

英汉对照世界文学丛书

(简写本)

# 蝴蝶梦

[英]杜穆里埃 原著



# Rebecca

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第 二 辑

REBECCA

蝴 蝶 梦

(简 写 本)

[英]达夫妮·杜穆里埃 原著

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## 出版说明

本书原名《丽贝卡 (Rebecca)》，是英国当代女小说家、传记作家达夫妮·杜穆里埃 (Daphne du Maurier, 1907—1976) 的成名作。一九三八年发表后，曾被译成二十多种文字，重印达三十九次，是一部历久不衰的畅销小说。

一九四一年，由著名导演阿尔弗莱德·希区柯克改编成电影《蝴蝶梦》，获奥斯卡最佳影片奖。本书沿用影片的译名。

小说以不断的悬念抓住读者，有“世界第一部悬念小说”之称。作者匠心独具，作为书名的丽贝卡，此人从未出场过，然而无所不在；无名女主人公只是起着烘托丽贝卡的作用，手法别致。

达夫妮·杜·穆里埃一生写的长篇小说有十九部，最著名的有《牙买加的客栈》(1936)、《法国人的山间狭道》(1941)、《海盗艳史》(1944)、《间隔之年》(1946)、《我的表妹雷切尔》(1952)和《群岛》(1963)等。她长期居住在英国西部库沃尔郡海滨，喜欢航海和在乡间生活，她的不少作品都描写当地的社会习俗与风土人情，有“库沃尔小说”之称。

达夫妮·杜·穆里埃出身于书香门第，祖父乔治·杜·莫里哀是画家，也是作家。父亲杰拉德·杜·莫里哀爵士是著名演员，丈夫布朗宁爵士是英国近卫步兵团陆军中将。达夫妮·杜·穆里埃是英

国皇家文学协会会员，1969 年被授予大英帝国 妇 爵  
勋章。

本书根据英国朗门公司 1977 年出版的简写本  
译出，简写者 A. S. M. Ronaldson，由译者加词  
汇总表于书末。

## 故 事 梗 概

《蝴蝶梦》的无名女主人公“我”，是一位举目无亲的少女，受雇充当某贵妇人的“伴侣”，在法国南部蒙特卡洛海滨与中年鳏夫马克西姆·德温特邂逅相遇，一见钟情，匆促结婚。

蜜月以后，回到豪华的曼德雷庄园。德温特的前妻丽贝卡陪嫁来的丹佛斯太太仍然在这里当管家婆，她出于对丽贝卡病态心理的崇拜，看不起新女主人，常常冷眼相投，处处加以奚落。

在一次化装舞会上，新女主人受管家婆的蒙蔽，好心瞒着丈夫，穿了一套按照画像中的贵妇人的款式设计的服装，引起轩然大波。丹佛斯太太居然当面说她“你是没法和丽贝卡相比的”，竟推开窗子要她跳楼。

次日潜水员意外发现丽贝卡的沉船和尸体。原来丽贝卡是一个玩世不恭、放荡不羁的下流少妇，马克西姆对她的荒淫无度感到忍无可忍。一天夜晚，马克西姆知道丽贝卡要去海边小屋与她的情夫费弗尔表兄幽会，便带枪前去，不料表兄失约，丽贝卡独自在小屋里。她自知癌症已到晚期，慌称自己有了身孕，借以激怒马克西姆。马克西姆在盛怒之下，枪杀了丽贝卡，并把丽贝卡的尸体匿藏在船舱内，沉入海底。之后，又故意错认了一具漂海而来的无名女尸，掩盖了事件的真相。

马克西姆因杀人犯罪而心神恍惚，长期的内心痛苦使他性情乖戾，喜怒无常。亲友们以为他郁郁寡欢是由于他在怀念溺水身亡的前妻。自从与女主人公这位纯洁、善良的姑娘相爱以后，他本来也期望从这位质朴无华的姑娘处得到慰藉和温暖，从而振作精神，重新开始生活。不料姑娘来到曼德雷，由于丹佛斯太太从中作梗，误以为马克西姆还爱着前妻而感到无比委屈和痛苦，而马克西姆则因为新娘对他不那么亲密无间，不敢披露隐私。直至潜水员无意中发现沉船和女尸，马克西姆才将真相告诉新娘，遂使新娘心中的痛苦和怀疑涣然冰释。

经过调查庭对溺尸案的调查审讯，一场官司确定丽贝卡因癌症厌世自杀，才使马克西姆化险为夷。但当他们破晓前驱车返回庄园，那里已是一片火海，曼德雷成了废墟，熊熊烈火吞噬了豪华的庄园，也吞噬了丽贝卡那不散的阴魂。

译者 一九八一年六月二十九日

## 目 录

第一章.....	2
第二章.....	22
第三章.....	38
第四章.....	58
第五章.....	72
第六章.....	96
第七章.....	112
第八章.....	182
第九章.....	196
第十章.....	270



曼德雷的月明之夜



# I

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*<sup>1</sup> 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

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1. throw out 伸出

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昨夜我梦见自己又回到了曼德雷。我恍惚是从大铁门进去的。那条私家车道如今已变得很狭窄，就象一条细长的绸带，石子路面已为杂草所覆盖。有时候我以为路已到了尽头，不料它又在一棵倒在地上的大树底下，或者在冬天雨水积成的泥潭那边伸了出来。树丛中乱生乱长着低矮的新枝，挡住了我的去路。我突然走到了庄园大宅前，我站在原地，心剧跳，泪水涌入眼眶。

