

美国编辑的青少年经典  
蝴蝶梦

# Rebecca

【英】达夫妮·杜穆里埃 / Daphne du Maurier◎著

周亮◎译

杨树芳◎导读

英美校园被推荐最广的文学经典

美国人为青少年专门编写

中国台湾地区组织翻译

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约翰·史密斯，美国田纳西州人，学者，曾任亚利桑纳州立大学青少年文学研究中心资深顾问，2004年应邀到中国台湾从事英文教学工作。他认为：“中国学生若想提高英文水平，必须从阅读英文经典开始。”因此，他和几位美国专家一起遴选了在英美校园最受欢迎的青少读物30余种，并根据现代流行英语加以改写，成为这套“美国编译的青少经典”。该丛书首先在台湾出版，大受欢迎。中国致公出版社特地引进，并根据大陆读者习惯重新审订，并邀请相关专家撰写导读。

## 不同年龄不同层次的爱情梦想

英国女作家达夫妮·杜穆里埃(Daphne du Maurier, 1907 ~ 1990)出身书香门第,自幼受到艺术熏陶。祖父乔治·杜穆里埃是小说家和插图画家。父亲杰拉尔德·杜穆里埃爵士是著名演员,并从事演出经纪人的职业。达夫妮·杜穆里埃聪明博学,极有文学天赋,她先在伦敦接受教育,后转到巴黎求学,并于1938年出版了《吕蓓卡》(*Rebecca*,国内又译为《蝴蝶梦》)。这部小说使她名噪全球,跻身于世界当代有影响的作家之林。

达夫妮·杜穆里埃曾是英国皇家文学协会会员,写过17部长篇小说及几十种其他体裁的文学作品,1969年被授予大英帝国贵妇勋章。杜穆里埃对资产阶级工业革命带来的科学进步和城市文明没有兴趣,都市的浮华和道德沦丧使她厌倦城市生活,她离开伦敦,长期居住在英国西南部大西洋沿岸的康沃尔郡。康沃尔郡的农场庄园里悠闲暇适的乡下生活和绮丽迷人的自然风光令她身心愉悦。她的很多作品如《牙买加旅店》《蝴蝶梦》《法兰西人的支脉》都以此郡的社会习俗与风土人情为主题或背景,故有“康沃尔小说”之称。受19世纪以神秘、恐怖等为主要特点的哥特派小说和勃朗特姐妹的小说创作手法的影响,达夫妮·杜

穆里埃创作的小说大多气氛神秘诡异、情节曲折动人、人物（特别是女主人公）刻画细腻。英国著名的小说家和评论家福斯特（Forster E.M.）认为，英国的小说家中没有一个人能够做到像杜穆里埃这样打破通俗小说与纯文学的界限，让自己的作品同时满足这两种文学的共同要求。达夫妮·杜穆里埃运用注重形式和故事情节的通俗小说艺术表现手法创作，因此以不管是什么层次的读者，知识分子、工人、家庭妇女或者是农民，只要有一定的文化，都可以读达夫妮·杜穆里埃的小说。豆瓣网友 Liv 在题为“蝴蝶蝴蝶她是虫变的，先生先生你还爱她吗”的评论中说：“《蝴蝶梦》真的可以给各个层次的人看。小女生会看出王子和灰姑娘的浪漫，老男人会看出命运的坎坷，而半大不小的女人则能看出这简直就是世上关于婚姻的最完美的讽刺。”

《蝴蝶梦》原名《吕蓓卡》，是达夫妮·杜穆里埃的成名作。小说从 1938 年发表以来已被译成二十多种文字，再版重印四十多次，并于 1940 年被改编并成功搬上银幕。达夫妮·杜穆里埃在小说中成功地塑造了一个颇富神秘色彩的女性吕蓓卡的形象。此人在小说开始时即已死去，除在倒叙段落中被间接提到外，从未在书中直接出现，但却时时处处音容宛在，并能通过其仆人、情夫等继续控制曼德利庄园直至最后将这个庄园烧毁。小说中另一女性，即以故事叙述者身份出现的第一人称“我”，虽是喜怒哀乐俱全的活人，实际上却处处起着烘托吕蓓卡的作用，作者这种以“实

