

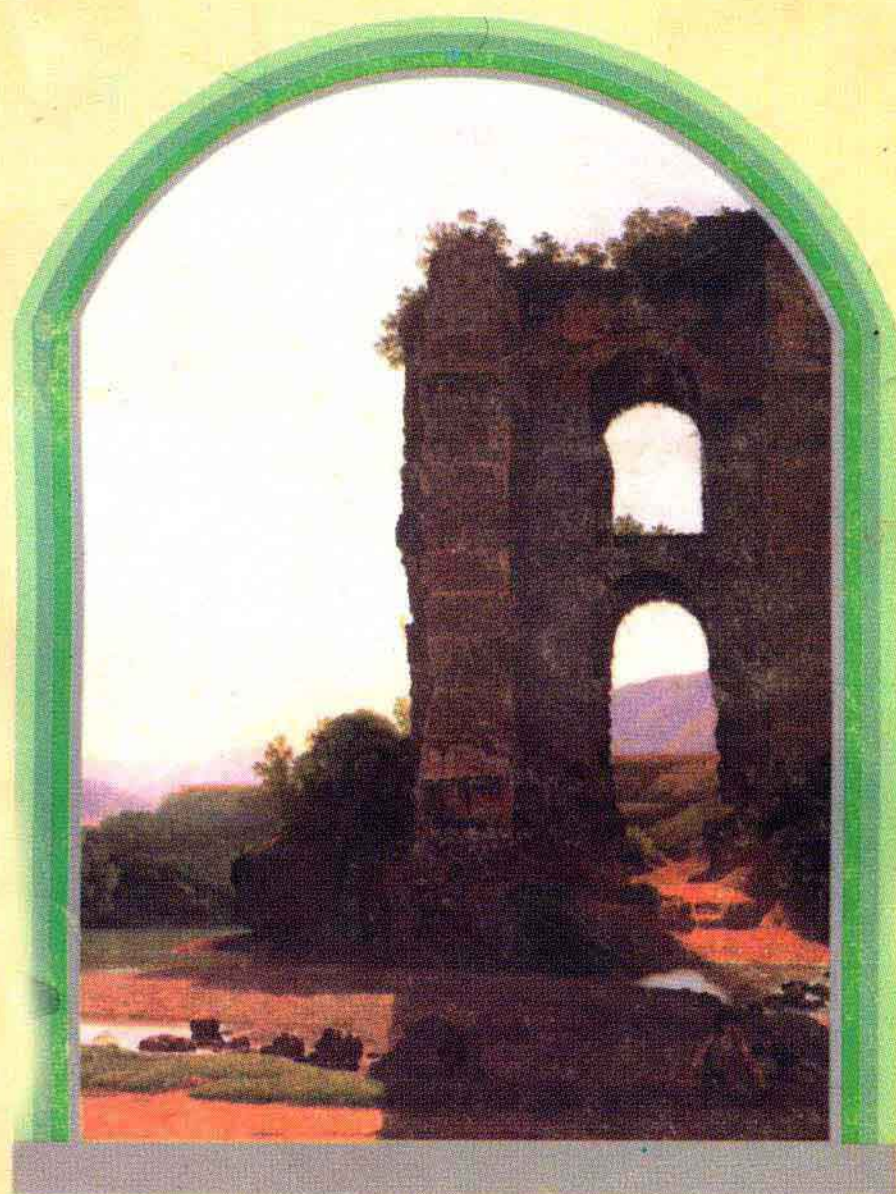
The Guest of Dracula

英美文学精品详注丛书

第一辑 第三册

德拉库拉的来客

〔英〕布拉姆·斯托克 著



中国对外翻译出版公司

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《德拉库拉的来客》

布拉姆·斯托克 1847 年生于都柏林。幼年体弱多病，得到了母亲的精心照料。他的母亲很了不起，是位活跃的社会福利工作者，女权主义者，作家。她认为，解决全球社问题的最好办法是“实行男女平等”。她也很擅长讲故事，常讲些儿令人毛骨悚然的爱尔兰恐怖故事，逗多病的布拉姆开心。成年后，他步母亲的后尘，撰文支持女权。不过，后来改变了主意。他年轻时，同代的许多批评家都批评美国诗人惠特曼，他则非常喜欢惠特曼，为他辩护。一想到《德拉库拉》的作者和《草叶集》的作者之间的通信，就觉得不可思议而又引人入胜。

