

悬念
经典

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孙予 译

我家给了一个 死人

英汉对照

世界图书出版公司

吉
盛

我嫁给了一个死人

I MARRIED A DEAD MAN

·英汉对照·

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I MARRIED

A DEAD MAN

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——谢尔顿·阿本德 a/k/a 布法罗·比尔



THE SUMMER NIGHTS are so pleasant in Caulfield. They smell of heliotrope and jasmine, honeysuckle and clover. The stars are warm and friendly here, not cold and distant, as where I came from; they seem to hang lower over us, be closer to us. The breeze that stirs the curtains at the open windows is soft and gentle as a baby's kiss. And on it, if you listen, you can hear the rustling sound of the leafy trees turning over and going back to sleep again. The lamplight from within the houses falls upon the lawns outside and copperplates them in long swaths. There's the hush, the stillness of perfect peace and security. Oh, yes, the summer nights are pleasant in Caulfield.

But not for us.

The winter nights are too. The nights of fall, the nights of spring. Not for us, not for us.

The house we live in is so pleasant in Caulfield. The blue-green tint of its lawn, that always seems so freshly



考尔菲尔德夏日的夜晚令人心旷神怡，四下飘逸着一股缬草、茉莉花、忍冬和红花草的清香。我老家那儿的星星令人觉得冷峻和遥远，而这儿的星星却跟那儿完全不同，它们是那么温馨可爱，看起来就低垂在我们的头顶之上，离我们真近。微风轻轻拂动打开着的窗户上的窗帘，风儿轻柔得就像一个幼儿的甜吻。如果细细聆听，你可以听到，在微风的吹拂下，阔叶树的树叶发出了绵绵的絮语声，接着，它们重又静静地进入睡乡。屋里射出的灯光落在了屋外的草坪上，把草坪划分成一块块长条。万籁俱寂，一片平和安祥的静谧。噢，是啊，这考尔菲尔德夏日的夜晚是那么令人心旷神怡。

但这样的夜晚不属于我们。

还有冬天的夜晚。秋天的夜晚，以及春天的夜晚。都不属于我们，不属于我们。

我们在考尔菲尔德的房子也是那么舒适愉快。每天，不管在什么时候，蓝绿色的茵茵草坪总显得像

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watered no matter what the time of day. The sparkling, aerated pinwheels of the sprinklers always turning, steadily turning; if you look at them closely enough they form rainbows before your eyes. The clean, sharp curve of the driveway. The dazzling whiteness of the porch-supports in the sun. Indoors, the curving white symmetry of the bannister, as gracious as the dark and glossy stair it accompanies down from above. The satin finish of the rich old floors, bearing a telltale scent of wax and of lemon-oil if you stop to sniff. The lushness of pile carpeting. In almost every room, some favorite chair waiting to greet you like an old friend when you come back to spend a little time with it. People who come and see it say, "What more can there be? This is a home, as a home should be." Yes, the house we live in is so pleasant in Caulfield.

But not for us.

Our little boy, our Hugh, his and mine, it's such a joy to watch him growing up in Caulfield. In the house that will some day be his, in the town that will some day be his. To watch him take the first tottering steps that mean—now he can walk. To catch and cherish each newly minted word that fumblingly issues from his lips—that means, now he's added another, now he can talk.

But even that is not for us, somehow. Even that seems thefted, stolen, in some vague way I cannot say. Something we're not entitled to, something that isn't rightfully ours.

I love him so. It's Bill I mean now, the man. And he loves me. I know I do, I know he does, I cannot doubt it. And yet I know just as surely that on some day to come,

浇过水一样。喷洒器露在外面的闪闪发亮的转轮总是在转呀转，不停地转着，如果凑近它们，凝神盯着这些转轮，便可以看到眼前会出现道道彩虹。还有那有着急转弯的干净的车行道。雪白的门廊支座在阳光照耀下显得那么眩目。走进屋里，只见一道从上到下的乌黑光亮的楼梯，两旁是弯曲匀称的白栏杆，跟楼梯一样显得十分高雅。年代久远的打蜡地板十分光亮，停住脚便可闻到一股蜡和柠檬油的清香。豪华气派的绒毛地毯。每当你回来后，几乎走进每一个房间，都有一把受人欢迎的椅子像一个老朋友一样，邀请你在它上面坐上一会。到这儿的人一见到这幢房子都会说，“还要再奢求些什么呢？这就是一个家，一个家就该是这样。”是啊，我们在考尔菲尔德的这幢房子是那么令人愉快舒适。

