



An English-Chinese Collation

Rebecca

蝴蝶梦

(英)杜穆里埃

中国戏剧出版社

中英文对照全译本丛书

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邮政编码:100089

电 话:010-84042552(发行部)

传 真:010-84002504(发行部)

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## 外国文学名著精粹文集

The Collected Masterworks of the Foreign Literature

## 译 序

提起英国女作家达夫妮·杜穆里埃,或许有许多人不甚了解,因为在中国读者的心目中,为他们所喜爱和熟知的首先应是《简爱》的作者夏洛蒂·勃朗特了;但是提起《蝴蝶梦》,恐怕知晓的人会多一些。为了让更多的读者了解她,我们在这里真诚地为大家奉献上这部小说。

达夫妮(1907-1990)生前曾是英国皇家文学协会会员,一九六九年被授予大英帝国贵妇勋章。她一生共写了十七部长篇小说,由于深受十九世纪以神秘、恐怖等为主要特点的奇特派小说的影响,她的不少作品情节曲折,人物(特别是女主人公)刻画细腻,而且在渲染神秘气氛的同时,夹杂着生命论色的感伤主义。

这部原名《吕蓓卡》的小说,发表于一九三八年,是达夫妮·杜穆里埃的成名作与代表作。小说中,作者成功地为我们塑造了一个颇富神秘色彩的女性吕蓓卡的形象。这是一个实际上根本不存在的人物,因为小说开头便已交代,她已经死去,然而读者细细读来,却分明以感觉到她的影子时时刻刻萦绕在你的眼前,处处音容宛在,尽管她只是在作者的倒叙中间接地被提一下,这无疑为小说蒙上了一层神秘的面纱。小说中还有一位女性,那便是以故事叙述者身份出现的第一人称“我”的形象。虽然这是一个喜怒哀乐俱全的活人,然而实际上她又处处烘托吕蓓卡的形象,处处与之对比。作者的这种以“实有”陪衬“虚无”的手法很值得注意。

达夫妮生前十分厌恶城市生活,她曾经长期居住在英国西南部的康沃尔郡,她的许多作品都是以此郡的风土人情与社会习俗为主题或是背景,也只不过通过这个“点”来揭露英国上层社会这个“面”中的种种丑态。正如本书,作者通过刻画吕蓓卡那种放荡形骸之外的腐化生活,以及与丈夫德温特的畸形婚姻,让我们清楚地看到了英国上层社会中的哀乐至上,势利伪善、尔虞我诈、穷奢极侈的现象。也帮助我们更好地了解当时的英国社会。

小说的另一成功之处还在于作者运用情景交融的手法渲染了两种气氛:一方面是阴林压抑的绝望恐怖,另一面又有缠绵悱恻的怀乡忆旧。为小说增添了浓厚的浪漫主义色彩。

尽管小说仍旧有不少缺憾——如作品所展示的生活面较狭窄,对于景物的描写时有重复,但仍然没有影响小说多年来的畅销不衰!

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## chapter one

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and a chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge keeper, and had no answer, and peering closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited.

No smoke came from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkept, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come in to her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long tenacious fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant pose to one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; the gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and again amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace, hydrangeas whose

## 第一章

昨晚,我梦见自己又回到了曼陀丽庄园。恍惚中,我站在那扇通往车道的大铁门前,好一会儿被挡在门外进不去。铁门上挂着把大锁,还系了根铁链。我在梦里大声叫唤看门人,却没人答应。于是我就凑近身子,隔着门上生锈的铁条朝里张望,这才明白曼陀丽已是座阒寂无人的空宅。

烟囱不再飘起袅袅青烟。一扇扇小花格窗凄凉地洞开着。这时,我突然像所有的梦中人一样,不知从哪儿获得了超自然的神力,幽灵般飘过面前的障碍物。车道在我眼前伸展开去,蜿蜒曲折,依稀如旧。但是待我向前走去,就觉察到车道已起了变化:它显得又狭窄又荒僻,不再是我们熟悉的那个模样。我一时感到迷惑不解,但当我低下头去避开一根低垂摇曳的树枝时,才发现了变化的来由。原来自然界已恢复了本来的面目,渐渐把她细长的手指顽强而偷偷摸摸地伸到车道上来了。即使在过去,树林对车道来说,也始终是个威胁,如今则终于赢得胜利,黑压压势不可挡地向着车道两侧边沿逼近。桦树伸开赤裸的白色肢体,互相紧紧偎依,枝条交叉错杂,形成奇特的拥抱,在我头顶构成一个形似教堂拱道的穹隆。这里还长有许多别的树木,有些我叫不出名字,还有些低矮的橡树和翘曲的榆树,都同桦树盘根错节地纠缠在一起。橡树、榆树,还有巨怪似的灌木丛以及其他一些草木,就这么纷列在这块静谧的土地上,全然不是我记忆中的景象。

车道已变成一条细带,与过去比,简直成了一根线!路面的沙砾层已不知去向,只见密密的一片杂草和青苔。树枝倒垂下来,阻挡着我的去路,节瘤毕露的根部活像骷髅的魔爪。在这片荒凉芜秽的林莽中间,时而又还能认出一些灌木丛,那是当年我们居住时的标志,是人工栽培和雅趣的产物。如紫阳,它的花穗

blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the nameless parasites that grew beside them.

On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all direction, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.

