## SARIII MALIA

The Sequel to MARGARET MITCHELL'S

### GONE WITH THE WIND

"ALEXANDRA RIPLEY



# SARLIT

斯住丽

MARGARET MITCHELL'S

GONE WITH

THE WIND

北京・广州・上海・西安 1993

### **斯 佳 풺** (英文版)

(美) A. 里普莉 著

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#### 写在前边

美国女作家米切尔 (M· Mitchell), 1900 年生于佐治亚州的亚特兰大。她以美国南北战争为背景而创作的小说《飘》 (Gone with the Wind),发表于 1936 年,到 1949 年作者去世时为止,已被译成多种文字,在 40 个国家共销售 800 万册,因而成为美国文学中最为畅销的作品之一。迄今为止,该书的发行量已超过 2800 万册;根据小说改编、拍摄的电影,更是风靡全球,曾获多项奥斯卡金像奖,并以《乱世佳人》的译名在我国上映。后来出版的该小说新译本亦采用《乱世佳人》作为书名。

小说的女主人公斯佳丽 (Scarlett),是美国南部亚特兰大一个庄园主的女儿。美国南北战争 (1861— 1865)爆发之前,这个年方 16岁的女孩子娇艳而富有魅力,被许多年轻人所迷恋。但她并不懂得真正的爱情,她的任性与傲慢,使她一直生活在爱情的幻想之中,12年间经历三次婚姻和一连串的爱情故事,直到28岁还没有找到真正属于她的爱情。

在《飘》的结尾、作者写到斯佳丽的女友美拉妮提醒斯佳丽,只有瑞特·巴特勒能够给她幸福,也只有瑞特深深地爱恋着她、希望她珍惜瑞特的爱、投入到瑞特的怀抱中去。然而,当斯佳丽接受了女友的劝告,回到家中时,却发现丈夫瑞特已经离家而去,并准备离婚。斯佳丽痛苦悲伤,暗下决心:"明天,我一定要使瑞特重新回到我的身

边;不管怎么说,明天就将是另外的一天了。"

《飘》的亿万读者和电影观众,大多不愿小说以女主人公斯佳丽被丈夫抛弃而告终。因为,在斯佳丽的身上尽管有许多缺点,但她毕竟是一位妩媚动人、敢爱也敢恨的坚强女性,给亿万读者和观众留下了难忘的印象。因此,多年来一直有人希望这部小说能够续写下去。而且,《飘》的作者米切尔在给朋友的一封信中也说过:"当然,斯佳丽应该重新征服瑞特。"但她于1949年不幸死于车祸,小说的续集就不可能由她自己来完成了。

出生在美国历史名城查尔斯顿的南部女作家亚历山德拉·里普莉(Alexandra Ripley),从几百人中被选中,为《飘》写出了续集《斯佳丽》(SCARLETT: THE SEQUEL TO MARGARET MITCHELL'S GONE WITH THE WIND),时年 57 岁。里普莉是典型的南部作家,她的生身之地查尔斯顿是美国南部文化中心,与米切尔的故乡亚特兰大相距并不太远。里普莉熟悉美国的历史,尤其熟悉美国南部人民的衣食住行、社交礼仪和思维方式。她夜以继日地写作《飘》的续集,数易其稿,出色地完成了任务。书稿于 1991 年 9 月 25 日以不同的文字在几十个国家同时出版,其中英文版仅在半个月之内就销售几百万册之多。反响是强烈的,也是多方面的。

当然、就《飘》的续集《斯佳丽》来说,广大读者首先关注的还是女主人公斯佳丽和瑞特的爱情纠葛。他们能不能言归于好,破镜重圆呢?斯佳丽和瑞特都属于敢想敢闯的探险家,在美国南北战争结束以后的"重建运动"中,都野心勃勃地计划和开拓着各自的事业,办农场,开磷矿,设商行,建工厂,甚至进行金融上的投机;同时,他们在经了风险、受了创伤之后,又都需要有自己的安全岛、停泊港。在他们两人身上有许多共同之处。斯佳丽钦佩瑞特的勇敢和无所不能,瑞特亦同样爱着她。但由于两人彼此间存在的差异甚至冲突而使他们的爱情充满矛盾。瑞特曾说:"因为她浑身是火,不顾一切,勇敢顽强;因为在虚伪外表下的她是一个不折不扣的小孩子;因为她不同于我所认识的其他女人。她迷住了我,却又惹我生气,逼得我发疯。"在这种心理矛盾下,瑞特时而避开斯佳丽,时而又出现在她的身边,默默地监护着她。至于斯佳丽,更是从城镇到农庄,从亚特兰大到查尔斯顿,从萨凡纳到英伦三岛的爱尔兰,心底始终在呼唤同一个名字:"瑞特啊瑞特,我需要你。"

