

英汉双语版

Essential Classics of World Literature

Margaret Mitchell

GONE with
the WIND



飘

I

〔美〕玛格丽特·米切尔

黄健人

译 著



中央编译出版社
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译序

玛格丽特·芒纳尔琳·米切尔(Margaret Munnerlyn Mitchell), 1900年11月11日生于美国佐治亚州亚特兰大市, 并在这里终其一生。其母玛丽·伊莎贝尔·斯蒂芬斯是爱尔兰天主教徒的后裔。其父尤金·米切尔是位律师, 曾任亚特兰大历史学会主席, 具有苏格兰、爱尔兰与法国胡格诺派教徒的血统。米切尔家族出过不少斗士, 与《飘》中的奥哈拉家族颇为相似, 成员参与过美国独立战争、爱尔兰起义及美国南北战争。

玛格丽特·米切尔孩提时代就迷上了有关美国内战的一切。起先是父母和住在琼斯博罗乡下的姨婆给她讲内战的故事, 后来是白发苍苍的前南军老兵带着她在亚特兰大附近乡下骑马兜风, 他们的战斗故事让小姑娘听得两眼直发亮。

玛格丽特一家1912年搬到亚特兰大市桃树街上一幢漂亮的大宅居住。1914~1918年, 玛格丽特就读于亚特兰大华盛顿女校, 但成绩平平。一天, 她忽然对妈妈宣布, 数学课听不懂, 不想上学了。妈妈拽着女儿来到乡下, 指着一片种植园的断壁残垣, 绷着脸训道: “打仗的事从前有, 以后还会有。打起仗来, 谁家都躲不开灾难, 人人都得倾家荡产。战后, 人人都得从头再来, 能指望的只有自己的一颗脑袋两只手。”

玛格丽特听从母亲教诲, 返回学校, 发奋读书, 最终于1918年考入全美最著名的女校之一——史密斯学院, 这所学院后来还培养出蜚声文坛的女诗人西尔维娅·普拉斯西尔维娅·普拉斯(Sylvia Plath, 1932—1963), 美国著名的自白派女诗人、小说家。玛格丽特入学时, 第一次世界大战已经爆发。不久, 噩耗传来, 她的未婚夫克利福特·亨利战死于法国。紧接着, 1919年1月, 母亲又死于流感。玛格丽特不得不辍学, 返回亚特兰大照顾父亲和哥哥斯蒂芬。

1920年, 玛格丽特首次进入亚特兰大社交界, 参加各种社交活动, 包括为慈善事业筹款的歌舞演出。1922年, 她有了两位热烈的追求者, 一位是伯伦·厄普肖, 前足球运动员加私酒商; 另一位是约翰·马什, 瘦高个的新闻记者。她选择了厄普肖, 二人于9月成婚, 马什则在婚礼上充当了新郎的傧相。厄普肖收入欠稳定, 玛格丽特只好找了份周薪25美元的工作——为《亚特兰大星期天》杂志写稿。马什是这家杂志的编辑和玛格丽特的写作指导。1922~1926年间, 她以自己的爱称佩吉署名, 发表了129篇文章及无数未署名文章, 内容多为对罪犯、女继承人、佐治亚前南军将领们的采访。

与厄普肖的婚姻因双方性格不合, 于1924年告终。不到一年, 玛格丽特嫁给了马什, 在他们的新居——新月街979号一楼套房内举行了婚礼招待会。这次婚姻美满幸福, 但却让亚特兰大社交界吃惊不小, 因为米切尔婚后不守妇道, 不从夫姓, 夫妻俩公寓的房门上赫然钉着两张名片: 约翰·R. 马什先生, 玛格丽特·M. 米切尔小姐。

婚后一年, 米切尔因脚踝受伤, 辞去记者工作, 在丈夫的鼓励下, 开始创作长篇小说《飘》。与常人不同, 她从结尾开始写, 倒着来, 而且随心所欲, 根本不管事件先后顺序, 信马由缰。小说原稿有的章节打印得清清楚楚, 有的涂改得乱七八糟, 四处堆放在家中。朋友们都知道她在写小说, 但她自己对此缄口不提。倏忽十载过去, 1935年春, 著名的麦克米兰出版公司派编辑哈罗德·拉特汉姆旅行全美, 旨在搜寻可供出版的稿件。拉特汉姆第一站就到了亚特兰大, 听人说起玛格丽特·米切尔的小说, 便登门拜访。起初, 米切尔矢口否认自己在写小说。对此, 她后来解释说: “当时我就是不相信, 北方的出版商怎么会接受一部全盘南方人观点的内战小说。”直到拉特汉姆离开亚特兰大的前夜, 她才把自己摞在一起足有五英尺高的打字稿带给他看。7月, 麦克米兰公司便决定出版这部小说。当时书名曾为《明天是个新日子》(这是整部小说的最后一句话), 女主人公



芳名潘茜。

书稿得到出版界接受，米切尔这才将书名改为《飘》。《飘》的英文为 *Gone with the Wind*，取自英国诗人厄内斯特·道森的长诗《辛拉娜》，在这里主要指南方的奢华全被北军洗劫殆尽，一切都化为乌有，随风飘去。女主角的芳名也改为斯佳丽·奥哈拉。米切尔又坐下来，花了半年工夫一一核对小说中提及的所有历史事实，力求每个时间、地点，甚至建筑物的细节都准确无误。米切尔对自己这部书中所载历史事实的准确度比故事本身的情节与风格更感骄傲。