There was Manderley, our MandeHey, secretive and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream, the mulioned windows reflecting the green lawns and the terrace. Time could not wreck the perfect symmetry of those walls, nor the site itself, a jewel in the hollow era hand.

The terrace sloped to the lawns, and the lawns stretched to the sea, and turning I could see the sheet of silver placid under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. No waves would come to ruffle this dream water, and no bulk of cloud, wind - driven from the west, obscured the clarity of this pale sky.

I turned again to the house, and though it stood inviolate, untouched, as though we ourselves had left but yesterday, I saw that the garden had obeyed the jungle law, even as the woods had done. The rhododendrons stood fifty feet high, twisted and entwined with bracken, and they had entered into alien marriage. with a host of nameless shrubs, poor, bastard things that clung about their roots as though conscious of their spurious origin. A lilac had mated with a copper beech, and to bind them yet more closely to one another the malevolent ivy, always an enemy to grace, had thrown her ten-

曾经颇负盛名,但如今因为无人修剪照顾,也成了野生植物,枝干高得出奇,却开不出一朵花来,又黑又丑,与左近那些无名的草木没有什么两样。

忽而东,忽而西,这条可怜的细线歪歪扭扭地向前伸展。(而它一度就是我们的车道啊!)有时我以为它到头了,不料它又从一棵倒在地上的死树底下钻出,或是在一道由冬日绵雨积成的泥泞小沟的那头挣扎着露出头来。我从未觉得路竟这么长,那距离想必是不断成倍延伸,就像树木成倍往高处长去一样。车道似乎根本不通向宅子,而是引入一片迷津,通向一片混沌杂乱的荒野。突然间,我一眼看到了那宅子,宅前的通道被一大簇乱生乱长的异样灌木覆盖了。我伫立着,心儿在胸中怦怦剧跳;眼眶里泪花滚动,带来一阵异样的痛楚。

这就是曼陀丽!我们的曼陀丽故居!还是和过去一样的隐僻、静谧。灰色的砖石在梦境的月光里显得白惨惨的,嵌有坚框的窗子映着绿草坪和屋前平台。时光的流逝,丝毫不损于围墙的完美对称,也无损于宅基本身,整个宅子宛如手掌心里的一颗明珠。

平台斜连草地,草地一直伸向大海。一转身,我看见那一泓银色的海水,犹如风平浪静时期镜般的湖面,静静地任月光爱抚。没有波浪会使这梦之水粼粼荡漾,也不见云块被西风吹来,遮掩这清朗惨白的夜空。

我又转身面向屋子。尽管屹然挺立,一副神圣不可侵犯的神态,仿佛我们昨天刚刚离开,谁也没敢来碰它一下,但我发现庭园也和林子一样,服从了丛林法则。石南竟高达一百五十码,它们与羊齿绞曲缠绕在一起,还和一大簇无名的灌木胡乱交配。这些杂种灌木,紧紧地依傍着石南的根部,似乎很意识到自己出身的卑贱。一棵紫丁香与铜桦长到一块儿去了,而那永远与优雅为敌的常青藤,还恶毒地伸出弯曲的蔓须,把这对伙伴更紧地卷绕起来,使它们沦为俘虏。

drills about the pair and made them prisoners. Ivy held prior place in this lost garden, the long strands crept across the lawns, and soon would encroach upon the house itself. There was another plant too, some half-breed from the woods, whose seed had been scattered long ago beneath the trees and then forgotten, and now, marching in unison with the ivy, thrust its ugly form like a giant rhubarb towards the soft grass, where the daffodils had blown.

Nettles were everywhere, the vanguard of the army. They choked the terrace, they sprawled about the paths, they leant, vulgar and lanky, against the very windows of the house. They made indifferent sentinels, for in many places their ranks had been broken by the rhubarb plant, and they lay with crumpled heads and listless stems, making a pathway for the rabbits. I left the drive and went on to the terrace, for the nettles were no barrier to me, a dreamer. I walked enchanted, and nothing held me back.

Moonlight can play odd tricks upon the fancy, even upon a dreamer's fancy. As I stood there, hushed 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 roses.

The room would bear witness to our presence. The little heap of library books marked ready to return, and the discarded copy of *The Times*. Ash-trays, with the stub of a cigarette; cushions, with the imprint of our heads upon them, lolling in the chairs; the charred embers of our log fire still smouldering against the morning. And Jasper, dear Jasper, with his soulful eyes and great, sagging jowl, would be stretched upon the floor, his tail a - thump when he heard his master's footsteps.

A cloud, hitherto unseen, came upon the moon, and hovered an instant like a dark hand before a face. The illusion went with it, and the lights in the windows were extinguished. I looked upon a desolate shell, soulless at last, unhaunted, with no

在这无人照管的弃园里,常青藤占着最空出的地位,一股股、一绞绞的长藤爬过草地,眼看就要侵入屋子。此外还有一种原来生长在林中的杂交植物。它的种子很久前散落在树底下,接着也就被人遗忘了,如今它却和常青藤齐头并进,像大黄青似的,把自己丑陋的身子挺向曾经盛开过水仙花的柔软的草地。

到处可以看到荨麻,它们可以算是入侵大军的先头部队。它们盖满平台,乱七八糟地拥塞着走道,还把它粗俗细长的身子斜靠在屋子的窗棂上。它们是很差劲的步哨,因为在好些地方,它们的队伍被大黄草突破,就耷拉着脑袋,没精打采地伸着躯干,成了野兔出没的处所。我离开车道,走向平台。荨麻拦不住我,任何东西都拦不住我,因为梦中人走路是有法术的。