那就是曼德雷，我们的曼德雷！它还象过去一样神秘、静谧。在我梦境中，月光正倾泻在那灰色的外墙上。时光的流逝无损于外墙的美观，也无损于大宅本身的显赫。它屹立在那里就象掌中一颗明珠。草坪倾斜，伸向大海。那大海静静地躺在月光底下，犹如一张银箔，就象不曾被风吹皱，也不曾受浪拍打的湖面。我又转身面向大宅，我发现庭园也象树林一样冷落萧疏，到处杂草丛生。可是月光能迷惑人，给人造成奇妙的幻觉，即使对梦中人也不例外。我站在屋前，虽然周遭鸦雀无声，我居然指天发誓，断定它决不是一个空无所有的外壳，而

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, if I could have lived there without fear. I would remember the flower gardens in the summer, and the birds that sang there. Tea under the trees, and the sound of the sea coming up to us from the shore below. I would think of the blown flowers from the bushes, in the Happy Valley. These things could never fade. They were memories that could not hurt. All this I knew in my dream (for like most sleepers I knew that I dreamed). In reality, I lay far away, in a foreign land, and would wake before long in the bare little hotel bedroom. I would lie a moment, stretch myself and turn, puzzled by that burning sun, that hard, clean sky, so different from the soft moonlight of my dream. The day would lie before us both, long, but full of a certain peace,

是有人居住，并且生气勃勃，一如既往。窗户里透出灯光，窗帘在晚风中轻盈地飘拂着。书房里，门半开着，就象我们当初离开时那样。我的手帕还留在桌子上，就在那盆秋花旁边。

然后，一朵浮云遮住了月亮，象一只黑手掠过脸庞。这种奇异的幻觉过后，我重新望着一个空壳，再也听不见对它往事的窃窃私议了。我们的恐惧和苦难已经消逝。我醒着的时候，想起曼德雷决不会满腹辛酸。假使我当初能够无忧无虑地生活在那儿，我就会以它原来的样子来想象它。我会回想那夏日的花圃和到处可闻的啼鸟声，树下的品茶和坡下海边传来的海浪拍岸的涛声。我会想起“幸福谷”灌木丛里盛开的鲜花。这些往事是永远不会忘怀的，回忆起来也不会使人伤感。这一切我在梦中知道得一清二楚（因为象多数熟睡的人一样，我知道自己是在作梦）。事实上，我是置身在遥远的异国土地上，再过一会儿就要在空荡荡的小客栈的床上醒来。我将静卧一会儿，伸个懒腰，翻个身，迷惘地望着那耀眼的阳光和冷漠明净的天空。这与我梦中所看到的柔和的月光多么不一样啊！白昼即将出现在我俩面前，它既漫长而又充满一种我们未曾体会过的确实无疑的平静和弥足珍贵的安宁。我们不会

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?"

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

谈到曼德雷，我也不会谈起我的梦，因为曼德雷不再属于我们了。曼德雷已经不复存在了。

我们再也回不去了，这是毫无疑问的。往事还在眼前，但如今我俩已经没有要瞒着对方的隐私，一切都可以同甘共苦了。尽管我们小客栈的生活很单调，伙食也不怎么好，日复一日，生活毫无变化，但是单调总比恐惧要好些。如今我们对这种生活已非常习惯，而我——我已经很善于朗读了！我已经摆脱了从前那种怯生生的窘态。跟初次驱车去曼德雷时相比，我已判若两人了。那时我满怀希望和热情，甚至一心想取悦于人。我所以会给丹佛斯太太之辈那么糟糕的印象，自然是因为我太缺乏信心了，继丽贝卡之后，我给了别人什么样的印象呢？

我清楚地记得当时自己的模样，一头平直的短发，一个稚嫩而不搽脂粉的脸蛋，一套极不合身的衣裙，跟在范霍伯太太后面到餐厅去吃午饭。她往餐厅角落一张靠窗的桌子走去，她老是占用那张桌子，她用猪一样的小眼睛左顾右盼，接着就说：“知名人士一个也没露面，我要对经理说去，他非得把我的旅馆费打个折扣不可。他不想想我到这儿干什么来的？难道是来看侍者的不成？”

我们闷声不响地吃着，因为范霍伯夫人喜欢一门心思吃她的饭菜。这时我看见邻座那张三天来一

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.

直空着的桌子，现在有顾客要来就座了。餐厅侍者领班把客人带来了。范霍伯太太放下餐叉盯着邻桌。接着，她屈身从桌子那边向我凑来，小眼睛闪烁出激动的光芒，话音稍许高了一点。

“那是马克斯·德温特，”她说，“曼德雷庄园的主人，这庄园你当然听说过的。他气色很难看，对吗？据说他无法排遣他丧妻之痛。”

她的好奇心到了病态的程度。我还清楚地记得，那个难忘的下午，仿佛还是昨天的事，她煞费苦心准备袭击。突然间，她转过身来对我说，“快上楼去把我外甥的信找出来，夹着照片的那一封，马上给我拿来。”

当时我就看出她已经想好主意了。我真希望自己有勇气去叫那个陌生人提高警惕，可是当我持信回到座位时，我发觉她并没有等我：他甚至已经坐在她身旁了。我一声不吭地把信递给她。他立刻欠身起来。

“德温特先生要跟我们一起喝咖啡，去叫侍者再端一杯来，”她说话语气之简慢，足以让他知道我是个什么人。那意思是说我不过是个黄毛丫头，无足轻重，谈话时完全可以把她撇在一边。因此，当我发觉他站着不坐下去，而且亲自招呼侍者时，我不禁感到诧异。



"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*<sup>1</sup> 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."

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1. as soon as .....就...