同时，麦克米兰公司也紧锣密鼓，为这位南方无名新秀的小说大做广告。小说原计划1936年5月31日上市，但后来推迟到6月30日，因为“每月一书俱乐部”将《飘》列为7月新书排行榜榜首。小说发行后引起轰动，赞扬之声不绝于耳，但也有不少左翼评论家认为该书歪曲历史，美化种族主义。不管是褒是贬，《飘》的发行量却打破了历史纪录，一天售出5万册，六个月售出百万册，一年售出两百万册。举国上下都风靡于这部1024页，46万字（英文原版）的小说，而米切尔本人却倍感困惑。她说：“《飘》不过是讲凡人俗事，文字欠美，思想欠伟大，缺乏深意，毫无惊人之处……”然而，《飘》就是赢得了普利策奖，还有1937年度的全美书商协会奖。

《飘》虽引起轰动，米切尔却十分谦虚，认为自己不过是写作的业余爱好者，反复声明：“天晓得，我可不是什么文学家，就算努力也当不了。”她为自己和丈夫的生活受到公众干扰深为不安，礼貌而坚决地拒绝了所有拍照、会见、发表讲话的邀请。

《飘》改编为电影的过程，也像出书过程一样跌宕起伏。小说出版后立刻引起制片人塞尔茨尼克在纽约的书探凯·布朗女士的注意，她给塞尔茨尼克寄去原书一本，但因为小说太厚，塞氏懒得阅读，于是布朗女士又写了一篇25页的故事梗概，并竭力劝说塞氏赶紧买下该书的改编权。塞氏犹豫一番后，同意开价5万美元，这时距离小说的出版刚好一个月。1936年7月30日，米切尔同意了塞氏的开价，但在合同中写进了一项条件：她自己不在影片中担当任何角色。

事实很快证明，布朗女士的建议是正确的，“《飘》热”持续不减，销量屡创纪录。为了让公众在电影拍摄和放映前的两三年内继续着迷于此书，塞氏玩弄了一个花招，大规模在世界范围内寻找斯佳丽，星探们每天都要面试许多容貌俏丽的年轻女子，并由媒介随时报道面试的情况。扮演白瑞德的演员比较好办，公众一致认为此角色非克拉克·盖博莫属。随着开拍的临近，塞氏已选好了每一个角色，只是斯佳丽仍无踪影。他把希望寄托在他的弟弟迈伦身上。迈伦是好莱坞头号星探，也是醉鬼，就在塞氏四处打探迈伦的下落时，迈伦无限陶醉地回来了，身边还跟着一位苗条美人。他对哥哥说：“认识一下斯佳丽吧。”这就是英国演员费雯丽。

幸运之神再次降临塞氏，费雯丽以其出色的表演，将《飘》（电影中译名为《乱世佳人》）的魅力再次呈现于公众面前。1939年美国乃至全世界又一次为《飘》所倾倒，奥斯卡奖评委把八项荣誉戴在了塞尔茨尼克头上，费雯丽也因此红遍全球，成为划时代的电影明星。可以说《飘》造就了米切尔，也造就了费雯丽，只有塞尔茨尼克有些伤感，因为此后他再也没有能够拍出更成功的影片。

美国当代著名诗人兼评论家麦尔克姆·考利形容《飘》是“一部种植园传奇的百科全书”，其他评论家也表赞同，但米切尔本人不接受。她说：“纽约的批评家们说《飘》是月光与木兰花爱情传奇，真好笑。他们从没看过90年代描写邦联的东西，不然就会明白了。”米切尔不写美女骑士，却写北佐治亚的乡绅，不以大庄园上拥有白色圆柱的豪宅为焦点，却对准红土田野上结构凌乱的塔拉种植园。小说以塔拉庄园的奥哈拉家与12棵橡树庄园的威尔克斯家及两家的奴隶、亲朋好友为主要背景，铺开了佐治亚人在美国内战全过程中的宏伟画面。主要人物是塔拉庄园的大小小姐斯佳丽·奥哈拉以及与她生活紧密相关的两个男人——瑞特·巴特勒（白瑞德）、阿什礼·威尔克斯，还有阿什礼的妻子梅拉妮·汉密尔顿。米切尔打破西方小说传统中美女加骑士的模式，将传统美女加



骑士的特点割裂开来，分别赋予不同的人物。梅拉妮被赋予传统美女的优雅、脆弱、贞洁，但并不美丽；而斯佳丽则精力旺盛，风情万种；阿什礼被赋予传统骑士的侠义、强烈的荣誉感、自我牺牲等高尚精神；而瑞特则敢作敢为，阳刚之气逼人，魅力十足。结果小说不以传统的英雄美女为中心，却紧扣着叛逆者斯佳丽与瑞特，让阿什礼和梅拉妮相形之下显得苍白贫血。斯佳丽与瑞特敢于向古老南方的神话挑战，乐享社会制度给他们带来的安逸，却坚决不许社会道德规范干涉他们的个人行动自由。四个主要人物在美国内战前后、内战期间的经历与人物刻画紧密相关。阿什礼和梅拉妮代表的是古老的社会传统，到头来梅拉妮病死，阿什礼精神崩溃。自负的瑞特动身前往查尔斯顿与现实社会和解，而不肯向命运低头的斯佳丽打算回到娘家塔拉的怀抱休养生息，好东山再起。