月光能给人造成奇异的幻觉,即使对梦中人也不例外。我肃然站在宅子前,意断定它不是一个空洞的躯壳,而像过去那样是有生命的、在呼吸着的活物。

窗户里透出灯光,窗帷在夜风中微微拂动。藏书室里,门半开着,那是我们出去时忘了随手带上。我的手绢留在桌子上,在一瓶秋玫瑰的旁边。

藏书室里处处留着我们尚未离去的印记:一小堆标有“待归还”记号的图书馆藏书;随手丢在一边的《泰晤士报》;烟灰缸里的一段烟蒂;歪歪斜斜倒在椅子上的枕垫,上边还印着我俩并头倚靠的痕迹;壁炉里炭火的余烬还在晨曦中吐着缕缕青烟;而杰斯珀,爱犬杰斯珀,就躺在地板上,眼睛充满着灵性,肥大的颈部下垂着,尾巴啪嗒啪嗒摇个不停,那是因为它听见了主人的脚步声。

我一直没注意到,一朵乌云已经遮没了月亮。乌云有好一阵子徘徊不去,就像一只黑手遮住了脸庞。顿时,幻觉消失了,窗户的灯光也一齐熄灭。我面前的屋子终于又成了荒凉的空壳,没有

whisper of the past about its staring walls.

The house was a sepulchre, our fear and suffering lay buried in the ruins. There would be no resurrection. When I thought of Manderley in my waking hours I would not be bitter. I should think of it as it might have been, could I have lived there without fear. I should remember the rose-garden in summer, and the birds that sang at dawn. Tea under the chestnut tree, and the murmur of the sea coming up to us from the lawns below.

I would think of the blown lilac, and the Hap-py Valley. These things were permanent, they could not be dissolved. They were memories that cannot hurt. All this I resolved in my dream, while the clouds laid across the face of the moon, for like most sleepers I knew that I dreamed. In reality I lay many hundred miles away in an alien land, and would wake, before many seconds had passed, in the bare little hotel bedroom, comforting in its very lack of atmosphere. I would sigh a mament, stretch myself and turn, and opening my eyes, be bewildered at that glittering sun, that hard, clean sky, so different from the soft moonlight of my dream. The day would lie before us both, long no doubt, and uneventful, but fraught with a certain stilless, a dear tranquillity 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.

## chapter two

We can never go back again, that much is certain. The past is still too close to us. The things we have tried to forget and put behind us would stir again, and that sense of fear, of furtive unrest, struggling at length to blind unreasoning panic — now mercifully stilled, thank God — might in some manner unforeseen become a living companion, as it had been before.

He is wonderfully patient and never complains, not even when he remembers... which

灵魂,也无人进出。在那虎视眈眈的大墙边,再也听不到往事的细声碎语。

曼陀丽是座坟墓,我们的恐惧和苦难都深埋在它的废墟之中。这一切再也不能死而复苏。我醒着的时候想到曼陀丽庄园,从不觉得难过。要是我曾在那儿无忧无虑地生活,说不定我还会就事论事地回想起那儿美好的一切:夏日的玫瑰园,拂晓时分的鸟语,栗子树下的午茶,还有草地那边传来的阵阵涛声。

我还会想到盛开的紫丁香,惦念起“幸福谷。”这一切都是永恒的,不可能像烟云般消散。这些回忆按理是不会惹人伤感的。月亮仍被乌云遮盖着。我虽在梦境之中,却清醒地想到了上面这一切,因为像所有梦中人一样,我知道自己是在做梦。事实上,我是躺在数百英里外的异国土地上,过不了几秒钟就要醒过来,发现自己睡在旅馆空荡荡的小房间里,没有任何特别的气氛,但也正因为如此,才令人感到舒坦释然。我会叹一口气,伸个懒腰,转过身子,睁开眼睛,迷惘地看看那耀眼的阳光和冷漠洁净的天空,这与梦中优柔的月光是多么不同!白昼横在我俩前头,无疑既漫长又单调,同时却充满某种珍贵的平静感。这是我俩以前不曾体会过的。不,我们不会谈起曼陀丽,我可不愿讲述我的梦境,因为曼陀丽不再为我们所有,曼陀丽不复存在了!

## 第二章

我们永远也回不去了,这一点是确定无疑的。过去的岁月仍近在咫尺。我们力图忘却并永远置诸脑后的种种往事,说不定又会重新唤起我们的回忆。还有那种恐惧,那种诡秘的不宁之感——感谢上帝慈悲,现在总算平息了——过去曾一度演变成不可理喻的盲目惊惶,说不定也还会以某种无法预见的形式卷土重来,就像过去那样和我们形影相随,朝夕共处。

他的忍耐功夫着实惊人。他从不怨天尤人,即使在回忆起往事的时候也决

happens, I think, rather more often than he would have me know.

I can tell by the way he will look lost and puzzled suddenly, all expression dying away from his dear face as though swept clean by an unseen hand, and in its place a mask will form, a sculptured thing, formal and cold, beautiful still but lifeless. He will fall to smoking cigarette after cigarette, not bothering to extinguish them, and the glowing stubs will lie around on the ground like petals. He will talk quickly and eagerly about nothing at all, snatching at any subject as a panacea to pain. I believe there is a theory that men and women emerge finer and stronger after suffering, and that to advance in this or any world we must endure ordeal by fire. This we have done in full measure,

ironic though it seems. We have both known fear, and loneliness, and very great distress. I suppose sooner or later in the life of everyone comes a moment of trial. We all of us have our particular devil who rides us and torments us, and we must give battle in the end. We have conquered ours, or so we believe.

