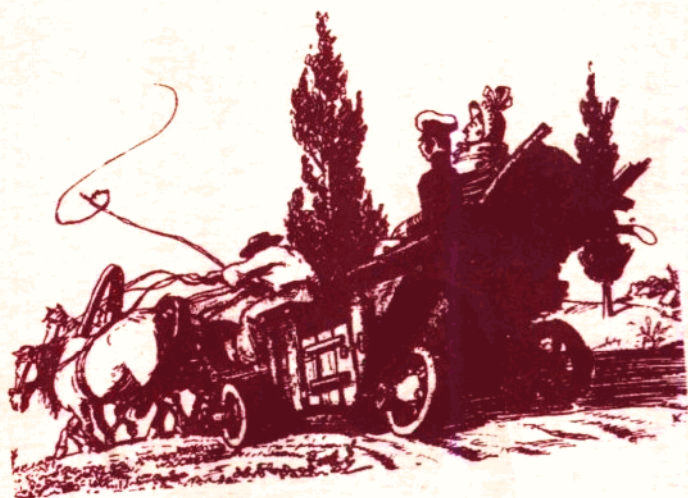


# 蝴蝶梦

## Rebecca

原著 Daphne Du Maurier



## 序

提高文化素质的最佳途径是读书,不少成名作家都是在读书中成长起来的。我喜欢文学,幼时特别爱读长篇小说。开始是在父亲单位的图书室借,像《西游记》、《三国演义》、《水浒传》等,我在十一岁时就统统读过。后来图书室的书不够看了,恰好新华书店开展租书业务,我便把不多的零用钱换了书来读,我看过全部的《沫若文集》、《巴金文集》、《茅盾文集》等,虽然是囫圇吞枣,但总觉得兴味无穷。这期间,我读的主要是中国的各种名著。

考上西安外国语学院以后,我更多地接触了外国名著。记得我看的第一部小说是《沉船》,泰戈尔那诗一般的语言,他描述的那田园诗一般的生活,深深地打动了,使我受到了心灵的震撼,我初次感到了外国文学的巨大力量。恰好碰上了“文化大革命”,我就有更多的时间徜徉在外国图书的海洋中了。曾经给我国一代青年人深刻教育的《牛虻》、

《古丽雅的道路》、《卓娅和舒拉的故事》、《钢铁是怎样炼成的》等作品,便是在这时期读过的。此外,我还系统地阅读了狄更斯、巴尔扎克、雨果、莫泊桑、托尔斯泰、德莱赛、大仲马、陀斯妥耶夫斯基、高尔基、果戈里等外国大师的著名作品,从此我与世界名著结下了不解之缘,而这些名著带给我的不仅是一种享受,更多的是一生受用不尽的精神财富。

世上新人换旧人,但世界文学名著却为一代代人青睐,你可以随之轻轻松松地走进异国他乡,去享受大师们驾驭语言的神奇魅力。而且,随着我国进一步的改革开放,只读译著已经不够,有条件的,还需要去涉猎原汁原味的外国文学,以回避译文中可能发生的种种不足。涉猎要一步步的来,原著,对于一般的外语学习者而言,是太难了,它会让人望而生畏,甚至丧失学习的信心和兴味。怎么办呢? 思来想去,还是先搞一些英汉对照的改写本吧。让有一定外语基础的青少年读者,既了解了名著,又学习了语言,两全其美,何乐而不为呢?

本着这个初衷,我社约请著名学者、西安外国语学院英语学科学科带头人杜瑞清博士和著名翻译家方华文先生主编了这套丛书,第一辑十册:《飘》、《鲁宾逊漂流记》、《简·爱》、《雾都孤儿》、《蝴蝶梦》、《少年维特之烦恼》、《莎士比亚戏剧故事集》、《巴黎圣母院》、《汤姆·索耶历险记》和《金银岛》。“年年岁岁花相似”,愿经典名著这不败的鲜花,伴随着我们年青的朋友成长。本着这个美好的祝愿,这套丛书,我们就名之为 FLOWER 10 吧。

这套丛书如果能受到广大青少年读者的喜欢,且对他们在名著与语言的学习上有一定的裨益,我们将陆续推出第二辑、第三辑……读者的需要就是我们的使命。

值此出版前夕,抚今追昔,不由一笔在手,感慨系之。

但愿书长久,人间日月圆。

周鹏飞

二〇〇二年九月写于西安逍遥斋

---

## Chapter 1

Last night, I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed that I stood by the iron gate and could not enter. There was a lock and chain on the door. I called the doorkeeper, but nobody answered me. Looking through the rusted spokes<sup>①</sup> of the gate, I saw that Manderley was empty.

