

90年代英语系列丛书

简易世界文学名著系列

# 蝴蝶梦

## Rebecca



外语教学与研究出版社

*Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press*

九 十 年 代  
英语系列丛书

刘保山 译  
叶 林 校

REBECCA

# 蝴蝶梦



原著  
改写

外语教学与研究出版社

简易世界文学  
名著系列

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**蝴蝶梦**

**Daphne du Maurier 原著**

刘保山 译

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《九十年代英语系列丛书》特邀顾问：

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# “九十年代英语系列丛书” 出版前言

送您一轮风车，朋友！不是为了怀旧——

九十年代，跨入下世纪的最后一级台阶，新世纪的风迎面吹来。这轮风车——新世纪风的信使，将在您手中变幻成一轮轮多彩的旋律，为您的征程增添情趣；它乘风飞旋——热烈，执着，顽强，或许能为您的跋涉增添鼓舞和力量。

是故，我们这套系列丛书以风车为标记。

在国内英语界名家指导下，经过全面调查，深入研究以确定书目，由北京外国语学院等院校一批中青年专家学者进行编撰或译注，采用全新的编排设计、全新的风格，力求内容的实用和装潢的精美。我们把这套大型英语丛书作为跨世纪的礼物奉献给读者。

近代学者王国维先生说，作学问要经过三种境界。学好外语也不能例外。也许您时下正有一种“望尽天涯路”的迷惘与焦灼，也许您“衣带渐宽”，“为伊消得人憔悴”，……我们的目的是要设计一个多彩多姿的英语天地，通过大量阅读和实践，帮助您发展兴趣，开拓视野，改进方法，提高信心，比较顺利地渡入学习的第三种境界。我们相信，这套丛书是您感受英语、学习英语、提高英语、实践英语的新世界。

本丛书首批出版六大系列：

**第一辑：世界文学名著系列（原版注释本）**

选入这一辑的都是世界上享有盛誉的英美文学名著（已选入我社出版的“学生英语文库”者除外），并

附有汉语注释，初步确定为 30 种。以后还计划适当选入一些最有声望的世界文学名著（如：法国文学和俄罗斯文学中）的英译本。

### **第二辑：世界畅销书系列（原版注释本）**

我们从当代风靡世界的英语文学著作中选拔其佼佼者，并附有详细的注释。使读者在学习和熟悉当代英语的同时了解欧美的社会、风习、生活、事业、爱情等。

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这一辑包括幽默英语、奇闻趣事、锦言妙语、名歌金曲等等。它将开阔您的视野，丰富您的话题，装点您的言谈，赋予您九十年代不可或缺的素质和风度。

### **第五辑：中学英语读物系列（英汉对照本）**

本系列面向英语初学者，尤其是广大中学生和自学者；题材多样，语言简明、规范，循序渐进。它包括小说、散文、童话、寓言、冒险故事等，其中不乏广为传诵的世界文学宝库中的名篇。我们希望它成为有志于掌握英语的初学者的良师益友。

### **第六辑：简易世界文学名著系列（英汉对照本）**

选入本辑的都是世界文学名著的英语简写本，计划出版 30 种。为了满足初级和中级学习者的需要，我们用英汉对照的形式出版。

我们还将陆续推出第七辑、第八辑……

这套丛书希望能得到读者的喜爱，并诚恳希望读者提出宝贵意见。

《九十年代英语系列丛书》  
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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·白郎宁将军(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休。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

Last night I dreamt that I went to Manderley<sup>1</sup> again. It seemed to me that I was going in by the iron entrance gates. (The private road<sup>2</sup> 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

昨天夜里，我梦见又回到了曼德利<sup>show</sup>。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

thought about Manderley in my waking hours I would not be bitter. I would think of it as it might have been<sup>3</sup>, 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, 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

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

young, unpowdered face, dressed in a badly-fitting coat and skirt, following Mrs. Van Hopper<sup>4</sup> 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 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<sup>5</sup>," 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.)

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。你当然听说过了。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。”

我知道她已拟订了计划。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。

"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 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



“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份。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：‘咦！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。”