他们之间时而温存亲热,挽手同步,甚或拥抱接吻,互相作爱;时而声色俱厉,争吵不休,甚或打砸推撞,视同仇敌。经过许多波折磨难,斯佳丽终于把瑞特找回到自己身边,在爱尔兰巴利哈拉古老神奇的楼塔上,言归于好,破镜重圆。这时他们已经有了一个聪颖早熟的小女孩,爱称猫咪。瑞特自然喜出望外。斯佳丽对瑞特说:"我在生猫咪之后,才醒悟到让人快乐,需要付出许多。"瑞特说:"你变了,斯佳丽,你长大了,我必须从头了解你才行。"斯佳丽说:"我也必须学着去了解你。"他们双双表示:"这个世界的每一处都是我们的落脚处。我们都不是适合家庭生活的人,我们是探险家,冒险家、突破封锁线的人。没有了挑战、我们的生命便只剩一半。我们可以到任何地方去,只要我们在一起,每一个地方都属于我们。"如果了解美国的历史,知道这时林肯政府早就颁布了宅地法,就可以断定瑞特和斯佳丽在这里所说的,绝不仅仅是豪言壮语,而是时代、环境赋予了他们开垦处女地的机会。

在《飘》的续集中,斯佳丽真的"长大"了,成熟起来了。她变任 性为坚毅,化莽撞为理智,懂得理解和尊重别人,也学会了耐心和等 待。她恨查尔斯顿上流社会的虚伪和矫揉造作,认为那里的"绅士"和 "淑女"全都是骗人的;瑞特虽然迷恋那里的土地和祖先,但也离开了 那里,因为那里的传统会折断他的双翅,使他无法自由翱翔。这样,他 们就统一起来了。

南北战争是美国资产阶级民主革命的继续,为美国资本主义的进一步发展扫除了障碍。不能讳言,斯佳丽和瑞特由于受到情感、立场、视野等各方面的局限,看不到这次内战的意义,而只看到那些被炮火焚毁的建筑物的废墟;看不到正是这次内战使他们在战后繁荣的重建工作中得到英雄用武之地,使他们充满憧憬和希望,而只看到战争给他们带来的痛苦和创伤,因而时有感慨、怀旧之情,对战前的和平生活萦纡缅怀,低徊不舍。但是他们崇尚勇气和力量,不喜欢垂头丧气和自暴自弃;看重人的个性发展,要求人际之间的自由竞争,身体力行地鼓吹自我奋斗,迫不及待地要求行动,在新的经济基础上重建美国南部的繁荣,正如瑞特在作品结尾所说的: "我已经等不及要出发了。" 这种虎虎生气只属于 19 世纪中叶还处于上升时期的美国资产阶级,属于美国人民,而不属于没落腐朽的农奴主阶级。贯穿整个作品的思想则是资产阶级的人道主义,提倡人际之间的理解、同情、真情至爱和其他一切美好

情谊,揭露和鞭挞不人道、反人性的行为。

作品所描写的许多人物,都有鲜明个性。如比埃尔·罗比亚尔的傲慢自私、冷酷无情、埃莉诺·巴特勒的优雅沉静、端庄世故、亨利·汉密顿的精明练达、老谋深算,科拉姆·奥哈拉的刚毅沉着、从容自若,安妮·汉普顿的外柔内刚和拉斯·奥哈拉的厚颜无耻,等等。虽然这些描写大多没有贯穿多少故事情节,但由于作者善于观察生活、善于摄取人物的主要特征,通过充分个性化的人物语言和细节描写、画龙点睛地将人物的精神面貌勾勒了出来,也就使读者感到栩栩如生,呼之欲出了。凡《飘》中出现的人物,在续集中都能找到、《飘》中写他们的事情在哪里结束,续集也就从哪里开始。一部分作为陪衬,照应前文;大多数写进了新的内容,加以深化。