Then, like all dreamers, suddenly I got some supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the gate. The drive wound away before me. As I went forward, I found it changed, narrower and deserted. Covered with all kinds of wild plants, it was not the drive I had known. The whole scene was not what I remembered.

Our poor drive wound its way. The path led not to

---

① 铁条。

---

## 第一章

昨晚，我梦见自己又回到了曼德利庄园。恍惚中，我站在那扇大铁门前，大铁门挡住了我的去路。铁门上挂着把大锁，还系了根铁链。我大声叫唤着看门人，却没人答应。隔着门上生锈的铁条向内张望，我才发现这已是座空宅。

这时，像所有的梦中人一样，我突然不知从哪儿获得了超自然的神力，幽灵般地飘过了大门。车道在我面前蜿蜒展开。但是待我继续向前走去，情况发生了变化，车道变得又狭窄又荒僻，各种杂草丛生，再也不是我所熟悉的那个模样。

这条可怜的车道歪歪扭扭地向前伸展。它似

---

the house at all, but to some wildness. Suddenly, I saw that big house. The entrance was covered by a vast growth of bushes. I stood there, my heart beating violently, with tears full of my eyes.

That was Manderley, our Manderley, secretive and silent as it had always been. Time could not change the perfect symmetry of those walls, and the house itself. The whole house was just like a pearl in the palm.

The terrace<sup>①</sup> sloped to the lawns and the lawns stretched to the sea. As I turned, I could see a calm silver sea under the moon. No waves would disturb the peace of the dream water. No cloud would obscure the clearness of this pale sky. Nettles<sup>②</sup> were everywhere, covering the terrace and spreading about the paths.

Moonlight could cause some strange fancy to people, even to a dreamer. As I stood there, silent and still, I knew the house was not an empty shell, but as lively as before. Light came from windows, and the curtains blew softly in the wind. In the library, the door half opened, and Jasper, our dear dog, was lying on the floor. He would wave his tail when he heard his master's footsteps.

---

① terrace: 平台。

② nettle: 荨麻(一种有刺野生植物)。

---

乎根本不通向宅子，而是深入一片混沌杂乱的荒野。突然间，我一眼看到了那大宅子。宅前的通道被一大簇乱生的灌木覆盖了。我伫立在那儿，心儿在胸中怦怦剧跳，眼眶里泪光涌动。

这就是曼德利！我们的曼德利故居！还是和过去一样偏僻、静谧。时光的流逝，丝毫不损于围墙完美的对称，也无损于宅基本身。整个宅子宛若手掌心里的一颗明珠。

平台斜伸向草坪，草坪一直伸向大海。一转身，我看见月光下那一泓宁静的银色的海水。这梦之水粼粼荡漾，没有一点波浪，清朗惨白的夜空也不见云块遮掩，荨麻处处可见，盖满了平台，拥塞着走道。

月光能给人造成奇异的幻觉，甚至一个梦中人也不例外。我静默地站在那里，断定这宅子不是一个空壳，仍像过去那样充满了生气。窗户里透出灯光，窗帷在风中微微拂动。藏书室里，门半开着，杰斯珀，我们的爱犬，就躺在地板上。它听见主人的脚步声时尾巴就会摇个不停。



---

An unseen cloud obscured the moon. My illusion suddenly disappeared and lights in the windows went out. I could only see an empty lifeless shell again. The house was a big tomb with our fear and suffering buried in it.

Although I was in my dream, I thought of all these soberly. Like most of the sleepers, I knew I was dreaming. But, in reality, I lay in the hotel bedroom in a foreign land, many hundred miles away and would wake soon.

No, we would not talk of Manderley. I would not tell my dream. For Manderley was ours no longer. Manderley was no more.

## Chapter 2

I can still remember myself at that time in Monte Carlo. I was a shy girl with straight short hair, dressed in unsuitable clothes and followed Mrs. Van Hopper everywhere.