有”陪衬“虚无”的手法颇为别致。达夫妮·杜穆里埃通过刻画吕蓓卡那种放浪形骸之外的腐化生活，以及她与马克西姆·德温特的畸形婚姻，生动地揭示了英国上层社会中的享乐至上、尔虞我诈、穷奢极侈、势利伪善等现象。此外作者还通过情景交融的手法渲染了两种气氛：一方面是缠绵悱恻的怀乡忆旧；另一方面是阴森压抑的绝望恐怖。这双重气氛互相交叠渗透再加上故事的诡谲悬疑，使本书成为一部多年畅销不衰的浪漫主义小说。

杨树芳，中国矿业大学文法学院外语系教师，专业研究方向为英语教学、英美文化等；至今已在全国中文核心期刊及省级教育类刊物上发表学术论文十余篇，参与多项省级及校级科研项目。

Last night I dreamt that I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me that I was going in by the iron entrance gates. The private road 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



昨夜我梦见自己又回到曼德利了。好像我正从那扇铁栅门走进，隐秘的小径现在只剩如丝带般的狭窄，碎石路面被杂草湮没。有时，我以为无路可走了，但在倾倒的树底下，或者在冬雨汇成的泥沟对岸，突然又发现小路，而由灌木树干新长出的树枝横在我走的路上。我竟然走到那栋房子前，站在那儿，心剧烈地跳动，泪水涌上眼眶。那是曼德利，我们的曼德利，一如往昔的隐僻、静谧。在梦中，灰色的石块在月光



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



下闪闪发光，岁月无法侵蚀那些墙垣的美，也无法侵蚀那地方本身的美，它好像捧在手心的一颗宝石。杂草斜倒向海滨，而海是静静地躺在月光下的一片银波，宛如没有被风暴侵扰的湖水。

我再转身望向屋子，却看到花园已经荒芜了，正如那片树林已经荒芜了一样。杂草丛生。不过月光与幻想，甚至于一个梦中人的幻想都能神奇地骗人。当我静默地立在那儿的时候，我可以发誓那房子不是一个空屋，而是像从前一样栩栩如生地活着。灯光从窗口里透射出来，窗帘在晚风中轻柔地飘动；那边，在

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 disappeared. I looked again upon an empty shell, with no whisper of the past about it. Our fear and suffering were dead. When I thought about Manderley in my waking hours I would not be bitter. I would think of it as it might have been, 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

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图书室里，门就像我们离开时一样地半开着，我的手绢放在桌上秋季盆景的旁边。

这时一片浮云掩过明月，像面前的一只黑手。那幻觉消失了。我重新面对着一个空洞的外壳，没有关于它过去的耳语。我们的恐惧与痛苦没有了。清醒时我想到曼德利，我不会感到酸楚，要是我曾住在那儿毫无恐惧的话，我会认为那地方或许存在过。我会忆起那夏天时的花园，与在那儿唱歌的鸟儿。林下品茗，海浪声从岸边传入我们的耳际。我会忆起忘忧谷内灌木丛中盛开的花朵。这些事物永远不可能褪色。它们

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



是一些没有痛苦的记忆。我知道这一切一切都在我的梦中（像大多数睡着的人一样，我知道我在做梦）。

实际上，我躺在遥远的异乡，不久便会在那座简陋小旅馆的房间里醒来。我会躺一会儿，伸伸腰，翻个身，迷惑于那阳光，那晴空，跟我梦中柔和的月色是如此的不同。白昼会停驻在我们的面前，漫长而充