1870 年，在都柏林担任文职公务员，开始了职业生涯。1876 年，结识了他终身崇拜的偶像演员亨利·欧文。他为欧文的表演才能所倾倒，做了欧文的经理。这是份全日工作，但他却见缝扎针，创作了大约 17 部作品，包括《有蛇爬过》，《白虫之窝》，《卖寿衣的女人》，当然还有《德拉库拉》。不过十分奇怪的是，斯托克生前最著名的作品却是《亨利·欧文个人回忆录》。

斯托克去世后，他妻子出版了他的《德拉库拉》；《德拉库拉的来客》是其中的一个插曲。读者可以从

中找到充足的证据,表明斯托克确实具有创作才能。他对性爱恐惧无情而详细的描绘,不仅令当时的读者烦恼,也使今日的读者困惑,因为性爱恐惧亦教作者感到不安。事实上,他晚年热烈支持书籍审查;他认为“凡作者和出版商为获得商业上的成功,而有意表现人与生俱来的邪恶力量的书,都应受到审查。这种邪恶深重而危险,如果不是已经深深影响了本国青年的人生准则与生活,至少也会这样。”本书中的另一则故事《掩埋耗子》,则表现了人们内心深处的另一种恐惧,即对社会革命的恐惧;这种恐惧也许同斯托克曾希望从英国书籍中取消的邪恶“性冲动”有关。

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Bram Stoker

The Guest of Dracula

Bram Stoker was born in Dublin in 1847. Stoker was a sickly child, but he was well looked after by his extraordinary mother. She was an active social worker, feminist, and writer. She thought that the best way to solve the world's social problems was to "equalize the sexes". She was also a great storyteller, and entertained the sickly Bram with gruesome Irish horror stories. When Bram was a young man he followed in his mother's footsteps and wrote in favour of women's rights. Later in life he would change his mind. Also as a young man he developed a great passion for the American poet Walt Whitman whom he defended from his many critics of the time. It is strange and tantalising to think of the correspondence between the author of *Dracula* and the author of *Leaves of Grass*.

In 1870 Stoker began his career as a civil servant in Dublin. In 1876 he met the idol of his life, the actor Henry Irving, who overwhelmed Stoker with his power on the stage. Stoker became his manager. This was a full time job, but Stoker found time to write some seventeen books, among which are *The Snake's Pass*, *The Lair of the White Worm*, *The Lady of the Shroud*, and, of course, *Dracula*. Oddly enough though, during his lifetime Stoker was best known for his book, *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving*.

'*Dracula's Guest*' is an episode from '*Dracula*' which was published by Stoker's wife after his death. In it the reader can find ample evidence of the power of Stoker's writing. His fierce and detailed treatment of erotic fears disturb as much today as they ever have. This is probably so because these fears disturbed their creator. In fact, later in life, Stoker ardently supported the censure of certain books which he believed 'are meant by both authors and publishers to bring to the winning of commercial success the forces of evil inherent in man. The evil is grave and dangerous, and may, if it does not already, deeply affect the principles and lives of the young people of this country.' The other story in this volume, *The Burial of the Rats*, brings up from the depths another fear, related perhaps to the evil 'sexual impulses' Stoker wished to cancel from British books: the fear of social revolution.