风景和场面描写,在作品中占有一定篇幅,以浓郁的诗情画意,为我们提供美的欣赏。作者无论写海洋、河流、城镇、乡村,还是写岛屿、山峦和楼塔,都能写得情景历历,或融景生情,或融情于景,同人物描写、心理描写紧紧结合在一起,将人物的内心世界外物化。使人看得见,摸得着,悲欢离合,感同身受;乐土苦海,如临其境。作者还为我们画出了19世纪中叶美国南部和爱尔兰的一幅幅社会风俗画面,包括乡土历史、地方习俗、社会风尚、民间传说等等,都用画笔绘出,形象生动,为一般历史著作所不备。这便是文艺作品所独具的形象直观的认识价值。

本书文字简明凝炼, 抒情色彩较强, 如散文一样出之自然, 如行云, 如流水, 如峰之断云之连, 或丝丝紧扣, 或似断还连, 如同影视镜头的剪接, 给读者留下想象的空间,

世界图书出版公司北京公司在台灣大苹果股份有限公司的大力协助下,不失时机地购得了《斯佳丽》英文版(Scarlett)在大陆重印、出版与发行的专有权。这一精美之作不久将与广大读者见面,我相信。他们一定会喜欢她的。

吕晴飞于北京社会科学院 1993.6.6.







his will be over soon, and then I

can go home to Tara.

Scarlett O'Hara Hamilton Kennedy Butler stood alone, a few steps away from the other mourners at Melanie Wilkes' burial. It was raining, and the black-clad men and women held black umbrellas over their heads. They leaned on one another, the women weeping, sharing shelter and grief.

Scarlett shared her umbrella with no one, nor her grief. The gusts of wind within the rain blew stinging cold wet rivulets under the umbrella, down her neck, but she was unaware of them. She felt nothing, she was numbed by loss. She would mourn later, when she could stand the pain. She held it away from her, all pain, all feeling, all thinking. Except for the words that repeated again and again in her mind, the words that promised healing from the pain to come and strength to survive until she was healed.

This will be over soon, and then I can go home to Tara.

"... ashes to ashes, dust to dust ..."

The minister's voice penetrated the shell of numbness, the words registered. No! Scarlett cried silently. Not Melly. That's not Melly's grave, it's too big, she's so tiny, her bones no bigger than a bird's. No! She can't be dead, she can't be.

Scarlett's head jerked to one side, denying the open grave, the

plain pine box being lowered into it. There were small half circles sunk into the soft wood, marks of the hammers that had driven in the nails to close the lid above Melanie's gentle, loving, heart-shaped face.

No! You can't, you mustn't do this, it's raining, you can't put her there where the rain will fall on her. She feels the cold so, she mustn't be left in the cold rain. I can't watch, I can't bear it, I won't believe she's gone. She loves me, she is my friend, my only true friend. Melly loves me, she wouldn't leave me now just when I need her most.

Scarlett looked at the people surrounding the grave, and hot anger surged through her. None of them care as much as I do, none of them have lost as much as I have. No one knows how much I love her. Melly knows, though, doesn't she? She knows, I've got to believe she knows.

They'll never believe it, though. Not Mrs. Merriwether, or the Meades or the Whitings or the Elsings. Look at them, bunched up around India Wilkes and Ashley, like a flock of wet crows in their mourning clothes. They're comforting Aunt Pittypat, all right, even though everybody knows she takes on and cries her eyes out over every little thing, down to a piece of toast that gets burnt. It wouldn't enter their heads that maybe I might be needing some comforting, that I was closer to Melanie than any of them. They act as if I wasn't even here. Nobody has paid any attention to me at all. Not even Ashley. He knew I was there those awful two days after Melly died, when he needed me to manage things. They all did, even India, bleating at me like a goat. "What shall we do about the funeral, Scarlett? About the food for the callers? About the coffin? The pallbearers? The cemetery plot? The inscription on the headstone? The notice in the paper?" Now they're leaning all over each other, weeping and wailing. Well, I won't give them the satisfaction of seeing me cry all by myself with nobody to lean on. I mustn't cry. Not here. Not yet. If I start, I might never be able to stop. When I get to Tara, I can cry.