That day, I was having dinner with Mrs. Von Hopper in that big magnificent dining ~ room, the hotel Coted' Azur in Monte Carlo. The waiter, through years of experience, had sensed my position lower than hers. He placed before me a plate of cold ham that somebody had



一片我未曾注意到的乌云遮没了月亮。顿时，我的幻觉消失了，窗户的灯光一齐熄灭。我又只能看见一个毫无生气的空壳。曼德利是座埋藏着我们的恐惧与苦难的大坟墓。

我虽在梦境中，却清醒地想到了上面的一切。因为像所有梦中人一样，我知道自己在做梦。事实上，我躺在数百英里外异国他乡旅馆的房间里，过不了多久就要醒来。

不，我们不会谈起曼德利，我不会讲述我的梦境，因为曼德利不再为我们所有，曼德利不复存在了。

## 第二章

我还能回忆起自己那时在蒙特卡洛的情形。那时的我是个羞怯的小姐儿，一头平直的短发，衣着也不得体，总是跟在范·霍珀夫人的后面。

那天我正与范·霍珀夫人在蒙特卡洛“蔚蓝海岸”旅馆豪华富丽的大餐厅用餐。那位侍者，凭着多年的经验，早已察觉出我是她的下人。他于是给我端来一盘不知哪位顾客退回的冷火腿。面对那

---

refused. I had no appetite for my own dish but I had no courage to refuse. Looking around, I found the table next to us was no longer empty. The headwaiter was showing a new guest to his place.

Mrs. Van Hopper put down her fork and reached for her lorgnette ① to observe him. I blushed for her while she stared, and the newcomer, unconscious of her interest, cast a wondering eye over the menu. Then she put her lorgnette down, her small eyes bright with excitement, her voice a little louder. "It's Max de Winter," she said, "the owner of Manderley. Of course, you have heard of it. He looks ill, doesn't he? They say he can't recover from his wife's death."

## Chapter 3

I wonder what my life will be like today if Mrs. Van Hopper is not a snob ②. She is curious about everything. For many years, she had come to the hotel Coted'Azur. Apart from playing bridge, one of her notorious hobbies was to try to make friends with famous visitors

---

① lorgnette: 她随身携带的一种装有握柄的长柄眼镜, 专门窥视别人的隐私。

② snob: 势利小人。

---

火腿，我一点儿食欲也没有，但我又没有勇气拒绝。环顾四周，我发现挨着我们的那张桌子不再空了。侍者将一位新客人引到座位上来。

范·霍珀夫人放下餐叉去摸长柄眼镜观察他。她直直地盯着人家看，我真为她害臊。可新来的客人并未意识到她对自己的兴趣，径自对菜单扫了一眼。接着范·霍珀夫人放下眼镜，小眼睛闪着激动的光芒，说话的嗓门稍许大了些。“这是迈克斯·德温特，”她说，“曼德利庄园的主人。你当然听说过这庄园喽。他面带倦客，对吗？听人说，他妻子死了，给他的打击太大，一时还没有恢复过来……”

### 第三章

如果范·霍珀夫人不是个势利鬼，我真不知道今天我的生活会是怎样的。她对一切都很好奇。多年来，她一直是“蔚蓝海岸”旅馆的常客。除了爱玩桥牌。她的臭名远扬的消遣之一就是试图把有名望的旅客强攀为自己的朋友，尽管这些人

---

although they disliked and ever tried to avoid her most of the time.

I can still remember that unforgettable afternoon, as if it happened yesterday. She finished her dinner hurriedly and sat in a sofa in the lounge<sup>①</sup>, waiting for her prey. Suddenly, she asked me to go upstairs and fetch her nephew's letter. I knew her nephew would be the way to introduce herself. When I returned to the lounge, I saw she had done a self-introduction. He was now even sitting beside her on the sofa. He stood up at once when he saw me.

"Mr. de Winter will have coffee with me. Go and ask the waiter for another cup," she spoke in such a casual way to show that I was young and unimportant and there was no need for me to join in their conversation. Therefore, it was a surprise to find that Mr. De Winter remained standing there. He made a signal to the waiter to serve coffee.

"I am afraid I must correct you," he said. "You two are having coffee with me." Before I knew what had happened, he was sitting in my usual hard chair, and I was on the sofa beside Mrs. Van Hopper.