DRACULA'S GUEST

WHEN WE STARTED for our drive the sun was shining brightly on Munich, and the air was full of the joyousness of early summer. Just as we were about to depart, Herr Delbrück (the maître d'hôtel of the Quatre Saisons, where I was staying) came down, bareheaded, to the carriage and, after wishing me a pleasant drive, said to the coachman, still holding his hand on the handle of the carriage door:

'Remember you are back by nightfall. The sky looks bright but there is a shiver in the north wind that says there may be a sudden storm. But I am sure you will not be late.' Here he smiled, and added, 'for you know what night it is.'

Johann answered with an emphatic, 'Ja, mein Herr,' and, touching his hat, drove off quickly. When we had cleared the town, I said, after signalling to him to stop:

'Tell me, Johann, what is tonight?'

He crossed himself as he answered laconically: 'Walpurgis Nacht.' Then he took out his watch, a great, old-fashioned German silver thing as big as a turnip, and looked at it, with his eyebrows gathered together and a little impatient shrug of his shoulders. I realised that this was his way of respectfully protesting against the unnecessary delay, and sank back in the carriage, merely motioning him to proceed. He started off rapidly, as if to make up for lost time. Every now and then the horses seemed to throw up their heads and sniffed the air suspiciously. On such occasions I often looked round in alarm. The road was pretty bleak, for we were traversing a sort of high, wind-swept plateau.

As we drove, I saw a road that looked but little used, and which seemed to dip through a little, winding valley. It looked so inviting that, even at the risk of offending him, I called Johann to stop – and when he had pulled up, I told him I would like to drive down that road. He made all sorts of excuses, and frequently crossed himself as he spoke. This somewhat piqued my curiosity, so I asked him various questions. He

joyousness: happiness, gaiety.

to depart: leave.

maître d'hôtel: head butler (servant).

bareheaded: without a hat.

drive: trip.

coachman: driver.

Remember you are back: make sure you have come back here.

shiver: a distinct trace.

for: since.

Ja, mein Herr: (German) yes, my Lord.

we had cleared the town: we had gone beyond the town.

laconically: briefly. **Walpurgis Nacht**: (German) the night of St Walpurga, i.e. the night before May Day on which witches and ghosts appear. **turnip**: a thick root of a plant which is eaten (about the size of a baseball). **gathered**: pulled. **shrug**: to lift up your shoulders.

sank: (*sink, sank, sunk*) fell.

sniffed: smelled

pretty: rather, quite. **traversing**: crossing.

wind-swept: windy.

to dip: to go down slightly.

pulled up: stopped.

crossed himself: made the sign of the cross on his chest.

piqued: excited, stimulated.

answered fencingly, and repeatedly looked at his watch in protest. Finally I said:

‘Well, Johann, I want to go down this road. I shall not ask you to come unless you like; but tell me why you do not like to go, that is all I ask.’ For answer he seemed to throw himself off the box, so quickly did he reach the ground. Then he stretched out his hands appealingly to me, and implored me not to go. There was just enough of English mixed with the German for me to understand the drift of his talk. He seemed always just about to tell me something – the very idea of which evidently frightened him; but each time he pulled himself up, saying, as he crossed himself:

‘Walpurgis Nacht!’

I tried to argue with him, but it was difficult to argue with a man when I did not know his language. The advantage certainly rested with him, for although he began to speak in English, of a very crude and broken kind, he always got excited and broke into his native tongue – and every time he did so, he looked at his watch. Then the horses became restless and sniffed the air. At this he grew very pale, and, looking around in a frightened way, he suddenly jumped forward, took them by the bridles and led them on some twenty feet. I followed, and asked why he had done this. For answer he crossed himself, pointed to the spot we had left and drew his carriage in the direction of the other road, indicated a cross, and said, first in German, then in English: ‘Buried him – him what killed themselves.’

I remembered the old custom of burying suicides at crossroads: ‘Ah! I see, a suicide. How interesting!’ But for the life of me I could not make out why the horses were frightened.