米切尔自己将《飘》的主题用一个词“生存”定义，这当然指的是人类在社会大动荡中如何生存。美国南北战争摧毁了佐治亚乃至整个南方的经济，黑奴统治得到解放，昔日奴隶主养尊处优的好时光随风而逝，飘得远远的。他们为了生存，必须放下臭架子，努力奋斗，不然只有死路一条。难怪连亚特兰大上流社会的中坚分子也不得不卖糕饼的卖糕饼，赶马车的赶马车，降贵屈尊。正所谓识时务者为俊杰。

米切尔为表现这个主题，还向读者描述了美国南方的许多迷人之处。小说浪漫、怀旧，充满对家乡热土的深情眷恋与激动人心的事件，笔触细微，生动再现了美国佐治亚州内战时期、重建时期的生活。读者可以从中了解到美国南方的风土人情、社会时尚、宗教信仰等方方面面的特征。所有这一切与逼真的人物塑造、广阔的视野一道，表现了一个传统社会的崩溃瓦解，人们又如何应付这场社会巨变的艰辛过程。

《飘》使米切尔一举成名天下知，她的一举一动也成为公众关注的中心。然而，有个秘密却直到她死后很久很久才公之于世。据米切尔纪念馆提供的资料，当种族主义在美国南方横行霸道，三K党徒活动猖獗，定期在亚特兰大石山附近集会之时，米切尔本人却在为该市黑人的好几个项目尽力，尤其与黑人学生的关系很深。米切尔早在19岁初入社交界时就与非洲血统的美国人社团有了联系，她是当时亚特兰大社交界年轻人当中唯一志愿到城里一家黑人诊所工作的姑娘，为此还被白人的女青年会拒之于门外。1941年，本杰明·梅斯博士来到具有历史意义的专为黑人青年开办的摩尔豪斯学院任院长，急于为具有培养前途的学生寻求经济资助，他去找的第一个人就是玛格丽特·米切尔。尽管家人严厉警告她，时局动荡，与黑人接触危险，她还是毅然同意匿名捐款80美元，这个数目在当时已足够一个学生一年的学费。梅斯博士后来写信给她，详细报告了她的捐款给予被资助者多么大的鼓舞与帮助，米切尔遂决定定期向该校捐款。梅斯博士同意对这笔奖学金基金保密，并且在米切尔死后多年仍信守诺言。

米切尔的善举直到佐治亚州第一位黑人医学院毕业生欧提斯·史密斯获得儿科医生开业证书时才为世人所知。当时，史密斯来到米切尔纪念馆，把得到米切尔秘密资助的经过向馆长玛丽·罗斯·泰勒女士和盘托出。原来，他曾在田纳西州的默哈利医学院念书。一年级时，尽管他课余时间替人擦皮鞋、下地打工，拼命干活挣钱，但还是无法维持学业。他只好去找院长梅斯博士，打算退学。院长要他安心念书，并神秘兮兮地说：“别担心，我自有办法。”

史密斯的学杂费全都由人代付了，但直到35年之后（米切尔已去世多年），梅斯博士才公开了这笔基金的来源——史密斯原来只是米切尔资助过的四十~五十名黑人医学院学生之一。这件事足以表明米切尔人格之高尚，也从侧面使广大读者对《飘》更为喜爱。

“《飘》热”在美国乃至全球持续不断。作者去世27年之后，该书依然高居美国精装版小说榜首，加上平装版，《飘》在全美畅销书中一直保持着第九名的地位。据统计资料显示，截止到1993年，《飘》在全球的销量已逾2800册，还不算恒河沙数的盗版书。《飘》已被译为数十种文字，在全球近四十个国家销售，并译为盲文出版，长达30卷。尽管美国文坛一直有意贬低《飘》的文学价值，认为《飘》只是一部大众通俗小说，而《飘》历经数十年而长销不衰的事实，已经为自己夺得了经典的位置。



1949年8月11日，米切尔与丈夫一道出门看电影，在离家仅三个街区之遥的一个十字路口，被一辆疾驶的出租车撞倒，五天后去世，享年49岁。这位美丽聪慧的女作家被安葬于亚特兰大市的奥克兰公墓，与其家族的其他成员永远厮守。

本译本据美国华纳公司1993年新版译出，尽量追求语气的现代性，同时配有米切尔生前工作和生活的珍贵照片以及故居图片等，需要说明的是米切尔故居曾数度被毁，现在的建筑物是后人依样重修的。所有的这些努力，无非是想给中国读者提供一个更丰富更鲜活的《飘》的译本，更加清晰地了解米切尔对美国历史和美国文学作出了何等的贡献。

黄健人

2009年12月



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Chapter I

OSCARLETT O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes and slightly tilted at the ends. Above them, her thick black brows slanted upward, cutting a startling oblique line in her magnolia-white skin—that skin so prized by Southern women and so carefully guarded with bonnets, veils and mittens against hot Georgia suns.