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



满了某种安宁，这是一种我们从来没有过的宝贵的恬静。我们不会谈到曼德利。我不会述说我的梦。因为曼德利不再是我们的了。曼德利已不存在。我们永远不可能再回去，那是一定的了。往事依然历历在目，不过我们现在彼此再也没有秘密了。一切都共享。我们住的小旅馆或许沉闷，食物也不再精致；日复一日，生活也许平淡无奇。不过沉闷终究比恐惧好些。我们现在生活非常习惯了。而我——我已经变得非常开朗！我已经改掉昔日的忸怩。我与第一次驾车到曼德利时的我，已经大不相同了，那时我有希望与渴求，并怀着逢迎的心。我缺少打击像丹弗斯太太那种人的胆量。

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 young, unpowdered face, dressed in a badly-fitting coat and skirt, following Mrs. Van Hopper 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,

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为什么我非得要像谁呢？仿效“吕蓓卡”？

我现在可以看到自己了，留着直直的短发，配上年轻没有施粉的脸孔，穿着一袭很不合身的外套和裙子，跟着范·霍珀太太进入旅馆中用餐。她像往常一样坐在屋角近窗的那张她常用的餐桌前，一双像猪一般的小眼睛左瞧右瞧，说：“看不到任何名人！我要告诉经理，他必须在我的账单上打个折扣。他以为我来这儿做什么的？来看侍者不成？”

我们静静地吃饭，因为范·霍珀太太全神贯注地在用餐，然后我看到空了三天的邻桌，再一次被使用

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,” 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.

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了。总招待现在正带着客人入座。范·霍珀太太放下叉子，凝望了一会儿。然后她靠近我，小眼睛闪着兴奋的光芒，声音有一点儿高亢。

“这位是马克斯·德·温特，”她说，“曼德利的主人，当然你已经听说过了。他好像生病了，是不是？人们说他不能忘怀他去世的妻子。”

她的好奇心像是一种病态。时至今日，我仍然可以记起她在那个难忘的下午的样子，仿佛只是昨天的事，不知道怎样着手才好。突然间，她转向我说：“快上楼去找我侄子的那封信，那封附有照片的信。立刻

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.

“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.



替我拿下来。”

那时，我知道她已计划好了。但愿我有勇气去警告那位陌生人。不过当我再度回来的时候，看到她并没有等我，现在他已坐在她的身边。我默默地递给她那封信。他马上站起来。

“德·温特先生要跟我们一块儿喝咖啡；去叫侍者另外拿只杯子来。”她说。此举也毫不露痕迹地向他示意，我是个什么阶级的人物了。那表示我是个年轻却无关紧要的人，她并没有意思要我加入这次谈话之中。所以，发现他依然站着并向侍者做手势的时候，我非常惊讶。

“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 Bily 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?”



“我恐怕难以从命，”他向她说，“还是我请你们两位吧。”弄清楚怎么一回事之前，他已经坐上我平常坐的位子，于是我坐在范·霍珀太太的旁边。有一会儿她看起来很懊恼。接着她握着那封信，身子向前迎去。

“您知道，您一走进来，我便认出了是您。”她说，“当时我就想：‘啊！那是比利的朋友德·温特先生！我绝对必须给他看看比利夫妇的照片。’喏，这是他们在棕榈滩海水浴场时拍的。比利为她疯狂了。我们在他举行的宴会上初次见面的时候，当然他还没有遇到她。但是我敢说您记不得有我这样一个老太婆了。”



“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 telling me it had all those big places beat for beauty. I wonder you can ever bear to leave it.”

His silence was painful, as anyone else would have noticed, but she ran on clumsily.



“记得，我记得清清楚楚，”他说，“我不会关心棕榈滩。那种事情从来都引不起我的兴趣。”

范·霍珀太太发出愚蠢的笑。“要是比利有个家像曼德利那样，他也不会去棕榈滩戏水的。”她说。她把话停住，期待他的微笑，但是他继续吸着烟，看起来稍稍有点儿心不在焉。

“当然，我看过曼德利的照片，”她说，“看起来非常的美。记得比利告诉我，它每一个地方都美得令人心动。我奇怪您怎么舍得离开。”

别人都会注意到的，他的缄默是痛苦的，但是她还在笨拙地喃喃自语。