Whilst we were talking, we heard a sort of sound between a yelp and a bark. It was far away; but the horses got very restless, and it took Johann all his time to quiet them. He was pale, and said, ‘It sounds like a wolf – but yet there are no wolves here now.’

‘No?’ I said, questioning him; ‘isn’t it long since the wolves were so near the city?’

fencingly: defensively so as not to give the real answer.

the box: the driver's seat.

appealingly: as if he were asking me to do something. **implored**: begged.

the drift: the intent, the implication.

he pulled himself up: he stopped himself.

The advantage certainly rested with him: he certainly had the advantage. **crude**: imperfect, faulty.

broke into: began speaking suddenly.

restless: impatient, nervous.

pale: white.

bridles: leather bands put on a horse's head to control it. **led**: (*lead, led, led*) directed. **some**: about.

pointed: indicated. **spot**: place. **drew**: (*draw, drew, drawn*) pulled.

Buried: put under ground. **him what**: (*incorrect English*) the man who.

suicides: people who have killed themselves.

crossroads: places where two roads intersect (cross).

But for the life of me: Not for anything in the world.

Whilst: (*archaic*) while.

yelp: short, sharp cry of pain (usually of dogs). **bark**: sound that dogs make.

wolf: large wild dog (*Canis lupus*). **but yet**: but.

isn't it long ... the city?: have not the wolves been away from the city for a long time.

‘Long, long,’ he answered, ‘in the spring and summer; but with the snow the wolves have been here not so long.’

Whilst he was petting the horses and trying to quiet them, dark clouds drifted rapidly across the sky. The sunshine passed away, and a breath of cold wind seemed to drift past us. It was only breath, however, and more in the nature of a warning than a fact, for the sun came out brightly again. Johann looked under his lifted hand at the horizon and said:

‘The storm of snow, he comes before long time.’ Then he looked at his watch again, and, straightway holding his reins firmly – for the horses were still pawing the ground restlessly and shaking their heads – he climbed to his box as though the time had come for proceeding on our journey.

I felt a little obstinate and did not at once get into the carriage.

‘Tell me,’ I said, ‘about this place where the road leads,’ and I pointed down.

Again he crossed himself and mumbled a prayer, before he answered, ‘It is unholy.’

‘What is unholy?’ I enquired.

‘The village.’

‘Then there is a village?’

‘No, no. No one lives there hundreds of years.’ My curiosity was piqued, ‘But you said there was a village.’

‘There was.’

‘Where is it now?’

Whereupon he burst out into a long story in German and English, so mixed up that I could not quite understand exactly what he said, but roughly I gathered that long ago, hundreds of years, men had died there and been buried in their graves; and sounds were heard under the clay, and when the graves were opened, men and women were found rosy with life, and their mouths red with blood. And so, in haste to save their lives (aye, and their souls! – and here he crossed himself) those who were left fled away to other places, where the living lived, and the dead were dead and not – not something. He was evidently afraid to speak the last words. As he proceeded with his narration, he grew more and more excited. It seemed as if his

the wolves have been ... long: (*incorrect English*) the wolves have only been here for a short period of time. **petting:** caressing, touching affectionately. **drifted:** moved (by the wind, or by currents).

he comes: (*incorrect English*) it is coming.

straightway: immediately. **reins:** narrow bands of leather or ropes attached to the bit, used to direct a horse. **pawing:** hitting at the ground with the hoof with impatience, fear, etc.

obstinate: stubborn. **at once:** immediately.

mumbled: said indistinctly under his breath.

piqued: stimulated.

burst out into: began suddenly and with violence.

roughly I gathered: I vaguely understood.

rosy with life: rosy because of life.

red with blood: red because there was blood on them. **in haste:** in a hurry. **aye, and:** yes, and of course.

imagination had got hold of him, and he ended in a perfect paroxysm of fear – whitefaced, perspiring, trembling and looking round him, as if expecting that some dreadful presence would manifest itself there in the bright sunshine on the open plain. Finally, in an agony of desperation, he cried:

‘Walpurgis Nacht!’ and pointed to the carriage for me to get in. All my English blood rose at this, and, standing back, I said:

‘You are afraid, Johann – you are afraid. Go home: I shall return alone; the walk will do me good.’ The carriage door was open. I took from the seat my oak walking-stick – which I always carry on my holiday excursions – and closed the door, pointing back to Munich, and said, ‘Go, home, Johann – Walpurgis Nacht doesn’t concern Englishmen.’