Scarlett lifted her chin, her teeth clenched to stop their chattering from the cold, to hold back the choking in her throat. This will be over soon, and then I can go home to Tara.

The jagged pieces of Scarlett's shattered life were all around her there in Atlanta's Oakland Cemetery. A tall spire of granite, gray

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stone streaked with gray rain, was somber memorial to the world that was gone forever, the carefree world of her youth before the War. It was the Confederate Memorial, symbol of the proud, heedless courage that had plunged the South with bright banners flying into destruction. It stood for so many lives lost, the friends of her childhood, the gallants who had begged for waltzes and kisses in the days when she had no problems greater than which wide-skirted ballgown to wear. It stood for her first husband, Charles Hamilton, Melanie's brother. It stood for the sons, brothers, husbands, fathers of all the rain-wet mourners on the small knoll where Melanie was being buried.

There were other graves, other markers. Frank Kennedy, Scarlett's second husband. And the small, terribly small, grave with the headstone that read EUGENIE VICTORIA BUTLER, and under it BONNIE. Her last child, and the most loved.

The living, as well as the dead, were all round her, but she stood apart. Half of Atlanta was there, it seemed. The crowd had overflowed the church and now it spread in a wide, uneven dark circle around the bitter slash of color in the gray rain, the open grave dug from Georgia's red clay for the body of Melanie Wilkes.

The front row of mourners held those who'd been closest to her. White and black, their faces all streaked with tears, except Scarlett's. The old coachman Uncle Peter stood with Dilcey and Cookie in a protective black triangle around Bean, Melanie's bewildered little boy.

The older generation of Atlanta were there, with the tragically few descendants that remained to them. The Meades, the Whitings, the Merriwethers, the Elsings, their daughters and sons-in-law, Hugh Elsing the only living son; Aunt Pittypat Hamilton and her brother, Uncle Henry Hamilton, their ages-old feud forgotten in mutual grief for their niece. Younger, but looking as old as the others, India Wilkes sheltered herself within the group and watched her brother, Ashley, from grief- and guilt-shadowed eyes. He stood alone, like Scarlett. He was bare-headed in the rain, unaware of the proffered shelter of umbrellas, unconscious of the cold wetness, unable to accept the finality of the minister's words or the narrow coffin being lowered into the muddy red grave.

Ashley. Tall and thin and colorless, his pale gilt hair now almost gray, his pale stricken face as empty as his staring, unseeing gray eyes. He stood erect, his stance a salute, the inheritance of his years

as a gray-uniformed officer. He stood motionless, without sensation or comprehension.

Ashley. He was the center and the symbol of Scarlett's ruined life. For love of him she'd ignored the happiness that had been hers for the taking. She'd turned her back on her husband, not seeing his love for her, not admitting her love for him, because wanting Ashley was always in the way. And now Rhett was gone, his only presence here a spray of warm golden autumn flowers among all the others. She'd betrayed her only friend, scorned Melanie's stubborn loyalty and love. And now Melanie was gone. And even Scarlett's love for Ashley was gone, for she'd realized—too late—that the habit of loving him had long since replaced love itself.

She did not love him, and she never would again. But now, when she didn't want him, Ashley was hers, her legacy from Melanie. She had promised Melly she'd take care of him and of Beau, their child.

Ashley was the cause of her life's destruction. And the only thing left to her from it.

Scarlett stood apart and alone. There was only cold gray space between her and the people she knew in Atlanta, space that once Melanie had filled, keeping her from isolation and ostracism. There was only the cold wet wind beneath the umbrella in the place where Rhett should have been to shelter her with his strong broad shoulders and his love.

She held her chin high, into the wind, accepting its assault without feeling it. All her senses were concentrated on the words that were her strength and her hope.

This will be over soon, and then I can go home to Tara.

"Look at her," whispered a black-veiled lady to the companion sharing her umbrella. "Hard as nails. I heard that the whole time she was handling the funeral arrangements, she didn't even shed a tear. All business, that's Scarlett. And no heart at all."