Seated with Stuart and Brent Tarleton in the cool shade of the porch of Tara, her father's plantation, that bright April afternoon of 1861, she made a pretty picture. Her new green flowered-muslin dress spread its twelve yards of billowing material over her hoops and exactly matched the flat-heeled green morocco slippers her father had recently brought her from Atlanta. The dress set off to perfection the seventeen-inch waist, the smallest in three counties, and the tightly fitting basque showed breasts well matured for her sixteen years. But for all the modesty of her spreading skirts, the demureness of hair netted smoothly into a chignon and the quietness of small white hands folded in her lap, her true self was poorly concealed. The green eyes in the carefully sweet face were turbulent, willful, lusty with life, distinctly at variance with her decorous demeanor. Her manners had been imposed upon her by her mother's gentle admonitions and the sterner discipline of her mammy; her eyes were her own.

On either side of her, the twins lounged easily in their chairs, squinting at the

斯佳丽长得并不算美，但魅力四射，男人见了少有不着迷的，塔尔顿家那对孪生兄弟就是。她脸上两种特征鲜明融合：娇柔来自母亲，一位海滨的法国贵族后裔；豪爽来自父亲，面色红润的爱尔兰人。这张脸实在迷人，尖下巴，方下颌，淡绿色双眸，不杂一星茶褐。眼梢微翘，乌黑的睫毛浓密挺直，两弯蛾眉斜斜上挑，挂在木兰花般白净的肌肤上——这肌肤正是南方女人珍爱的宝物，每每用帽子啦、面纱啦、手套啦小心呵护，不肯被佐治亚州灼热的阳光晒黑。

1861年4月一个晴朗的下午，斯佳丽小姐坐在她爸的塔拉庄园那凉爽的门廊下，陪着塔尔顿家那对孪生兄弟——斯图尔特和布伦特，模样儿活脱画上的美人。一袭簇新的绿色细花布衣裙，裙摆被裙箍四下一撑，宛若12码长的水波涟漪，与脚上那双绿色平跟山羊皮鞋恰恰相配。这鞋是爸爸新近从亚特兰大给她买的。这身衣裳把她17英寸的纤腰衬得窈窕——方圆三县最细的腰肢。紧身上衣下隆出一对高耸的乳房，使她方才妙龄16便显得十分成熟。然而，舒展的衣裙虽端庄，光滑的发髻虽娴静，交叠于腿上的雪白小手虽拘谨，本性却到底遮掩不住。那甜蜜矜持的脸蛋上，一对绿色的眸子躁动不安，活泼任性，与她淑女的仪态截然不称。举止是母亲的温和教诲与嬷嬷的严厉管束逼出来的，但这对眼睛却属于她自己。

孪生兄弟一左一右，伴她而坐。他俩懒洋洋靠在椅子上说说笑笑，眼睛盯着从

sunlight through tall mint-garnished glasses as they laughed and talked, their long legs, booted to the knee and thick with saddle muscles, crossed negligently. Nineteen years old, six feet two inches tall, long of bone and hard of muscle, with sunburned faces and deep auburn hair, their eyes merry and arrogant, their bodies clothed in identical blue coats and mustard-colored breeches, they were as much alike as two bolls of cotton.

Outside, the late afternoon sun slanted down in the yard, throwing into gleaming brightness the dogwood trees that were solid masses of white blossoms against the background of new green. The twins' horses were hitched in the driveway, big animals, red as their masters' hair; and around the horses' legs quarreled the pack of lean, nervous possum hounds that accompanied Stuart and Brent wherever they went. A little aloof, as became an aristocrat, lay a black-spotted carriage dog, muzzle on paws, patiently waiting for the boys to go home to supper.

Between the hounds and the horses and the twins there was a kinship deeper than that of their constant companionship. They were all healthy, thoughtless young animals, sleek, graceful, high-spirited, the boys as mettlesome as the horses they rode, mettlesome and dangerous but, withal, sweet-tempered to those who knew how to handle them.

Although born to the ease of plantation life, waited on hand and foot since infancy, the faces of the three on the porch were neither slack nor soft. They had the vigor and alertness of country people who have spent all their lives in the open and troubled their heads very little with dull things in books. Life in the north Georgia county of Clayton was still new and, according to the standards of Augusta, Savannah and Charleston, a little crude. The more sedate and older sections of the South looked down their noses at the up-country Georgians, but here in north Georgia, a lack of the niceties of classical education carried no shame,

装饰完美的高窗射进来的阳光，眯成一条缝，筋肉结实的长腿，脚上皮靴直抵膝盖，大大咧咧地交叠着。兄弟俩 19 岁，身高六英尺二，骨骼长大，肌肉发达，面孔黝黑，头发深褐色，目光快活傲慢，身穿完全相同的蓝外衣，芥末色马裤，活脱两只一模一样的棉桃。

外面，斜阳笼罩庭院，将翠绿丛中山茱萸的串串白花映得夺目耀眼。兄弟俩的马拴在车道上，又高又大，毛色深红，与主人的头发相像。一群专猎负鼠的小瘦狗在马腿之间汪汪乱叫。兄弟俩走到哪儿，这群狗就跟到哪儿。不远处，一只黑斑点护车犬趴在地上，俨然贵族派头，鼻子架在前爪上，一心一意等主人回家吃晚饭。

这狗，这马，和主人的亲密远比朝夕相伴来得深。一色的健康年轻，无牵无挂，一色的漂亮优雅，生气勃勃。主人与两匹坐骑一样精神焕发，却又威风十足，不容侵犯，不过，对熟知他们脾性的人倒是和颜悦色。