The devil does not ride us any more. We have come through our crisis, not unscathed of course. His premonition of disaster was correct from the beginning; and like a ranting actress in an indifferent play, I might say that we have paid for freedom. But I have had enough melodrama in this life, and would willingly give my five senses if they could ensure us our present peace and security. Happiness is not a possession to be prized, it is a quality of thought, a state of mind. Of course we have our moments of depression; but there are other moments too, when time, unmeasured by the clock, runs on into eternity and, catching his smile, I know we are together, we march in unison, no dash of thought or of opinion makes a barrier between us.

We have no secrets now from one another. All things are shared. Granted that our little hotel is dull, and the food indifferent, and that day after day

不愤愤然……而我相信他常常想起过去,尽管他不愿让我知道。

他怎能瞒过我的眼睛?有时,他显出惘然若有所失的样子,可爱的脸上,所有的表情消失得一千二净,仿佛被一只无形的手一下子全抹掉了似的,取而代之的是一副面具,一件雕塑品,冷冰冰,一本正经,纵然不失英俊,却毫无生气;有时,他会猛抽香烟,一支接一支,甚至连烟蒂也顾不上弄熄,结果,那闪着火星的烟头就像花瓣似的在他周围散了一地;有时,他胡乱找个什么话题,口若悬河,讲得眉飞色舞,其实什么内容也没有,无非是想借此排解心头的忧伤。我听到过一种说法:不论哪一对夫妻,只要经历

苦难磨炼,就会变得更高尚、更坚强,因此在今世或来世做人,理当忍受火刑的考验。这话听上去有点似是而非,不过我俩倒是充分领略了其中的滋味。我俩经历过恐惧、孤独和极度的不幸。我觉得,每个人在自己的一生中迟早会面临考验,我们大家都有各自特定的恶魔灾星,备受压迫和折磨,到头来总得奋起与之搏斗。我俩总算战胜了这个恶魔,或者说我们相信自己战胜了。

现在,那灾星再也不来欺压我们。难关总算闯过了,自然我们也不免受了些创伤。他对灾难的预感从一开始就很灵验,而我呢,不妨效法一出蹩脚戏里的女戏子,装腔作势地嚷嚷,宣布我们为自由付了代价。说实在的,戏剧性的曲折离奇,这辈子我领教够了,要是能让我俩一直像现在这样安安稳稳过日子,我宁愿拿自己所有的感官作代价。幸福并不是一件值得珍藏的占有物,而是一种思想状态,一种心境。当然,我们有时也会消沉沮丧,但在其他时刻,时间不再由钟摆来计量,而是连绵地伸向永恒;我只要一看到他的微笑,就意识到我俩在一起携手并进,再没有思想或意见上的分歧在我俩之间设下屏障。

如今,我俩之间再没有任何要瞒着对方的隐私,真是同甘共苦,息息相通了。尽管这小客栈沉闷乏味,伙食也糟

dawns very much the same, yet we would not have it otherwise. We should meet too many of the people he knows in any of the big hotels. We both appreciate simplicity, and we are sometimes bored – well, boredom is a pleasing antidote to fear. We live very much by routine, and I have developed a genius for reading aloud. The only time I have known him show impatience is when the postman lags, for it means we must wait another day before the arrival of our English mail. We have tried wireless, but the noise is such an irritant, and we prefer to store up our excitement; the result of a cricket match played many days ago means much to us.

Oh, the Test matches that have saved us from ennui, the boxing bouts, even the billiard scores. Finals of schoolboy sports, dog racing, strange little competitions in the remoter counties, all these are grist to our hungry mill. Some times old copies of the Field come my way, and I am transported from this indifferent island to the realities of an English spring. I read of chalk streams, of the mayfly, of sorrel growing in green meadows, of rooks circling above the woods as they used to do at Manderley. The smell of wet earth comes to me from those thumbled and tattered pages, the sour tang of moorland peat, the feel of soggy moss spattered white in places by a heron's droppings. Once there was an article on wood pigeons, and as I read it aloud it seemed to me that once again I was in the deep woods at Manderley, with pigeons fluttering above my head. I heard their soft, complacent call, so comfortable and cool on a hot summer's afternoon, and there would be no disturbing of their peace until Jasper came loping through the undergrowth to find me, his damp muzzle questing the ground. Like old ladies caught at their ablutions, the pigeons would flutter from their hiding – place, shocked into silly agitation, and, making a monstrous to – do with their wings, streak away from us above the tree – tops, and so out of sight and sound. When they were gone a new silence would come upon the place, and I was uneasy for no known reason – would realize that the sun no longer wove a pattern

糕,日复一日,重复着单调的老一套,我们却不愿生活变成另一种样子。要是住到大旅馆去,势必遇到很多他的熟人。我俩都深感简朴的可贵,倘若有时觉得无聊,那又何妨?无聊对恐惧来说,岂非一贴对症的解药!我们按照固定不变的格局安排日常生活,而我就从中逐渐培养起朗读的才能。据我知道,只有当邮差误了班头的时候,他才露出焦躁的神情,因为这意味着我们得多挨一天才能收到英国来的邮件。我们试着听过收音机,但是杂音恼人,所以我们宁愿把怀乡的激情蓄积在心头。好几天前进行的一场板球赛的战果,在我们生活中竟有那么重要的意义。