"You know what folks say," was the answering whisper. "She has heart aplenty for Ashley Wilkes. Do you think they really did—"

The people nearby hushed them, but they were thinking the same thing. Everyone was.

The awful hollow thud of earth on wood made Scarlett clench her fists. She wanted to clap her hands over her ears, to scream, to Scarlett 7

shout—anything to shut out the terrible sound of the grave closing over Melanie. Her teeth closed painfully on her lip. She wouldn't scream, she wouldn't.

The cry that shattered the solemnity was Ashley's. "Melly ... Mell—eee!" And again, "Mell—eee." It was the cry of a soul in torment, filled with loneliness and fear.

He stumbled towards the deep muddy pit like a man newly struck blind, his hands searching for the small, quiet creature who was all his strength. But there was nothing to hold, only the streaming silver streaks of cold rain.

Scarlett looked at Dr. Meade, India, Henry Hamilton. Why don't they do something? Why don't they stop him? He's got to be stopped!

"Mell—eee ..."

For the love of God! He's going to break his neck, and they're all just standing there watching, gawping at him teetering on the edge of the grave.

"Ashley, stop!" she shouted. "Ashley!" She began to run, slipping and sliding on the wet grass. The umbrella she had thrown aside scudded across the ground, pushed by the wind until it was trapped in the mounds of flowers. She grabbed Ashley around the waist, tried to pull him away from the danger. He fought her.

"Ashley, don't!" Scarlett struggled against his strength. "Melly can't help you now." Her voice was harsh, to cut through Ashley's

unhearing, demented grief.

He halted, and his arms dropped to his sides. He moaned softly, and then his whole body crumpled in Scarlett's supporting arms. Just when her grasp was breaking from the weight of him, Dr. Meade and India caught Ashley's limp arms to lift him erect.

"You can go now, Scarlett," said Dr. Meade. "There's no more

damage left for you to do."

"But, I—" She looked at the faces around her, the eyes avid for more sensation. Then she turned and walked away through the rain. The crowd drew back as if a brush of her skirts might soil them.

They must not know that she cared, she wouldn't let them see that they could hurt her. Scarlett raised her chin defiantly, letting the rain pour down over her face and neck. Her back was straight, her shoulders square until she reached the gates of the cemetery and was out of sight. Then she grabbed one of the iron palings. She felt dizzy from exhaustion, unsteady on her feet.

Her coachman Elias ran to her, opening his umbrella to hold

above her bent head. Scarlett walked to her carriage, ignoring the hand held out to help her. Inside the plush-upholstered box, she sank into a corner and pulled up the woolen lap robe. She was chilled to the bone, horrified by what she had done. How could she have shamed Ashley like that in front of everybody, when only a few nights ago she had promised Melanie that she would take care of him, protect him as Melly had always done? But what else could she have done? Let him throw himself into the grave? She had to stop him.

The carriage jolted from side to side, its high wheels sinking into the deep ruts of clay mud. Scarlett nearly fell to the floor. Her elbow hit the window frame, and a sharp pain ran up and down her arm.

It was only physical pain, she could stand that. It was the other pain—the postponed, delayed, denied shadowy pain—that she couldn't bear. Not yet, not here, not when she was all alone. She had to get to Tara, she had to. Mammy was there. Mammy would put her brown arms around her, Mammy would hold her close, cradle her head on the breast where she'd sobbed out all her childhood hurts. She could cry in Mammy's arms, cry herself empty of pain; she could rest her head on Mammy's breast, rest her wounded heart on Mammy's love. Mammy would hold her and love her, would share her pain and help her bear it.

"Hurry, Elias," said Scarlett, "hurry."

"Help me out of these wet things, Pansy," Scarlett ordered her maid. "Hurry." Her face was ghostly pale, it made her green eyes look darker, brighter, more frightening. The young black girl was clumsy with nervousness. "Hurry, I said. If you make me miss my train, I'll take a strap to you."

She couldn't do it, Pansy knew she couldn't do it. The slavery days were over, Miss Scarlett didn't own her, she could quit any time she wanted to. But the desperate, feverish glint in Scarlett's green eyes made Pansy doubt her own knowledge. Scarlett looked capable of anything.