但是它也不属于我们。

我们的宝贝，我们的休，他和我的。看着他在考尔菲德一点点长大，在有朝一日属于他的这座房子里，在有朝一日属于他的这个城镇里，一点点长大；看着他迈出摇摇晃晃的第一步——这就意味着如今他会走路了；听到从他嘴里咿咿呀呀地说出的每一个新词儿——这意味着如今他又会多说一个词儿了，他会说话了，是多么令人欣喜啊。

然而，从某种角度说，就连他也不属于我们。就连他似乎也是我们偷来的，是从别人那儿偷来的，用某种我说不清的方法偷来的，反正我总觉得这一切有一种糊里糊涂说不清道不明的味道。是某种我们没资格享有的东西，一种根本不该归我们所有的东西。

我是那么爱他。我这会儿说的是这个叫比尔的男人。他也爱我。我知道我爱他，我知道他也爱我，我不可能怀疑这一点。然而，我也确信无疑，有朝一日，

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maybe this year, maybe next, suddenly he'll pack his things and go away and leave me. Though he won't want to. Though he'll love me still, as much as he does on the day that I say this.

Or if he doesn't, it will be I who will. I'll take up my valise and walk out through the door, never to come back. Though I won't want to. Though I'll love him still, as much as I do on the day that I say this. I'll leave my house behind. I'll leave my baby behind, in the house that will some day be his, and I'll leave my heart behind, with the man it belongs to (How could I take it with me?), but I'll go and I'll never come back.

We've fought this thing. How bitterly we've fought it, in every way that we know how. In every way there is. We've driven it away, a thousand times we've driven it away, and it comes back again in a look, a word, a thought. It's there.

No good for me to say to him, "You didn't do it. You've told me so once. Once was enough. No need to repeat it now again, this late. I *know* you didn't. Oh, my darling, my Bill, you don't lie. You don't lie, in money, or in honor, or in love—"

(But this isn't money, or honor, or love. This is a thing apart. This is murder.)

No good, when I don't believe him. At the moment that he speaks, I may. But a moment later, or an hour, or a day or week, again I don't. No good, for we don't live just within a single moment, we can't. The other moments come, the hours, weeks, and, oh God, the years.

For each time, as he speaks, I know it wasn't I. That's

也许是今年，也许是明年，他会突然整理好他的东西，就此离开我一走了之。尽管他不想这样做。尽管那时他依然还爱着我，就像现在我在说这话时他确实很爱我一样。

反过来，假如他不这样做，那么我也会这么做的。我会拿起我的旅行包，走出大门，不再回返。尽管我并不想这样做。尽管到那时我依然还爱着他，就像我这会儿说这话时一样地爱着他。我会放弃我的这个家。我会离开我的宝贝，让他一个人留在这个有朝一日会属于他的家里，我还会把我的心留在这儿，留给我的心之所属的这个男人（我怎么可能带着我的心离开这儿呢？），然而不管怎样，我会离开，我将从此不再回返。

我们一直为这事而苦苦挣扎。这事把我们弄得好苦啊，我们全都知道我们挣扎得有多苦。这件事无时无刻不在。我们曾把它赶走，我们曾把它赶走了一千回，可只要一个眼色，一句话，一个闪念，它便又回来了。它就待在这儿。

我这么对他说实在是于事无补，“你没干过这事。你已经告诉过我一回。一回就够了。现在就不必再去重复它了，够晚的了。我知道你没做过。噢，亲爱的，我的比尔，你没有撒谎。你没有撒谎，不管是在钱的问题上，在名誉问题上，还是在爱情上——”

（可这不是钱的问题，不是名誉问题，也不是爱情问题。这是个特别的问题。这是谋杀。）

在我不相信他的时候，这么说根本于事无补。在他说起这事的时候，我或许会相信他。可过一会儿，一小时，一天，或是一星期后，我就又不相信他了。这样根本于事无补，因为我们并不只是在一起生活一会儿，我们根本不可能这么做。还有那么多的时光，那么多小时，那么多星期，天哪，那么些年。

每回，在他说起这事时，我知道并不是我干的。我

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all I know. So well, too well, I know. And that leaves only—

And each time, as I speak, perhaps he knows that it wasn't he (but I cannot know that, I cannot; there is no way for him to reach me). So well he knows, so well. And that leaves only—

No good, no good at all.

One night six months ago I dropped upon my knees before him, with the boy there between us. Upon my bended knees. I put my hand on the little boy's head, and I swore it to him then and there. Speaking low, so the child wouldn't understand.

"By my child. Bill, I swear to you on the head of my child, that I didn't. Oh Bill, I didn't do it—"

He raised me up, and held me in his arms, and pressed me to him.