啊!各种球类决赛和拳击比赛,甚至还有弹子房的击弹落袋得分记录,都能把我们从百无聊赖中解救出来。小学生运动会的决赛,跑狗以及偏僻诸郡那些稀奇古怪的小型竞赛——所有这些消息,都是空磨子里的谷物,都能解我俩饥渴之苦,有时我弄到几份过期的《田野报》,读来不禁神驰,仿佛又从这异乡小岛回到了春意盎然的英国现实生活中。我读到描写白色小溪、飞蜩蛄、生长在绿色草地上的雄鹿的文字,还有那些盘旋在林子上空的白嘴鸦,过去,这景象在曼陀丽庄园是屡见不鲜的。我在这些已被翻阅得残破不全的纸页中,竟闻到了闰土的芳香,嗅到了沼泽地带泥煤的酸味,甚至还触到那湿漉漉的青苔地,上面缀有斑点白斑,那是苍鹭的遗矢。有一回我念到一篇关于野鸽的文章,念着念着,恍若又回到了曼陀丽的园林深处,野鸽在我头顶鼓翅,我听到它们柔和、自得的咕鸣,这声音在夏日炎热的午后给人以舒适凉爽之感。只要杰斯珀不跑来,它们的安宁是不会受到打扰的。但是杰斯珀找我来了,它奔跳着穿过树丛,一边用湿漉漉的鼻子嗅着地面。经狗一吓,野鸽顿时大可不必地一阵骚动,从藏身处乱飞出去,就像一群老太婆在洗澡时遭人撞见了一样。野鸽劈劈啪啪鼓动翅膀,迅捷地从树顶上掠过,渐渐远去,终于飞得无影无踪。这时,周围复归静

on the rustling leaves, that the branches had grown darker, the shadows longer; and back at the house there would be fresh raspberries for tea. I would rise from my bed of bracken then, shaking the feathery dust of last year's leaves from my skirt and whistling to Jasper, set off towards the house, despising myself even as I walked for my hurrying feet, my one swift glance behind.

How strange that an article on wood pigeons could so recall the past and make me falter as I read aloud. It was the grey look on his face that made me stop abruptly, and turn the pages until I found a paragraph on cricket, very practical and dull Middlesex batting on a dry wicket at the Oval and piling up interminable dreary runs. How I blessed those solid, flannelled figures, for in a few minutes his face had settled back into repose, the colour had returned, and he was deriding the Surrey bowling in healthy irritation.

We were saved a retreat into the past, and I had learnt my lesson. Read English news, yes, and English sport, politics, and pomposity, but in future keep the things that hurt to myself alone. They can be my secret indulgence. Colour and scent and sound, rain and the lapping of water, even the mists of autumn and the smell of the flood tide, these are memories of Manderley that will not be denied. Some people have a vice of reading Bradshaws. They plan innumerable journeys across country for the fun of linking up impossible connexions. My hobby is less tedious, if as strange. I am a mine of information on the English countryside. I know the name of every owner of every British moor, yes - and their tenants too. I know how many grouse are killed, how many partridge, how many head of deer. I know where trout are rising, and where the salmon leap. I attend all meets, I follow every run. Even the names of those who walk hound puppies are familiar to me. The state of the crops, the price of fat cattle, the mysterious ailments of swine, I relish them all. A poor pastime,

而我却莫名其妙地不安起来,注意到阳光不再在飒飒作声的树叶上编织出图案,树枝变得黝黑森然,阴影伸长了,而在那边宅子里已摆出新鲜的莓果,准备用茶点了。于是,我就从羊齿丛中站起身子,抖一抖陈年残叶留在裙子上的尘埃,打个唿哨招呼杰斯珀,随即动身回屋子去。我一边走,一边鄙夷地自问:脚步为何如此匆匆,而且还要飞快地向身后瞥上一眼?

说也奇怪,一篇讲野鸽的文章,竟唤起了这么一番对往事的回忆,而且使我朗读时变得结结巴巴。是他那阴沉的脸色,使我戛然停止了朗读,并往后翻了好几页,直到找着一段关于板球赛的短讯为止。那段文字就事论事,单调乏味,讲到奥佛尔球场上,中塞克斯队以平庸的打法击球进攻,连连得手,比分沉闷地一个劲儿往上加。真得感谢那些呆头呆脑的穿运动衣的角色,因为不大一会儿,他的面容恢复了原先的平静,重新有了血色,他带着正常的恼怒嘲笑起塞雷队的投球术来。

这样总算避免了一场回忆,我也得了教训:英国新闻是可以念的,英国的体育运动、政治情况,英国人的傲慢自大等等,都可以;但是往后,凡是容易惹起伤感的东西,只能让我独个儿去悄悄咀嚼回味。色彩、香味、声音、雨水、浪涛的拍击,甚至秋天的浓雾和潮水的咸味,都是曼陀丽留下的记忆,怎么也磨灭不掉。有些人有阅读铁路指南的嗜好,他们设想出无数纵横交错的旅程,把一些无法联系的地区沟通起来,以此消遣。我的癖好与阅读铁路指南一样怪诞,但比较有意思,这便是积累英国农村的资料。英国每一片沼泽地的地主是谁,还有他们的雇农,我都一一叫得出名字。我知道一共宰了多少只松鸡,多少只鹌鹑,多少头鹿;我知道哪儿鳟鱼正在翔浮水面,哪儿鲑鱼正在活蹦乱跳。我注意着每一次的狩猎和捕鱼活动,甚至那些训练小猎犬奔跑的猎人的名字,我也熟悉农作物的生长情况,肉类的价格,猪群染上的怪病,所有这些我都感到津津有味,也

perhaps, and not a very intellectual. one, but I breathe the air of England as I read, and can face this glittering sky with greater courage.