"Pack the black wool merino, it's going to be colder," said Scarlett. She stared at the open wardrobe. Black wool, black silk, black cotton, black twill, black velvet. She could go on mourning for the rest of her days. Mourning for Bonnie still, and now mourning for

Melanie. I should find something darker than black, something more mournful to wear to mourn for myself.

I won't think about that, not now. I'll go mad if I do. I'll think about it when I get to Tara. I can bear it there.

"Put on your things, Pansy. Elias is waiting. And don't you dare forget the crape armband. This is a house of mourning."

The streets that met at Five Points were a quagmire. Wagons and buggies and carriages were sunk in mud. Their drivers cursed the rain, the streets, their horses, the other drivers in their way. There was shouting and the sound of whips cracking, and the noise of people. There were always crowds of people at Five Points, people hurrying, arguing, complaining, laughing. Five Points was turbulent with life, with push, with energy. Five Points was the Atlanta Scarlett loved.

But not today. Today Five Points was in her way, Atlanta was holding her back. I've got to make that train, I'll die if I miss it, I've got to get to Mammy and Tara or I'll break down. "Elias," she yelled, "I don't care if you whip the horses to death, I don't care if you run over every single person on the street. You get to the depot." Her horses were the strongest, her coachman the most skillful, her carriage the best that money could buy. Nothing better get in her way, nothing.

She made the train with time to spare.

There was a loud burst of steam. Scarlett held her breath, listening for the first clunking revolution of the wheels that meant the train was moving. There it was. Then another. And another. And the rattling, shaking of the car. She was on her way at last.

Everything was going to be all right. She was going home to Tara. She pictured it, sunny and bright, the white house gleaming, glistening green leaves of cape jasmine bushes studded with perfect, waxen white blossoms.

Heavy dark rain sluiced down the window beside her when the train left the station, but no matter. At Tara there'd be a fire in the living room, crackling from pine cones thrown onto the logs, and the curtains would be drawn, shutting out the rain and the darkness and the world. She'd lay her head on Mammy's soft broad bosom and

tell her all the horrible things that had happened. Then she'd be able to think, to work everything out ...

Hissing steam and squealing wheels jerked Scarlett's head up-

right.

Was this Jonesboro already? She must have dozed off, and no wonder, as tired as she was. She hadn't been able to sleep for two nights, even with the brandy to calm her nerves. No, the station was Rough and Ready. Still an hour to Jonesboro. At least the rain had stopped; there was even a patch of blue sky up ahead. Maybe the sun was shining at Tara. She imagined the entrance drive, the dark cedars that bordered it, then the wide green lawn and the beloved house on top of the low hill.

Scarlett sighed heavily. Her sister Suellen was the lady of the house at Tara now. Ha! Cry-baby of the house was more like it. All Suellen ever did was whine, it was all she'd ever done, ever since they were children. And she had her own children now, whiny little

girls just like she used to be.

Scarlett's children were at Tara, too. Wade and Ella. She'd sent them with Prissy, their nursemaid, when she got the news that Melanie was dying. Probably she should have had them with her at Melanie's funeral. That gave all the old cats in Atlanta one more thing to gossip about, what an unnatural mother she was. Let them talk all they liked. She couldn't have gotten through those terrible days and nights after Melly's death if she'd had Wade and Ella to cope with too.

She wouldn't think about them, that's all. She was going home, to Tara and to Mammy, and she simply wouldn't let herself think about things that would upset her. Lord knows, I've got more than enough to upset me without dragging them in, too. And I'm so tired

... Her head drooped and her eyes closed.

"Jonesboro, ma'am," said the conductor. Scarlett blinked, sat

straight.

"Thank you." She looked around the car for Pansy and her valises. I'll skin that girl alive if she's wandered off to another car. Oh, if only a lady didn't have to have a companion every single time she put her foot outside her own house. I'd do so much better by myself. There she is. "Pansy. Get those valises off the rack. We're here."

Only five miles to Tara now. Soon I'll be home. Home!

Will Benteen, Suellen's husband, was waiting on the platform. It was a shock to see Will; the first few seconds were always a shock.