门廊下这三个年轻人都生在大户人家，养尊处优，从小被人前呼后拥，但他们脸上却找不到懒散软弱的痕迹。常年过惯户外生活，很少为没意思的书本伤脑筋，所以他们都具有乡下人的强壮与机警。北佐治亚的克莱县新建不久，照奥古斯塔、萨凡纳和查尔斯顿的标准衡量，略嫌粗野。南部更古老文雅地区的人，对这些佐治亚北部人颇看不入眼。但他们对自己书读得少并不惭愧。男人们只要种得一手好棉花，骑马打枪技艺娴熟，跳起舞来风度翩翩，追求女人殷勤备至，喝起酒来又不失绅士气派，其他事情一律不打紧。

provided a man was smart in the things that mattered. And raising good cotton, riding well, shooting straight, dancing lightly, squiring the ladies with elegance and carrying one's liquor like a gentleman were the things that mattered.

In these accomplishments the twins excelled, and they were equally outstanding in their notorious inability to learn anything contained between the covers of books. Their family had more money, more horses, more slaves than any one else in the County, but the boys had less grammar than most of their poor Cracker neighbors.

It was for this precise reason that Stuart and Brent were idling on the porch of Tara this April afternoon. They had just been expelled from the University of Georgia, the fourth university that had thrown them out in two years; and their older brothers, Tom and Boyd, had come home with them, because they refused to remain at an institution where the twins were not welcome. Stuart and Brent considered their latest expulsion a fine joke, and Scarlett, who had not willingly opened a book since leaving the Fayetteville Female Academy the year before, thought it just as amusing as they did.

"I know you two don't care about being expelled, or Tom either," she said. "But what about Boyd? He's kind of set on getting an education, and you two have pulled him out of the University of Virginia and Alabama and South Carolina and now Georgia. He'll never get finished at this rate."

"Oh, he can read law in Judge Parmalee's office over in Fayetteville," answered Brent carelessly. "Besides, it don't matter much. We'd have had to come home before the term was out anyway."

"Why?"

"The war, goose! The war's going to start any day, and you don't suppose any of us would stay in college with a war going on, do you?"

"You know there isn't going to be any war," said Scarlett, bored. "It's all just talk. Why, Ashley Wilkes and his father told

眼前这对双胞胎兄弟上述诸般本领堪称超群出众，不过读起书来却一窍不通，声名狼藉。他们家的财富、马匹和奴隶在本县首屈一指，但兄弟俩肚里的墨水却比多数穷苦邻居少得丢人。

正是出于这个原因，4月里这个下午，兄弟俩坐在塔拉的门廊下百无聊赖。他们刚被佐治亚大学逐出校门。两年之内，将他俩除名的学校已排到了第四所。两个哥哥——汤姆和博伊德——也跟双生弟弟一道返回家门，见学校不欢迎这对弟弟，哥哥们也不肯留在那儿继续念书了。斯图尔特和布伦特把又一次被开除只当开心事，而斯佳丽呢，自头年离开费耶特维尔女校以来压根儿没碰过书，也觉得这事挺开心。

"我就知道你俩不在乎被开除，汤姆也无所谓，"斯佳丽道，"不过博伊德怎么办？他可有点儿想念书呢。你俩害得他从弗吉尼亚大学、亚拉巴马大学、南卡罗来纳大学出来，这回又弄得他念不成佐治亚大学。照这样子，他可永远甬想毕业啦。"

"噢，他可以去费耶特维尔嘛，去帕米利法官的事务所念法律，"布伦特满不在乎，"再说反正没关系，学期不到头我们全得回家。"

"为什么？"

"打仗呀，傻瓜！不定哪天就会开打。真打起来，我们还呆在学校干吗？"

"打的哪门子仗？"斯佳丽烦了，"白说说罢了。可不是，上星期阿什礼·威尔克斯和他爸还跟我爸说，咱们在华盛顿的



Pa just last week that our commissioners in Washington would come to—to—an—amicable agreement with Mr. Lincoln about the Confederacy. And anyway, the Yankees are too scared of us to fight. There won't be any war, and I'm tired of hearing about it."

"Not going to be any war!" cried the twins indignantly, as though they had been defrauded.

"Why, honey, of course there's going to be a war," said Stuart. "The Yankees may be scared of us, but after the way General Beauregard shelled them out of Fort Sumter day before yesterday, they'll have to fight or stand branded as cowards before the whole world. Why, the Confederacy—"

Scarlett made a mouth of bored impatience.

"If you say 'war' just once more, I'll go in the house and shut the door. I've never gotten so tired of any one word in my life as 'war,' unless it's 'secession.' Pa talks war morning, noon and night, and all the gentlemen who come to see him shout about Fort Sumter and States' Rights and Abe Lincoln till I get so bored I could scream! And that's all the boys talk about, too, that and their old Troop. There hasn't been any fun at any party this spring because the boys can't talk about anything else. I'm mighty glad Georgia waited till after Christmas before it seceded or it would have ruined the Christmas parties, too. If you say 'war' again, I'll go in the house."

She meant what she said, for she could never long endure any conversation of which she was not the chief subject. But she smiled when she spoke, consciously deepening her dimple and fluttering her bristly black lashes as swiftly as butterflies' wings. The boys were enchanted, as she had intended them to be, and they hastened to apologize for boring her. They thought none the less of her for her lack of interest. Indeed, they thought more. War was men's business, not ladies', and they took her attitude as evidence of her femininity.

