for drying something wet

**to myself** entirely for me with no interference

**leaned** rested for support

**delightfully** in a pleasing way **holding up** *here*, opening

**waving** moving

**let ... go** release **just** as soon as

**waved it away** knocked it away **to the four winds** everywhere



When the soup was finished Bertha turned round to the fire

'You're nice - you're very nice!' said she, kissing her warm baby. 'I'm fond of you. I like you.'

And, indeed, she loved Little B so much - her neck as she bent forward, her exquisite toes as they shone transparent in the firelight - that all her feeling of bliss came back again, and again she didn't know how to express it - what to do with it.

'You're wanted on the telephone,' said Nanny, coming back in triumph and seizing her Little B.

Down she flew. It was Harry.

'Oh, is that you, Ber? Look here. I'll be late. I'll take a taxi and come along as quickly as I can, but get dinner put back ten minutes - will you? All right?'

'Yes, perfectly. Oh, Harry!'

'Yes?'

What had she to say? She'd nothing to say. She only wanted to get in touch with him for a moment. She couldn't absurdly cry: 'Hasn't it been a divine day!'

'What is it?' rapped out the little voice

Nothing. *Entendu*,' said Bertha, and hung up the receiver, thinking how more than idiotic civilization was.

They had people coming to dinner. The Norman Knights - a very sound couple - he was about to start a theatre, and she was awfully keen on interior decoration, a young man, Eddie Warren, who had just published a little book of poems and whom everybody was asking to dine, and a 'find' of Bertha's called Pearl Fulton. What Miss Fulton did, Bertha didn't know. They had met at the club and Bertha had fallen in love with her, as she always did fall in love with beautiful women who had something strange about them.

The provoking thing was that, though they had been about together and met a number of times and really talked, Bertha couldn't yet make her out. Up to a certain point Miss Fulton was rarely, wonderfully frank, but the certain point

**round to:** towards  
**fire** *here*, fire-place

**fond of** full of love for  
**indeed.** in fact, *here*, it was true.

**bent:** leaned **forward:** to the front. **exquisite** delicate **shone**  
gave out a reflected light **firelight** light given off by the fire  
**came back.** returned **express:** show.

**You're wanted on the telephone:** somebody has called you on  
the telephone **coming back** returning **seizing.** taking sud-  
denly and roughly in her arms.

**Down she flew:** she ran downstairs

**Look here:** *here*. listen.

**come along:** come.

**put back:** delayed by

**What had she to say?:** what was she trying to say?

**get in touch:** be in contact, communicate

**absurdly** foolishly, in a ridiculous manner **cry** exclaim **divine:**  
wonderful. **rapped out:** said sharply

**hung up** replaced **Entendu** I understand and will do as you  
ask. **receiver.** part of the telephone held in the hand **more than**  
very, extremely

**sound:** dependable, sensible **couple.** *here*, husband and wife  
**about to:** on the point of **start** establish, organize **awfully:**  
very. **keen on** interested in

**asking to dine:** inviting to dinner

**find** discovery, *here*, unusual and interesting new acquaintance

**did fall** *emphatic*, fell

**something ... about them** some strange quality

**provoking** annoying, tantalizing

**been about** gone out

**couldn't yet** still was not able to **make ... out** understand

**rarely** unusually **frank:** sincere

was there, and beyond that she would not go.

Was there anything beyond it? Harry said 'No.' Voted her dullish, and 'cold like all blonde women, with a touch, perhaps, of anæmia of the brain' But Bertha wouldn't agree with him, not yet, at any rate.

'No, the way she has of sitting with her head a little on one side, and smiling, has something behind it, Harry, and I must find out what that something is.'

'Most likely it's a good stomach,' answered Harry.

He made a point of catching Bertha's heels with replies of that kind . 'liver frozen, my dear girl', or 'pure flatulence', or 'kidney disease', . . . and so on. For some strange reason Bertha liked this, and almost admired it in him very much

She went into the drawing-room and lighted the fire; then picking up the cushions, one by one, that Mary had disposed so carefully, she threw them back on to the chairs and the couches. That made all the difference; the room came alive at once. As she was about to throw the last one she surprised herself by suddenly hugging it to her, passionately, passionately. But it did not put out the fire in her bosom. Oh, on the contrary!

The windows of the drawing-room opened on to a balcony overlooking the garden. At the far end, against the wall, there was a tall, slender pear tree in fullest, richest bloom, it stood perfect, as though becalmed against the jade-green sky. Bertha couldn't help feeling even from this distance, that it had not a single bud or a faded petal. Down below, in the garden beds, the red and yellow tulips, heavy with flowers, seemed to lean upon the dusk. A grey cat, dragging its belly, crept across the lawn, and a black one, its shadow, trailed after. The sight of them, so intent and so quick, gave Bertha a curious shiver

'What creepy things cats are!' she stammered, and she turned away from the window and began walking up and down .