The horses were now more restive than ever, and Johann was trying to hold them in, while excitedly imploring me not to do anything so foolish. I pitied the poor fellow, he was deeply in earnest; but all the same I could not help laughing. His English was quite gone now. In his anxiety he had forgotten that his only means of making me understand was to talk my language, so he jabbered away in his native German. It began to be a little tedious. After giving the direction, ‘Home!’ I turned to go down the cross-road into the valley.

With a despairing gesture, Johann turned his horses towards Munich. I leaned on my stick and looked after him. He went slowly along the road for a while: then there came over the crest of the hill a man tall and thin. I could see so much in the distance. When he drew near the horses, they began to jump and kick about, then to scream with terror. Johann could not hold them in; they bolted down the road, running away madly. I watched them out of sight, then looked for the stranger, but I found that he, too, was gone.

With a light heart I turned down the side road through the deepening valley to which Johann had objected. There was not the slightest reason, that I could see, for his objection; and I dare say I tramped for a couple of hours without thinking of time or distance, and certainly without seeing a person or a

had got hold of him: dominated, controlled him.

paroxysm: fit, passion. **perspiring:** sweating.

dreadful: horrible, fearful. **presence:** supernatural influence felt to be near.

my English blood rose at this: my English pride was stimulated by this.

walking-stick: cane.

excursions: trips.

restive: nervous.

imploring: begging.

I pitied: I felt sorry for.

deeply in earnest: very sincere. **I could not help:** I had to.

means: way.

he jabbered: talked in an unintelligible manner.

cross-road: a road that crosses another road.

looked after him: watched him as he went away.

a man tall and thin: *(note poetic inversion)*.

they bolted: they ran away suddenly from fear.

I dare say: I imagine. **I tramped:** I walked, I hiked.

house. So far as the place was concerned, it was desolation itself. But I did not notice this particularly till, on turning a bend in the road, I came upon a scattered fringe of wood; then I recognised that I had been impressed unconsciously by the desolation of the region through which I had passed.

I sat down to rest myself, and began to look around. It struck me that it was considerably colder than it had been at the commencement of my walk – a sort of sighing sound seemed to be around me, with, now and then, high overhead, a sort of muffled roar. Looking upwards I noticed that great thick clouds were drifting rapidly across the sky from north to south at a great height. There were signs of coming storm in some lofty stratum of the air. I was a little chilly, and, thinking that it was the sitting still after the exercise of walking, I resumed my journey.

The ground I passed over was now much more picturesque. There were no striking objects that the eye might single out; but in all there was a charm of beauty. I took little heed of time and it was only when the deepening twilight forced itself upon me that I began to think of how I should find my way home. The brightness of the day had gone. The air was cold, and the drifting of clouds high overhead was more marked. They were accompanied by a sort of far-away rushing sound, through which seemed to come at intervals that mysterious cry which the driver had said came from a wolf. For a while I hesitated. I had said I would see the deserted village, so on I went, and presently came on a wide stretch of open country, shut in by hills all around. Their sides were covered with trees which spread down to the plain, dotting, in clumps, the gentler slopes and hollows which showed here and there. I followed with my eye the winding of the road, and saw that it curved close to one of the densest of these clumps and was lost behind it.

As I looked there came a cold shiver in the air, and the snow began to fall. I thought of the miles and miles of bleak country I had passed, and then hurried on to seek the shelter of the wood in front. Darker and darker grew the sky, and faster and heavier fell the snow, till the earth before and