Having maneuvered them away from the boring subject of war, she went back with

特派员已经跟林肯先生达成了一项——一项协议，就是南部邦联的事儿。不管怎么说，北佬也不敢跟咱们开仗。打的哪门子仗，耳朵都磨出茧子来啦。”

“打的哪门子仗！”兄弟俩气得大叫，受了骗似的。

“嗨，宝贝儿，仗当然要打，”斯图尔特道，“北佬也许是怕咱们，可前天博勒加德将军开炮把他们轰出了萨姆特要塞，这回他们还不动手也太丢人现眼啦。对了，南部邦联……”

斯佳丽嘴一撇，满脸厌烦。

“再提‘打仗’二字，我这就进屋去，把你们关在外头！没比‘打仗’更叫人烦的。再就是‘脱离联邦’，爸一天到晚挂在嘴上。来看他的也个个嚷嚷萨姆特要塞啦、州权啦、阿贝·林肯啦，烦得人直想可着嗓门大叫！男孩子们也是满口的打仗，要不就是什么老营队。今年春上场场舞会都叫人扫兴，男孩子们就不知道聊点儿别的！幸亏佐治亚州要过了圣诞才脱离联邦，不然今年的圣诞舞会也得完蛋。你俩再提‘打仗’我就回屋去。”

她这话可当真，任何不以她为主要话题的谈话她都不耐烦听。不过她说这话的时候却笑意盈盈，还故意露出两个深深的酒窝，把乌黑的睫毛蝴蝶翅膀似的频频闪动。不出所料，两个男孩子被迷住了，连声道歉，说不该惹她心烦。小姐对打仗没兴趣并不令人小看，反而更招人喜欢，打仗是男人的事，与女人无关，她的态度恰恰表明她是十足的温柔女性。

巧施计谋摆脱了打仗这个讨厌的话题，斯佳丽又兴致勃勃地回到兄弟俩眼前



interest to their immediate situation.

“What did your mother say about you two being expelled again?”

The boys looked uncomfortable, recalling their mother’s conduct three months ago when they had come home, by request, from the University of Virginia.

“Well,” said Stuart, “she hasn’t had a chance to say anything yet. Tom and us left home early this morning before she got up, and Tom’s laying out over at the Fontaines’ while we came over here.”

“Didn’t she say anything when you got home last night?”

“We were in luck last night. Just before we got home that new stallion Ma got in Kentucky last month was brought in, and the place was in a stew. The big brute—he’s a grand horse, Scarlett; you must tell your pa to come over and see him right away—he’d already bitten a hunk out of his groom on the way down here and he’d trampled two of Ma’s darkies who met the train at Jonesboro. And just before we got home, he’d about kicked the stable down and half-killed Strawberry, Ma’s old stallion. When we got home, Ma was out in the stable with a sackful of sugar smoothing him down and doing it mighty well, too. The darkies were hanging from the rafters, popeyed, they were so scared, but Ma was talking to the horse like he was folks and he was eating out of her hand. There ain’t nobody like Ma with a horse. And when she saw us she said: ‘In Heaven’s name, what are you four doing home again? You’re worse than the plagues of Egypt!’ And then the horse began snorting and rearing and she said: ‘Get out of here! Can’t you see he’s nervous, the big darling? I’ll tend to you four in the morning!’ So we went to bed, and this morning we got away before she could catch us and left Boyd to handle her.”

“Do you suppose she’ll hit Boyd?” Scarlett, like the rest of the County, could never get used to the way small Mrs. Tarleton bullied her grown sons and laid her riding crop on their backs if the occasion seemed to warrant it.

的难题上来。

“你俩被开除，你们妈妈怎么说？”

兄弟俩不安起来，想起三个月前他俩被弗吉尼亚大学赶回家时妈妈的态度。

“哦，”斯图尔特道，“妈还没来得及说啥呢，我俩没等她起来，跟汤姆一大早就溜了。汤姆去方丹家，我俩上这儿来了。”

“昨晚你俩到家时，她也啥都没说？”

“昨天晚上运气好。快到家时，妈上月在肯塔基买的那匹公马刚好运到，家里闹得天翻地覆。那头大牲口可真精神。斯佳丽，你一定得叫你爸马上去瞧瞧——来这儿的路上这畜生就把马夫咬掉了一块肉，还踩倒了两个黑奴，是妈打发黑奴去琼斯博罗接火车的。就在我俩到家之前，这畜生险些把马圈给踢腾垮了，还差点儿把妈那匹叫草莓的老马给弄死。黑奴们全都躲得老远，眼瞪得溜圆，吓得要死。可妈一个劲儿跟这畜生说话，跟待人似的，那畜生就打妈手里吃糖啦。对付牲口真没人比得上我妈。妈一见我俩就说：‘老天，你们弟兄四个咋又回来啦？真比埃及的瘟疫还可恨！’这当口，那畜生又开始喷鼻子，乱踢腾，妈说：“快走开！没瞅见这大宝贝又使性子啊？明天一早再跟你们四个算账！’我们兄弟几个赶紧上床睡觉，今天一早就溜出门，只留下博伊德对付妈。”

“你妈会不会揍他呀？”斯佳丽与县里的乡亲们一样，对小个子塔尔顿太太整治儿子的做法颇不习惯。这位太太只要觉得应该，操起马鞭就抽几个已长大成人的儿子。



Beatrice Tarleton was a busy woman, having on her hands not only a large cotton plantation, a hundred negroes and eight children, but the largest horse-breeding farm in the state as well. She was hot-tempered and easily plagued by the frequent scrapes of her four sons, and while no one was permitted to whip a horse or a slave, she felt that a lick now and then didn't do the boys any harm.