How strong the jonquils smelled in the warm room. Too strong! Oh, no. And yet, as though overcome, she flung

**beyond** farther than

**voted** judged

**dullish** not very interesting or exciting **cold** not expressive or passionate **a touch** a little **anaemia** medical condition, lack of enough blood **brain** the mass of soft, grey matter in the head, centre of the nervous system **at any rate** in any case

**on one side** tilted to the side **has something behind it** means something **find out** discover

**Most likely** very probably **it's a good stomach** she has a good digestive system **made a point of** always thought it necessary to **catching ... heels** making . stop and think **liver** large reddish-brown organ in the body which produces bile and purifies the blood **frozen** become ice **pure here**, simply **flatulence** gas in the alimentary canal **kidney** one of a pair of organs in the abdomen that separates urine from the blood **disease** illness, disorder of body **drawing-room** sitting-room **picking up** taking **disposed** placed, arranged

**couches** sofas

**surprised herself** did something she could not explain **hugging** embracing, putting arms around **passionately** with strong emotion **put out** extinguish

**overlooking** having a view of

**slender** small in circumference, slim

**in fullest, richest bloom** full of flowers **becalmed** still, not moving. **jade-green** green like jade (hard green stone used carved into ornaments) **help**: avoid **bud** flower or leaf before it opens **a faded petal** a petal that has lost colour, freshness and vigour **beds** areas for flowers **tulips** garden plants **heavy with here**, full of **lean upon** rest against **dusk**, time just before it gets quite dark. **dragging here**, crawling, moving on **belly** stomach **crept across**: moved slowly with the body close to the ground **its shadow here**, close behind, like a shadow **trailed after** followed **intent** showing fixed attention. **shiver** trembling that cannot be controlled **creepy** frightening **stammered** spoke with a tendency to repeat rapidly the same sound or syllable (e.g. *g-g-give me that p-p-pen*) **jonquils** kind of narcissus **overcome** made weak

down on a couch and pressed her hands to her eyes.

'I'm too happy – too happy' she murmured

And she seemed to see on her eyelids the lovely pear tree with its wide open blossoms as a symbol of her own life.

Really – really – she had everything. She was young. Harry and she were as much in love as ever, and they got on together splendidly and were really good pals. She had an adorable baby. They didn't have to worry about money. They had this absolutely satisfactory house and garden. And friends – modern, thrilling friends, writers and painters and poets or people keen on social questions – just the kind of friends they wanted. And then were there books, and there was music, and she had found a wonderful little dressmaker, and they were going abroad in the summer, and their new cook made the most superb omelettes ..

'I'm absurd. Absurd !' She sat up; but she felt quite dizzy, quite drunk. It must have been the spring.

Yes, it was the spring. Now she was so tired she could not drag herself upstairs to dress.

A white dress, a string of jade beads, green shoes and stockings. It wasn't intentional. She had thought of this scheme hours before she stood at the drawing room window.

Her petals rustled softly into the hall, and she kissed Mrs Norman Knight, who was taking off the most amusing orange coat with a procession of black monkeys round the hem and up the fronts

'Why! Why! Why is the middle-class so stodgy – so utterly without a sense of humour! My dear, it's only by a fluke that I am here at all – Norman being the protective fluke. For my darling monkeys so upset the train that it rose to a man and simply ate me with its eyes. Didn't laugh – wasn't amused – that I should have loved. No, just stared – and bored me through and through '

'But the cream of it was,' said Norman, pressing a large tortoiseshell-rimmed monocle into his eye, 'you don't

**flung down** sat down violently **couch** sofa  
**murmured** spoke in a quiet voice, to herself.  
**eyelids** upper or lower coverings of the eyes  
**blossoms** flowers

**got on together splendidly** had a very good relationship **pals**  
(*colloq*) friends  
**absolutely** extremely  
**thrilling** stimulating, exciting  
**keen on** interested in

**dressmaker** woman who makes women's dresses **abroad** to  
a foreign country  
**absurd** ridiculous **sat up** sat erect  
**dizzy** feeling as if everything were turning round **drunk** under  
the influence of alcohol  
**could ... drag herself** she did not have enough energy to move

**string** thin cord **jade** hard green stone **beads** drops, small  
pieces **string of ... beads** beads threaded on a string  
**scheme** *here*, combination

**Her petals** *here*, material of her skirts **rustled** made a gentle,  
light sound as she went **taking off** removing  
**procession** *here*, line. **monkeys** long-tailed, tree-climbing  
animals **hem** border of an article of clothing.  
**stodgy** respectable, boring.  
**utterly** completely  
**by a fluke** by a lucky chance  
**upset** disturbed, shocked **train** *here*, people on the train  
**it rose to a man** everyone stood up  
**stared** looked at fixedly  
**bored ... through and through** looked at me so hard as if they  
wanted to see right through me **cream of it** best part  
**tortoiseshell** external covering of some sea turtles used for  
making combs, fans, glass-cases. **rimmed** having a rim or a  
border **monocle** eyeglass for one eye only

mind me telling this, Face, do you?' (In their home and among their friends they called each other Face and Mug.) 'The cream of it was when she, being full fed, turned to the woman beside her and said: "Haven't you ever seen a monkey before?"'