The scrubby vineyards and the crumbling stones become things of no account, for if I wish I can give rein to my imagination, and pick foxgloves and pale campions from a wet, streaking hedge.

Poor whims of fancy, tender an un - harsh. They are the enemy to bitterness and regret, and sweeten this exile we have brought upon ourselves.

Because of them I can enjoy my afternoon, and return, smiling and refreshed, to face the little ritual of our tea. The order never varies. Two slices of bread and butter each, and China tea. What a hide - bound couple we must seem, clinging to custom because we did so in England. Here, on this clean balcony, white and impersonal with centuries of sun, I think of half past four at Manderley, and the table drawn before the library fire. The door flung open, punctual to the minute, and the performance, never varying, of the laying of the tea, the silver tray, the kettle, the snowy cloth. While Jasper, his spaniel ears a - droop, feigns indifference to the arrival of the cakes. That feast was laid before us always, and yet we ate so little.

Those dripping crumpets, I can see them now. Tiny crisp wedges of toast, and piping - hot, floury scones. Sandwiches of unknown nature, mysteriously flavoured and quite delectable, and that very special gingerbread. Angel cake, that melted in the mouth, and his rather stodgier companion, bursting with peel and raisins. There was enough food there to keep a starving family for a week. I never knew what happened to it all, and the waste used to worry me sometimes.

But I never dared ask Mrs Danvers what she did about it. She would have looked at me in scorn, smiling that freezing, superior smile of hers, and I

许,这是一种打发时光的低级消遣,而且不需要用脑子,但这样,我就能一边读着报刊,一边呼吸着英国的空气;这样,我也才能鼓起更大的勇气,面对异国耀眼的天空。

乱七八糟的葡萄园和破碎的石块,也就因此变得无关紧要,因为只要我愿意,我完全可以驾驭自己左右驰骋的想像,从潮湿的条纹状篱笆上,摘下几朵指顶花和灰白的剪秋罗。

这类采花于篱下的一时之兴,虽说微不足道,倒也有其亲切可取之处,非但与辛酸、悔恨势不两立,而且还能使我们眼下这种自作自受的背井离乡的生活变得稍许甜蜜一点。

多亏这些一时之兴,我还能度过一个愉快的下午,神清气爽地满脸堆笑而归,享有简便的午茶。午茶的内容一成不变,总是每人两片涂黄油的面包,还有一杯中国茶。在外人眼里,我们这对夫妇一定刻板得很,死抱着在英国养成的积习不放。小阳台很干净,经过几个世纪阳光的洗晒,变得洁白却又毫无特色。站在这儿,我又想起曼陀丽午后四时半的情景:先把藏书室壁炉前的桌子拉出,房门准时打开,接着就是千篇一律的放置茶具的那套程序:银质的托盘、茶壶,雪白的桌布。杰斯珀耷拉着大耳朵,对端进来的糕点摆出一副无动于衷的架势。每天总有许多食物放在我俩面前,但我们吃得极少。

现在我看见那种滴着奶油的煎饼,小块松脆的尖角吐司,刚出炉的薄片面包;那种不知什么东西做成的三明治,散发着一股说不出的香味,闻得叫人觉得愉快;那种非常特别的姜饼;那种放在嘴里即刻溶化的蛋糕;还有与之成双配对的成分较浓的水果蛋糕,上面缀满果皮和葡萄干。这些食物,够挨饿的一家人受用一个星期。我从不知道这一桌子东西是怎么处理的,暴殄天物有时使我于心不安。

但我就是不敢启口问问丹弗斯太太,她怎么处置这一桌食物。要是我问了,她一定会带着不屑的神情望着我,嘴

can imagine her saying: 'There were never any complaints when Mrs de Winter was alive.' Mrs Danvers. I wonder what she is doing now. She and Favell. I think it was the expression on her face that gave me my first feeling of unrest. Instinctively I thought, 'she is comparing me to Rebecca'; and sharp as a sword the shadow came between us....

Weel, it is over now, finished and done with. I ride no more tormented, and both of us are free. Even my faithful Jasper has gone to the happy hunting grounds, and Manderley is no more. It lies like an empty shell amidst the tangle of the deep woods, even as I saw it in my dream. A multitude of weeds, a colony of birds. Sometimes perhaps a tramp will wander there, seeking shelter from a sudden shower of rain and, if he is stout-hearted, he may walk there with impunity. But your timid fellow, your nervous poacher - the woods of Manderley are not for him. He might stumble upon the little cottage in the cove and he would not be happy beneath its tumbled roof, the thin rain beating a tattoo. There might linger there still a certain atmosphere of stress... That corner in the drive, too, where the trees encroach upon the gravel, is not a place in which to pause, not after the sun has set. When the leaves rustle, they sound very much like the stealthy movement of a woman in evening dress, and when they shiver suddenly, and fall, and scatter away along the ground, they might be the patter, patter, of a woman's hurrying, footstep, and the mark in the gravel the imprint of a high-needed satin shoe.