"Of course she won't hit Boyd. She never did beat Boyd much because he's the oldest and besides he's the runt of the litter," said Stuart, proud of his six feet two. "That's why we left him at home to explain things to her. God's mighty, Ma ought to stop licking us! We're nineteen and Tom's twenty-one, and she acts like we're six years old."

"Will your mother ride the new horse to the Wilkes barbecue tomorrow?"

"She wants to, but Pa says he's too dangerous. And, anyway, the girls won't let her. They said they were going to have her go to one party at least like a lady, riding in the carriage."

"I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow," said Scarlett. "It's rained nearly every day for a week. There's nothing worse than a barbecue turned into an indoor picnic."

"Oh, it'll be clear tomorrow and hot as June," said Stuart. "Look at that sunset. I never saw one redder. You can always tell weather by sunsets."

They looked out across the endless acres of Gerald O'Hara's newly plowed cotton fields toward the red horizon. Now that the sun was setting in a welter of crimson behind the hills across the Flint River, the warmth of the April day was ebbing into a faint but balmy chill.

Spring had come early that year, with warm quick rains and sudden frothing of pink peach blossoms and dogwood dappling with white stars the dark river swamp and far-off hills. Already the plowing was nearly finished, and the bloody glory of the sunset colored the fresh-cut furrows of red Georgia clay to even redder hues. The moist hungry earth, waiting upturned for the cotton

比阿特丽斯·塔尔顿太太终日操劳不休，不仅得经管一大片棉花地、上百名黑奴、八个儿女，还得照料本州最大的养马场。她性情暴躁，四个儿子又不争气，所以她动不动就大发雷霆。她不许任何人鞭打马匹和黑奴，却认为对几个儿子抽上一顿没坏处。

"妈才不会揍博伊德哩。博伊德是老大，个头又小，妈从不对他动真格的，"斯图尔特边说边得意自己六英尺二的身量，"所以我们才留他在家，好跟妈解释解释。老天在上，妈真不该再揍我们啦！我俩都19了，汤姆21，可妈还把我们当成六岁的小娃娃。"

"你妈明天会不会骑那匹新买的马去参加威尔克斯家的烤肉宴？"

"她是这么想的，可我爸说太危险。再说我家那几位小姐也不肯，说妈至少得有一回像个有身份的太太，坐着马车去。"

"但愿明天不要下雨，"斯佳丽道，"这星期几乎天天下。烤肉宴若搬到屋子里办，那才叫真没意思。"

"明天准晴，会热得跟六月份一样，"斯图尔特道，"瞧瞧那落日，没见过更红的啦。看落日知天气嘛。"

三人放眼望去，但见杰拉尔德·奥哈拉新耕的棉田直铺到血红的天际。此刻，夕阳似火，正向弗林特河对岸的小山后落去，四月白昼的温暖渐渐消退，化作一阵芬芳的凉意。

这年春来早。几场暖暖的急雨忽而浇得桃花似锦。远远近近，沼地里，山坡上，山茱萸绽放着雪白的花朵。春耕已近尾声，夕阳血红的余晖将佐治亚新翻的畦畦红壤点染得更加辉煌。湿润饥饿的土地仰望长空，期盼着播种。条条田垄沙质的顶部粉红一片，而犁沟两侧的阴影处却呈现出朱红、猩红与褐红的颜色。粉白的种植园砖屋宛若红色海洋中的小岛，那海波涛起伏，

seeds, showed pinkish on the sandy tops of furrows, vermilion and scarlet and maroon where shadows lay along the sides of the trenches. The whitewashed brick plantation house seemed an island set in a wild red sea, a sea of spiraling, curving, crescent billows petrified suddenly at the moment when the pink-tipped waves were breaking into surf. For here were no long, straight furrows, such as could be seen in the yellow clay fields of the flat middle Georgia country or in the lush black earth of the coastal plantations. The rolling foothill country of north Georgia was plowed in a million curves to keep the rich earth from washing down into the river bottoms.

It was a savagely red land, blood-colored after rains, brick dust in droughts, the best cotton land in the world. It was a pleasant land of white houses, peaceful plowed fields and sluggish yellow rivers, but a land of contrasts, of brightest sun glare and densest shade. The plantation clearings and miles of cotton fields smiled up to a warm sun, placid, complacent. At their edges rose the virgin forests, dark and cool even in the hottest noons, mysterious, a little sinister, the sougning pines seeming to wait with an age-old patience, to threaten with soft sighs: "Be careful! Be careful! We had you once. We can take you back again."

To the ears of the three on the porch came the sounds of hooves, the jingling of harness chains and the shrill careless laughter of negro voices, as the field hands and mules came in from the fields. From within the house floated the soft voice of Scarlett's mother, Ellen O'Hara, as she called to the little black girl who carried her basket of keys. The high-pitched, childish voice answered "Yas'm," and there were sounds of footsteps going out the back way toward the smokehouse where Ellen would ration out the food to the home-coming hands. There was the click of china and the rattle of silver as Pork, the valet-butler of Tara, laid the table for supper.