'Oh, yes!' Mrs Norman Knight joined in the laughter. 'Wasn't that too absolutely creamy?'

And a funnier thing still was that now her coat was off she did look like a very intelligent monkey – who had even made that yellow silk dress out of scraped banana skins. And her amber ear-rings; they were like little dangling nuts.

'This is a sad, sad fall!' said Mug, pausing in front of Little B's perambulator. 'When the perambulator comes into the hall ...' and he waved the rest of the quotation away.

The bell rang. It was lean, pale Eddie Warren (as usual) in a state of acute distress.

'It is the right house, isn't it?' he pleaded.

'Oh, I think so – I hope so,' said Bertha brightly.

'I have had such a *dreadful* experience with a taxi-man; he was *most* sinister. I couldn't get him to *stop*. The *more* I knocked and called the *faster* he went. And *in* the moonlight this *bizarre* figure with the *flattened* head *crouching* over the *lit-tle* wheel ...'

He shuddered, taking off an immense white silk scarf. Bertha noticed that his socks were white, too – most charming.

'But how dreadful!' she cried.

'Yes, it really was,' said Eddie, following her into the drawing-room. 'I saw myself *driving* through Eternity in a *timeless* taxi.'

He knew the Norman Knights. In fact, he was going to write a play for N. K. when the theatre scheme came off.

'Well, Warren, how's the play?' said Norman Knight, dropping his monocle and giving his eye a moment in which to rise to the surface before it was screwed down again.

And Mrs Norman Knight: 'Oh, Mr Warren, what happy

**mind** object to **telling this** talking about it  
**Mug** (*colloq*) face  
**being full fed** having had too much, being discontent, *here*, tired of the situation

**joined in** **laughter** began laughing too  
**creamy** *here*, extraordinary  
**funnier ... still** even more amusing **off** removed  
**look like** resemble  
**silk** smooth, fine cloth **scraped** clean **skins** external coverings of fruit **amber** clear yellowish-brown stone **ear-rings** ornaments for ears **dangling** hanging **nuts** dry fruit with a hard shell **fall** decrease in status **pausing** stopping briefly  
**perambulator** carriage with four wheels for babies  
**waved** made a gesture with a hand **quotation** sentence quoted **lean** thin **pale** having little colour  
**acute distress** great suffering  
**pleaded** asked earnestly  
**brightly** happily  
**dreadful** terrible  
**most** very, absolutely **sinister** threatening, evil **get** make

**moonlight** light of the moon **bizarre** strange **flattened** seeming flat **crouching** with the body lowered and back bent  
**wheel** *here*, circular object used to drive a car **shuddered** trembled with horror **immense** very large **scarf** long strip of material worn over the shoulders or round the neck **socks** articles of clothing worn on the feet and lower legs **most charming** very attractive **dreadful** terrible

**timeless** outside time

**came off** started happened

**dropping** letting fall  
**rise to the surface** *here* return to normal shape **screwed down** *here*, pushed back as the monocle was twisted in again



socks ?'

'I am so glad you like them,' said he, staring at his feet. 'They seem to have got so *much* whiter since the moon rose.'

And he turned his lean sorrowful young face to Bertha. 'There is a moon, you know.'

She wanted to cry: 'I am sure there is – often – often!'

He really was a most attractive person. But so was Face, crouched before the fire in her banana skins, and so was Mug, smoking a cigarette and saying as he flicked the ash: 'Why doth the bridegroom tarry?'

'There he is, now.'

Bang went the front door open and shut. Harry shouted: 'Hullo, you people. Down in five minutes.' And they heard him swarm up the stairs. Bertha couldn't help smiling: she knew how he loved doing things at high pressure. What, after all, did an extra five minutes matter? But he would pretend to himself that they mattered beyond measure. And then he would make a great point of coming into the drawing-room, extravagantly cool and collected.

Harry had such a zest for life. Oh, how she appreciated it in him. And his passion for fighting – for seeking in every thing that came up against him another test of his power and of his courage – that, too, she understood. Even when it made him just occasionally, to other people, who didn't know him well, a little ridiculous perhaps. ... For there were moments when he rushed into battle where no battle was ... She talked and laughed and positively forgot until he had come in (just as she had imagined) that Pearl Fulton had not turned up.

'I wonder if Miss Fulton has forgotten?'

'I expect so,' said Harry. 'Is she on the phone?'

'Ah! There's a taxi, now.' And Bertha smiled with that little air of proprietorship that she always assumed while her women finds were new and mysterious. 'She lives in taxis.'

'She'll run to fat if she does,' said Harry coolly, ringing the bell for dinner. 'Frightful danger for blonde women.'