For a moment, she looked annoyed. for this was

---

① lounge: 休息处(尤指俱乐部或旅馆者)。

---

讨厌甚至大多数时候都在尽力回避她。

时至今日，我仍能回忆起那个难忘的下午，仿佛这只是昨天的事。她匆匆吃完午饭，坐在休息室的沙发上，等待着猎物。突然，她让我上楼去取她外甥寄来的那封信。我知道她准备用外甥来做媒介介绍自己了。等我回到休息室，我发现她已作了自我介绍。而此刻他竟已坐在了她身边的沙发上。他看见我时赶忙站了起来。

“德温特先生与我一起用咖啡。去对侍者说再要一杯咖啡来，”她说话的语气非常之随便，以显示我是个无足轻重的小姐儿，我绝无必要加入他们的谈话。因此，看到这位德温特先生一直站着不坐下，我觉得很是奇怪。他招呼侍者端上咖啡。

“恐怕我得纠正你一下，”他说，“是你们二位与我一道用咖啡。”我还没来得及搞明白是怎么回事，他已坐在通常我坐的硬椅上，而我却已坐在范·霍珀夫人身边的沙发里。

有一刻，她显得很不高兴，因为这不符合她

---

not like what she had designed. But she soon recovered her peace and began to talk eagerly and loudly.

“You know I recognized you as soon as you walked into the restaurant, Mr. de Winter,” she said. “I want to show you those pictures Bill and his bride took on their honeymoon. At the party Bill held at Caride’s, I saw you first. But I dare say you don’t remember an old lady like me?”

She smiled, showing her teeth.

“On the contrary, I remember you very well,” he said coldly. When he spoke I glanced at him quickly. His face was arresting<sup>①</sup> and sensitive which reminded me of a portrait I had seen in a gallery.

Lost in thinking, I missed some parts of their conversation. I heard Mrs. Van Hopper burst into laughter, “they say Manderley is very beautiful.”

She stopped, expecting him to smile. But he said nothing and went on smoking with his brows knitted a little. Obviously he didn’t like others to talk about Manderley.

But she didn’t realize that. “Of course, you Englishmen are all the same about your homes,” she went on louder and louder, “you spoke lowly of it so as not to

---

① arresting: 迷人的。

---

原先的预想。但她不久便恢复了平静，急不可待地大声唠叨起来。

“你知道，你一进餐厅我就认出你了，德温特先生，”她说，“我想让您瞧瞧我外甥比尔和他的新娘度蜜月时拍的照片。比尔在克拉里奇的饭店举办舞会时，我第一次见您。不过，我敢说，您决不会记起我这样一个老太婆的。”

她笑着，露出闪闪发光的牙齿。

“相反，我清楚地记得您。”他冷冷地说。他说话时，我迅速地扫了他一眼。他的面孔非常吸引人，很敏感，这使我想起在一个画展里曾见过的一幅画像。

我陷入了沉思，两人刚才谈些什么，我都没听见，只听范·霍珀夫人放声大笑，“听说曼德利非常迷人啊。”

她停住了，期待他报以微笑。但他什么也没说，眉头微蹙，自顾自地抽烟。他显然不喜欢外人谈论曼德利。

但她并未意识到那一点。“自然罗，你们英国男人对家的态度都一样，”她嗓门越来越高，“你们贬低自己的家，以显示你们并不傲慢。”



---

seem proud.”

Still, he didn't answer. His silence was now painful.

I felt quite ashamed for her and my face turned red. I hoped she could stop talking about this. But she kept on talking, “I often come here because I can't stand the bitter winter in England. It seems that you seldom come here. I guess you miss the fogs at Manderley now.”

As she was saying, I noticed his face clouded.

“Yes,” he said shortly, “when I left, Manderley was looking most beautiful.”

His face was dark now. Then came a long silence of discomfort. She kept on talking for a long time, but he never interrupted or glanced at his watch. In the end, a page-boy came, saying that a dress-maker was waiting for Mrs. Van Hopper in her room.

He got up at once, pushing back his chair. “Don't let me delay you,” he said. “Fashion changes so quickly that it may have changed before you go upstairs.”

But she didn't understand the mock<sup>①</sup> in his words. “I am glad to have met you, Mr. de Winter,”

---

① 嘲弄。