It is when I remember these things that I return with relief to the prospect from our balcony. No shadows steal upon this hard glare, the stony vineyards shimmer in the sun and the bougainvillea is white with dust. I may one day look upon it with affection. At the moment it inspires me, if not with love, at least with confidence. And confidence is a quality I prize, although it has come to me a little late in the day. I suppose it is his dependence upon me that has made me bold at last. At any rate I have lost my diffidence, my timidity, my shyness

角挂着那种带优越感的、使人浑身发冷的隐笑。我想她一定还会说：“德温特夫人在世时，可从来不抱怨什么的。”这位丹弗斯太太如今在干什么呢？还有那个费弗尔。我记得，正是丹弗斯太太脸上的那种表情，使我第一次感到局促不安。直觉告诉我：“她在拿我与吕蓓卡相比呢。”接着一个魔影就像利剑似的插到我俩中间来了……

啊，现在这一切总算过去，总算与之一刀两断了！我不再受到折磨，我俩终于自由了。就连忠心耿耿的杰斯珀也进了愉快的天国，而且曼陀丽也已不复存在！它是深埋在密林杂乱之中的一个空壳，就像我在梦中见到的那样，一片荒芜，成了野鸟栖息的处所。有时也许会走来一个流浪汉，在突如其来的一阵暴雨中想找个躲避的地方。倘若来人是胆大的汉子，那就不妨泰然在那儿走一走；但如果是个胆小鬼，是个鬼鬼祟祟偷入地界的不速之客，那么曼陀丽的林子可不是他逗留的地方。他也许会碰上海角处的那座小屋，在那倾圮的屋顶下，听着淅沥的细雨声，他决不会觉得自在。那里也许还残留着某种阴森逼人的气氛……车道的那个转角——树木在那儿侵入沙砾路面——也不宜驻足流连，特别是在太阳落山以后。树叶飒飒作响，很像一个穿晚礼服的女人在踉跄走动；当树叶突然一阵颤抖，纷纷飘落在地的时候，那啪哒啪哒的声响，说不定正是她匆忙的脚步声，而沙砾路上的凹陷说不定就是她缎面高跟鞋留下的痕迹。

每逢我忆起这些往事的时候，我总要到阳台上去看看景色，松一口气。这儿的阳光耀眼夺目，没有一丝阴影偷偷潜来将它遮掩。石砌的葡萄园在阳光下闪闪发光，紫茉莉花染着尘埃，泛出白色。也许有一天我会深情地看待这一切。而目前倘使它还未使我产生爱慕之情，至少给了我足够的自信。自信是我十分珍视的品格，当然在这一生中，我的自信心来得未免太晚一点。我想，最终使我一扫怯懦的因素，是他毕竟依靠着

with strangers. I am very different from that self who drove to Manderley for the first time, hopeful and eager, handicapped by a rather desperate gaucherie and filled with an intense desire to please. It was my lack of poise of course that made such a bad impression on people like Mrs Danvers. What must I have seemed like after Rebecca? I can see myself now, memory spanning the years like a bridge, with straight, bobbed hair and youthful, unpowdered face, dressed in an ill-fitting coat and skirt and a jumper of my own creation, trailing in the wake of Mrs Van Hopper like a shy, uneasy colt. She would precede me in to lunch, her short body ill-balanced upon tottering, high heels, her fussy, frilly blouse a compliment to her large bosom and swinghag hips, her new hat pierced with a monster quill aslant upon her head, exposing a wide expanse of forehead bare as a schoolboy's knee. One hand carried a gigantic bag the kind that holds passports, engagement diaries, and bridge scores, while the other hand toyed with that inevitable lorgnette, the enemy to other people's privacy. She would make for her usual table in the corner of the restaurant, close to the window, and lifting her lorgnette to her small pig's eyes survey the scene to right and left of her, then she would let the lorgnette fall at length upon its black ribbon and utter a little exclamation of disgust: 'Not a single well known personality, I shall tell the management they must make a reduction on my bill. What do they think I come here for? To look at the page boys?' And she would summon the waiter to her side, her voice sharp and staccato, cutting the air like a saw.

How different the little restaurant where we are today to that vast dining-room, ornate and ostentatious, the Hotel Cote d'Azur at Monte Carlo; and how different my present companion, his steady, well-shaped hands peeling a mandarin in quiet, methodical fashion, looking up now and again from his task to smile at me, compared to Mrs Van Hopper, her fat, bejewelled fingers questing a plate heaped high with ravioli, her eyes darting suspiciously from her plate to mine for fear I should have made the better choice. She need not have dis-

我了。不管怎么说,我总算摆脱了我的自卑、胆寒和怯生的羞态,与初次乘车去曼陀丽时相比,已经判若两人;那时候,我充满着急切的希望,处处为极度的笨拙所掣肘,还拼命想取悦于人。我所以会给丹弗斯太太之流留下那么恶劣的印象,自然是因为我举止失当。在吕蓓卡之后,我在人们心目中的形象是什么样的呢?记忆像座桥梁,把岁月沟通,我可以回忆起自己当时的形象:一头平直的短发,稚嫩而不敷脂粉的脸蛋,衣裙均不合身,还穿着我自己裁制的短褂,像个羞怯失措的小姐儿,跟在范·霍珀夫人的后面。她总是领着我去吃午饭,她那五短身材在摇晃的高跟鞋上很难保持住平衡;那件过分俗艳的折边短外套,衬托出她肥大的胸部和扭摆的臂部;还有那顶新帽子,上面插一支其大无比的羽毛,歪斜地覆在脑袋上,露出一大片前额,光秃秃犹如小学生裤子的膝盖部。她一手拎个大提包,就是人们放护照、约会录和桥牌得分册的那类手提包,另一只手总是玩弄着那副永不离身的长柄眼镜——他人私生活的大敌。她总是走向餐厅角落临窗外的一张桌子,那桌子通常总由她占坐。她把长柄眼镜举到自己猪似的小眼睛前,左右巡视一番,然后就让眼镜听其自然地落下,悬在黑缎带上,再发一通表示厌烦的感叹:“知名人物一个也没有!我要对经理说去,他们必须削减我的旅馆费。他们不想一想我这儿来干什么的,难道是专来看那些茶房的不成?”接着她就把侍者召到身边,说话的声音尖利而断续,像把锯子撕裂着空气。