At these last sounds, the twins realized it was time they were starting home. But they

浪花滚滚，却在波峰裂作碎浪的瞬间忽而凝住，因而这里看不到笔直悠长的田垄，不像佐治亚中部平原的黄土地，也不像沿海种植园上黑色的沃土。北佐治亚迤迤的丘陵被耕耘为无数条曲线，免得肥沃的土壤被雨水冲刷到河底去。

这是片野性十足的红土地，雨后红如血，旱天似粉末，种棉花尤为适宜。这又是片欢乐的土地，白色的房舍，宁静的四野，缓缓流淌的浑黄河水。然而它也有着鲜明的对比，灼热刺眼的阳光，浓厚幽暗的阴影，种植园垦拓的块块土地，绵延数英里的片片棉田，笑对温暖的太阳，安详，满足。田野边缘矗立着原始森林，即便在酷热的正午也幽暗凉爽，神秘而带几分不祥。松涛阵阵，仿佛在耐心等着地老天荒，仿佛在发出低声的威胁：“留神！留神！你们原本属于我们，我们还能把你们夺回来。”

门廊下的三个人忽听见马蹄嗒嗒敲地，鞍轡作响，黑奴们放肆的喧声笑语，下地干活的人们赶着骡子回来啦。屋里飘出斯佳丽的母亲埃伦·奥哈拉柔和的嗓音，呼唤那个掌管钥匙篮子的黑女孩，尖脆的童声答应着“来啦，太太”，随后一片杂沓的脚步朝屋后熏腊贮藏室去了。奥哈拉太太要在那儿给收工归来的人们分发食物。还听到瓷器相碰，银餐具叮当，塔拉庄园管伙食的男管家波克正准备开晚饭呢。

最后这串声响提醒孪生兄弟该回家了，可他俩怕见母亲，只管赖着不走，巴

were loath to face their mother and they lingered on the porch of Tara, momentarily expecting Scarlett to give them an invitation to supper.

“Look, Scarlett. About tomorrow,” said Brent. “Just because we’ve been away and didn’t know about the barbecue and the ball, that’s no reason why we shouldn’t get plenty of dances tomorrow night. You haven’t promised them all, have you?”

“Well, I have! How did I know you all would be home? I couldn’t risk being a wallflower just waiting on you two.”

“You a wallflower!” The boys laughed uproariously.

“Look, honey. You’ve got to give me the first waltz and Stu the last one and you’ve got to eat supper with us. We’ll sit on the stair landing like we did at the last ball and get Mammy Jincy to come tell our fortunes again.”

“I don’t like Mammy Jincy’s fortunes. You know she said I was going to marry a gentleman with jet-black hair and a long black mustache, and I don’t like black-haired gentlemen.”

“You like ’em red-headed, don’t you, honey?” grinned Brent. “Now, come on, promise us all the waltzes and the supper.”

“If you’ll promise, we’ll tell you a secret,” said Stuart.

“What?” cried Scarlett, alert as a child at the word.

“Is it what we heard yesterday in Atlanta, Stu? If it is, you know we promised not to tell.”

“Well, Miss Pitty told us.”

“Miss Who?”

“You know, Ashley Wilkes’ cousin who lives in Atlanta, Miss Pittypat Hamilton-Charles and Melanie Hamilton’s aunt.”

“I do, and a sillier old lady I never met in all my life.”

“Well, when we were in Atlanta yesterday, waiting for the home train, her carriage went by the depot and she stopped and talked to us, and she told us there was going to be an engagement announced tomorrow night at the Wilkes ball.”

不得斯佳丽留他们吃晚饭。

布伦特道：“听我说，斯佳丽，明天呀，总不能因为俺们原先不在家，不知道烤肉宴和舞会的事儿，就不能痛痛快快地跳一场。你还没答应别人吧？”

“干吗不？我咋知道你们都会回来？总不能为等你俩就冒险当壁花呀。”

“你当壁花？”兄弟俩哈哈大笑。

“听着，宝贝儿，你得答应头一支华尔兹跟我跳，最后一支跟斯图跳，还得跟我俩一起吃晚饭。咱们要跟上次舞会一样，坐在楼梯平台上，叫金西嬷嬷再给咱们算算命。”

“她算的命我可不喜欢，说我会嫁一个乌黑头发乌黑胡子的男人，可我讨厌黑头发的男人。”

“你喜欢红头发的，对么，宝贝儿？”布伦特咧嘴一笑，“好啦，快答应跟我俩跳所有的华尔兹，还有一起吃晚饭。”

“要是答应了，就告诉你个秘密。”斯图尔特道。

“啥秘密？”斯佳丽一听就孩子似的竖起了耳朵。

“是昨天咱俩在亚特兰大听说的那档子事儿吧，斯图？要是的话，可别忘了咱们答应过不讲的。”

“嗯，是皮特小姐告诉我们的。”

“哪位小姐？”

“你认识她，就是阿什礼·威尔克斯的姨妈，住在亚特兰大的，皮特帕特·汉密尔顿小姐——查尔斯和梅拉妮的姑妈。”

“噢，我认识。这辈子还没见过比她更傻的老婆子呢。”

“昨天我俩在亚特兰大等火车回家，她的马车正好路过车站，就停下来跟我俩说说话，告诉我们明儿晚上威尔克斯家的舞会上要宣布一件婚约。”