"I know you didn't. I know. What more can I say? In what other way can I tell you? Here, lie against my heart, Patrice. Perhaps that can tell you better than I—Listen to it, can't you tell that it believes you?"

And for a moment it does, that one moment of our love. But then the other moment comes, that one that always comes after. And he has already thought, "But I know it wasn't I. I know so well it wasn't I. And that leaves only—"

And even while his arms go tighter than ever about me, and his lips kiss the wetness from my eyes, he already doesn't again. He already doesn't.

There's no way out. We're caught, we're trapped. The circle viciously completes itself each time, and we're on the inside, can't break through. For if he's innocent, then

就知道这一点。我知道得很清楚，真太清楚了，我知道。那剩下的就只能是——

每一回，在我说起这事时，或许他也知道并不是他干的（但我不可能知道这一点，我不可能知道；他根本没法让我知道）。对此他也知道得很清楚，那么清楚。那剩下的就只能是——

没好处，一点没好处。

六个月以前的一个晚上，我跪在他面前，我的小男孩就在我们中间，就在我曲着的膝上。我把手放在孩子头上，我就这么向他发誓。我把嗓门放得很低，这样孩子就不会明白我在说些什么。

“以我的孩子起誓，比尔，我把手放在我的孩子的头上起誓，我没干过那事。噢，比尔，我没干过——”

他将我扶起来，把我抱在怀里，紧紧贴住他。

“我知道你没干过，我知道。我还能再说些什么呢？我还能用别的什么法子告诉你呢？来，帕特里斯，倚在我的心口上。或许这要我说什么你都强——听听这颗心在说些什么，你就不明白它是相信你的吗？”

有一会儿，我是相信了，就在我们缠绵爱恋的那一回儿。可接着这一刻过去了，这一刻总要过去的。他也已经在想了，“可我知道那不是我干的。我完全知道那不是我干的。那剩下的就只能是——”

尽管他的胳膊比以往更紧地搂住我，他的嘴唇在吻去我眼中流下的泪水，他已经又不相信了。他已经不相信了。

这事真是毫无办法。我们给揪住了，我们给圈住了。每次这个怪圈这么邪恶地转下一圈，我们就给圈在里面，没法逃脱。因为如果他是无辜的，那么

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it has to be me. And if I am, it has to be he. But I *know* I'm innocent. (Yet he may know he is too.) There's no way out.

Or, tired with trying to drive it away, we've rushed toward it with desperate abandon, tried to embrace it, to be done with it once and for all in that way.

One time, unable to endure its long-drawn, unseen, ghostly vigil over our shoulders any longer, he suddenly flung himself out of the chair he'd been in, though nothing had been said between us for an hour past. Flung the book he hadn't been reading, only pretending to, far from him like a brickbat. Flung himself up as wildly as though he were going to rush forward to grapple with something he saw there before him. And my heart flung itself wildly up with him.

He surged to the far end of the room and stopped there—at bay. And made a fist, and raised his arm, and swung it with a thundering crash against the door, so that only the panel's thickness kept it from shattering. Then turned in his helpless defiance and cried out:

"I don't care! It doesn't matter! Do you hear me? It doesn't matter! People have done it before. Lots of times. And lived out their happiness afterward. Why shouldn't we? He was no good. It was what he deserved. He wasn't worth a second thought. The whole world said so then, and they'd still say so now. He isn't worth a single minute of this hell we've gone through—"

And then he poured a drink for each of us, lavish, reckless, and came back toward me with them. And I, understand-

这事必定就是我干的。假如我是无辜的，那么这事必定就是他干的了。不过我知道我是无辜的。（而他或许知道他也是无辜的。）真是毫无办法。

要不，由于我们拼命想摆脱这事，结果弄得自己精疲力竭，这时我们便会不顾一切地为这事而大干一场，只想别放过它，跟它同归于尽，就此一了百了。

有一回，由于再也忍受不了这种长期折磨人、让人看不见、却死缠住我俩不放的事，他突然从他坐的那把椅子上跳起来，尽管在此前的一个小时里我们两人一直没说过一句话。他一直在假装看书，其实却一点没看进去，他像扔一块砖头一样把书远远扔出去。他那么狂怒地跳起来，似乎准备朝他看见的在自己面前的什么东西扑过去，跟它干上一仗似的。我的心也随之怦怦乱跳。

他猛地跑到房间最远端，在那儿停住脚——一副走头无路的模样。他握紧拳头，抬起手臂，朝房门猛地捶去，只是由于门板很厚，他才没把门捶破。然后他以一种绝望的表示反抗的模样大声叫起来：

“我才不在乎呢！没什么了不起的！你听到了吗？没什么了不起的！人家以前已经这么干过了。干过多次了。然后他们不也过得好好的。我们为什么就不能这样呢？他这人坏透了。他活该。根本不值得再去为他多费心思。全世界都是这么说的，人们如今还是这么说。他根本一点不值得我们为他去这么苦熬——”

说罢他毫不在乎地随意给我俩各倒了一杯酒，捧着酒杯向我走来。我很理解他，很同意他的看

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ing, agreeing, one with him, rose and went to meet him halfway.