今天我们进膳的小饭馆,同蒙特卡洛“蔚蓝海岸”旅馆富丽豪华的大餐厅相比,真是大相径庭;拿我眼下的伴侣与范·霍珀夫人相比,更有天壤之别:他这会儿正用那双稳健的、长相很美的手,沉静而有条不紊地剥着一只柑橘,时而还抬起头来朝我莞尔一笑;而那位范·霍珀夫人则是用戴着珠宝戒指的圆滚滚手指,不住地在自己堆满五香碎肉卷的盘子里东翻西扒,还不时疑神疑鬼地朝我的盘子膘上一眼,怕我的口福比她好。其实

turbed herself, for the waiter, with the uncanny swiftness of his kind, had long sensed my position as inferior and subservient to hers, and had placed before me a plate of ham and tongue that somebody had sent back to the cold buffet half an hour before as badly carved. Odd, that resentment of servant. and their obvious impatience. I remember staying once with Mrs Van Hopper in a country house, and the maid never answered my timid bell, or brought up my shoes, and early morning tea, stone cold, was dumped outside my bedroom door. It was the same at the Cote d'Azur, though to a lesser degree, and sometimes the studied indifference turned to familiarity, smirking and offensive, which made buying stamps from the receptions clerk an ordeal I would avoid. How young and inexperienced I must have seemed, and how I felt it, too. One was too sensitive, too raw, there were thorns and pin-pricks in so many words that in reality fell lightly on the air.

I remember well that plate of ham and tongue. It was dry, unappetizing, cut in a wedge from the outside, but I had not the courage to refuse it. We ate in silence, for Mrs Van Hopper liked to concentrate on food, and I could tell by the way the sauce ran down her chin that her dish of ravioli pleased her.

It was not a sight that engendered into me great appetite for my own cold choice, and looking away from her I saw that the table next to ours, left vacant for three days, was to be occupied once more. The maitre d'hotel, with the particular bow reserved for his more special patrons, was ushering the new arrival to his place.

Mrs Van Hopper put down her fork, and reached for her lorgnette. I blushed for her while she stared, and the newcomer, unconscious of her interest, cast a wandering eye over the menu. Then Mrs Van Hopper folded her lorgnette with a nap, had leant across the table to me, her small eyes bright with excitement, her voice a shade 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

她根本用不着操这份心,因为侍者凭着干这一行的不可思议的敏感,早就觉察到我是她的下人,地位微贱,于是给我端来一盘火腿拼猪舌,这盘菜大概是哪位顾客嫌切割得不成样子,半小时前退到冷食柜去的。侍仆们的那种嫌弃态度,还有那种明显的不耐烦,也真有点怪。我记得有一回同范·霍珀夫人住在乡下,那客店的女佣对我胆怯的铃声从不理会,我的鞋子也不给拿来,而冰冷的早茶总是像垃圾似的堆在我的卧室门外。在“蔚蓝海岸”情形也一样,只是没有这么过分罢了。但有时故意的冷淡竟变成恼人的无礼嬉笑,以致从旅馆接待员那儿买张邮票简直是活受罪,巴不得能躲开才好。那时,我一定显得年幼无知,而自己当时也深深感觉到这一点。一个人要是太敏感,太不识世故,听着一些其实很平常的言词,就会从中辨出许多影射和挖苦的意思来。

那盘火腿拼猪舌,至今仍历历在目,它们被切成楔形块儿,干巴巴的没有卤汁,一点也引不起食欲。但我没有勇气拒绝这个拼盘。我们一声不吭地吃着,因为范·霍珀夫人喜欢把全副心思放在饭菜上。辣酱油打她下巴上流下,从这一点,我看得出那盘五香碎肉卷很合她的口味。

看她吃得那么欢,可一点没能使我对自已点的那盘冷菜引起兴趣,因此我就把目光从她身上移开。这时,我看见挨着我们的那张桌子,三天以来一直空着,如今又有人来占坐了。餐厅侍者领班正用他那种专对特殊主顾施行的躬身礼,把新客人引到座位上来。

范·霍珀夫人放下餐叉,去摸夹鼻眼镜。她直勾勾盯着邻座,我真为她害臊。可新来的客人并未注意到她对自己的兴趣,径自对菜单扫了一眼,接着,范·霍珀夫人啪的一声折起长柄眼镜,从桌子那头探身向我,小眼睛激动得闪闪发光,说话的嗓门稍许大了些。

“这是迈克斯·德温存,”她说。“曼陀丽庄园的主人。这庄园你当然听说过。他脸带病容,对吗?听人说,他妻子