"Here, take this. Drink on it. Drown it. Drown it until it's gone. One of us *did* do it. It doesn't matter. It's done with. Now let's get on with living."

And striking himself on the chest, "All right, I did it. There. I was the one. Now it's settled. Now it's over at last—"

And then suddenly our eyes looked deep into one another's, our glasses faltered in mid-air, went down, and it was back again.

"But you don't believe that," I whispered, dismayed.

"And you do," he breathed, stricken.

Oh, it's everything, it's everywhere.

We've gone away, and it's where we go. It's in the blue depths of Lake Louise, and high up in the fleecy cloud formations above Biscayne Bay. It rolls restlessly in with the surf at Santa Barbara, and lurks amid the coral rocks of Bermuda, a darker flower than the rest.

We've come back, and it's where we've come back to.

It's between the printed lines on the pages of the books we read. But it peers forth dark, and they fade off to illegibility. "Is he thinking of it now, as I read? As I am? I will not look up at him, I will keep my eyes to this, but—is he thinking of it now?"

It's the hand that holds out its coffee-cup across the breakfast-table in the mornings, to have the urn tipped over it. Bloody-red for a moment in fancy, then back again to pale as it should be. Or maybe, to the other, it's that other

法，我站起身，向他迎去。

“喏，拿去。为这事干杯。把它一起喝下去。让它就此过去。我们中有一人确实做过这事。一点没关系。反正干也干了。让我们就这么生活下去吧。”

接着他用拳头打着自己的胸口，“行了，是我干的。这事就是我干的。好了，就这么说定了。唉，总算过去了——”

突然，就在这时，我们彼此的眼光已看透了对方，酒杯举了一半便停住了，手又放了下来，它又回来了。

“可你并不相信，”我十分沮丧地低声说道。

“你也一样，”他像遭了一击，大口喘着气。

噢，每件事里都有它，它无处不在。

我们已经躲开了，可不管到哪儿，它总在那儿。它在湛蓝的路易丝湖深处，它在比斯坎湾上空那朵朵白云里。它随同圣巴巴拉海峡的激浪一起无休止地翻滚不息，它就像一朵比别的浪花更黑的浪花，偷偷地躲在百慕大海岸边的礁石中。

我们回来了，可它依然同我们形影不离。

它就在我们看的那些书的字里行间。它黑黝黝地突现在那儿，使其余的字行都变得模糊不清。“这会儿，在我看书时，他是不是正想着这事呢？就跟我一样？我才不会抬眼看他呢，我只让自己的眼睛盯着这本书，可是——他现在是不是正想着这事呢？”

早晨，它就是那只握着咖啡杯、从早餐桌伸过来、把杯子凑近咖啡壶的手。依稀之中，这只手好像沾满了血，通红通红的，然后又变得十分苍白，就像原本那样。要不就相反，它是握住咖啡壶在倒咖啡的

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hand opposite one, that does the tipping of the urn; depending upon which side of the table the beholder it sitting.

I saw his eyes rest on my hand one day, and I knew what he was thinking at that instant. Because I had looked at his hand much the same way on a previous day, and I had been thinking then what he was thinking now.

I saw him close his eyes briefly, to efface the sickly illusion; and I closed mine to dispel the knowledge of it that his had conveyed to me. Then we both opened them, and smiled at one another, to tell one another nothing had happened just then.

It's in the pictures that we see on the theatre-screen. "Let's get out of here, I'm—tired of it, aren't you?" (Somebody is going to kill somebody, up there, soon, and he knows it's coming.) But even though we do get up and leave, it's already too late, because he knows why we're leaving, and I know too. And even if I didn't know until then, this—the very fact of our leaving—has told me. So the precaution is wasted after all. *It's back in our minds again.*

Still, it's wiser to go than to stay.

I remember one night it came too quickly, more suddenly than we could have foretold, there was less warning given. We were not able to get all the way out in time. We were still only making our way up the aisle, our backs to the screen, when suddenly a shot rang out, and then a voice groaned in accusation, "You've—you've killed me."

It seemed to me it was *his* voice, and that he was speaking to us, to one of us. It seemed to me, in that moment,